New Wilderness Letter

Special Dream-Work Issue
Edited by Barbara Einzig
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Cover photo by Lisa Kahane: Carolee Schneemann performing.

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Michael McClure
DREAM: Night of March 5th

WE ARE ALL IN THE SOUP TOGETHER!! NO!
It is not soup! It is brown gravy and steaming hot — not enough to burn — but warm as it was on those roast beef sandwiches. — And there are kids in this vat of brown gravy with me. They are children but truly they’re small, grown men and women. Beautiful women with blonde hair but kids. Good looking young men but children. They are small people. They sit in the brown gravy up to their chins. They speak to one another and they look at me. I don’t recognize any of them. I must swim to the other side of the vat and do not want to — I must lower my head under the surface. I begin . . . And I stop.

It is revolting but I must do it. It clings. We are high on a platform in the great tub and the ceiling is close but I can’t see it for the thickness of the steam prevents that — BUT I know the roof is nacre, is mother of pearl, and is filled with niches like a vision — like separate visions — with a drama in each one of them.

BUT
EACH
ONE
IS
not what I expected.
(Oh, see! Spidery men in blue costumes! Rayguns! Hurricanes. Beaches with sun and palm trees! Swords and pools of blood filled with roses. Chinchillas eating shamrocks under dark mysterious tables where old folks above drink from cut glass and wipe their lips on lacy napery.

Go crazy
bite their legs
and boots!))

Commit yourself! Engage!
It is beautiful!
Sarah Greys
From the AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A CREE WOMAN
Translated by Howard Norman

Wolverines are known to be animals of incredible inventiveness in their dealings with humans and in their overall adaptation to the environment. Their diet consists, for instance, of most every small mammal, also fish and birds: young deer and caribou may also be taken. Their behavior in regard to "tricks" they play on humans is renowned in the North. The stamina of the wolverine is noted especially clearly in a "Trickster" narrative (told by Billy Lynx) in which even the endless wanderer, the trickster-figure Wichikapeche, wears at that point he turns into a wolverine and sets out once again.

—Howard Norman, Where the Chill Came From: Cree Windigo Tales & Journeys (North Point Press, forthcoming)

These dream-talks were told by Swampy Cree elder Sarah Greys, who has lived in northern Manitoba over ninety years. We have been collaborating on the translation of her long, detailed narration about her life, in which many dreams show up. Opuqasumitewekawin means, approximately, Dream Midwife, which is someone who has the power to draw nightmares or other unwanted recurring dreams out of you.

* * *

I'll tell you about the wolverine, that dream. How it arrived. I had very much trouble with this dream. It was a wolverine, this dream, and travelling in from a great distance. It had cave-dark on it. It had come (directly) from its cave, you could see its eyes clearly because of this (as if) it were EVEN STILL in the cave! A lot of things came at my face that night... some were winds. But this was a wolverine. It arrived and was a dream... and it was inside me now. It had travelled a long way and was taking this travel over again, inside me. Do you understand this, what I say? So I woke up... exhausted... I couldn't travel as far as that animal... so I was very tired. This wolverine did this many nights. I grew tired. My feet hurt badly from this walking. Because each time the wolverine said "Follow me." So I did that. Much walking.

So it was after many days of wolverine walking I asked (elder) Ominik (Grey Duck). Opuqasumitewekawin. I asked her to come over and stay with me... to birth that wolverine out of me. To get it out of me. I said to her, "Stay and get this wolverine out of me." She then said she had to walk a long ways... then walk to me.

She arrived then. She stayed two nights. And... on the second morning I woke without that wolverine in me, walking. Ominik was gone too.

One night I was chased by the bone ladies. I thought they were all sleeping in their places... some prefer to sleep in bowls. It happened they chased me. Some of them were clicking. I went running from them, ahead... I heard them behind me, some were clicking. Some still had soup dried on them, so I knew the animals in the woods smelled them go by after me.

I was chased into a clearing where it was light because of the moon. It was there I turned on them and called out, "BONE LADIES! BONE LADIES!" I shouted at them for fear, and it was then I found out they were not chasing me. I found this out because they went by me, to the lake. They... all the bone ladies went to the lake. When they got to the lake... each one dipped into it. Then they were filled with water, and they lined up on the shore, tilting back and forth on the shore.

That's the end. I think I began to wake up when I was calling out "BONE LADIES!..." But I remember them lined up, filled from the lake, at the end. That was my dream that time.

When I was younger I did not feel comfortable listening to people's dreams. I could not find the right way to hold myself, standing, or with my hands on my face. I grew worry over this. Because of this I went to the marshes, and it was then I believe I went into... into my heron. I was my heron then, probably for some years, and I have no human things I remember from that time. But I can tell you that when I came out of that, when I walked from my heron into my own walking again, I felt much better about listening to dreams. I stood several ways to listen. I could remember the water around my legs, which was good for dream-listening. From then on I was known as a person you could talk dreams with...
I always love shoes
to come in twos
and look like feet
from a different country
where people are honest,

thick soft leather
grey or oatmeal color
never shined, edible-looking.

In my dream I find
such a shoe in a store
There is no pair, one only.

I pick up my feet
and lie down on the air
at the height of the counter.

The one shoe I carry
bursts into flames
as I swim slowly away on air.

It is difficult
to swim through the air.
I long for the mate
of the shoe from my
unknown home country.

"The soul puts on
its shoes. The soul
ties its shoes."

I am homesick for the air
of my home country.

HOW TO TURN A BAD DREAM INTO A GOOD ONE

R. Huna b. Ammi said in the name of R. Pedath who had it from
R. Johanan: If one has a dream which makes him sad he should
go and have it interpreted in the presence of three. He should
have it interpreted! Has not R. Hisda said: A dream which is not
interpreted is like a letter which is not read?—Say rather then, he
should have a good turn given to it in the presence of three. Let
him bring three and say to them: I have seen a good dream; and
they should say to him, Good it is and good may it be. May the
All-Merciful turn it to good; seven times may it be decreed from
heaven that it should be good and may it be good. They should
say three verses with the word hapak [turn], and three with the
word padah [redeem] and three with the word shalom [peace].

Three with the word 'turn', namely (1) Thou didst turn for me my
mourning into dancing, Thou didst loose my sackcloth and gird me
with gladness; (2) Then shall the virgin rejoice in the dance, and the
young men and the old together; for I will turn their mourning into
joy and will comfort them and make them rejoice from their sorrow:
(3) Nevertheless the Lord thy God would not hearken unto Balaam;
but the Lord thy God turned the curse into a blessing unto thee.

Three verses with the word 'redeem', namely (1) He hath redeemed
my soul in peace, so that none came nigh me; (2) And the redeemed
of the Lord shall return and come with singing unto Zion.... and
sorrow and sighing shall flee away; (3) And the people said unto
Saul, Shall Jonathan die who hath wrought this great salvation in
Israel?.... So the people redeemed Jonathan that he died not.

Three verses with the word 'peace', namely, (1) Peace, peace, to him
that is far off and to him that is near, saith the Lord that createth the
fruit of the lips; and I will heal him; (2) Then the spirit clothed
Amasai who was chief of the captains: Thine are we, David, and on
thy side, thou son of Jesse: Peace, peace, be unto thee and peace be
to thy helpers, for thy God helpeth thee; (3) Thus ye shall say: All
hail! and peace be both unto thee, and peace be to thy house, and
peace be unto all that thou hast.

—Talmud (Berakoth)
For three hours I slept and dreamt in the Berkeley Museum. Whenever I had a dream, I would sing it into an amplification system. Objects in the environment: chicken feathers, cooked food, uncooked food, a foam pad, sheets, a baby bottle.

A few weeks before the event, a San Francisco hypnotist gave me a suggestion which contained the instructions for the piece.

There were many levels to this piece:
- my marriage was disintegrating
- I wanted to identify with Pauline Oliveros and music,
  therefore I sang, but under hypnosis
- I was losing control of my life and wanted to sleep

Something other than art was going on in this piece and friends who came to see me sat and waited even though there was very little that I could give them at the time. I dreamt about dogwood trees.
NOTES ON DREAMCHANTS

November 1978

For the past year and a half, I have used a vocal technique to enter a dream state. While singing, I am only slightly aware of my voice, as my mind focuses on the changing visual images of either my interior closed eye or exterior open eye.

I cannot do this singing alone with the same results. The performance situation propels me. The singing opens me up, so that large audiences overwhelm me. I feel the attention and reaction, the pressure of observers. Optimum is one witness.

Mindreading is a separate phenomenon from sharing dreams. Mindreading people can see my inner world whether I am singing or not. The sharing of the experience, the traveling together, is what draws me on.

I play a gong with even strokes of a bass drum pedal mallet close to my left ear, average of 4 beats/second. The gong is brass and about 9 inches in diameter with a handle welded on. My mother found this gong at an auction, and made a present of it to me. I have used it in my work for years, but only in the dreamchant in the position close to the ear. I close my eyes, detach from my ears, and sing from the bottom of my throat, using no articulation except that possible in the throat. Movement in my face would pull me toward conscious activity. I sing without break, except for breaths, and use the voice as an energizer and intensifier and running foot of my mind.

The images usually start immediately, although sometimes they are hard to find. All my life, I have closed my eyes and seen another world, the imagination or whatever it is. The singing makes active this otherwise passive process. It also has taught me about the will.

May 1981

In the past five years I have sung dreamchants in many countries for numerous individuals and small groups, as well as over the radio. Several patterns emerge: (1) preannouncement in dreams of later occurring events; (2) people to my right tend to see similar images; (3) double dreams have been sung with Glen Velez; (4) the ocarina orchestra sings group dreams which are longer than my individual ones, 30 minutes-1 hour as opposed to my 10-15 minutes. They hope to do longer ones.

Ellen Zweig

THE DREAM CHANTS OF CHARLIE MORROW

The dream chants of Charlie Morrow are hermeneutic structures. Only Morrow can perform them; his experience of them is special and deeply personal, and only his presence can authenticate them. His subtle performance doesn't bring us together by pointing out our connections; it sends us more deeply into ourselves, bringing us together only because we've shared a private experience in a public space.

At the 11th International Festival of Sound Poetry, Morrow performed dream chants on two separate occasions. On October 13, 1978, he gave a workshop at A-Space, a Toronto gallery; on October 20, he gave a performance at Innis College at the University of Toronto. In both cases, the dream chants were done after Morrow had performed other sorts of singing and chanting, such as instrumental ocarina pieces, a setting of an epic song from the Old Testament, American Indian chants, and chants to the sky and the wind. In the more formal performance situation at Innis College, Morrow offered less introductory information, simply saying, "I'm going to attempt to do a dream chant, and in this chant I focus on the pictures in my head, rather than on my voice." The brevity of this explanation may have been due to an awareness that many people in the audience had already heard an explanation at the earlier workshop. It may also have been a function of a more formal performance situation in which the chanting took precedence over explanation; the idea may simply have been to do the piece as though it were self-explanatory.

While the audience heard Morrow chanting, they knew, because he had announced it, that he was concentrating on visual images, images that they couldn't see. Even though Morrow reported these images afterwards, the audience felt left out somehow. They needed Morrow to give them the images which for him were the central concern.

At A-Space, in a workshop context, Morrow explained the dream chants more fully. He described them first as "a kind of chanting... I've been interested in using the music as a force just to ride on while my mind goes someplace else... what happens is that while I'm singing I see pictures in my mind and I don't hear my voice." This explanation indicated that instead of just ignoring the music, Morrow's mind "rides" it, or attends to it unconsciously, while he directs his conscious attention to the pictures he sees. Despite this emphasis on two things going on at once, the actual experience of the images remains more important and, even with a fuller explanation, inaccessible to the audience.

Also, in his preliminary explanation, Morrow put the dream chants into the context of his other work by explaining that he considered them a step in several stages of exploration that had started with "ecstatic singing," moved through "singing in characters," and now had moved to "using my voice to put myself in a dream state." His singing had moved more deeply inside of himself; it had become an exploration of the effects of sound on inner vision. But how could he share this exploration with an audience?

Morrow also explained that he rarely did dream chants in a large group. He usually did them at home with one or two people he knew well, people who had selected themselves by their
interest in dream chants, people with whom he felt comfortable and trusting. He had also done the chants in the presence of babies and animals. His friends would participate by chanting with him or the babies and animals would go about their own business. In any case, there was no audience; he was not being observed by anyone from a non-participatory stance. But on this occasion, as on five or six others, Morrow explained that "somehow I wanted to do it in a group." Of course, this was not surprising. He was at A-Space to present and discuss his work. He had chosen to do the dream chants in a context that was unusual and a bit frightening. Perhaps by pointing this out he hoped to get the audience to consider his images as his own, perhaps using his path.

