PARABOLA

MYTH AND THE QUEST FOR MEANING

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DREAMS & SEEING

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DREAMS & SEEING

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MYTH AND THE QUEST FOR MEANING

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Cover: Vasily Kandinsky's "Night (Die Nacht)," from the exhibit *Kandinsky in Munich: 1896-1914* at the Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum in New York, January 22-March 21,1982.

Inside Cover: "Jacob's Dream" by William Blake.

FOCUS

In preparing this issue we have read about dreams, thought about them, discussed them, examined our own, and our questions are more numerous than before. The dream world is the greatest of all mysteries, the very home of mystery: that shadow land between where we are and where something in us came from, east of the sun, west of the moon, out of which come voices of poetry and myth, voices with messages . . . Who sends these messages—angel, demon, or clown? What are the sources of our sleeping and waking dreams? Why are their messages so different, some so confused and some so clear?

> Sleep has two gates, they say: one is of horn
> And spirits of truth find easy exit there,
> The other is perfectly wrought of glistening ivory
> But from it the shades send false dreams up to the world . . . *

Virgil's well-known lines are almost a direct transcription from the Odyssey; and no doubt even long before Homer's day, the difference has been made between true dreams and false ones—hallucinations and visions, deception (or at best, nonsense) and revelation; dreams, as we say, that "mean something" or that "don't mean anything." But if we could understand, are there any dreams that don't mean anything, that send no message at all from *anything* to *anyone*? And are we sure we know the *real* difference between true and false? The word "myth," for instance, is often used—though never in these pages—to mean "lie," yet it is no lie, but as Coomaraswamy says, "the

**Vergil,* The Aeneid, *translated by Patric Dickinson. New York: A Mentor Book, New American Library, 1961, p. 145.*

nearest to absolute truth that can be expressed in words." Are there, then, different kinds or levels of truth? And what could be more vital than to know how to distinguish them from each other and from what opposes and denies them? It has been the business of the seeker, of the would-be hero and the warrior, from the very beginnings of myth and fairy tale, not to be fooled. But the difficulty is that truth and falsehood, delusion and revelation, are always mixed for us—like our sleep and waking.

How to discriminate? It means to know the mixture, the degree of sleep; to calculate the angle of distortion. Perhaps it is only the completely awakened man, the triumphant hero, who has gone beyond this duality; his sight pierces delusion and has no need of flashes of revelation, since now the whole of reality is constantly before his eyes. But for us ordinary people, there are as many kinds of dreams as there are kinds and degrees of sleep, both physical and psychic. In physical sleep the rare phenomenon—one in thousands—is a dream that is all of a piece, without irrelevancies, and that has the authority of an important meaning; an undoubted message from a higher source, even if we can't at once decipher it and perhaps don't understand it fully until years later. A number of such visions are recounted in this issue. Far more often, it is as if, at different times, different parts of us lose contact with the rest and become completely comatose, leaving only one or another fraction of us still experiencing and trying to express that experience in its own subjective code. At times the body is telling the story of its passing sensations; sometimes the emotions chatter about their fears and wishes; at others the head projects its anxious concerns—and all these in their own way and in varying proportions of mixture with each other and with sleep. And yet, perhaps each part is telling the truth as well as it can.

Much the same state of affairs prevails when we are physically awake, with the rapid and intermixing trains of associations that we call daydreams—although this intimate, secret part of our life is something we admit (or don't admit) that we *indulge in*, thereby claiming that we are, however, really in control of it. Are we, in fact, directing our daydreams, or are they also "bringing a message," a sort of seismograph of movements deeply buried in us? If we could follow the moving needle, might we see in this graph sketching our inner attractions and repulsions the outline of our unknown personalities?

If that is so, then beyond daydreaming it would seem there is a kind of dreaming that we have no word for, because we are mostly not aware that it exists: the delusion of ourselves, the amnesia of our real identity. And mixed in this hallucination of our life and our world, there are glimpses of a different reality, a possible different landscape inhabited by different beings—flashes of vision that, perhaps, we take for dreams. And here our very lives depend on knowing ivory from horn.

—D.M. Dooling

PARABOLA *is interested in an exchange of ideas and points of view through the active participation of its readers. We welcome your letters and comments on the issues raised in our pages. Please address all correspondence to: The Editor,* PARABOLA, *150 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10011.*

I am amusing [*sic*] distressed over two book reviews in the recent issue of PARABOLA ("Demons," Vol. 6, No. 4). Both reviews concern shamanism. D.M. Dooling, "From Shaman to Shooting Star," was righteously fashionable in offering negative criticism of Carlos Castaneda and his books. Once the trend was to regard Castaneda as a hero, now the trend is to regard him as a trickster—a human coyote. Barbara Myerhoff has breached the responsibility of the "lettered" that she so articulately developed in "Mother Sabina and the Saint Children." In the midst of a poignant tale of a shamaness, she takes a few contrived shots at Castaneda. Becoming fashionable, Myerhoff adeptly implies that Castaneda is vicariously fulfilling his fantasies through his books.

Tim Martin
Tampa, Florida

I have just finished reading your review of *The Eagle's Gift* by Carlos Castaneda in the Fall issue of PARABOLA and am very disappointed that your lack of a sense of humor has influenced your critique of this book. Castaneda is not purporting to be a teacher or offer us a system or course, there is no need to be angry or feel cheated by his writing.

A. Sipus
Linwood, New Jersey

Thanks for your piece on Castaneda. From now on when my students (inevitably) inquire about the books, I will direct them to your essay.

Lynda Sexson
Bozeman, Montana

Like correspondent Alice Perlman (Vol. VI, No. 3), I was startled by Joseph Campbell's assertion that "the Hebrews, of all the peoples on this beautiful earth, turned their backs . . . resolutely on the Goddess and her glorious world." Professor Campbell, whom I know a little and admire a great deal, appears to reach this conclusion on the basis of a rather literal reading of Genesis and the exclusion of a wealth of later material.

The problem for Professor Campbell, as mythographer, may lie in the fact that personification of the feminine principle as *goddess* is simply not the Jewish style. But as a presence, as a force which defies human powers of personification, she has always existed in the Hebrew imagination and continues to do so.

For example: The "Spirit" of God (Genesis I:2), the dry land called "earth" which brings forth life (Genesis I:9–12), and the seventh day, upon which God rested are all designated by feminine names. Later in the Old Testament there are repeated references to Hebrew worship of Asherah, Astarte, and Anath (Judges III:7 and VI:25–26; I Kings XVI:33 and XVIII:19; Chronicles XVII:6, Samuel XXXI:10; Jeremiah VII:18; et al.). Chapter VIII of Proverbs is con-

cerned solely with the feminine principle as "Wisdom," who says, in Verses 23 and 27: "I was set up from everlasting, from the beginning, or ever the earth was . . . When he prepared the heavens I was there; when he set a compass upon the face of the deep. . . ." Later, in the works of the Kabbalah, she is known as *Shekhinah*, the light or radiance of God (in other words, the manifestation of the divine principle).

Now, this is not to say that Judaism, like Christianity and Islam, did not go through a period of radical subrogation of the feminine principle. That period, for the Jews, seems to have begun with the destruction of the Temple by the Romans in 70 A.D. and the subsequent rise of juridical Judaism to a preeminent position within Jewish culture until the resurgence of Kabbalism in the twelfth century. The historical sources of these developments are clear enough and do not require restatement here, but the Jewish abandonment of the feminine principle to which Professor Campbell refers is not unique among Western cultures. In Jungian terms, the animus-thrust of the West has afflicted all of its major cultures.

Aaron Miller
St. Charles, Missouri

Richard Foy, in a letter appearing in your Fall 1981 edition, reported that American forces resisted the temptation to shell the "relatively minor Christian abbey" of "Monte Cassinni" in Italy during World War II but that Americans are now planning to destroy a shrine treasured by American Indians.

First of all, Monte Cassino is not a relatively minor abbey but was the first foundation of St. Benedict in the sixth century. As such it was the font of Benedictine monasticism that played such a central role in European civilization. It has always been one of Christendom's most honored shrines.

Secondly, of course, the Allies were not as kind to Monte Cassino as reader Foy suggests. They didn't shell it, no. Instead, thinking the Germans were using the monastery as an observation post, they sent over several formations of B-17s and bombed the structure into rubble. As it turned out, the Germans hadn't been using the building, but *c'est la guerre.*

The point of all this is not just that reader Foy was wrong, but that no religious shrine will ever be left standing if it appears to block "vital" political objectives. And the second point flows from the first: don't lay up your treasure in shrines. When religion is "enshrined" it becomes static and vulnerable. Monte Cassino, by the way, has been rebuilt and the Benedictine life goes on there, as it has for centuries.

Donald F. Brophy
New York City

PARABOLA *regrets that in our reprinting two of C.G. Jung's* Septem Sermones ad Mortuos *in our Fall issue (Vol. 6, No. 4), proper credit was not given to the introductory material, written by Richard G. Robinson for the British edition of the work, released by Watkins Publishing. The Watkins house also published the original English edition of* Septem Sermones, *translated by H.G. Baynes and printed in 1925 in a limited edition for Dr. Jung's own private use.*

The Gate of Heaven

by Paul Jordan-Smith

When Jacob laid his head upon a rock at the place he was to call Beth-El, he was far from what we—or even the nomadic warriors of his time—would call righteous. He had cheated his twin brother Esau out of his birthright, and was in fact in flight from Esau after having deceived his father and obtained the blessing meant for his brother. Judged by the standards of some centuries of "civilized" behavior (which is perhaps unfair), Jacob seems almost disreputable, hardly a fitting figure to be the patriarch of Israel. Even the midrashic commentators seem not to have been entirely at ease with the Jacob-Esau myth, and they took pains either to castigate Esau as the progenitor of the Edomites, or to uphold the "innate" righteousness of his twin. Putting these later glosses to one side for the moment, the elements of the story remain these: Jacob refused to feed his starving brother until the latter surrendered to him the rights of the first-born; and in conspiracy with his mother, Jacob undertook an elaborate deception in order to take advantage of his father's blindness and cheat his brother out of a paternal blessing. This was the character of the man who stopped on his way from Beersheba to Haran, laid his head upon a stone, and fell asleep.

Jacob slept and he dreamed a dream. He beheld in his dream a ladder stretching from earth to heaven, and on the ladder angels ascending and descending. At the top of the ladder God stood and spoke to Jacob these words:

> I am the Lord God of Abraham thy father, and the God of Isaac: the land whereon thou liest, to thee will I give it, and to thy seed; and thy seed shall be as the dust of the earth, and thou shalt spread abroad to the west, and to the east, and to the north, and to the south: and in thee and in thy seed shall all the families of the earth be blessed. And behold, I am with thee, and will keep thee in all places whither thou goest, and will bring thee again into this land; for I will not leave thee, until I have done that which I have spoken to thee of.[1]

When Jacob awoke, he exclaimed, "Surely the Lord is in this place; and I knew it not."[2] He was awestruck with the potency of the place, and declared it to be Beth-El, the House of God, and the gate of heaven. Then he set the stone he had used for a pillow as a monument, and poured oil over it.

Thus was the apparently unrighteous man chosen over the pious elder brother, and if Jacob did not entirely mend his ways during his sojourn in Haran, it remains plain that the ways of man and the way of God are not on the same level, and cannot be explicated by the same rules. The choice of Jacob is as perplexing to us as the commandment to build the Tabernacle was to Moses, to whom according to the Midrash, the Holy One, Blessed be He, said, "My thoughts are not as your thoughts, but erect for me a structure, twenty boards to the north, twenty boards to the south, and eight boards to the west, and I will descend and confine my presence within their bounds." There is a compact between the sacred and the profane. There is a promise; but what is the price to be paid? What must the unrighteous Jacob sacrifice in order


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that the compact be fulfilled?

To the simple details of the Biblical account, the midrashic commentators added two folktales which, though without scriptural authority, bring new questions concerning the paradox of Jacob's selection and the price that must be exacted from him.

The first of these stories says that when Jacob stopped to sleep, there was not one stone, but twelve—namely, the twelve stones that Adam had raised as an altar, which Abraham had rebuilt. Jacob was about to select one, when all the others cried out, "Lay your righteous head upon me!" Then all twelve stones were miraculously united and became the one stone which he was to use as a pillow, and God said, "This is a sign that the twelve pious [*sic*] sons whom I give you shall form a single nation! Are there not twelve signs of the Zodiac, twelve hours in the day, twelve hours in the night, and twelve months in the year? So, surely, there shall also be twelve tribes in Israel."[3]

The second story, from the *Pirqe Rabbi Eliezer* and the *Midrash Tehillim*, says that when Jacob had poured oil over the stone, God set His foot on it and trod it so deep into the earth that it became the foundation stone of Solomon's Temple.

The stone at Beth-El, according to both these stories, is a threshold: it is the altar of Adam, and the foundation of the Temple; it is, in fact, the Center, the world-navel. This is attested to by the words of God in the dream itself, for from this Center "thou shalt spread abroad to the West, and to the East, and to the North, and to the South." That is, this dream, this theophany, is a recreation of the Act of Creation itself, in the first commandment given to Adam: "Be fruitful, and multiply, and replenish the earth, and subdue it: and have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over every living thing that moveth upon the earth." At once and forever, the Center is in one place, and it is everywhere. It is the place where the sacred irrupts into the world, passing in this case into the being of the man Jacob. Willy-nilly, he is selected to be an instrument of the Most High.

From the Center rises the ladder, the passage between two worlds. But it is not a simple passage. There are levels intermediate between the Great Above and the Great Below. Jewish mystical thought brings to this vision the idea of the Sefiroth, which is the ladder of being and the tree of life. One common diagram of the Sefiroth shows the relationship between the ten successive spheres (Sefirah), drawn in such a way that there are several possible paths leading from Malkhut (the kingdom of God, which the Zohar regards as the mystical archetype of Israel's community) to the Kether Elyon, the supreme crown of God, and, by implication, beyond the manifestations by which God reveals Himself to man, to the Ein Sof, the hidden God, upon Whose face man may not look directly and live.

In another diagram of the Sefiroth, the initial letters of each of the spheres is inscribed one within the other, giving an image reminiscent of a labyrinth. Unlike many of the labyrinths of classical antiquity, the maze of the Sefiroth has more than one path to the center, some circuitous, others direct. All this may be an unnecessary complication of the original dream of Jacob, but it gives the mind something to ponder while the images impress themselves upon a deeper mind, one that seeks to discover a Law over and above all the rules of men.

After his dream, Jacob continued his journey to Haran, where he served his uncle Laban for fourteen years—paying a seven-year bride-price for each of Laban's daughters, Leah and Rachel—and then serving an additional six years during which the old Jacob resurfaces. The dealings between Laban and Jacob are those of the world, full of deceit and opportunism, with not a little magic thrown in for good measure. When Jacob leaves Haran, his flocks have increased tremendously (at the expense of Laban), and his beloved Rachel has stolen her father's *teraphim*, which were oracular devices, a sort of household god. Laban pursues him, but peace is made, and a compact is sealed between them. But Jacob's troubles are not over, by any means, for he must now return

to face his brother Esau. And so he comes at last to the ford of the Jabbok river, where he will meet his mysterious adversary and learn the price that is to be exacted from him for the blessing at Beth-El.

Before his mysterious struggle, Jacob prays, and for once we are given an account of another Jacob, one who fears just retribution for his unrighteousness. "I am not worthy of the least of all the mercies, and of all the truth," he prays, "which thou has showed unto thy servant; for with my staff I passed over this Jordan; and now I am become two bands."[4] Then he deliberates on how best to appease the supposed wrath of Esau. He decides to surrender everything that he has—all his droves—and arranges so that the gift will come in waves, as it were to overwhelm the anger of his brother. That night, he sent his two wives, two women-servants and eleven sons (Benjamin was not yet born) across the river with all the herds, while he himself remained behind.

> And Jacob was left alone; and there wrestled a man with him until the breaking of the day. And when he saw that he prevailed not against him, he touched the hollow of his thigh; and the hollow of Jacob's thigh was out of joint, as he wrestled with him. And he said, I will not let thee go, except thou bless me. And he said unto him, What is thy name? And he said, Jacob. And he said, Thy name shall be called no more Jacob, but Israel: for as a prince hast thou power with God and with men, and hast prevailed.[5]

Jacob's exile has ended; the promise is about to be fulfilled. He is reconciled with his brother, who refuses the gift out of love, not anger, and he comes to live in the land promised to him at Beth-El.

The promise is fulfilled. Or is it? Has payment been made, not for the sins of his youth, but for the inheritance and the patriarchy? Who was the mysterious stranger at the ford of the Jabbok, who strove with Jacob as if to prevent his crossing of yet another threshold, or rising yet another rung, perhaps finally to the lowest level of the ladder, the Malkhut, the kingdom of God? Jacob's exile is over; that of Joseph and his brothers is about to begin, one that will last until Moses will lead them to the banks of another river, another threshold. That river Moses could not cross, but Joshua did, bringing the Israelites into the Land of Promise. But was payment made in full then? For again there was exile and servitude, and again redemption, and again exile, as if, say the mystics, God, the Ein Sof, was breathing his people in and out of the Promised Land, until the *tikkun*, the restoration, shall have been accomplished, and all the shards, the dispersed sparks of divine fire, shall have been brought back together, as were the stones of Adam's altar. Was this the reason the Jews were a Chosen People —not only to restore themselves to the Promised Land, but to accomplish the *tikkun* for all men?

The mystics say this is so, but not just on the plane of the historic. "The historical aspects of religion have a meaning for the mystic chiefly as symbols of acts which he conceives as being divorced from time, or constantly repeated in the soul of every man," writes Gershom Sholem. "Thus the exodus from Egypt, the fundamental event of our history, cannot, according to the mystic, have come to pass once only and in one place; it must correspond to an event which takes place in ourselves, an exodus from an inner Egypt in which we all are slaves."[6] The dream at Beth-El, the vision at the Jabbok (which Jacob renamed Peniel, because he believed he had looked upon the countenance of God), appear as historical events, but they point beyond, as all myths do, to an inner reality the experience and significance of which is the source of much perplexity, particularly in our dispersed and exiled state.

Whence comes the authority of Jacob's dream and struggle? Tradition has canonized the episodes, so that for the religious their existence in Scripture is the only authority necessary. But the direct apprehension of God—theophany—whether in a dream or vision, bears for the dreamer and the visionary the unmistakable stamp of authority in and of itself. What is that authority? If I dream, and my dream is prophetic in nature, to what can I look to

determine its authenticity? A neat, but by no means satisfactory answer is provided in Deuteronomy:

> If there arise among you a prophet, or a dreamer of dreams, and giveth thee a sign or a wonder, and the sign or the wonder come to pass, whereof he spake unto thee, saying, Let us go after other gods, which thou hast not known, and let us serve them; thou shalt not hearken unto the words of that prophet, or that dreamer of dreams . . . And that prophet, or that dreamer of dreams, shall be put to death; because he hath spoken to turn you away from the Lord your God, which brought you out of the land of Egypt, and redeemed you out of the house of bondage . . .[7]

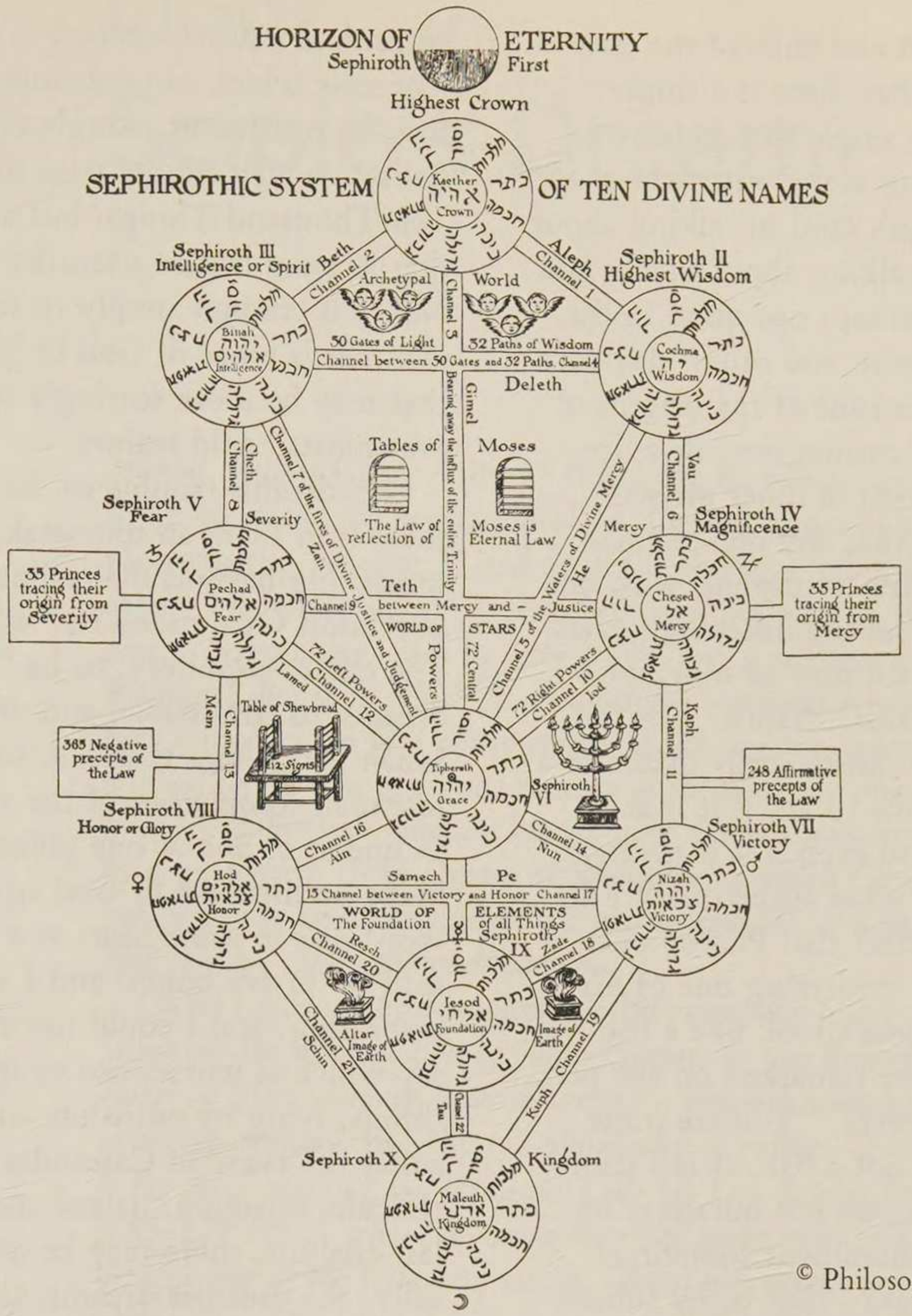
Unfortunately for us, this formula is helpful only to those with a clear religious sensibility, who can make the distinction between orthodoxy and the heretical. But some dreams, visions, revelations are so shattering in their directness and simplicity that they overturn all one's treasured beliefs and opinions. It is then left to the dreamer to discern if possible whether his notion of God on this side of Beth-El is true, or that glimpsed, as it were, through the gate of heaven, which perhaps exacts a payment greater than any he can conceive. And after years of exile and servitude, there might still be a threshold the crossing of which can only be achieved through intense struggle and crippling consequences for our mortal parts.

But the call of the dream may also be deceptive, or misunderstood, and what then? How can one understand that which is beyond the capacity of our ordinary minds to grasp? Moses was given most detailed instructions as to the making of a *menorah*, that seven-branched bringer of light. The instructions were complicated enough, but he was further told to make the *menorah* from a single piece of gold. This, says Rabbi Simeon ben Yosef (Rashi), perplexed Moses greatly until God showed him the pattern in a *menorah* of fire. The deeds of men need that divine pattern in order to be worthy of their sacral necessity. But how can the simple image emerge from the confusion of our experience, which clutters our dreams and visions with the mundane?

The problem of understanding one's dreams is long-standing, certainly, and dream-books date back to classical times both in the East and West. From today's bookstands one could amass a considerable collection of works purporting to unravel the apparent messages of dreams, and sooner or later the home computer market will include a data-base of symbols and a set of programs for interpreting one's nightmares. For some the computer itself will bear the force of authority, but for others there will still be nagging doubts and questions.

These doubts are partly due to the confusion of images that assault us not only in our dreams but in our everyday life. Their sources, and consequently their authority, are not clear. It is difficult to accept the urban experience as a symbolic manifestation of the divine. Joseph's kinfolk had no doubts about the meaning of the dream of sheaves, or that of the sun, moon and stars: Jacob rebuked him, and his brothers shortly after sold him into slavery. The meaning of the dreams was clear to all. Joseph the dreamer profited well by his understanding of the dreams of others: for him there could be only one source of dreams and visions, and the authority of that Source was unquestionable.

In our enlightened times, our heads are filled with notions of meaning derived from civil education, Sunday School, Freud and the Freudians, Jung and the Jungians, whimsical books of popular psychology, religion and occultism, fiction and fantasy, and politics. Our dreams reflect not only the events of our daily life and (if the Jungians are right) archetypes peculiar to the human condition, but also a great deal of what we have heard concerning meaning and symbol, myth and fairy-tale, so that it is all but impossible to sort out the episodes and images that appear in response to our preconceptions of meaning from those which may be in some way innate. In short, there is not one source for us for the images of our dreams, but a multiplicity of sources, each vying with the others for authority. When I



was young I was told to abstain from certain foods before bedtime, lest I have nightmares. Fond warning! I of course made sure, just so I might have dreams, to eat precisely those kinds of food and no other just before bed, and in generous quantities (cheese was one of them, I remember, but it didn't seem to work). The body, its comforts and discomforts, bring much into our sleeping minds; Carlyle was of the opinion that an elaborate dream of the French Revolution that he had at about the time he was writing its history, was occasioned by a board from his bedstead falling on his neck, *à la mode de la guillotine.*

Sometimes it is quite easy to discern the sources of our dream-images. We have a kind of common-sense about relating the materials of that dimension with those of our experience. It is when we come to look at the sequences of events, or the structure of dreams, that we can be so easily led astray, becoming as addicted to the various kinds of superstitions and suppositious interpretations as are those urban prophets whose sandwich-signs warn us of impending doom. (I have often wondered what became of the man who used to appear regularly at our church to warn us about the completion of the local rapid-transit system: when the final station was completed, he said, the world would immediately come to an end.) We are not so obsessively gulled, and tend to forget our dreams after a time, particularly if the "prophecy" proves trivial or fails to materialize. I suspect though that the memories of particularly moving dreams haunt a good many otherwise stolid and mundane souls in this pragmatic and utilitarian age.

The problem of interpreting dreams is that we must first understand what is to be interpreted. The fact that we can find *an* interpretation does not mean that we

have found the truth and entered the gate of heaven, or even that there is a single truth to be found, a single threshold to be crossed, one adversary alone with whom to wrestle. A given myth (and in talking about dreams we are also talking about myths and fairytales, though perhaps not quite in the same way as Bettelheim and others do) may be seen as a tribal account of the origins of kingship, a story of cosmogony, or a description of the process of inner growth. We err in thinking that any one of these is *the* interpretation. Are we dealing with one story only, or with several different stories woven together which may or may not be separable into individual strands? The failure, in our time, to satisfactorily explicate a dream/myth leads one to ask if it is at all possible to do so, and even if it is necessary. There is a story, of what authenticity I do not know, to the effect that Picasso once overheard a woman criticizing one of his paintings: "That doesn't look like a fish." Picasso is said to have remarked on the perspicacity of the observer, "You are quite right, madam. It is not a fish. It is a painting." I wonder if we do not ourselves impede our own enlightenment sometimes through interpretation—that is, by submitting always to the authority of the intellect, which must analyze and dissect. The synthesizing faculty we appear to possess, and which is manifest in our dreams, seldom is given much opportunity to exercise itself, whether for our amusement, edification, or exalted perplexity, before the analyzing function comes along and takes it all apart. We on the lower rungs of that ladder of understanding are still in some obscurity, since Huracan the Almighty, Blessed be He, has breathed into our eyes and clouded the mirror of our dreams.

And yet, we wish to know. So, since we are not of the same frame of thought as Jacob and his dreaming son, we bring the vision down to the level of the ordinary, rather than try to see how the ordinary partakes of the sacred. This is what it means to be profane. What we lack is a comprehensive scale which can encompass the sacred and the profane in a single vision—not holism, which simply tries to encompass the Ten Thousand Things, but a cosmology that is more than a scientific *Weltanschauung*. Nor is it enough simply to say that modern man needs more of God in his life, though that may be more searingly true than most evangelists could endure.

Our dreams trouble us, in part, because there is in them an unmistakable call to something beyond the ordinary, something, as Rudolf Otto called it, "wholly Other." The call to prophecy, to be "a dreamer of dreams" is irresistible, and devastating. Jonah fled before that call, to no avail. Jeremiah complained of the suffering he had to undergo, and at one point even vowed to make no mention of God again. "But his word was in mine heart as a burning fire shut up in my bones, and I was weary with forbearing, and I could not stay." Who is to say which is worse: not to speak of these things, lying by omission, or to speak and suffer the curse of Cassandra—disbelief, ridicule, rejection, hatred and death? In the last analysis, there may be no choice. Willy-nilly, the dreamer dreams, the prophet prophesies. Many have fled the call, before Jonah and since, but the dream troubles the dreamer still, and in the end acceptance may be preferable to refusal.

Submission, in this sense, may be an act of will stronger than anything else experienced, stronger even than resistance, which we call willfulness. One teaching of the stone at Beth-El may be that, by opening ourselves to the impulse of the sacred, we become nothing more nor less than the instrument of the sacred, and that, by finding—and opening—the gate of heaven in ourselves, we may pass into exile only for a time, until we are purged and strengthened towards the day when we shall merit Eden.

[1] Genesis 28:13–15 (King James Version)
[2] Genesis 28:16
[3] Quoted by Robert Graves and Raphael Patai in *Hebrew Myths: The Book of Genesis* (New York, McGraw-Hill, 1966), p. 206
[4] Genesis 32:10
[5] Genesis 32:24
[6] Gershom Sholem, *Major Trends in Jewish Mysticism* (New York: Schocken Books, 1954), p. 19
[7] Deuteronomy 13:1–5

EPICYCLE

Scipio's Dream

Marcus Tullius Cicero (106–43 B.C.), the Roman statesman and author, wrote his treatise on political idealism, De re publica (On the Commonwealth), *between 55 and 51 B.C., during a lull in his own political career. The work has survived in somewhat fragmentary condition, the major sources being citings of it by later writers and a palimpsest manuscript in the Vatican Library, in which St. Augustine's commentaries on the Psalms had been copied on top of a partly erased, fourth century transcription of Cicero's original work. The final two sections of the work are almost entirely missing from the palimpsest, and are known only through sections quoted from them by other writers; "The Dream of Scipio," with which Cicero closed* De re publica, *was saved only because it was reproduced, almost verbatim, by the fifth century commentator Macrobius.*

Cicero's own political involvement led eventually to his death: shortly following the assassination of Julius Caesar, he was himself executed, on the orders of Marc Antony, after delivering a stinging series of public speeches denouncing Antony. But Cicero's philosophy of politics, as stated in his writings, is far more peaceful and idealistic. Like his hero Scipio Africanus the Younger (185–129 B.C.), whom he made the chief spokesman of De re publica *and the dreamer of the following vision, Cicero was deeply influenced by the philosophy of Stoicism, which Scipio had first been attracted to through his strong fascination with Greek culture and ideas.*

Diametrically opposed to hedonistic Epicureanism ("which is itself as far from the truth as it is ready to ridicule whatever it does not understand"), Stoicism rejects such self-indulgent materialism, and Cicero presents as the alternative this dream of celestial spheres, sacred geometry, and the soul—a vision which in turn inspired similar passages in Virgil and Dante, to say nothing of the whole concept of the Ptolemaic universe—named after the Greek mathematician who lived and wrote two centuries after the death of Cicero.

Scipio dreams that he sees, and speaks with, his adopted grandfather, Scipio Africanus the Elder:

As soon as I mastered my tears and regained the power of speech, I said, "O father most excellent and holy, since true life is above, why, I ask you, do I linger upon earth? Why may I not hasten to come to you?" "That may not be," he replied, "for, until God, to whom belongs this whole world before your eyes, shall free you from the body's prison, you may not enter this place. For the human race was born subject to the condition that they should guard the sphere which you see in the center of the heavens and which is called the earth. To them souls were given, drawn from those eternal fires which you name constellations and stars. These heavenly bodies are round like spheres. They are quickened by divine intelligences and complete their cycles and rotations with wonderful swiftness. For this reason you must retain the soul in its fleshly prison, and unless he who has bestowed the soul upon you so commands, you must not abandon human life, lest you seem to have deserted the earthly tasks imposed by God.

"But even as your grandfather here before you, so should you, Scipio, cultivate justice and loyalty, which is a noble spirit when shown towards parents and kindred, but noblest when shown towards your country. Such a life is the way to heaven and to the company of those whose life on earth is done and who, released from the body, inhabit the region which you behold, and which, after the Greeks, you name the Milky Way."

The place was a glittering circle that shone with exceeding brilliance in the midst of fiery stars. As I gazed down from it all other objects seemed dazzling and wonderful. There were stars which we have never seen from this earth of ours, and all of them had magnitudes such as we have never supposed to exist. The smallest of them was situated most remote from the heaven [of the fixed stars] and nearest to the earth, and shone with borrowed light. Moreover, the stars greatly surpassed the earth in size, and now the earth itself appeared so small that I felt ashamed of our empire, by which we cover a point, as it were, upon its surface.

Since I was observing the earth more intently than aught else, Africanus said, "How long, I ask you, will your thoughts be fixed upon the earth? Do you not perceive the heavenly spaces into which you have come? The universe is formed of nine circles or spheres, as we should more properly call them. One of these is the heaven [of the fixed stars]; it is on the exterior of the universe, embracing all the other orbs, and is the supreme god himself who constrains and includes the remaining spheres. In it are placed the eternal courses of the rolling stars. Beneath this outer circle are the seven orbs which revolve in a direction opposite to that of the heavens. The outermost of these spheres belongs to the planet which men on earth call Saturn. The next is the luminary called Jupiter, benign and propitious to the human race, and next the ruddy star, feared by earth, which you call Mars. Below Mars comes the sun, which holds almost the mid-region and is the leader, chief, and director of the other stars, and the mind which keeps the universe in balance. Such is his greatness that he encompasses and fills the whole world with his light. In the sun's

train, like comrades, follow the spheres of Venus and Mercury. The lowest globe carries the moon, which is kindled by the rays of the sun. All below the moon is mortal and transitory, except the souls which the gods have bestowed on man, while all above the moon is immortal. The earth, which occupies the ninth position, is the center of the universe. It does not move, it is the lowest of the spheres, and all heavy bodies are swept to it by gravity."

When I recovered from the astonishment with which I was gazing upon this spectacle, I asked, "What is this mighty yet delightful sound which fills my ears?" "That," he replied, "is the melody produced by the swift movement of the spheres themselves. It is blended from notes of different pitch, and while the intervals between them are unequal, their differences are marked with exact proportion, and by a blending of high with low notes various concordant effects are harmoniously achieved. Motions so vast cannot sweep on in silence. It is natural, furthermore, for one extremity to have a low pitch while the opposite has a high pitch. Accordingly, the heaven's outermost sphere, which carries the stars and which revolves more rapidly, moves with a high and lively tone. On the other hand, the lowest pitch is the moon's, which is the innermost of the spheres. For the earth, which is the ninth planet, remains motionless and abides in one place, occupying the center of the universe. The eight cycles, however—two of which [Mercury and Venus] move with the same velocity—produce seven notes of different pitch, and the number seven is, in a sense, the bond which holds the entire universe together. This method of creating harmony scholars have imitated in vocal and instrumental music, and have thus won for themselves a return to this place, even as other men have done who, blessed with pre-eminent ability, have devoted their lives on earth to studying the ways of heaven. The sound which we hear has filled and deafened man's ears, since no sense is more easily blunted than hearing. Thus, the people who live near what are called the cataracts of the Nile, where the river sweeps down from high mountains, have lost the power of hearing because of the roar of waters, and similarly the sound caused by the swift revolution of the whole universe is so overwhelming that human ears are insensible to it. In the same way, you cannot gaze directly at the sun; its rays overcome your sight and vision. . . .

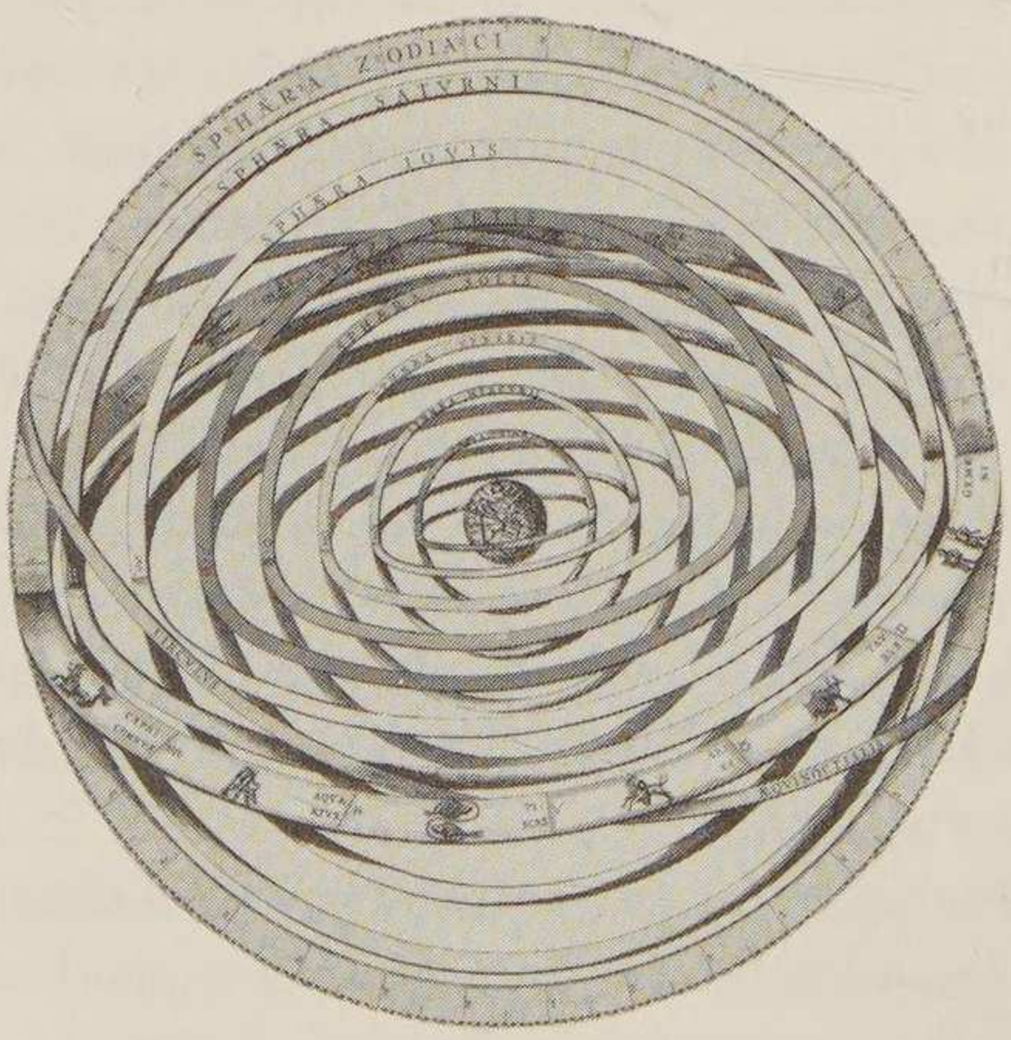
"Strive earnestly and be assured that only this body of yours, and not your real self, is mortal. For you are not the mere physical form that you appear to be; but the real man is the soul and not that physical body which men can point to. Know, then, that your true nature is divine, if indeed it is a divine principle which lives, feels, remembers, and foresees, and which rules, guides, and activates the body beneath its sway, even as the supreme god directs the universe. And as the world, which is in part mortal, is stirred to motion by God Himself, who lives forever, so the frail body is quickened by an immortal soul.

"For whatever possesses the power of ceaseless movement is eternal. On the other hand, whatever imparts movement to other things and is itself set in motion by external objects must end its life when its

movement ends. Accordingly, only that which moves with self-originating motion never ceases to be moved, because it is never abandoned by itself; and it is, moreover, the source and beginning of motion for all other things that move. Beginning has no source, since all things arise from beginning, while beginning itself can spring only from itself. For that which took its beginning from something else could not be a beginning. If, then, beginning is never born, neither does it ever die. For beginning, if destroyed, will never itself receive new life from another source, nor will it create anything else from itself, since all things must arise from a beginning. Thus, it follows that the beginning of movement is derived from that which moves with self-originating motion and which can neither be born nor die. Otherwise, the whole heaven and the universe would collapse and stand still and would never receive any impulse by which they might again be stirred to motion.

"Since, therefore, it is clear that whatever is self-moving is eternal, who will deny that this power has been given to soul? For everything that is stirred to movement by external forces is lifeless, but whatever possesses life is moved by an inner and inherent impulse. And this impulse is the very essence and power of soul. If, then, soul be the only thing which is self-moving, assuredly it is not created but is eternal. Train it in the noblest way! . . . The soul which is employed and disciplined in such pursuits will fly more speedily to this abode, its natural home. This journey it will make the swifter, if it looks abroad, while still imprisoned in the flesh, and if, by meditating upon that which lies beyond it, it divorces itself as far as may be from the body. For the souls of men who have surrendered themselves to carnal delights, who have made themselves as it were slaves of the passions, and who have been prompted by lust to violate the laws of gods and men, wander about near the earth itself, after their escape from the body, and do not return hither until they have been driven about for many ages."

He departed; I awoke from sleep.



The Ptolomaic universe

EPICYCLE

The Night Journey

With its curious parallels to the preceding account by the Roman writer Cicero of the Dream of Scipio, Mohammed's Night Journey to the seven celestial spheres and the throne of God has long been a favorite of storytellers in the Moslem world. Though it is referred to in but a single verse in the Koran, the tale found particular favor among the Sufis, who greatly elaborated its symbolism: Among these were Farid al-Dín 'Attár, who incorporated the imagery into his Conference of the Birds, *and the ninth century Persian ecstatic, Abú Yazíd al-Bistámí, whose version appears here, with al-Bistámí taking the storyteller's prerogative of claiming the journey as his own.*

I dreamed that I ascended to the Heavens in quest of God, seeking to be united with God, who is glorious and exalted, on the terms that I should abide with Him unto everlasting; and I was put to a trial which the heavens and the earth and they that inhabit them would not withstand, forasmuch as He spread before me the carpet of His gifts, one kind after another, and offered to me the kingdom of each Heaven; and meanwhile I was closing mine eyes to them, because I knew that He was testing me therewith, and in reverence for the holiness of my Lord I paid no heed to them, saying all the while, "O my Beloved, what I desire is other than what Thou offerest me."

I dreamed that I ascended to the Heavens; and when I came to the Nearest Heaven, lo, I saw a green bird; and it unfolded one of its wings and mounted me thereon and flew with me till at last it reached the ranks of the angels who stand with burning feet on the stars, glorifying God at morn and eve. I saluted them and they returned my salutation; then the bird set me down amongst them and departed. I continued to glorify God amongst them and praise Him in their language, whilst they were saying, "This is a son of Adam, not a creature of light, since he hath taken refuge with us and talked with us." And I was inspired with certain words and said, "In the name of God, who is able to relieve me from want of you." Then He kept offering me such a kingdom as no tongue can describe, but I knew that He was testing me therewith, and all the while I was saying, "What I desire is other than what Thou offerest me," and in reverence for His holiness I paid no heed to it.

Then I dreamed that I ascended to the Second Heaven; and lo, there came to me troops and troops of angels, regarding me as the people of a city regard a prince who entereth it. Then came unto us the Chief of the angels, whose name is Láwídh, and said, "O Abú Yazíd, thy Lord greeteth thee and saith, I have loved thee and thou hast loved Me." And he brought me into a green meadow, where was a flowing river, and around it flying angels who fly to the earth every day a hundred thousand times to look upon the friends of God. Their faces

were like sunbeams. They had known me according to the knowledge of the earth, that is, on the earth; and they came to me and greeted me and led me down to the bank of that river; and lo, on either side of it were trees of light with many boughs drooping in the air, and on every bough thereof the nest of a bird, that is, one of the angels; and in every nest was an angel bending low in worship. And all the while I was saying, "O my Beloved, my desire is other than what Thou offerest me. Be Thou to me, O Beloved, a protector instead of all them that grant protection and a companion instead of all them that accompany!" Then from my inmost heart was kindled a fiery thirst of longing, so that the angels and these trees withal became as a single gnat in comparison with my aspiration; and they were all gazing on me, astounded and amazed by the greatness of that which they saw in me. Then He continued to offer me a kingdom such as no tongue can describe, but all the while I knew that He was testing me therewith, and in reverence for the holiness of my Lord I paid no heed to it, saying "O my Beloved, my desire is other than what Thou offerest me."

And when God knew my true will to seek Him and my detachment from other than Him, lo, I saw an angel who stretched forth his hand and drew me. Then I dreamed that I ascended to the Third Heaven; and there were all God's angels, according to their several descriptions, who had come to me and were saluting me. Amongst them was an Angel with four faces. He said, "Dost thou wish to look on the wonders of God?" I said, "Yea." Then he unfolded one of his wings, and lo, upon every single feather was a lamp by whose light the radiance of the sun was darkened. Then he said, "Come, O Abú Yazíd, and take shelter in the shade of my wing, that thou mayst glorify and magnify God until death." But I said to him, "God is able to relieve me from the want of thee." Then from my inmost heart was kindled the light of my knowledge, by the radiance whereof their splendor, that is, the splendor of the lamps, was darkened; and the Angel became as a gnat in comparison with my perfection. Then He continued to offer me a kingdom such as no tongue can describe, but all the while I knew that He was testing me therewith, and in reverence for His holiness I paid no heed to it, saying all the while, "O my Beloved, my desire is other than what Thou offerest me."

And when God knew my true will to seek Him, lo, I saw an angel who stretched forth his hand and lifted me up. Then I dreamed that I ascended to the Fourth Heaven; and there were all the angels, according to their several attributes and guises and descriptions, who came to me and greeted me and looked at me as the people of a city look at one of their princes when he entereth it, raising their voices in glorification and praise of God because of my great devotion to Him and the small heed that I paid to them. Then He continued to offer me a kingdom such as no tongue can describe, but all the while I knew that He was testing me therewith, and in reverence for His holiness I paid no heed to it, saying, "O my Beloved, my desire is other than what Thou offerest me."

And when God knew my true and single devotion to Him in the search after Him, lo, I saw an angel who stretched forth his hand and

lifted me towards him. Then I dreamed that I ascended to the Fifth Heaven; and there I saw angels standing in the sky, with their heads in the front of the Sixth Heaven, from whom fell drops of light that made the heavens to shine. They all saluted me in diverse languages, and I returned their salutation in every language with which they addressed me; whereat they marvelled. Then they said, "Come, O Abú Yazíd, that thou mayst glorify and magnify God, and that we may help thee to win thy desire"; but from reverence for my Lord I paid no heed to them. And thereupon springs of longing rose from my inmost heart, and in comparison with that which flashed from me the light of the angels became as a lamp placed in the sun. Then He continued to offer me a kingdom such as no tongue can describe, but all the while I knew that He was testing me therewith, and I said always, "O my Beloved, my desire is other than what Thou offerest me."

