

**Grey Lodge Occult Review™**



**Gems from the Archives**  
Selections from the archived Web-Material



**C O N T E N T S**

**"This, gentlemen, is a death dwarf..."**

By William S Burroughs (Real Audio)

**Le Guin's Lathe of Heaven and the Role of Dick:  
The False Reality as Mediator**

By Ian Watson

**Man, Android and Machine**

By Philip K. Dick

**"Tune in, turn on, drop out." (April 1966)**

By Timothy Leary (Real Audio)

**Dream Theory In Malaya**

By Dr. Kilton Stewart

**Operation Rewrite**

By William S Burroughs

**Principia Schizophonica**

By Gregory Whitehead (Real Audio)

**A Study of Dreams**

by Frederik van Eeden

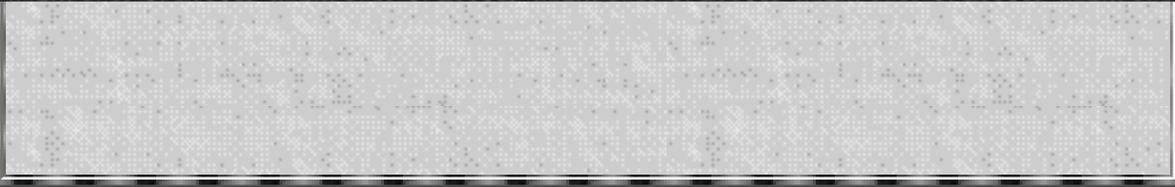
**Zhinè - Tibetan Dream Yoga**

Excerpts from different Dzogchen Dream Yoga books.

**Dream Yoga and the Practice of Natural light**

by Namkhai Norbu (PDF - Edition Converted by [Alex Sumner](#))

**PDF REMOVED (12.30.05)**



[Home](#)      [GLORids](#)      [Close Window](#)

Except where otherwise noted, Grey Lodge Occult Review™ is licensed under a [Creative Commons Attribution-Noncommercial-Share Alike 3.0 License](#).

## Grey Lodge Occult Review™



*William S Burroughs 1914-1997*



**"This, gentlemen, is a death dwarf..."**  
*Nova Express* (1965), excerpt read by Burroughs.

Right-click and save  
510KB (Real Audio)



Except where otherwise noted, Grey Lodge Occult Review™ is licensed under a [Creative Commons Attribution-Noncommercial-Share Alike 3.0 License](https://creativecommons.org/licenses/by-nc-sa/3.0/).

## Grey Lodge Occult Review™

### Le Guin's Lathe of Heaven and the Role of Dick: The False Reality as Mediator By Ian Watson

*From: Science Fiction Studies # 5 - Volume 2, Part 1 - March 1975*

Ursula K. Le Guin's work to date has been remarkable for its overall thematic consistency—both in the "outer space" of the Hainish cycle and in the inner lands of the Earthsea trilogy (to quote a distinction she herself makes in an autobiographical essay).<sup>1</sup> *The Lathe of Heaven* (1971) at first sight seems to represent something of an anomaly—a sport from the true stock—as though in this one particular instance she has been becharmed by that master trickster of false reality states, Philip K. Dick. Not to write a poor book, I hasten to add, for *Lathe* is splendid—but let's say a tour de force in the Dick mode, something out of key with the rest of her opus; perhaps even, the suspicion lurks, contradicting the general drift of it? It is as though while writing of those inner lands with her left hand, and of outer space with her right, a third hand has mysteriously intruded on the scene, attached to Palmer Eldritch's prosthetic arm, and it is this hand that has tapped out *Lathe* on the typewriter. Obviously good writers only break new ground (delighting or horrifying their readers, as the case may be) by changing, growing, "pushing out toward the limits—[their] own, and those of the medium," to quote Le Guin again; and I've no wish to fit her with a straitjacket in the guise of a critical essay. But equally clearly an important question of internal consistency arises here with *Lathe*: that deeper consistency of aims and method which is the hallmark of the great, as opposed to the merely good, artist. It is the question of the authentic "voice," which Sartre finds Tintoretto—who could paint anybody's pictures but his own—so tragically deprived of.<sup>2</sup> This hallmark appears with increasing clarity from Le Guin's earlier, slighter novels through to the triumphant *Dispossessed*. And *Lathe* seems anomalous. But is it really so? Let us try to locate *Lathe* in the context of Le Guin's progression as a writer, and see what happens.