Next Morrow gave a summary of the way a dream chant goes. He explained that he puts a gong to his ear, chants while he hits the gong, his mind following the pictures, and after, "I tell my dream." By this time, he seemed hesitant to begin, especially after we knew he was apprehensive; it seemed as though he was feeling out the audience for some sort of response. A woman in the audience asked if she might "dream along." Morrow answered: "You can do absolutely what you like. I'm not thinking of myself as a projector of visual images, if that's what you meant. I'm not thinking of myself just simply as a stirrer of the group . He had chosen to do the chant at Innis College because of the presence of babies and animals. His friends would participate by chanting while he hits the gong, his mind following the pictures, and after, "I order of images isn't quite together." Morse even described a dream not being observed by anyone and went about their own business. He had chosen to do the chant in the presence of babies and animals because they are somehow also his property alone. There was a crowd of people, in a line, about five hundred feet high. And there was some other structures, off in the distance, a little lazy. I couldn't see. At this point my order of images isn't quite together. I saw some out-of-doors stuff. It was like the sea, except the water was a bright turquoise blue. I'd been seeing purple and blue clouds, but I hadn't seen quite some time. And I heard my grandmother's voice saying, "Relax." My own voice saying, "Are you sure you want to tape this in front of a large group?" And another part of me saying, "Well, maybe you're just hamming it up." A couple of times I felt like stopping but something in me kept on going on although it was at the same time self-critical of it. There was a little cascade... coming from about here down to there... much larger than fifty or a hundred feet high. And I saw the white rushing of the water. Oh yes, there was a... at the point where I was seeing the identical rows of houses, it blurred and became the feathers of a bird... and they became a kind of stern paddle on a boat. A very old kind of boat with a large spoon-like stern paddle. And that's when I got into the sea images. Then there was a rushing of images. There was a crowd of people, in a line, about five across, tightly together. And I had a feeling I was starting to feel everyone's mind pressing on me. When I do this with more than one or two people, I can really feel everybody getting into my head. And so the images began to rush and turn. There was an image of two children playing on a field. The field started to revolve over and over in my mind and sky were spinning. There were several other images spinning like that. And in the end I saw an eye looking at me... First, an eye. Then, it was wearing an orange mask. Then, another eye.

The images at Innis College were:
When the song began I was on an open field, part of it was dirt, part of it was grass. It might have been a field that was used for sports... I saw some close-ups of autumn grasses with seeds on them, clear blue sky images, and some water. And I saw the top of a funnel of a ship going down. There was some blue light at a certain point, but I have a bit of a headache and a flu coming on, I hope not, but when I sang harder the images couldn't... pounded in my head. So I was focusing in and out of the images. Morse's reporting consists of several different types of information; furthermore, these types are reported in approximately the same order. The initial images are general—"out-of-doors stuff," "the sea," "a crowd of people," "triplets," and "skies." Sometimes they are given as single nouns: "sky," "sea"; sometimes as nouns with one or two adjectives: "an open field"; sometimes as an open field with other adjectives: "an old fashioned, panelled room," "rows and rows of identical small houses." Regardless of the complexity of the initial description, the next bit of information sharpens the image with more detail. "The old fashioned panelled room" is "a drawing room with large paintings on the wall." "The rows of identical houses" are "factory houses" and they have "red roofs." "The open field" is "part dirt, part grass.

Sometimes instead of adding detail Morrow tells a series of events in sequence. He reports a conversation with his grandmother; he describes images that change and spin from one image to the next. "The rows of houses blurred" and then "they became the stern paddle on a boat." After he sees the image of "two children playing on a field," the field begins to revolve. He sees an eye turn into an eye "wearing an orange mask" and back into an eye again.

There are references to the order of the images, but the images aren't always told in the order that they occurred. In the workshop dream, Morrow remembers that the "rows of houses" changed into "the feathers of a bird" and into "the stern paddle of a boat" after he has described "out-of-doors stuff," the water images, the conversation with his grandmother, "the large cascade." Before he began this long list of images, he admitted that "At this point my order of images isn't quite together."

Many of the images are mentioned, then described in greater detail, and then explored from a meta-viewpoint. After Morrow reported the conversation with his grandmother, which was about his nervousness at preparing before a large group, he explained that although he felt like stopping, he didn't; he continued but was "self-critical" at the same time as he continued. After he mentioned the blue light, he explained that he wasn't feeling well and couldn't really concentrate on the images. These descriptions move from more and more detailed description to more and more explanation and analysis of the feelings connected with the images.

The fact that Morrow tells the images not in the order he saw them, but in the order he recalls them, and that he begins with a general image, clarifying as he continues, points to the secret and private nature of the dream. We are not reliving that experience in the telling of the images. We are listening to a telling; we are not experiencing the seeing. There could be any number of other tellings.
The images could be described in detail immediately; the order could be preserved. The actual way of telling points out that we are following memory, not vision. The viewer sees the images as visual wholes, in all their detail; the rememberer recalls the details gradually.

If we think of the dream chant as a static, after-the-fact structure, we see it as a chanting with gong accompaniment that contains (as in a box) an inner secret vision. This is followed by a telling of the vision which refers back to the inner, contained part of the piece but doesn't reproduce it.

The structure can be described as a series of events. First Morrow, gong to his ear, chants a wailing, changeable song. Sometimes there are pauses; after the pauses there is often an abrupt change of pitch. The gong, struck by a padded mallet, keeps a fairly steady rhythm. The changes in pitch are sometimes accompanied by changes in emotional tone; the chants seem to move through a series of strong emotions. If we think of the visual images as part of the structure of the piece, we might see them as an inner layer that follows, perhaps exactly, the structure of the chant. The telling of the dream comes after the chanting and the inner vision.

If we think of the dream chant as a process, rather than as static structure, we see the inner vision differently. When Morrow begins chanting, we can hear the sounds that he makes with the gong and his voice; we can see the expression on his face which is usually one of ecstasy and concentration. He appears to be in a trance. We can see his body moving as he hits the gong and as he breathes deeply in the chant. We can close our eyes and see our own images. We may regard all of the information that we get during the actual performance of the chant as clues to the visual images, but any attempt to correlate the chant with the visual images later is doomed to failure.

Then Morrow tells us what he has seen; he attempts to reveal the secret. Yet, Morrow can tell us only what he remembers; only what his memory can see as he is telling the dream. We see that parts of the vision are revealed, but that most importantly, a lack is revealed to us, our lack. This lack and our knowledge of it establishes a deep frustration in the audience. We want to know and experience; that's what we came for, and all the bits of information lead us to other experiences but not to the elusive vision of Charlie Morrow.

I suppose it could be said that an inner vision is at the heart of any poem, written or oral, chant or semantical. The dream chant makes it clearer that we cannot be present at the vision. In most poems we assume that the vision was simultaneous to the writing of the poem; we don't expect to experience it but we hope that the poet's words will reproduce the experience for us. This is the magic that happens when we feel deeply the experience of a poem. But the dream chant doesn't even attempt to do this. The chanting, like music, can give us a set of emotional, visual responses. But the range of these responses is fairly wide; we have our own visions. We are listening to the chanting at the very moment of the vision; we see Morrow having the vision, yet we can't get at it. The information is inadequate. This is why Morrow must be present with his words. His presence is the only proof we have that there is a vision; his performance is a shell that can only be authenticated by Morrow himself. He tells us that he saw pictures; he can even tell us, although incompletely, what those pictures were. We can believe his words or not; we must believe his presence. He is on stage to prove to us that he has had a vision; he tries to communicate that vision in words to a group of people defined from the beginning as outsiders.

After the workshop dream chant, Morrow was questioned by several members of the audience. One woman asked if we had to have the images described after the chanting. She was disturbed by the personal nature of the images and felt that the chant itself was an interesting and satisfying piece of music; she was probably also frustrated by the fact that she couldn't see the images. Morrow replied simply that he always felt "compelled to report the images. This feeling may be merely for his own benefit, so that he can remember the images. It may also be a real attempt to share the vision with an audience who wouldn't be satisfied with a piece of music that they know is only the shell of something greater." Morrow said that he realized that some people felt "imposed upon" by the telling of the images. Others are disturbed by the "unpoetic" way he tells them. They say the telling isn't as "professional" as the music. Yet, this unprofessional telling, this list of images that does not conform to our expectations of a poem, has its own message. The unprofessional nature of the telling, the earnestness of the attempt to be accurate, give as many details as possible, and to explain the feelings that went with the images, tell us that Morrow is sincere. He wants to let us in on the secret and, what is more, he wants to give us something of himself.

Morrow expressed his wish to share something with his audience during a discussion of the presence of the tape-recorder in the room, recording the dream chants as they were happening. There were two tape-recorders present. One was a large cassette recorder with a hand-held microphone. (The hand holding it was from the CBC.) The other was mine, a smaller cassette recorder with a built-in condenser mike. The attacks on the tape-recorder's presence were all directed to the CBC people; curiously no one noticed me.

Steve McCaffery began the attack by saying that he felt a "group unconscious" working during the dream chant, but he found the presence of the tape-recorder intrusive. He described it as "an alien presence." It was like "people taking notes," "an image of taking out of the circle." The presence of technology seemed inappropriate.

When Morrow decided to do another dream chant that night, he asked the CBC to turn off their recorder; I turned mine off also although I wasn't asked. Morrow said that he would like to emphasize the group experience of the chant. He wanted for "the reason that any artist performs, which is a sharing." What could he have meant by this sharing, group experience? We have just seen that he can only share part of the experience of the dream chant and that the audience will inevitably be frustrated if they try to get the secret information of the vision. On the other hand, we begin to feel that Morrow is sincere. He wants to share his vision; he's generous. It is interesting that he never insisted at either performance in Toronto that the audience see their own images. He does admit that this is a possibility; yet he doesn't insist on it as an essential part of the experience. In this way, he leaves himself open to the kind of observation that the tape-recorder implies.

When I shut off my tape-recorder for the second dream chant at the
workshop, I became a participant in a way I hadn’t been when I was concentrating on making a good recording of the piece. When I’m recording I watch the sound-level meter and the tape counter; I want accurate, professional recordings of the event. I know that I can always listen to the performance later, on the tape. Maybe if I go over and over it, playing the chant many times, I will be able to get at Morrow’s secret vision. When I shut off my tape-recorder I tried to see with Charlie Morrow. I can remember only one image from his list after the chant, a bursting sun, because it was one of my images too. I remembered all of my images and found them much more interesting than Morrow’s. This experience led me to wonder if perhaps Morrow’s performance of a private experience in public is meant to teach us his techniques of getting to vision. His performance is exemplary. If I believe him, and I will if his performance moves me, I will be moved to try his techniques and have my own vision.

The poet-as-himself, on stage, is not alone. His actions affect the audience, sometimes making changes that the audience will take away with them when they leave. Sometimes the audience participates in the performance, becomes part of the performance; sometimes the performance enlarges its boundaries and we’re not sure when it ends and life begins.


Susan Hiller

DREAM MAPPING

[Susan Hiller is an American artist who lives and works in London. DREAM MAPPING took place in 1974, growing naturally out of a group investigation, The Dream Seminar, that was held the previous year. The event reflects her continuing interest in “notations of shared awareness . . . the tradition of the artist as mapmaker, one who is a cosmologist as well as a cartographer. . . . That is, aspects of the world were explained in the same gestures by which they were drawn.” In a letter she writes: “I did graduate work in anthropology, even taught it for a bit, did fieldwork among the Maya, etc., before deciding to abandon that profession. . . . One clear reason for my decision was a repugnance for the whole notion of the participant-observer. I decided always to be a participant, and even now I hesitate to offer explanations about my own work . . . .” Hiller’s following comments are excerpted from an informal discussion regarding her work that was part of a series of talks in 1975 at Tone Place in London.]

The piece began with a site, a location, a field with a series of “fairy circles” formed by the marasmius oreades mushroom. These rings occur in great abundance in a field at Purdies Farm in Hampshire . . . you’ll rarely see that many of these circles in one place . . . it’s a fantastic occurrence. The idea of incubating or creating special conditions for a group to share a dream experience was suggested by the dream traditions associated with fairy circles as much as from the ultimate conclusions of certain of the later stages of The Dream Seminar. . . . Later there emerged a method of combining subjective notations as to the sense of direction/dimension/duration/location of individual dreams, and these became the composite group dream maps of the last three days of the piece. Work on the piece began a month ahead of the final three nights, when identical notebooks with maps of the dream site were sent to seven participants with instructions to record their dreams, verbally if necessary, but to attempt to evolve a system of schematic notations or maps. This part of the piece served as a form of initiation . . . and a form of training . . . particularly for participants who had not taken part in The Dream Seminar, and for the group as a whole this period seems to have intensified their interest in each other and the piece. . . . At the end of the month, for three nights, participants slept out of doors in the circle of their choice, and recorded and mapped their dreams the following morning. . . . The composite maps were compiled by taking bits of tracing paper and asking everyone to take the main notations from their individual maps and superimpose them one on the other. The last map on each “spread” is the composite map, and the overlapping or coincidence of personal notations of subjective experiences is shown by heavy lines. . . . This is not an attempt, in any sense, to make an equivalent to a scientific experiment. This is an experiential . . . this is a structure that invites possibilities of intensified subjective experience. It’s not oriented towards “results.”]
DREAM MAPPING: the first night

Dreamer no. 1

Dreamer no. 2

Dreamer no. 3

Dreamer no. 4

Dreamer no. 5

Dreamer no. 6

Dreamer no. 7

Composite group map
DREAM MAPPING: the second night

Dreamer no. 1

Dreamer no. 2

Dreamer no. 3

Dreamer no. 4

Dreamer no. 5

Dreamer no. 6

Dreamer no. 7

Composite group map
DREAM MAPPING: the third night

Dreamer no. 1

Dreamer no. 2

Dreamer no. 3

Dreamer no. 4

Dreamer no. 5

Dreamer no. 6

Dreamer no. 7

Composite group map
There were two brothers.
They went out hunting.
They came to the taiga.
They came to a tent, that had been made there before.