And when God knew my true will to seek him, lo, I saw an angel who stretched forth his hand and lifted me towards him. Then I dreamed that I ascended to the Sixth Heaven; and there I saw the longing angels, who came to me and greeted me and boasted to me of their longing; and I boasted to them of some of the flutterings of my inmost heart. Then He continued to offer me a kingdom such as no tongue can describe, but all the while I knew that He was testing me therewith, and paid no heed to it, saying, "O my Beloved, my desire is other than what Thou offerest me."

And when God knew my true will to seek him, lo, I saw an angel who stretched forth his hand and lifted me. Then I dreamed that I ascended to the Seventh Heaven; and there were a hundred thousand rows of angels, each row coming to meet me in numbers like unto the worlds of men and spirits multiplied a thousand thousand-fold. With each angel was a banner of light, and beneath each banner a thousand thousand angels, the tallness of every angel being the distance of a journey of five hundred years; and at their head was an Angel named Baryá'il. They saluted me in their tongue and speech, and I returned their salutation in their own tongue whereat they marveled. And lo, a crier who cried, "Stop, stop, O Abú Yazíd, for thou hast attained unto the goal," but I paid no heed to his words. Then He continued to offer me a kingdom such as no tongue can describe, and all the while I knew that He was testing me therewith, and I kept saying, "O my Beloved, my desire is other than what Thou offerest me."

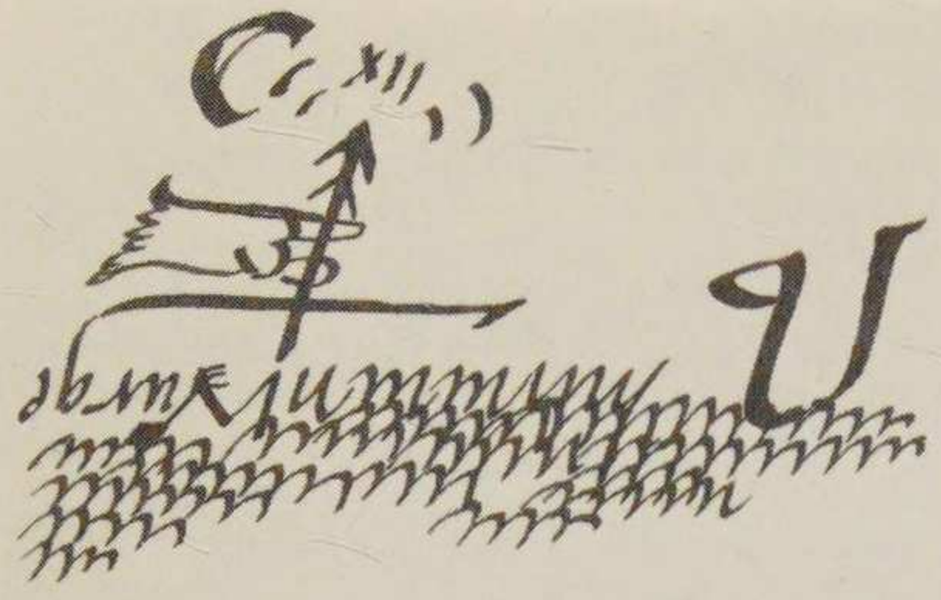
And when God knew my true will to seek Him, He changed me into a bird, and every feather of my wings was farther than from the East to the West a thousand thousand times. And I ceased not from flying in the worlds of Malakút and Jabarút and traversing realm after realm and veils after veils and field after field and seas after seas and curtains after curtains until I was met by the Angel of the Footstool (*Kursí*), who had with him a pillar of light. He saluted me; then he said, "Take the pillar." So I took it, and lo, the Heavens with all therein sought shelter in the shadow of my knowledge and sought light by the light of my longing, and all the angels became as a gnat beside the perfection of my aspiration in the search after Him. And all

the while I knew that He was testing me therewith and I paid no heed to it in reverence for the holiness of my Lord the most high God.

Then I ceased not from flying and soaring through realm after realm and veils after veils and field after field and seas after seas and curtains after curtains until I reached the Footstool. And lo, I was met by angels whose eyes were in number as the stars of heaven. From every eye shone a gleaming light, and those lights became lamps, and from the interior of every lamp I heard "Glory unto God" and "There is no god but Allah." Then I ceased not from flying on that wise until I arrived at a sea of light, its waves dashing against one another; and in comparison with it the radiance of the sun would be dark. And lo, on the seas were ships of light: beside their light the splendor of those seas was darkened. I went on, crossing seas after seas, until I reached the Greatest Sea, upon which is the Throne of the Merciful (*'Arsh al-Ralmán*); and I ceased not from swimming therein until all between the empyrean and the lowest depth—the Cherubim and the Bearers of the Throne and all others whom God hath created in heaven and earth—seemed less than a mustard-seed betwixt heaven and earth to the flight of my inmost heart in its quest of Him. Then He continued to offer me of the graces of His loving kindness and the perfection of His power and the grandeur of His kingdom such gifts as no tongue can describe; but all the while I was saying, "O my Beloved, my desire is other than what Thou offerest me," and in reverence for His holiness I paid no heed to them.

And when God knew my true will to seek Him, He called unto me and said, "O chosen one, approach Me and look upon the belvederes of My Glory and the spacious fields of My Splendor, and sit on the carpet of My Sanctity, that thou mayst behold the subtleties of My Doing in My (appointed) Times. Thou art My chosen and My beloved and My elect from amongst My creatures." And thereat I was melting as lead melts. Then He gave me a draught from the fountain of grace in the cup of friendship; then He changed me to a state which I have no power to describe; then He brought Me nigh unto Him and brought me so nigh that I became nigher to Him than the spirit to the body. Then I was met by the Spirits of all the Prophets, and they saluted me and magnified my case and spoke with me and I spoke with them. Then the Spirit of Mohammed—God bless and save him!—came to meet me and said, "O Abú Yazíd, welcome! Be glad and rejoice! Great is the preferment that God hath bestowed on thee above a multitude of His creatures."

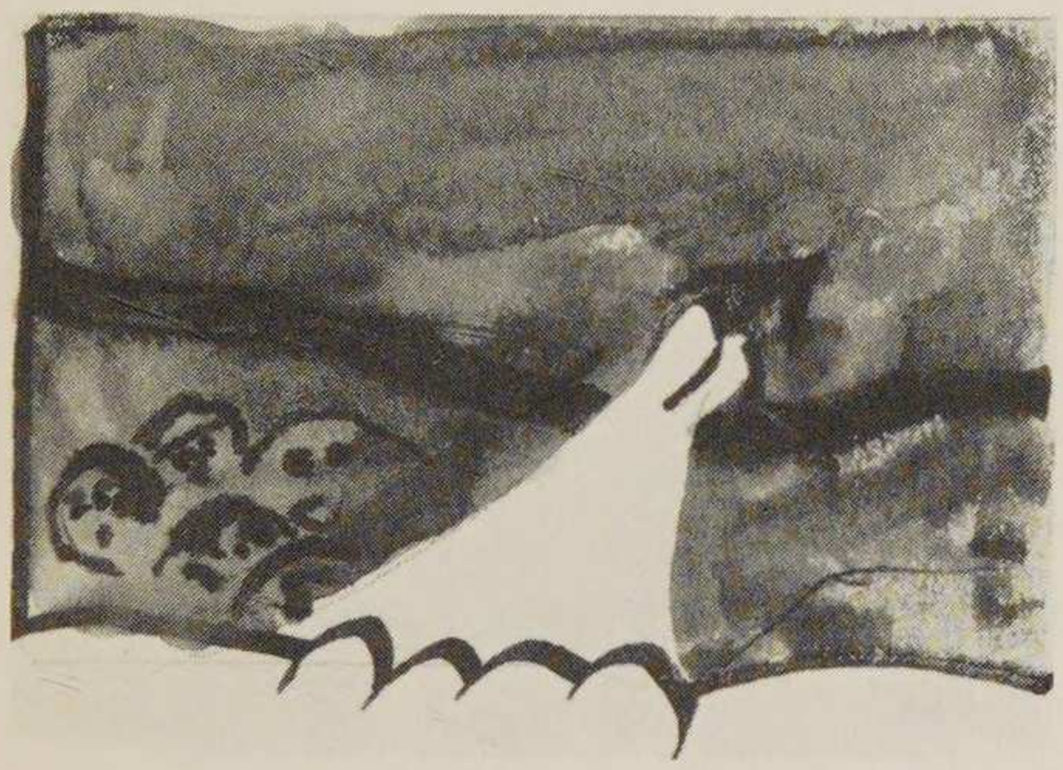
"An Early Arabic Version of the Mi'raj of Abú Yazíd al-Bistámí," translated by Reynold A. Nicholson, Islamica, *II, 1926.*

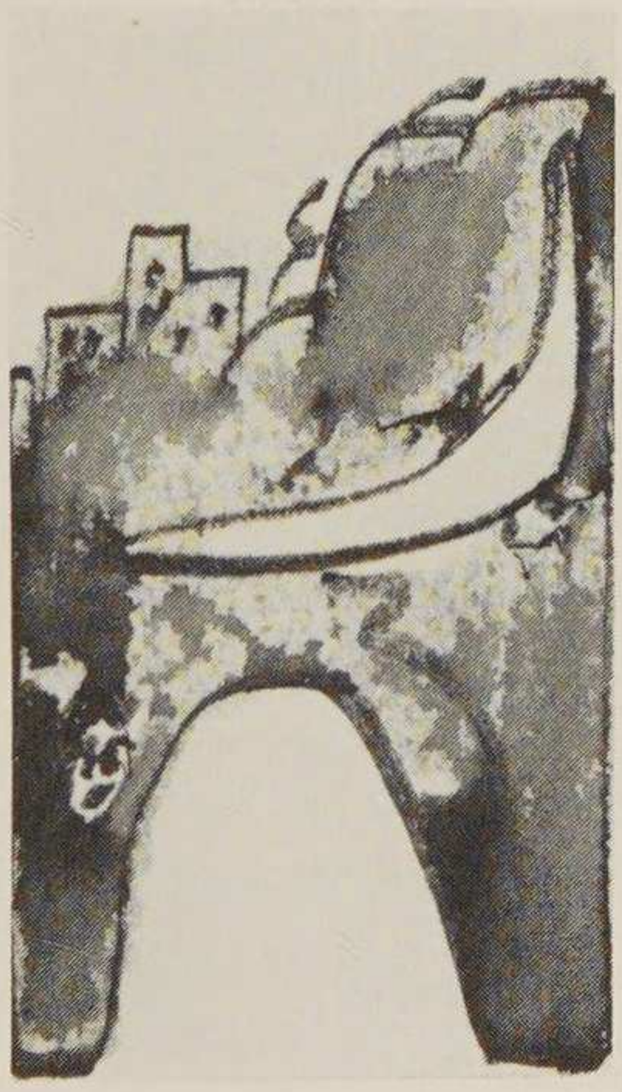


Dreampoems

by Ursula Le Guin

Illustrations by Kim McDodge





I do not know if the following qualify precisely as dreams, since they occurred in the state between sleep and waking when one's conscious mind is a spectator or auditor of the fantasia of the unconscious rather than a participant in it; but they are certainly over on the dream side, because there was no conscious control of their development, as there is in the making of a poem when one is possessed by the Daemon but awake. Since the visual and kinetic predominate in so many dreams, I thought it might be interesting to offer examples of totally verbal dreaming or semi-dreaming, which may be commoner among writers, people whose work is all words, than anyone seems to have noticed yet.

The first occurred about midnight in London in 1969; I was able to recall and write it down when I woke up in the morning.

O do you sail the sundering sea
'Twixt Mimminy and Wurge?
If so, buy a harpoon from me
To hunt the Primal Urge.

Harpooner, stay the bright harpoon!
O sailor, stay thy ship!
The Primal Urge obeys the Moon,
And gives us all the slip.

From Mimminy to Wurge, my dears,
From Wurge to Mimminy,
You'll sail back and forth for years,
And years, and years. You'll see.

I see the sea, you see the sea, we see the sea.
We see the sea.
We see the sea.
Big Ben Bong Bong
sea
see
C

The whole thing simply floated into mind, as it were, word after word, and I enjoyed it very much, and let it repeat itself several times (which is probably why I could recall it in the morning). I find it interesting that it is one of the most basic English meters

and rhyme patterns (4-3-4-3; abab) and that the language is rather Poetic—I wouldn't use "Twixt," or the second person singular, if I was in charge. But as I got sleepier the rhyme became repetition and the rhythm died away into a simple beat, while any specious appearance of Meaning floated off into the inner ocean, rocking gently.

The second one occurred again about midnight when I was rather keyed up from writing all evening; its behavior was far more urgent, and I was under the impression that I was making a poem: I memorized it deliberately before falling asleep. Only when I got up in the morning and wrote it down did I realize that I had no idea what it meant, that there were some odd leaps in the syntax, and that in fact I had exerted no conscious control over the thing at all.

You cannot stay forever
on this side of the river
with darkness coming over
and salt has lost its savor.

Therefore they here foregather
another and another
not one is son or father
nor any is your brother.

Then from time's quiver borrow
the river-spanning arrow
and let the bright track furrow
the shoreless night of sorrow.

The next three poems were made and written and worked on when I was broad awake; but the beginning of each was a dream remembered, or forgotten.

Dreampoem II is one of the earlier poems (autobiographically) of my first collection of poems, *Wild Angels*. The images are from a dream. The interpretation is that of my waking mind.

DREAMPOEM II

Walking down the long street
I met a boy who turned his face away
and walked on no street
toward no end, unborn

The long-winged wild birds
over cold marshes rising
westward to hills I never saw

a west where no moon sets
an east where no moon rises
a city where no one walks

I walked on down the street
passing my son in silence.

Dreampoem, which comes earlier in the book because it fit better there, but was written a good many years after *Dreampoem II*, is simply the recounting of a dream which would not go away until it had been put into words. Children, unless discouraged, tell you their dreams, if they have an urgent or a "big" dream. Poets, unless discouraged, are likely to do the same.

DREAMPOEM

last night asleep I walked beside
death, who had
three faces: one
was white, one brown,
the third I did not see.
With her and me there went
my husband and
a silent friend.
"The way," said Death
with the white mouth,
"will soon end.
Wait a little while."
The brown mouth smiled.
The third mouth was still.
We walked on up the hill.

The last poem is about a dream that went where most dreams go; where all dreams, and all poems, will go finally.

OFFERING

I made a poem going
to sleep last night, woke
in sunlight, it was clean forgotten.

If it was any good, gods
of the great darkness
where sleep goes and farther
death goes, you not named,
then as true offering
accept it.

Part of the above article was published in Dreamworks *Vol. I, No. 2, Summer 1980. "Dreampoem," "Dreampoem II," and "Offering" were originally published in the author's collection of poems,* Wild Angels *(Capra Press: Santa Barbara, California, 1975).*

EPICYCLE

The Happy Spirit

Long ago, in the time of the Dream, at first there was no death. People lived in happiness upon the earth; food was plentiful and the soft wind was sweet in the baobab trees. But death came and the Dream ended.

Death came in darkness, when the land lay swollen with the first rains of the wet season. It came like the great ax that falls to the ground from the hands of the Lightning Man. Death came from a land lost in the mists of the sea and it came first to Yalngura.

This was the manner of its coming. Yalngura was a Gubabingu man, and one morning when the wind blew strong from the water, he stood watching storm clouds, deciding whether to venture beyond the breakers to fish. As he stood there, a large leaf whirled through the air. Yalngura looked in surprise, for the leaf blew from the water.

"There is no land in the sea from which the leaf could come," he thought. "What magic is this?"

The leaf whirled and twisted through the air. Then it landed on Yalngura's shoulder. He saw it was a yam leaf. "From what land do you come?" he asked.

"I come from a land of peace and happiness, the Island of Bralgu," replied the yam leaf. "It lies beyond the mists. There is much game. Yams and berries, geese and fish—all are plentiful. Spirit beings live on Bralgu. Their women are comely and loving, eager for new men with whom to lie."

"I will go to Bralgu," said Yalngura. "If it is as you say, I shall come back and take also my wives and children."

Yalngura took the yam leaf in his hand and hurried to tell his wives and friends what he had learned. But of the soft-limbed, comely women who waited on Bralgu, he said nothing.

"I will need food and water, for the trip is long," Yalngura told his wives. "Help me."

They demurred, for they did not wish him to leave. "We have all we need here," they said. "Stay and be content."

But Yalngura insisted. He thought of the tender arms of the Bralgu women and said, "I must go. There is much good for all of us on the Island of Bralgu."

So he pushed off in his canoe and paddled steadily in the direction from which the yam leaf had come. His eldest wife was reluctant to see him go. After a few days, she went to Murayana, the spirit man, who lived by himself in a grove of trees. The people liked Murayana and respected him, for he was a happy spirit, smiling often and giving good counsel in times of sadness and trouble.

"My husband has gone to the Island of Bralgu," she said. "Already I long for him. Make magic so he will return quickly."

Murayana secured a hair belt Yalngura had left with his eldest wife and chanted a magic song over it. "Your husband has already reached the island, but the magic will cause him to return," he told her.

In the deep night, when the camp fires sputter and wink in the darkness, the old men huddle in the warmth of the flames and whisper of the fate that befell Yalngura. They tell of the comely maiden he found on the Island of Bralgu; their voices linger on the words as they tell of her soft breasts and eager arms and the delight she found in Yalngura, the man who came to her from the sea.

But Yalngura soon left her, they say, for the magic of Murayana was powerful. Even as Yalngura was finding pleasure with the maiden of Bralgu, the thought of his own camp fire and his wives and children tugged at him. In the chill of morning, when Barnumbir, the morning star, rose above the treetops, he left his tender companion deep in sleep and paddled into the darkness that shrouded the sea. After many days he returned, and his wives and children greeted him with delight.

That night Yalngura slept with his eldest wife. When the stars had fallen from the sky and night was black, his wife heard Yalngura cry out. But then the night fell silent again. The morning star winked above the treetops. All was as it should be. She yawned and returned to sleep.

When morning came Yalngura's wives and children stirred, stretched their limbs, and rubbed the sleep from their eyes. Yalngura did not stir. Empty and fixed were his eyes; his limbs were cold and still.

The voices of the old men fall to whispers as they end the story. The comely maiden on Bralgu longed for Yalngura, they say. She came with Barnumbir, the morning star, to find him. In the darkness she came and took the spirit of Yalngura from his body. To the Island of Bralgu she took Yalngura, that he might bring the pleasures of love to her once more.

So it was that death came. Today, when the funeral ceremonies are conducted, the people tell of Yalngura. When the ceremony is over and the grief of the people is exhausted, Murayana comes and helps ease their sorrow. He smiles and dances, and the people find happiness once again.

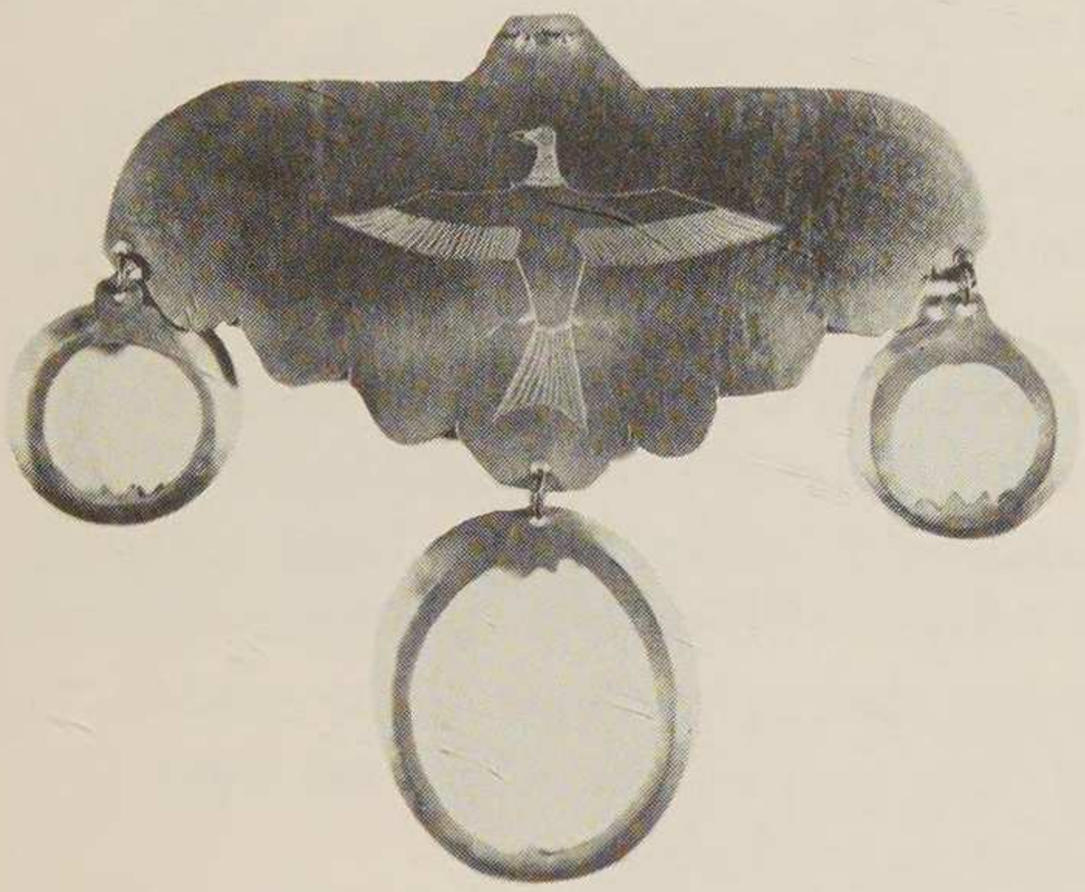
—Retold by Louis A. Allen

From the author's collection of myths and art of the Australian aborigines, Time Before Morning. *New York: Thomas Y. Crowell, 1975. Reprinted by permission of the author.*

Our Other Selves:

The Lakota Dream Experience

by Arthur Amiotte



Black Elk told us:

> I was four years old then, and I think it must have been the next summer that I first heard the voices. It was a happy summer and nothing was afraid, because in the Moon When the Ponies Shed [May] word came from the Wasichus that there would be peace and that they would not use the road any more and that all the soldiers would go away. The soldiers did go away and their towns were torn down; and in the Moon of Falling Leaves [November], they made a treaty with Red Cloud that said our country would be ours as long as grass should grow and water flow. You can see that it is not the grass and the water that have forgotten.
>
> Maybe it was not this summer when I first heard the voices, but I think it was, because I know it was before I played with bows and arrows or rode a horse, and I was out playing alone when I heard them. It was like somebody calling me, and I thought it was my mother, but there was nobody there. This happened more than once, and always made me afraid, so that I ran home.
>
> It was when I was five years old that my Grandfather made me a bow and some arrows. The grass was young and I was horseback. A thunder storm was coming from where the sun goes down, and just as I was riding into the woods along a creek, there was a kingbird sitting on a limb. This was not a dream, it happened. And I was going to shoot at the kingbird with the bow my Grandfather made, when the bird spoke and said: "The clouds all over are one-sided." Perhaps it meant that all the clouds were looking at me. And then it said: "Listen! A voice is calling you!" Then I looked up at the clouds, and two men were coming there, headfirst like arrows slanting down; and as they came, they sang a sacred song and the thunder was like drumming. I will sing it for you. The song and the drumming were like this:
>
> "Behold, a sacred voice is calling you;
> All over the sky a sacred voice is calling."
>
> I sat there gazing at them, and they were coming from the place where the giant lives [north]. But when they were very close to me, they wheeled about toward where the sun goes down, and suddenly they were geese. Then they were gone, and the rain came with a big wind and a roaring.
>
> I did not tell this vision to any one. I liked to think about it, but I was afraid to tell it.*

**Black Elk from John G. Neihardt,* Black Elk Speaks, *Pp. 15–16. New York: Simon & Schuster, 1972.*

Time and time again, in the literature and in the oral tradition of the Lakota, references are made to visions, ghosts, and dreams. Specific differences are also made between the common dream—what modern research calls REM dreams—and what the Lakota believe to be the capacity to pierce a barrier and participate in another realm which is considered sacred.

To grasp the significance to Native people of the dream experience, one must take into account the unique stance from which they describe the metaphysical underpinnings of person and personality, not only of the human being but of all creatures, plants, the world, and the universe.

Central to a host of beliefs connected with dreams and dreaming is the conviction of the transparency and mutability of all *things*. The mythologies of the tribes affirm for the Native the synchronous existence of various planes of reality in which both linear time and physical geography are only one level—one that consistently needs one's attention, for it appears to be incomplete and mutable, still in a process of ongoing creation. The other planes are the sacred counterparts of what we know to exist in the temporal world, but which are imbued with their own sacred power—often under the control of, or operative because of, the intervention of the gods.

Often, through the powerful language of metaphor, the sacred world is delineated and anthropomorphized, a process by which the various dimensions of the personality of the Wakan (Great Mystery or gods) are made comprehensible and visible to the mind of the Native. This capacity of the Native mind to sustain the mythological presence of the transparent world, to integrate sacred time and geography with ordinary time and space, gives rise to a unique view of self in relation to all things and to others, including those who dwell in the sacred or "spirit" world, or as the Australian Natives call it, the "dreaming."

Attempts to delve deeper into the nature of the spirit world give one the idea that perhaps it is not for everyone to know, and that many people—Native Americans as well as others—who have been touched too deeply by technological and scientific modes of living and thinking cannot again recapture the capacity to operate in it. "Wondering about it" and listening to the tribal wise men sometimes gives us clues about the potential that is inherent in this capacity to live in both worlds; and yet only through the unique experience of witnessing the transformation of the contemporary practicing shamans do we get a glimpse of its awesome reality. It seems that the shamans are now still the vital link between the contemporary student of the phenomenon on one hand and the spiritual efficacy for the Native worshipper on the other.

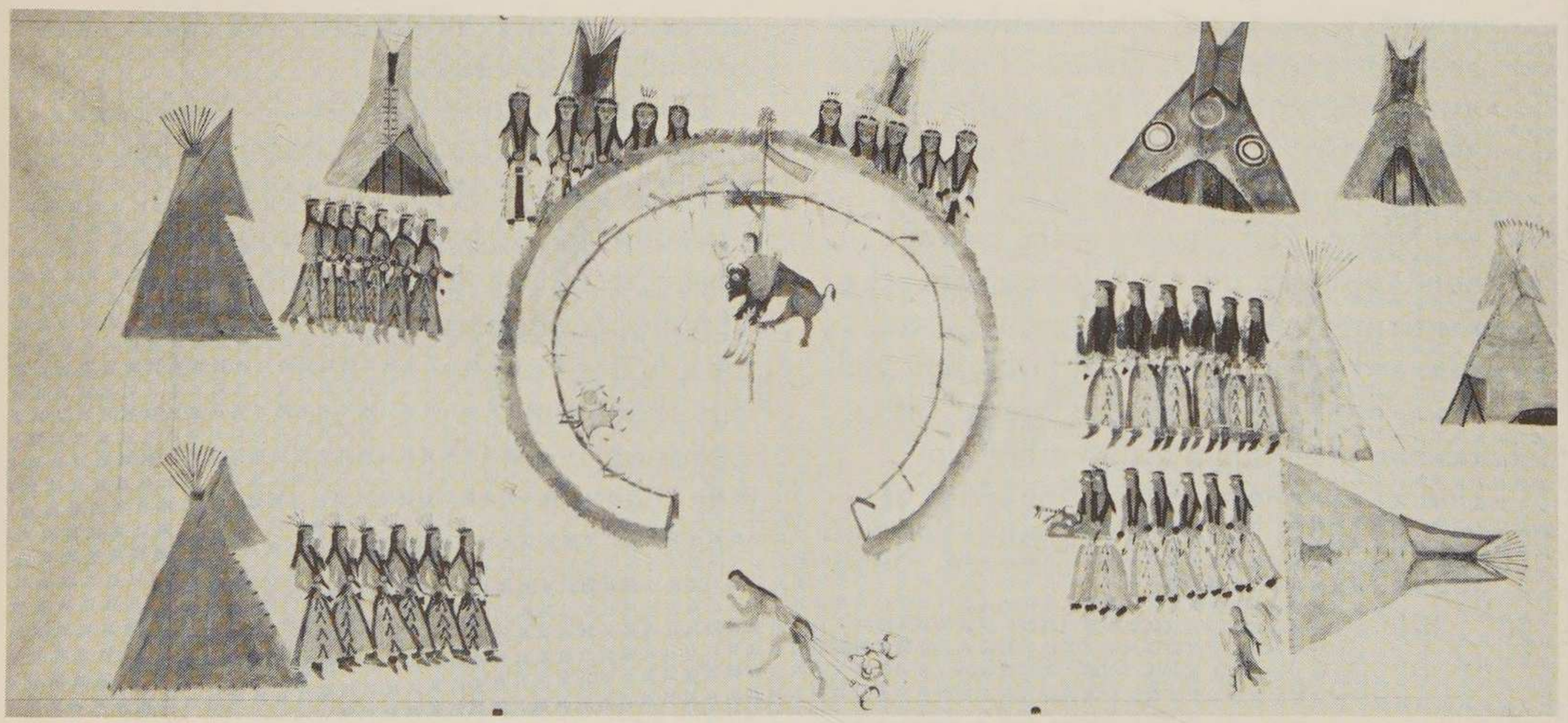
Within the context of a specific tribal group, the Lakota wise men tell that "All things in the world are sacred. All things in the world in their order of creation were given four spiritual counterparts besides the gross," or physical form which is the most obvious. All things were created first in the spirit world, and there they first learn and know that plane of existence, its language, and the gods who dwell there. Through a miraculous process of transubstantiation, often depending upon the cooperation of living, earthly people through the fulfillment of ritual acts, entrance into earthly life is given to the four spiritual counterparts of all things, or as they will be referred to from now on, the four souls.

The first one to be considered is the *Niya*, which is described as the *life-breath* of a being. The word itself is derived from the Lakota *woniya*, which means the capacity of a being to breathe or possess living breath. This soul is very much a part of the body, for it is this that gives life to the organism, that causes it to live and to have its limited movement in the life process; it cannot *move fully* unless the other souls are also in harmony, in "working order." This is the basis of the importance of ritual preparation of foods; proper care and nourishment of the body is "to strengthen and keep strong the *Niya*"; physical activity is to keep the body attuned as an instrument by which life tasks can be accomplished. Ritual cleansing in the sweat lodge is thought not only good for expelling toxic matter, the *miniwatutkala*,

through the pores, but also for strengthening and purifying the *Niya* through ritualized union with the spirit world. This is accomplished within the lodge through song and communion utilizing the sacred pipe. The final act of the sweat lodge is the emergence from within to the outside—a ritual act of rebirth and rejuvenation witnessed by sighs of "How refreshing it was" or "Ah . . . I feel so light and good now." All rejoice and give thanks while sharing a ritual meal and feeling blessed to be able to breathe anew.

The ritual "doctoring" and healing processes, then, treat not only the body but also the *Niya*, a relation the modern world has begun to realize with the holistic approach to medicine. In this sense we see one dimension of the Lakota belief that dreams are explanations of medical realities. For if a person's *Niya* leaves his body, probably accompanied by the second soul or *Nagi*, and re-enters the spirit world, the body is quite without motion and the *Niya* must be retrieved and reintegrated with the body. While away, the *Niya* may once again dwell in the sacred world, dreamland, consorting with all kinds of other *Niya* and spirit-like beings. Following the regaining of this-world consciousness, a person who has been reintegrated has been known to report fantastic experiences to others who have kept a vigil near what to all appearances was a corpse, devoid of life-breath. It is this possibility of return and revival that gave rise to the Lakota tradition of above-ground burial and of keeping a vigil with ritual feedings for a minimum of four days and nights. There are many old stories of a moving camp of Lakota passing a scaffold burial and being surprised by the moving and thrashing about of the supposed dead body, returned to life and trying to release itself from the tightly bound burial wrappings. When freed by the passing party, such "born again" people were said to have reported many things about the spirit world, or about "being away as in a dream," including having seen spirits of people long passed away.

A similar situation in recorded history is the phenomenon of the Ghost Dance of the Lakota in the 1890s. Numerous accounts, written and oral, tell of dancers, after long and exhausting periods of dancing, falling into a trance-like state, "like being dead." Upon their regaining consciousness, without the aid of a shaman (for "no one was to



The Third Day of the Sun Dance

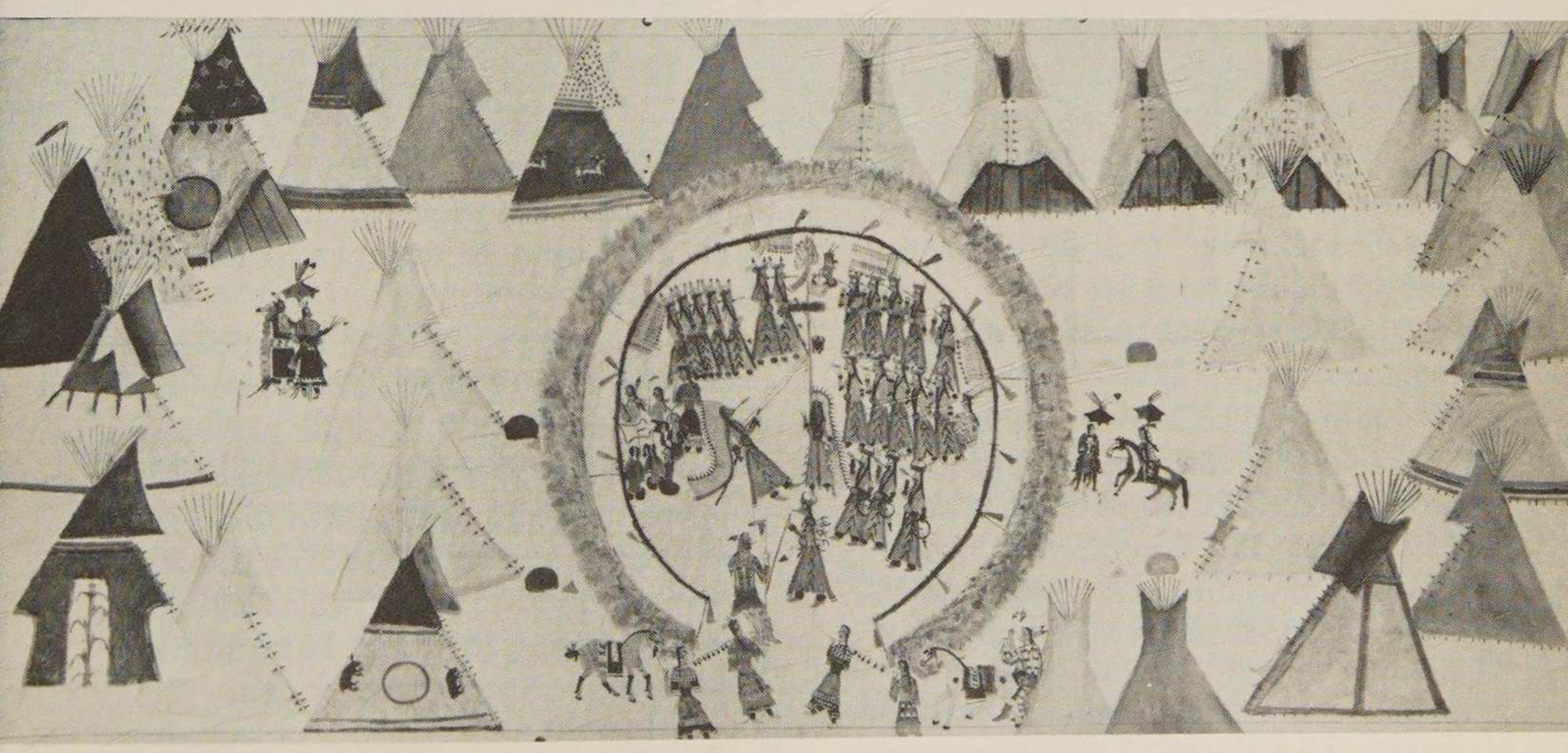
touch them") they reported having seen their relatives and others who had died and a world full of peace and beauty, a restored world of primordial completeness.

The second soul, known as the *Nagi*, is closely akin to the stereotyped definition of ghosts as described in books, films, and oral tradition. Much more personal and individualistic than the *Niya*, the *Nagi* is much like a mirror image of the person's form, at once ephemeral when seen, transparent, and capable of easy transition to and from the spirit world. With its adeptness at mobility, the *Nagi* is thought to be capricious and a cause for concern when it is out of harmony with the form that it reflects. This can result in a type of soul loss or disequilibrium when it is absent from the body, but which is different from the loss of the *Niya*. If by chance the *Nagi* should leave and the *Niya* remain, the body would continue to function, but in a state of coma or in semiconsciousness. In such a state the person may appear to others as strange in his or her actions and attitudes.

In many cases the temporary absence of the *Nagi* is cause for illness or insanity. It is believed that the *Nagi* retains the idiosyncrasies of the this-worldly nature of the personality, and hence can be capricious and unpredictable, reliable or benevolent, depending on the nature of the person or the being. So it is that it may linger near the temporal world and be seen on occasion by those with the capacity to see it. Or it may migrate deeper into the spirit realm, where it may have to be retrieved through the shaman's art and his ability to make contact with it, or with his own intercessors who contact it and attempt to lure it back or to rejoin it with the body.

Among the Lakota there are those who at a very young age exhibit a pre-knowledge of the world and of customs or persons long passed away. Such a person is said to be the explicit and individual *Nagi* of one who has lived before, returning in another body to participate again in the earthly life. This is frequently believed of twins and of certain shamans with their sacred and often mysterious ability to comprehend what ordinarily appears illusive to others. Such people, when meeting for the first time, will often have feelings of inordinate familiarity with each other, as if recognizing their strange commonalty.

A case of which I was a witness took



The Fourth Day of the Sun Dan

place several years ago at a Lakota Sundance in northern South Dakota. A middle-aged couple appeared in the camp of the head intercessor, who was exhausted and suffering from the rigors of the ceremony, asking him to come and see their daughter. I went with him and the parents to their camp. The daughter, who appeared to be ten or twelve years old, was dressed in conservative old-fashioned clothes more suitable to a grandmother than to a young girl of the present time. She talked to the shaman alone, with downcast eyes, in a polite and almost inaudible voice. Then she opened a small bundle and handed him water and food including a piece of melon, which is a preferred food after long periods of fasting and dancing in the heat of the Dakota sun.

Later the shaman explained that this girl was believed by her family to have lived before. On this day she had identified him with all his birthmarks, scars, and other physical characteristics as someone she recognized from her previous life. A year before, the shaman had had extensive surgery and bore a great scar on his abdomen. The girl explained to him that in her previous life, she and her husband had been through a terrible battle with enemies resulting in her husband's suffering similar if not identical scars and wounds from which he eventually died.

She had insisted that her parents bring her by car many miles to this Sundance because she had dreamed the night before that she saw her husband from her previous life dancing and suffering and in need of refreshment.

The shaman himself took all this matter-of-factly and had treated her with all the respect Lakota etiquette demands of the younger meeting the elderly, although at this point in time he himself was the elder and could indeed have been her grandfather.

Arising from these beliefs are the rituals for putting the *Nagi* in contact with the spirit world to gain insight, vision, and strength. The Lakota still believe firmly in the efficacy of the vision quest, a ritual fasting and sacrifice through which contact is made with the dream world and the spirit-selves of the other realm.

Since all creatures possess *Nagi*, they are able to commune with the *Wica-nagi* or spirits of men and women in the one language all *Nagi* learned in the spirit world. It is, therefore, not uncommon that the spirit visitor to the man seeking a vision on his isolated hilltop is that of any of the *Nagi* of people, animals, or birds believed to possess special god-like powers originating in the other world.

The term *Hanbleceya* is usually translated as "crying for a dream." A deeper meaning hidden in the word's roots suggests a standing and enduring. The *ceya*—crying or suffering—indicates the need for sacrifice, which appears in the ritual of the vision quest as the giving up of water, food, and protection from the elements. In the process of sacrifice, *sacer facere*, to make sacred, one is ritually denying the physical existence of the mundane world in order to reach into or experience the sacred world by numbing the senses required for ordinary life. For the Lakota, to sacrifice is to ritually transform physical substance into spiritual substance, and in doing so, to transcend the gross in order to reach the greater reality of non-pain and the non-suffering, non-physical parameters of being. In the spirit world—dream time—all becomes possible. There, if the quester has a good heart and a pure mind, the dream beings may reward him or her with special powers which can be activated and translated into means of attaining harmony and balance between the spiritual and the mundane.

This brings us to the third aspect of soul or manifestation of spiritlike principle. The wise men tell us again, "All things possess a special power of their own which can be added to, expanded, and utilized to help others and themselves." The *Sicun* is that mysterious spiritlike power which all things possess. For the plant it may be its lifegiving fruits, seeds, leaves, or roots or their chemical results as medicines. For animals it may be their unique traits, or the knowledge they have of plants or of celestial and earthly phenomena or behavior, that man desires for himself to help to survive. In

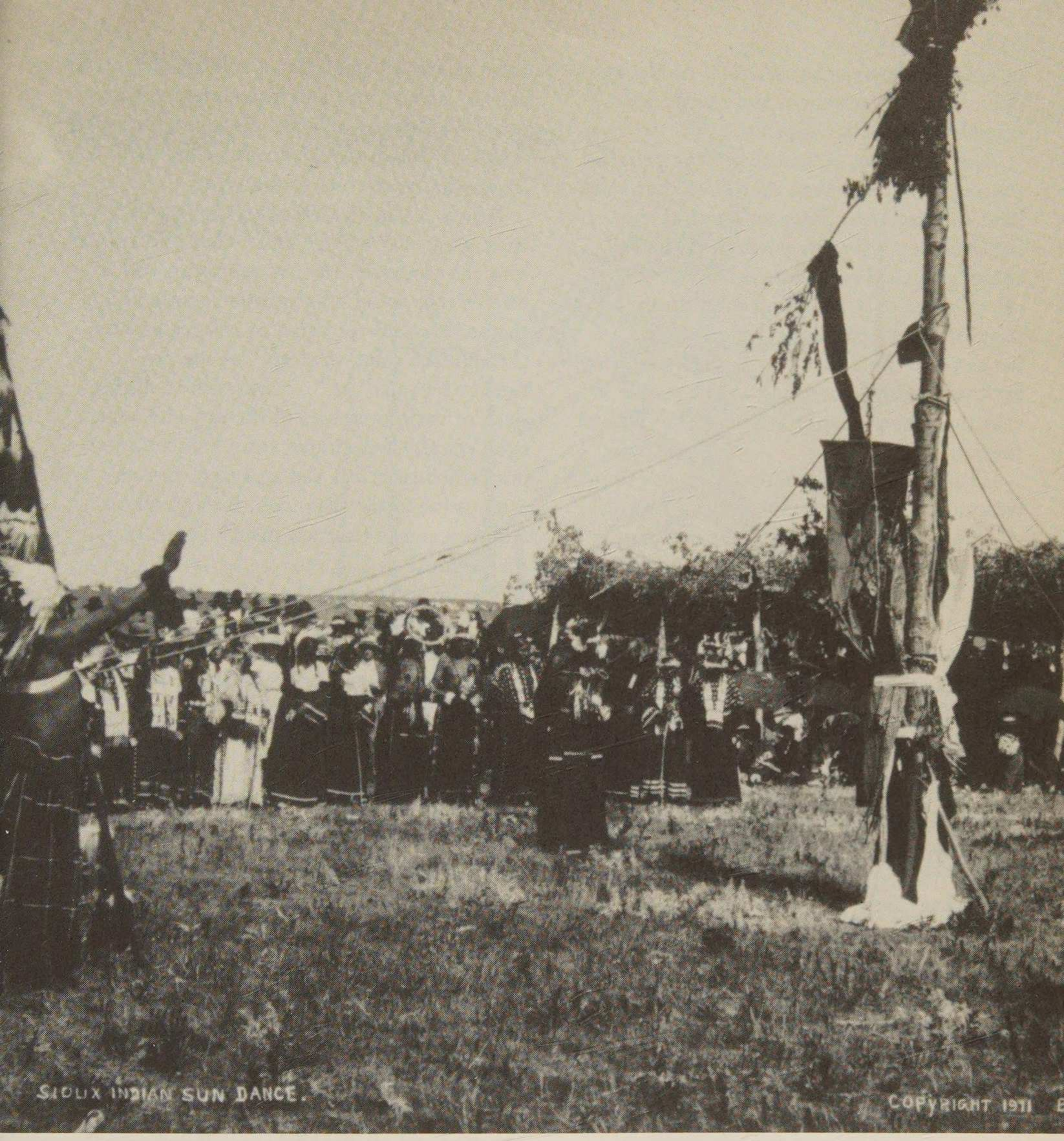


PHOTO BY JOHN ANDERSON

some animals, it is their possession of the eternal and unfettered wisdom of the gods which man desires to know. This can only be communicated while in the state of *Nagi*, transported and placed over the ritually prepared sacred area where the suppliant stands, or in a magical flight from that place where the *Nagi* of the seeker enters upon a mystical journey to that other world and returns, as in a waking dream, to reinhabit his original body, now weak with hunger, thirst, and weariness.

While in the other realm, the encounter might have been a most dramatic affair endowed with all the trappings of a pageant, or as a solitary meeting with an old friend. Emerging none the less, whatever the form, the *Nagi* of the seeker is offered a portion of the *Sicun* of his spirit visitor, and instructed about its use and about the ritual songs, dances, or prayers to be utilized in activating it once he returns to the ordinary world.

It is just such *Sicun* that is contained in sacred bundles, stones, or animal parts worn

or used by the shaman, warrior, or Native doctor in the ceremonies and rituals designed to make life efficacious.

As such, it can be said that some people possess more *Sicun* than others, or that some have fostered their *Sicun* well and have thus continued to insure its potency. While all things possess *Sicun*, those who have received more of it by crying for a dream are supposed to be particularly blessed, and hence responsible that it will always be used for the benefit it can bring to the people so that the proper relationship of all life will be maintained.

Relationship and harmony form the foundation upon which the fourth soul lives in all things. The Lakota conceive of *Taku Skan Skan*, or that which moves and causes all of life to move or to live, as though the entire universe were injected or infused with a common source and type of cosmic energy. This which causes all movement was the original source of all things at the beginning, says our mythology. From it came all of the energy of life, ranging from that of the stars, sun, and earth to that which causes the tiniest insect to move about and know its rhythm and part in the scheme of things. This *Taku Skan Skan* in all things is referred to as the *Nagila*, or *little ghost* that dwells in everything. Less personal and more magnanimous than the other souls, the *Nagila* is responsible for wholeness—much like the web or sacred cord that binds and holds together all components. It is a bit of the divine essence—the mysterious force that makes all things and beings relatives to each other and to their common ancestor.

The profundity of this realization is expressed in the shortest and most commonly expressed Lakota prayer as a total response in ritual situations or as an ending to a longer narrative prayer. That prayer is *mitakuye oyasin*, "all my relatives" or "I am related to all that is."

Realizing, then, that one is more than mere physical being, the possibility for interaction, transaction, and intercourse within other dimensions of time, place, and being is what the dream experience is to the Lakota: an alternative avenue to knowing.