*Lathe* is about paranormal<sup>3</sup> events impinging on an initially realistic Earth of the near future—about a dreamer whose dreams can change the whole fabric of reality. They replace history with false histories that become objective truth, only to be overthrown and modified by further dreams as his well-intentioned yet power-hungry psychiatrist manipulates him, and the whole objective world along with him, trying to steer it away from pollution, overpopulation, social evil, yet only producing successive devastations as a consequence: plague, "citizen arrest" of the sick, alien invasion. And all along the irony lurks that we have been in a "false" world from the very start; for, before ever being referred to a psychiatrist for illegally obtaining drugs to stop himself dreaming, George Orr had "effectively dreamt" a nuclear holocaust out of existence; there is in truth no way to go homeward.

It's perhaps easier to see how *Lathe* meshes with the magic-regulated world of Earthsea than to bring it into line with the Hainish books and stories (with the apparent exception of "The Word for World is Forest," which is also concerned with dreams). But if we plot the chronology of events depicted in the Hainish stories, and the development of the use of the paranormal there, against the order in which the stories were written, an interesting pattern emerges. A chart then for Hainish history and for Le Guin's concern with the paranormal:

	INTERNAL CHRONOLOGY		PARANORMALITY LEVEL	ORDER OF PUBLICATION
1. <i>The Dispossessed</i>	AD	2300	Nil except for Alpha-rhythm biofeedback.	6. 1974
2. "The Word for World is Forest"	AD LY	2363 18	Same plus dream consciousness in one "mutant" culture.	5. 1972
3. <i>Hocannon's World</i>	AD LY	2684 334	Mindspeech first encountered as a learnable discipline.	1. 1988
4. <i>Planet of Exile</i>	AD LY	3755 1405	Mindspeech in normal use by Terrans.	2. 1988
5. <i>City of Illusions</i>	AD LY	4370 2020	Mindlying (and the advanced mind control with which it is successfully countered).	3. 1987
6. <i>The Left Hand of Darkness</i>	AD LY EY	4370 2520 1491	Foretelling.	4. 1969

LY = League Year; EY = Ekumenical Year.  
For details of the chronology see Note 4.

Put into words, Le Guin works forward chronologically in her first books and opens up increasingly enlarged possibilities for paranormal experience; then, after *Left Hand*, begins to head backward through time toward the present, in an increasingly political, sociological, "normal consciousness" mode. The basic orientation of "The Word for World is Forest" is, in fact, political/social/ecological; the paranormal—dreams magically altering reality—is shunted off into *Lathe*, which can thus in a sense be said to constitute a "goodbye to all that" to the material with which the four early Hainish books seemed increasingly preoccupied.<sup>5</sup>

The particular danger inherent in SF treatment of the paranormal—and particularly in adopting a time scheme for a "future history" which indicates increasing prominence of paranormal talents as an index of increasing human wisdom—is that this can too easily become a quasi-mystical escape route from real problems: ethical, psychological, epistemological, and practical. A seductive nonsense supervenes. The meaningful pole in SF is represented by Philip K. Dick, and the nonsense pole by A.E. van Vogt. Dick invariably subsumes the paranormal within a zone of genuine social concerns, and thus avoids mystification. His pre-cogs, time-shifters, and other characters with "wild talents" are presented with tact, zany wit, and, most important of all, in an organically structured relation to society—whether this society is human, quasi-human (android, robot), or alien. Van Vogt's use of the paranormal, on the other hand, is a bag of conjuring tricks, amounting to a negation of any society—alien, human, or "post-human." The climax to Le Guin's *City of Illusions*, with the "double-minded" hero leaping out of telepathic ambush, is redolent of the Vanvogtian Superhuman; and though there is no such occult bravura in *Left Hand*, this element nonetheless remains embedded in the Hainish cycle, built into its dynamics—lying in ambush somewhere ahead down the time-line, tempting towards false solutions.

Positing *Lathe* in this way as a summation and discharge of a particular theme that has been gathering momentum in tandem with the forward movement of the Hainish cycle—the movement which Le Guin is now negating chronologically—we can perhaps usefully read the books as a use of the Dickian mode to discharge this particular accumulation of energy.