Now, having come to the taiga, they lay down to sleep.

Only one brother sleeps, but the other didn’t fall asleep and he’s lying there, staying awake.

One’s sleeping, but the other’s lying there and looking around.

One’s lying there and seeing that above the sleeping man two small lights are shining, and they are rising upward.

That brother got up and chased after the small lights. The small lights arrived at a steep cliff; arriving there, they went into that cliff.

He went in after the small lights. That cliff was filled with a mass of the most precious animal skins. These small lights went out again, out of the cliff.

That man went out after the small lights. The small lights again are going to the sleeping brother. The lights arrived there and having arrived there, they went out.

That sleeping brother woke up, and to his brother he says:

“IN A DREAM I WAS GOING INTO A CLIFF! INSIDE THE CLIFF I SAW THE MOST PRECIOUS ANIMAL SKINS!”

When he had told his dream, they both now went out hunting. They hunted until evening.

If they come across squirrels, they shoot squirrels.

Having returned that evening, they want to spend the night there again. Having spent the night, the staying-awake brother in the morning says:

“WE’RE NOT SHOOTING ANY ANIMALS HERE! WE’RE ONLY PASSING THE TIME AWAY!”

They are returning home; they arrived at their home. The staying-awake brother again wants to go to the taiga. He left, not letting his brother in on it; he arrived alone at that tent of his.

Now he goes to the cliff, in which he saw the precious animal skins; having entered the cliff, he took animal skins; he came back to his tent; he arrived.

Sitting astride his horse and having heaped his animals on the saddle, he returned home.
Having sold those animals, he became rich. He didn’t tell his brother why he’d become rich or from where he’d taken the money.

The two lights took themselves to the cliff. These lights were the burning eyes of the sleeping man.

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Dreamworks is the only periodical devoted to the interdisciplinary study of the relationship between dream and art. "This original approach to dreams will prove as stimulating and relevant to artists as to critics and scholars." —John Rechy, Author of City of Night

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Becky Cohen & Pauline Oliveros
From INITIATION DREAM

Recently Pauline Oliveros asked me to photograph one of the dreams in her ongoing dream diary—a dream that seemed of particular significance to her. The resulting work consists of thirteen photo images, each accompanied by a handwritten section of the dream text with a single sentence or fragment illuminated to function as the caption or title for that image. The unilluminated text (with its repetitions from photo to photo) then serve as narrative & visual ground for the illuminated fragment.

(B.C.)

THE INITIATION DREAM TEXT. (Aug 25, 1978) Rose and I are in a lobby somewhere waiting for school to begin. I am on hand as a counselor. A parttime employee/teacher shows up to counsel. He becomes impatient. He wants to know why he should stay. He starts to talk to a young girl about her lesson. I interrupt and tell him why he should stay. I impress him with the importance of the teaching mission. I chide his impatience. He stays. Then I am to have a Tai Chi lesson. The instructor arrives. He has dark hair and an impatient air. I decide to trust him and be open to the lesson even though I had not asked for it. We go to a room. I am wearing several layers of clothes. I take off some of the jackets. I have on grey sweat pants and a shirt. I am to lie down on the floor. The teacher sits cross-legged behind me. He takes my head in his hands. He straightens my jaw to make my teeth clench. Then he applies pressure with his fingers to my temples, presses his lips to my crown chakra and begins to speak. I receive a tingling sensation which spreads over my head and down the spine. The voice seems to be inside my head, disembodied. The space inside my head seems to grow. The voice changes from male to female. It is transmitting a long teaching. When the teaching is completed, I am turned over on my stomach. I receive an acupuncture treatment up the spine. I flinch at the first needle. I am criticized for flinching and resisting what is good for me. The needles continue. I am verbally berated for the illness manifest in some vertebrae. This is all corrected by the needles. I feel the tingling sensation. When the treatment is completed, I am placed on my feet. A man begins to fling pillows at me to test my reactions. I catch each one. I realize that I have been initiated. Next I am to be placed in a coffin and closed in, so that I can hear my inner workings. There is a pinball machine beside the coffin. The coffin is lined with pink material. I start to slide myself into the coffin as I awaken from the dream. I feel the sensations from the ceremony and treatment all day. (P.O.)
afflict pressure with his fingers to my temples,    
presses his lips to my crown chakra and    
begins to speak. I receive a tingling sensation    
which spreads over my head and down the spine.    
The voice seems to be inside my head, disembodied.    
The space inside my head seems to grow. The    
voice changes from male to female. It is    
transmitting a long teaching. When the    
teaching is completed, I am turned over    
on my stomach. I sense the presence of    
another. I receive an acupuncture treatment    
up the spine. I flush at the first needle.
Jerome Rothenberg

DREAM POEM. I am walking past a wall on which a poster with my face on it is many times repeated. I am on my way to the airport. 11.xii.79

MORE IMAGINAL GEOGRAPHIES

1 because the rock stands there
the man sits on it & sings:
because his eye sees the rock & sees it again
he waits by the road
dreaming singing
repository of the world's poor
himself in his own dream
singing in his dream

2 the eye, too late
the other eye, too late
& practical:
does a vision come to him?
a vision walks
along the road, another vision
waits back of the door:
the pain of being
doubly human
is another vision:
sometimes it sleeps with him
& calls
into his troubled ear:
o friend o human brother
there are no lights

David Guss

ADEKATO

The Makiritare, as noted in NWL #8 (David Guss, The Atta) are a Cariban-speaking tribe living in thirty independent villages along the tributaries of the Orinoco River in southern Venezuela. One of these villages is called Adujai'ia, and here the author made several extended visits during 1977 and 1978. Some useful terminology: Criollo is any indigenous Venezuelan of mixed blood; conuco is a slash and burn garden, in use throughout the South American rain forest; yuca is the most common crop from which cassava bread, the staple of the Makiritare diet, is made; and the waja—flat, circular baskets woven with a variety of mythological designs—are used in the preparation and serving of cassava. The making of these baskets is one of the most common pastimes of the men while in the village.

In “Seeing for Dream: Dream Concepts of the Makiritare” (Journal of Latin American Lore 62, 1981) Guss writes: “As the Makiritare themselves define it, the dream is 'the voyage of the double,' or adekato. The double, which each person is endowed with at birth, is called akato, from the word aka, or 'two.' The double is conceived of as originating in heaven. Although it inhabits an individual body, it is immortal and returns to heaven upon the person's death. It is said to take a visible form when traveling outside of the body, but only those with special powers, such as shamans, have the power to perceive it. When a person sleeps, his double, or akato, enjoys going out traveling. When the akato returns to the person, it reveals all the details of its adventures while outside. It is this revelation or retelling that is called adekato and forms the content of the dream. Thus the dream is a retelling of an actual event which the person's double participated in.”

This time there wasn't anybody in the village. Almost all the men had gone down river two weeks earlier to build a shelter in La Paragua, the Criollo pueblo where they go to trade their baskets and canoes for kerosene and gunpowder and sugar. The younger boys—the modeshi—who had been left behind to hunt for the women and old men, had all gone off to collect palm thatch for a new roof. Julio, the chief, was off fishing with bees. The women were all out cleaning the conucos which they did communally every three to four months. I sat on a rock and listened to the noon bird. Then I walked over to the Big House. There were two or three children playing with an old tortoise shell in the dust and a young girl grating yuca in the shade. It was very quiet. I went inside to poke around. At first I didn't even see Josero sitting over in a corner carving a piece of wood. I went over and got in a hammock that was hung right next to him.

Josero wasn't from Adujai'ia. He had lived there a long time ago but had gone off to Cusimi when the villagers had refused him a wife. Now he was here on a visit with his Cusimi woman. The Makiritare like to travel. They go traveling two or three watersheds over to visit a village and stay there for a year. An outsider usually has a pretty hard time telling them apart from the rest of the community. With Josero it was a little bit easier. He'd been orphaned at a very early age and sent to live outside of the tribe. He'd been on a cattle ranch for a while and knew how to ride a horse. He had a big straw cowboy hat he liked to wear and a pair of green reflective sunglasses too. He was the best Spanish speaker in the village and taught me a lot about his people. Because he'd spent so much of his youth away from the tribe, he was eager to learn a lot of the same things I was. I used to sit in that hammock for hours, talking, laughing, swapping stories, smoking kauai—Josero carving a bench or weaving a basket the whole time, me with a foot on the nearest post, kicking, rocking, swinging back and forth.
This time I asked him why he hadn’t gone out with the others to gather palm thatch—what he was doing inside like that in the middle of the day with everybody gone. He told me it was how he dreamed last night and it was too dangerous to go outside. He told me he’d dreamed that the **waja** basket he’d started the day before was completely finished. That’s what he saw in his dream—that basket all done. “That dream has the markings of a snake. That’s the way the basket is. It means you’re going to get bitten. **Könnöttö** (the fer-de-lance) is going to bite you. It’s better not to go out. Julio told me not to.”

Now it used to be that all the men gathered at the center of the round house at dawn to recount their dreams to each other, and from that the chief decided what each person should do that day, his main task being the assignment of the daily work. And from this experience of centuries of collective dream-telling, the Makiritare have catalogued and classified hundreds of dreams with all their myriad archetypal interpretations. So that any knowledgeable elder will have a large repertory of dreams (like riddles) stored right alongside his tales, songs and ritual formulas. Josero was just starting his collection. Here are some of the ones he told me:

If you dream that something suddenly falls for no reason—a post or a house beam—and comes crashing down on you or makes you jump up with fright, that’s a jaguar dream. That means **Mado** is out there waiting for you. Don’t go.

If you dream you’re rubbing your hand over the surface of a yuca grater (which is very sharp and made from hundreds of little metal points), that’s a big snake dream. That means **Tra’dima**, the coral snake, wants to bite you. **Stay inside.**

**Kanaima**’s a monster who comes from the East. He’s the bone crusher who sucks the blood out of everybody he meets. Enemies usually send him. If you dream you’re being followed by a pig that’s trying to bite you, that’s a **Kanaima** dream. See the shaman. He’s the only one that can protect you.

If you dream about someone with **caruto** paint on their face, that’s a **Kanaima** dream too, because **caruto** is black the same as **Kanaima**.

But if you dream about someone covered with **wesu** or **onoto** paint, that’s a “cutting dream.” It means that person will get cut by a machete or an axe that day. This is because **onoto** is red and covers the body like blood.

If you dream you’re swimming and swimming and want to stop but can’t and just go on swimming till you start to drown, that’s a sickness dream. It means you’re going to come down with a very bad cold.

If you dream you’re being bitten by dogs, this means that someone who is angry with you is on their way to visit and will arrive soon.

Now a tapir dream is when you dream about a new canoe being dragged to the river. This is a good sign for hunting tapir because the new canoe is big and black (from being burnt) like the tapir and heavy too, just the way the tapir will be when you have to drag it home.

A wild boar dream is when Shirishana (Yanomamo) are shooting arrows at you. Those arrows are like the boars’ tusks. It means you’ll catch boar but they’ll be running crazy when you find them.

The marriage dream is when you’re bitten by a snake. This means you’ll get married very soon.

There are two other ways to see a marriage coming as well which are not dreams. One is when you see a star as close to the moon as it can get without touching it. The other is when you hear a bird that sings in a very sad voice, "Pi...pi...pi...pi." If another one returns the call, it means marriage. If not....
DREAM EVENT took place in Billy Apple’s loft on West 23rd Street in New York, and extended for 48 hours from 6 P.M. Friday, December 3rd to 6 P.M. Sunday, December 5, 1971. During that time I neither spoke nor ate. I was naked, generally under a sheet on a mattress between two posts in the center of a white windowless room. The only light was a 25 watt bulb in a clip-on lamp attached to the post above my head. I had a pitcher of water to drink, and a pot to pee in. Old dreams of mine were there for people to read, and new ones were added when they were dreamed and written down. I slept when I was tired. When I was awake I wrote down my dreams, kept my journal or just lay there and thought. People were free to come in and observe the piece anytime of the day or night.

Notes in my journal from October 31st present the original conception of the piece and are accompanied with a dream.

My fast was broken Sunday evening with a great breakfast Al Hansen and Valerie Herouvís had for me at their loft on Canal Street.

The dreams from those 48 hours which I wrote on separate sheets of paper have eluded me, like dreams do sometimes, and I am unable to locate them. However, this is a piece more about the process of dreaming than the specific content of certain dreams, about the visual image of my sleeping in the center of that space, about the availability of old and new dreams, my vulnerability, the denials, the duration. The journal of the piece stands on its own.

1. SLEEP
2. Record Dreams with notebook and cassette tape recorder.
3. Mattress in space between two posts.

Like Samaras’ Room, Warhol’s Sleep, Rauschenberg’s Bed, but something different too.

SLEEP
1. Possibility of falling asleep.
2. Possibility of dreaming.
3. Possibility of attempted audience interaction.
   Documentation of internal occurrences—external occurrences.

DREAM: 31 October 1971

Foundations of huge old New England house being worked on for me by old Yankee farmer. Lights are on in the cellar and he and assistant have props and wedges all over the place—sometimes series of small blocks, sometimes big posts and shingles wedged top and bottom—thorough job, but I wondered whether during the next winter or so various piles of supports might not come down.