When Black Elk and others tell us of their great visions and subsequent excursions into the sacred realms, we are compelled to believe that something greater happened than a "train of thoughts or images passing through the mind in sleep," as the dictionary tells us,* or ". . . expression during sleep of various aspects of the ego and superego typically withdrawn from consciousness but, when recorded and analyzed, having some value in the diagnosis, interpretation and treatment of certain maladjustments of the personality."

The importance of the Lakota belief about dreams is not just a memory contained in accounts by such men as Black Elk. Today and perhaps at this very moment, traditional activities are taking place on contemporary reservations. Legitimate shamans and healers regularly maintain a schedule of clients whose requests range from dream interpretation to the rectifying of personal disequilibrium to the ritual preparation and strengthening of soul for future participation in the spring and summer high ceremonies. These include the contemporary Sundance and Hanbleceya with all their attendant rites for encountering the sacred world, from which will come that "stuff" of ethnicity that causes the Lakota to persist as tribal people in a twentieth century society.

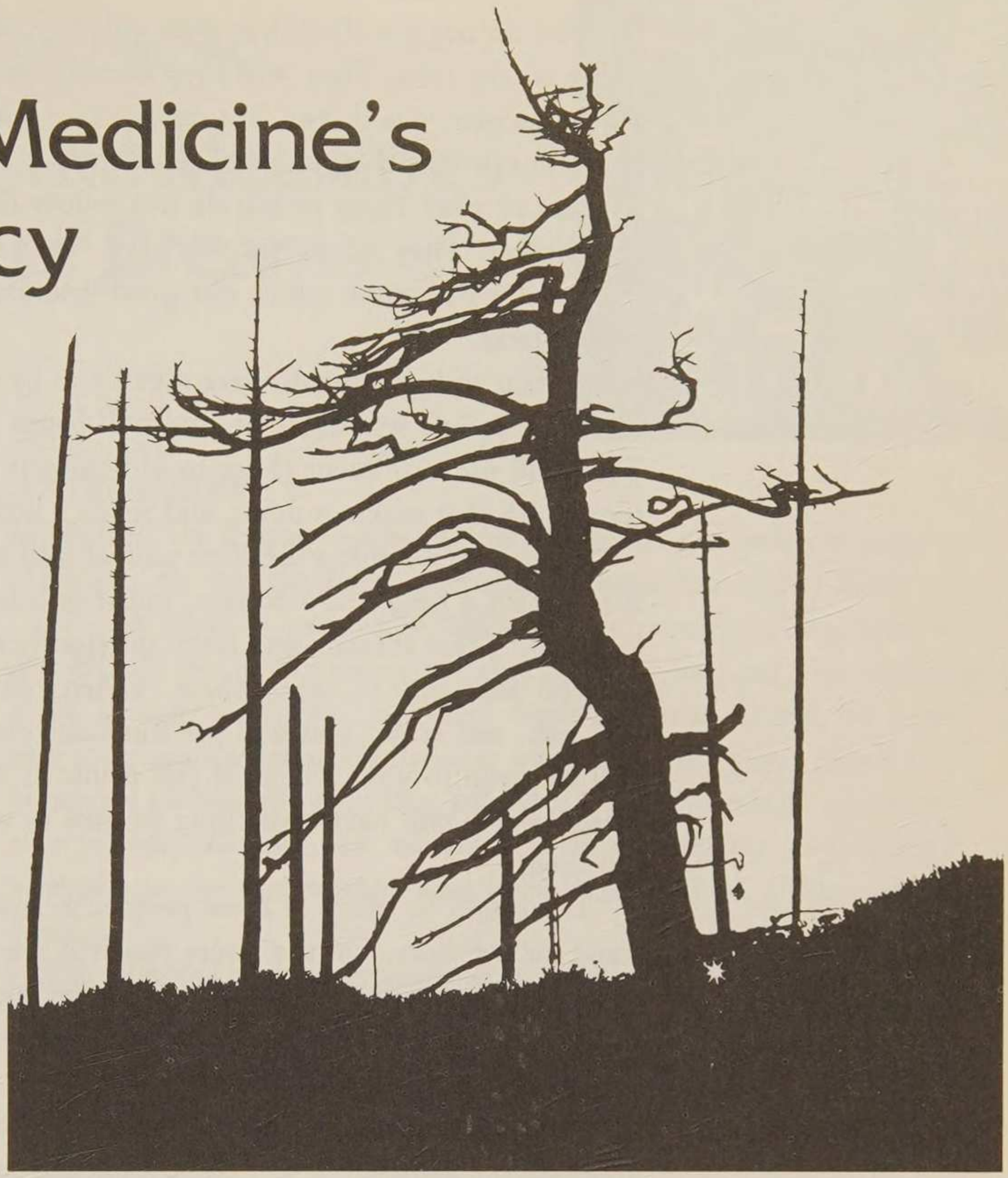
It is not uncommon for professionally educated and employed Lakota living in urban centers to travel great distances, leaving behind the ways of contemporary life to participate in the mysterious, in the tribally prescribed mode. Often this is because they are still beckoned by the dream encounter that moves them to do as the messenger instructs them.

This should give us insight into and respect for the diversity and uniqueness of humankind's ability to participate in and explore the inner and outer landscapes of mind and myth, where truth abideth in many guises. ◇

**Britannica World Language edition of Funk & Wagnall's Standard Dictionary.*

EPICYCLE

Sweet Medicine's Prophecy



One man who sat in the circle in the lodge spoke to Sweet Medicine, who for a long time had been sitting in silence with his head hanging down, as if discouraged. He said: "Friend, what is your trouble? Why are you sorrowful?" Sweet Medicine answered: "Yes, it is true I am troubled. Listen to me carefully. Listen to me carefully." He said this four times. "Our great-grandfather spoke thus to me, repeating it four times. He said to me that he had put people on this earth, all kinds of people. He made us, but also he made others. There are all kinds of people on earth that you will meet some day, toward the sunrise, by a big river. Some are black, but some day you will meet a people who are white—good-looking people, with light hair and white skins." A man spoke up, and said, "Shall we know them when we meet them?"

"Yes," said Sweet Medicine, "you will know them, for they will have long hair on their faces, and will look differently from you. They will wear things different from your things—different clothing. It will be something like the green scum that grows on waters about springs. Those people will wander this way. You will talk with them. They will give you things like isinglass [*i.e.*, things that flash or reflect the light, mirrors] and something that looks like sand that will taste very sweet. But do not take the things they give you. They will be looking for a certain stone. They will wear what I have spoken of, but it will be of all colors, pretty. Perhaps they will not listen to what you say to them, but you will listen to what they say to you. They will be peo-

ple who do not get tired, but who will keep pushing forward, going, going all the time. They will keep coming, coming. They will try always to give you things, but do not take them. At last I think that you will take the things that they offer you, and this will bring sickness to you. These people do not follow the way of our great-grandfather. They follow another way. They will travel everywhere, looking for this stone which our great-grandfather put on the earth in many places.

"Buffalo and all animals were given you by our great-grandfather; but these people will come in, and will begin to kill off these animals. They will use a different thing to kill animals from what we use—something that makes a noise, and sends a little round stone to kill.

"Then after a while a different animal will come into the country. It will have a head like a buffalo, but it will have white horns and a long tail. These animals will smell differently from the buffalo, and at last you will come to eating them. When you skin them, the flesh will jerk, and at last you will get this same disease. At last something will be given to you, which, if you drink it, will make you crazy. These people will have something to give to animals to eat which will kill them.

"There will be many of these people, so many that you cannot stand before them. On the rivers you will see things going up and down, and in these things will be these people, and there will be things moving over dry land in which these people will be.

"Another animal will come, but it will not be like the buffalo. It will have long heavy hair on its neck, and a long heavy tail which drags on the ground. It will come from the south.

"When these animals come, you will catch them, and you will get on their backs and they will carry you from place to place. You will become great travelers. If you see a place a long way off, you will want to go to it, so at last you will get on those animals with my arrows. From that time you will act very foolishly. You will never be quiet. You will want to go everywhere. You will be very foolish. You will know nothing.

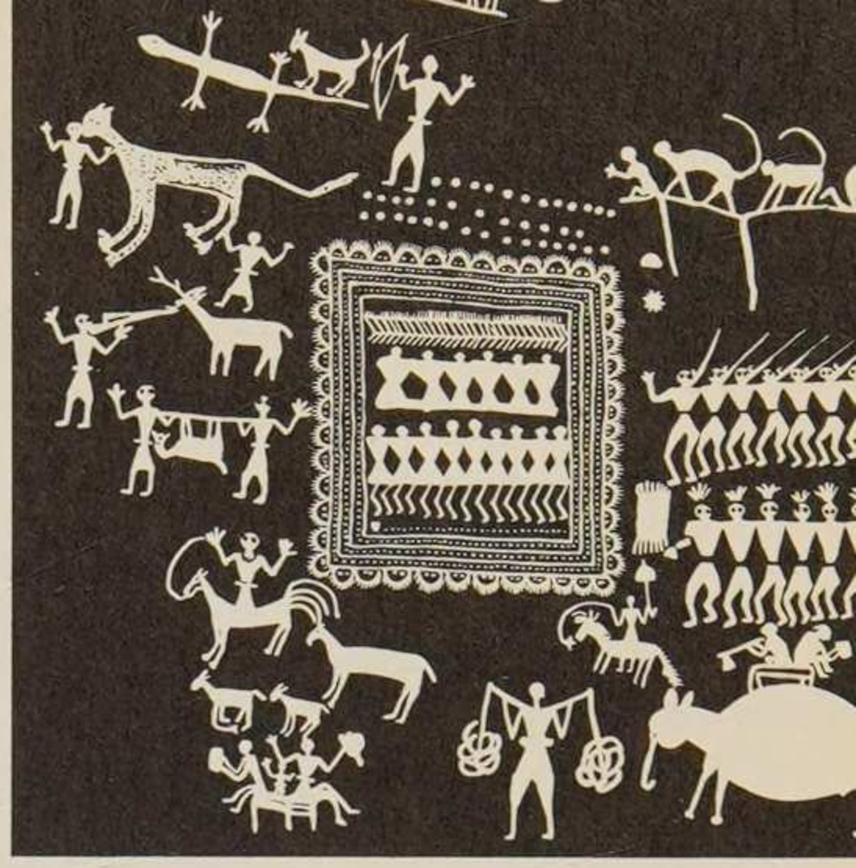
"These people will not listen to what you say; what they are going to do they will do. You people will change: in the end of your life in those days you will not get up early in the morning; you will never know when day comes; you will lie in bed; you will have disease, and will die suddenly; you will all die off.

"At last those people will ask you for your flesh [he repeated this four times], but you must say, 'No.' They will try to teach you their way of living. If you give up to them your flesh [your children], those that they take away will never know anything. They will try to change you from your way of living to theirs, and they will keep at what they try to do. They will work with their hands. They will tear up the earth, and at last you will do it with them. When you do, you will become crazy, and will forget all that I am now teaching you."

Reprinted from The Cheyenne Indians: Their History and Ways of Life *by George Bird Grinnell, Bison Book edition by University of Nebraska Press.*

SPECTRUM/

The Meanings of Dreams



AZTEC (MEXICO)

In Nahuatl, the language spoken by the Aztecs and still spoken in many parts of Mexico, the word for dream is temictli; *it means "the edge of death."*

In many Mexican communities today, sleep is considered a dangerous time. It is believed that during dreams, the soul leaves the body and goes wandering about. If, in its wanderings, something should happen to the soul, the sleeper may never again awaken. By the same token, a sleeping person should never be aroused too suddenly from sleep lest the soul not have enough time to re-enter the body. Dreams were, and are, a means of foretelling the future and then, as now, the interpretations were based on the principle of like causing like.

The following dream interpretations are taken from a series of texts called "First Notes," which were gathered by the sixteenth-century ethnographer Fray Bernardino de Sahagún and are the only known Nahuatl text on dream interpretation in pre-Hispanic times:

He who dreamed, who saw in his dreams, that there was singing in his house, they said would soon die.

He who dreamed of an eclipse of the sun, they said would soon go blind, or else he would sell himself into slavery.

He who dreamed that a wild beast was devouring him, they said would soon die.

He who dreamed he was flying, they said would soon die in battle.

And there are other dreams we do not know about, for there are many different kinds of dreams.

The soothsayers interpreted the dreams. They read in the books of divination and ordered that offering be made in payment to the gods. And they burned the offerings; the offerings were papers, incense, and rubber.[1]

INDIA AND CHINA

Hindu and Chinese medicine for centuries has been looking to dreams for information as to the diagnosis of illness. In their system dreams are divided into five classes which correspond to the five great viscera:—the heart, the lungs, the kidneys, the spleen and the liver. Each class is sub-divided according to two normal conditions of the organ. The normal condition of all these organs induces no dreams of any kind. These principles having been stated, the following gives, as an example of this Asiatic science, a summing up of the various dreams which denote the bad functioning of each viscera:

I. Dream of ghosts, monsters, terrifying figures—sign of bad functioning of the heart (vessels choked), repletion. Dream of fire, flames, smoke, light—sign of bad functioning of the heart (giddiness due to weakness of the blood current and slowing down of the rhythm), inanition.

II. Dream of fights, war, weapons, soldiers—sign of bad functioning of the lungs; repletion. Dream of plains, sea, country, difficult roads and journeys—sign of bad functioning of the heart; inanition.

III. Dream of excessive fatigue, pain in the kidneys—sign of bad functioning of the kidneys; canals overfull. Dream that one is swimming with difficulty and is in danger of drowning—sign of bad functioning of the kidneys; inanition.

IV. Dream of songs, festivities, music, pleasure—sign of bad functioning of the spleen; repletion of the canals starting from it. Dream of dangers, battle, dispute, meals—sign of bad functioning of the spleen; inanition.

V. Dream of inextricable forests, steep mountains, trees—sign of bad functioning of the liver; repletion. Dream of grass, lawns, bushes, fields—sign of bad functioning of the liver; inanition.

Finally, dream of brooks, or murmuring springs, of waterfalls, is a sign of anaemia; and dream of murders, hanging, strangulation is explained by asthmatic suffocation.[2]

SENOI (MALAY PENINSULA)

The Senoi claim there has not been a violent crime or an intercommunal conflict [in their jungle tribal society] for a space of two or three hundred years. . . . They believe 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 day time, their images will eventually help you in your dreams, and that every person should and can become the supreme ruler and master of his own dream or spiritual universe. . . .

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. In bad dreams the Senoi believe real friends will never attack the dreamer or refuse help. If any dream character who looks like a friend is hostile or uncooperative in a dream, he is only wearing the mask of a friend.

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 as 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.

According to the Senoi, pleasurable dreams, such as of flying or sexual love, should be continued until they arrive at a resolution which, on awakening, leaves one with something of beauty or use to the group. For example, one should arrive somewhere when he flies, meeting the beings there, hear their music, see their designs, dances, and learn their useful knowledge.[3]

SAORA (INDIA)

The Saora of Orissa, India, create a sacred art on the walls of their houses using information obtained in dreams. The pictographs, called ittal *(writing), are made to honour the dead or to cure disease. They establish and commemorate situations in which the inhabitants of the spiritual worlds communicate with the people of this world. The theme of the* ittal *is usually a "house," represented by a rectangle or square, a two-dimensional home for a spiritual*

being. This miniature temple constitutes a sacred space on a wall which previously functioned merely as the boundary of a mundane area where everyday activities occur. The ittal *transforms the wall, reducing the opacity of the border between the spiritual worlds and the material world.*

Anyone may paint an ittal. *The householder may do so, following instructions given in a dream; but, if the dream does not specify the form the picture is to take, a recognized specialist, the* ittalmaran, *will be asked to prepare to receive this in a deliberately sought dream. Until such a dream occurs, the artist may not eat, and will sleep by the wall where the picture is to be painted. As soon as the dream has taken place, the* ittal *is quickly drawn, and when the first draft is complete a shaman is asked to invoke the being in whose honour it was made. The shaman, in trance, speaks with the spirit's voice, criticizing or praising the accuracy of the artist's work, and suggesting modifications which are incorporated in the final version of the* ittal.[4]

ANCIENT EGYPT

The Egyptians believed that the divine powers frequently made known their will to them by means of dreams, and they attached considerable importance to them; the figures of the gods and the scenes which they saw when dreaming seemed to them to prove the existence of another world which was not greatly unlike that already known to them. The knowledge of the art of procuring dreams and the skill to interpret them were greatly prized in Egypt as elsewhere in the East, and the priest or official who possessed such gifts sometimes rose to places of high honour in the state, as we may see from the example of Joseph (Genesis, 40, 41), for it was universally believed that glimpses of the future were revealed to man in dreams. As instances of dreams recorded in the Egyptian texts may be quoted those of Thothmes IV, king of Egypt about B.C. 1450, and Nut-Amen, king of the Eastern Sûdân and Egypt, about B.C. 670. A prince, according to the stele which he set up before the breast of the Sphinx of Gîzeh, was one day hunting near this emblem of Rā-Harmachis, and he sat down to rest under its shadow and fell asleep and dreamed a dream. In it the god appeared to him, and, having declared that he was the god Harmachis-Khepera-Rā-Temu, promised him that if he would clear away from the Sphinx, his own image, the drift sand in which it was becoming buried, he would give to him the sovereignty of the lands of the South and of the North, i.e., *of all Egypt. In due course the prince became king of Egypt under the title of Thothmes IV, and the stele which is dated on the 19th day of the month Hathor of the first year of Thothmes IV proves that the royal dreamer carried out the wishes of the god.*[5]

[1] *From material sent to* PARABOLA *by Aztec scholar Thelma D. Sullivan shortly before her death in August, 1981.*

[2] *From* The Encyclopedia of Occult Sciences, *with an introduction by M.C. Poinsot. New York: Tudor Publishing Company, 1968, p. 248.*

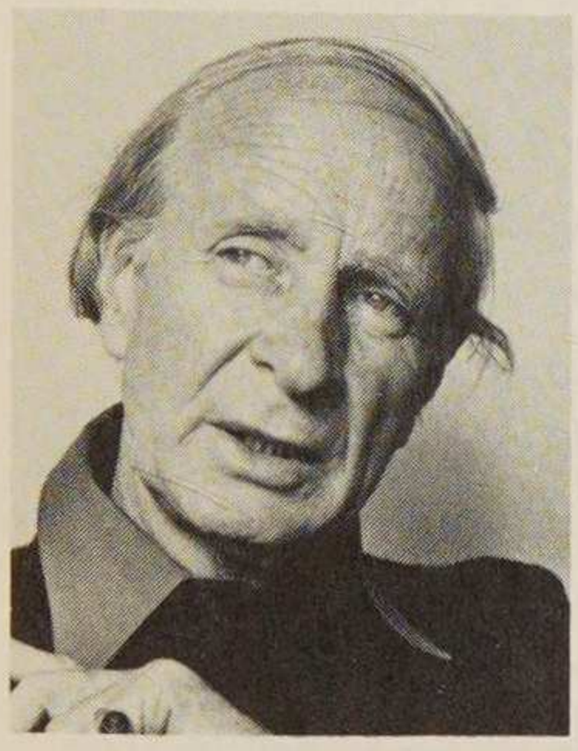
[3] *From "Dream Theory in Malaya," by Kilton Stewart, Ph.D., psychologist and anthropologist, an article first published in* Complex Magazine, *1951. Reprinted by permission of his widow, Clara Stewart Flagg, 144 E. 36th St., New York, NY 10016.*

[4] *From* Dreams: Visions of the Night *by David Coxhead and Susan Hiller. Copyright © 1976 by the authors. Reprinted by permission of The Crossroad Publishing Company.*

[5] *From* Egyptian Magic *by E.A. Wallis Budge. Copyright © 1979 by Routledge & Kegan Paul. Reprinted by their permission.*

Where Will All The Stories Go?

A conversation between Laurens van der Post and P.L. Travers



The following conversation—or as P. L. Travers calls it, a "coming together"—took place between two people who must certainly be well known to PARABOLA *readers: African-born Laurens van der Post and Australian-born P. L. Travers, both of them lovers and guardians of story. Sir Laurens, recently knighted by Her Majesty in recognition of his distinguished career as writer, soldier, and explorer, is the author of many books, including* Venture into the Interior, Heart of the Hunter, The Dark Eye in Africa, *and* Bar of Shadow. *His fields of expertise are many and varied, and his friendships and enthusiasms have a wide range—from the Bushmen who influenced his childhood and whom he later sought out and celebrated in his famous book*

P.L.T.: Laurens, let us go back to the beginning of things. I have long carried this question—where, having come so far, will all the stories go? Naturally, since it is your country, I am thinking specially of Africa. And I wonder, when everyone there has a gun and a television set, what will happen to the ancient lore? Only today I was reading of the increasing number of suicides among those who leave the wild for the cities. Lacking the extended family, separated from the tribe, and therefore from the stories, what have they to lean upon? Already the stories are becoming unavailable to those who need them most. Well, you know more about this than anyone, almost, in the world. Let us share it together.

v.d.P.: Ah, I do not believe that I know more about stories than you do, but I couldn't love them more. And I love them because it seems to me that without the stories, human beings wouldn't be here. Couldn't be. Human beings *are* a story; they are living a story and anyone open to this story is living a part—perhaps all—of themselves.

P.L.T.: So there is no need to invent myths, which is what—feeling a lack in themselves—people are nowadays trying to do?

v.d.P.: Well, I think that that is an impossibility. It is one of the great illusions of the literature and the art and the life of our time that people like Tolkien are supposed to have "invented" myths. They have done nothing of the sort. They have substituted a sort of intellectual effort, a conscious determination—which they, quite wrongly, call myth—for this very profound process which cannot come from anywhere but out of life itself. It is something that falls into us. I have been very much concerned about this because, only recently, I was asked to say something about Descartes' famous statement—"I think, therefore I am." *There*, it seems to me, is the beginning of the fatal hubris of our time. Of course, there is an area in which we think—who could deny it?—but, really, all the most important aspects of thought come from that which is thinking through us. And this process is the myth, one of the most profound things of life; it is creation itself, which becomes accessible and, in part, energizes and gives, of its own accord, a sense of direction to the human creature. It is something with which—if we use our brains and imagination—we are in partnership. And the story

Lost World of the Kalahari, *to C. G. Jung, whose close friend he became in Jung's later years. P. L. Travers, creator of Mary Poppins, author of* Friend Monkey, The Sleeping Beauty, *and other books, is preparing a new book for publication later this year and, she tells us, has just "made a sort of literary history by removing the heart from one of the Mary Poppins stories and transplanting another," the first having, after many years of faithful service, suddenly been deemed by San Francisco librarians to be "insulting to minorities." "I am now," she says, "awaiting a deputation of Polar bears, Dolphins, Pandas, and Macaws saying that* they *are insulted." These two friends and apostles of story met to talk, and here we share their unique insights.*

is one of the roots of this area, this area from which the myth arises, which sustains and feeds the human spirit and enables man, and life on earth, to be greater than it could otherwise have been.

P.L.T.: And that's what men are now hunting for—for life's sake, one could say—and they think they can get it by inventing the kind of thing that brought *Roots* to all the television screens in America.

v.d.P.: I thought it was appalling, phony and untrue to myth and even historically untrue. And what makes it so sad is that it comes out of the genuine longing of millions of people for roots, those millions who do not realize that in the most profound sense, we carry our roots within ourselves. They need not be physical roots, which is what this man has tried to provide, a phony kind of physical source for what, in a sense, is the super-physical, a hunger for roots in the myth.

P.L.T.: I would say that really we don't even need that "super." It exists. It courses in our blood, carried along from one generation to the next—wouldn't you agree?

v.d.P.: I would. I only use the word "super" as a substitute for the whole process which moves and works within us.

P.L.T.: It's the same with the word "supernatural." For me, the natural includes the "super." And this brings us to what you wrote in, I think, *The Heart of the Hunter*, where you say—or, rather, the Bushmen say—"We are dreamed by a dream."

v.d.P.: Ah, I was very moved by that because, being in the company of a very ancient form of man, a Stone Age hunter in the Kalahari Desert, I was pressing him to tell me about the Beginning, *his* idea of the Beginning and the beginning of those stories you were speaking of. He looked at me in astonishment and said, "Well, that's a very difficult thing because, you must know, there's a dream dreaming us." And this seemed to me to sum it up, to arrive, for instance, at the point where all the explorers of the human spirit have begun—and also ended. It leads us to Shakespeare's famous conclusion in *The Tempest*, one of the last plays he wrote, where he comes face to face with the fact that he has exhausted all his own powers, come to the frontiers of himself, where something other than what has brought him to this point must now carry him on. You remember the epilogue—

> "And my ending is despair
> Unless I be relieved by prayer . . ."

But even before that he has come to the conclusion that

> "We are such stuff
> As dreams are made on."

And what is the distance between him and that little Stone Age man who had never before seen a white man and never heard of Shakespeare? For his own myth inside him tells him: "Look out! Watch! Listen! A dream is dreaming through you." And this enriches him. It seems to me that this man, whom everybody else thought of as poor, despised, rejected, was rich in a way that we, with our technological abundance, are destitute.

P.L.T.: We have nothing, we are poverty-stricken. This, in a way, is like the Australian concept of the Dreaming, of which I know a little, having been brought up there. Everything that is not at this very instant—when we're chopping wood or finding witchetty grubs—is in the Dreaming. I can go into the Dreaming and you can go into the Dreaming at any moment and be refreshed. The anthropologists call it the Dreamtime but that word "time" immediately makes things move serially, puts them into place and locality. The Aborigines speak of it as the Dreaming—in their tribal tongues, *Yamminga* or *Dooghoor*—and for them everything is there. It is similar to what the Celtic peoples mythically call the Cauldron. They cannot go further back in their thought than a great-grandfather, nor further forward than a great-grandson. Beyond these, all is in the Dreaming—the making of the world, the great days, the great heroes. I was reminded of all this when reading—oh, it comes in several of your books—of what you—or the Bushmen, rather—call "tapping." "There is a tapping in me." Perhaps if Tolkien and the makers of *Roots* and all the other inventors of what cannot be invented could hear that tapping, listen for it as your Bushmen do, it could be in them as well, don't you think?

v.d.P.: Yes. It is very interesting that we have both instinctively picked on Tolkien, because—though few realize it—Tolkien himself was born in Bushman country—at a place I know very well. And his own journey, his particular inward journey, began when, as a boy of eight, he had a vision of the evening star in the sky over Africa, that part of Africa which was ancient Bushman country. And to that extent he was sustained. It was those first eight African years that impelled him on his journey and aroused in him a sense of the importance of myth; but not sufficiently strongly for him to approach the myth in a spirit of humility, in the sense that he could have laid himself down and said: "Take over. Tell me what you're about." Instead, he began telling the myth what *it* was about and so, of course, it's no longer mythology. It doesn't work.

P.L.T.: It remains invention. It comes out of his own enthusiasm and not from the myth's requirement.

v.d.P.: It is the same process which has made modern man speak of this organic, dynamic force in the human spirit as unreal. They use myth as a synonym of that which is not.

P.L.T.: As synonymous with lie. I am constantly protesting against that. What would Mantis say, I wonder, Mantis who is one of the great embodiments of myth that you write of so often and that I remember, too, from childhood. For me she was simply a praying mantis, I did not know her as a mythical creature. But she filled me with a sense of wonder—the long narrow-waisted insect praying. I would stand for hours watching her, wondering when the prayer would end. But it never did. The saints must envy such energy! And then, when I grew up, I found Mantis in your books and knew her—or him?—for one of the Lordly Ones. Tell a little about that.

v.d.P.: Well, it's almost impossible for me to see Mantis as apart from my own beginning because of my early experience. One of the great influences in my life was a Stone Age nurse, far more important to me than my own parents. I remember, as a very little boy, hearing her talking with Mantis. She was asking, in the Bushman tongue, "How high is the water?" And the mantis would put down its tiny hands.

P.L.T.: You actually saw the mantis

doing this? It is so completely a ritual.

v.d.P.: I saw the mantis doing this. And I protested to my nurse, "But, look, we're not near any water. We're a thousand miles from the sea. Why do you talk to Mantis about water? Does water come out of the desert?" "Well," she said, "in the beginning, water was everywhere and Mantis was nearly drowned. And a bee came and rescued him and flew and flew all day long till the sun began to go down. Then the bee looked desperately round for a place where it could put Mantis and, suddenly, there it was! A wonderful flower above the water, a flower we no longer see on this earth, and the bee put Mantis inside it. So Mantis was safe, for from there, under the power of his own wings, he could find a dry rock to sit on."

P.L.T.: Ah, the bee! It had to be in the story, the sacred creature that everywhere brings and symbolizes life. Do you remember how the bees stung you and tried to send you away from the place of the sacred tree, so that your presence should not profane it? You first saw it in the swamp, remember, then in your dream, and again among those mysterious rocks that would not have their photographs taken. The bee was there, in that place of magic, where the paintings refused to go into the camera.

v.d.P.: This is one of the strangest things that ever happened to me and it continues to haunt me. It's as though there's a parable in it, for, at that moment, not only myself, but the people for whom I was responsible, were in very grave danger. We were in a great treacherous swamp and one of my paddlers—we were using dugouts—was Samutchoso, a name meaning "That which is left after reaping"—I didn't know that he was the so-called witch-doctor of my dugout people, the Makoros—and he said to me: "There's something I ought to tell you. Out there in the desert there are some hills and in these hills, right inside them, there are many rooms, and in these rooms live the master spirits of all created life. And on top

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of these hills, there's a pool of water that has never yet dried up; and beside this pool there is a tree whose name we not only do not know, but are not allowed to try to know, a tree that has fruit on it and this fruit is the fruit of knowledge." "Why are you telling me this?" I asked. "Ah," he said, "that is for *you* to say." "Well, if we get out of this alive," I said, "will you take me there?" "Yes, I will," he said, "but on one condition—that on the way to the hills there is no shooting, no killing. It's a law of their spirits—they are called the Slippery Hills, the Tsoudilo Hills—that no one may come to them with blood on his hands."

I solemnly agreed.

Well, it so happened that I had a great deal of trouble getting out of the swamp and after that many difficulties to face. But when, many months later, I was free to go back, I myself remembered my pledge but, alas, I forgot to share it with the people who were traveling with me. So, on the way to the hills, with Samutchoso guiding us—I, as always, in the rear, for in the desert that is where trouble starts—one of those in front sighted a buck and, knowing that we needed food, shot it. I went cold when I heard those shots ring out and, seeing the expression on Samutchoso's face, I said to myself, "Pray God, they've missed!" and to Samutchoso, "Forgive me. Don't blame them. I forgot to tell them." "It's not for me to forgive," he said. "Only the spirits can do that."

When we caught up with the others we found that, unfortunately, they had not missed but had killed two animals. And, when we eventually got to the hills, rising so extraordinarily out of the desert, we were in trouble from the moment we arrived. All night, with our camps pitched at the foot of the hills, hyenas and jackals and carrion crows cried like creatures out of *The Valkyrie*. But when my mechanic, who was also my tape-recordist, tried to record those noises, the machine—we had very primitive equipment but the best that could then be had—simply wouldn't work. It had been all right before, but now we could get nothing

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from it. And then, at dawn, just as we were waking, we were suddenly attacked by hordes of bees, coming from all directions. One of my guides, on all my Kalahari journeys, a marvelous and blameless man who had been for three years in the desert with me, got forty-three stings and was very ill. Curiously enough, I, alone, was not stung. And the moment the sun rose, all the bees vanished. So, we set out to start filming on the way. Looming above the desert, we came across a large rock and on it a set of rock paintings which no human being—I mean the words in the European sense—had ever seen. "Film!" I shouted, and the camera started to turn. Then, suddenly, it snapped! It wouldn't work. The photographer inserted another magazine. Again the thing started turning and again it snapped and went out. So it continued all the morning, magazine after magazine not working and, as a last straw, the pivot on which the magazine turned—it was a fine German Araflex camera—disintegrated. Imagine it—a thing of steel! We were now without a camera but I still have in my possession such reels as we could save and it's extraordinary how the shots start in frame, then gradually the frame narrows and—then stops.

"Well, at least," I said to Samutchoso, "you could, perhaps, take us to that pool that is never without water!"

In silence he led us on, past what must have been an ancient temple of some sort, for all the way to the top of the hills the rocks were embellished with most marvelous paintings—thousands of them, as though the animals they depicted were leading us in procession towards the pool, to keep us company. Thus it was we arrived at the water and beside it the tree with the strange fruit on it and a rock in which could clearly be seen two deep indentations.

"Here," said Samutchoso, "is the place where the first spirit knelt when he prayed to the tree to take care of all that had been created. I will show you how he prayed." And he knelt down in the two marks and was about to raise his hands in prayer, when he fell back, shocked, his face ashen. "The spirits have tried to kill me," he cried, and hurried us away, back to the camp, not permitting us to pluck any of the fruit in order that it could be identified. "No! We are not allowed to take it," he said. "The spirits are very angry."

That night, the recorder again refused to work and the next day we were again assailed by bees. We were all of us in such a state about this that I even began to wonder whether my Landrover could be persuaded to start. For three days we tried to get camera and recorder working—nothing doing, nothing.

P.L.T.: Man's work. Man's work. It failed because something more powerful had taken over.

v.d.P.: Yes. And I was at my wits' end. So I walked out, in the evening, to be on my own, taking my gun—it was dangerous country—simply for protection. I walked for miles round the base of the hills and suddenly, out of them, stepped an enormous Kudu bull, a marvelous animal; it really seemed to me like a god, in the level light of the sun. I looked at it and it looked back at me, absolutely without fear, as though in that look it was trying to tell me something. I was so moved by this that I gave it a military salute; and it turned around and went into the bush and away back up the hill.

As I returned to the camp, something happened in me that made me say to Samutchoso—"Suppose I wrote a letter to the spirits asking forgiveness and buried it at the foot of the first rock picture—a pair of hands impressed in paint on the rock—do you think that would help?" In reply, he took a needle, asked me for a piece of cotton which he wound round his hand, then, putting the needle in the lifeline of his left hand, he gazed at it in a sort of trance. And suddenly it seemed as though he were seeing millions of beings around him, for he murmured to them "No, no, not you! Nor you, nor you, but *you over there*, come here to me." Apparently, whatever it was obeyed, for he communed with it for a long time and then came out of his trance, saying: "Yes, I think it might work, but the spirits are very angry with you."

I felt in my bones that this letter would need to be correct in every detail—even with place and time and date and a map reference as well. So I wrote, asking forgiveness for any unintentional disrespect we had shown, saying that this letter was an act of contrition not only on our own behalf but on that of others who might come after us. I made everybody sign it and those who could not, made their mark.

"Really, Laurens," said my hunter—a great friend and terribly English—"this is too ridiculous! I simply can't do a thing like this! What if they hear of it at my club?" But he signed, nevertheless, and I promised that the club would never know. So we rinsed out an old bottle, put the letter inside, and securely corked it, and Samutchoso and I went out at dawn and buried it at the foot of the hill. A feeling of some kind of catharsis came over me then, and I said to Samutchoso—"You brought us here. Can you tell me if it will be all right to take us back?" "It's not for me to say. You must ask the spirits." And again he went through his motions with the needle. "The spirits say that all will be well now, but at this place to which you are going—(I did not myself know, at the time, where we were going)—you will meet more trouble. You must realize, however, that it belongs to the past."

Then, as we walked back he said sadly, even tragically, "You know, even ten years ago, if you'd offended them like this, you would now, quite surely, be dead. They are not what they were, the spirits."

P.L.T.: They are not what they were because man is not what he was! Though I can't help feeling a little kindly towards the hunter who was afraid the club might get to hear of it! That spirits could read an English letter and the marks of untutored men—who would believe that? It takes an acquaintance with myth to recognize that what you did was an outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual intention.

v.d.P.: Yes. And there's a sequel. People now know from my books about this letter and the place where it was buried, and fly aircraft overhead to try to get a glimpse of the paintings. Immediately after my experience a German scientific expedition went to investigate them, and barged in with their trucks which were immediately destroyed by fire. So, it's not just subjective. There is also objective evidence. And yet, knowing all this, and the spirit in which I had done it, they have dug up the bottle and it's now in the museum at Botswana. That's where the myth is, in museums, for most of us.

P.L.T.: Sacrilege. And I asked you where the stories go! I can't ask what we can do to get them back but know only that it has to be done. There must be a few men who understand the need for this. For instance, not long ago, I was told of three or four English doctors who had gone out to live with some African tribe to learn their methods of healing; and how they discovered that this is not a matter of giving a medicine or an antidote to one sick person, but that it is, rather, a communal matter—the whole family, the whole tribe, is concerned with the healing; feasting, dancing, sharing the sickness and the health among all. How could we bring such an activity to our world—such sharedness? But perhaps something has started.

v.d.P.: Well, I think you must just go on telling stories. They, too, are under law and cannot escape from it.

P.L.T.: You mean, perhaps, that, ultimately, the stories themselves can heal?

v.d.P.: Yes, that is probably a more accurate way of saying it. This process cannot be defeated; life itself depends on it. I could tell you so many examples from the primitive world.

P.L.T.: Well, tell me about the one—because I have something to add to it—where the Bushman woman came down on a cord and promised to stay with her Bushman husband as long as he did not look into her basket.

v.d.P.: Yes, that story is much to the point. Stories of the stars play a fantastic role in their lives, if you know how to decode them. You touch the spirit of Greece here. The Bushman's origin of the Milky Way is very like the Greek. I once saw a Bushman woman holding up her child to

the sky and asking that it be given the heart of a star.

P.L.T.: I have thought that that's where Haley got his scene where the child is held up to the moon—from your Bushman story.

v.d.P.: Well, you probably know as well as I do the enormous amount of borrowing that goes on in the modern world.

P.L.T.: Ah, but, you know, it has to be, this borrowing. It's not yours or mine. It's there to be taken, a great big cauldron. One man takes something from it, another sees this and says "That's true, that's what I want." So he goes and takes it from the first man. I'm not worried about this, it's part of the general heritage.

v.d.P.: Yes. It's only the miserable ego that steps in. In the Bushman story the child was to have the heart of a star because "the stars," they say, "are great hunters. You can hear them on their courses up there." And that hunting, as you know, is a symbol of the search for the story, for meaning. Baudelaire talks about art being the summons on the horn of the hunter. *"Les chasseurs perdus, dans les grands bois."* Lost in the great forest of life, they blast out the summons which is art, which is story.

P.L.T.: As a child in Australia, the stars seemed so close. I used to think I could hear them humming. I never told anyone, they would have laughed.

v.d.P.: But you do. You do hear them hum. "Listen," my Bushmen would say, "they are hunting." But to get back to the story of the woman with the basket; it carries an immense mythological charge. The man, after feeling somehow that something was being stolen from him, saw one night a group of beautiful girls coming down from the sky on a cord. Each carried a little tightly woven basket. And one of them he caught. "Yes," she said, "I will live with you, on condition that you never look inside my basket without my permission." He agreed, but, inevitably, he said "What the hell!" or the Stone Age equivalent of the phrase. And one day, when he was alone, he opened the basket, peeped inside and roared with laughter. "You have looked into the basket!" she accused him, when she returned. "Yes, you silly woman, why make such a secret of it when there is nothing in it? The basket's empty." "You saw *nothing*?" She gave him a tragic look, turned her back and disappeared into the sunset. And the Bushman who told me the story said to me, "It wasn't the looking but the fact that he could not perceive in the basket all the wonders she had brought him from the stars." And that, for me, in a sense is one of the images that the story is to the human spirit. The basket brings us its star-stuff and the pundits—the intellectuals and the critics—look into it and say it's all rubbish and superstition, and that there's nothing in it.

P.L.T.: Would you accept a carpetbag coming from the stars? I had never read your story, but when Mary Poppins arrived, the children looked into her carpetbag and, like your Bushman, found it empty. And yet out of it came all her mundane daily possessions, including a camp bed! Did all that come from the stars? We do not know. Emptiness is fullness.

v.d.P.: It is, it is. And I think the use of a carpetbag is a wonderful example of what I mean by making a traditional story contemporary. That carpetbag had, in fact, a magic carpet inside it.

P.L.T.: Yes, but disguised. And from where was the magic carpet stolen? Out of the cauldron, of course! For instance, your film on the Kalahari gave me the ostrich egg, which also must have come from there. The ostrich was such a forgetful bird, you said, that she had to put one egg in front of her outside the nest to remind her of what she was doing. Later, when I was listening to the Greek Easter service on the radio, a reporter described the monks filing in, with eyes downcast, all except one, who was gazing round at the congregation. "Clearly," said the reporter, "he had forgotten the ostrich egg hanging over the altar." But how, I wondered, had the ostrich egg got there? I sensed a myth in the air. Years later, seeing a group of Coptic churches on television, all with ostrich eggs strung across the ceiling, my question arose again. I wrote to the producer, who told me that there were two schools of thought here, one that says the

ostrich is a forgetful bird and another that of all the birds she is the most remembering. So, does she remember or does she forget? It almost doesn't matter. The egg, in both cases, is the reminder, and the link between my three experiences.

v.d.P.: Yes, yes, the link. However much we try to deny it, the dream goes dreaming through us. Deep in the spirit of European man there is an ostrich and it lives heraldically. Our Prince of Wales has three ostrich feathers in his crest; in Stone Age mythology, the moon was made out of the feather of an ostrich. So the ostrich, in a sense, is Prometheus, the bird from which man, Mantis and the god-hero stole the fire and brought it to man.

P.L.T.: But there's a sequel to my egg story. Hearing it, a Jungian analyst we both know gave me an ostrich egg to take with me to America. And while I was there it sat on my bookshelf, sometimes but, alas, not always, remembered. And when I was leaving for England, it seemed to me that it said "Don't take me!" So I gave it to the Dean of the Cathedral Church of St. John the Divine in New York who thought it would look well on his mantelpiece. But I knew it wouldn't stay there. The egg would go where it belonged. And it did. The next time I saw it, on another trip, it was hanging in the Cathedral, above the altar of St. Saviour's Chapel. There's a story for you!

v.d.P.: And add to it the belief of many primitive people in Africa that the sun is an egg.

P.L.T.: Is it known by whom or what it was laid?

v.d.P.: It hatches great birds! And how it was laid is not to be known. You will find this determination among instinctive people not to try to carry an act of knowing too far. They say, "This is where we must stop." And then they let the myth take over and wait till it tells them what else there is.

P.L.T.: That is what I've always found. We must stand in front of the mystery. "Take upon us," as Lear said, "the mystery of things as if we were God's spies."

v.d.P.: Yes, and if one looks at it that way, one finds the lines of communication between the storyteller of today and the first storyteller; between us and the person who dreams, or is dreamed by the universe, these lines of communication are intact. They can never, never fail.

P.L.T.: We have ancestors.

v.d.P.: We have ancestors. Long ago I sat at the feet of a Japanese storyteller and he began with "Once Upon a Time." And years later, in a night of great turmoil, the expression on his face when he said those words came back to me.

P.L.T.: The old phrase! Everywhere!

v.d.P.: And hearing it, a great peace came upon me. I was beyond space and time, everybody was a neighbor—this universal feeling of propinquity which makes the mystics speak of the forever which is now.

P.L.T.: And it will be along these lines, remembering the long genealogical tree, would you say, that we'll preserve them?

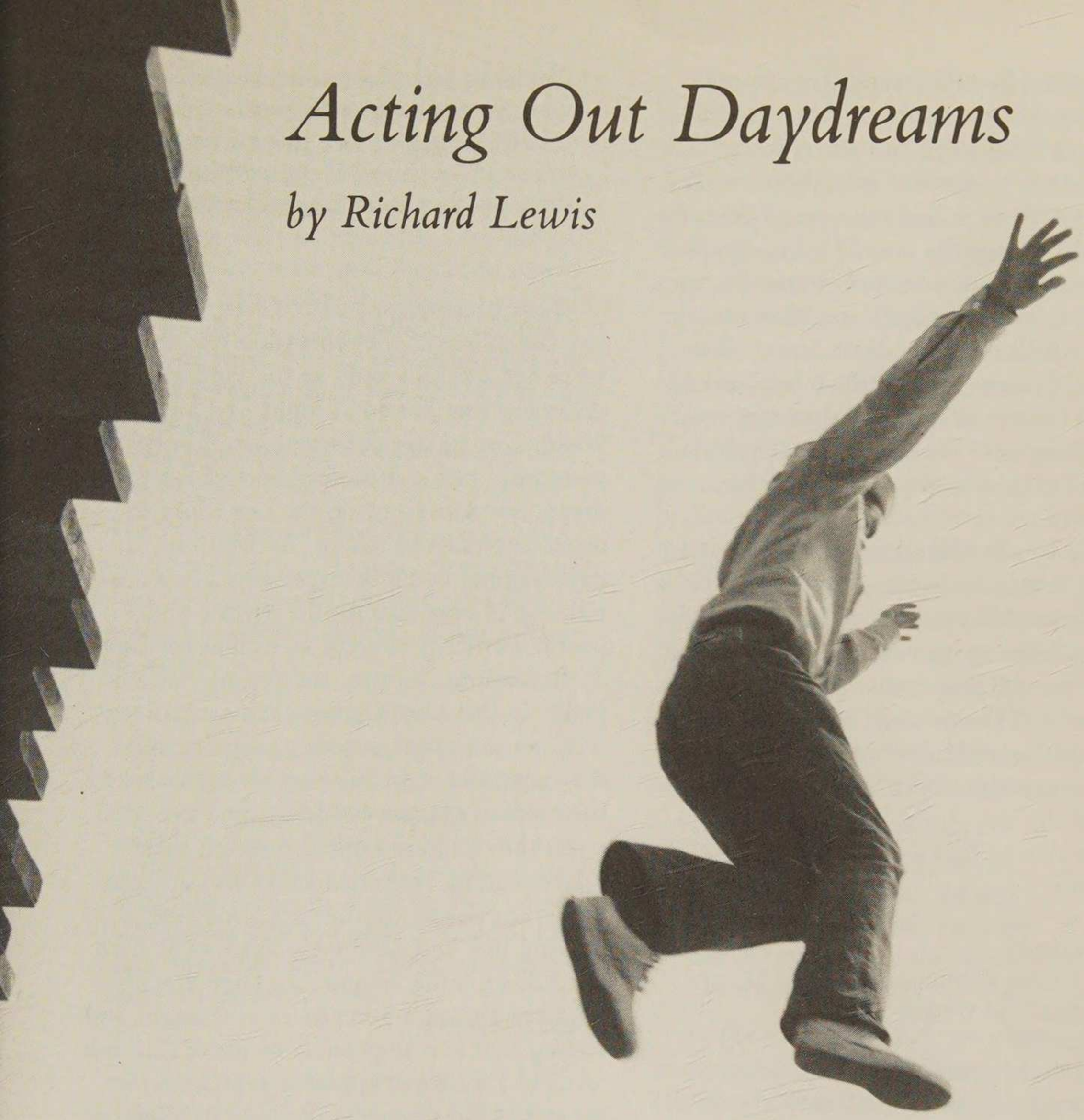
v.d.P.: Very good, very good—Yes, through this world of ancestors, this genealogical tree of the spirit and the myth, the material of so-called barbarians. Cafavy, one of the most civilized of modern poets, wrote:

> "And now what will become of us without barbarians?
> Those people were some sort of a solution."