Two objections might be raised from Le Guin's publishing history against such a reading. First, does not the *Earthsea* trilogy represent a definite branching in Le Guin's work: a conscious separating of fantasy from SF? There is much in *Earthsea* about dreams, the minor magical powers of illusion on the one hand, and the major magical powers of altering reality objectively through "renaming" of the world on the other. There is also much emphasis on the vital importance of equilibrium (ignoring which provokes the disasters of *Lathe*)—and equilibrium is a

social/ecological concept to be taken up again in quite a different vein in *The Dispossessed*, carefully distinguished from static conservatism by its dynamic concept of a constant, complex remaking of the world, without overloading any variables. Thus, it might seem that Le Guin has already adequately sifted the two strains, the paranormal and the "normal," by the invention of Earthsea and magic as a workable proposition—leaving *Lathe*, again, as a sport. Yet Earthsea does not exactly discharge the accumulated energy vested in the paranormal theme. With the completion of the trilogy, in *The Furthest Shore*, balance is conserved—yet still within a world of magic. In this context it is hardly possible to effect a full discharge of what, adopting a term from Gregory Bateson, we may call "schismogenic tension"<sup>13</sup>—the increasing emphasis on the paranormal, fed by the flow of Hainish history itself. For that, we must look to *Lathe*. Its image of "The Break" (the popular name for the discontinuity between Old Reality and New Reality, once affairs have been tidied up and balance restored) is, in a sense, an image of the break in the Hainish cycle between "early" Le Guin and "mature" Le Guin—a break that occurs when the arrow of time is reversed, while simultaneously social and psychological depth increases massively.

Second, it could also be objected that "The Word for World is Forest" is a post-break story in the Hainish cycle, dealing largely with dreams (as well as with the politics of ecology). So is there not some considerable osmosis of the paranormal here? A further eruption of *Lathe* material? Not so. For reality is not altered by the power of dreams in "Forest" in the way it is in *Lathe*, falsifying a whole world-line retrospectively. The world of the dreamers never experiences such a "false-reality" dislocation. But rather, the dreamers are simply in conscious rapport with their dreams; the dream is principally a heuristic tool and—in time of crisis—a decision-making apparatus which permits the total individual to be involved in shaping his destiny. The tragedy of "Forest" is that the dream that has to be dreamt, the new psychological trait that has to be generated (dreamt into being) in response to Terran deforestation and enslavement, is the art of killing one's fellows. Principally, this is an extension of Hadfield's concept of the dream as teaching aid, problem-solving device, and governor of our conscious lives (on a principle of positive feedback: the maximising of a dubious situation in order to discharge awareness of danger and self-deceit across the interface between subconscious and conscious).<sup>7</sup>

Theories more pertinent than Hadfield's or Dement's to the dream situation imagined in *Lathe*, and more in key with a "false reality" premise, can be found collected in Charles Tart's *Altered States of Consciousness*;<sup>8</sup> and the dream background of *Lathe* is today best approached via Tart's book.<sup>9</sup> The temporal setting of *Lathe*, A.D. 2002, seems almost unnecessarily far in the future when we read Tart's speculations on techniques of dream control by post-hypnotic suggestion and other means and in addition learn that the UCLA Brain Information Service already publishes a weekly *Sleep Bulletin* for researchers and that the Association for the Psychophysiological Study of Sleep already convenes yearly meetings. Particularly pertinent are Tart's investigations of the "lucid dream" (the waking to full consciousness of a dreamer within a dream) and the technique for evoking such dreams and for manipulating the fake world.