The farmer was in a corner working on electricity, and there was a question in my mind about whether he could finish it after I went away. Was I going to Europe?

Bob Watts was having a class in cellar—cavernous space with underground pool (natural formation). I had to talk with Bob but concerned about interrupting him. Do talk with him, but it is a short pressured conversation.

Drive up to Marlboro, but are stopped because we are making too much noise. The old farmhouse dormitory at the college has been remodeled. An extra floor has been added, and windows have been placed in a varied “modern” pattern, some sideways. In some way the timbered structure is revealed. Then I enter into a long talk with a college official about the changes, saying that I am in complete agreement with them. They have made the place a center for serious, dedicated and focused work, simple, quiet, lots of meditation, and exploration of new ideas. The person I was talking to looked like a small version of Walter (my father who founded the college) as he was 30 years ago, but with pronounced salt and pepper hair. I tell him who I am after the talk, and how he looks like my father, and how I agree with what he’s done.
Realize Walter's shortcomings. Shift into curriculum discussion and how art could be handled in first year of program. Then I continue down into the woods near Christie's at the bottom of the hill.

**DREAM EVENT JOURNAL:**

**3 DECEMBER, 6 P.M. TO 6 P.M., DECEMBER 5, 1971**

Started event right at 6 P.M. took off my clothes and got into bed. Earlier visited with Billy in the front room, and said, “Good-by.” Beautiful feeling settling into the space. Silence. Quiet. Low light. Just the sounds of Chen's Tai Chi upstairs, and I think Billy cleaning up the broken glass downstairs. Saw it as his little glass piece, when I came in today.

Thoughts of being in my loft last night, of the stillness and aloneness there.

Wrote dream of this morning and letter to Alison about “Identical Lunch,” then settled back into the quiet.

Michael Cooper came in. Many thoughts—remembered his archaeology letter of last night. When he first came to doorway he was just a person there, then recognized him. How to separate myself? With someone entering room, whole new dimension to piece. How shall I deal with the presence of a person? Tried to feign sleep and turned to face other way, but lying here realized I had to start this journal as release for my thoughts of the moment.

Where will fantasies go? In here (journal)? Or on separate sheets like the dreams?

I think I can settle down, rest and keep my thoughts focused inward. I wrote to Alison, and now I've just written to Pauline. Am I reaching out to communicate with friends—and in California at that—because I can't talk with the people in the room? I think there are 3 or 4 now, but don't want to look.

Billy is telling his neighbors to be silent. “Have to have silence—there’s a piece going on—just for this weekend....” “God, Billy, don’t be so up tight.”

The contrast of my silence with the noise of the environment is beautiful—even the noise of your saying, “Be quiet.” I like that.

How does a person go to sleep?

I'm feeling like a dog turning round and round to make his nest—like that dog barking out in the hall.

Woke up about 9 P.M. (Friday).

Had thought people were still there. They had left.

Stiff. Groggy.

**Fantasy/Dream?**

Of cigarette butts in pottery dishes.

Lots of food around—leftovers from eating that was going on—concerned about how to get them away.

**SATURDAY A.M.**

Woke up about 7:30 A.M.

There was a momentary thought—“Is it A.M. or P.M.?”

Am I going to lose sense of the time of day?

**Photo by Valerie Herouvis**

Strange thing about light above me—

Like interrogation light—

CELL. PRISON. 

ISOLATION.

BUT DOOR IS OPEN.

12:30 P.M. Saturday

Fantasies...

Of someone bringing me pecan halves and fruit—oranges and apples and grapes.

Of Ed Hee coming in and I masturbate in front of him.

He was going to do a masturbation/video piece here.

Does he know of Milan Knizak's piece?

Friday evening as I was falling off to sleep there were strong anxieties/fears—

Will things be stolen from me?
Wrist watch for instance was just out loose at head of bed. Would I be violated in any way? Would I be killed even? The ultimate attack/violation of my body. So sleep which I was entering was troubled/tense.

When I woke my clothes had been moved to a pile by the door. I was glad I had removed my valuables. This made it clear I had been asleep. Who had done it? And why?


Back of my head like layers of tissue paper being pulled back.

Tai Chi going on overhead. Half wake up. Don’t move. Think I hear people whisper in room. Stay still so as not to disturb them. When I open my eyes there is no one around. All fantasy. Tai Chi sounds transposed? Or had the people been there and left?

Fantasy of people getting in bed with me. (But when they come in they stay off towards edge.)

3:00 P.M. (overheard) “As a graphic designer, can you think of any improvements on this thing?”

Chris Loekle came in earlier. Hovered over me to take picture. I wake up. Hand shake before he leaves.

HOSPITAL BED. CELL. PRISON.

AMBIGUITY OF BOUNDARY. Much clearer at Avant Garde Festival.

SILENCE. So talking as communication out, but I’ve been using my eyes, a smile, touch. The border is not clear. Does that make the silence artificial? I don’t think so.

Dave Burrows came by. Wanted to do more than hold my hand, but situation was ambiguous. Tyche and Bracken had broken boundary around me. Touching. Caressing. Whispering. Playing around. This was a factor in unclear situation with Dave.

Billy and Jacki leave around 10:30 P.M. (Change pitcher and pot.)

Paul Ryan stopped by midnight to 12:30. Strong relationship back to his “Video Wake,” and right he should come in night as I had done for that.

Jon and Valerie get here about 2:30 A.M. Between Paul and them, someone came by and left “FLY” “BE A CLOUD” piece against the wall. (I checked next day and it was Jackson.)

Billy had said Jon would be by later, when he left.

I don’t want it to be that they came by to keep watch over me. Got sense that Billy was lining up someone to keep watch over me in the middle of the night. I can have fantasies about Rape and Murder . . . but that doesn’t mean I think there is danger of either.

AI (Hansen) comes in with bottle of wine . . . so there’s going to be a real wake-like party.

SUNDAY A.M. Jon stayed the night, sleeping against the wall with his coat over him, like a bum . . . and left about 8:30 in the morning.

Sunday 12:45 P.M. Just ran around the room a dozen times or so to get my circulation going. Had done the yoga “greeting to the sun” 3 times, but that wasn’t enough. Thought of Davi Det and his running piece idea.
I'm sitting where Jon Gibson's piece was put . . . "to Geoff, Bici and Jackson and those incredible children" . . . or whatever . . . . Jackson's piece is off to my right. Bici and the kids had all been around earlier.

This piece is surprisingly non-sexual. Contrast to Body/Hair. Like Proust writing in bed?

HOSPITAL
PRISON ← CELL → MONK

Suspended in time. No sense of change of day. No sense of what the weather is like. Very strange, for these are important things for me.

Suspended in space. This cube/room . . . myself in center. Just the one light. . . . also like animal in zoo.

Sunday 1:30 P.M.
Two women—Madison Avenue gallery types—come up stairs—chatting. One opens door, gasps, closes it with "Oh!" . . . Other looks in. Similar response. They get together behind door. One says, "He's not sleeping??" and they hurry away. Their astounded/astonished response was worth the whole piece. Made me feel my piece in relation to Duchamp's "Door" in Philadelphia. I was lying perfectly still, hands clasped over my stomach, eyes open, head against pillows, against post. A pose like many paintings of death.

My being naked for the piece is relevant, for not only is that the way I sleep, but the event is about shedding skins, getting into my personal self and getting it out.

Vibration of Tai Chi shaking my space, heightens my stillness.

Prison cell image → Genet.

Proust.
Warhol: Sleep.
Rauschenberg: Bed.
David: Death of Marat.
John and Yoko: In Bed for Peace.
Vito Acconci: Confessional at 2 A.M./Pier 17.
But very different experience from all of these.

LIKE BEING IN A SPACE SHIP.

5:55 P.M. December 5.
Just find letter/note from Dick Higgins' sister, Lisa.
Interesting the way Dick is there in "Ring Piece" and here in "Dream Event," which begins with note to Alison and ends with note from Dick's sister.
Introductory Notes
Since the early '60s I've been using dream as an active process in my film and performance works. I keep pens and paper next to the bed and often find dreams will generate ideas or images directly related to the problems of particular works in process. Hypnogogic messages often guide and define the work; drawings which occur persistently on waking indicate the tenacity of a new work emerging.

DREAM LANGUAGE: COHERENCE/DISTORTION
How language is used to transcribe dream information. Quickly (half-asleep) scrawl drawings, marks, symbol clusters. At other times during most concentrated submersion in a film or performance work, complex "score instructions" unravel directly from dream to consciousness.

Five Dream Voices
(1) directive voice—carries through memory of dream passage; reformulates events, plot, story—fills out remembered shape of setting, colorations, durations of activities and recalls seemingly accurate "dialogue," discussions . . . can carry many dream personae distinctively . . .
(2) reporting voice—attempts not to censor or change or "improve," not to make coherent what may be a-logical, "impossible," unrecognizable or trivial. Resists tendency to bridge discordant elements—"fill" in.
(3) audience voice—responds, reacts; total susceptibility to own dream program; needs to convey undigested convictions: "I have to tell you this dream/Who was that person in green/?Why didn't you jump when I screamed/?Was a woman in the boat?"
(4) analytic voice/linguistic analysis, imagistic association—moves through mental layers, releases impacting images/texts, opens associative clusters. Links jokes of conscious mind observing unconscious connectors, insights "right there before your eyes." (Interpolation, building coherence is reflexive. In working with Oscar Köllerström I learned to follow the remembering dream body as part of dream process itself—so that the flow and branching of associations, equivalences were valued for whatever kind of attachments they could trigger. Not hierarchical, not "aesthetic" and not predictable.)
(5) truth/divination (clear dream voice)—practical, functional transmission of dream information that releases creative energy; frees the constructing will which may have to proceed apart from "logical" structures or cultural justifications (traditions). The "truth" usually obscured within dream morphology, disguised in trivial objects/symbolic referents; contrary of "wish fulfillment"—the painful truth, the actual outcome of clouded life/work circumstance. Address the dream knowledge before sleep; a further step, solution, clarification. May be given. Gift.

Accompanying photos of "Fresh Blood" performance by James Brown at RealArtWays, Hartford, Conn.; it was also presented this year at the Feminist Art Institute NY, WPA Washington DC, Maryland Institute of the Arts, and in France, Belgium, Holland.

Accompanying photos of "Fresh Blood" performance by James Brown at RealArtWays, Hartford, Conn.; it was also presented this year at the Feminist Art Institute NY, WPA Washington DC, Maryland Institute of the Arts, and in France, Belgium, Holland.

The body its memory daily the appetite unconscious mind exercise itself its domain the appetite invent construct with its authentic myriad material "lie low" expect nothing empty the mind or concentrate disciplines which sharpen dream arena

stimulate interior material reduce the borders of dailiness—sometimes enlarge the borders dailiness—sometimes in constancy the erotic bonding in sensuous body—dreams coiled there

contact with unconscious body of culture/myth reach to communality within isolation of personal dreaming (that is as such it is not shared knowledge—wisdom, process of group value as in primary cultures where dreaming was essentially shared)

leaps into memory pool shreds the narrative after initial invention propulsion the aggregate and meandering dimensions shape duration and energy of the emotional content physiological forces will be as instrumental as psychological ones in dream events
... Something about the bouquet of "dolls and leaves" contains the umbrella symbol ... what is it?

The dream question she must answer: What do an umbrella and a bouquet of dried flowers stuffed with little dolls have in common? 

begins to draw 

The morphology — visual analysis of the two dream objects — gender attributes and physical permutations.
Performance Text: Part One

The Tape

Begin: collage tape (roof ripping/distorted song— "When You Wish Upon A Star”—kitchen timer "ding"). Audience enters.

C. beneath the table hits hidden mic to signal voice tape. With each taped sentence a slide change of the vector morphology. C. very slowly rises up on the table, moves into body "vectors" in front of the images which are projected eight feet high, ten feet wide. Silhouetted on the broad table are a bottle, a transparent umbrella .... C. is wearing bright red silk pajamas her hair is disheveled her face is dusted white. With each slide change she evolves movements silhouetting body and umbrella against the morphology of vector forms.

to what to what to what extent do shared cultural recognitions influence the language of our dreams their signification significations interpretations?