P.L.T.: Let them be blest, the barbarians, and not vanish from the world! ◇

Acting Out Daydreams

by Richard Lewis



A number of years ago, I had the opportunity of working with some children in schools in New York, in which I organized a series of workshops around the idea of "dreaming." I was not interested in using the "dream" in any therapeutic or analytic way, but in simply recognizing it as a manifestation of human thought that had significant ties to the poetic and imaginative process. Perhaps, part of my desire to explore "dreaming" with children came out of my reaction to the kind of rigid thought processes impressed upon children through most of their schooling life. Factual ideas, the classification of concepts as right or wrong, sterility of feeling and perception were what children, for the most part, experienced in school. Little attention, it seemed to me, was being paid to the part of childhood in which dreaming was related to a fluid inner consciousness that, like playing, was a necessary means towards understanding and expressing the meaning of experience. The love that small children have for topsy-turvy nonsense, their delight in believing in the "lives" of inanimate objects, their leaps between the fantastic and the real—were simply not, at least in school, seen as nurturable elements of their personalities. It seemed to me a fascinating challenge to make "dreaming" then, in the broadest sense of the process, a legitimate way for children to move through learning and into the equally important realm of imaginative expression.

One of the first discoveries I made, after organizing several groups of children, ranging in ages from seven to twelve, into a series of weekly "dream" workshops, was how accessible their dreams were to them. Our initial discussions around what dreaming and dreams were elicited excited responses—as if a room had been allowed to open which was filled with treasured images. Of course, as we talked, nightmares were the most interesting to share not only because they were frightening, but because as events, they pushed possibility to its extremities.

Eventually our discussions moved into painting, drama, movement, and writing—and the rich vein of "image-making" tapped by focusing on "dreaming" began to reveal to the children the nature of their interior world. This, in turn, allowed them to explore the "interiorality" of practically anything of interest to them: the dreaming of stones, of the sun, birds, frogs, and water. We were able to take a Japanese haiku poem by Chiyo-ni,

> O butterfly,
> What are you dreaming there,
> Fanning your wings?

and in effect, imagine, as humans, what the butterfly might be dreaming—or if the situation warranted, become through movement or drama the dreaming butterfly.

The delicate line between the actual and the imagined, the point at which perhaps, the "poetic" idea takes root, began to be a part of each workshop. A window in the room where we were working could become the beginning of powerful associations and events which, for the most part, lay just beneath the surface of the immediate perceptions. This short prose piece by one of the children in the workshop was, for this child, a first attempt to *see beyond* the merely concrete sense of the window:

> The window turns into a big glass monkey with five eyes, fourteen arms, one leg and half a tail and the monkey does a wild dance then turns back into a window again. Now when you look out of the window there's a lady with a dog and the lady has no head and there's a man that's pulling something by a rope, but there is nothing at the end of the rope. . . .

What became apparent to everyone during the course of the workshop was that we were not speaking only of the kind of dreaming that we do at night. To look at a window or to transform oneself, if only momentarily, into a dreaming butterfly is to dream *consciously*—to do the one thing so often forbidden in school, to daydream. If daydreaming could be experienced as a crucial step in approaching the mythic and poetic sensibility within, as well as the flow of intimations, images, and feelings which make up the inward state, then perhaps we were on our way towards giving the children a greater sense of what was available to them on an expressive and imaginative level.

As the children worked through their "daydreaming" experiences, it was obvious that most people daydream a good deal in waking life, and daydreams exert their own kind of stunning symmetry. They literally take one through boundaries of thought and feeling that it is impossible to move through with such ease and apparent satisfaction in more rational moments. Perhaps part of the satisfaction of daydreams is their intimate secretiveness—as if only the dreamer, at that moment of dreaming, is possessed of the ability to do what his daydreams are doing. Dylan Thomas says it wonderfully in this selection from his book, *Early One Morning*:

> The lane was always the place to tell your secrets; if you did not have any, you invented them. Occasionally now I dream that I am turning out of school into the lane of confidences when I say to the boys of my class, "At last, I have a real secret."
>
> "What is it—what is it?"
>
> "I can fly."
>
> And when they do not believe me, I flap my arms and slowly leave the ground only a few inches at first, then gaining air until I fly waving my cap level with the upper windows of the school, peering in until the mistress at the piano screams and the metronome falls to the ground and stops, and there is no more time.

And I fly over the trees and chimneys of my town, over the dockyards skimming the masks and funnels, over Inkerman Street, Sebastopol Street, and the street where all the women wear men's caps, over the trees of the everlasting park, where a brass band shakes the leaves and sends them showering down on to the nurses and the children, the cripples and the idlers, and the gardeners, and the shouting boys; over the yellow seashore, and the stone-chasing dogs, and the old men, and the singing sea.

The memories of childhood have no order, and no end.

The following writing by a six-year-old child echoes that of Thomas, reemphasizing the fact that just as daydreams are a flight through imaginative realms, so can the daydreamer fly:

THE GIANT

Sometimes when I play in the garden with my Brother Andrew and when I climb up the Pear tree I seem as I was a giant. I feel as I could get onto my roof and stretch my arms in the sky and get to clouds and play with them, and I could be across the road without waiting and pick up people that looked like ants, and could pull up swings, and houses, and then tell my mother.

—Jeremy Roberts

The movement and dance generated by letting the children "move with" daydreams was often remarkable. As they danced, their bodies were no longer moving by the rules of strict time and gravity; they could invent gestures that lifted and drew them into unusual configurations and patterns. For the time being, at least, their daydreams allowed them to suspend their conditioned way of expressing themselves. From the movement of daydreams, new feelings for language began to emerge:

Falling,falling,falling,up,up,up,falling,down, down,down,down,over,over,blow,blow, blow,melt,melt,push,push,push,crash,crash, twist,twist,fall,slide,slide,push,crash,melt, melt,squirm,squirm,shake,down,down,down, sleep,awake,sleep,awake,turn,turn,crash, melt,roll,flat,pull,move,down,*dead*.

When the children began to understand that there was a distinct correlation between the impulse to express something, and the ability to daydream the object of this expression into being, to allow themselves a free-floating period of time to gestate their feelings and ideas, then they were able to take human situations that were happening around them and allow them to enter their worlds—and from them invent, or daydream, other situations. One such "situation" happened one day in class outside our window when there was a terrible screech of brakes and the sound of breaking glass and metal from a car crash. We all rushed to the window to see two cars locked into each other. After a fair amount of discussion and the comparing of times we personally had been involved in a car crash, they all sat down and wrote "daydreams" based on what had just happened. Nicola, who was eight years old, daydreamt this:

The bird crashed into a rock.
The flower crashed into the ant.
The water crashed into the sink.
The pencil crashed into the paper.
The pin crashed into the pin-cushion.
The clock crashed into the time.

As the months passed, we experimented with evolving dream "dramas" that could be taken outside and performed in the schoolyard or in the park. We asked a photographer to photograph what took place, and sometimes to make still-picture dramas, that eventually were developed and made into a series of "dream books"—which could be read as a series of unfolding images and interpreted in endless ways. I suspect that as the children grew closer to playing with "images," or in the case of daydreaming, letting the images play upon them, the feeling for images became more acute. They were able to recognize that "images" and "image-making" were a part of a way of making sense of the world. In a society strangled with prefabricated television images, to lay claim to the images of one's own is no mean feat. There is a poem by Mazaki Kiyonori, a Japanese child, which speaks eloquently to this point:

THE EYE IN THE SCENERY

I ran in the sky.
Shooting stars are wrapped with the cotton
of the clouds.

Thousand and thousand of lights.
In the scenery of my mind, they follow me
as I run in the sky.
A darkness passes through my mind.
The natural sky disappears into red.
In the scenery of the sky,
the sun is sleeping in the universe.
The future calls the sun.
Round lights,
broken and scattered lights,
the universe is deep inside me.

The reality of the "universe within" is precisely what we were trying to make apparent. If, indeed, we could give the children a deeper sense of the language that speaks within them, of the streams and rivers of thinking that run beneath their outward commentaries, of the magical fictions and poetry that make up their inward life—then this kind of workshop would have its value.

But let me say at this point that simply through focusing on "dreams" and giving children license to express their dreams, many instances occurred during the workshop of children bringing to the surface deep fears and hauntings which obviously were part of working through some traumatic and unresolved dilemma in their own lives. Again my role was not to be a therapist, but to acknowledge the children's dreams, whatever they might be, and to use the impulse and energy of the dream as the raw material for the shaping of their own imaginative and artistic vision. The following selection from my collection, *Journeys: Prose by Children of the English-Speaking World*, speaks of the powerful mythic quality that can emerge when a child is given encouragement to tell the story of a dream just as it was felt and imagined, without any attempt, on the part of the adult, to interpret or analyze it:

Once there was a man and he was out in his ship all alone and it was night. And suddenly all the waves came bigger and he looked up at the stars and they came bigger. He felt scared. The stars came very big and then they burst into big snowflakes. The snowflakes began to open very slowly and out of the snowflakes came witches and ghosts and all sorts of scaring things. Then all the snowflakes turned very little, and then they changed back into stars and the stars went little. The witches' ghost and all the other things came down to the man and began to shake him. It was really a nightmare and just then he woke up and his wife said, "Take this drink of orange and have a game of cards with me and it will pass out of your mind." And all the time it was night.

—Jacqueline Wright, age 7

As the workshop drew to a close, what became so fascinating to observe with the children was their eventual belief in the multiplicity of realities that naturally intersect in the complex process of perceiving. They had begun to question, in a healthy way, the very fabric of our knowing. They slowly, if not sometimes without some frustration and impatience, had started to experience the fusion of seemingly contradictory ideas as they turn into metaphors. They had become alive to the ways dreaming could open up new perspectives out of which their experience took on a unique personal and expressive dimension—one not always made a part of their young and growing lives.

Sometimes I think it's all a dream. Well I mean. . . . Just say it's the beginning of time and you're dreaming your life. . . . You've not been born yet though. So maybe when you're really born maybe a thousand years later or something. . . . Well . . . have you ever . . . like when you see something and you think you've seen it before. . . . Well maybe you have in the dream of your life you had at the beginning of time when you were just a seed.

What I mean is you're dreaming your life right now. Whatever you're dreaming—you're dreaming but maybe in 1960 or 1950 or whenever you were born that will happen again because it was only a dream before—but now it's real.

—Jessica, age 10

The Two-Headed Snake

One of the earliest versions of this tale has it taking place at Canandaigua Lake in New York—a locale also famous, ironically enough, for a sea serpent hoax that gained wide publicity in the late 1800s when a hotel owner made an air-inflated giant creature and put it in the lake to attract tourists. People at the time recalled "some kind of old Indian story" about a serpent, quite probably the Iroquois version of this tale.

Once a village of the Seneca people stood on a hill above the shores of Canandaigua Lake. Their town was a beautiful one of many lodges. A tall wooden stockade built around the whole town protected them from any enemies who might attack, but unless there was trouble, its gate stood open to welcome any who came there.

One day, in the Moon When the People Give Thanks For the Green Corn, a boy named Hahjanoh was out hunting for squirrels with his bow and arrows. He thought he heard something near his feet and looking down saw a very wonderful thing. It was a snake with two heads. One of the heads was blue and the other was red, while its body was pale as snow. It lay there so limply that the boy knew it was not well.

"Enh?" said Hahjanoh, "Little one, are you hungry?"

The snake lifted one of its heads weakly as if in answer to his question. Hahjanoh searched until he found some beetle grubs in a rotting log. As he fed them to the snake its four eyes grew brighter and it coiled around his wrist. It was the most beautiful creature Hahjanoh had ever seen.

"Well, little one," Hahjanoh said, "There can be no harm in taking you home with me." And so he did.

Everyone thought the snake with two heads was indeed a beautiful thing. They stroked it and praised Hahjanoh for his kindness in caring for a starving creature. All through the long season of snows he kept the snake in his home and fed it every day, pleased at the way it grew under his care. Soon it was large enough to eat small birds and then squirrels. Before too many seasons had come and gone Hahjanoh found himself hunting all the time for the snake which now ate anything he could find for it. But the boy did not mind. He thought of it as his friend and was pleased at how it had grown.

Now the two-headed snake was so large that when it reared up its heads it was taller than a man. People still came to see it while Hahjanoh was out hunting and they marvelled at its beauty. One day, though, two children came to look at the snake. It lifted its heads and as it stared into their eyes a strange thing happened. They began to walk closer and closer to the snake as it swayed back and forth. Then the bigger of the two boys pushed the other one in front of him. He stood watching as the great snake wrapped itself around the smaller boy and then swallowed him whole.

When Hahjanoh returned that evening, bearing the carcass of a small deer to share with his friend, he found the snake gone. A trail of crushed grass led into the woods as if it had crawled away, but the two-headed snake was not to be seen.

"My friend," Hahjanoh called, "Come and eat." But the snake did not come.

As the days went on, the two-headed snake did not return. But now Hahjanoh hardly noticed. Things were very strange in the village. Each day, children were missing. Some thought they had been kidnapped by enemies, yet there had been no sign of a war party. Other children in the village were acting strangely also. Their eyes would no longer meet those of others and they seemed as if asleep when they walked about.

One night Hanjanoh had a dream. In the dream his spirit protector, a great water bird, flew down. "Beware the eyes of false friends," said the spirit protector. Then it was gone.

The next morning Hahjanoh woke before dawn. He went out of the village and hid behind a large stone. Soon he saw a strange sight. From the village came the children who had been acting strangely. With them were other children whom they led by the hand. They passed the rock where Hahjanoh hid and went into the woods. Keeping far enough behind so he would not be seen, Hahjanoh followed.

Before too long they came to a place where there was a crevice between the rocks. Down into the crevice went the children. Hahjanoh followed. There, at the bottom of the crevice was his friend, the beautiful two-headed snake. Now, though, it was so large that its body was bigger around than a tall pine tree. The two heads lifted above the children who came closer to it. The blue head and the red head swayed together in a hypnotic rhythm and the children swayed with it. The eyes of the snake glowed with hunger and Hahjanoh, remembering the words of his spirit protector, looked away. When he looked back again he saw that the children who had walked towards the great snake were gone.

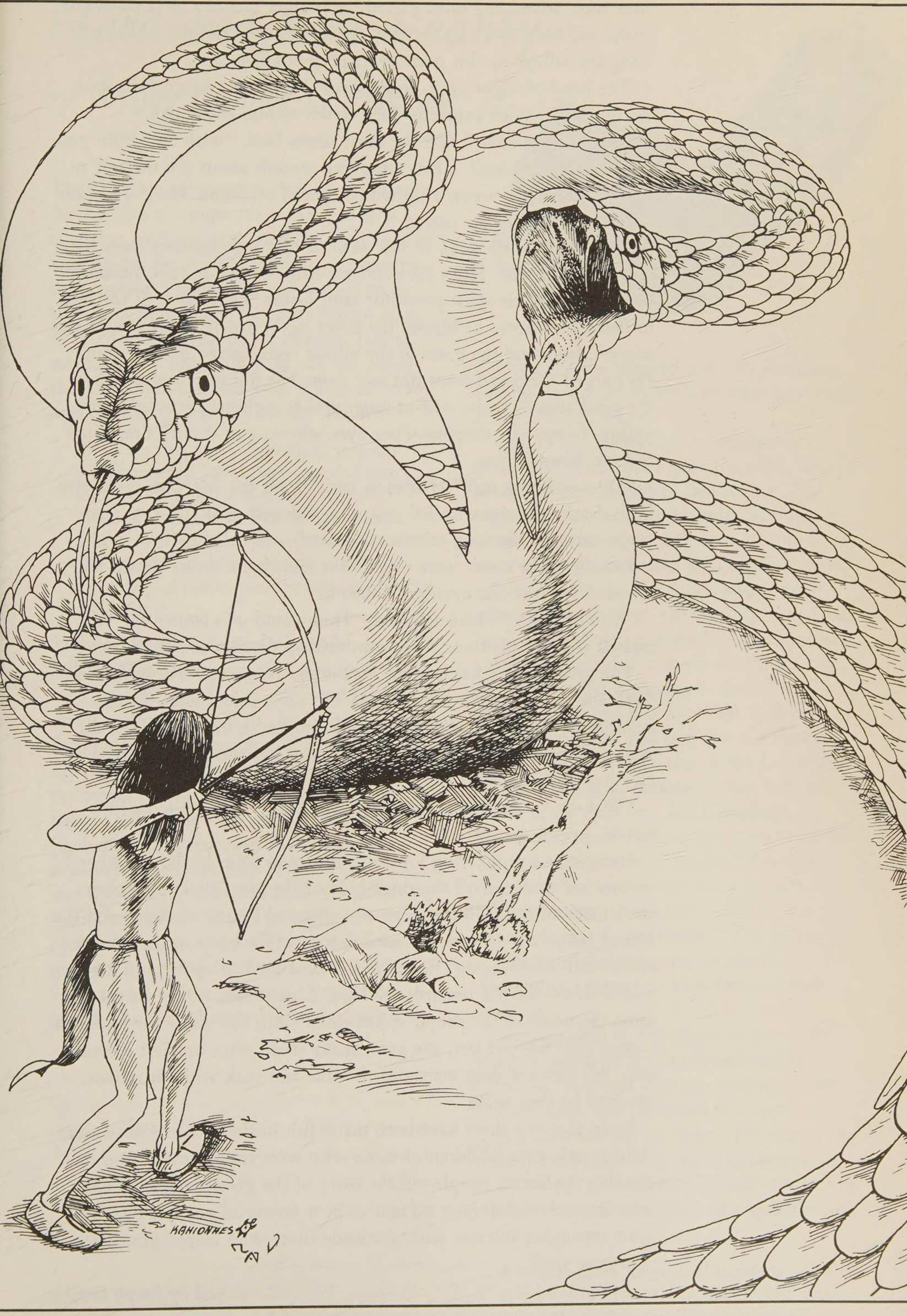
With tears in his eyes Hahjanoh ran back to the village. How could it be that one whom they fed and saved from starving could treat them so? He had given the beautiful snake warmth and friendship. In return it was now destroying his people.

"Go-Weh!" he called as he entered the village. "Close the gates. The one we treated as a brother is now our enemy."

When the children who had led the others to the two-headed one returned, they were seized by the warriors and taken to an old man who knew much of medicine and power. With a few words he cleared the mist from their eyes. They looked at the circle of faces around them like sleepers waking from a strange dream. All they could remember was having walked into the forest.

With the gates of the stockade firmly closed, the warriors waited. Since food was no longer being brought, the monster would now have to forage on its own. And indeed it was so. Less than a day went by before the two-headed snake came out of the woods and crawled up the hill towards the walled town. It was so long that it coiled around the whole hill. When it lifted its two shining heads they reared as high above the walls as the flight of a swallow goes over the roofs of a longhouse.

Arrows were shot. Spears were thrown. They did not stop the great snake. The two heads lifted and fell again and again. Many brave



ration by John Kahionhes Fadden

men were seized and eaten. Then, its hunger satisfied for a time, the snake slid back down to the base of the hill and lay there, still encircling the village so that none of its prey might escape.

The hand of night again closed over the village. Again Hahjanoh dreamed. His spirit protector flew down to him and spoke.

"String your bow," said the great water bird, "with hair from your youngest sister's head. Then wrap four strands about the shaft of an arrow. Cover the arrow's tip with a special medicine. Do as I say and you may destroy your enemy."

When Hahjanoh woke he saw next to him four feathers from the tail of a great bird. From his youngest sister's head he took strands of hair and did as his spirit protector said. Using the feathers of the bird to fletch his arrow, he dipped the point in the special medicine. It was not yet dawn and the gates of the village were barred from within. He opened them and went out and down the hill to the place where the great snake's body, pale as mist, pale as a ghost, encircled their village. It was not sleeping. Four eyes, glowing as if with fire, lifted to look down at him.

"Do you know me?" Hahjanoh said. "I am the one who saved you from death, the one who fed you. I played with you and kept you warm through the long season of snows."

But the snake's eyes were cold in the faint light before dawn. They stared down into the eyes of Hahjanoh.

"Listen to me," Hahjanoh said. "How could you betray us? We treated you as a brother. Now you want to destroy us all."

The great snake's heads lifted higher and began to sway back and forth above Hahjanoh's head. Never had their colors seemed more beautiful to Hahjanoh, but he saw the hunger in its eyes. He could wait no longer. He drew his bow and aimed at the place where the two heads joined the body.

"Wah-ah," said Hahjanoh. "So it must be." Then he loosed his arrow.

Straight as a gull diving for a fish it sprang from his bow. Other arrows had bounced off the thick hide of the great snake as if they were made of twigs, but this arrow, charmed by the medicine and the hair of his youngest sister, pierced deep into the body of the monster and cut the heart-string. Both heads jerked back in agony and it began to roll down the hill towards the lake. As it rolled, out of its mouth came the heads of the people it had eaten. Into the water they fell and turned into fish. At last, the great snake itself, with one last convulsion, fell into the deep waters of the lake and sank without a trace, never to be seen again.

From that day there have been many fish in the lake of Canadaigua, children and grandchildren of those who were transformed. And to this day the Seneca people tell the story of the great snake, the one who learned too late that no matter how powerful you become, you must remember to treat with gratitude those who helped you when you were weak.

—Retold by Joseph Bruchac

From Seneca, Mohawk, and other Iroquois versions of the tale.

Hard and Soft Reality

by Wendy Doniger O'Flaherty

The Western assumption that dreams are "softer" (more subjective, false, private, transient, and illusory) than the hard facts of waking life (which we think of as objective, true, public, permanent, and real) is an assumption that is not shared by Indian texts devoted to the meaning of dreams. Indian medicine and philosophy do not recognize the distinction between two aspects of dream analysis that is made by Roger Caillois:

> There are two types of problems concerning dreams that have always puzzled men's minds. One problem concerns the actual meaning or significance of the dream; the other, the relationship between the dream and the waking world, or, one might say, the degree of reality that one may attribute to the dream.[1]

The two aspects of dreams (which are, in fact, logically inseparable) merge from the very start in India, since one word (*svapna*, etymologically related to the Greek *hypnos*) designates both the *content* of dreaming—*i.e.*, the meaning or significance of the dream, the actual dream which one "sees"—and the *form* of dreaming—the process of sleeping (including the process of dreaming) which involves the relationship between the dream and the waking world. The first is what we would regard as the soft or subjective aspect of the dream, the second the objective or hard aspect of the dream; the first is what we examine on the psychoanalyst's soft couch, the second what we analyze with the hardware of the sleep-laboratory. Sanskrit vocabulary combines both of these aspects in a single word: *svapna*.

One of the earliest Indian references to dreams occurs in the *Praśna Upaniṣad*, composed during the eighth century B.C. (as were most of the early Upaniṣads). Here it is said that there are four states of consciousness: waking, dreaming, dreamless sleep (all natural states) and the supernatural, transcendent fourth state, the identity with Godhead. Since these are regarded as progressive approaches to what is most real (God), one can assume that dreaming is more "real" than waking; the text says that in dreams one sees both the real (*sat*) and the unreal (*asat*), a liminal stance that is the key to the material power of dreams in later Indian texts, as we shall see. The *Chāndogya Upaniṣad* explicitly relates the content of the dream to the objective world: "If during rites done for a wish one sees a woman in his dreams, he should know that he has seen success in this dream vision." The particular significance of the woman in the dream is also highly relevant to later Indian dream analysts.

The question of the reality of the dream world is taken up by the *Bṛhadāraṇyaka Upaniṣad*. This text discusses dreams in terms of projection; the verb used to express this (*sṛj*) means literally to "emit" (as semen, or words), and frequently refers to the process of creation, in which the Creator emits from himself the entire universe, as a spider emits a web:

> A man has two conditions: in this world and in the world beyond. But there is also a twilight juncture: the condition of sleep (or

dream, *svapna*). In this twilight juncture, one sees both of the other conditions, this world and the other world . . . When someone falls asleep, he takes the stuff of the entire world and he himself takes it apart, and he himself builds it up, and by his own bright light he dreams. . . . There are no chariots there, no harnessings, no roads; but he emits chariots, harnessings, and roads. There are no joys, happinesses, or delights there; but he emits joys, happinesses, and delights. There are no ponds, lotus-pools, or flowing streams there, but he emits ponds, lotus-pools, and flowing streams. For he is the Maker (*Kartṛ*).[2]

This text has not yet reached the extreme "softness" of certain later schools (particularly of Mahāyāna Buddhism) that suggest that *all* perception is the result of projection; rather, in one particular, liminal state, the dreamer is able to understand the relationship between the two worlds, both of them equally real or unreal. The dreamer takes apart the elements of the outside world and rebuilds them into an inside world of dreams, without affecting their reality status. The fact that one verb encompasses the concepts of seminal emission, creation, and projection, and that it is here further extended to include the process of dreaming, indicates how very old the idea of mental projection and the subjective, private creation of objective dream worlds is in India. Moreover, the fact that the exemplary dream involves harnessed horses and the crossing of flowing streams is evidence of the considerable antiquity of the paradigmatic myth of the hero who rides across the water to the woman in the dream.

The medieval medical texts greatly elaborate upon the symbolism of dreams. Violent dreams presage violent realities: a man who dreams that his teeth fall out (a classical dream well known to us from Freudian writings) will die; dreaming of intimacy with a dog means that the dreamer will become feverish; with a monkey, consumptive; with a demon, insane; with ghosts, amnesiac.[3] The last dream is particularly suggestive, for it makes sense that a dream of a ghost, a figure from the past, will harm one's memory. The relationship between ghosts, memory, and dreams is expounded in a text from the seventh century A.D. that explains how bad dreams occur: ghosts (*pretas*) get into your head when you are asleep. Whenever one dreams that one sees the death of one's wife, friends, son, father, or husband, it is the fault of the ghost; for these ghosts change their forms into that of an elephant, horse, or bull, and appear to their sons, wives, and relatives.[4] Here, long before Freud, is the hypothesis that animals in dreams represent close relatives; and "ghosts" is not a bad way of describing the figures from the past who haunt our dreams and force us to imagine the deaths of those we both love and hate. The ghosts, whose "reality" status is somewhat vague, nevertheless mediate between two entirely real people: the dreamer and his (dead) relative or wife.

In Kashmir, in the eleventh century A.D., another aspect of the reality of dreams was analyzed, the technique by which the dreamer could make the object of his dream materialize when he woke up. This special yogic technique was to be employed at the junction of waking and sleeping, the liminal moment of dangerous transition between the two worlds.[5] Master and disciple sleep near the sacrificial fire during the initiation; since they have the same consciousness, they have the same dream.[6] Here in Kashmir, where contacts with Tibet and Central Asia gave rise to various cults of shamanism and magic, the dreamer could actively, purposely dream a subjective dream that was shared by his teacher and that created an objective, material thing that had not previously existed except in his mind.

Kashmir was also the locus of a narrative tradition in which a dreamer passively experienced a dream that was shared and that turned out to have been a material, objective thing all along, previously unknown to the dreamer. One particularly elaborate version of this motif occurs in the *Ocean of Story* (*Kathāsaritsāgara*), an eleventh century text with sources in Kashmir:

> A painter copied an image of a girl from a traveler's book. King Vikramāditya saw the picture and fell in love with the girl. That

night, he dreamed that he was making love to the girl, but suddenly the watchman woke him up. The king banished the watchman in a rage, and was convinced that the girl existed, though he despaired of finding her. He told his friend about his dream: "I crossed the sea and entered a beautiful city, where I met a princess named Malayavatī, the girl I had seen in the picture. We fell in love at first sight, were married, and entered the bridal chamber; and as I made love to her, at the culminating moment that cursed watchman woke me up. Now that I have seen Malayavatī in a picture and in a dream, I cannot live without her."

The king's friend, realizing that this was a true dream, told the king to draw a map of the city on a piece of cloth. He showed it to everyone, until one day a poet came from afar and told this tale: "In the city of Malaya, the king's daughter, Malayavatī, dreamed that she married a certain man and entered the bridal chamber with him. But just as she was making love with him in bed, she was awakened at dawn by her chambermaid. She banished the maid, in a fury, and vowed that she would die if she did not find that man in six months, of which five have now passed." When the poet had told this tale, with all of its striking similarity and agreement, the king rejoiced in his certainty, and set out for the city.

He found it just as the princess was about to kill herself. When she saw him, she said, "This was my dream-bridegroom," and when Vikramāditya saw his beloved with his own eyes, just as she had been in the picture and in his dream, he regarded it as a marvelous favor from the gods, and he took her back with him to his city.[7]

King Vikramāditya is convinced that his dream must be real; it is the dream, not the picture, that bears the primary burden of conviction, for the princess, who had only the dream and no picture, believed it just as firmly as he did. Nevertheless, the picture and the map supply physical corroborations for other people (the friend, the poet) who might otherwise have doubted the reality of the dream.

This corroborating picture recurs in another variant of the myth of the shared dream in a tenth century South Indian Sanskrit text, The *Bhāgavata Purāṇa:*

> The demon Bāṇa had a daughter, Uṣā, who, though a virgin, dreamed that she made love with Aniruddha; yet she had never seen or heard of him before. But when (on waking) she failed to see him, she cried out, "Where are you, darling?", confused and then, in the midst of her friends, embarrassed. She told her friend, Citralekhā, about her dream, and Citralekhā said, "If he exists in the triple world, I will bring to you the man who stole your heart; point him out." Then Citralekhā drew pictures of all the gods, demons, human beings, and other creatures in the universe; when Uṣā saw the picture of Aniruddha, she lowered her head in embarrassment, smiled, and said, "That's him! That's him!" Citralekhā, who had yogic powers, recognized Aniruddha and flew through the air to get him; she brought him, asleep, to Uṣā; Uṣā rejoiced to see him, and they made love in her room until Aniruddha lost count of the days. As she lost her virginity, her attendants remarked upon it to her father, who discovered her lover and imprisoned him. After a great battle, Uṣā's father was conquered and Aniruddha and his bride returned to Aniruddha's city.[8]

Because Uṣā apparently lacks Vikramāditya's skill in draftsmanship, Citralekhā has to do it the hard way, drawing a map of the universe in which Uṣā can pinpoint her man like a witness forced to leaf through pages and pages of faces in the police's rogue's gallery to identify a criminal. Like Vikramāditya, Uṣā believes in the dream from the very start; Citralekhā, however, is not entirely sure that the man exists until Uṣā is able to identify him as a man whom Citralekhā knows to exist. This element of physical corroboration is strengthened in the second variant of the text, in the *Ocean of Story*, which states that Uṣā's confusion, on awaking from her erotic dream, stemmed from the fact that although she could not see her husband, she could see the clear physical signs of sexual intercourse (*i.e.*, her loss of virginity).[9]

The *Ocean of Story* takes the *Bhāgavata Purāṇa* tale of Uṣā and makes it more rational, by providing physical evidence and by having Aniruddha listen to Citralekhā *telling* him about Uṣā's dream, rather than

by having him (as in the more romantic or "softer" variant of the story) simply dream the same dream himself.

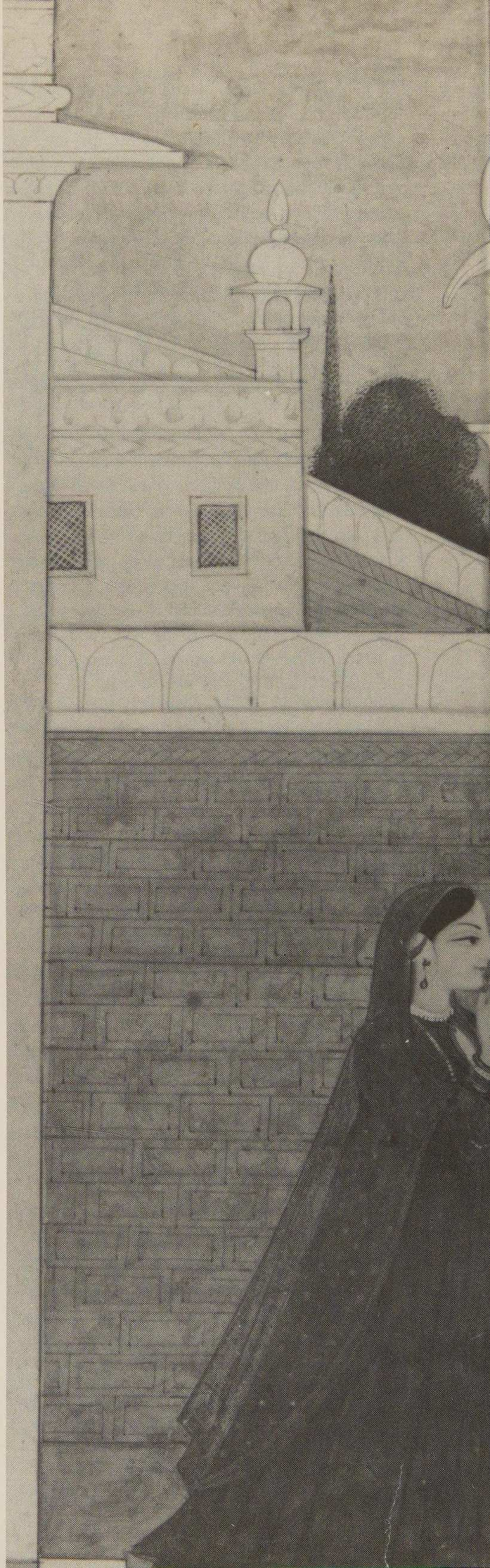
A twelth century Jain text, *Triṣaṣṭiśa-lakāpuruṣacarita*, gives a version of the tale of the dream shared by lovers that is *so* rationalized that it loses its entire point:

> Kesarā and Vasanta were childhood friends. One night, Kesarā dreamed that she married Vasanta, and that same night he dreamed that he married her. Both were delighted and declared their mutal love, but Kesarā's parents arranged her marriage to someone else. The lovers tried to commit suicide, but they were rescued and escaped together.[10]

Since this Indian Romeo and Juliet have grown up together, it is hardly astonishing that they should dream of being married; hardly astonishing to us, that is, but certainly a violent challenge to the reality of the caste-system and its arranged marriages, astrologically determined, which defines as totally illusory the lovers' vision of their own union. Their dreams come true in the sense that the dreams of the Kashmiri disciple and master come true: they *make* them come true. Since the dream vision of Kesarā and Vasanta is merely of an action which they themselves can perform, rather than of an object which has not previously existed or of which they can have had no previous knowledge, its reality does not prove the reality of "softer" visions of this latter type.

But there is one final example of an Indian tale of the classical type, a short-story called "The Brushwood Boy," written by Rudyard Kipling in 1898. For our purposes—merely to show the similarity in the plot—it can be summarized, though the haunting atmosphere of the original will necessarily be lost:

> A young boy dreamed again and again of a girl with whom he rode on horseback along a beach until a policeman called Day awakened him. He grew up and joined the cavalry in India, where he drew a map of the place in his dream. When he returned to his parents'



Uṣā's dream

> home in England, he heard a girl singing a song about the sea of dreams, the city of sleep, and the policeman Day; he recognized her as the girl in his dreams. When he told her of his dream, she told him of the boy she had always dreamed of, in the same dream.

Set against the devastating commonplace of the life of the upper classes in Victorian England, the dreams are made out of that very same commonplace—dreams of quiet Downs and well-bred horses and a solid British policeman (the enemy who awakens them, as the watchman and the maid awaken Vikramāditya and Malayavatī). All that makes the dream exciting is the fact that it is a shared dream, a shared map of an imaginary country; that this map becomes a real, objective map when the dreamer is in India indicates Kipling's awareness of the story's ancestry. The fact of the shared dream frightens the girl in Kipling's story, and gives even the smug young officer an intimation of another world, for when she asks him, "What does it mean?" he kisses her and then says, "Perhaps when we die we may find out more, but it means this now."[11]

The theme of public, visual evidence—the map of the dream city, or the portrait of the woman in the dream world—floats in and out of these tales in a tantalizing way, providing an opportunity for corroboration that is seldom actually used. Vikramāditya sees the portrait before he has the dream, and he draws the map after he has the dream; he believes in the dream without this evidence, as does his dream partner, but others— including ourselves, the hard-minded readers of the story—are gradually won over by the material correspondences. Uṣā believes her dream from the start, though her friend Citralekhā the magician—whose name actually means "Sketcher of Pictures"—is only finally convinced by the picture, though it is a picture that *she herself produces* or projects, even as Uṣā projects her dream. In the second, more rationalized version, Citralekhā needs the identification of the picture only in order to find out who and where the man is, not *whether* he is. Kipling's hero draws a map, like the good British officer he is, but then he shows it to no one; it remains a private document like the dream itself, shutting him up in his solipsistic romance until, one assumes, he can show it to the girl.

As the story becomes more and more rationalized, the dream, which was at first merely ornamented by the physical evidence of the portrait or map, and then corroborated by it, comes to be replaced by it entirely. We find medieval European variants of the widespread story of the hero who falls in love with a woman whose portrait he sees, or the hero who becomes obsessed with the search for a treasure that no one else believes in but that he believes in because he has found a map. Even with this transition from soft to hard evidence, however, these latter stories retain much of the spirit of the ancient tale, particularly the feeling that the hero, at first alone and then with a small group of helpers (often including the woman he loves), whom he converts to his cause, is set against the rest of the world in his belief in the reality of the object of his search.

It may prove useful at this point to distinguish between three grades or strengths of the myth of the shared dream. The weakest form, that we have encountered in the Jain tale of Kesarā and Vasanta, tells of lovers who know one another and who dream of one another on the same night. This simple story is quite widespread; it is attested among the Coastal Solomon Islanders, which would imply that it is more than Indo-European and perhaps universal.[12]

The second, or medium, grade of the story of the shared dream is the tale in which a man dreams of a woman he has never seen, searches for her, finds her, and marries her. The story of Uṣā and Aniruddha is a rather heightened myth of this type, and it is this story that was carried to Ireland, Russia, and medieval Greece, Germany and France; Chaucer ridicules it in the tale of Sir Topas, who dreams that he is to marry the queen of fairyland and wanders off to search for her. This motif, which Stith Thompson calls "future husband (wife) revealed in dream,"[13] is a popular romantic theme.

The third, highest grade of the story is, to my present knowledge, the special achievement of India. This is the theme of two lovers, unknown to one another, who dream of one another and then find one another in waking life. The story of Vikramāditya is of this type, as is Kipling's tale of the Brushwood Boy. The broader form of the motif, which Thompson calls "Love through dreams," and which corresponds to our second type, occurs widely, but the more specific inflection, Thompson's "Lovers meet in their dreams," is attested only in Indian folklore and in Indo-Iranian traditions, which are intimately connected with our Indian sources.[14]

Stories of this type raise the most striking questions about the interaction of myth and reality in the twilight zone of dreams. These questions are further defined in India by a fourth, transcendent level that we have encountered in Kashmir: the Yogi who actually materializes his dream, who could create his dream woman as Pygmalion created Galatea, as the Maker emits his lakes and chariots in the Upaniṣads. The parallel between the yogic magician and the artist is a deep one; Citralekhā, who is both a painter and a magician, actively creates an image only to find that it is the reflection of a dream hero who actually exists already. Uṣā passively receives this reflected image in her dream. Citralekhā's painting is thus "harder" than Uṣā's dream but not so hard as the objects that the Kashmiri yogi could materialize out of his own mental image. The clue to this may lie in the Indian attitude to emotion. One explanation for the reflected dream image, as we shall see, is that the powerful emotion of love somehow carries the image from one mind (or one reality) to another mind, from Aniruddha to Uṣā, in this instance. But since the yogi is the master of emotion, in complete control of his lust and anger, he can use these powers actively whereas we lesser mortals can merely receive them passively. The artist, midway between the two, receives the dream passively but learns to control it actively, to transform it into a material object that all of us can see and touch.

What is the meaning of the dream that is shared by lovers? How can it happen that two people share the same dream? Why do people write stories about people who share the same dream? The answer to all of these questions begins, I think, in our recognition of the human terror of solipsism. Roger Caillois has described one aspect of the appeal of the shared dream:

> Nothing is more personal than a dream, nothing else so imprisons a person in irremediable solitude, nothing else is as stubbornly resistant to the possibility of being shared. . . . The temptation now arises to believe that two or more persons (or even a whole multitude) may at times have the same dream or have dreams that are parallel or complementary. The dreams would thus be corroborated, fitting together like the pieces of a puzzle and, by acquiring in this way the solidity and stability possessed by the perceptions of the waking world, would be verifiable like them and, even better, would create certain bonds between the dreamers—secret, narrow, restricted and imperious bonds.[15]

The dream that becomes verifiable, passing scientific tests, is in some ways the opposite of the dream shared by only two people; the former becomes part of the accepted knowledge of the world, while the latter, by very virtue of being denied by all the rest of the world, is what links the two who share the dream. The dream of Vikramāditya and Malayavatī partakes of both aspects: at first, it is only their mutal love that binds the two dreamers, but as each of them makes public their dreams, a general belief in the truth of the shared dream arises in the public at large. The dream of Kipling's lovers remains private forever. At the other extreme, certain philosophical Indian texts use the motif of the shared dream as the starting point from which to develop the argument of pure idealism, that all the world that we regard as public (shared) is in fact merely the manifestation of a single mental image, a private dream dreamed by God and shared by all of us.

The hypothesis that there may be dreams that are shared by a number of different people (the "multitude" of which Caillois

speaks) underlies a phenomenon found throughout the world—the use of "dream-books," textbooks or codebooks that decipher the meanings of dreams, of which we have seen examples in the citations from the medieval Indian medical texts. The fact that generalizations of this sort can be made at all implies an awareness of recurrent themes and motifs in dreams recorded at different times and different places. Though Freud and Jung differed considerably in their understandings of whether the same dream, dreamed by two different people, had the same meanings (and therefore were, in a deeper sense, the same dream at all), both admitted that there were, indeed, "typical" or perhaps even "universal" dreams that posed special problems of interpretations over and above the problem of relating the dream to the life of the specific dreamer.

These "universal" dreams, the stuff that dream-books are made of, are shared in quite a different sense from the shared dreams of the Indian lovers. The former are shared because different people have dreamt the same things and have told one another about it; the latter (our third level, the highest proof) are shared because different people have dreamt the same things and have dreamt *about one another*. This true reciprocity is further enhanced by a far greater amount of detail in the Indian stories. The "universal" dreams share a few basic motifs, which could be explained either by common, universal human experience or (in the Jungian system) by the inheritance of a few archetypal symbols arising out of that experience. The Jain story is also of that type; it needs no ghost come from the grave to tell us that men and women in love dream of one another. Finally, this first, lowest level of the shared dream is muted by virtue of the fact that the participants in it have access to a pool of public, objective data; people tend to dream not only about their lives, but about the myths that they have been taught, myths that may well have originated in someone else's dreams. Thus Aniruddha merely hears about Uṣā's dream, instead of genuinely sharing it as Vikramāditya shares Malayavatī's dream. So, too, the philosopher of science Karl Popper argued that there exists a "World Three" in which subjective ideas become objective precisely because they are told, written down, subjected to critical scrutiny—in a word, made public.

People have tried to distinguished "cultural" dreams—dreams that people are told about in a particular culture, and that they are encouraged to dream, and to tell people that they have dreamed—from "private" dreams, the dreams that people dream of their own accord, in isolation from or even rebellion against their culture. Ironically, one of the sources of evidence for "private" dreams (or "real" dreams, in distinction from "cultural" dreams) is testimony that dreams of this sort have occurred in more than one culture, that they are, therefore, more universal, and hence in a sense more private. Thus the actual symbols that occur in many of the Indian stories—the teeth falling out, the ride on horseback, the nightmare of being dismembered or beheaded, the vision of the death of a loved one—are labelled as "real" dream symbols; we know them from our own dreams, perhaps, or from the writings of Freud. But the glosses of these dreams are cultural: in India, the dream of teeth falling out means that you will die, whereas in America there would be an objection to this single, frozen meaning, though most analysts would grant that some sense of loss of power would lie behind the symbol. The symbol itself is what Jung would call the archetype, while the particular meaning, within a particular culture or within a particular dreamer, would be the inflected manifestation of the more general archetype.

The human substratum that links the universal dreams one to another is a kind of dream ether, an all-pervading substance in which we all move, the shared mental matrix of the human race. This is the warp that myths are woven on. They reflect our desire to believe that people really can dream the same dreams, a desire that is a deep hope—a dream, if you will—that we all share. A myth is a private dream that has gone public; myths are shared dreams, dreams shared in the most basic sense.

When we contrast these archetypal dreams or myths with our third level, we

see that what the lovers share are not, in fact, archetypes, but manifestations; they share not the general symbols, nor even the learned symbols of their shared cultural inflections of the myth, but a number of striking, detailed, cumulative, exact features. These are not "parallel" or "complementary" dreams; one lover sees the exact buildings, the exact clothes, hears the exact same words, spends the exact same amount of time in the adventure as the other sees, hears, and experiences. Dreams of this sort are, to my knowledge, recorded only in myths; that is, we do not have proof that people do have such shared dreams, but only proof that people like to think that such a thing is possible.

This generalization was challenged by Jule Eisenbud, who interpreted what he called "a telepathic *rêve à deux*" dreamt by two of his patients. The first dreamt that she was walking in a heavy downpour and took shelter at the home of her neighbor; the second patient dreamt, on a subsequent night, that the first patient sought refuge in her home from a heavy downpour. It might well be argued that there is so little detail in the "coincidence" of the two dreams that they qualify only for the first rung of our theme, the uninflected sorts of things that people tend to dream about—rain, and night, and being lost. But Eisenbud regarded it as a more striking phenomenon, of the third type, and tried to explain it:

> Once we admit the possibility of telepathic activity in dreams, we are no longer at liberty to assume that a given dream is exclusively the private concern of the dreamer who had it, since analysis is capable of demonstrating that one dream may be the vehicle for the latent material of two, three or more individuals, or that two dreams are essentially one, existing separately only in the way that two intelligence agents may carry separately the complementary details of a plan which can be understood only when both sections are viewed together.[16]

Ah, but whose plan is it? From the way in which, as Eisenbud demonstrates, the analyst is the only one who can understand the two dreams, he is evidently the master-spy, the one who (through transference and counter-transference) has mediated between the two dreamers, allowing them to dream of one another through him. In this way he provides the outer frame for their dreams, just as God provides such a frame (though a soft frame) for the Indian nested dreams.

But psychoanalysis takes advantage of yet another time-honored way of "hardening" dreams: telling them. Charles Rycroft has described the futility of this great need that people have to tell their dreams to someone else:

> While dreaming we appear to enter a world of our own . . . but we can share none of this with anyone else. We can, it is true, tell our dreams to someone else and, if we are lucky, his imaginative response to them may give us the illusion of a shared experience. But if the person we tell a dream to turns out to be a sceptic, we have no means of convincing him that we really did have the dream we have told him. If he asks for proof that we had that precise dream and no other one, that we have remembered it correctly, we cannot give it. We cannot ask the people who appeared in the dream to confirm our story. Unlike the events of everyday life, which can, in principle, be confirmed or otherwise by the laws of evidence, and unlike the events of our intimate personal relationships, which can be confirmed or otherwise by reference to the identical or reciprocal responses of the other, dream experiences have a peculiar privacy about them, which can only be partially and often only self-deceptively reduced by recounting them to others.[17]

In the Indian stories, as we have seen, people do "ask the people who appeared in the dream to confirm" the reality of the dream, thus combining the functions that in our society are, as Rycroft points out, separate: the "imaginative response" to the telling, that gives the mere illusion of the shared experience—the sharing on the first, weakest level—and the offering of an "identical or reciprocal response" that may be given by someone with whom we are intimate. This is the force of the lovers' *rêve à deux*, the telling of a dream that is shared by the one person in the world intimate enough to be inside the dreamer. This is the emotional answer to the intellectual terror of solipsism. In medieval Indian theology,

God is inside the dreamer in a way similar to the way that lovers are inside one another; God is still the witness of all dreams, and the dreamer of the central dream, on the outside, but he participates erotically on the inside as well. The psychoanalyst, as we have seen, also assumes this role of the central round-house of dreams. For, if we cannot literally share our dreams, we can at least tell them. The artist can do better than this, and *show* his dreams to us, drawing us inside his own experience in a way that non-artists can usually do only when they are in love, or analysts hope to do by the exercise of a degree of intuition and empathy that is artistic rather than scientific.