Also germane to the psychology of *Lathe*'s central character is Tart's observation that "we have no 'choice' about dreaming."<sup>10</sup> To be sure, he is here referring to the proven necessity for dream sleep. Studies of dream deprivation have shown the dire effects of preventing dreaming. Yet, twist this vital concept of the role of the dream through an axis of the imagination—for this is the art of speculation—blend it with Le Guin's ethic of Balance, and we have the given character of her dreamer George Orr: a man who consistently falls in the median range of every personality test and whose prime characteristic is his inability to "choose" in conscious waking everyday life. He is a quiescent-acquiescent type, whose character aligns him with the Joe Normal heroes on whom Philip Dick's false realities characteristically impinge. Barney Mayerson in *The Three Stigmata of Palmer Eldritch*, Joe Chip in *Ubik*, Seth Morley in *A Maze of Death* (though this book was most probably too late to exert any stimula on *Lathe*)—these heroes are all failures in one way or another, foundering in their attempts to manage their lives, yet genuinely heroic for all their mistakes, and achieving, or being involved in, the transcendent (with a devilish twist in *Ubik*). Their very inertia contains a potential for strength and heroism—as does George Orr's (in keeping with Le Guin's Taoist dialectic of strength and weakness). Inertia—the tendency of a body to preserve its state of rest or uniform motion in a straight line—may appear like passivity, but is in fact a powerful force. Joe Chip's dogged, nightmare battle to get upstairs to his hotel bedroom while the masquerading Jory drains his body of energy (*Ubik* §13) is almost a mirror image of George Orr's dogged, nightmare journey through a decaying reality to switch off Haber's dream machine (*Lathe* §10); the restoration of vitality as soon as Joe Chip reaches his bedroom, finds Glen Runciter there, and gets sprayed with *Ubik*, is echoed by George Orr's restoration of

vital solidity to the world. Similarly, Barney Mayerson's decision to continue as a colonist on barren Mars and accept its dull reality (Three Stigmata §13) seems like defeat, but is really an act of strength and commitment; earlier (§§11-12) Palmer Eldritch traded on this very desire of Barney to become a static object such as a stone or wall plaque, to trick him—only to have his trick rebound. Inertia is strength. Pat Conley, who changes time lines—initially in her dreams (Ubik §3), prefiguring Le Guin's George Orr, but subsequently by conscious choice (§5)—also has "unbelievable power" (§5) yet at the same is an "inertial" who feels distressed by her own apparent negativity: "I don't do anything; I don't move objects or turn stones into bread.... I just negate somebody else's ability. It seems—" She gestured. 'Stultifying.' " And Joe Chip's response to this remark is a very Le Guinish one: "'The anti-psi factor is a natural restoration of ecological balance.... Balance, the full circle...'" (§3).

In Lathe Le Guin is certainly exploring the Dickian mode; yet she is not exploring it in a contingent, happenstance, tour de force way since she is discharging the schismogenic thematic tensions generated by her reversing and deepening the Hainish cycle. On the contrary, Lathe fits logically into the set of her ideas as a pivotal work, working out a tension that clears the way for *The Dispossessed*. Moving on from particular details to the general ethos of the two writers, then, what sea-change does Le Guin work on the Dick model?

If we take as representative of this model in its mature form the three Dick novels already mentioned, one rule of Dick's false realities is the paradox that once in, there's no way out, yet for this very reason transcendence (of a sort) can be achieved. The religion of *A Maze of Death* is a construct imposed on the crew of a starship during a voluntary trance state by a computer originally provided as a toy to while away the long years in space, which has become their only form of mental "salvation" once their ship is crippled. Yet the godlike figure of the Intercessor, invented as part of the false reality, reaches into the reality of the ship objectively, to offer salvation of a kind. (Seth Morley's salvation is to be reborn as a desert plant on a world where no one will bother him, where he can be both conscious of life, and yet asleep, enjoying a vegetable dream consciousness [§16]). Thus the human generates God. In *Three Stigmata*, while it's arguable whether any objective reality persists after Leo Bulero enters the primary Chew-Z hallucination, the dominant probability is that while objectively reality is hopelessly contaminated with false realities induced by a godlike alien, yet the human is divinized nonetheless, in opposition to the manipulations of this (pseudo-)God. *Ubik* constructs an even more devious maze in a post-death mind-storage unit, the sting in the tail being that the live helper of the inmates from outside may have been dead, and inside, all along. Yet the struggle of mind (the battle between the "Mentufacturer" and "Form Destroyer" in *Maze of Death* terms) is carried on, and the *Ubik* substance which has passed through so many consumer product formats during the course of the story finally declares its divinity, and would certainly seem to be the invention of the trapped, and dead, Glen Runciter. Once in, never out; and yet....