WE ALL KNOW WHAT AN UMBRELLA IS .... BUT WHY DO I DREAM OF IT?

the transmogrifications of the umbrella umbrella in the dream "Fresh Blood" can only be registered in reference to her particular particular graphic and feminist graphic and feminist concerns

the permutations of the umbrella emerge from female sexual sexual experience and painterly painterly tactile signification tactile signification of body object material the mythic attributes attributes draw on feminist research in archaeology the organic structural energies relate to relate to morphology of form form

delineate delineate the inter-relations structuring her dreams and films allow the "things" "things" to be central in focus keep focus on pre-verbal quality of objects their entrances durations shifts from dark to light dark to light obscure to specific

and words also maintain a hypnogogic object form

explain the concentration on the form of the dream refer to refer to the fact work is based on background as a painter

she felt the mind was subject to the dynamics of its body the body activating pulse of eye and stroke the mark mark signifying event transferred from actual space to constructed constructed space

it was essential to dance before going to paint in order to see better see better to bring the minds-eye alert and clear clear as the muscular relay of eye/hand could be could be

symbolic range of dream material images and text's symbolic range does not determine how the dream content enters into her works the dream content enters

symbol implication equivalences reference attached to specific dream-source: to the visual object thing thing or word word in which the symbol-form is moored

the object quality thing-ness is what guides occurrence density of dream material active activates activating films/performance

free the symbolic "content" to unravel itself magnetize reattract associative elements may be repressed denied elements which would otherwise be conventionally determined

circumnavigating traditional "resistance" to what underlies what underlies permissions to face the unknown taboos within

she is aware of dismantling those analytic authoritarian hierarchies which male conventions projected onto the scope and implication of her creative imagination — even our dreams and unconscious recognitions recognitions were subjected subject to pervading male interpretations

our realm of symbolic event has been confirmed by the male creative will when integrated into his own work his own words (the Muse for instance) our unique biological experiences experiences have been permitted definition as a masculine invention his description of a female psyche and persona psyche and persona

our creative work our dream works our dreams were habitually denigrated ignored if not corresponding to what the male imagination required as antagonist or consort or complement

his dream of us so culturally pervasive that we still ask: are we dreaming ourselves or dreaming the dreams of the men dreaming us?

perhaps maybe perhaps it’s possible for all of these considerations refer to the "dream body"— which incorporates "mind" an implicit emphasis denied to the primacy of body in Freud’s use Freud's use of "dream-mind" so refer to “dream-body” not "dream-mind"

unconscious cultural distortions resist integrating active physiological networks networks of the "dream-body" body as triggering informing partner collaborator of "dream-mind" there can be no separation (and if the archetypes of male/mind/culture — woman/body/nature are still active in the communal unconscious we will collectively dream the negative male negative destruction fantasies just as reactionary "politics of the unconscious" will surface in creative and analytic work)

"Fresh Blood" analysis spontaneous process several associative layers emerge from dream-object layers become graphic could be thought of as physical/topological/morphological finally as "psychological"
topological in the sense of "science of place; assisting the memory by associating the thing to be remembered with some place"; morphological as relating to form and structures of organic materials, homologies and metamorphoses governing influencing form . . .

(End of tape text — transition
Messenger knocks from "off stage." C. stops movement, C. sits at the table facing audience reads with hand mic as slide progression continues . . .)

Performance Text: Part Two
The Dream Read Live

Two English men, Bruce and I sitting in a circle, back of a large taxi (London style or New York Checker). We are being driven to a concert. They are famous writers or "producers." We are relating anecdotes about unexpected violence at "rock" concerts or unexpected little daily accidents . . . in any event, the handsome older man in suit and raincoat, says "I'm bleeding you know." Bruce and I think it's a metaphor or a joke, until later during this ride, B. looks over and comments "why yes, there's a spot of blood on your trousers.

We wonder how this cut came about, confined as we are. I have a sudden fear it might be from my umbrella; perhaps I inadvertently jabbed his leg getting into the taxi. He smoothly opens the trousers along the crease over his thigh: we can see vivid, fresh "flower" of blood spurting there. I exclaim, "this could be serious, we must tell the driver to take us to a doctor." I immediately sense that the driver of the taxi is a doctor.

My shoes were too delicate. I couldn't remember which direction led to the center of town. When I went to the department store — a very dusty failing sort of one — I realized the bouquet of "dolls and leaves" you had brought me seemed extremely heavy. I left you in the cafeteria/restaurant on the mezzanine. The basement waiting room of the famous European Veterinarian was crowded. I considered your gift of the bouquet of "dolls and colored fall leaves" might be appropriately left there.

She crawled out from your arms and the cats in the bed to take a pee. The dream recall was triggered when she realized her thighs were covered with blood. (Each month she forgets to expect the period — unless late — and experiences the "surprise." Other women have mentioned the same sort of repeated "forgetfulness."
Last night they made love on the couch. She got into a curious acrobatic position tipped up, almost balanced on her head upside down; your penetration so intensely deep, full, felt "he came out the other end of her," or "made a hole in the top." Later they went down the hill for a drink at the local country bar. In the back room they heard an incredible rock and roll band. Five men were dressed in bizarre sequined outfits. They stayed to dance.

As for the Englishmen; I had been reading Waugh off and on. Another mutation of you and A.McC. — your shared British ancestors? A recurrent dream interweaves relay the past into present; spaces in me with me you both have or do occupy ... or the years lived in England now "dreamlike"; where studied dream analysis ... (The degree of sexual denial, blood taboos there ... made the first blood pages and blood performance works London '71, '72.)

\[ \text{KNOCK KNOCK "who's there?"} \]  
\[ \text{"KNOCK KNOCK"} \]  
\[ \text{"who's there?"} \]  
\[ \text{"THE NURSE!"} \]  
(From central aisle woman in nurse's outfit slowly steadily advances she holds a long pole extended into the projector light (no slide) on the pole is a pair of men's jockey shorts with a large blood stain visible in the center she knocks on tables as she advances)  
\[ \text{KNOCK KNOCK "who is it?"} \]  
\[ \text{"THE NURSE"} \]  
\[ \text{"I don't have a nurse"} \]  
\[ \text{"NOW YOU DO"} \]  
\[ \text{"what do you want?"} \]  
(she extends pole with blood stained pants towards audience)  
\[ \text{"I THINK YOU'RE RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS"} \]  
\[ \text{(exits)} \]

... Something about the bouquet of "dolls and leaves" continues the umbrella symbol ... what is it?

She has the umbrella: instrument, covers, protects, shields, pierces. In England the furled umbrella — sartorial convention/in case of rain/can be used as a weapon, for defense, and quixotically, props open doors, dislodges cats from trees. Jokes of switching, stealing umbrellas. Can indicate endearment, cherishing, as in: be sure to take your umbrella. Use of umbrellas on motors in early constructions/environments she built; turned at different rhythms, speeds. Living four years in England and does not remember her umbrella there. Remembers his black one with instant spring-opening.

You are responsible for a man bleeding. He bleeds from a flesh surface adjacent to genitals — as if there is no way to project a vagina "into" a man. He has to be "wounded" to bleed — no other way. (A. had periodic nose bleeds ....) This reverses the male projection of female as "wounded" inside. Your menstruation brought on by fucking (cock/umbrella opens up inside to start flow, blood/rain). The male can only release cleanse from within-to-without burst, "flow" by ejaculation. Fluid transmission. But in reactive male mythologies the men wound each other "spill blood" blood revenge blood lust bad blood between them blood brothers. This grandiose blood in contradistinction to proportionate periodicity of menstrual blood. The usual male taboos around menses ... often exaggerated, disproportionate fear, revulsion ...

The weapon. The wound. Physical complexity of female genital: cunt strength vulnerability transformation. (Blood nourishment, birth canal ... passage, journey out from within. Creates two genders: one in her own mould, the "other" is male.) Clitoral and vaginal orgasms further shift cunt as homologous with cock — multiple range of functions, sensations increase male/female differentiation. (Which should not be antagonistic. How to avoid internalizing male archetypes.) The negative-male aggression
on "what lies within": attacks, rape, mutilations enacted on women, and is trope for the "unconscious," the dream—to tear into the invisible rip apart to turn his body into brutalizing instrument to use physical power as instrumentality subsuming procreative instrumentality of the female by assault on his source. Distortion of desire pleasure mutuality drained into over-determination of cock-weapon. All women live along the fine thread delineating "good men and bad men" all the time. For men (though they often obfuscate the facts) there is no correspondingly constant daily condition of living as potential sexual victim; an object provoking rage attack by the "other" gender.

KNOCK KNOCK "who's there?" KNOCK KNOCK "who's there?" "WESTERN UNION" "western union?"
(woman in running suit cuts into projector beam runs in tiny quick steps forward and around the table C. standing on table twists around to watch her)
"what do you want?" "WE HAVE A MESSAGE FOR YOU" "oh a message . . . . what is it?"
"DON'T FORGET" "don't forget?" "IT ALL COMES BACK" "what comes back?" "IN OTHER FORMS" "other forms"
(the messenger runs in place then circles around the table exits C. returns to read text, move with slides.)

In the dream the blood "flower petals" his thighs: depicts as dream image the sensation of blood actually spurting within me flowing out as I slept. The coursing expanding blood flows from source in an "umbrella" shape A spread from an apex. The vagina itself is represented by a V (apex below). Add the vertical cock in cunt from above or below: Add a little curve—as if for balls: 

(now I see the handle; getting a "handle" on the dream; but also the inverted handle introduces a question mark!)

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(umbrella cunt umbrella both cunt and cock unfurling it expands and contracts covers the body the head is a hollow shaft a tissue thin fabric rigid supports umbrella is ridged ribbed tactile ridges of cunt cock is wet and covered with rain rain pours down cunt full of dolls dolls equal babies leaves—kittens born wrapped up in leaves (summer Milano dream) leaves—who leaves sheds goes away drops down mulch penis "leaves"—goes out of vagina cock leaves bouquet of little babies dolls inside cunt the ridges are full inside has shape of umbrella or the bouquet of leaves

umbrella/cunt/cock: rises up opens out all wrapped up furled unfurling cunt clasping

THE POWER OF THE BLOOD MADE OVERT HAS THE RISK OF SOCIAL CENSURE EMBARRASSMENT PUTTING OUT SECRET ESSENCE INTERIOR FLOOD FLOWS IF BLOOD WAS A MENTAL PRODUCT WOULD IT BE ACCEPTABLE?
(if males bled would it be sacred life essence rather than taboo?)

KNOCK KNOCK "who's there?" KNOCK KNOCK "who's there?" "THE JUDGE" "the judge?" "I don't have a judge" "NOW YOU DO" "what do you want?" "YOU'VE WON THE PRIZE" "the prize?"
(The JUDGE extends a large metal watering can to C. on the table. C. lifts the watering can into the projector beam and tips it over—a stream of glittering white "snow" pours out onto the floor)
David Meltzer
FROM THE RABBI'S DREAM-BOOK

In his dream the Rabbi is wrapped in layers of Torah whose parchment is filled with light and the calligraphed letters move against his body with a million new senses and soon he is part of the mystic union his devotions hoped for.

But then the baby cries and his wife sleeps as if dead and the Rabbi rolls out of bed, awkward and unsure of where the sound comes from. He stumbles through the rooms filled with books whose smells are perfume and gardens and for a moment he can not hear the baby and turns on a light to reach for a volume of the Zohar, for night is the real time to open those books like opening the bed, drawing the sheets down, to tangle and collide with her mysteries, her paradoxical measures. But the baby cries louder, almost like a cat, when he opens the book whose sighing ancient binding is like his wife uncoupling all that holds her inward and regal to one world to reveal her true concealed majesty.

And he runs through more rooms and up a small flight of stairs to the nursery, opens the door and surrounding the baby's bed are three lillin who, like their source, have red hair not braided or bunned but loose and flowing and alive in the light upon it, and their blouses are open as if to feed the baby and their mouths are lacquered red and shine like secret starlight in his groin which he finds himself placing his palm against and they all, as he touches himself, turn to him and flap their thighs together and massage their breasts and the baby is not crying. The baby watches the lillin writhes and the Rabbi begins to intone the invoking words against them but his ears are wet with the steam of their breath which burrows back through his nerve-ends to the root of his palm pulls away from.

And then his wife is there beneath him on her knees, her bald head dark with the stain of black hairs growing back, holding him around her knees, her mouth moving but no sound coming from her, and his member burns and lives in the light upon it, and their blouses are open as if to feed the baby and their mouths are lacquered red and shine like secret starlight in his groin which he finds himself placing his palm against and they all, as he touches himself, turn to him and flap their thighs together and massage their breasts and the baby is not crying. The baby watches the lillin writhes and the Rabbi begins to intone the invoking words against them but his ears are wet with the steam of their breath which burrows back through his nerve-ends to the root of his palm pulls away from.

And then his wife is there beneath him on her knees, her bald head dark with the stain of black hairs growing back, holding him around her knees, her mouth moving but no sound coming from her, and his member burns and moves outward and becomes full and he watches it push through the fabric of his pajamas, stretching and widening, moving towards her moving mouth.

(C. reads messages written on the watering can)

silver-ware and crystal glasses in one tight drawer visceral reaction against persistent male poets word "slime" for our lubricity creaming butter honey domestic utensils the silver can be phallic objects as well as sensation of what is held within in the drawer we fell asleep you still in me my walls still grasping you softened the crystal light transparency shines is an enclosed form but permeable

the washing machine the wetting machine the body is not a machine

how to chart a course disjunctive move to cut the thread being followed let it break open edges curve pick it up link again in the interstices the power unravels (Cezanne's broken line)

this "tactile arrangement" is touching amusing ordinary utensils but very fine quality rare don't want to be clumsy with them enjoy the banality not grandiose within hands grasp to be used over and over piled up full of light keep handling (drops microphone into watering can feedback noise "stirred" through speakers as she slips down under the table the final slide is held — begin "collage" tape . . .)