For the scientist must do even more than show us his dreams; he must prove them. This, in fact, is what King Vikramāditya does when he sets out to *find* the city of his dreams,[18] as Schliemann set out to find Troy. It is also what certain "hard" scientists do—or, at least, what they think they do. Johannes Kepler, who first published one of his major scientific treatises in the form of a fictional account that he called "The Dream," spoke of his early discoveries as "a dream of the truth . . . inspired by a friendly God."[19] Nor was this a simple dream; it was a *rêve à deux* dreamt by Kepler and Plutarch: "I wonder greatly how it happened that our dreams, or rather our fictions, were in such close agreement."[20] Arthur Koestler, in commenting on this phenomenon, remarks, "If the 'harmony of the world' was a fantastic dream, its symbols had been shared by a whole dreaming culture. If it was an *idée fixe*, it was derived from a collective obsession . . ."[21] The arguments that are often deduced to demonstrate that both Plutarch and Kepler must have been right— that is, must have dreamed about something *hard*—because they shared the same dream, are weakened when we realize that the scientific theories in question are of the first, lowest degree: they agree only in the vague, archetypal dimensions, not in the more striking manifestations of detail, and they arise in the minds of people who have access to shared pools of public knowledge or, at least, similar training. So, too, the argument that the coincidences in certain over-arching myths and scientific theories corroborate and validate them both may be disputed by pointing out how general, and almost inevitable, are the points on which they agree.

The more striking coincidences between more specific dreams, however, may also be explained in this relatively straightforward manner. It has been suggested that one of the significant distinctions between personal and cultural dreams is that the former refer backwards, to the past, while the latter refer forward, to the future. Personal dreams are memories, while cultural dreams are predictions—or, at least, are so interpreted. Freud's interests focused on personal dreams, memories of the past; Jung, however, was interested in the interface between the two types:

> Anyone sufficiently interested in the dream problem cannot have failed to observe that dreams also have a continuity *forwards*—if such an expression be permitted—since dreams occasionally exert a remarkable influence on the conscious mental life even of persons who cannot be considered superstitious or particularly abnormal.[22]

On this simple level, then, dreams—personal dreams—affect the future of the dreamer because he recalls the dream and learns from it; it creates a future, though it cannot reveal an already created future. Such dreams may also affect the future of the person within the dream—the lover, perhaps—once the dream is told, once it has obtained the hard, objective nature of the Popperian World Three. This is still our first, lowest level of shared dreams.

But the reciprocal dream does not need to be told in order to affect—or, indeed, to reveal—the future of someone other than the dreamer. These dreams must be explained along "softer" lines. The *rêve à deux* may be seen as the result of a kind of intense heightening of the basic bond that joins all humans:

> The writer subscribes to Dr. J. N. Rosen's view, that "everybody's unconscious perfectly understands everybody else's unconscious." The writer would add to this observation his own view that telepathic dreams might be explicable on the basis of the theory that

> when persons are bound together emotionally, the tie of love opens one unconscious to another.[23]

In this view, the flint of love strikes a spark that jumps from one mind to another. The events described in the Indian stories could be explained, in a similar way, as transformative mental events. Sometimes one has a feeling of *déjà vu*; one is suddenly caught up in a moment so intense that it triggers a sense of memory as well as a sense of experiencing something for the first time.[24] So too, the sight of the lover out of our dreams may trigger in us, retroactively, the sense that we had dreamed it all before. On the physiological level, it has been suggested (by Freud, and others) that we construct in a split second a long dream to account for a physical sensation that has just occurred (such as a dream of drowning to accommodate the sensation of wet feet in bed). Thus we may project our dreams into our own minds as well as into the minds of those whom we love or who love us.

One could, finally, go farther than this, perhaps, to postulate a "harder" explanation of the phenomenon of reciprocal dreams, arguing that, just as the ghosts of people whom we have loved in the past may haunt our dreams, so too the shadows of people whom we will love in the future may come to us first in our dreams. In this view, some substantial force, not yet manifest though pregnant with the future even as a ghost is a remnant of the past, is drawn to us across time and space, flowing backwards against the current of material time in a way that cannot be measured with hard instruments or accounted for by our present scientific knowledge.

But the Indian texts do not in fact provide evidence for such experiences; they provide evidence that people have *thought* about such experiences. These myths are themselves shared dreams about shared dreams. The inner dream is one in which the tie of love binds together inextricably the hard and soft worlds of human perception. The outer dream is the myth that nourishes our hope that it is possible to break out of the prison of our most secret loneliness, to dream one another's dreams.◇

[1] Roger Caillois, *The Dream Adventure* (New York, 1963), p. ix; reprinted in Caillois and G.E. von Grunebaum, *The Dream and Human Societies* (University of California, 1966), p. 23.
[2] All translations from the Sanskrit are the author's own. The reader might also wish to consult the translation by Robert Hume, *The Thirteen Principal Upanishads* (Oxford, 1921).
[3] *Suśrutamsaṃhita* (Delhi, 1968), 1. 29. 68.
[4] *Garuḍa Purāṇa* (Benares, 1969), 11.5–12.
[5] A.M. Esnoul, "Les songes et leur interprétation dans l'Inde," in *Les songes et leur interprétation, Sources Orientales*, II, (Paris, 1959), p. 229 citing Vasugupta's *Spandakārikā* 34.
[6] *Ibid.*, p. 321, citing *Tantraloka* 15.
[7] *Kathāsaritsāgara* of Somadeva (Delhi, 1970) 18.3.24–110; see also C.H. Tawney, *The Ocean of Story*, ed. N.M. Penzer (10 vols., London, 1924), 9.36–40.
[8] *Bhāgavata Purāna, with the commentary of Śrīdhara* (Bombay, 1832), 10.62.12–26.
[9] *Kathāsaritsāgara,* 6.5.14.
[10] Jagidsh P. Sharma, "Symbolism in the Jinist [sic] Dream World," in *Dream-Symbolism in the Śramanic Tradition*, by Sharma and Lee Siegel (Calcutta, 1980), p. 14, citing *Triṣaṣtiśalakāpuruṣacarita* 3.326–34..
[11] Rudyard Kipling, "The Brushwood Boy," in *The Day's Work* (Macmillan, 1889; 1964), pp. 283–318; also reprinted in Caillois, *op. cit.*, 1963, pp. 151–177.
[12] Jackson Stewart Lincoln, *The Dream in Primitive Cultures* (London, 1935), p. 329.
[13] Antii Aarne and Stith Thompson, *Motif-Index of Folk Literature* (Bloomington, Ind., 1955–56, 6 vols.), D 1812.3.3.9.
[14] *Ibid*; see also Albert J. Carnoy, *Iranian Mythology* (Boston, 1917), and Thompson and Jonas Balys, *The Oral Tales of India* (Bloomington, 1958); T 11.3 and T 11.3.1.
[15] Caillois, *op. cit*, p. xiv; 1966, p. 34.
[16] Eisenbud, "The Dream of Two Patients in Analysis as a Telepathic Rêve-à-Deux," in *The Psychoanalytic Quarterly* 16 (1947), pp. 39–60; reprinted in *Psychoanalysis and the Occult*, ed. George Devereux (New York, 1970), pp. 262–276.
[17] Charles Rycroft, *The Innocence of Dreams* (New York, 1979), p. 3.
[18] See the author's "The Scientific Proof of Mythical Experience," *Quadrant* (Spring, 1981), pp. 46–65.
[19] Johannes Kepler, *Kepler's Dream*, with the full text and notes of *Somnium, Sive Astronomia Lunaris*, by John Lear, trans. Patricia F. Kirkwood (Los Angeles, 1965); cited in Arthur Koestler's *The Sleepwalkers* (New York, 1959), p. 264.
[20] Kepler, *op. cit.*, p. 87–88.
[21] Koestler, *op. cit.*, p. 396.
[22] Carl Jung, *Dreams*, translated by R.F.C. Hull (Princeton, 1974), p. 24.
[23] Nándor Fodor, "Telepathy in Analysis," *The Psychiatric Quarterly* 21 (1947); reprinted in Devereux p. 295.
[24] See the author's "Inside and Outside the Mouth of God: The Boundary between Myth and Reality," *Daedalus* (Spring, 1980), pp. 93–125.

EPICYCLE

The Cave

And now, I said, let me show in a figure how far our nature is enlightened or unenlightened:—Behold! human beings living in an underground den, which has a mouth open towards the light and reaching all along the den; here they have been from their childhood, and have their legs and necks chained so that they can not move, and can only see before them, being prevented by the chains from turning round their heads. Above and behind them a fire is blazing at a distance, and between the fire and the prisoners there is a raised way; and you will see, if you look, a low wall built along the way, like the screen which marionette players have in front of them, over which they show the puppets.

I see.

And do you see, I said, men passing along the wall carrying all sorts of vessels, and statues and figures of animals made of wood and stone and various materials, which appear over the wall? Some of them are talking, others silent.

You have shown me a strange image, and they are strange prisoners.

Like ourselves, I replied; and they see only their own shadows, or the shadows of one another, which the fire throws on the opposite wall of the cave?

True, he said; how could they see anything but the shadows if they were never allowed to move their heads?

And of the objects which are being carried in like manner they would only see the shadows?

Yes, he said.

And if they were able to converse with one another, would they not suppose that they were naming what was actually before them?

Very true.

And suppose further that the prison had an echo which came from the other side, would they not be sure to fancy when one of the passers-by spoke that the voice which they heard came from the passing shadow?

No question, he replied.

To them, I said, the truth would be literally nothing but the shadows of the images.

That is certain.

And now look again, and see what will naturally follow if the prisoners are released and disabused of their error. At first, when any of them is liberated and compelled suddenly to stand up and turn his neck around and walk and look towards the light, he will suffer sharp pains; the glare will distress him, and he will be unable to see the realities of which in his former state he had seen the shadows; and then conceive some one saying to him, that what he saw before was

OTOGRAPH BY ARTHUR TRESS

an illusion, but that now, when he is approaching nearer to being and his eye is turned towards more real existence, he has a clearer vision,—what will be his reply? And you may further imagine that his instructor is pointing to the objects as they pass and requiring him to name them,—will he not be perplexed? Will he not fancy that the shadows which he formerly saw are truer than the objects which are now shown to him?

Far truer.

And if he is compelled to look straight at the light, will he not have a pain in his eyes which will make him turn away to take refuge in the objects of vision which he can see, and which he will conceive to be in reality clearer than the things which are now being shown to him?

True, he said.

And suppose once more, that he is reluctantly dragged up a steep and rugged ascent, and held fast until he is forced into the presence of the sun himself, is he not likely to be pained and irritated? When he approaches the light his eyes will be dazzled, and he will not be able to see anything at all of what are now called realities.

Not all in a moment, he said.

He will require to grow accustomed to the sight of the upper world. And first he will see the shadows best, next the reflections of men and other objects in the water, and then the objects themselves; then he will gaze upon the light of the moon and the stars and the

spangled heaven; and he will see the sky and the stars by night better than the sun or the light of the sun by day?

Certainly.

Last of all he will be able to see the sun, and not mere reflections of him in the water, but he will see him in his own proper place, and not in another; and he will contemplate him as he is.

Certainly.

He will then proceed to argue that this is he who gives the season and the years, and is the guardian of all that is in the visible world, and in a certain way the cause of all things which he and his fellows have been accustomed to behold?

Clearly, he said, he would first see the sun and then reason about him.

And when he remembered his old habitation, and the wisdom of the den and his fellow-prisoners, do you not suppose that he would felicitate himself on the change, and pity them?

Certainly, he would.

And if they were in the habit of conferring honors among themselves on those who were quickest to observe the passing shadows and to remark which of them went before, and which followed after, and which were together; and who were therefore best able to draw conclusions as to the future, do you think that he would care for such honors and glories, or envy the possessors of them? Would he not say with Homer, "Better to be the poor servant of a poor master," and to endure anything, rather than think as they do and live after their manner?

Yes, he said, I think that he would rather suffer anything than entertain these false notions and live in this miserable manner.

Imagine once more, I said, such an one coming suddenly out of the sun to be replaced in his old situation; would he not be certain to have his eyes full of darkness?

To be sure, he said.

And if there were a contest, and he had to compete in measuring the shadows with the prisoners who had never moved out of the den, while his sight was still weak, and before his eyes had become steady (and the time which would be needed to acquire this new habit of sight might be very considerable), would he not be ridiculous? Men would say of him that up he went and down he came without his eyes; and that it was better not even to think of ascending; and if any one tried to loose another and lead him up to the light, let them only catch the offender, and they would put him to death.

No question, he said.

This entire allegory, I said, you may now append, dear Glaucon, to the previous argument; the prison-house is the world of sight, the light of the fire is the sun, and you will not misapprehend me if you interpret the journey upwards to be the ascent of the soul into the intellectual world according to my poor belief, which, at your desire, I have expressed—whether rightly or wrongly God knows. But, whether true or false, my opinion is that in the world of knowledge the idea of good appears last of all, and is seen only with an effort;

and, when seen, is also inferred to be the universal author of all things beautiful and right, parent of light and of the lord of light in this visible world, and the immediate source of reason and truth in the intellectual; and that this is the power upon which he who would act rationally either in public or private life must have his eye fixed.

I agree, he said, as far as I am able to understand you.

Moreover, I said, you must not wonder that those who attain to this beatific vision are unwilling to descend to human affairs; for their souls are ever hastening into the upper world where they desire to dwell; which desire of theirs is very natural, if our allegory may be trusted.

Yes, very natural.

And is there anything surprising in one who passes from divine contemplations to the evil state of man, misbehaving himself in a ridiculous manner; if, while his eyes are blinking and before he has become accustomed to the surrounding darkness, he is compelled to fight in courts of law, or in other places, about the images or the shadows of images of justice, and is endeavoring to meet the conceptions of those who have never yet seen absolute justice?

Anything but surprising, he replied.

Any one who has common sense will remember that the bewilderments of the eyes are of two kinds, and arise from two causes, either from coming out of the light or from going into the light, which is true of the mind's eye, quite as much as of the bodily eye; and he who remembers this when he sees any one whose vision is perplexed or weak, will not be too ready to laugh; he will first ask whether that soul of man has come out of the brighter life, and is unable to see because unaccustomed to the dark, or having turned from darkness to the day is dazzled by excess of light. And he will count the one happy in his condition and state of being, and he will pity the other; or, if he have a mind to laugh at the soul which comes from below into the light, there will be more reason in this than in the laugh which greets him who returns from above out of the light into the den.

That, he said, is a very just distinction.

But then, if I am right, certain professors of education must be wrong when they say that they can put a knowledge into the soul which was not there before, like sight into blind eyes.

They undoubtedly say this, he replied.

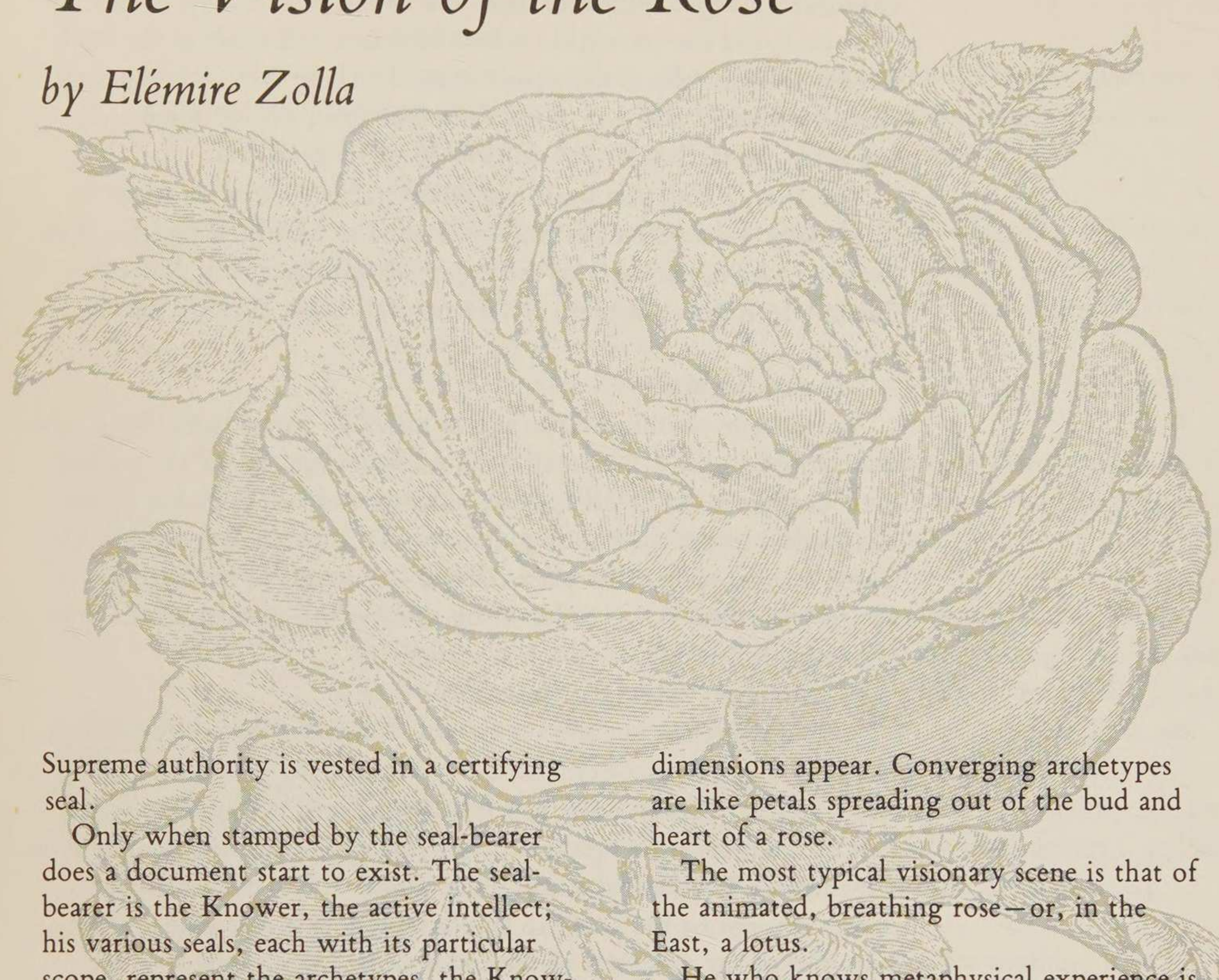
Whereas, our argument shows that the power and capacity of learning exists in the soul already; and that just as the eye was unable to turn from darkness to light without the whole body, so too the instrument of knowledge can only by the movement of the whole soul be turned from the world of becoming into that of being, and learn by degrees to endure the sight of being, and of the brightest and best of being, or in other words, of the good.

—Plato, *The Republic,* Book VII

From the book, The Republic and other Works, *translated by B. Jowett. Originally published by Doubleday & Co. Inc.*

The Vision of the Rose

by Elémire Zolla



Supreme authority is vested in a certifying seal.

Only when stamped by the seal-bearer does a document start to exist. The seal-bearer is the Knower, the active intellect; his various seals, each with its particular scope, represent the archetypes, the Knowing; the papers that bear the stamp are the Known.

The seal-bearer also stands for metaphysical experience, which is reflected in the seals, the archetypes, reflected in their turn by the documents, the concrete things whose force lies in the seal they bear.

Archetypes are imagining images, dreaming dreams.

When their connection to oneness is weakened and loosened, they collide with one another and common dreams and disordered fancies result.

When instead they draw to oneness, they generate intellectually inspired and life-enhancing visions. All the archetypes then converge to Oneness so that shapes and colors are foreshortened, and their true, relative dimensions appear. Converging archetypes are like petals spreading out of the bud and heart of a rose.

The most typical visionary scene is that of the animated, breathing rose—or, in the East, a lotus.

He who knows metaphysical experience is above all names and shapes, even beyond visions; but around this supreme void, as a prelude to it or in its aftermath, the mind is visited by visions which through color and form convey the peace and harmony of metaphysical experience.

Their colors and forms show unity in multiplicity. In them one may appreciate even and odd reconciled—"with swift, slow; sweet, sour; adazzle, dim"—harmoniously apportioned out.

Such visions, ranging from that of a piece of chintz to cobwebs or to frost's winter traceries on window panes, were Jonathan Edwards's favorite illustrations of the scenario that can generate benevolence towards being in itself, as he termed metaphysical experience. Hopkins instead selected from the book of nature finches' wings, landscapes all plotted and pieced—and fell on the immemorial and especially Hindu incarnation of Allness, the brindled cow, which Nietzsche's Zarathustra also rediscovered.

These piebald, dappled, arresting scenes

achieve unity in variety, and bestow peace mostly because they show the golden mean in action, being dividable by two in such a way that their smaller section stands to the larger one as the larger to the whole.

Apparitions and appreciations preceding and following metaphysical experience are not only identified by the "divine" and "golden" proportions of their design but tend to re-evoke and retrace a small set of unifying motifs. Of these the vision of the rose or lotus is the main one; each of its petals is an archetype.

When the archetypes are placed round metaphysical experience in due order, the mind first finds its orbit among them, and is finally fused with the center.

When metaphysical experience is acknowledged as the center of being, the various archetypes follow a natural gravitation towards their essence, and form a rosette. Just as iron filings gather round a lodestone into a rose of iron, or a constant whirlwind turns sand into a "rose of the desert," so symbological instinct untiringly connects Perfection with the Rose, from India to Persia to the Medieval mystical rose of the divine hosts round the supreme Godhead, mirrored in the rosettes of cathedrals, in the ribs of their domes converging on the capstone. When instead the supreme goal of ecstasy and peace is denied, the result must be either the social zombie's utter insensitivity or the torments of the neurotic. When "why do I live?" is suppressed, daily routine becomes nothing but the reiteration of the interrogative.

It is for the shaman, the bard, the priest or the sacred dancer unceasingly to veil and unveil metaphysical experience; while the clown in his ill-fitting, patched costume, with his dumscomb deliveries, doing everything backwards or upside-down, is telling the story of colliding or randomly related archetypes seen in distorted perspective, as reflections of matter and not vice versa. When everyday, socially or individually conditioned reality is taken to be the true coign of vantage, the result can only be comical. The most holy rites of Dionysus, in *The Frogs* of Aristophanes, become variations on overeating and starving, pomposity and fear, lust and apathy, and the most solemn utterances turn to loose strings of clanging sounds. When common life believes itself to be self-sufficient and at the very source of truth, time and space are enough to give it the lie. Today's beliefs are the reversal of yesterday's, both are the laughing stock of tomorrow; what holds true with this tribe is anathema to the next. The rustic manners that are the staple of comedy are the type of all opinion unrelieved by meditation, of all custom unrelated to universality and eternity, of all assaults on custom lacking a metaphysical perspective.

The prancing, tumbling clown is the average man pursuing his daily goals and identifying with his social roles. When he knocks into walls, gets thrashings, chokes in mud, trips over stones, courts Dirty Bess, he suffers self-inflicted comical pain. He has no proper standards of measurement, lacks criteria of judgment. He only feels and acknowledges certain archetypes, out of relation with all the others, so they appear disfigured and out of proportion. He is consequently crooked, twisted round and bent over, hunched, crippled, limping.

Clowns give lessons in the infinite ambiguity of archetypes, which is lost sight of when a metaphysical perspective is lacking. Clowns associate opposites—manliness and effeminacy, humanity and beastliness, childishness and pomp, dexterity and blundering, boasts and avowals of misery. The clown is stern when joking and funny when earnest; in command he squeaks, in fear he brays. He insists on getting the social code all wrong. But the way he plays the game is precisely what it all looks like from above. In a self-centered and self-righteous society the complexity of archetypes is ignored, their dependence on metaphysical experience overlooked or denied.

The high theological status of the trickster, just below the gods, finds its application in the observable fact that only a lively sense of the comical, a trickster quality, certifies that a person is actually, in-

timately, unconcernedly keyed up to the archetypal, divine level.

Comicalness is the hallmark of common dreams. Common dreamers fail to recognize this in their dreams. Certain mystical teachings insist on reversing the situation, on one becoming so naturally attuned to truth, that one is amused at comedy even in one's dreams. The ordinary man is divided against himself, his waking self is never free from the delusions to which his sleeping, deeper self is clinging. Liberation must take place also at the dreaming level, where shamming is much less easy. Otherwise in daylight self-deceit is nearly unavoidable.

Control of dreams is the only sure way of checking and directing one's waking steps: the Western world pays for its belief in the supreme worth and status of the waking state by not knowing how to handle dreams, and the archetypes that dream dreams.

There is the opposite, famous case of the Senoi in Malaysia, who devote their best energies to the elevation of their dream-life. When flying in a dream, they are trained to wheel towards a revelation; when caught in dream-dalliance they are taught to enter into unrestrained bliss; when engaged in dream-battles, to achieve either victory or an understanding with the enemy. Thus they give to every situation the auspicious twist. They are ready for surprises; they know that dream-creatures are teasers, and capable of consummate treachery, that a dream-lover will pretend to turn into someone whom one is forbidden to touch. Do not fear to make a joke of it, the Senoi boy is told, and this supreme wisdom he shall carry over into his waking world.

Tibetan Buddhism teaches in its yoga of dreams how to stare down nightmares and bid dream-scenes change at will. As in waking yoga the body has to be worked on, one is supposed to work on one's dream-self during dreams, modifying one's size, turning oneself into a beast or a rock or a forest, and finally, having acquired the skill, into a Buddha.

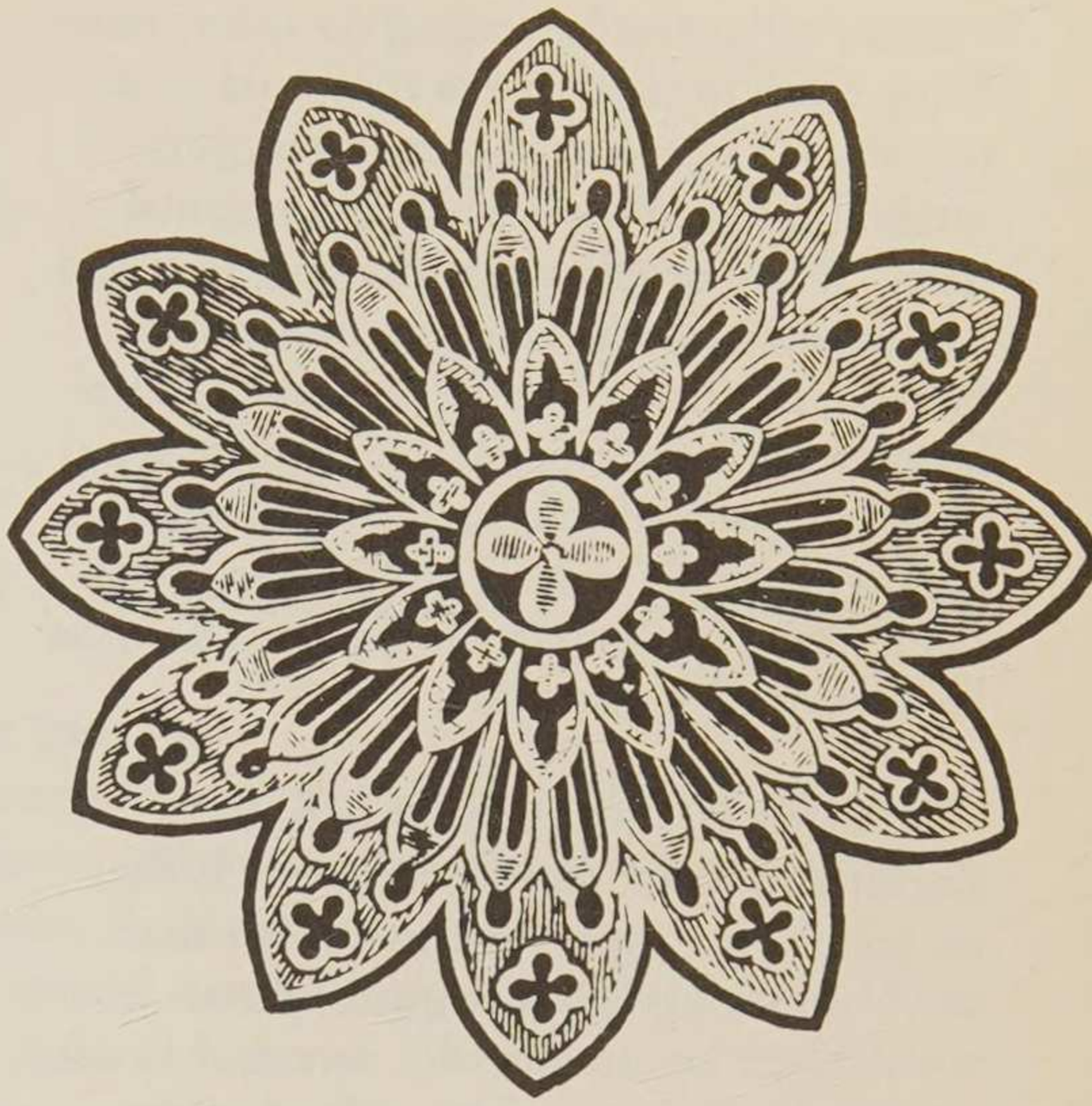
The vision of the rose is structureless: it may evolve, spiral and spin, but it lacks plot, implies no struggle. It is a revelation of oneness, its substance is its essence, it is potentially what it actually is.

The wildest dream and the flimsiest comedy instead show a structure. It may not be precisely a narrative—which, according to Shaw, consists of a tenor pursuing a soprano

with a baritone interfering, a twosome tending to oneness but having to take the triad into due account—but there must be a strict sequence of stages. Jung discovered its formula: there is a presentation ("I was in such and such a place"), a development, a climax, which is often a reversal, and finally an upshot or solution, which might be missed or suppressed.

This holds true of all dreams—even of the reversed kind that Florensky studied, which runs backwards, from upshot to presentation, but is subsequently remembered in the natural sequence. It may happen that there is a difficulty in breathing during sleep; this dream-symbology drastically images forth as death by suffocation, and immediately the whole set of events that might have preceded and finally occasioned death is flashed back, runs backwards from upshot to presentation. The sequel is remembered, however, as taking its normal time in a normal course of events culminating in death, their final cause. Dream-time can be elastic and reversible, like the time of antimatter. But, whatever way its actual time flows, even if it runs from upshot to presentation, the wildest dream has a structure, and expresses thereby man's need for meaning. It is this need which creates structures. These are subject to a concentric pull, inevitably tending to ever greater cohesion and compactness; but the loose texture of wild dreams and comedies is unstable, unsatisfactory. There is a need for more convincing, more closely argued and cogently articulate statements of meaning, for dreams less wild, comedies less laughable. As the gap between meaning and the limply hanging rigmaroles becomes wider, the latent need for significance grows stronger. So, however coarse and loose, all comic scenes, all aimless dreams, are virtual pleas for visionary experience. All structures are embryos of structureless meaningfulness.

But the distance between the two extremes— meaning at a minimum, as the bare structure of wild dreams and comedy,



and meaningfulness at its maximum, as metaphysical experience—cannot be bridged without a mediator, a proportional mean, whereby wild dreams will stand to the mediator as the latter stands to metaphysical experience.

Mankind has always sought the mean in tragic sacrifice.

Metaphysical experience is at the same distance from comedy as from tragedy, from wild dreams as from awed sacrifice. From a metaphysical, non-dual point of view tragedy is comical and comicalness tragic.

Between the two extremes of imagination, the vision of the rose and wild dreams, tragic sacrifice is the paradoxical linkage. The Greeks expressed this in terms that are still with us. The vision of the rose in Greek translation is Apollo, the Sun amidst the choir of the Muses. But, it was added, Apollo or Unity was, as Dionysus, multiplied, "torn into winds, water, earth, stars, plants, animals," a dismemberment which dithyrambics, carnival, and comical revel routs (*kômoi*, hence: comedy) intimate. Dionysus is the god of wine, the loosener, the dismembered and dismemberer. The

haunter of vineyards, feeding on them, sacrificing them to itself, is the free, wild goat (*tragos*), the capricious (*caper*) zigzagging symbol of lightning—Dionysus in animal form. When revellers tore the goat to pieces and fed on its flesh, Dionysus was eating himself, sacrificing himself to himself out of love, out of cosmic completeness. The song (*ôidê*) that sang of this sacrifice was tragedy, the divine goat's song. Through the frenzy, the horror and the pity of tragedy, Dionysus became Apollo once more.

In Galatina, I happened once to ask a Zoroastrian priest out of the blue: "What do you do with your dreams?" "We have ways of making use of them thanks to which there are no mentally deranged in our community," answered his wife. And she disappeared to make a special tea, she said, of *ephedra*, leaving her husband to divulge the beautiful ritual.

When a faithful Zoroastrian feels off balance, he repairs, late in the evening, to the house of the priest, and is put to bed. The priest and his aides have prepared *ephedra* roots and set aside a bowl made of the seven metals, with its pestle. They sit round the bed.

The man falls asleep and the priest starts chanting the holy Book. Words poured into a sleeper's ear bear their messages deep down into him. In Yorubaland a father wishing to instruct his boy in secret lore whispers things to him in his sleep.

Zoroastrians wear a sacred cord round their waist. At prayer they undo it and do it up again. It is part of the shaman's apparel—ladder to heaven, lariat, climber's rope. In China it was also the string on which he flew the symbol of his detached soul, the kite. When the shaman is degraded to a juggler, the cord is part of his bag of tricks; with it he performs the rope trick and does his tightrope walking. St. Francis taught his followers to carry it round their waist, and use it as a scourge and as a rosary. Zoroastrians say that it symbolizes the lower fields of energy and their tethering. It is made of twelve goat- or camel-hair threads in each of its six strands, which are reminders of the festivals in the round of the zodiac. In short, it is the vision of the rose, with all the archetypes gathered to it, embracing the heart.

During the long night ritual the officiating priest holds in his palm the sleeper's cord, linking it to his own.

At the same time his other hand is busy stirring with the pestle the *ephedra* brew in the bowl.

At daybreak the priest sings the last hymns of the healing ritual. The brew is ready and it is poured out. Now the bowl is empty. It is made of the seven metals—like certain Tibetan bells whose harmonics thrill to the marrow. The pestle is rotated in it, and it starts ringing louder and louder. When the beautiful sound pierces the patient's sleep, the *ephedra* brew is poured suddenly down his throat.

The healing dream is nearly always that of the lovely heavenly bride Zoroastrians expect to meet after death. A loathsome hag to the wicked, she is the body of wisdom and bliss to believers; the very same maiden whom shamans met, who visited Taoist ecstatic poets, Sufis and troubadours, whom Dante called Beatrice and Petrarch Laura, the spirit-wife of voodoo.

To the traveler at the end of his tour it appears clear that the universe admits of a most simple arrangement, once one knows about metaphysical experience. When archetypes become separated from that experience of oneness, the world of chaotic, everyday dreams gathers like a mist. Between its comic delusions and metaphysical experience, only tragedy and sacrifice mediate. And between tragedy and metaphysical experience only the knowledge of the world's comic delusiveness mediates. Three main spheres exist: metaphysical experience and its reflection, the vision of the rose; the comedy of wild dreams; and the tragedy of sacrifice. They are like three linked circles and the central one is metaphysical experience. ◇

Insight and Magic Lanterns

"He's dreaming now," said Tweedledee, "and what do you think he's dreaming about?"

Alice said, "Nobody can guess that."

"Why, about you*!" Tweedledee exclaimed, clapping his hands triumphantly. "And if he left off dreaming about you, where do you suppose you'd be?"*

"Where I am now, of course," said Alice.

"Not you!" Tweedledee retorted contemptuously. "You'd be nowhere. Why you're only a sort of thing in his dream!"

"If that there King was to wake," added Tweedledum, "you'd go out—bang!—just like a candle!"

"I shouldn't!" Alice exclaimed indignantly. "Besides, if I'm *only a sort of thing in his dream, what are* you*, I should like to know?"*

"Ditto," said Tweedledum.

"Ditto, ditto!" cried Tweedledee.

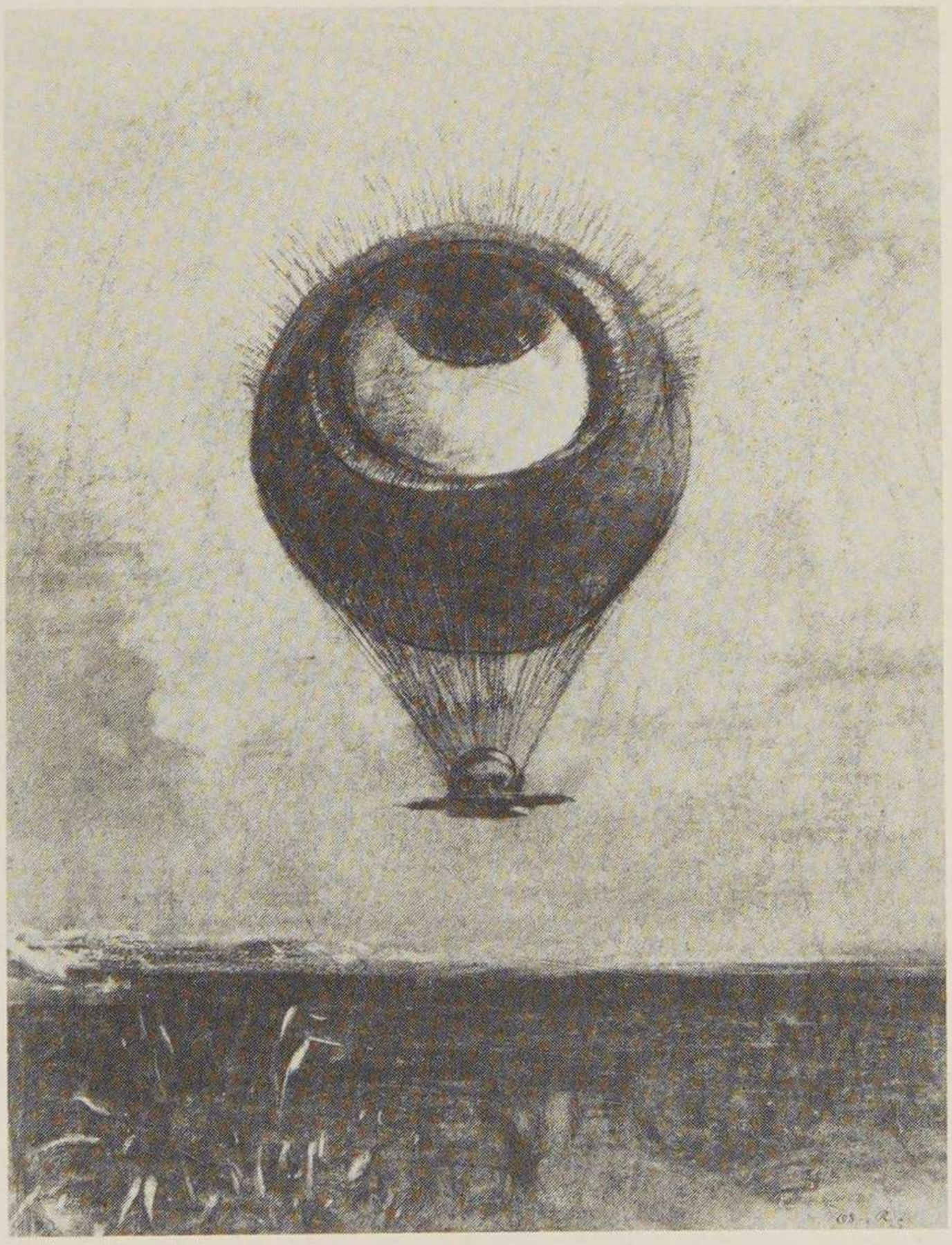
—Lewis Carroll[1]

In one dream, which I had in October 1958, I caught sight from my house of two lens-shaped metallically gleaming disks, which hurtled in a narrow arc over the house and down to the lake. They were two UFOs (Unidentified Flying Objects). Then another body came flying directly toward me. It was a perfectly circular lens, like the objective of a telescope. At a distance of four or five hundred yards it stood still for a moment, and then flew off. Immediately afterward, another came speeding through the air: a lens with a metallic extension which led to a box—a magic lantern. At a distance of sixty or seventy

yards it stood still in the air, pointing straight at me. I awoke with a feeling of astonishment. Still half in the dream, the thought passed through my head: "We always think that the UFOs are projections of ours. Now it turns out that we are their projections. I am projected by the magic lantern as C.G. Jung. But who manipulates the apparatus?"

I had dreamed once before the problem of the self and the ego. In that earlier dream I was on a hiking trip. I was walking along a little road through a hilly landscape; the sun was shining and I had a wide view in all directions. Then I came to a small wayside chapel. The door was ajar, and I went in. To my surprise there was no image of the Virgin on the altar, and no crucifix either, but only a wonderful flower arrangement. But then I saw that on the floor in front of the altar, facing me, sat a yogi—in lotus posture, in deep meditation. When I looked at him more closely, I realized that he had my face. I started in profound fright, and awoke with the thought: "Aha, so he is the one who is meditating me. He has a dream, and I am it." I knew that when he awakened, I would no longer be.

—C.G. Jung[2]



Thanks to its character, divination by dreams is placed within the reach of all: plain and without artifice, it is pre-eminently rational; holy, because it does not make use of violent methods, it can be exercised anywhere: it dispenses with fountain, rock and gulf, and it thus is that which is truly divine. To practice it there is no need of neglecting any of our occupations, or to rob our business for a single moment. . . . No one is advised to quit his work and go to sleep,

especially to have dreams. But as the body cannot resist prolonged night-watches, the time that nature has ordained for us to consecrate to repose brings us, with sleep, an accessory more precious than sleep itself: that natural necessity becomes a source of enjoyment and we do not sleep merely to live, but to learn to live well. . . .

But in divination by dreams, each of us is in himself his proper instrument; whatever we may do, we cannot separate ourselves from our oracle: it dwells with us; it follows us everywhere, in our journeys, in war, in public life, agricultural pursuits, in commercial enterprises. The laws of a jealous Republic do not interdict that divination; if they did they could do nothing: because how can the offense be proven? What harm is there in sleeping? No tyrant is able to carry out an edict against dreams, still less proscribe sleep in his dominions; that would be at once fully to command the impossible, and an impiety to put himself in opposition to the desires of nature and God.

—Synesius of Cyrene[3]

And it shall come to pass afterward, that I will pour out my spirit upon all flesh: and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, your old men shall dream dreams, your young men shall see visions:

And also upon the servants and upon the handmaids in those days will I pour out my spirit.

And I will show wonders in the heavens and in the earth, blood, and fire, and pillars of smoke.

The sun shall be turned into darkness, and the moon into blood, before the great and terrible day of the Lord shall come.

The Prophet Joel[4]

"Vision," that vaguest of words, has been used by the friends and enemies of the mystics to describe or obscure a wide range of experience: from formless intuition, through crude optical hallucination, to the voluntary visualizations common to the artistic mind. In it we must include that personal and secret vision which is the lover's glimpse of Perfect Love, and the great pictures seen by clairvoyant prophets acting in their capacity as eyes of the race. Of these, the two main classes of vision, says Denis the Carthusian, the first kind are to be concealed, the second declared. The first are more truly mystic, the second prophetic: but excluding prophetic vision from our inquiry, a sufficient variety of experience remains in the purely mystical class. St. Teresa's fluid and formless apprehension of the Trinity, her concrete visions of Christ, Mechthild of Magdeburg's poetic dreams, Suso's sharply pictured allegories, even Blake's soul of a flea, all come under this head.

—Evelyn Underhill[5]

The process of "insight" is described lucidly in an essay by William James called "A Suggestion about Mysticism." His suggestion, "stated very briefly, is that states of mystical intuition may be only very sudden and great extensions of the ordinary 'field of consciousness.' " He says of such a glimpse, "It will be of unification, for the present coalesces in it with ranges of the remote quite out of its reach under ordinary circumstances; and the sense of relation *will be greatly enhanced" (i.e. the sense of having a key to other experiences). He mentions three experiences in which he experienced such a glimpse, and says:*

What happened each time was that I seemed all at once to be reminded of a past experience; and this reminiscence, ere I could conceive or name it distinctly, developed into something further that belonged with it, this in turn into something further still, and so on, until the process faded out, leaving me amazed at the sudden vision of increasing ranges of distant fact of which I could give no articulate account. The mode of consciousness was perceptual, not conceptual *[my italics]—the field expanding so fast that there seemed no time for conception or identification to get in its work. There was a strongly exciting sense that my knowledge of past (or present?) reality was enlarging pulse by pulse, but so rapidly that my intellectual processes could not keep up the pace. The* content *was thus entirely lost to retrospection—it sank into the limbo into which dreams vanish as we gradually awake. The feeling—I won't call it belief—that I had had a sudden* opening, *had seen through a window, as it were, distant realities that incomprehensibly belonged with my own life, was so acute that I cannot shake it off today.*

This is exceptionally clear. James had momentarily "wakened up," in Gurdjieff's sense, and consciousness ceased to drag itself like a wet fly over a tabletop and launched itself into the dimension of pure "insight."

—Colin Wilson[6]

Man's possibilities are very great. You cannot conceive even a shadow of what man is capable of attaining. But nothing can be attained in sleep. In the consciousness of a sleeping man his illusions, his "dreams" are mixed with reality. He lives in a subjective world and he can never escape from it. And this is the reason why he can never make use of all the powers he possesses and why he always lives in only a small part of himself . . .

In so-called "occult" literature you have probably met with the expression "Kundalini," "the fire of Kundalini," or the "serpent of Kundalini." This expression is often used to designate some kind of strange force which is present in man and which can be awakened. But none of the known theories gives the right explanation of the force of Kundalini. Sometimes it is connected with sex, with sex energy, that is with the idea of the possibility of using sex energy for other purposes. This latter is entirely wrong because Kundalini can be in anything. And above all, Kundalini is not anything desirable or useful for man's development. It is very curious how these occultists have got hold of the word from somewhere but have completely altered its meaning and from a very dangerous and terrible thing have made something to be hoped for and to be awaited as some blessing.

In reality Kundalini is the power of imagination, the power of fantasy, which takes the place of a real function. *When a man dreams instead of acting, when his dreams take the place of reality, when a man imagines himself to be an eagle, a lion, or a magician, it is the force of Kundalini acting in him. Kundalini can act in all centers and with its help all the centers can be satisfied with the imaginary instead of the real.*

—G.I. Gurdjieff[7]

The interpretation of dreams is a great art. Dreams are not without meaning wherever they may come from—from fantasy, from the elements, or from another inspiration. Often one can find something supernatural in them. For the spirit is never idle. If the earth gives us an inspiration—one of her gifts—and if she confers it upon us through her spirit, then the vision has a meaning.