The same rule applies to Lathe. A nuclear war has already been averted by effective dreaming when the book opens; so the characters are committed to the false reality from the start (else they perish). Subsequent fluctuations in population size, skin colour, and urban geography, due to Dr. Haber's programming of George Orr's dreams, are vast enough, yet all are basically quantitative changes in the structure of Earth reality. The qualitative change, and the haunting mystery of the book, comes with the dreaming into being of the aliens—initially as invaders, later as compassionate if enigmatic friends. Conceivably George dreamt a hostile invasion into a peaceful one; yet the dominant probability is that the aliens are, as they maintain, "of the dream-time" (§10), that their whole culture revolves round the mode of "reality dreaming itself into being," that they have been attracted to Earth like the Waveries in Fredric Brown's story, only by dream-waves rather than radio waves.

Arguably, there is an essential difference between Dick's false realities and Le Guin's, in that Dick's warping of reality is quite Machiavellian in its tricksterism and involves the reader himself ultimately in a dissolution of the sense of reality; whereas Le Guin proceeds from change to change far more definitively, ending up with a solid, unambiguous conclusion (a process that paradoxically makes her book more precarious, since the initial premise has to be swallowed whole, whereas with Dick it's difficult to pin down an initial premise as such, and by the time the reader starts wondering, distortion has metastasized wildly). Yet this doesn't really seem to me to be the case. Consider the thread of continuity-awareness that persists through all transformations of colour and temperament wrought upon Heather LeLache (and compare this slender thread with Joe Chip's equally tenuous intuition of what Pat Conley has brought about, in *Ubik* §5, which provides a kind of inverted kinship model of George's love for Heather). But, particularly,

consider Le Guin's aliens. If they are not indeed vectored to Earth, Wavery-like, from an actual Aldebaran dream culture but only seen as manifestations of George Orr's human subconscious, they have still become objective realities in the universe and can set up shop—actually, as well as metaphorically. Dream and reality are inextricably interwoven henceforth, by their agency—whatever agency was responsible for their origin. It also follows the Dickian pattern of ultimate, if equivocal, transcendence: both in the sense of a dialectical supersession of a previous state, and also in the luminous sense.

"Everything dreams," George warns Haber, as the psychiatrist prepares to produce effective dreaming in himself:

"The play of form, of being, is the dreaming of substance. Rocks have their dreams, and the earth changes.... But when the mind becomes conscious, when the rate of evolution speeds up, then you have to be careful. Careful of the world. You must learn the way. You must learn the skill, the arts, the limits. A conscious mind must be part of the whole, intentionally and carefully—as the rock is part of the whole unconsciously." (§10)

When the mind becomes conscious.... Matter is therefore immanent with consciousness, with godhood, teleologically. Dr. Haber's effective nightmare ruptures time-lines disastrously and is only suppressed when George Orr wills the route to the dream machine, and its OFF switch, back into existence. Yet the "real" world remains a chaotic melange of different continua; and the aliens of the dream time are still with us objectively, their knowledge available to us. The question whether they "actually" arrived, Wavery-like, from Aldebaran remains as open-ended as any riddle set by the "conclusion" of a Philip Dick novel. Thus, as in Dick, once in, never out, yet transcendence occurs: "'Take evening,' the Alien said, 'There is time. There are returns. To go is to return'" (§11).

The words "True voyage is return" will appear on Odo's grave, in *The Dispossessed*, which can now be written. For the thematic tension has been discharged. Lathe, superficially an uncharacteristic *pièce de résistance*, is logically validated as mediator by accepting this discharge. For the book mediates structurally, just as its alien characters mediate, between the real and the parareal.

Lathe, too, might seem to represent a warning against overmuch "scientific meddling" in the world about us, since Dr. Haber demonstrably ends up as the archetypal "mad scientist"—from an initially well-intentioned, albeit ambitious, egoistic stance. However, if we contrast his role with that of the scientist Shevek in *The Dispossessed*, and take into account the suggestion that Lathe represents a discharge of tension, then we will see that Haber has to be as he is: both benevolent scientist and malign anti-social force. For his is the wasteland to which the paranormal as false solution leads.