Dream Morphology includes references from:
Original drawings by Carolee Schneemann
Stevens, Peter S. Patterns in Nature Atlantic Little Brown & Co. 1974 pp. 142, 123, 82
Rawson, Philip Erotic Art of India Thames & Hudson 1977 plate 27, detail plate 25
Purce, Jill The Mystic Spiral (from Gichtel "Wheel of Nature" Theosophica Practica 1898) Thames & Hudson 1974 plate 23
Bell, Corydon The Wonder of Snow Hill & Wang 1957 pp. 211, 266
Parallel Axis (Body event by C.S.) photo: Shelley Farkas 1973
Bentley, W.A. & W.J. Humphreys Snow Crystals Dover 1962 p. 214
Fuller, R. Buckminster Utopia or Oblivion Bantam 1969 p. 70 "packed symmetry. . ." Found newspaper clipping: plaster of Paris mask process
Dear Barbara,

Sorry about not answering your November letter. I have some funny attitude about dreams that makes me think I never deal with them. For a while I hardly ever remembered any dreams, although I knew I had them. Lately I notice they seem to be more vivid. I even remember parts of them. But in the past couple decades dreams were very vague entities to me, and I have usually felt uncomfortable about them.

One time I remembered dreams in great detail was when I was in therapy for a couple years with a great wise teacher, the late Kurt Goldstein. For a while he asked me a lot about dreams and I wrote them down and gave them to him, but I'm afraid he probably was not able to read very much of what I wrote in rapid longhand. For a while they came back to me in infinite detail. One dream that may have lasted in waking time for only a very short time might prove to require for even a partial description many pages of writing. This was a very puzzling phenomenon. It was as though experience was condensed, compressed, telescoped together in a way quite different from waking experience.

This phenomenon of being able to remember and write down dreams in great detail lasted as long as Goldstein seemed to be interested in hearing about my dreams, but at a certain point, as I remember, it just stopped. I don't remember whether he stopped asking me about dreams or I sensed a lack of interest on his part or whether I just stopped remembering in detail. This was some time between 1955 and 1958. He got too old to give therapy to any but his most urgent cases in late 1957 or 1958, so dropped most of us or suggested other therapists. Since he insisted my main trouble was lack of money, he didn't charge me for sessions after the first one or two, and since I couldn't afford to pay anyone else, I had no other therapy until the early 1970s.

I've often wondered whether my lack of vivid or clearly remembered dreams (or often any memory of dreams at all) has something to do with smoking marihuana, which I've done quite often for around 30 years, until relatively recently. Maybe I've been having more dreams that I remember as being vivid and that I remember sometimes in detail because I hardly ever smoke now. It is probably the case that I was smoking less most of the time I was in therapy with Goldstein, since this was when I was attending Brooklyn College and had to study a lot and had a very heavy schedule. I did smoke then, but probably did so less often than later, or less heavily. Marihuana certainly does affect memory negatively, and possibly it either suppresses the dream mechanism (quite contrary to such tales as The Hashish Eater by Fitzhugh Ludlow, who used to get on some kind of concentrated green gunk that was then obtainable from the drugstore in Poughkeepsie—a kind of cannabis jello, as I remember his description of it) or it merely suppresses our (or at least my) memory of dreams. I don't think it affects everybody else this way, but I'm not sure. I've never discussed it much with other marihuana smokers.

I also seem to dream more when I haven't had an orgasm for several days. This, together with not smoking marihuana, seems to produce the most vivid and easily remembered dreams.

Otherwise, when I read other people's descriptions of their dreams, I feel a lack of interest, if not boredom. This isn't always the case, but it often is. I really don't know the reason for this. In narratives, fictional or autobiographical, the dreams always seem the least interesting parts. (Again, maybe not always, but certainly often or usually.) I don't think it's just that I resent the fact that others have dreams and vividly remember them. But it wouldn't be surprising if that had something to do with my reaction . . .

The enclosed poem—which was probably given the title "The Scene" when I retyped it in the early 1960s (it was originally untitled)—is one of a group of poems I wrote very rapidly on a typewriter that Spencer Holst left with me for a while in later 1945. I usually didn't and haven't since written poetry on a typewriter. I've almost always written in longhand. But Spencer's typewriter was so easy to use, compared to my grammar-school typewriter, which was my only one for many years, that I found myself writing rapidly and in a different way than I usually did. Many of the poems I wrote during this short period of time in October 1945 are surreal in imagery and tone, and this, along with some of the others, seems to be stressing the interpenetration of dreams and waking reality . . .

The Scene

Thrown forward by the deafening concussion, blinded by the fragments, we sink down;
dream images & memories blot our thoughts:
the dragons from our storybooks, the elephant
with writhing proboscis who scared us in the park,
the big bird with red hackles who gobbled at us like an irate uncle:
they swim thru our brains like minnows.

We recover lost toys: Teddy-Bear who burst,
covering the dining-room rug with sawdust, the puppy
who died of distemper, the tootsie-toys that broke
(red cars & fire engines that never ran us down)—
here they are again: look! we can play with them forever!
Mother comes in and bandages our red knees; the clock on the kitchen wall hurries us thru breakfast, but we get to school late again anyway; Teacher looks up, then slashes at our papers, savagely, with red pencils; the bully humps our nose—but what's all this mud?! Mother will scold us for dirtying our clothes! Let me alone! Stop pinching! Why are we crawling on hands & knees?

This isn't the war: this is every day. The dragons are invisible & real. For God's sake, somebody bandage our knees! Teddy-Bear has burst! The puppy has died again! Get away, Uncle, get away!

22 October 1945

Dear Barbara,

To my surprise, I composed the enclosed dream meditation today. I still want to contribute the 1945 poem and the letter I sent you with it to the dream issue, but I also want to contribute the new DREAM MEDITATION.

I've no idea whether what I suggest can be done, but I'd like people to try it, in private or in public.

The suggestions for reading seem clear to me, but please let me know if you find anything the least bit unclear. This may be a strange attitude toward dreaming—to be so clear as to how to meditate on it using my poem made out of the letters of "dream"—but I'm really just following my intuition about this. I've never made anything that I've thought of as a vehicle for meditation or dreaming. Maybe "vehicle" is the wrong word. I've never tried to induce in anyone either a meditative or a dream state; certainly this has never been the aim of any of my artworks—I meant to write artworks...

Suggestions for Reading DREAM MEDITATION

Without strain, focus the mind on the dream state. Let the mind drift into the dream state without falling asleep. Stay awake long enough to be able to read the words in the DREAM MEDITATION. Yes, think of each of the letter groups as a word. The meaning of each of the words may be revealed from within the dream. Pronounce all the letters of each word as connectedly as possible. Be silent after pronouncing each word. Let the white spaces guide the dreaming mind as to how long to be silent. Even in the dream state keep the voice audible and the word sounds clear. After saying the last word, let the mind deeply enter the dream state. Try to remember word meanings and dreams afterwards.

Jackson Mac Low to Barbara Einzig
Michael Davidson

THE DREAM DREAM

I am in the book
(or "book")
I see my name
answering back

I am in a building
with stalls
I fall asleep
in the book

each stall sells
a different cure
the doors are locked
which is a cure

I am in "her" house
but these are "my" friends
the ramps and stairs
are steep

a man offers to open the doors
for a price
I am outraged
I am eighteen

and riding a plane
made of glass
and the tomes rise
up to the ceiling

there is (are)
a man (men)
chasing me
with pincers

I am twenty-one
and riding a plane
and someone named "me"
gives me

my name, my name
is hers
she is twenty-one
or eighteen

depending on the boat
(or book)
or the name for you
which is very small

and hard to spell
or why I need
to read it
I am late for the boat

but it will wait
it is not a boat
but a wake

Barbara Einzig

LESSON

Sometimes I opened the book then and it started talking to me it starts
speaking I listen then right then before I close it I closed it then before it's a
closed book again I have to listen then right then I can listen again later again
later and hear more then again later I hear more there in the same place I
opened to before I recognized it I was there before but there's more there now
right there where I was before when I look at the book there it's like a rock a
rock with mica in it that sparkles in turning in my hand in the light falling on
the rock the sunlight's center the sun passing through the sky in a grey white
cloud cover a sheet of daylight a dewy sheet of daylight a square of quivering
light that sparkles in turning there just here I find it where I find that rock a
break in the cliff it's lying open there white pages in the light it's outside there
its voice gets into my ears in the weather lying open in brilliant light the mica's
a neon sign in a black big darkness not on a store but just in space the mica
talks to me it's important it's valuable it's a precious stone I miss it it speaks
rhythmically in a rush of light and color but in grey light clouds there's little
there or again later I hear nothing there I'm stranded with the weight and
coolness of the rock so when I'm there then right here I learn to listen
From the YOGA OF THE DREAM-STATE

The following is excerpted from W. Y. Evans-Wentz's Tibetan Yoga and Secret Doctrines, a volume comprised of seven Books, or parts, translated from the Tibetan by the late Lama Kazi Dawa-Samdup during 1919 and 1920, and incorporating orally transmitted ('ear-whispered') teachings of Mahayana Buddhism. The Third Book is entitled The Path of Knowledge: The Yoga of the Six Doctrines, and is a text of the Nangyupa School, founded by Marpa and the poet Milarepa in the twelfth century. The six yogas are (1) the yoga of heat (2) the yoga of clear light (3) the yoga of the dream-state (4) the yoga of the illusory body (5) the yoga of the bardo state, and (6) the yoga of consciousness-transference. The yoga of the dream-state is further subdivided into four parts: comprehending; transmuting; realizing the dream-state to be maya; and meditating upon the Thatness of the dream-state. Wentz notes in regard to the practice of comprehension: 'As a result of these methods, the yogin enjoys as vivid consciousness in the dream-state as in the waking-state, and in passing from one state to another experiences no break in the continuity of memory. Thereby the content of the dream-state is found to be quite the same as that of the waking-state, in that it is wholly phenomenal...'

REALIZING THE DREAM-STATE, OR DREAM-CONTENT, TO BE MĀYĀ

At the outset, in the process of realizing it to be māyā, abandon all feeling of fear;
And, if the dream be of fire, transform the fire into water, the antidote of fire.
And if the dream be of minute objects, transform them into large objects;
Or if the dream be of large objects, transform them into small objects:
Thereby one comprehendeth the nature of dimensions.
And if the dream be of a single thing, transform it into many things;
Or if the dream be of many things, transform them into a single thing:
Thereby one comprehendeth the nature of plurality and of unity.
Continue such practices until thoroughly proficient in them.

Then by visualizing one's own body as seen in the dream-state, and all other bodies similarly seen, as being māyā-like bodies of deities, they will be realized to be so.

MEDITATING UPON THE THATNESS OF THE DREAM-STATE

Meditating upon the Thatness of the Dream-State is, as hath been said, "to meditate upon the real essence of the Thatness"; and thereby, the dream propensities, whence arise whatever is seen in dreams as appearances of deities, are purified.
By concentrating the mind upon the forms of the deities seen in the dream-state, and by keeping the mind free of thoughts, in the quiescent condition, the forms of the deities are attuned to the non-thought condition of mind; and thereby dawns the Clear Light, of which the essence is of the Voidness.
If one attain mastery of this process, then, whether in the sleeping-state or in the waking state, one realizeth both states to be illusory; and all phenomena will be known to be born of the Clear Light, and phenomena and mind will blend.

Bernadette Mayer
TWO POEMS

CINDERELLA
On Reading Goethe

Fear will put me
Under that pillow
I have seen the landscape
Of the bow and arrow

"Suppose we went down together,
And I were to put a genuine Baschkir
bow in your hands..."

Day and or
Night if
knowing Everything's
Lost then
Image of the baby's hands
on the book
as a picture

I knew:
Love & a secret: the baby,
touted as a son

Contorts when the milk comes down
And you let down
Aren't you amazed
I am able

"Goethe placed the notch
of the arrow on the table..."

Everybody has a poet or post
That permits her
To be here

"'Once more,' said Goethe"
It was a picture of my hand and the book,
The baby's hand and his face
It was what I was looking down at & I thought
If only you could see this

"Am I again a child?"
John had left the gas on
And the house, windy
And cold, was filled
With it,
5 a.m. the baby
Wakes but no one's
Died again

How did you meet
So many famous men?