Anyone who wants to take his dream seriously, interpret it, and be guided by it, must be endowed with "sidereal knowledge" and the light of nature and must not engage in absurd fantasies, nor look upon his dreams from the heights of his arrogance; for in this way nothing can be done with them. Dreams must be heeded and accepted. For a great many of them come true.

For the most part presentiments appear to man in so unimpressive a form that they are ignored. And yet Joseph discovered in his sleep who Mary was and by whom she was with child. And because dreams are not sufficiently heeded, no faith is put in their revelations, although they are nothing other than prophecies. . . . The wise man must not neglect them but recall that Christ too appeared in invisible form and was ridiculed. If he understands that inconspicuous things must not be ridiculed but judged with wisdom, he will also know Christ. The scoffers have no understanding, but the wise possess the knowledge that God has conferred upon them.

The dreams which reveal the supernatural are promises and messages that God sends us directly; they are nothing but His angels, His ministering spirits, who usually appear to us when we are in a great predicament. . . . Of such apparitions we must know how they take place and how they come to us; when we are in great need, we can obtain them from God's kindness if our prayer pours in true faith from a truthful mouth and heart. Then God sends us such a messenger who appears to us in spirit, warns us, consoles us, teaches us, and brings us His good tidings.

From time immemorial artistic insights have been revealed to artists in their sleep and in dreams, so that at all times they ardently desired them. Then their imagination could work wonders upon wonders and invoke the shades of the philosophers, who would instruct them in their art. Today this still happens again and again, but most of what transpires is forgotten. How often does a man say as he wakes in the morning, "I had a wonderful dream last night," and relate how Mercury or this or that philosopher appeared to him in person and taught him this or that art. But then the dream escapes him and he cannot remember it. However, anyone to whom this happens should not leave his room upon awakening, should speak to no one, but remain alone and sober until everything comes back to him, and he recalls his dream.

—*Paracelsus* [8]

[1] *From* Alice in Wonderland and Through the Looking Glass *by Lewis Carroll.*

[2] *From* Memories, Dreams, Reflections, *by C.G. Jung, recorded and edited by Aniela Jaffé, translated by Richard and Clara Winston. Translation Copyright © 1963 by Random House, Inc. Reprinted by permission of Pantheon Books, a division of Random House.*

[3] *From* Dreams Take the Soul to 'the Superior Region,' *by Synesius of Cyrene, translated by Isaac Myer.*

[4] *From the King James Version, Joel 2:28-34.*

[5] *From* Mysticism, *by Evelyn Underhill. Published by E.P. Dutton, 1961. Reprinted by their permission.*

[6] *From* The Occult *by Colin Wilson. Copyright © 1971 by Colin Wilson. Reprinted by permission of Random House, Inc.*

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[8] *Jolande Jacobi, ed.* Paracelsus: Selected Writings, *trans. Norbert Guterman. Bollingen Series 28. Copyright 1951, © renewed 1958, 1979 by Princeton University Press. Pp. 134–36 extracted and edited by permission of Princeton University Press.*

Speak, Lord

by P.L. Travers

You could tell that the Tor, solid upon its ley-line, had once been not only an island but also under the sea. Small, pale shells, half-buried under the thyme, had taken on some of its royal purple. More than once I stubbed my toe on an ammonite that was now almost grass. Here and there, splinters of chank shell were mute reminders of their old forefather, the Giant Chank, that long ago purloined the Vedas so that Vishnu, in his Boar aspect, could dive into the depths to retrieve them, in order to make true the adage that all things come from the sea.

Cone-shaped, a natural pyramid, washed by the invisible ocean, the great hill seemed to be full of magic—or was it my mood that made it so? No matter, I thought. The earth is a living being and I, for a scanted breath of time, am part of it, one with the centuries. Had there been an oak nearby, a Druid would have stepped out from behind it, hieratic, crowned with mistletoe, part of some ancient liturgical process in which I would have shared.

There was no oak tree. Nothing but a twisted thorn-bush, witch-like at the foot of the Tor. And it seemed to me, that from its

barbed and craggy branches, a lone female voice was crying, angry in part, in part appealing, "Let me out! Let me out! Let me out!"

I peered with caution among the boughs. There was nobody there, nothing but air. But the cry went on and on and on, a discordant litany. Clearly, it came from a time not mine, even perhaps, a sphere not mine—a sound remembered by the millennial wind from some old Celtic rite.

I had come to the Tor hoping to be alone with it, no tourists clicking their cameras, getting romantically angled shots of the ruined abbey below, of the water meadows that had once been fenland, of the hawthorn tree that had sprung, so they say, from Joseph of Arimathea's staff when he brought hither the Holy Grail and set in motion its legends.

Luckily there were no tourists, but the Tor was not to be mine alone. Halfway up the hill, a man wrapped in a black cloak and wearing a large-brimmed black hat, flat as a recumbent figure of eight, was leaning against an outcrop of rock.

Black Hat certainly was not a clicker, nor was the Ancient in priestly robes—some foreign cleric, I assumed—who was blindly feeling his way up the slope, a diminutive acolyte beside him. Every now and then, the child would stoop to pick a flower—restharrow, trefoil, lady's slipper—add it to the fistful already gathered, and then again offer his shoulder to the trembling, questing hand.

None of these, I thought, would intrude upon my solitude. I would forget them and climb on, not, as I wished, invisible, but at least unremarkable, something not to be noticed.

But it didn't happen like that.

"You're looking for someone!" said Black Hat. It was not a question but an authoritative statement. I was taken aback, off my guard. I had to turn and face him.

He was neither old nor young, I saw, but the epithet "middle-aged" could not possibly apply. "Timeless" was rather the word. His face was like a landscape ravaged. Dry riverbeds ran from brow to chin; the cheeks were two eroded hillocks; the nose a promontory. And his eyes! Luminous stones, not green, not blue, but turquoise lit from within. The visage was beautiful, melancholy,

grotesque, not of the kind to be smiled at politely nor hurriedly run from. Even so, I would show him I was not in the mood for anything more than a mere exchange of courtesies.

"I'm not exactly looking," I said, rather less coldly than I intended. "Planning, rather, to climb up to the top of the Tor and sit there—alone." I hoped that word had a vicious edge. What business was it of his?

But he was not going to let me be. Somehow I knew it. He would draw out of me—a mere duck to his decoy—what I myself was by no means sure of.

"Not exactly—?" He urged me on.

"Well, not looking, but in a way, pondering. How, for anyone with the faculty, aptitude—what you will—how could he set about summoning up one of those that are—needed?"

It was lamely put. I was suddenly shy. The hugeness of my idea unnerved me. So did his obdurate glance. Characteristically, I had wanted to be alone with the concept, let it elaborate within me, dally with it and see what happened.

"One of those? One of whom?" He was pressing me hard. And I was no immovable object to meet his irresistible force. However unwilling, I could not but answer and give him the full of my folly.

"Well, the state of the world, so heartless, violent, profane; sliding, sliding down the slope; everything that belongs to God rendered unto Caesar. And all those Sleepers down the ages who have promised, at its direst need, to return and save the world. How would it be if one—even one—could be awakened and shown the need?"

"Did they promise or was it promised for them, for centuries at the knees of mothers? Or grandmothers, better still?"

I said unwillingly, "The latter." That was indeed where I had learned it.

"I thought so! The best of all seminaries." He smiled at me, indulging a child.

"And you, in your wisdom"—he was now sardonic—"have decided that the moment has come? The time and the place are right, you think. All you want is the man!"

"Well, don't you?" I demanded. "Is the idea so improbable?" I was suddenly lost and insecure. I could not argue. He was too much the master.

"Maybe. And maybe not. Time and space—throw in matter, too, if you like—are mutable realities. Not absolutes, as you assume. It is unwise to count upon them. And—forfend!—supposing time and place could be counted upon, whom had you in mind?"

"I was thinking primarily of Arthur and the sword freed from the stone. And if not he, then St. George, perhaps. And wasn't Endymion a sleeper? And Charlemagne, King and Emperor, and Frederick Barbarossa? Oh, there are many! You surely know them." I wanted to add, "Since you seem to know everything," but condemned the wish as childish.

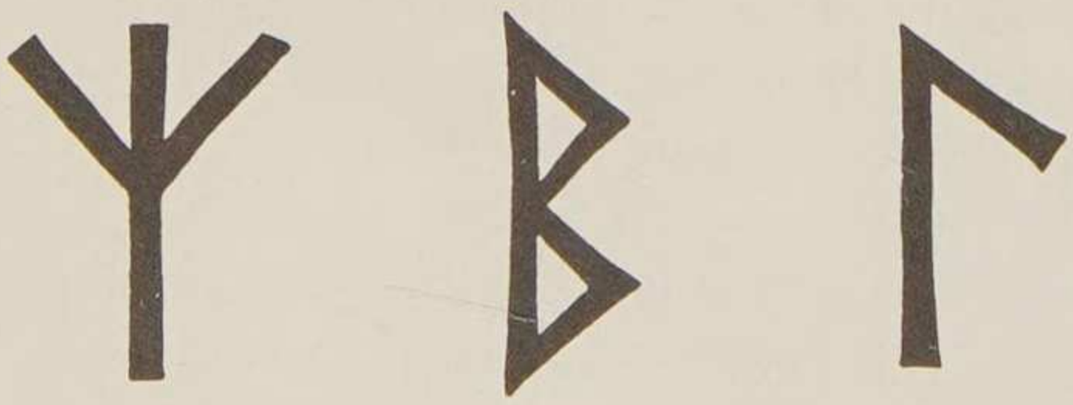
"You flatter me." His smile was kind and condescending.

"But you won't find it easy," he went on. "Arthur's tucked up in Avalon—*Inclitus Arthuris insola Avalonia*—under our very feet, so to speak. Attended by the Three Matres—or Fates, if you prefer it that way—and lullabied night and day by their keening. It would need a more potent voice than yours to overtop those ladies.

"As for St. George, I hear he's rather down in the mouth. And, indeed, no wonder. To be jockeyed out of the calendar by a bevy of upstart ignorant Romans would discomfort demon, let alone saint. Even his horse, they say, is jaded. And the Dragon, too, is mumpish.

"Then, of course there are the Sans Pareils, Sumerian Ishtar, Peeping Psyche, who—I do not need to tell *you*, lady—was playing a profounder game than *I Spy* or *Hunt the Slipper*; and the Peerless She of the Pricked Finger, all sleeping the chthonic sleep wherein they confront themselves. As Three-in-One, and paired with Eros, it is possible, some elders say, that these are the Sleepers who will save the world. As for me, I hae ma doots. Eros, as soul, is out of favor. 'Not so with me!' do I hear you say? But perhaps you still have a lot to learn."

"Who has not?" I said curtly, stung



within by his assumption, but unwilling to take up cudgels.

"And as for your Frederick and his famous oath—to wake when the Thuringian ravens cease from their endless arguing—I doubt if he'd fill the bill. Think o' that great red mop of beard surging across the table—he fell asleep at dinner, remember. And since beards, unlike sleepers, do not sleep, it must now be half-way across the room, a couch for rats and bats and weasels—a regular beard's nest, forgive the pun! And who is to cut it and set him free when the ravens, if ever, are silent? So—you're in a quandary, aren't you?" he teased.

Then the weather of his face changed. He cupped his chin in his hand, brooding.

"There's always Merlin, of course," he said. "Would you settle for him?"

"*Merlin!*" I was taken by surprise and showed it. Merlin was the last person I had in mind.

"But—" I found myself stammering. "I have never thought of *him* as a Sleeper. I—he—there's something about him, I can't quite name it—" For indeed, my feelings were ambivalent, my heart aware of its double pulse. I could not hit on the right word and he saw that I could not.

"Too slippery, you think? a bit too much of the Artful Dodger? One of nature's tricksters? Well, maybe, maybe. What else could you expect of one got by a demon on a virgin girl? Half one thing and half the other and even, possibly, something added." The turquoise eyes were now opaque, blue-green stones under water.

To comment would have been discourteous. So I said only,"Well, anyway, he doesn't arise. How could he? He has lost his powers, handed them over to the nymph, Nimue, who used them to shut him up in a tower. What use would there be in such a one, a creature of air and darkness?"

"Forgive me, madam, if I suggest that your mythology is a trifle shaky. He did indeed yield up his powers to that plausible, mindless, cozening sweetmeat, for reasons which I leave you to guess—you are, after all, a woman. And she did, indeed, shut him up—in a wall-less tower, most potent of all—one of his minor chicaneries revealed in a careless moment. But—and take note, lady, of that small word—she added a second spell to the first by binding him with a chain of sleep; and that spell not only set him free but gave him back his magic. It is a law—have you not read your *Ramayana*?—that to twice bind is to unbind all. It is she herself who is now in that tower—or its comfortless equivalent—and much plaint does she make of it, except, of course, on those occasions when, feeling the need of a female friend—he's a man, ma'am, after all—he pays her a passing visit." He grinned. Then his mockery turned to gravity as a faint "Halloo!" shook the air.

"Have a care, Ancient!" he called through cupped hands. "Take it slowly. Hold fast to that shoulder!"

The aged man and the young boy were shuffling over the curve of the hill.

"Is it you, friend of ages?" came a watery voice as the incongruous yet concordant pair came slowly into view.

"Ah, that's the question. *Is* it? I have been Ambrosius and Sylvester and also Celedoine. Fish of the sea have I been, too, and a tall tree on a mountain, a stag of five branches with a white forefoot, and herdsman to the sun's cattle, shepherd to the sheep of the Underworld, and many a one beside. It's a braw man anywhere who can answer 'This is I!' "

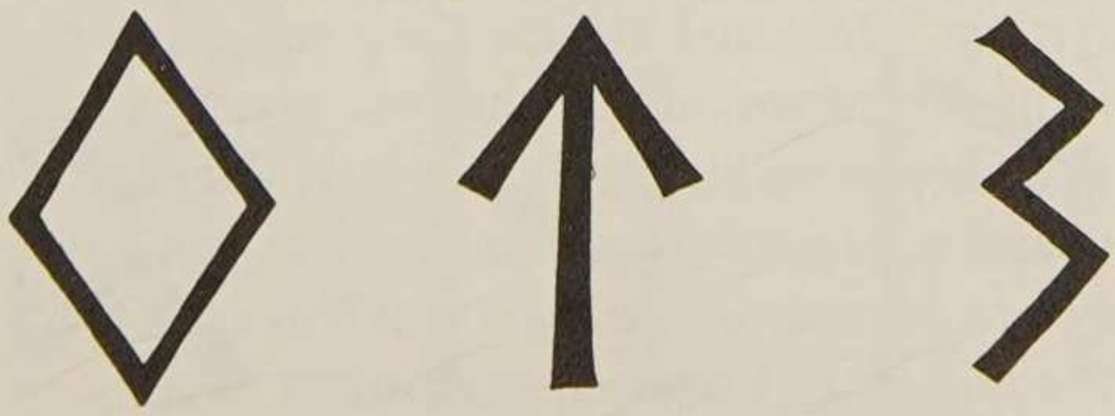
"Have done! Have done! I know your guises. Are you alone? Mine eyes blur. Are you, perhaps, with the—er—dryad?"

"No, no. She is safely locked away. A chance-met, would-be pythoness merely, who thinks to better the fallen world by calling up the Sleepers."

"Ah, poor thing. And poorer hope. They are, indeed, on the Path of Return but their bourne is not this world. It is an illusion all men have that the Sleepers will come back. They rock themselves to sleep with it and die with the dream upon them."

"Ay. Sleeping or waking, they dream—*she* dreams. Is it not so?" Black Hat demanded.

I had thought to climb the hill, safe and sure, wrapped in my cloak of romanti-



cism—unwilling to call it that, however, and certainly not to question it. And here were these two pedagogues, one to my right, one to my left, determined to disrobe me of it as a figment, a thing of naught.

"But," I said, not without resentment. "Dreaming, surely, is a thing that happens. There is something to learn from it."

"Happens, indeed! How right you are!" Black Hat gleefully slapped his thigh. But I ignored the interruption.

"Do you not dream, nor he?" I asked, turning from one to the other. "After all, hasn't it been said that the young men shall see visions and the old men dream dreams?"

The Ancient laughed, a kindly cackle.

"He has no need so to squander himself." He nodded shakily at Black Hat. "Nor have any of his kind. As for myself, I have been, indeed, such a young man. Oh, yes, I had my vision! And even now, though entitled to dream—as foolish fond old men dream—I abjure the privilege and pray that the vision may not leave me till I pass from the minds of men. The same for him—" He touched the boy. "May he, too, keep it to the end."

He turned with a quivering smile to Black Hat. "He is a promised child," he said. "Long awaited and vowed at birth. And of late he has been called—three times. So, I brought him to you, as I, too, was brought."

His bleached eyes sought out my direction.

"A prophet, to be a prophet," he said, "for all the summoning from above, must have the good will of the Old Ones, as well. Otherwise the folk will not believe him."

"Ay, it is so," Black Hat agreed, hunching himself within his cloak. "They need to be told what they do not yet know, but also those things they already know and do not know they know."

He turned and took the boy by the shoulders, gazing at him farsightedly. "So—you've been called. Three times called. And now, until your moment comes, you will minister to the Ancient."

He bent his furrowed brow to the smooth one and was silent for a long moment. Then he raised his head.

"What is in me is now in you. And because of it the folk will listen. And, as well, in the tablets of history, you will be a maker of kings. These are high matters," he told the old man. "Guard him. He is a link in the chain." And he thrust the boy towards his master.

But between them the child paused for a moment, gazing at me, reflectively. Then, with a rough urchin gesture, he took a green something from his fistful of flowers, pushed it shyly at me and turned away.

"That jacket's too small for him," said Black Hat. "He needs a larger one over the ephod."

"His mother makes a new one each year. She will bring it to us shortly."

"Well, you have done for him what you could—and should. Go now, both. Be blessed. And wakeful!"

Black Hat dismissed them with upraised palm, gazing darkly after them as they went.

"And from the seed of the second king—" Talking apparently to himself, he absently plucked at the grass. "Will come a man who indeed will promise—in the spiral of time has already promised—to return and save the world. And you—"

He turned upon me savagely, stony eyes dark with their brooding.

"Let you remember what you have seen! You flatter and ease yourself with the myths, with all that has been lived and suffered and gone into the cauldron, like a child playing with gunpowder that may explode and destroy you."

His eyes assessed me, poring over, apparently, a mixed and unpromising array of elements.

"And yet," he said slowly, "you are willing, I think, to pay the price, though you do not know what it is. For the untutored, the way is hard. It is an easy thing to dream—Gramarye, the Matter of Britain, Arthur, Once and Future King returning to fight the present ills so that *you* may have your happy ending and the world dance round a maypole. You know—but you have not faced your knowing—that this is not the meaning. Your seminary must have

warned you there is farther than that to go. But have you the courage? Dare you look deeper? Deeper than Avalon? Calvary?"

"No! Not that!" It leapt from me. "For that to be done again–no, never!"

"Yes! Again! And again! Until man wakes."

In the wind there sounded far-off echoes—voices coarse with strong emotion, the sound of a lifeless something heavily falling on waiting knees. Does the wind remember everything?

From behind my sleeve, as a child does, I admitted my childishness.

"Yes, I was dreaming," I confessed. "Wantoning with the myths, if you like. Laying to my soul, perhaps, the flattering unction of hope. But—" I was suddenly aggressive. "Why should I not dream? Tell me that! What do I—what does anyone—waste?"

"Your life," said Black Hat, somberly. "Oh, for man in general it makes little matter. His nights—and his days—are meant for wasting. But, for an apprentice pythoness—"

"You called me by that name—not I!"

"Ay, indeed. Take note of it. By chance you happened on the three of us—the prophet, the boy and—dare I say it?—myself—at a place where sea, air, earth, and sun once met and may meet again. And by chance a Calling was in your mind. But what is chance? Can you answer that? Or, equally, coincidence? Go back far enough and each of them is inevitable, not to be escaped."

He brooded for a moment over the words, matching one to the other.

"Calling—the double arrow!" he said. " 'That Allah of thine,' as Rumi said, 'is my "Here am I!" to thee.' Caller and called summon each other. The boy was called. Why should you not be?"

Was he teasing me, I wondered. No. He was waiting for an answer. I gave it in a shake of the head.

"I am empty. I have not the wit."

"Empty, alas, is what you are not. But a ragbag of scraps of knowing. And a pythoness, anyway, needs no wit. Has she, do you think, stored up in her mind, the wisdom of which she speaks? Not so. A fool could outwit her. It is her business merely to wait—unselfed, quiescent, a vessel only. And out of that vessel, void of all things, the oracle is poured."

The Water Carrier's Pitcher, I thought. And at that, within me, something quickened. My fullness conceived its emptiness. *Where* was in love with the wine of *Nowhere*. To be known, and to be shown to oneself as a thing of shreds and patches, given back one's original face, was to be restored to Non-entity.

"Of course," said Black Hat, sardonically, "I am not suggesting Pharae, nor Delphi, Dordona and the like—"

"Of course not!" It was I now mocking him. "A ragbag of scraps!"

He took no notice.

"But there's many a minor sibyl needed. Augurers of the woods and fields; seers of the village back-streets. Wise Women are not to be despised. Each one, in her way, is a pythoness—a hen-bird pecking the grain." He grinned.

Oh, clever devil, with his power to touch me twice to the quick! First Calvary, then the woods and by-streets, which also have their Calvaries.

"But you say," I protested, "that I must not dream. Can it be learned? How can I be empty?"

"By being full," he said, gravely. "And that's no paradox! What is your right hand doing, for instance?"

I glanced down. "Twisting the rings on my left?"

"And where, at this moment, are you sitting?"

I had to peer over my shoulder.

"On a tuft of purple thyme."

"A tuft of thyme on the skirts of time. Always the punster—that's me!" he jibed. At himself or me? I could not be sure.

"You're telling me what I should have known. Something within me should have sensed it."

He nodded.

"I need to know what I know," I said, putting out a preventive hand. "No, do not teach me! I can only learn, I cannot be

taught. The direction is all I need."

"I would not, for my life," he said. "It is not a lore that can be taught. Absorbed, perhaps, never taught."

"Every moment of the day lived full and then—I shall be empty?"

"The day is responsible for the night. What is left unlived, or not lived fully, will take its revenge in dreams. Good dreams or bad, they are still dreams, the stuff allowed to be lost from the day making its nightly ferment."

"And if—?"

"Ah, *If* is ever man's faithful hound, with its slavish, reassuring eyes. But to one who is ready to ignore that gaze—reflection of his own self-love—then the answer to your 'If' is 'Yes.' There will be repose, which is sleep at its purest; the sleep, you could say, that no breath shakes, the sleep the sages aim at."

We sat in silence, the two of us, confronting this immensity.

Then again the wind rose, and cried, "Let me out! Let me out!"

"You catch the sound?" Black Hat said, grinning.

"Yes. I heard it when I came to the Tor and it died away when the old man came."

"It has never died—does that surprise you? It began when I first set foot on the Tor and has since not ceased its plaining. It is you, merely, who have not heard."

Was it true? Had I let fall into oblivion this particle of life?

I stared at him. *His* step had given rise to the cry? And *who* was it that cried?

Under the eight-shaped black felt hat—the hat that only magicians wear—the lively turquoise eyes met mine, full at once of guile and ruth.

And I knew.

"You are Merlin!" I cried. And, more softly—"Myrrdin!" The name, in its Celtic guise, was a caress.

"The same! At your service!" He flung his black-bat cloak wide and swung it quickly again about him, the symbols awhirl on the lining.

"And that's no syllogism, ma'am!" He tossed me a blade of grass from his tuffet. "If you call me by my Old Name, I cannot but be at your service, as you must be at mine. You are now my apprentice."

He smiled at me equivocally as he turned and called to the calling voice.

"I'm coming, my little hare! I'm coming, my rosebud! *Au revoir*, pythoness. I must away and wake her, for, for all she thinks she's awake, she is not—she only dreams she is. Not that it matters. This is hardly an affair in the realm of Eros. But, the Goatfoot, too, has his province."

He strode away down the hill, shouting a string of endearments.

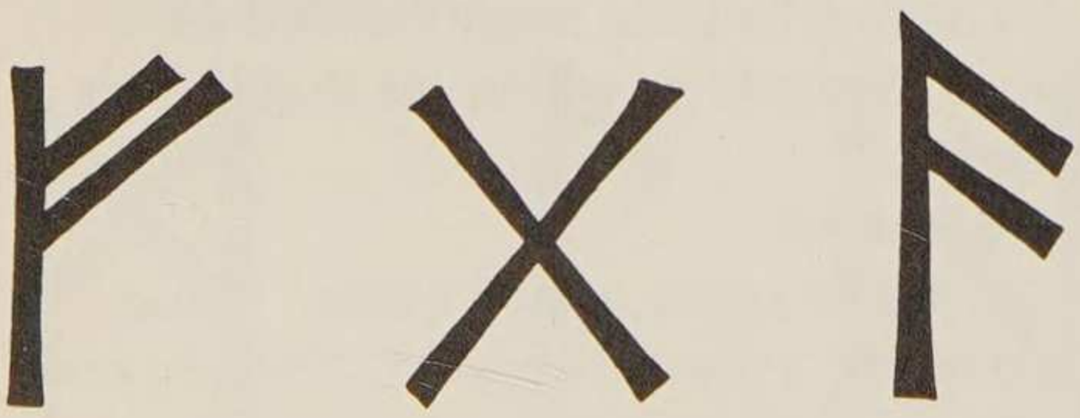
It is a gift men have that they never look back. When it is finished, it is finished.

This is not so with women. They look for a further chapter. But, resisting my wish to know the ending, I steadfastly turned my face to the hill, not failing, however, to take note that once the incessant voice was silent, the wind murmured and sighed in the thyme as though it were in clover.

Larks were Te Deum-ing over the Tor, their song rising like a fountain from the chalice of the valley. Apples were ripening below—Avalon means the Vale of Apples. There was no sign on the downward road of the sunset man and the morning boy. And if I were to look back at the thornbush, I knew I would find it empty.

Had I dreamed all this? If so, it was hardly a good beginning to my apprenticeship. No, it had not been a dream. For, as I sat down at the top of the Tor, cleansed for a moment of myself, with the world turning and I with it round its still and unknown point, I found in my hand three blades of grass. One had been flung at me—gift rather than missile, I dared to think—and the other two must be surely my crumpled share of the fistful of flowers.

I knew I would have to learn what they meant, maybe take many lifetimes learning. But for now I would wait, be still and listen. Like Prince Hui's cook, I had nothing to do. With nothing I would make my way through the world . . . ◇



Recurring Landscapes

by Marguerite Yourcenar

translated by Rob Baker

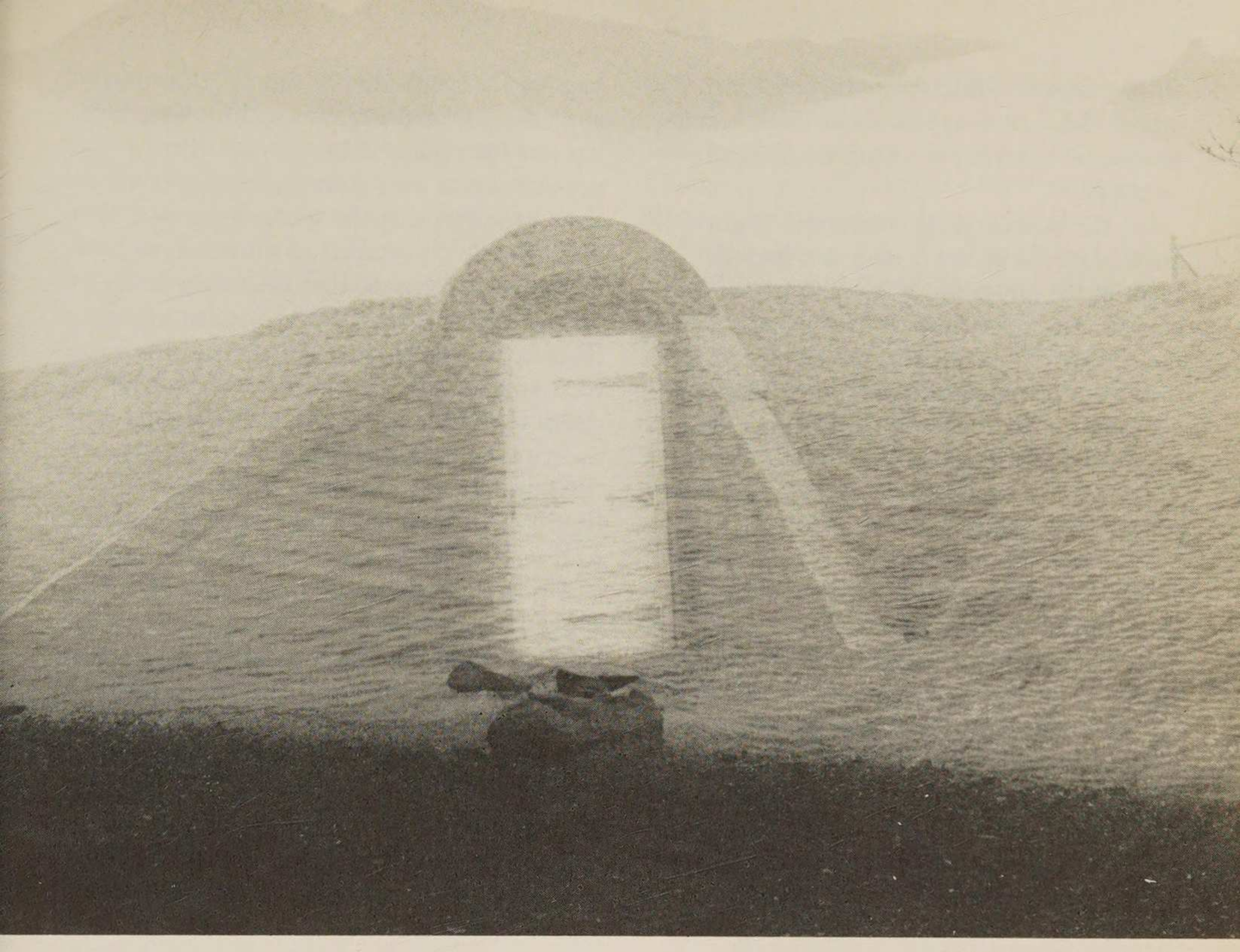
In her masterfully concise Memoirs of Hadrian, *Belgian-born Marguerite Yourcenar moved beyond the confines of "biography" or "the historical novel" to give the reader a work of literature that embraces the entire spiritual and intellectual landscape of an actual historical era, that of the second century Roman emperor Hadrian. In* The Abyss, *she did much the same with the world of medieval alchemy and esoteric philosophy. And in a little-known work from early in her career,* Les songes et les sorts, *or* Dreams and Destinies, *published in 1938, Yourcenar explored an equally curious and fascinating universe, that of her own dreams, seeking once more to capture for the reader a whole world— one which she described in a recent interview with French critic Matthieu Galey as not at all a boring recitation of everyday dreaming, but "landscapes of extraordinary beauty, sometimes with characters, but characters less important than the landscapes." Though she continues to write in her native French language and in 1980 became the first woman writer ever elected to the prestigious Académie Française, for the past thirty years Mme. Yourcenar has made her home in the United States, on the island of Mount Desert off the coast of Maine. Among her works translated into English, along with* Hadrian *and* The Abyss, *are* Coup de Grace *(of which Volker Schlondorff made an excellent film a few years back) and her prose poem* Fires. *Later this spring, Farrar, Straus and Giroux will publish Dori Katz's new translation of Yourcenar's 1934 novel* Denier du rêve, *entitled* A Coin in Nine Hands, *and the French publishing house of Gallimard has plans to bring out an updated version of* Les songes et les sorts *(the original being long out of print), with "ten or so" new dreams and a second preface. The following excerpt is translated from the original 1938 preface.*

With two or three exceptions, I barely remember the dreams of my childhood, but since adolescence I have been followed throughout my night-life by a dozen or so disturbing or propitious dreams, recognizable like musical motifs open to infinite variations. These dreams can be divided into very distinct groups or categories, like the provinces of a mysterious country that one can visit only with closed eyes. The reappearance of the same person, the same object, the same detail of décor, or the same sensation inside my sleeping head permits me to log such and such a nocturnal region where previous dreams have transported me, but which I'm never certain of being able to revisit in the future. There is the region of memory-dreams, which the face of my dead father dominates; dreams of ambition and pride, which I barely survived during the nights of my twentieth year; and a dream cycle of the most primitive kind of terror, peopled by nightmares of prisons, lepers, dragons, and bleeding hearts—to which region I journey less often than before, for with time terror runs away from us like hope, and we wake up reassured like those poor souls who don't dream at all for fear that it will rob them of their unhappiness. There is the cycle of search-dreams, where it is a question of rediscovering a woman lost and changed into a phantom; there is the cycle of death-dreams, which is full of gardens and which contains all the others, for

one cannot dream or think profoundly without confronting this great dark certainty; there is the cycle of church-dreams, in which a cathedral always appears, as frightening and as reassuring as the tomb, the starry night, the abysses of the earth and our bodies; and sometimes this gloomy basilica is seen from within, studded with glimmering candles and filled with a silence that resembles a solemn music, and sometimes it is seen from without, and its gates refuse to open for the sleepy pilgrim who lacks the key necessary to fathom such profundities. And there is the pond-dream, the only major dream which dates back to my childhood, and also the only one which recurs from year to year without the least change. And there is the love-dream, which I will not bog down with useless commentaries, since the only profound interpretations that this sentiment has given rise to so far are for organ and cello. These different dreams, moreover, end up with alliances among themselves; dreams of ambition, of love, or of death often take place inside cathedrals, and the pond-dream is also a dream of sacred terror. And there is a dream of melancholic happiness, recognizable by the fact that it always takes place under a pink sky, and a dream of perfect happiness, which I've dreamed just once and which happens only in an unforgettable shade of blue.

I carefully discard those physiological dreams which are too clearly caused by a malfunctioning of the stomach or heart; even more carefully do I throw out those dreams that are confusing and vague, born of indigestion of the memory, which are not much more than the shapeless residue of everyday tribulations, usually as unworthy to have been dreamed as to have been lived. These are quite frequent, for in the dream world as in the waking world, there are unfortunately more copper coins than pieces of gold. I pass with equal silence over purely sexual dreams, of which the intensity is often surprising, but which are barely more than the simple verification of desire by a man or woman asleep. Finally, I discard those grand classic dreams of which the explanation remains uncertain, but which present themselves to each of us under an almost invariable form and bestow on us those emotions common to all sleeping people: dreams which are like national highways and public gardens in the land of dreaming. Whatever is the true meaning of beautiful dreams of levitation, of painful dreams of pursuit, or of doors which open and shut around the fugitive stretched in his bed, and the curious dreams of exhibitionism, where the sleeper walks naked, astonished that he does not raise a scandal—those dreams, occasionally so strong, do not teach us anything more about the personality of the sleeper than a ready-made phrase clarifies the secret soul of a man who utters it after ten thousand others. What is important here is the stamp of individual destiny imposed on the metal of the dream, the inimitable alloy that these same psychological or sensual elements constitute when a dreamer combines them according to the laws of a chemistry that is his alone, charging them with the meanings of a destiny that will happen only once. There are dreams and there are destinies; I am interested especially in the moment when the destinies express themselves through the dreams.

I do not propose a new system of dream interpretation, which I am in no way qualified to do. To my eyes (and that is to say that this point of view is narrowly personal), the experience of the dreamer is not unlike that of the poet, and one can compare dream-like elements in their rough state, full of symbolic resonances that can be multiplied into infinity, with vulgar rhymes or high-toned words from a dictionary column. The sleeper assembles images as a poet assembles words; he makes more or less felicitous use of them in order to speak to himself about himself. Just as there are deaf-mutes, there are sleepers who do not dream; others dream badly, in a banal way, or by fits and starts: there are stammerers of dream, as well as the prolix and verbose. Also, there are others, among whom it would be ungracious not to count myself, like those pitiful poets to whom chance concedes from time to lucky time a



PHOTOGRAPH BY LEE B. EWING

verse which astonishes even them, who receive, every once in a while, as a favor, a beautiful dream. And last of all, there are probably sleepers of genius who dream sublimely each night. If we had at our disposal a museum collection of dreams, we might doubtless be able to register within ourselves the dream worlds of Delacroix, of Watteau, of Leonardo da Vinci.

To say that the dreamer uses his dreams as a means of expression seems to excessively neglect the inevitable part of destiny in dreams. The sublime dreamer may be as narrowly confined in his interior sky as is the thrifty housewife who dreams of cracked pots, but the further one lifts oneself up that Jacob's Ladder where mankind is climbing up and down, the more liberty and fatality resorb each other and form that indivisible whole that is destiny. A writer I know who for thirty years has considered his own dreams with a mixture of astonishment and lucid curiosity, has managed, thanks to his own efforts as a dreamer, to leave the zone of nightmare.That his nightmares had been aborted, indeed finished, was certain, because afterwards this man had the power to hold exterior fate at bay, as is the privilege of those who have their own personal destiny in control. This gift of dream, like the gift of second sight, moreover has nothing to do with the liveliness of the intelligence, and a man of exceptional genius may indeed be an idiot dreamer. On the other hand, certain mystic aspirations, certain renunciations, a certain dangerous atmosphere of pure sadness or hard solitude favor the birth of visionary dreams, and I have observed in myself that the percentage of incoherent and

shabby dreams diminishes with someone who endeavors to oppose those small unhappinesses of everyday life with a barrier of serenity.

Let me mention here the curious nightmare of an old woman, who saw herself again in the house of her birth, but in a house reversed, where the doors which she remembered as opening to the right opened to the left in the dream; and where the bannister of the staircase and the vestibule clock occupied a setting exactly identical—but exactly opposite—to where they had been in real life. But what matters here is not the mournful impression which can be disentangled from this dream, but the curious example that it presents of a dream on top of a dream. A splendid Persian superstition maintains that for each arrival in the world of a human being, there is the corresponding birth of a creature belonging to a race of Genies, who are reproduced only through the instrumentality of man, and who are neither our guardians nor our demons, nor are they our doubles, in the occult sense of the word, but a species of reflected light that we project on the invisible world. When a human baby cries in his cradle, it is because his invisible brother is pulling his hair; if he laughs rapturously, it is because his fairy brother is telling him jokes. Sexual defeats are explained by the jealousy of these beings who have no substance and therefore envy humans their love-privileges, and it is to elude their ambushes that it is prudent always to leave a light on in a bridal chamber. When a man or woman dies, the people of the Genies come to find the body of their ethereal brother or sister and carry it away for burial in the sky. Each time I think of this belief, which gives to human life the beauty of castles reflecting in the waters of the moats that surround them, so that their trembling images are adorned with a mystery they would not otherwise have, as if their reflection itself were doing the reflecting, I tell myself that the impalpable countrysides of dream belong perhaps to this same fairy world of reflections and mirages, of the mirror and the desert. It has not been pointed out enough that in popular dream interpretation books, it is by their opposites that the symbols are explained, as if the makers of those naive dream-keys suspected that they were being obliged to interpret a world falsified or rectified by a looking-glass trick. A mirror corrects images, deforms them, or reverses them: these three alternatives correspond to the three types of dreaming. Accordingly, there are beautiful dreams, which restore reality to its ideal luster; nightmares, which send us back an image of our own life that is as grotesque as it is frightening, and frightening just because it is grotesque; or, finally, dreams where the inverted symbols serve to hide secret and dangerous truths, just as the backwards writing of Leonardo da Vinci helped him to steer clear of the stake. Every dreamer is a Narcissus who expresses and replies to his own emotions in an eternal looking-glass, and the spirit of men who do not dream is certainly not poorer or more limited than those of all others, but quite simply like a room where this magic opening of the mirror is missing.

The Freudian theory of dream interpretation finds its application easily in the dreams of childhood. I have said already that with one sole exception, I remember no lyrical dreams dating from this period; on the contrary, I have been visited several times between the ages of seven and ten by the most banal of nightmares: I saw in a dream a bloody, mutilated body fall into a room through the duct of a singularly large and black chimney. My sleepy, little-girl reason explained this event by the fact that the maids were often reading in front of me from the evening paper about the exploits of second-story burglars, but it seems probable that it was really a birth-dream, resulting from sexual, or perhaps genetic, curiosities —the dream of a little girl who had happened to hear, on a number of occasions, whispered allusions to her mother's dying in childbirth and to the fact that forceps had to be used when she was being born. On the other hand, in what I would freely qualify as domestic dreams, made up of the minor details of everyday life, the application of such a symbolic key is probably super-

fluous, and when a gardener dreams about a wheelbarrow, it is quite possible to assume that it is sometimes simply a wheelbarrow that he's dreaming about. In the great classical dreams, or magical dreams, the Freudian explanation contents us without really satisfying us: the dream of levitation is perhaps of a sexual nature, as certain indexes try to make one believe, but it is also perhaps an old totemic dream of man's turning into a bird; and dreams of pursuit or exhibitionism do perhaps reveal an impulse to flee society or revolt against it, which does not exclude, in addition, the existence of a sexual symbolism in some sort of sub-text. With regard to dream, like almost everything else, the best explanations are found around the objects to which reference is being made, in the way that circles can freely extend out to infinity but remain concentric to the same point, and they can encircle that point more and more closely, but can never intersect it at the very heart. The Freudian hypothesis gives a satisfying equation of the mystery of dreams; by different paths, occult theories arrive at the same result. Under many diverse names, it is always the same sum that one finds at the bottom of the scale.

Whatever theory one chooses, one always ends up verifying the importance of a system of symbols which, if it does not actually predict the future of the dreamer, reveals in each case his present and his past; moreover, to the extent that the system acknowledges this present and past, the more likely it is going to be able to predict the future. In all eras, those knowledgeable about dream material have distinguished between those dreams which come through the gate of horn and those which issue forth from the gate of ivory: they have established the difference between useless, clumsy dreams which have almost no meaning and those clear dreams which do mean something—the separation between those acts which chance or fate impose on a man and those which come out of his deepest self and constitute the thread of his own destiny. If someone asks me how to figure out those lyrical dreams, or "hallucinations," I would mention first a certain intensity of colors, an impression of solemnity and mysterious exaltation, which almost approaches terror, and some small touch of ecstasy, which only the English word "awe" can come close to describing. Then I would insist on the unalterable character of this sort of dream: since most of our dreams dissolve on waking in a fog of fatigue from which only some inconsistent details emerge, these "hallucinations" detach themselves in a clear-cut way in the pure night air. As unmotivated, and most often as bereft of conclusiveness as the others, they distinguish themselves by an inner coherence that is lacking in the rest of the dream world. It is impossible to change anything in them, or to suppress anything, without leaving a gaping hole in the report, or the trace of an obvious splice. Tacked down and permanently fixed in place, they retain across the years this monumental immobility by which we also recognize the great emotional memories of our life, which rarely coincide with the banal and agitated series of outside events, but which are certainly the only memories which we will carry with us to the house of God. When I think of my own life, I see again some walks at the edge of the sea, a naked little girl in front of a mirror, blasts of bad music in a hotel corridor, a bed, trains whose speed shatters the landscape, Venice at dawn, Amsterdam in the rain, Constantinople at sunset, a dying man in a fur coat prowling in the halls of a hospital, the sunburnt hills of Greece, a camel shed full of beasts munching blood-red watermelons, a hand holding an anemone—and dozens of such lightning flashes that I call memories. These fragments of real fact have the magical intensity of visions glimpsed in my dreams; and on the other hand, certain visions from my dreams have all the weight of lived events. Only my reason prevents me from mixing up the two orders of phenomena, but this same reason counsels me to perhaps reconcile them, to put them all together on a plane which is certainly one of unique reality.

Translated from the preface of the 1938 edition of Les songes et les sorts, *of which a new version is in preparation, in French, by Editions Gallimard in Paris.*

Hearing the Sound of Color

by Rob Baker

Der Gelbe Klang (The Yellow Sound) Text and Scenario by Vasily Kandinsky, Music by Thomas de Hartmann. Marymount Manhattan Theater, 221 East 71st Street, New York, February 9–14, 1982.

Most of us have, at one time or another, closed our eyes to glimpse darting rainbows during a favorite musical composition, or stood watching a much-admired painting long enough to catch the colors begin to dance for just a moment, or even hum and sing. We shrug or shake our heads, confident that it's just our imagination or that, at best, we've gone a bit hazy and are mixing metaphors. But what if it's not a dream, this visionary flash? What if real connections exist between painting and music, movement and light? Healers and occult philosophers have indicated the possibility of such correspondences throughout history, from the Egyptians and Pythagoras down to Rudolf Steiner, and various artists and musicians have attempted to explore the territory as well.

One of the legendary attempts to bridge the gap between painting and music, and to come up with a sort of new composite, was the collaboration between painter Vasily Kandinsky and composer Thomas de Hartmann on a "color opera" entitled *Der Gelbe Klang (The Yellow Sound)* in Munich just before the First World War. Though Kandinsky's scenario was published in the *Almanach der Blaue Reiter,* which he co-edited in 1912, and he and de Hartmann worked carefully on the music together, as well as on some movement sequences with another of de Hartmann's associates, dancer Alexander Sakharoff, *The Yellow Sound* was never successfully staged until this winter in New York, when a meticulous "reconstruction" of the work was undertaken at Marymount Manhattan Theater in New York, as part of the Guggenheim Museum's three-part retrospective of Kandinsky's art and times.

Like other artists of the early twentieth century, Kandinsky and de Hartmann were interested in creating what the Germans call *Gesamtkunstwerk*—a total work of art that ideally would embrace the realms of dance, theater, painting, and music. Kandinsky and de Hartmann were by no means alone in such a daring attempt, of course: Wagner was trying much the same thing with his operas, Diaghilev was working for a similar synthesis in dance (employing composers like Stravinsky, Ravel, and Debussy and painters like Picasso, Bakst, Tchelitchev, and Cocteau); Gordon Craig and Adolph Appia were doing it in theater, as were Meyerhold and Max Reinhardt. The concept has passed down to our own generation as well, as exhibited by the works of such (as they are now called) multi-media artists as Robert Wilson, Philip Glass, and Meredith Monk.

These attempts at *Gesamtkunstwerk*, however, have seldom been the hodge-podge collage that their description might imply: almost all have attempted, with varying degrees of success, to actually integrate the elements involved, to find natural and meaningful correspondences. Certainly for Kandinsky and de Hartmann, the *Gesamtkunstwerk* they were aiming for existed in direct connection to a *Weltanschauung*—a total view of the universe. Not art for art's sake, but art at the service of higher meaning, both emotional and spiritual.

All great art, or creative fire in whatever form, is probably spiritual at its base, whether or not the subject matter is "religious." Kandinsky and his circle of painter-composer friends in Munich seem to have been particularly aware of this: Kandinsky had published an essay in 1910 entitled "Concerning the Spiritual in Art," and,

as the Guggenheim catalogue points out, he and Franz Marc, his co-editor of the *Blaue Reiter* almanac, felt that the publication would not only popularize their new, eclectic art form, but would "illustrate its spiritual links with the art of the past."

Kandinsky himself was born in Moscow in 1866. He grew up in Odessa, where he studied both cello and violin as well as art. As a law student of 25, he saw a production of Wagner's *Lohengrin* which was to change his whole way of looking at life and art. He later said, according to the Marymount program notes to *The Yellow Sound:* "The violins, the deep bass tones and most especially the wind instruments embodied for me the hour of dusk. I saw all the colors in my mind's eye. Wild, almost insane lines drew themselves before me. I did not dare use the expression that Wagner had painted 'my hour' musically, but it became entirely clear to me that art in general is much more powerful than I had realized and that . . . painting can develop just as much power as music possesses."

Kandinsky left law, and Russia, to study painting in Munich in 1896, at the age of thirty. He became part of the city's leftist-liberal *Jugenstil* (literally "style of youth") school of painting, the German equivalent to the Art Nouveau movement in France. Equally impressed by the folk art of his native Russia and the color experiments of the Impressionists, Kandinsky's art was distinctive, even in these early years, for its bold use of bright solid splotches of color, often positioned in clusters over the expanse of the canvas, so that they become separate, color-coded motifs—and a very musical structural device. A sense of harmony, of melody line and counterpoint, runs through all the work, even when, in the years after Munich, Kandinsky's subject matter was to become increasingly abstract.

De Hartmann was twenty years younger than Kandinsky, but the two immediately sensed a kinship on meeting in Munich in 1908. Born in the Ukraine, de Hartmann had written the score for a full-length ballet, *The Pink Flower*, in St. Petersburg (with Karsavina, Fokine and Nijinsky in the cast, no less) and had come to Munich to study conducting. Though de Hartmann composed over 100 works (including operas, concertos, chamber music, and pieces for solo piano), these are little known to today's music public, for virtually none of his compositions are available on record.

After leaving Munich, de Hartmann returned to Russia, where he met G.I. Gurdjieff, becoming part of his circle of associates and followers, a relationship that remained centrally important to him for the rest of his life. Gurdjieff himself had no formal training as a composer and collaborated closely with de Hartmann on a number of songs, chants, and dances. De Hartmann is perhaps best known today for his recordings (currently out-of-print) of these collaborations with Gurdjieff.*

Only a half-dozen pages of de Hartmann's score for *The Yellow Sound* have survived, along with a brief wire recording and various musical directions in Kandinsky's published scenario. Kandinsky's sketches for the sets and costumes have been lost. It is thus not hard to understand why a mounting of the piece was so long in the making, or why three previous attempts (in Paris in 1956 and 1976, and at the Guggenheim in 1972) were generally thought incomplete and disappointing. But the Marymount production was a labor of love, a memorable and very moving realization of which de Hartmann and Kandinsky would, undoubtedly, have been proud.

The two chief architects of the production were Ian Strasfogel, director of the Washington Opera at Kennedy Center, who oversaw the entire "theatrical realization"; and Gunther Schuller, artistic director of the Berkshire Music Center at Tanglewood, who not only arranged and orchestrated de Hartmann's fragmentary score, but actually composed ("reconstructed," according to the program notes) a great deal of new music (almost three-fourths of the total score) to fill the gaps, meticulously following the instructions by Kandinsky and de Hartmann and studying the entire canon of de Hartmann's music and the music of Munich composers of the day.

Since this last task was so monumentally ticklish, its success can be seen not only by the strength and beauty of the result, but also by the ardent admiration with which it was met by the executor of de Hartmann's musical estate, Thomas Daly, who flew in from Montreal for the performances. "Few people I've ever met have researched anything that thoroughly and that impersonally," said Daly of Strasfogel and Schuller. "There is an absolute minimum of letting their own personalities intrude into the work. The music is perfectly true to de Hartmann's style, and to the period approach. All the idioms, the intervals, everything like that is exactly right."

Strasfogel and Schuller were assisted by designers Robert Israel and Richard Riddell, who had done scenery, costumes and lighting for Philip Glass's *Satyagraha*—with superb results, particularly in the lighting effects which give the piece most of its color, atmosphere, and tone. The choreography, by Hellmut Fricke-Gottschild for the Zero Moving Dance Company, was somewhat less effective—perhaps predictably, for in the world of *Gesamtkunstwerk*, one big problem is that the human element gets dwarfed by special effects, and mere actors and dancers don't look quite equal to the task of conveying the total-art message.

This is even more a problem, perhaps, with *The Yellow Sound* because the scenario calls for several puppet-like Giants, whose presence further minimizes the activity of the regular-sized humans. But all in all, the short work still had tremendous impact, a three-dimensional moving canvas of earth and sky, light and dark, large and small, rocks and clouds. It is plotless, intentionally lacking both a dramatic and musical through-line, but the images and sounds were carefully calculated by Kandinsky and de Hartmann to convey the impression of man's spiritual condition, always earthbound, but always striving to grow, to flower, to connect with the sky. And the message comes through, very powerfully.

At precisely half-way through the piece, an actor dressed in a top-hat and tails yells out to a young boy ringing a church bell, "Silence!"—and silence, indeed, is central to

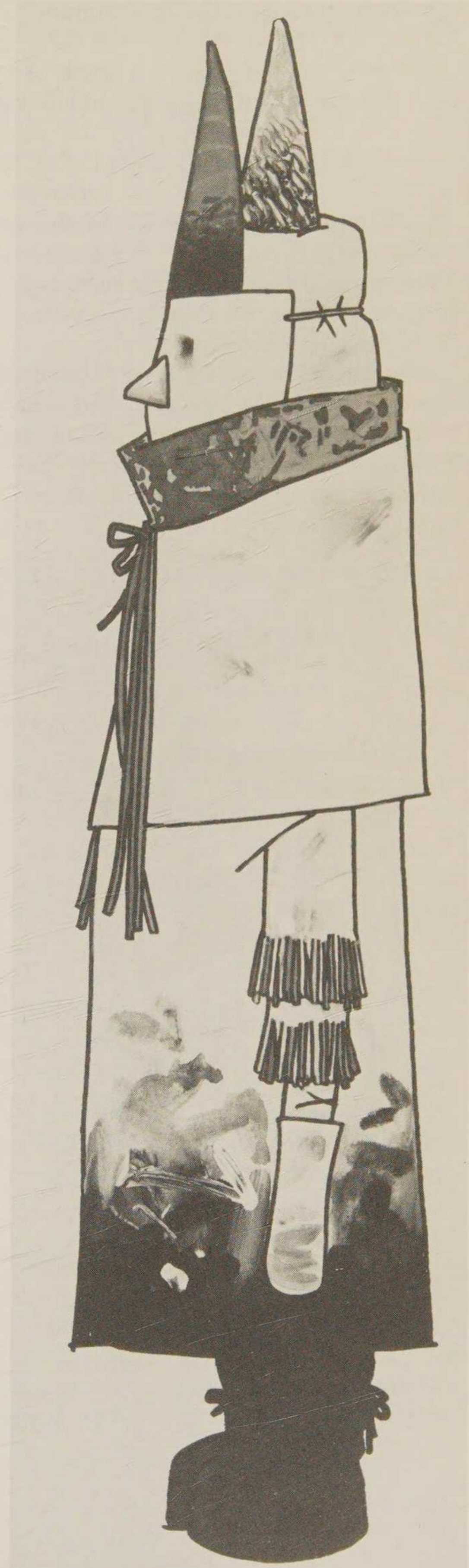
**A catalogue of a limited number of recordings of Thomas de Hartmann's music is available by writing to P.O. Box 5961, Grand Central Station, New York, New York, 10163; the records are not available in stores.*

the work, essential to its core meaning, as the complementary partner of sound, just as the darkness interpenetrates the shifting shafts of colored light, or stillness separates and joins movements, or empty space surrounds and gives meaning to line and form.

Also on the program were pianist Russell Sherman's very sensitive and intelligent renderings of Alexander Scriabin's *Tenth Sonata, Opus 70* and Arnold Schönberg's *Three Piano Pieces, Opus 11*. The Schönberg excitingly exhibited the potent correspondences between musical resonance and painterly depth of field—how music, especially music which pushes out slightly from the standard conceptions of structure, melody, and tone, can reveal itself to be astonishingly three-dimensional in a very special way. The Scriabin was all trills and flourishes, lightning glimmers in midair, full of touchstones of musical color, infinite varieties of shading. One can only hope that someday a team like this might also mount this composer's *Prometheus*, an entire symphonic suite which is as Strasfogel has written, "intended to be accompanied by a 'color organ,' each note evoking its own color. This color commentary would be projected over the orchestra as the work was being played."

De Hartmann's 1913 work, "Three Maori Songs (Impressions of Gauguin)," sung by soprano Beverly Morgan, rounded out the program. Examples of German Romanticism at its heaviest, with lyrics that translate into English as awkwardly as they sound in German ("Come back to your weeping love, my sun, my god not in heaven"), the songs appear to have only the most tenuous relationship with the aboriginal sources to which they refer. Like the pretend-primitive paintings of Gauguin himself, they now seem romanticized, blundering intrusions by Western art into a culture where it didn't really belong and which it was destined, tragically, to compromise and destroy. ◇

Rob Baker is Executive Editor of PARABOLA.



A Model Master Plan

by Christopher Bamford

The Plan of St. Gall: A Study of the Architecture & Economy of, & Life in a Paradigmatic Carolingian Monastery, in Three Volumes
By Walter Horn and Ernest Born, with a translation by Charles W. Jones of the *Directives of Adalhard* (753–826), the Ninth Abbot of Corbie, Berkeley: University of California Press, 1979; original edition currently unavailable; deluxe limited edition available, $1000.

Though the three splendid volumes constituting *The Plan of St. Gall* are already well known, both as models of the art of bookmaking and as a paradigm of modern scholarship at its best, the details have been less discussed, notwithstanding their inherent interest and the fact that the book is founded upon them. Indeed, the *Plan* is meant to be read. It is a beautiful drama of details, amassed and organized with a marvelously patient wisdom, and so presented as to invite the reader to participate and to employ what he gains as a lens through which history may be viewed. History is the hidden subject.

The Plan of St. Gall originated in 1965 as part of the Council of Europe Karl der Grosse (Charlemagne) Exhibit in Aachen, Germany, which was to be accompanied by four scholarly volumes covering different aspects of Charlemagne's accomplishments. As part of this project, Walter Horn—then engaged in the study of medieval timber architecture—was asked to contribute something on the Plan of St. Gall. Joining forces with architect/designer/draftsman Ernest Born, who was able to test all hypotheses in scale drawings of great beauty, Horn began the work which would lead him to uncover an archetypal picture of medieval life. This, of course, soon outgrew the limits of any commemorative volume and emerged fourteen years later as the astonishing document we now know as *The Plan of St. Gall*: namely, a comprehensive monograph on the architectural plan for a Carolingian monastery in which all aspects of life—spiritual, cultural, economic, and political—find their place and significance. But it is a monograph nevertheless—specialized, scholarly, thorough. And yet philosophical principles are not absent; on the contrary, it is a work rich with philosophical implication.

The facts are quite straightforward. St. Gall is a monastery founded by the Irish monk, St. Columbanus, in 612, as part of the great Celtic movement eastwards. The immediate meaning of St. Gall is that of the meeting of the West with Classical Antiquity and the Roman South.

The Plan itself, that of an exemplary Carolingian monastery, is inscribed upon a large vellum sheet, sewn together from five separate pieces. It survived because it was later used to copy the Life of St. Martin, and as such was shelved and saved. The authors show that it was a copy of a paradigmatic, "utopian," original—a plan for an ideal city for monks—corresponding to the contemporary movement of monastic reform. But this is not to say that it is idealized; in fact, it epitomizes a practical plan that was used in monasteries until the late eighteenth century.

What, then, does this monastery represent? It is a self-sufficient community of some 270 souls (about 140 monks and 130 lay people) living within a spatially enclosed universe, 480 feet by 640 feet in size. Within this perimeter, over fifty structures of many different kinds and functions are so organized as to make possible the dream of heaven upon earth, the New Jerusalem, the City of God. At its center lies the great, cruciform church, with an apse at either end, one dedicated to St. Peter and the other

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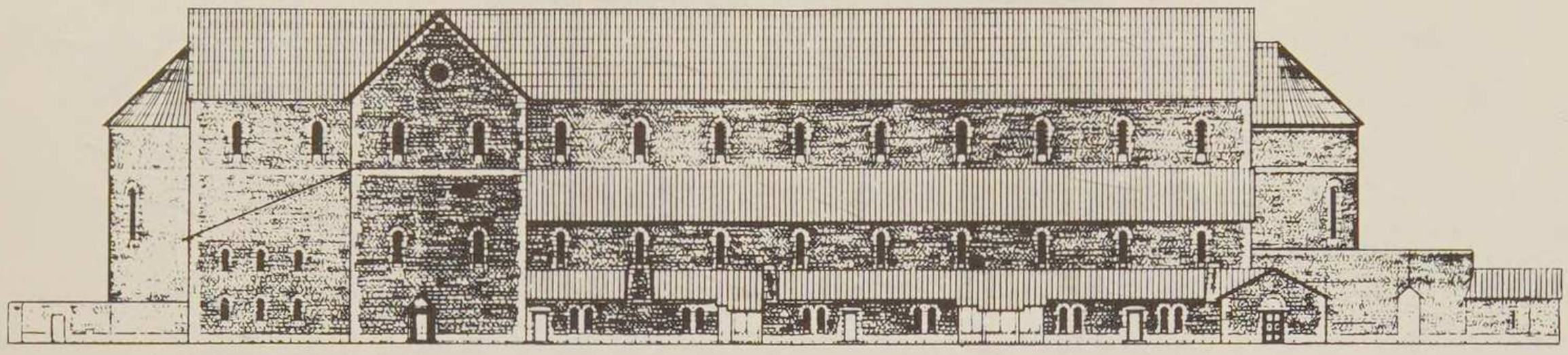


III.*A* PLAN OF ST. GALL. CHURCH, NORTH ELEVATION

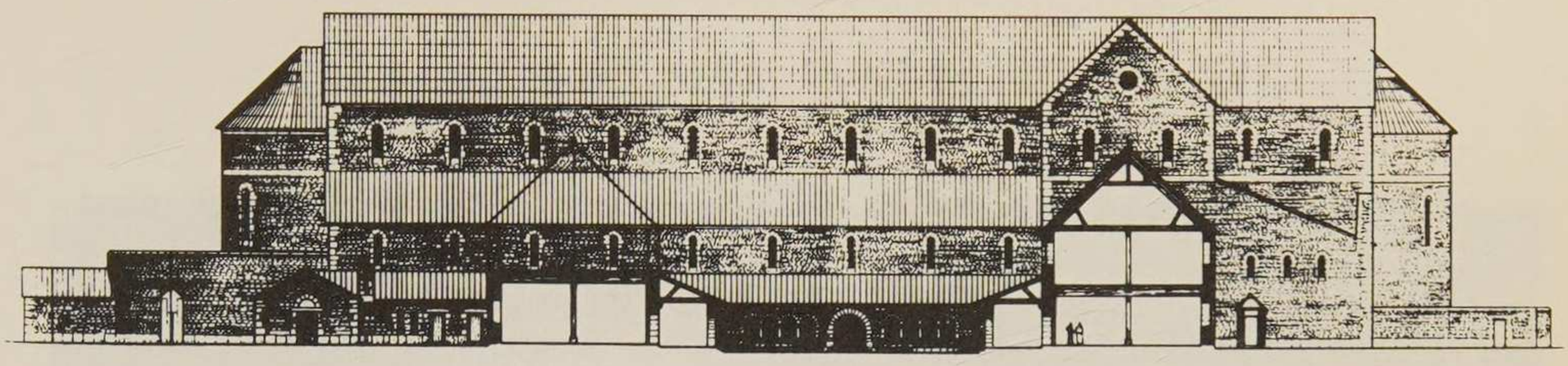
SCALE 3/64 INCH EQUALS ONE FOOT (1:256)

to St. Paul, an Eastern and a Western paradise, and detached from it round towers dedicated to St. Michael and St. Gabriel. Measuring 300 feet from apse to apse, this church contains nineteen altars (the central altar being that of St. Mary and St. Gall, symbolically flanked by those of St. Columba and St. Benedict). The area for worship is thus divided up; most of it—five-sixths—is for exclusive use by the brothers and their clergy. Only a small part of the nave—one-sixth of the whole church—is for lay people, pilgrims, serfs, and workmen. Such odd dichotomies proliferate as the plan unfolds, and constitute, together with the meeting between St. Columba and St. Benedict (Ireland and Rome), one of the most interesting subplots of the drama.

Architecturally the church is perhaps most interesting in its use of "square schematism" whereby its constituent spaces are derived from a basic unit or module. This is usually a square formed by the crossing of the nave and the transept. St. Gall represents a crucial stage in the development of this principle which underlies all later medieval sacred architecture. Although there has been long debate as to whether in fact St. Gall was based upon such a scheme, the authors show conclusively that it was, and that the church rests upon a grid of squares, projected from the square of the crossing, and used both as a measure and as an esthetic principle: the crossing square of unity generates all proportional possibilities and permits the precise integration of different proportional systems (for instance, those based upon the square root of two and the golden section), while the multiplication of the square gives rise to a simple method of measurement. The authors point out the prior use of modular or grid divisions both in Germanic vernacular architecture and, more importantly, in the geometric abstraction typical of Celtic and Anglo-Saxon illuminated manuscripts. Here then is evidence again of the transmission of geometric and proportional knowledge, so similar to that embodied by Egypt, at a very early moment in medieval history.

Mention, too should be made here of the church scriptorium and the library, for, as the authors say, "without the activities carried on in these spatially relatively modest surroundings, Western civilization would not be what it is today." In the scriptorium there were seats for fourteen monks to work at any one time, and so one imagines a rota of scribes occupying these seats continuously during the hours of light (and probably often into the night—for the records show that altogether there were 100 scribes).

Next to the church are the cloisters. This is an inner enclosure—a monastery within the monastery—isolating the monks from the lay people, serfs, and pilgrims. Here the brothers live, eat, sleep, and work in an environment which, as compared with the scattered, individualistic, semi-hermetic *lavra* of the Irish and desert traditions, represents a highly controlled and ordered form of communal living. This structure was about 100 feet square: "large enough so that the monks can attend to all their chores without



III.8 PLAN OF ST. GALL. CHURCH, SOUTH ELEVATION

SCALE 3/64 INCH EQUALS ONE FOOT (1:256)

finding cause for murmur, yet not so grand as to invite them to spend their time in gossip," wrote Hildemar of Corbie. At its center was a savin plant, or juniper, and around the square were galleried porches for meetings, confessions, etc. The adjoining building contained the dormitory, the calefactory or warming room, the privies, the laundry and bathtub, the refectory, vestiary, kitchen, cellar, larder, and the *mandatum* for the washing of feet (as in John 13).

Around this nucleus of monastic and ecclesiastical structures lie a host of subsidiary buildings for guests and services. These buildings derive from a vernacular type, as common a sight to medieval eyes in a secular village or manorial complex as in the sacred village which is a monastery. We are led to see the monastery not as an isolated phenomenon but as an example, an aspect, of the social form and way of life of the time. Today we tend to think of monasteries as something alien—estranged from, and stranger to, "normal life"—but to the person of the Middle Ages, the monastery represented a heightened and perfected "normal life"—that condition, namely, to which all life aspired.

The story is that Charlemagne had entrusted the monasteries with an educational mission in addition to their religious and monastic life, and in his *Admonitio Generalis* he had ruled that the children of lay people should be admitted to the monastic schools. A conflict must then have ensued, for there resulted the formation of an educational system with an "inner" and an "outer" school, the former within the cloister, the latter outside it. What provides food for thought, however, is that the *scola interior* remained, from the point of view of classical education, essentially elementary, while the *scola exterior* developed into a school for advanced study. Thus we get the formulation, as it were, of two separate paths of knowledge which we may see writ large three hundred years later in the polarization between the School of Chartres and the monasticism of St. Bernard.

From all points of view, then—architectural, historical, philosophical—these three volumes of *The Plan of St. Gall* are to be commended. They are stupendous examples of devotion, care, and craftsmanship in the service of meticulous, rigorous, and exciting scholarship. That the University of California Press undertook the task of producing them at a time when most other institutions operate under the law of the lowest common denominator and the highest economic return, is a ray of light in the darkness of the present. If you cannot buy them— which will mostly be the case—then borrow them from a library. Open the appropriate section of the book—the library and the scriptorium—and learn the dignity of the tradition you have just renewed!

Christopher Bamford is co-director of the Lindisfarne Press and author of the forthcoming study on John Scotus Erigena's The Homily on the Prologue to the Gospel of St. John.

Peter Brook's *Carmen* is the talk of the town in Paris. Simultaneously with a lavish and quite unmemorable production of the same opera at another and much better approved theater, Brook's version of *Carmen* appeared in the tumble-down Les Bouffes du Nord, and became the hit of the season. As bare of stage effects as the group of plays this magician of the theater showed in 1980 at New York's La Mama, Brook's presentation of *Carmen* achieves an almost shocking dramatic intensity with a nearly complete absence of such ordinary theatrical means as costumes, scenery, or even a stage. The actors perform in the orchestra, surrounded by the audience seated on benches. Bizet's music is rendered with beautiful simplicity by fourteen musicians and the fine voices of a cast of six, but this is a drama as well as an opera. Carmen is interpreted—by four different actresses playing the role on different nights—as both woman and symbol, finally inaccessible, not to be possessed. This is fascinating theater, of which New York audiences might well be envious.

THEATER

Here in New York, two recent productions at Joseph Papp's always-intriguing Public Theater took interesting looks at the world of myth and dreams—from distinctly different perspectives. James Lapine's *Twelve Dreams* was a fictionalization of the case study that Carl G. Jung presented in *Man and His Symbols*, where a young child relates twelve disturbing dreams that presage her own death. The author directed his own play in a highly stylized way, perhaps to point up the seriousness of the subject matter (a thought-provoking examination of symbols, dream interpretation, the pros and cons of psychoanalysis, complex questions of the relationship between "introspection and intercourse"), but as a result of such stilted line deliveries and flat characterizations, the ideas of the play never really come to life in any sort of meaningful way. The one exception to all this is actor Stefan Schnable, who gives a wonderful interpretation of Jung himself as a man by turns sly, mysterious, warm, and questing. The live musical score, by Allan Shawn (brother of actor/director Wallace Shawn, who plays in the film *My Dinner with André*), is excellent; it, in fact, seems to capture the atmosphere the author is striving for better than the play or performances— especially the blatantly, bothersomely literal visualization of the twelve dreams themselves.

A dream world of far greater scope and subtlety took place in another space at the Public when Meredith Monk presented her new work, *Specimen Days*. Like all of Monk's work, the new piece blends elements of dance movement, theater, film, music, and architectural space to create a kind of small-scale grand opera of the contemporary collective unconscious. As its title indicates, *Specimen Days* is about correspondences between our various small worlds and the universe at large, about how our personal "specimen days" form a microcosm of the pattern of time itself. Duality is a central theme, referring more to the potential for unity and completeness than to arbitrary division; images of black and white, male and female, child and parent, individual and group, privacy and publicness fill the piece, along with the metaphor of North and South during the American Civil War—a country (family, person, consciousness) divided against itself, actually at war within itself. Some critics seemed to take this metaphor too literally, dismissing the piece as simplistic or naive in its handling of racial or political relationships, but *Specimen Days* is no more literally "about" the Civil War than Monk's earlier opera *Quarry* was

Andrea Goodman and Mary Shultz in Meredith Monk's Specimen Days

about the European Holocaust, though specific images of those great contemporary dilemmas were certainly incorporated in each instance. Monk uses specifics ("specimens") only as a means to approach the universal, the mythic, dimension of life. *Specimen Days* has one of Monk's most haunting and memorable scores to date, much of which she plays at a grand piano to the left of the stage area. Monk in fact creates a whole private world at the piano—with a candlestick, a shawl, a small cameo portrait, and various other personal objects—which she leaves behind when as dancer/performer she enters the action onstage. This small, piano world both complements and echoes the bigger worlds onstage and "outside"—quite literally outside the window-shutters, which the actors open at the end of the performance, so that the "real" world interpenetrates, spills in on, the one in which the performers have been moving. Audience members can't help but take a bit of both worlds with them, back on out into the night.

MUSIC & OPERA

Composer Philip Glass spoke at a February gathering of the Society for the Arts, Religion & Contemporary Culture, and played tapes from the recent Brooklyn Academy of Music production of his latest opera, *Satyagraha*. A term coined by Mahatma Gandhi, "satyagraha" means soul-force or truth-force, said Glass. It became the banner of Gandhi's movement, and *Satyagraha* centers around Gandhi and his work with the oppressed Indian population in South Africa at the turn of the century, where the concept of "satyagraha" began to take form. The libretto is taken from the Bhagavad-Gita and

is sung in the original Sanskrit; thus the warring of the mythological armies of Light and Darkness mirrors the historical encounter between Gandhi's Satyagraha army and the European forces. The figure of Gandhi—a man who has what Glass calls "a double vision"—unites the sacred and the political elements of the opera. And at the heart of all is Glass' whirling, ascending music.

Glass also touched on his current work on an opera concerned with Akhenaten and his introduction of monotheism to 18th dynasty Egypt—Akhenaten being another man with an inner and an outer vision. We await it with anticipation.

One of Richard Wagner's early heroes, Tannhäuser, in the opera of the same name, is caught curiously between a dream world and ordinary reality. But Wagner adds an intelligent touch of irony by making the "heavenly" dream world sensual, pagan, and profane, while the "real" world where the young knight/minstrel actually lives is seen as puritanical, penitential, and very, very Christian. Tannhäuser mediates between these two worlds, trying to resolve his conflicting desires to possess—or at least belong to—both. The two women in his life, the dream-temptress Venus and the chaste mortal Elisabeth, represent these convoluted opposites, and a recent presentation on Public Television, filmed of a production of the opera at the Bayreuth Festival in Germany, points this up with even greater power by having one soprano (the dynamic Gwyneth Jones) sing both "opposing" roles.

The Metropolitan Opera's *Tannhäuser* keeps two separate sopranos (and what sopranos they are!—Mignon Dunn and Leonie Rysanek), but everything else about Otto Schenk's superb production captures this sense of ironic dualism. Ideally, in opera (and most particularly in Wagner), every element of staging, lighting, scenery must be in perfect balance with the singing and orchestral playing to create the effect of ecstatic "total theater." This *Tannhäuser* comes closer than most, thanks especially to Günther Schneider-Siemssen's earth-vs.-heaven sets, Gil Wechsler's meticulous lighting changes, and, of course, the extraordinary tapestry of textures, tones, and colors, both vocal and instrumental, in the score, as realized by company musical director James Levine.

FILM NOTES

Though it elicited its share of chuckles, sneers, and hisses at its press debut at the New York Film Festival, Louis Malle's *My Dinner with André* (see "Tangents," Vol. 7, No. 1) has become what its distributors, New Yorker Films, call "the surprise commercial and critical hit of the season." It is now playing in twenty-five cities throughout the United States (mostly open-ended, record-breaking runs) and is scheduled to open in some fifty more. "No New Yorker film" in history, in fact, ever, "has proven as successful in as many parts of the country." All this, for a film about two men eating and talking, in what is actually a smorgasbord of complex philosophical dialog? New York critics didn't quite know what to make of the film, but other critics and audiences across the country seem to be having less of a problem, even though *The New Yorker*, the magazine long edited by the father of one of the two actors (Wallace Shawn) has yet to review the film and has capsuled it, in their listings, as "a bizarre and surprisingly entertaining satirical comedy"—perhaps as close as that sophisticated publication can come to acknowledging a work of visionary truth and spiritual worth.

EXHIBITS & LECTURES

Since 1976, photographer Marilyn Bridges has been trying to capture on film the strange, elusive Nazca Lines, the giant earth-works in the Nazca Desert, some 200 miles south of Lima, Peru (see PARABOLA, Vol. III, No. 1). Sixty of her aerial photographs were recently on exhibit at the Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Avenue, in New York City. Thought to date from a culture which existed between 400 B.C. and 900 A.D., the large earthworks which Bridges photographed are

an assortment of life-images (birds, insects, animals) and geometric designs which cover an area some thirty miles square. They can only be seen from the air, and various guesses have been made as to their real purpose: astronomical calendar, site of ritual ceremonies, surface indicators of an underground canal system, signals to extraterrestrial "visitors," pictorial "launching pads" for the souls of the dead to look back on on their way to the heavens? Bridges told *The Village Voice*'s Guy Trebay that she feels the Nacza desert "is a sacred ritual place." She plans to photograph similar earthworks in this country and around the world (including various chalk drawings on English hillsides), bringing these various mysteries to the public eye through her quite special (and extremely difficult to execute) wide-angle-perspective art form.

"Radiance and Reflection," an exhibit of 121 selected pieces of sculpture and stained-glass art from medieval France, Italy, Spain, and England, opened in late February at the Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park, New York, and will remain there through September. And at the Metropolitan Museum in New York City, the new Michael C. Rockefeller wing has opened; it is an extensive new space devoted to the museum's collections of so-called "Primitive Art" from Africa, the Pacific, and the Americas.

Across the park, the American Musuem of Natural History has opened its new Naturemax theater, featuring films in a kind of Super-Cinerama system "designed to immerse viewers in sights and sounds." Using a projector three times larger than even the largest 70mm models, the IMAX system projects onto a screen ten times the size of a conventional movie screen. A six-channel sound system combines with the imagery to let viewers feel they are actually going up in a hot air balloon, flying upside down in a biplane, or hang-gliding over the cliffs of Hawaii.

The auditorium of the Museum of Natural History was also the site of a program entitled "I Become Part of It," sponsored by the Society for the Study of Myth and Tradition and featuring speakers Peter Nabokov and Joseph Epes Brown, on January 27. Nabokov, the author of *Indian Running* from Capra Press, gave a slide-illustrated talk on "Ritual Running in the Americas," and Brown, professor of Religious Studies at University of Montana and recorder of the Black Elk account, *The Sacred Pipe*, spoke on "Sacred Dimensions in Native American Life" and showed the film, "Walking in a Sacred Manner," based on the Edward S. Curtis photographs of Native Americans. Tapes of the lectures are available from PARABOLA, 150 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10011, for $7 each (postpaid).

The Society's next program, set tentatively for early summer, will feature Iroquois speakers on the subject, "Caretakers of the Universe."

BOOKS IN BRIEF

A modest, attractive, and honest volume, *The Craftsman's Way*, photographs and interviews by John Flanders (University of Toronto Press), chronicles in words and images the experience by a group of Canadians in creating usable art. Each of the craftspeople are distinctive in their expression and their art—pottery, woodworking, weaving, silkpainting, glassblowing, leather or jewelry making—but they share a sense of the integration of work in life, a sense of completion of the self through work. A bookbinder: "If what I really need is some fresh bread, I'll go downstairs and do something on the books until they all need to dry for half an hour and then come upstairs and mix a batch of dough and let it stand to rise. Then I can go back to the books . . . I like the muddle of what might be called non-work and work." The sense of an inner life fed by the work of the hand, the sense of the creative act working on the formation of the person is strong in this book: "I want enough time to pursue other matters that feed themselves back into the broom-making. My ambition is to create the archetypal broom. I want to make a broom that has love in it, and has harmony in it, and can be

perceived consciously or unconsciously by others as such." In general these artists do not see an end to their learning, but rather seem to always be seeking new challenges and possibilities. The photographs are luminescent but informal, the interviews are brief but clear-sighted. Unlike *The Soul of a Tree* by George Nakashima (Kodansha), a beautiful but often disturbingly private expression, this book is accessible, arresting, and illuminating.

Desiré Charnay, Expeditionary Photographer by Keith F. Davis (University of New Mexico Press) offers a rare view of some major archaeological sites in the mid-nineteenth century before the looters and reconstructionists made them over into what we see today. Charnay spent much of his time at sites in Mexico. In order to record what he saw, he often had to have forests of trees and vines cut away to expose the overgrown crumbling ruins. His original purpose was clearly stated: "Attributing the public's indifference to such an original civilization to the uncertainties surrounding it, I wanted no one to be able to challenge the exactitude of my work. I therefore took photography as a witness." He felt the photograph as a record of the actual could not be wrong. Although almost nothing is known about Charnay's private life, he emerges as a romantic figure who has been sadly overlooked in the field of archaeology where John Stephens and Frederick Catherwood (*Incidents of Travel in the Yucatan*) gained such prominence. Neither was he ever given adequate consideration as a photographer, and it is in this area that Davis seeks to right the record. He sees Charnay as the greatest of the expeditionary photographers "for the timing, quality, and impact of his work." Certainly the prints in this volume, although often self-conscious, or blurred, or calculated, convey a sense of the mysterious that must come very close to what the young Charnay may have felt in his first encounters with exotic civilizations.

Doris Lessing has continued her extraordinary "cycle of visionary novels," *Canopus in Argos: Archives*, with a fourth volume, *The Making of the Representative for Planet 8* (Knopf), which states that there will be at least a fifth novel in the series, *The Sentimental Agents*. Much of the academic and book-critical world has reacted with horror and consternation to Lessing's "wasting her time" with what is deemed by them to be mere science fiction and spiritual gobbledegook, but Lessing's metaphysical concerns have gained her a whole new readership largely untouched by her earlier—supposedly more political but hardly less literary—works. *Representative* is the briefest of the four novels so far; like the second, *The Marriages Between Zones Three, Four, and Five* (see PARABOLA, Vol. V, No. 4), it is a sort of interlude between the larger, exceedingly more complex volumes, *Shikasta, The Sirian Experiments*, and (presumably) *The Sentimental Agents*. Like *Marriages*, it is a parable, this time about a dying planet, thrown into an Ice Age by some unknown cosmic catastrophe. Lessing's characters are universal, to the extent that here they no longer even have real, personal names, but are referred to only by what duty or work they represent in life and society. The relationship of individuals to each other, to animals and the earth, to tradition and belief, and to various concepts of society and the whole (including a considerable range of "wholes" beyond their immediate knowledge) is what Lessing is really examining in what has to be the most audacious experiment by any literary artist of our time. It is small wonder that with a canvas so broad she has left a great many of her former friends and fellow-travelers behind, which in no way compromises the thrill experienced by those who are still with her or have just climbed on board.

The publishing house of Morgan and Morgan, best known perhaps for the outstanding dance photography books of Barbara Morgan, has become the United States distributors for a series of extraordinary color-photography books originally released by Perlinger Publishers in Austria. Devoted to various spiritual and cultural traditions around the world, the magnificently reproduced volumes are *The Last Africans, Voodoo: Africa's Secret Power,* and *Faith Healing in the Philippines*, all with texts by Gert Chesi; *The Last Indians: South America's Cultural Heri-*

tage, by Fritz Trupp, examining a number of South American Indian tribes; and Alexander Orloff's *Carnival: Myth and Cult*, a vivid depiction, in both text and photos, of the celebration (found in many cultures around the world) that is such a peculiar blend of the sacred and profane, of ceremony and hedonistic anarchy. Both the more religious and the earthier aspects of carnival are represented, from a stunning evocation of the festival of Yemanja in Salvador da Bahia, Brazil, to drunken, occasionally obscene cavorting through the streets of New Orleans. Sequins, masks, costumes, and confetti all combine as part of the colorful, complex visual statement.

St. Vladimir's Seminary Press in Crestwood, New York, has issued new editions of a number of important studies in Eastern Orthodox theology. These include Alexander Schmemann's *Church, World, Mission* and *The Historical Road of Eastern Orthodoxy*; John Meyendorff's *The Orthodox Church*; Nicholas Areseniev's *Mysticism and the Eastern Church*; and Vladimir Lossky's *The Mystical Theology of the Eastern Church*.

Time and the Highland Maya
By Barbara Tedlock. Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 1982. Pp. 288, $27.50.

Art of the Maya
By Henri Stierlin. New York: Rizzoli International Publications, 1981. Pp. 212. $50.

Reviewed by Michael D. Coe

Momostenango is a community of about 40,000 souls—the vast majority of them speakers of Quiché Maya—in the highlands of Guatemala. Of these, about one quarter are "day-keepers," adepts who have been taught the ancient Maya calendar by priest-shamans to whom they have been apprenticed. The absolute basis for the calendar is a sacred count of 260 days, the permutation of the coefficients 1 through 13 with 20 named days; in spite of centuries of oppression by Spaniards, Ladinos, and a recent, puritanical Catholic Action movement, the sacred count forms the underpinning for almost all actions and beliefs of the community, including the diagnosis of illnesses and the interpretation of dreams.

Time and the Highland Maya is a landmark in the ethnographic study of the Maya, for Barbara Tedlock and her husband Dennis were actually initiated as day-keepers and diviners after a long and arduous course of study with a specialist. Generally, recruitment as a diviner takes place in classic shamanic fashion: an individual might fall ill, a diviner would be called in to diagnose the cause of sickness and to interpret the patient's dreams, and the resulting cure would involve the individual's also becoming a daykeeper. Of course, the would-be recruit must have been born on an appropriate day in the 260-day count.

Momostecan divination is carried out by gathering together, mixing, and arranging the sorcerer's magic crystals and *tz'ite* (*Erythrina*) seeds, and interpreting the arrangements according to days in the sacred count. This method of divination is widespread in the Maya highlands and probably at one time was pan-Mesoamerican. But Tedlock has made an important discovery that bears on exactly how this calendar is used. According to Eric Thompson and other specialists in the ancient Maya calendar, each named day would have a significance according to its etymological meaning; thus, a day "dog" would have prognostications appropriate to "dog-ness." Tedlock, on the other hand, shows that the divinatory referents of the day names arise from an extensive system of word play in Quiché Maya, which gives the diviner a far wider range of possible interpretations than would arise from the "true" meaning.

Another very important aspect of Momostecan divination, used in conjunction with the calendar, is the interpretation of body "lightning." As Tedlock shows, the belief that the blood "speaks" is widespread in Mesoamerica, and is used to diagnose diseases and other troubles by determining what the blood "says" at specific pulse points on the patient's body. Momostecan diviners believe "lightning" within their bodies—in the blood, tissue, and muscle—moves at certain times and can be felt; they compare it to sheet lightning over highland lakes. Through training, a person learns to interpret this "lightning" or "jumps of the blood" as a divine message code; final answers come to the novice only after initiation.

There is a wealth of new material in this marvelous book which should be of deep

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interest to ethnologists, students of religion, and Maya epigraphers. For instance, the Momostecans have their own answer to the long debate about the origin of the 260-day calendar: they say that it is the human gestation period, which strikes me as plausible. It is usually said that Momostenango lacks the 52-year Calendar Round—the permutation of the 260-day count with a 365-day "solar" year—but Tedlock demonstrates that Momostecan priest-shamans know all about it.

There is a wealth of detail here about Momostecan rituals, shrines, deities, and the ancestors of the patrilineages. We usually think of highland Maya religion as being "syncretic," in which pagan and Catholic elements are so blended together that the natives themselves are unaware of what is their own and what has been forced upon them. Tedlock, on the contrary, presents compelling evidence that the hierarchy of priest-shamans is entirely aware of what is old and what is new, and has successfully compartmentalized the native vs. the European aspects of their religion. For instance, in a yet-unpublished paper, she writes that while priest-shamans will attend services in the Catholic church (for that is where the lineage ancestors are buried), they are careful not to take communion.

This is a very well-written, highly readable, and deeply rewarding contribution to Mesoamerican studies.

The literature on the ancient Maya of Mexico and Central America is enormous: the overall number of books and articles must be in the five-figure range. Of course, most of these contributions are of the scholarly and specialized kind, but there have been many—far too many—books of a "popular" nature, attempting to explain this most advanced and complex culture to the general public.

The present volume by Henri Stierlin falls into the latter category, and one may reasonably ask the tough-minded question, "Why one more?" The answer is because this is without doubt the finest pictorial introduction to the wonders of Maya art and architecture that has ever been published. This is not just another coffee table book containing the usual platitudes and clichés about "the enigmatic Maya," but a magnificently illustrated work with a text that demands real respect. Stierlin is more than an author—he is a photographer of exceptional talent and a highly perceptive architectural historian. Consequently, the wealth of color plates and the extremely accurate site and architectural plans are of the highest order.

Stierlin believes, as I do, that much of the background of Maya civilization is to be found among the much earlier Olmec of the Gulf Coast, and he devotes many pages to documenting the strong heritage which the Maya received from the creators of such Olmec centers as San Lorenzo and La Venta.

Subsequent chapters take the reader (and viewer) from the great Maya cities of the Peten, such as Tikal, through the peripheries of the Maya realm, where artistic and architectural innovations during the Late Classic (A.D. 600–900) far outstripped the more centrally located Peten sites. Stierlin is particularly taken with the beauty and fascination of Palenque, as others have been who have seen the glories of its mansard-roofed temples and stucco embellishments. He wisely avoids becoming embroiled with fruitless (and data-less) controversies surrounding the supposed causes of the Classic Maya "collapse" and depopulation of the ninth century A.D., and proceeds to the Post-Classic of Yucatan and highland Guatemala.

I suppose that I could find fault with many details in this volume. For instance, Olmec and Maya iconography is clearly not one of the author's strengths—he is all too inclined to see all Olmec supernatural depictions as "were-jaguars" (caymans, harpy eagles, and monkeys also played their roles), and overemphasizes the Sun God as an important Maya deity (my own work on Classic Maya ceramics has shown that a vast array of Underworld gods was far more significant to the Classic Maya thought-system). But the book has some strengths found in few, if any, rival works; chief among these

is the author's feeling for architecture—all Mayanists could profit by examining his line-drawings.

Finally, I should stress that this book is a work of art, both text and illustrations being beautifully printed. If you can afford to buy only one picture-book on the Maya civilization, buy this one!

Michael D. Coe is Professor of Anthropology at Yale University and Curator in the Peabody Museum of Natural History. His most recent books are Olmec Man and Olmec Land *and a revised version of his 1966 study,* The Maya.

Endless Life: The Selected Poems
By Lawrence Ferlinghetti. New York: New Directions, 1981. Pp. 224. $12.50, Paper $4.95.

Selected Poems
by Odysseus Elytis, trans. by Edmund Keeley and Philip Sherrard. New York: Viking Penguin, 1981. Pp. 114. $12.95, Paper $6.95.

Thrice Chosen
by Edouard Roditi. Santa Barbara: Black Sparrow Press, 1981. Pp. 137. $17.50, Paper $5.

Guide to the Underworld
by Gunnar Ekelof, trans. by Rika Lesser. Amherst: University of Massachusetts Press, 1980. Pp. 85. $10.

Reviewed by Rochelle Ratner

In Western culture, the words "poet" and "dreamer" have been considered synonymous for so long that even the most superficial writing has been hailed for its Jungian

insights. Thankfully, there have always been poets who attempt to reach beyond for an even deeper level of dream. In recent history, the symbolist and surrealist movements consisted of just such groupings, and the writers under discussion here have each reflected the influence of these groups in an extremely individualistic manner. From the earth-locked Ferlinghetti to the nightmare ecstasy of Ekelof, we can trace the dream world in all its variant and most substantial offerings.

Comparing the poet to the tightrope walker, Ferlinghetti refers to him as "the super realist/who must perforce perceive/ taut truth." Ferlinghetti was a major force in the Beat movement of the 1950s, a leading poet of protest determined to confront the rational, political world face to face until man could, at last, laugh at himself. At the same time, his poetry abstracts what the eye sees; using repetition, he goes over and over what is before him, shifting it slightly. Suddenly we are in an atmosphere inhabited by Bosch and Fellini, and have no idea how we got there. If Ferlinghetti is more the visionary than the dreamer, still his vision never reaches for the greatness of Blake or Whitman. What he wants is to lift us one short step above reality, into a world that is still humanly possible:

> Franco is dead but so is Picasso
> Chaplin is dead but I'd wear his bowler
> having outlived all our myths but his
> the myth of the pure subjective
> the collective subjective
> the Little Man in each of us
> waiting with Charlot or Pozzo
> On every corner I see them
> hidden inside their tight clean clothes
> their hats are not derbys they have no canes
> but we know them
> we have always
> waited with them . . .

For all his brilliance in many of these poems, what often mars Ferlinghetti's work is the desire to continue or control the vision, extending the poem until it becomes unnatural, forced, "silly." It is significant that some of the weakest poems in this collection are those based on actual dream accounts.

Odysseus Elytis won the Nobel Prize in 1979, yet his work is just beginning to appear in English. As Keeley and Sherrard point out in their introduction to his *Selected Poems*, Elytis turned to Surrealism early on as "a way of escape from the domination of a merely rational approach to things" that is inherent in classical Greek literature. Elytis explained in an interview that, as his work matured, the images became more focused, and hence more controlled: "Since my chief interest was to find the *sources* of the non-Hellenic world, I kept the mechanism of myth-making but not the figures of mythology."

Most of the early work consists of semi-surrealist, extremely lyrical love poems, situated in a Grecian, sea-dominated landscape not so different from Homer's. During the War, as life itself became harsher, Elytis found in the shared elements of dream the ability to enter sympathetically into the souls of others, moving out of what had until then been a private, secreted vision. By 1960, in the long lines of the poems collected in *Six And One Pangs of Conscience For The Sky*, this sympathy is extended to the natural world, imbuing all around him with the same powers of reason or escape from reason which man has:

> I envied the waterdrop that, unperceived,
> glorified the lentisk. Would that I could be
> like that in the miraculous eye privileged to
> see the end of Mercy.
>
> Or was I perhaps like that? In the harshness
> of the rock, uncleft from peak to base, I
> recognized my obstinate jaw. In another
> age it tore the beast to pieces . . .

The images of the war years left their mark of horror, more evident here than in the later work, but the process of mixing the personal with the universal in a dreamlike reality, in both his own voice and that of various personae, has continued to shape Elytis' poetic vision.

Introducing *Thrice Chosen*, Edouard Roditi explains that all his life he has been

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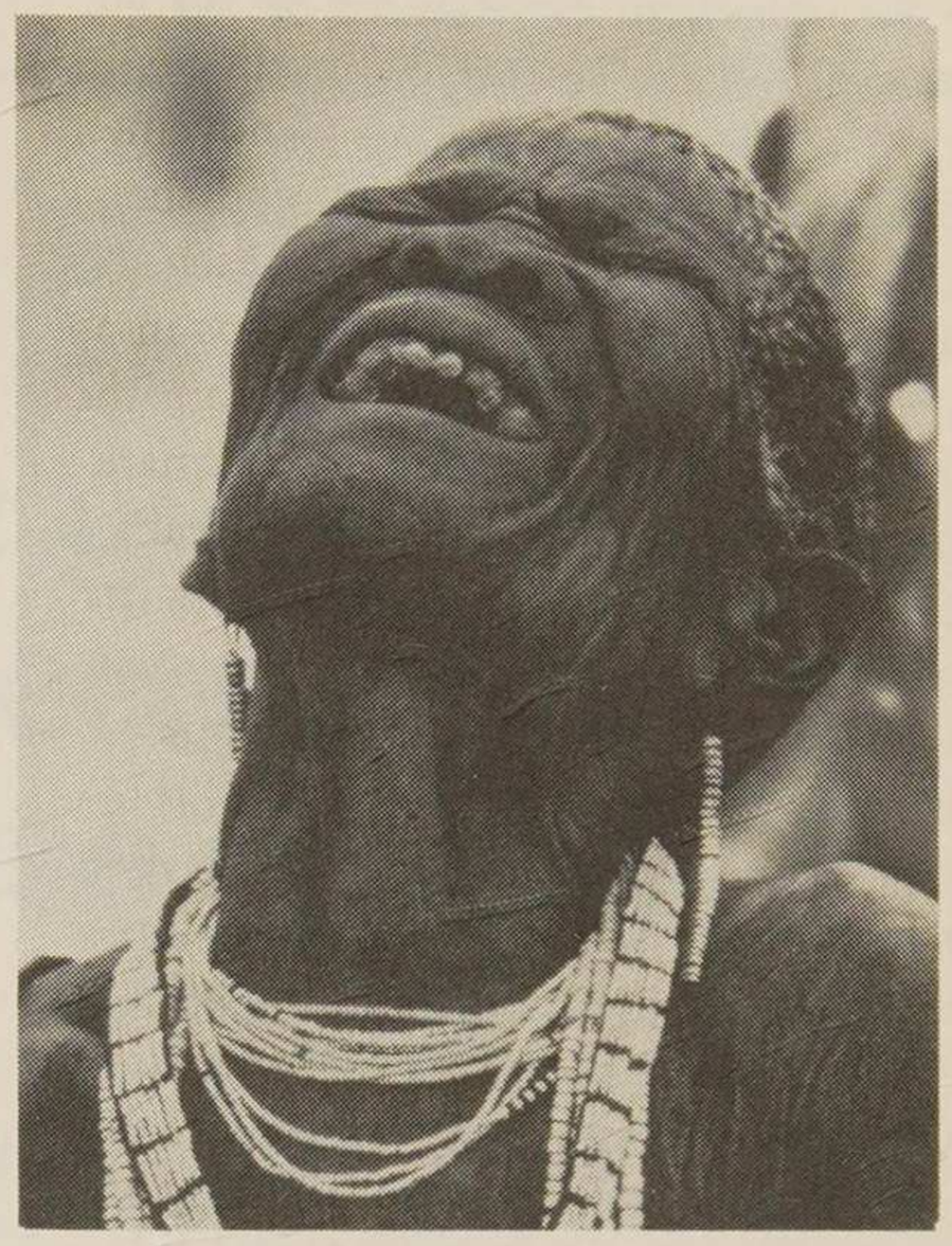

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subject to "seizures" and identifies these with the visitations experienced by the Hebrew prophets. To this, he adds the fact that neither he nor his mother are legally considered Jewish—here too, he has chosen, been chosen. Such is the basis for these Kabbalistic poems, collected here for the first time.