Beware said he
Of attempting a large work

Now the gas was gone
I could close
The windows & dream
I am teaching
It is so impossible to teach anything:
the class can't begin,
Russell comes in but he's forgotten
we're supposed to be beginning
& I'm afraid to tell him,
also I'm barefoot
& that's against the rules,
I know somebody will tell on me,
not only that,
the classroom's too dark
& no one can see
so I try to write on the blackboard
but the thing is covered
with Russell's sensual
plaid shirts like the ones George,
not Goethe,
pants,
I take them down & hold them
over my arm
but I forget
what I was going to write,
then I see
the floor around my desk
is covered with mittens & socks,
all odd ones,
so I clean them all up
& put them in a drawer,
I see

I am doing what I do at home
& not at school at all,
now it's time to begin
but the students are too far away,
they're in
two rooms so I ask them
to all move into one,
they do,
they rearrange themselves
around the periphery
of one large room
in a curving way
so I am able to say
you students look like the bay
of the Long Island Sound,
you are a veritable sea
of students,
can you hear me?
Now,
the cigarettes won't light
no matter what
I try to do.
the tobacco collapses
into my mouth
& the matches are wet
& this whole train station
of students is waiting
like a crowd delayed
but first
I have to go find something
& on my way back
to the students in seats
like stars in the sky,
lights on the shore,
I encounter a flood
I can't walk over
so I say to myself
if Newton's theory of light & color
was proven wrong by Goethe
then I don't have to step
into this flood
I can hover
over it & so I learn to fly
so that when I get back to class
& I remember I am supposed to be talking
about poetry today
in a general way,
I see I might as well fly
for them,
which I do,
under the ceiling,
as you do in dreams, &
while I am flying
I see flying is a good way
to let anything that occurs to you
come into your mind
so I start saying
things like
poetry is a pattern
poetry is a gem.
Now the class is over &
the people
are filtering out,
babies start to cry loudly &
I look to see if they're mine,
I motion to one noisy baby
to leave the room &
I tell my students they owe me one poem
and one essay on how
they run their households,
then I ask my best student who seems to like me
how he liked my flying,
he says oh it was okay

He has a strange deformity on his shoulder,
A kind of miniature leopard that moves like an anemone
Independently like a woman with no hands

So I do what you do in a dream like this &
go & put many things into my vagina
But then, on second thought, I take them out again

and

There is the image of the picture no one's ever seen
Hand by book of baby's mouth, the isolation of the storm

No one's ever seen hand by orange memory's book,
The isolation of the storm, Conversations with militant Eckermann

Hand me memory's orange book & I'll defend it, I was only trying
Conversations with militant Eckermann to see if I was lying or had died

And I'll defend it, I was only trying to remember learning of the storm
To see if I was lying or had died when someone turned the oven's gas on

To remember learning of the storm I'd never known or written about
When someone turned the oven's gas on it was as complicated as living in New York

I'd never known or written about being anything but imminently dead
It was as complicated as living in New York so you can't stop smoking

Being anything but imminently dead you might wind up teaching writing poetry
So you can't stop smoking, forget logic, memory & love the storm

You might wind up teaching writing poetry & then you might die anyway in a storm,

After that I have to take Lewis
To the bus stop/draft board/movie-making session
That is New York City

It's okay that he's going because there's a fair
Going on outside my windows to keep me company
With a man, a woman & a donkey in it for farce

We climb the stairs to the room of naked men
Who've left all their jeans with their inevitable belts
Behind them in heaps on the steps, we're on time

But all the men are in church, in pews,
So I can only see their heads & Joe Dalkesandro
Turns & says, "We are all good-looking men"
Forget logic, memory & love the storm & finally be a dead poet
And then you might die anyway in a storm though you had already died once & finally be a dead poet twice over, as if you had dreamed it
Though you had already died once hand by book of baby’s mouth Twice over, as if you had dreamed it there is the image of the picture no one’s ever seen.

THE SECRET OF THE REQUESTED DREAM

No man comes to answer me, no man lives in my house Ice and a frozen river flow beneath my window My heart is ice, the sun passes beneath the waste Cold sun, memory of time when our eyes could be wild, our meanings sublime

It is hysterical to feel that winter could be an ordeal Only cold and its followers, I asked for a dream and it came An obsessive reckoning with poets and friends and houses They come at us with sharp knives, attack the babies in our thin pockets

My heart is mesmerized by the bunch of thugs in the dream And the poets grown fat and setting the big dinner table You take sides in my dream, there’s no in between And everybody’s hungry, new baby the size of a cigarette pack, opens her mouth wide

We need food, maybe you have a baby in your pocket too What do you carry, care for so lovingly, what searchlights Shine with rainbow colors on the falls, those colors are pollution They’ve come so close to killing her, to everyone it’s a joke, we go inside

We chant incessantly, we call names, we study plants And the diseases of plants, I can barely see them Color-coded on the page, the page is dark like goodnight moon My heart is ice, where’s the little mouse, I expect to feel remorse in this room

And when I return to this room, the walls are dark with sadness And nothing can enter it: Here is the maiden all forlorn And here is the man all tattered and torn And here is the priest all shaven and shorn And the cow and the corn and the cat and the rat that lived in the house that Was mercifully turned into a film of England, where it never snows, snows less than Washington

This is the house you once lived in, this is the bridge By which I cross the ocean, ocean exploding, battering concrete, Sea walls fall down, this is the shattered dining room table They come at us with sharp knives, here is your best friend stealing love from us

Making love is a picture that gets progressively darker This baby eats and as she eats, she too steals We resemble our parents in our stodgy fear of strangers Though we study the diseases that make us heartless as plants, the pictures are too dark

The man who was threatening has been stopped, our pact with change Is thwarted, the little dreams of ideal places, little Englands Merely plug into the wall, all fall down, we see a picture of waves The snow is heavier yet the gift you have given me, food to eat is beautiful and sweet

Everyone does as we do, what is rare is treasured Anger and rest, something candied or pickled, the gift At the end of the dream, it comes in a box, its color is bright Yet it is secretly rendered so ordinary and as a secret, the bitter fruit becomes sweet
Władysław Cieszynski
SPRING UNDOUBLED

after J.A.

Deeper nights, the endless hours, intruded
With clenching jaws
The teeth as winters tearing at collars.
Every winter past I thought this way
And now real torpor. The wind erupts
Batters down these words.

Certainly there are men in furs and spears
In those landscapes
Their presence is granted
As we must trudge the snow
Heavy boots puncturing it
And still a song can’t not be whistled
As our feet drop in line one behind the other
The dogs yelped as you jarred the sled. How laden the runners
They sheared away short tails of snow
Into the moon night. So we move
And find our paths in the dream. Did ice
Beneath this crust
Determine the entire continent, boundaries ragged with teeth?
Of course whiteness led everywhere
And returned upon itself
Trapped, without the lines of shadow
Being anywhere a goal.

So here with leaning planes
Edging across the sky the clouds solidify
Burdening their grey victory onto your shoulders
Like so many bundles of dirtied wool.
Spring is undoubled in the dream
And the temperature sharpens its stars
To fling them cold
As night comes down.

4 February 1975

Reb Hile Wechsler
A DREAM INTERPRETED INSIDE A DREAM
Translated by Joel Rosenberg

An orthodox rabbi in the small Bavarian town of Hochberg, Reb Hile Wechsler (1843–1894) was a member of the extraordinary Rosenbaum family chronicled by Bernhold Strauss in his book The Rosenbaums of Zell, one third of which is the photographic reproduction of Wechsler’s 1880 German brochure, Jashen Milo Debor (“Reproof Against Vanity”). This title is akin to Wechsler’s own name, originally “Eli,” but subjected by his bearer to the reverse spelling of “Hile” (adding the colloquial “H”: “Hile”), because he did not want to be known by the holy name of God. The document reflects the tension of its historical circumstance: the anti-Semitic movement of Adolph Soeber threatened German Jews at a time when it enjoyed relative security and increased opportunity. Enlightenment forces had come to fruition in a “Science of Judaism” that debunked talmudic methods and considered dreams to be a revelation of the human mind, as opposed to a divine source. This viewpoint could not be reconciled with that of the Talmud, which states that “a dream is one-sixtieth part of prophecy,” and gives criteria for distinguishing such a prophetic dream from an ordinary, insignificant one. Uncertain if he should publish the brochure, Wechsler consulted two religious men, who advised him not to attribute value to dreams. It was only when one of the twelve dreams reported in the brochure was fulfilled—the death of a child—that he felt obligated to publish. The section of the brochure given here is, according to translator Joel Rosenberg, “the first in the work where he deals explicitly with the subject of dream-interpretation.

My views about the value of dream-visions are the most skeptical in the world, but one cannot dismiss such strong impressions as these in particular, all the less in that a part of the following dreams have already been fulfilled.

Already before I was nineteen years old, a manifestation came forth to me in a dream: the heavens opened, and a beam of light like a huge rectangle could be seen, in which a light-form like that of the founder of Christianity shined over the earth as if in flight, causing all on earth to throw themselves upon the ground. I, however, remained upright and, still dreaming, thought about the meaning of this dream-picture, and came to the interpretation as follows: that a time would come when the Christian religion would strive with all its power to dominate the globe in all four directions, and, even though everyone would bow before its might, I would stand upright and defy it, and—feeling like a martyr who firmly decides to give up his life in religious devotion—awoke.

Here I recall what it says in Talmud Berakhot 55, where it acknowledges the traces of a truthful dream-picture when a dream is interpreted inside of a dream. This motivated the following observation:

A meaningless, natural dream is a pure operation of cerebral activity, which grows weaker as the light of the waking day invades, without leading one to self-conscious awareness. It is merely neutral thought. These weak activities of thought do not succeed in bringing forth new associations of ideas whereby a subjective ordering, a correct definition, a clearly interpretable process of thought, becomes possible. If, however, such a moment (of clarity) plays a role in the dream, then this is a clear proof that here a higher Power has a hand in what is going on, which, as in all things, makes use of natural situations as its means, and makes given factors serviceable to its aim. Similarly, it is taught there (Berakhot 55): whoever wakes up with a
verse of sacred Scripture on his lips has experienced a minor prophecy, and can wait as much as 22 years for the dream to fulfill itself, as was the case with Joseph's dream.

About five years ago, I dreamed I was upon a high mountain in Rumania, attempting to persuade the Jews who lived there that they should not give themselves over to the idle hope that, through the mediation of the Alliance Israelite or through the mediation of the European powers, they might attain civil equality. They should, rather, resettle in Palestine, and there build a homeland—which a great many of them wanted to do.

Another time, I saw (in a dream), in the East, near Rumania, a terrible thunderstorm, and from there outward the dark, threatening cloud-mass drew itself toward the majority of European states. It came to Germany before it came to Austria-Hungary. The vision was very striking, and, still dreaming, I interpreted it to mean that the Rumanian spirit of Jew-hatred would make its rounds in other countries, and would nest itself above all in Germany, before proceeding elsewhere.

This dream, moreover, could not conceal echoes of my great sorrow on account of a close relative who had chosen a different religious path from my own, and, in dreams of the same night, I saw various images, among them that of the prophet Elijah, which, while I dreamt, was interpreted to mean that this same relative, shortly before the arrival of the prophet Elijah (at the end of time), would do sincere penance, and that many would follow his example after I announced the immanent arrival of Elijah, and, through my revelations, turn away from their paths of error, once they saw that what I told was coming true. Further revelations to the same effect appeared to me, for the most part through the same type of signs, and I heard a question directed to me like a verse of Isaiah's: Whom should I send, and who will go forth for us?

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Whereupon I woke up with the concluding sentence of that verse on my lips: "And I spoke: 'Here I am! Send me!'"—taking this solemn vow upon myself.

Of Dreaming: Men will seem to see new destructions in the sky. The flames that fall from it will seem to rise in it and to fly from it with terror. They will hear every kind of animals speak in human language. They will instantaneously run in person in various parts of the world, without motion. They will see the greatest splendour in the midst of darkness. Oh marvel of the human race! What madness has led you thus! You will speak with animals of every species and they with you in human speech. You will see yourself fall from great heights without any harm and torrents will accompany you, and will mingle with their rapid course.

—Leonardo da Vinci

"Prophecies" from the Notebooks
the face of one of the three rabbis who had dreamed the same dream in the first place. And this was a certain Reb Yisrael of Mea Shaarim.

At first Reb Yisrael was taken aback by this unexpected acclaim, and he seemed to hesitate, but there was no turning back. Not that Reb Yisrael thought of himself as Messiah ben Joseph, who would prepare the way for Messiah ben David, the Redeemer who would initiate the End of Days. But Reb Yisrael had grown impatient for the Coming of the Messiah, and now it seemed to him that the time might be right to force the End and hasten the End of Days. For with so many calling out to him, the Messiah might find it impossible to delay any longer.

So it happened in a very short time that Reb Yisrael was acclaimed in every city of the Holy Land, and prayers were offered in his name, and the fervor of the Hasidim shook the heavens. But the heavens were silent in return. And only afterwards did anyone remember that Reb Yisrael was a descendant of Joseph de la Reina, who had lived in Safed in the Sixteenth Century. And it was the tragedy of the life of Joseph de la Reina that he was impatient and sought to hasten the End. For there is a Messiah in every generation, one who is the Tzaddik ha-dor, the righteous one whose soul has reached the heights. And he remains hidden until the time has come to reveal himself, if the conditions are right. So did it happen in our days that he who was truly the Tzaddik ha-dor, the Messiah in our generation, saw how Reb Yisrael had been acclaimed, and chose not to reveal himself at all, but to remain hidden. In this way the wine that has been saved since before the Creation for the End of Days had been lost, the time for the Return had been missed, and it was too late.

St. Louis Jewish Light January 16, 1980

Report of Parallel Apocalyptic Rabbinic Dreams Is Denied

Jerusalem - A report that three prominent Hasidic rabbis had dreamed about an impending battle of Gog and Magog is denied by the Hasidim of the Jewish Messiah, and which reportedly created a worldwide stir in Hasidic circles, has been denied. Although one of the rabbis did have such a dream, the two others apparently did not, according to UPI.

The story of the dreams was the topic of an animated conversation last week at Jerusalem's synagogues. But last week at Jerusalem's synagogues, the Hasidim stressed the importance of messianic dreams. For many as three prominent rabbis had indeed had the same or similar dreams, it would have been taken as of major significance.

The son of Rabbi Yisrael Abu Hanoa, B. H. of Nativ, said that his father did dream of the Messiah. But the followers of the renounced Rabbi Mordechai Sharabi of Jerusalem and of the Admor of Kaisersberg, who now lives in New Jersey, were reticent and guardedly about the story and denied it.