Roditi frequently makes use of the lives of others to express what was perhaps too painful to say directly. He never limits the personae to their own lives, however, but changes details as they suit the poem's needs: thus we have a collage of history and fantasy. A poem such as "Habakkuk" deals with the burden of vision, and at the same time is affected by the horrors of Nazi Germany. Three brief stanzas describe the prophet, raised from death by Elisha's embrace; after that Habakkuk speaks, prays, argues, ending:

> ". . . After the vision between two dreams
> When I saw the violence to come,
> How long must I wait? Are there none to
> hear?
> No witness to prove my vision true?
> Must I live forever among those who cannot
> Strengthen my faith nor destroy my doubts,
> Distinguishing truth from surrounding dream
> Now that life obscures the light with gradual
> mist?
>
> He who has seen, between death and birth,
> The violence that lies in the Shaper's hand
> Can never make known the unknown, forgets
> All the truth and returns to his dream."

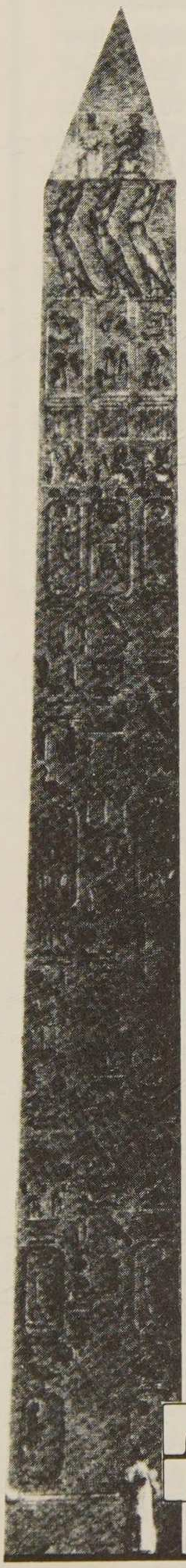
If there is one message his poems are insistent upon, it is that history merely takes a new form in the present. Thus, Cassandra's dream of the fall of Troy quickly becomes the fall of countries under German rule. Roditi must tell what he sees or dreams, "though none believe me." His uniqueness as a poet is that he can transform nightmare into prayer; if, during his lifetime as during Elytis', the nightmare was also deeply experienced by the world at large, it has added to our ability to appreciate the richness of his art.

In *Guide To The Underworld*, Gunnar Ekelof is the most "personal" of the poets discussed here; yet even though he makes no attempt to relate his dreams to the dreams of others, he is nonetheless moving. It is as if, being true to his vision, he cannot help but speak for all who have ever dreamt. This book, the third part of a trilogy, was completed in 1967, a year before the poet's death. It is his most complex work, yet contains a simplicity which only those on the edge of death seem able to obtain:

> Among the dead lives a notion of beauty
> Yes in their dead lives, a dream of beauty
> He who has not seen, or felt the terror of
> this evil life we have been born to—
> has no dream of beauty
> he has not seen the moonlight on the river
> like a vision, like a dream of beauty
> He has not longed to dive down for the moon
> to dream of death, in the dream behold
> sights of beauty
> freshness, happiness, life, falling in love,
> and a love
> that is beauty
> In this cruel life of ours
> love is the dream of beauty.

This is not Dante's Purgatory, but life itself, death itself, as the two become interchangeable. The book opens with the poet "Alone in the Night fighting against the Truth—/Its pinpoint, its sharp point of light." In poem after poem the visible is set against the invisible, as if man could choose which he wants to become, be it in his own eyes, the lover's eyes, or the eyes of some ever-present devil-god. Ekelof holds before us an underworld whose dead, you and I, can protest: "A race of enslaved angels is over us, while the gods/took us by the hand and sometimes into their arms." He names no one, but leaves it for the reader to people this image with all the specific myths it evokes. I could quote other passages just as shattering. Ekelof's whole psyche so naturally contains the myths he makes use of that they float on an archetypal level in which all myths and dreams become a single force.

Rochelle Ratner's new book, Practicing to Be a Woman: New & Selected Poems *is forthcoming from Scarecrow Press. She is an editor of* The American Book Review



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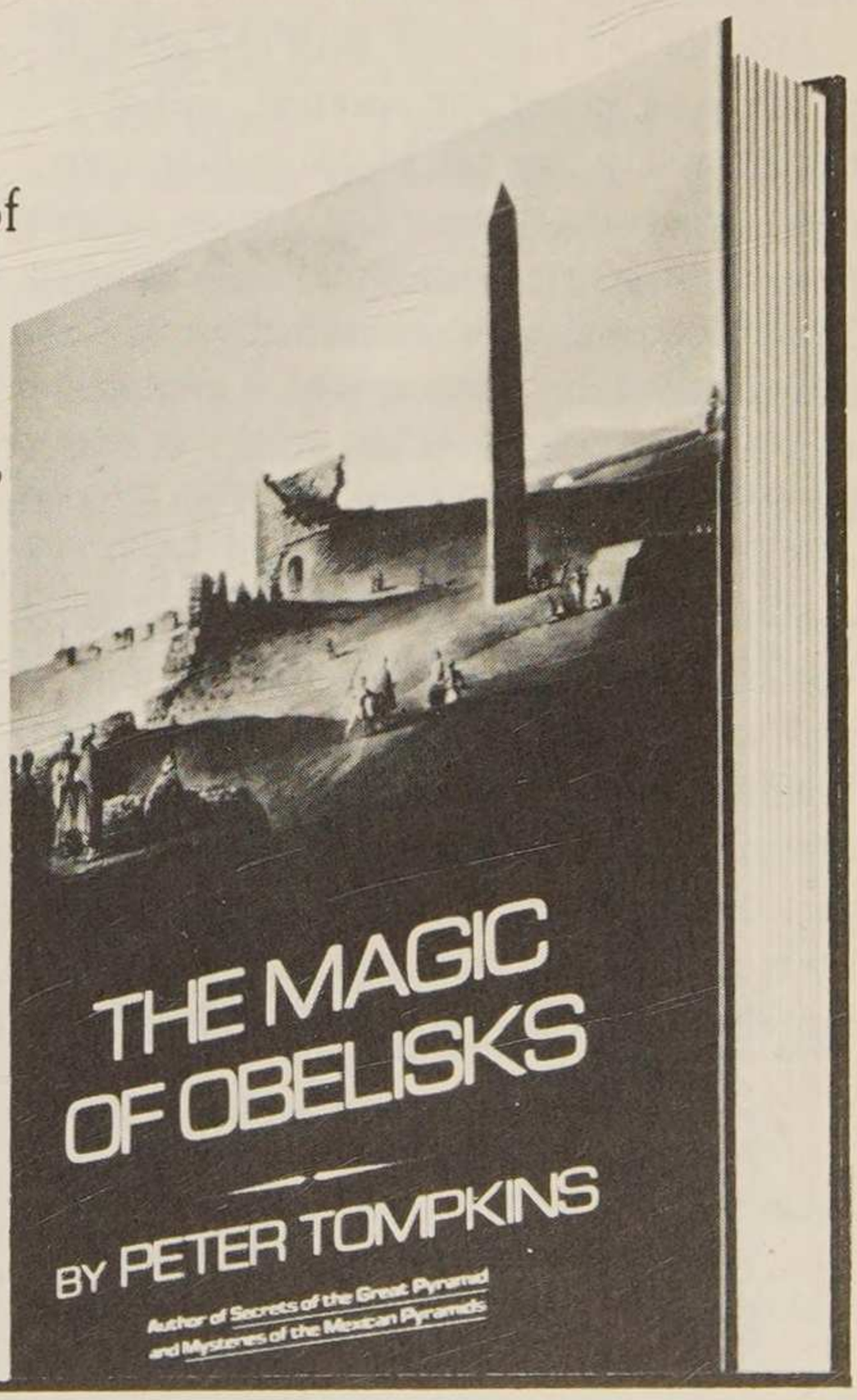

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Kalila wa Dimna: Fables From a Fourteenth-Century Arabic Manuscript
By Esin Atil. Washington, D.C.: Smithsonian Institution Press, 1981. Pp. 95. $17.50.

Jill Sanchia Cowen

The *Kalila wa Dimna* (whose title derives from two scheming jackals) is a collection of animal fables which ranks second in popularity to the Koran in the Islamic world. These stories, as well as those better known to the West—the fables of Aesop, Phaedrus, and La Fontaine—derive from a common source, the religious and popular writings of India, the *Jataka Tales*, the *Pañchatantra* and the *Mahabharata*.

It may come as a surprise that Islamic society, which is known to place little value on animal life, became enamored of India's animal heroes and animal villains. This can be explained by the character of the animals themselves, which are anthropomorphized and portray the human condition. Each has a human mind directing its animal body, which puts them on an equal footing with the human characters. An animal's personality is generally limited to a specific human character trait which governs its existence and determines its fate.

Most of the tales deal with the general problem of power and survival, and although many support Machiavellian conduct, others dwell on moral issues: moderation, loyalty, friendship, and selflessness. Some are specifically concerned with statecraft in the king's court, which explains why these stories are also called, "A Mirror for Princes." For instance, in "The Chapter of Kalila and Dimna," the lion-king is shown to be benevolent but inexperienced. For after listening to the advice of non-trustworthy and conniving ministers, he betrays his most intimate adviser and friend, the ox, Shanzabeh. But unlike their counterpart in the *Pañchatantra*, the two jackal ministers are severely punished because immorality is not tolerated at the Near Eastern court. Thus Dimna is starved to death for his chicanery, while Kalila dies from suffering and remorse over the ways of his evil brother.

Whereas European animal stories rely primarily on narrative for plot development, the *Kalila wa Dimna* is notable for long passages of lively and insightful dialogue, which advances the action much like a play. The text is organized like the *Pañchatantra* with each chapter opening with the king asking his philosopher, Bidpay, to tell him the consequence of certain behavior. Bidpay illustrates his answer by lively stories which lead to other parenthetical tales. Koranic verse and Islamic maxims are also included.

The text warns, however, that the foolish only read the book for its tales, while students of Islam read it as a philosophical book of morality. And it is this dual character—the ability to entertain as well as offer moral insight into social and political activity—which accounts for its continued popularity. Ever since the book was compiled for a Sasanian king in the sixth century, it has been translated into almost every Near Eastern language.

Despite the rise of interest in Islam today, this popular text still remains largely unknown in the West. The most complete translation of the Arabic version is A. Miquel's *Le livre de Kalila et Dimna, Fables de Bidpai par Ibn al-Mouquaffa*, Paris, 1957. More recently there appeared in English Ramsey Wood's *Kalila and Dimna: Selected Fables of Bidpai*, New York, 1980, but as the title suggests, it is not complete.

Esin Atil (who is curator of Near Eastern art at the Freer Gallery in Washington, D.C.) in her book *Kalila wa Dimna: Fables from a Fourteenth-Century Arabic Manuscript*, Washington, D.C. 1981, writes on a specific Mamluk manuscript in Oxford University's Bodleian Library (Pococke 400). The book is art historical and it includes the text for the twenty-five miniatures illustrated in color. Although Dr. Atil's translations are clear, in the desire for economy the witty dialogue between beasts and men is reduced to a narrative form. As a result, their original luster and dramatic quality are missing and they now appear more in the Western tradition than in the

Eastern. For example, in "The Chapter of Kalila and Dimna," the discussion between the two ambitious jackals about the lion-king appears in narrative form as follows:

> The jackals were crafty and bright as well as wise and learned. Dimna was particularly ambitious and not at all content with his present position. He was constantly on the look-out to improve his status and be closer to the king.

The following is a translation in dialogue form:

> Dimna said to Kalila, "We need not be satisfied with our present status. I plan to present myself to the lion-king, solve his worries and win his confidence. When the king discovers my talents, he will be more eager to cherish me than I will be to serve him. A person of noble character may elevate himself, just as one who is weak-willed may fall from prosperity and come to nothing."
>
> Kalila warned, "If you are determined to advise the king, you must recognize that it is a dangerous business. Experienced people say there are three things that only fools undertake: being close to the king, tasting what you suspect to be poisonous, and telling your secrets to women. Enlightened people compare the king to a huge mountain on which you may find a variety of fruits and minerals, but at the same time you will encounter the dens of lions, snakes and other wild beasts."

And in "The Chapter of Four Friends," the poignant exchange between the mouse, Zirak, and his imprisoned friend, the ringdove, is rendered by Dr. Atil as follows:

> The ringdove called her friend, Zirak, the mouse, who came out of his burrow and saw the birds entangled in the net. He began to gnaw the ropes and finally cut through the snare. The doves rejoiced at being freed; they congratulated each other and thanked the mouse before flying off. Zirak returned to his home.

The following is a translation in dialogue form:

> The ringdove cried out to Zirak and he rushed out from his burrow. When he saw his friend, he wept. "Oh my dearest friend. Who caused your suffering?" The ringdove answered, "Joy and suffering are both part of one's fate. Fate tempted us with the bait and deprived us of caution; fate caused us to be trapped beneath the wing of calamity. Just as God may make a fool king, so can he separate a wise man from his wisdom."
>
> The mouse began to gnaw the threads that bound the ringdove, but the ringdove said, "My friend, would it not be more appropriate for you to begin with my companions? You must not question me, for I accepted the leadership of the doves, with whose aid and loyalty I escaped from the hands of the hunter." The mouse gnawed all the threads of the net and the ringdove and his friends flew home safely.

The other half of Esin Atil's book concentrates on the art of the paintings in the manuscript. All of its seventy-seven miniatures are for the first time reproduced in black-and-white. Dr. Atil places them in an art historical context and briefly discusses the other illustrated versions of this text. This section, like the translation cited above, is too brief and one would have liked greater amplification. Nevertheless, this attractive book captures the rich heritage of these popular fables.

Jill Sanchia Cowen, has a Ph.D. in Islamic Art from the Institute of Fine Arts, New York University and has worked on the Kalila wa Dimna *for the last four years. She is currently preparing for publication a book on the Mongol* Kalila wa Dimna *in the Istanbul University Library.*

Joy of Man's Desiring
By Jean Gioni, translated from the French by Katherine Allen Clarke. San Francisco: North Point Press, 1980. Pp. 460. Paper, $9.50.

The Song of the World
By Jean Gioni, translated from the French by Henri Fluchère and Geoffrey Myers. San Francisco: North Point Press, 1981. Pp. 312. Paper, $8.50.

Blue Boy
By Jean Gioni, translated from the French by Katherine Allen Clarke. San Francisco: North Point Press, 1982. Pp. 251. Paper, $8.50.

Reviewed by Elizabeth Hanly

These three books by Jean Gioni, all written during the 1930s, have been out of print in America for several decades. North Point Press is in the process of reviving these and other novels by the now-deceased Gioni for yet another generation of readers.

Gioni writes tales about provincial life in his native Basse-Alpes, tales that "have absolutely nothing timely about them." He writes about country folk, about working people, about "true men and true women more implacable and more bitter than the grass of the Apocalypse." His women are as strong as his men. He writes with rolling humor. Most importantly, he writes about transformations.

The same character appears in each of these novels, in different guises. In one book he is a clown: a sort of archetypal fool/savior; in another, a hunchback doctor; in the third, a shoe-making healer. Gioni is concerned, perhaps most of all, with healing: its meaning, its implications; and for him, to understand the healing process is to begin to understand interrelatedness.

Gioni uses a sense of smell, of light, the seasonal changes, as a poet would use meter. His metaphors are organic, palpable, intimate, often stunning, and never arbitrary. Autumn "smells like corduroy"; trees "purr"; mountains "steam like cabbage soup." A young girl reminds one "of the bitterness of the harvest"; another "has buttocks like a clove of garlic." A young man "opened and shut his fingers as if, from time

to time, flowers were being born out of the palm of his hand." As distinctions between outer world and inner sensibility break down, the reader moves closer to "symbol"; and here Gioni's work is most alive, most moving, and exquisitely memorable. He is able to awaken the sense of memory filled with intuited experiences. Gioni's stylistic rhythms are unusual: they suggest preludes to some kind of action, but they rest as a kind of vision:

> The night was velvety and liquid. It lapped gently against the cheeks like cloth, then it receded with a sigh and could be heard swaying in the trees. Stars filled the sky. They were no longer the stars of winter, separate, brilliant. They were like fish spawn. There was no longer any form in the world, not even of adolescent things. Nothing but milk: milky buds, milky seeds in the earth, the sowing of creatures, and star milk in the sky. The trees had the strong odour of the time when they are in love. . . The wind was speaking. It was a milky wind like the rest. It was full of shapes, full of images, of gleams, of lights, of flames that did not illumine a centimeter of the earth but lit up the whole interior of one's being.

On first look, *Joy of Man's Desiring* is a tale of wonder about a mountain community's return to peace and hope. The novel opens with one of its protagonists keeping a heavy-hearted vigil, awaiting the stranger whom he hopes will come, the stranger who will change everything. And he comes: Bobi, a wandering acrobat, who soon finds himself the psychic shepherd of this community. He teaches them what he has found out about joy and desire. He tells them that appetite for life is "more necessary than the heart." Under his tutelage they plant their fields with flowers instead of grain, and seek the companionship of deer, for "there is a great joy that comes to us from the wild creatures." But is joy abiding? How does that affect its worth? And what about the love that makes one too vulnerable to another: what is its measure? On these questions Gioni hinges his tragedy.

Song of the World is a tale of adventure and suspense, of rivers, mountains, firelight, and fast action. Two friends, Sailor and "golden-mouthed" Antonio set off to search for Sailor's lost son. Gioni describes Antonio: "The caress, the knowledge, and the anger of the water were in that broad-shouldered man." In this book, the world roars; men are keepers of bulls. The longing of *Joy of Man's Desiring*, the slow cycles of sowing and reaping, the search for renewed life, are replaced here by a glimpse through a prism reflecting strength and passion. In both books Gioni draws his characters like frescoes: they're huge and delicate, childlike in wonder, ancient in their sureness. Sailor speaks about his son: "He's always given me trouble. Perhaps that's why I stick to him. Who knows?" Antonio meets a man deep in the woods; the two sit for a while over their pipes, confessing to each other as strangers sometimes do. "I was blinded at first sight by that woman. One year then

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Jeremy Taylor, M.A. teaches a course on dreams at the Starr King School for Religious Leadership and is the author of several booklets on dreams. He trains individuals and groups in the skills and techniques of creative archetypal dreamwork. For his publications or information about workshops or training sessions write: 10 Pleasant Lane, San Rafael, CA 94901. (415) 454-2793.

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John Van Damm teaches a course on dreamwork at New College of California and publishes *Gates, A Sausalito Waterfront Community Dream Journal.* For a subscription or information on his programs in creative/community dreamwork write: P.O. Box 1123, Sausalito, CA 94966. (415) 332-1346.

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she died, and that was not yesterday, but she's still there, between my bulls and myself. Like smoke. What's to be done?"

Blue Boy, Gioni's fictionalized account of his own early years, is more a notebook than a novel. It rambles a bit, through descriptions that catch like thorns, among humble people shown to be holy. But with this bucolic boyhood, Gioni comes too close to genre, and his singularity is dulled, his brilliance flattened. *Blue Boy* is full of moments carved in crystal, but its movements are smaller, more jarring, less tightly structured, without the sweep of the other two novels. There is the father who cobbles shoes to support his healing practice, the mother's laundry downstairs, and the rooms themselves: "One had peace only on leaving this house and in order to escape, one could use the sounds, the shadows, the strange faces that dampness had traced on the walls." The boy's first love is one of these faces, the green lady on the wall. But chiefly *Blue Boy* is a study of the relationship between a father and his son. Early on Père Jean says, "If he's of my blood, he'll make his own decision." He prepares his son to do that. But this father dies silent and full of doubt. So too *Blue Boy* is the most bitter of these novels. It ends in rage: the date is 1914. "Men, too well fed, had forgotten their powers of procreation. They were uniting with gasoline, phosphates, things without thighs. This gave them a thirst for blood."

Gioni looks again and again at how life touches life. He says, again and again, that if, in humility, one calls upon instinct, the experience of sensuality can bring a cosmic joy.

Much of his writing is in shadow. In the end, is spirit any more than "a little dead Icarus, falling, falling"? Gioni suffers with this doubt. At the same time, his commitment and reverence to the living is boundless. Between doubt and passion a tension is created which anchors his stories, keeps them from being pretty parables, and makes them alive and brutal.

Elizabeth Hanly, a New York-based freelance writer, received her MA in communications from Columbia University. She is currently working on a novel.

Dawn of the Middle Ages
By Michael Grant. Maidenhead, England: McGraw-Hill, 1981. Pp. 224, illustrated. $45.

The Christian World: A Social and Cultural History
By Geoffrey Barraclough (editor) et. al. New York: Harry N. Abrams, Inc., 1981. Pp. 328, illustrated. $50.

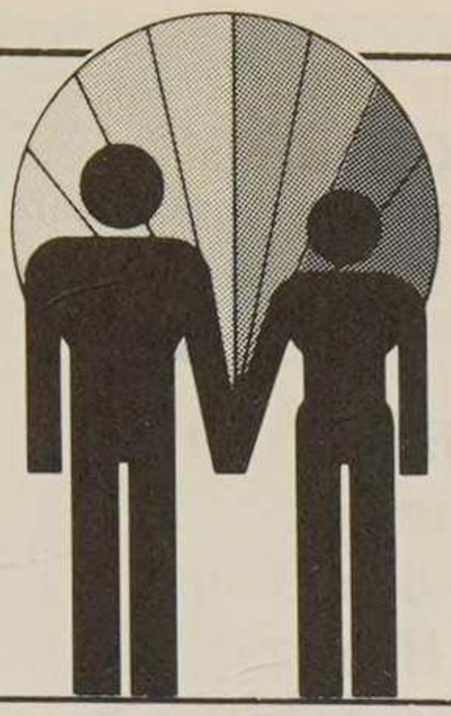
Reviewed by David A. Leeming

The first thing that must be said of these very large and handsome volumes is that they are much more than coffee table picture books. The texts of both are at once accessible and seriously focused. Michael Grant, the classical historian, challenges the popular view implicit in the term "Dark Ages," and Geoffrey Barraclough, another eminent historian, assisted by twelve colleagues, turns from the traditionally theological or chronological overview to a provocative analysis of Christianity as a social and cultural force.

Dawn of the Middle Ages starts from the premise that the period between the abdication of the last Roman emperor in 476 A.D. and the coronation of Charlemagne in 800 was not only not a "dark" age—an image resulting from a Western and classical bias—but "one of the most exciting, varied, and creative epochs" the world has known. Professor Grant would have us contemplate the "transformation" of the old Western empire rather than its fall. And in six brilliantly illustrated chapters on various areas of the world, he convincingly makes his point.

In the first and most spirited section, the Byzantine civilization is revealed as a repository for the classical outlook during the many centuries the Eastern empire survived the Western. The classical spirit remained for all to see, not only in the art of Constantinople and Ravenna but in such acts as Justinian I's codification of Roman law, which provided the West with the foundation of its legal system.

Turning to the Near East, Professor Grant rightly gives credit to the coming of Mohammed and Islam as the most impor-



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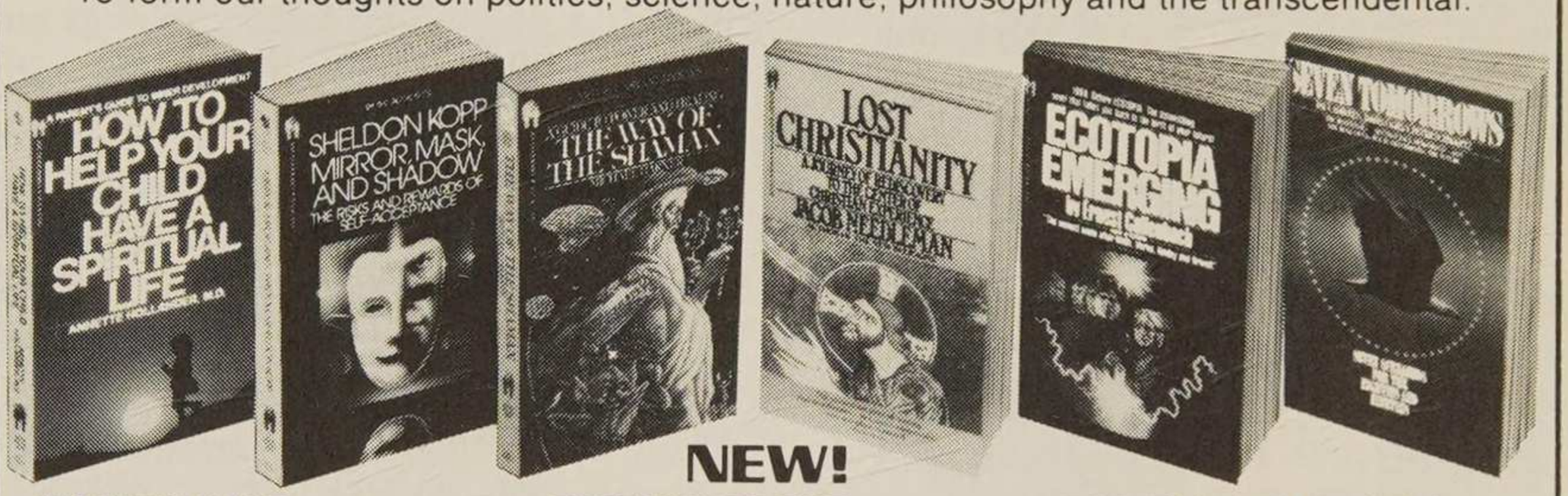

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tant religious event of the period—an event that would lead to the development of a new civilization and would quite literally change the face of the world.

In another chapter Grant considers the activity at what had been the center of the old Roman Empire. He discusses the importance of the monastic system that would revive Western culture in a Christian context. He analyzes the cultural effects of the rise of the papacy under Gregory I and considers the significance of Charlemagne, who was responsible for the birth of the new Holy Roman Empire of the West. It is in the coming together of Frankish, Roman, and Christian strains in Charlemagne's world that the author sees the emergence of what was to become European civilization.

The Jews of Asia and Europe—the Jews of the Diaspora—are the subject of Chapter IV. This was the period during which Jews played a major role in the development of the commercial and, therefore, city system of medieval Europe. It was also the time of the completion of the *Talmud*, the work that was to guide Jews for centuries thereafter.

In a discussion of the people of the North, Professor Grant stresses their productive rather than their warlike qualities. He points to the inventiveness of artisans in Ireland and Scandinavia, the rise of missionary Christianity, the development of shipbuilding and trade, and the progress in exploration.

Finally, in the most sketchy and least satisfactory section of the book we are reminded of the political and cultural activity of the various Eastern groups whose influence culminated in the T'ang dynasty in China under which a civilization literally blossomed.

Dawn of the Middle Ages is a refreshing analysis of an exciting period in history—a period all too often left in its supposed darkness.

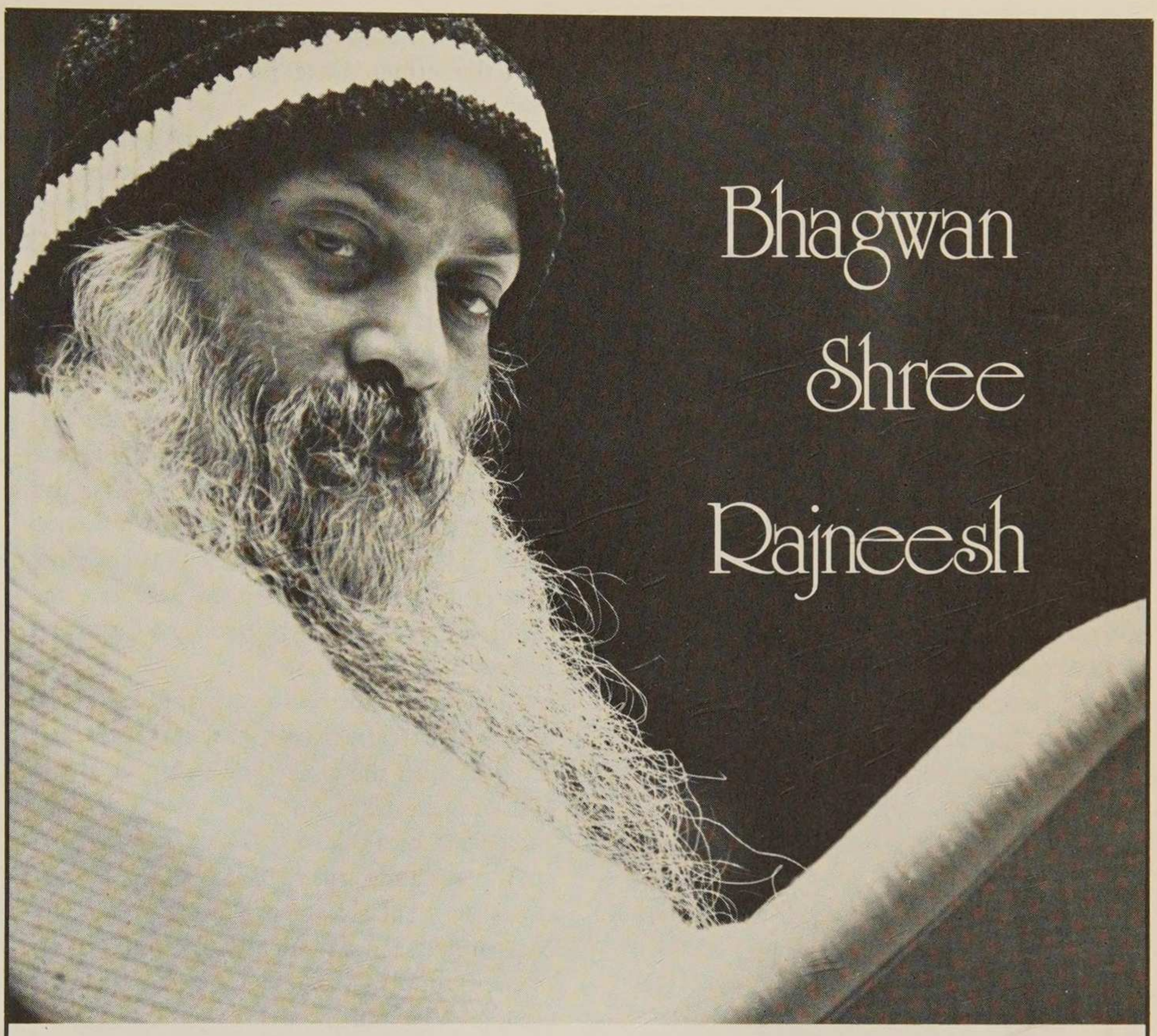
The Christian World begins with an introductory essay by Geoffrey Barraclough on the meaning of the concept contained in the book's title. Barraclough points to Christianity's universal outlook, its independence of a single racial or national base, its missionary aspect, and its resulting worldwide impact. And he sets up the central questions of the book. How deep is the impact of the Christian ethic on the "Christian World"—how much does the Christian message affect today's society? How far—historically—has it permeated the cultures and lives of the various peoples it has reached, many of whom did not *choose* to be Christians?

This book, then, is not a history of Christianity; it is not concerned with theology or dogma as such but with the impact of Christianity on society and culture. The body of the work is composed of ten sections, each introduced by Barraclough and each containing one or two essays by experienced historians. The major divisions are arranged chronologically. They begin with the Church in the Roman Empire and move through the Middle Ages, the Reformation, the Counter-Reformation, and the nineteenth century to modern times. The essays themselves treat aspects of the subject which shed light on the concepts of the Christian World rather than on the chronological development of a religion. All of the essays are competent and serious, if somewhat dry at times. Particularly perceptive are those by Margaret Aston and William Frend—the first on popular religious movements in the Middle Ages and the other on Christianity in the Roman Empire. Both writers stress—as, in a sense do all of the contributors to *The Christian World*—the ability of Christianity as a formal entity to interact with and gain strength from its followers.

Professor Barraclough and his colleagues do not, it must be said, attempt to answer definitively the finally unanswerable questions posed at the beginning of the book; this is, above all, not a biased book. What they do quite scrupulously is to provide the information that makes possible an approach to and meditation on these questions.

The Christian World is an impressive work—beautifully illustrated and truly serious. It should appeal to the specialist as well as to the generalist.

David Leeming, a contributing editor to PARABOLA, *is an associate professor of English at the University of Connecticut and is the author of a number of books on mythology, including* Flights: Readings in Magic, Mysticism, Fantasy and Myth.



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Chronicle of the Guayaki Indians
By Pierre Clastres, translated from the French by Paul Auster and Lydia Davis. New York: Urizen Books, 1981. Pp. 330. $20.

Reviewed by David Price

The Guayaki Indians are tropical forest nomads who live in eastern Paraguay. Their name, which means "Wild Rats," was given them by the surrounding population, whose members consider them subhuman. Since the beginning of recorded history, they have been the victims of periodic raids. Professional Indian hunters organized expeditions that tracked them down, killed the adults, and sold the children as slaves. There are Guayaki family servants scattered all over eastern Paraguay.

The Guayaki, who refer to themselves as Aché, or "people," fled deeper and deeper into the forests and broke up into small bands, the better to evade their tormentors. Once, it seems, they were sedentary agriculturalists. But they had to give up their gardens and learn to live on what they could find in the forest. They retained some of the customs and beliefs of their ancestors, but anything unsuited to life on the lam was soon altered, and over the course of time they became well-adjusted hunters and gatherers.

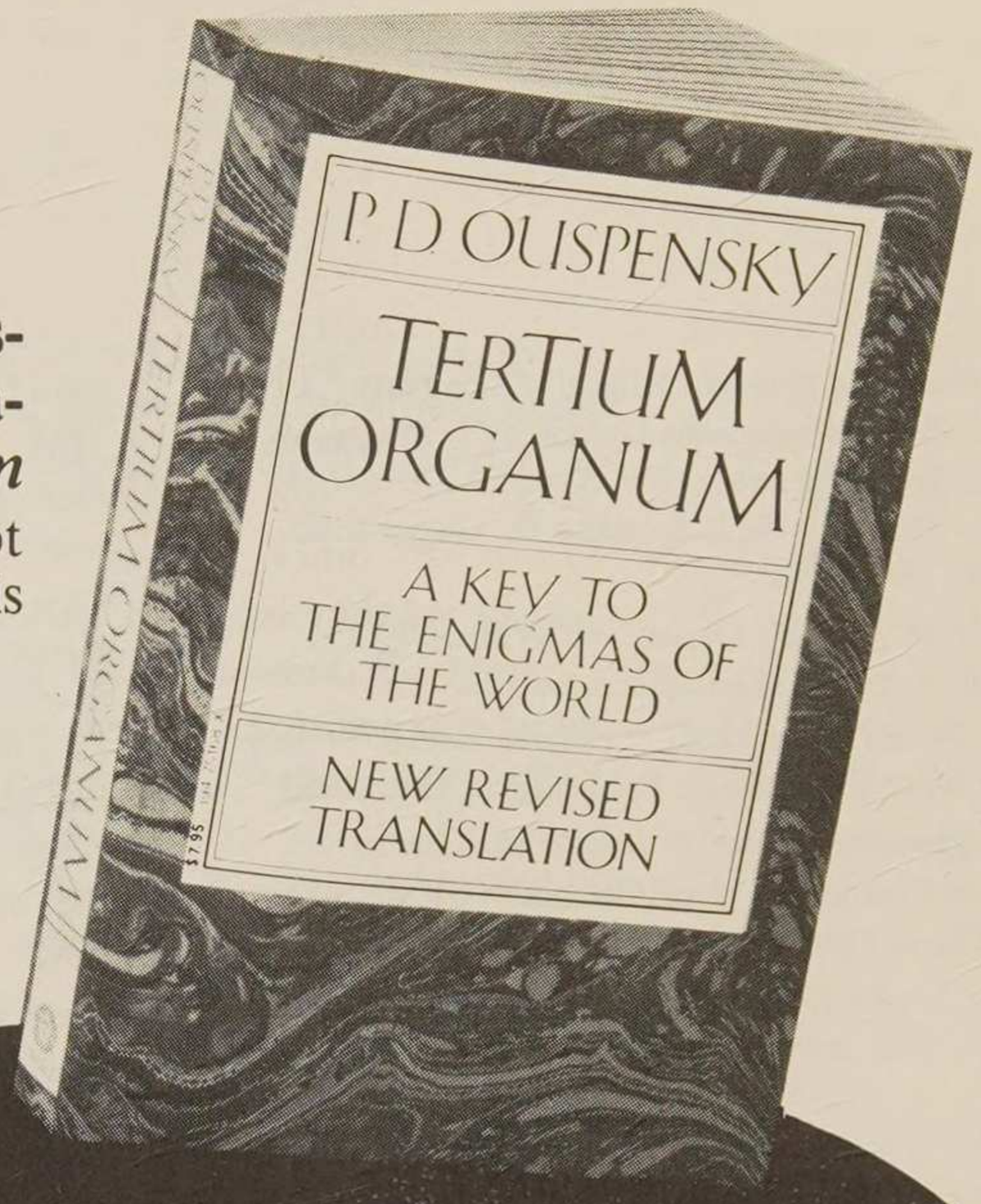
Clastres's chronicle is part ethnography, part adventure, part elegy. His anthropological underpinnings are apparent; a debt to structuralism is particularly clear. But there are no references, no footnotes, no bibliography. Subjects that have traditionally interested ethnographers are discussed: there is information on means of subsistence, social organization, life cycle, ritual, and religion. But there are no such chapter headings. The material forms part of an intellectual odyssey in which Clastres addresses a series of existential questions from the Aché point of view. What does it mean to be adult? What does it mean to be male or female? To be human? To be mortal? In answering these questions, he tells stories about the Aché and about his experiences living and studying with them. Often he sets up a problem and then approaches it obliquely, through a story that appears, at first, to have no relevance. His pacing and sense of drama are excellent. When the point is made, it has the aura of revelation.

A portrait of the Aché as they were when they lived in the forest begins to emerge. But it does not exist in the imaginary "ethnographic present" where many anthropologists place their reports of "what used to be." It is a portrait that develops out of the interaction between Clastres and his informants. Therefore, the researcher and the situation in which he is working are always present. One cannot forget that the remarkable world of the Aché in the forest is the interpretation of a white man with a notebook living among a broken people dying of disease and neglect under the eyes of a degenerate overseer supported by a corrupt government.

The cosmos of the forest Aché is radically different from anything that members of Western society are prepared for. It is a measure of Clastres's skill as a writer that he is able to lead the reader into this cosmos and make it comprehensible. He does so by starting from a point at which there is no difference between an Aché and a Westerner. In the first chapter, he tells about birth. Both the Aché and the Westerner come into the world naked, and what they become depends on what happens afterward. The first things done to an Aché baby are a bit strange, but Clastres shows that they make a kind of sense. At this point, there seems to be only a small gap between what it means to be an Aché and what it means to be a Westerner. It is not hard to imagine that one might have been born an Aché. But as the book progresses, the gap widens to a yawning chasm. The reader who hangs on tightly will eventually find that he has accepted the unacceptable.

Ultimately, *Chronicle of the Guayaki Indians* shows us things about the human potential that we may not have wanted to know. The book is not for the faint-hearted. It is beautifully constructed, but profoundly disquieting.

David Price received his doctorate in anthropology from the University of Chicago. He taught at the University of Brasília and is currently involved in publicizing the plight of Brazilian Indians.



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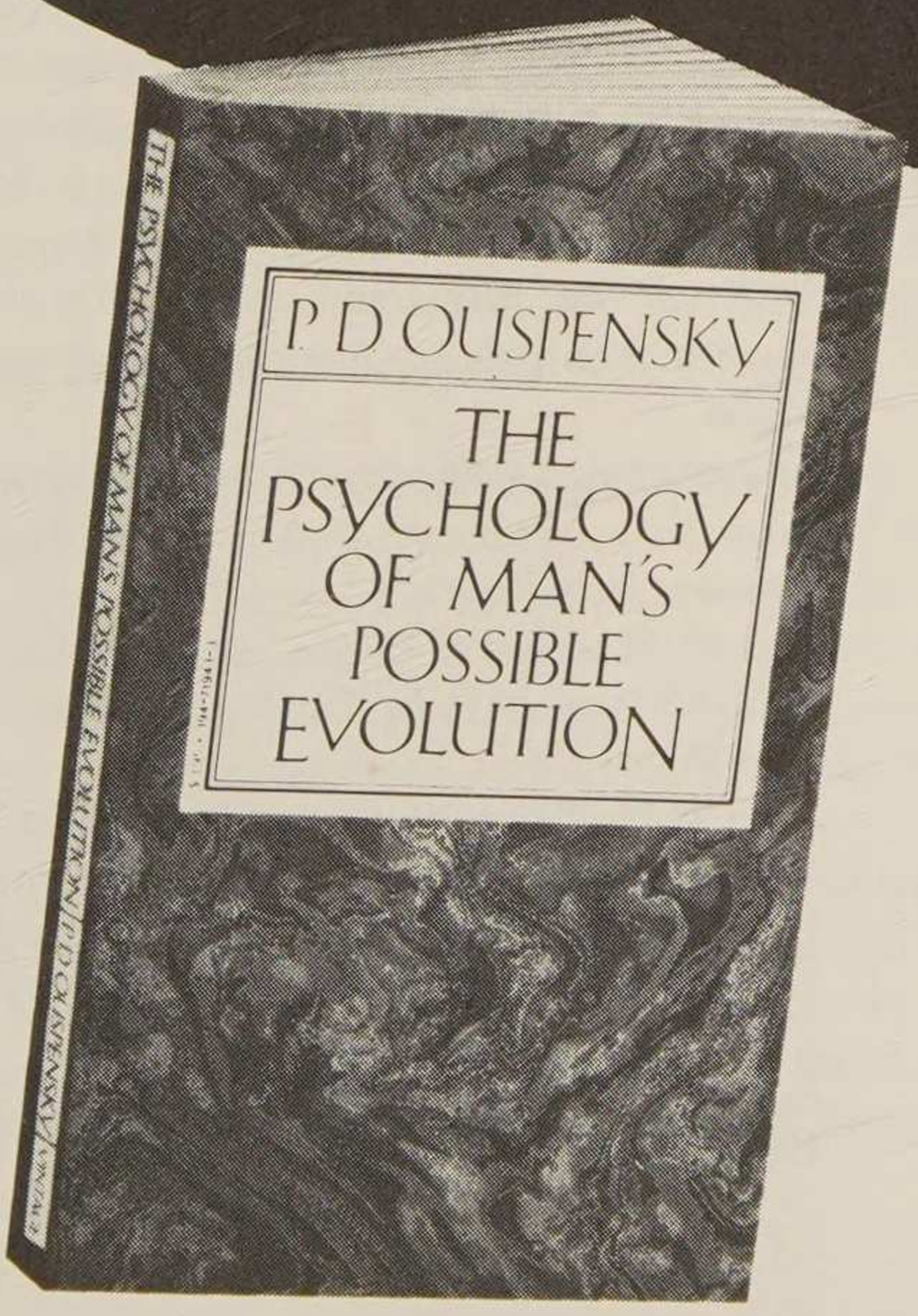

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PROFILES

Arthur Amiotte is a well-known Lakota artist and teacher who recently spent a year studying Native American sacred tradition and art history under the mentorship of Joseph Epes Brown. His writings and illustrations have appeared in several previous issues of PARABOLA.

Ursula Le Guin has won the Nebula Award for Best Novel for her science fiction classics, *The Left Hand of Darkness* and *The Dispossessed*. Her recent collection of essays, *The Language of the Night* (Perigee), contains two pieces originally written for PARABOLA; her most recent appearance in these pages was her personal essay on the eruption of Mt. St. Helens (Vol. V, No. 4). A new story appeared in the February 1, 1982 issue of *The New Yorker*, and her most recent books are *Planet of Exile* (Ace) and *The Word for World Is Forest* (Berkeley).

Richard Lewis wrote a two-part article for PARABOLA's issues on "The Child" and "Storytelling and Education" (Vol. IV, Nos. 3 & 4). He is the director of the Touchstone Center in New York City and has edited a number of anthologies of children's writings, including *Journeys* (Bantam) and *Out of the Earth I Sing* (Grosset & Dunlap).

Paul Jordan-Smith is a storyteller and the Epicycle Editor of PARABOLA.

Wendy Doniger O'Flaherty is professor of history of religions at the University of Chicago, having taught previously at Harvard, Oxford, London, and Berkeley. She has published widely on Hindu mythology; her books include *Asceticism and Eroticism in the Mythology of Śiva, The Origins of Evil in Hindu Mythology,* and *Women, Androgynes, and Other Mythical Beasts*. Her article in this issue is adapted from her unpublished manuscript, *The King Who Dreamed He Was an Untouchable and Awoke to Find It Was True*. Dr. O'Flaherty also lectures frequently, and she recently gave talks at both the C.G. Jung Foundation and the Asia Society in New York City.

P.L. Travers, a consulting editor to PARABOLA since its inception, is the author of the Mary Poppins books, as well as *Friend Monkey*, *The Fox in the Manger*, *About the Sleeping Beauty*, and, most recently, *Two Pairs of Shoes*. She calls herself a "dowser of myth," and she has written and lectured on the subject most of her life. For information on her most recent activities, see the introduction to her conversation with Laurens van der Post in this issue.

Elémire Zolla has edited the quarterly *Conoscenza religiosa* in Rome since 1969. He has written widely on metaphysics and alchemy, as well as literature and philology, and currently has two new books out in this country: *Archetypes* (from which the article contained in this issue is excerpted) and *The Androgyne* (part of the Illustrated Library of Sacred Imagination from Crossroad).

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