The chief rabbi of Jerusalem, Shimshon Meshady, dismissed the dream story, but said that he did believe that the Messiah might be on his way. The Messiah, or Mes­ chion, before the "annointed one" would be a person, descended from the Biblical King David, who will come at the end of days following the final battle between the forces of good and evil. Christians believe that Jesus of Nazareth was the Messiah ("Christ" in Greek), whom they believe will have a "second coming" at the end of days. Reform Jews generally do not believe in a personal, physical Messiah, but rather in a Messianic age to be achieved through intermediaries working in partnership with God.

Gog and Magog are first men­tioned together in Ezekiel 38-39, in the vision of the end of days, where the prophet describes the war of the Lord against the nations. The Gemara, an ancient Jewish Biblical commentary, says severe price rises are a sign of the Mes­ chianic era. Inflation in Israel is now over 100 percent annually.

The tradition that the war of Gog and Magog will be "from the farthest north" is reinforced by the Soviet invasion in Afghanistan. The Air-India disaster in Asia and the war in the Jewish state in East Africa has made Gog and Magog seem to some Jews that the time might be right to force the End and hasten the End of Days. But Reb Yisrael, the Messiah in our generation, saw how Reb Yisrael had been acclaimed, and chose not to reveal himself at all, but to remain hidden. In this way the wine that has been saved since before the Creation for the End of Days had been lost, the time for the Return had been missed, and it was too late.
DREAM WEEKEND provided an opportunity to study the Australian suburban dream through the time of three days and the space of a "Dream House," provided by the Merchant Builders, who themselves use this appellation in the routine selling of their tract units. The Dream House explored the dimensions of perceived reality through the articulation of the dream state itself, revealing both the original dream and the final attainment of a culturally manipulated goal. It contrasted primordial needs with taste and consumption. Different rooms dealt with issues of isolation, commuting, frustration, alienation, boredom, and caged perspectives.

We placed ads in the real estate sections of several newspapers, and about five hundred people came to the event, which consisted of touring not only the Dream House but also the surrounding Dream Neighborhood. A specially arranged bus tour left the house every half-hour. Actresses were trained as guides, learning the lines we wrote together, and they took riders on a tour of their own neighborhood, pointing out the sociological aspects of interest in the area, like a "Disneyland" tour of the reality they lived. Activities such as people washing their cars, shopping, etc., were pointed out as if they were the business of "aliens."

People entering the house received questionnaires collaged from "real" questions used by Merchant Builders. Videotapes taken in neighborhood shopping centers about "dreams" were shown on TV. In the master bedroom, a couple encased in the room for three days could be viewed through a vinyl scrim stretched like a skin between the doorposts. They appeared as blurred, dreamlike figures sleeping, eating, arguing, making love. In the second bedroom, figures cast from wax using neighbors as models were displayed in bed. A tape of breathing accompanied them. The final bedroom had wallpaper that transcribed neighborhood conversations, now typeset in a repeating, decorative pattern. A song about Ms. Suburbia played; ironing board, sewing machine, etc., appeared as artifacts.
Dear Prospective Homeowner,

This poll has been designed to reveal the opinions of a random sampling of new homeowners. We would appreciate your completing this form. Your responses will be registered and later integrated into a future study that will reflect the needs and wishes of suburban homeowners.

Circle the correct choice:

Merchant Builders Homeowners listen to:
- Don Burrows
- Cleo Laine
- Beethoven
- Other

Merchant Builders Homeowners drive:
- Peugeot 504
- Mercedes
- Mazda
- Lancia
- Other

Merchant Builders Homeowners drink:
- Rough Red
- Scotch
- Beer
- Martini
- Campari
- Other

True or False

☐ Women over 35 are not interested in electric juicers or can openers.
☐ Australians buy homes because their choices are limited.
☐ Renters take no responsibility towards the property they use.
☐ Buying a home is a sound investment.
☐ Australians have a "real" choice in determining their lifestyle.
☐ There is a fundamental human desire for a private domain.
☐ Women suffer no loss of personal identity through suburban life.

Yes or No

☐ Is not having adequate transport a disadvantage?
☐ The Victorian Housing Commission should provide more apartments.
☐ The Victorian Housing Commission should rehabilitate existing buildings in the city and recycle them for new uses.
☐ I prefer to live in a community with people my own age and socio economic bracket.
☐ Options for young people are only a fraction more open than ever.
☐ If government provided free suburban homes to Aborigines would you still buy a home in the same community?

Describe briefly your own "Dream Home" concept.

The bathroom door was replaced with a mirror in which two eyeholes were drilled (a reverse image of the woman in the kitchen who had mirrors for eyes). This room embodied a break in consciousness: people looking through the holes saw continuous frames of a slide of a woman "escaping" from the house, leaving via the bathroom window, climbing to the roof and flying over the house into freedom. The same idea was repeated on the outside of the bathroom window, where the image of a woman's hand was visible. The aboriginal woman supposedly has a dreamtime myth of escape, in which her hands appear on the sky, and the image in the window suggested a link between this myth and the suburban Melbourne housewife dream.

Flying is said to be the first archetypal dream associated with creative change.

On the third day of the event people gathered and watched the trapped housewife escape in flight. A mannequin held by invisible wire and crane traversed the sky and could be seen flying as people drove on the highway. The words "THIS IS NOT A DREAM" were projected on the mannequin's white coat as she flew.
DISCOURSE

POST-FACE TO DREAM-WORKS
Barbara Einzig

New Wilderness Letter 10 is a collection of dream-works: out of what sense of dream have they been gathered? My difficulty in answering that question is the difficulty of the place that dream is in: where dream’s at for us as people & dreamers & artists, & where dream’s at for the culture. For the latter, aside from circumscribed zones of art & psychology, dream is unreal & has no power, being a kind of flickering or static within the dormant machinery of the sleeping mind, resting & getting ready for tomorrow. Its only real force is that of disturbance, of being bad, a nightmare, something that keeps a person awake or may even keep them from functioning well in the daytime world, in which case they may become a patient. Dream is, in short, an imaginary experience, & as such shares the status of the imagination, which David Antin has accurately called, in societale terms, “this untrustless domain.” In his discussion of myth in a 1975 Vort interview, Antin tells how “Bacon & Descartes & the rest of their family…cut the world into reason & unreason, claimed the domain of truth & reason for the intellectualist notion—this is not the imagination domain—the imagination—that of the artists.” It was a dreadful gift, made to us most formally by Kant, I suppose, & this domain…excluded us from any capacity to construct the true & the real.

In 1924, Andre Breton in The First Surrealist Manifesto called for an inquiry into the case against the realistic attitude, which he considered even more loathsome than the materialistic one (the latter tending of possible utility as a reaction against spirituality). He stated that “it was, apparently, by pure chance that a part of our mental world which we pretended not to be concerned with any longer in our opinion by far the most important part—has been brought to light. For this we must give thanks to the discoveries of Sigmund Freud…. The imagination is perhaps on the point of reasserting itself, of reclaiming its rights.” He recognized that dream found itself reduced to a parenthesis, & he asserted its paradigmatic value for the creation of one’s art & life: “Everything tends to make us believe that there exists a certain point of the mind at which life & death, the real & the imagined, past & future, the communicable & the incommunicable, high & low, cease to be perceived as contradictions. Now, search as one may, one will never find any other force in the activity of the Surrealists than the hope of finding & fixing this point.”

Freud was of one mind with the Surrealists in his valuing the dream as a “dream-work”—the dream as not only an important force in the waking world but also as a work of art in itself. Although Freud’s magnum opus is entitled The Interpretation of Dreams (1900), he goes beyond interpretation & “stages” the productions of the dream-work are not made with the intention of being understood, & he makes the well-known reference to the dream “navel,” “a tangle of dream-thoughts which cannot be unraveled…the spot where it reaches down into the unknown.”

For Surrealism the autonomy of the dream was short-lived. The Surrealist dream of art transforming the world did not materialize—played out literally on the political front, it failed. In 1930, Louis Aragon was responsible for a resolution adopted in Russia that admitted the revolutionary value of Surrealism, but shortly afterward he yielded to the Party’s request & signed a letter confessing his guilt in various crimes against the Party, rejecting “idealistic thought,” especially Freud’s, as well as Breton’s Second Manifesto. In that manifesto—in answer to the question put to him in 1928, “Do you believe that literary & artistic output is a purely individual phenomenon? Don’t you think that it can or must be the reflection of the main currents which determine the economic & social evolution of humanity?” Breton replied: “This thought [human thought] in the area where you ask me to consider such & such a specific expression in relation to it, can only oscillate between the awareness of the autonomy of man & that of its utter dependence.” The Surrealist writer Robert Desnos, famed for the ease with which he entered & spoke out of the trance state, who had declared that “the path of mobility—opposition of mobility & metamorphosis & metamorphosis is seen as succeeding the past epochs of fixed outlines & the stasis of categories,” ended up reading the palms of people in Buchenwald, predicting happiness and long life. Even if Desnos himself succeeded in finding Breton’s “point of the mind” at which this intense contradiction could be otherwise perceived, its intensity provided too severe a point of view for the “fixing” of that point: the situation that killed Desnos was held to be more “real,” by the sole & odd virtue of its destructive power, than what he saw & read in those hands.

Such is the story of the “dream” that has been hard even to find through Freud. As James Hillman stresses in his recent book, The Dream & the Underworld, the bridge Freud built to dream has come to be, in the practice of psychoanalysis, a one-way street, with the dream translated into the language of the day-world. The raison d’etre of the dream is its utility, once translated, in solving the problems of waking life. As the life of the community is seen to be poetic—many actions of the mind that are poetic in nature are excluded among contradictions. Now, search as one may, one will never find any other force in the activity of the Surrealists than the hope of finding & fixing this point.

Hillman traces the subordinate status of the dream to two concessions that Freud made to the rationalist viewpoint of his era: the idea that residues of the day are the building blocks of dream, & the equation of the dreamworld with a temporary psychosis. The latter concession is of significance here. In Freud’s discussion of the primary and secondary processes (The Interpretation of Dreams, chapter 7, The Psychology of the Dream-Processes), Freud is describing what happens in the dream-work to the “preconceived categories,” & it “undergoes a series of transformations which we can no longer recognize as normal psychic processes & which lead to a result that bewilders us—a psychopathology.”

When he uses the pronoun “we,” Freud is speaking from the point of view of his scientific colleagues who as rationalists routinely compartmentalized the mind & language, shutting out the dark regions as alien. When, in his enumeration & classification of these processes, he terms them “abnormal,” I believe that he means “abnormal” when judged by the standards of his own time, but technically “normal,” & it seems clear that he himself is attempting to change this concept of “normality,” for earlier on he clearly states that a dream is not a pathological phenomenon & that “in the book with an attempt to undo the damage of this classification. He indicates that the two “systems” of unconscious/conscious thought have been used only figuratively for purposes of explanation. He now “prepared to do away with each of our conceptual scaffolding,” & he warns the reader against being misled by looking “upon the two systems in the most literal & crudest sense as two localities of the mental apparatus.”

But the scaffolding remains. He has included among “abnormal” processes many actions of the mind that are poetic actions, such as the ideas of the dream that “are linked by associations of a kind that is scorned by our normal thinking & rejected by the use of jokes…associations based on homonyms & verbal similarities…thoughts which are mutually contradictory [that] make no attempt to do away with each other, but persist side by side.” The fraudulent terminology of Freud’s discourse implicates those who continue to exist in that excluded state that Antin speaks of, in an impossible defense of those regions of the mind & language that are denied the attribute of
always doing a lot of other things of equal importance, that people who pay attention to dreams, including Freud, write of: syntax by apposition, discontinuity, parataxis, image-by-image without narrative in simultaneous time. Harold Rosenberg on Miro: "In this type of automatism, the artist submits to being controlled, but he is controlled, so to say, with his eyes open..."—the condition of shamanism. I see the dream—works in this issue as a move away from saying what can't be said, a move toward the point Breton envisioned, positioned between the communicable & the incommunicable, in the ancient place of poetry. "Breton's line...where Contrarieties are equally True." New Wilderness as Dream connects again with the preliminaries to Alcheringa given by Jerome Rothenberg in 1970: "The Dreaming..." of a sacred heroic time long ago when man & nature came to be...a kind of narrative of things that once happened; a kind of charter of things that still happen; & a kind of logos or prismatic transcending everything significant...the act of dreaming, as reality & symbol, (by which)...the artist is inspired to produce it..."(Benjamin Whorf) the mind makes contact with whatever mystery it is that connects The Dreaming & the Here & Now.

This location, that same “point of the mind at which life & death...cease to be perceived as contradictions," preoccupied Gertrude Stein when she wrote The Geographical History of America in 1935. Here she tells the stories of human nature & human mind. Human nature does not and cannot know that "if nobody had to die...how would there be room enough for any of us who now live to have died?" But the human mind can know this.

This is the way human nature can sleep, it can sleep by not knowing this. Until it knows this the human mind cannot sleep & sleep well human nature & the human mind can sleep. It is human nature that is bound up with identity, the self, time, habit: it has to do with journalism, with audience writing. Masterpieces are created by the human mind, which has no identity, which "knows what it knows when it knows it," which practices entity writing. Dream enacted from a Steinian perspective, in relation to the expert mind, in order to capture & personalise what's about to happen on the physical plane.

This is the way human nature can sleep, it can sleep by not knowing this. Outside of its own quotation the voice is a relic; if it rings in the mind it travels and finds a new domain. Until it knows this the human mind cannot sleep, & sleep well human nature & the human mind can sleep.
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