In *The Dispossessed* Shevek fights to remain in balance with social necessities and values—he is no "egoizer." His search for a scientific method runs hand in hand with his search for a social method. Consequently, his is a genuine dialectic of science and society—which Haber disastrously attempts to short-circuit. This short-circuit is a pitfall inherent in the SF of the paranormal—responsible for the ridiculous, if pyrotechnic, excesses of a van Vogt: the "brainstorm" solution. Shevek does not fall under the same curse: the curse has been lifted. Yet it could only be lifted effectively, and honestly, by the catastrophic release of thematic tension that Lathe so strikingly embodies. The Hainish faultline was under strain. It took a worldquake to set the matter right.

#### NOTES

1 "A Citizen of Mondath," *Foundation #4* (July 1973), pp. 20-24.

2 Jean-Paul Sartre, "The Venetian Pariah," in his *Essays in Aesthetics*, tr. Wade Baskin (London 1964), p. 41: "But

this is precisely the thing that arouses suspicion. Why would he need to play their game and submit to their rules if he could outshine them all by being himself? What resentment in his insolence! This Cain assassinates every Abel preferred over him: 'You like this Veronese? Well, I can do much better when I imitate him; you take him for a man and he is nothing but a technique.' And what humility. From time to time this pariah slips into the skin of another person in order to enjoy in his turn the delight of being loved. And then at times it would seem that he lacks the courage to manifest his scandalous genius; disheartened, he leaves his genius in semi-darkness and tries to prove it deductively: 'Since I paint the best Veronese and the best Pordenones, just imagine what I am capable of painting when I allow myself to be me.'"

3The term "paranormal" is taken as referring to phenomena/events outside our current consensus-reality view of the universe—phenomena which negate our present concepts of cause and effect and the material nature of the universe, and drive a wedge through the causal, material mind-body interface, to split off "mind" as a force in its own right; or which seem to do so, since a material base for these postulated phenomena is as yet unproven (though not necessarily unprovable, in part, if not in whole). Conjectural mental powers such as telepathy, precognition, clairvoyance, teleportation, and psychokinesis all fall within this "mind over matter" zone. George Orr's effective dreaming in *Lathe*—the refashioning of entire world-lines by the force of thought—is an extreme instance of this, as is the "effective magic" of *Earthsea*.

4This chart is based on internal dating in the stories with two provisos. Firstly, League years, Ekumenical years, Terran years, etc. (but not the Werelian Great Years of Planet of Exile!) are all assumed to be roughly equivalent. Secondly, the baseline date of AD 2300 for *The Dispossessed* is taken from the description of Earth in that book (§11) as having passed through an ecological and social collapse with a population peak of 9 billion to a low-population but highly centralized recovery economy. Earth's old cities are still visible everywhere, in ruins: the concrete crumbles, though the plastic lingers on, non-biodegradable. There were centuries of mismanagement. (But starting when? With the industrial revolution? Or did the mess continue through the 21st century—and recovery take proportionately longer?) The reader who disagrees with my 2300 dating as wrong by a century or two is invited to alter my chart accordingly, but I don't think it's so far out—and it does establish a baseline. *The Dispossessed* is dated 50 years before the League of Worlds came into being, since the ansible (instantaneous transmitter) theorem would have to be transported physically, or transmitted by conventional radio, at no faster than light speed from Tau Ceti to Earth and Hain, then considerable R & D engaged in (if early ansibles cost the equivalent of a "planetary annual revenue") before the meeting of the ambassadors mentioned in "The Word for World is Forest" (§3) could take place. The latter story is located in League Year 18 (not, as Douglas Barbour says in SFS #3, in LY 1) by the statement "The League of Worlds... has existed for 18 years" (§3). Rocannon's World is given the date mentioned in the Prologue (the "League Mission of 252-254"), with eighty years added on for the time the necklace has been missing (lost before Semley's father was born, some time during her great grandmother's life). Planet of Exile is exactly dated by two systems in §3: it is the "Year 1405 of the League of All Worlds" and also the "45th moonphase of the Tenth Local Year of the [Terran] Colony" on Werel. The Werelian year is equated with 60 league years in this chapter and to 60 Terran years in §7 of *City of Illusions*; in the latter book (§9) we also learn that a Werelian moonphase is approximately equal to a Terran year; which all adds up to LY 820 or AD 3170 for the establishment of the Terran colony on Werel. The events of *City of Illusions* are then dated LY 2020 or AD 4370 by numerous references to 1200 years having passed since that event—or since the coming of the Shing (the "Enemy") five years later. *City of Illusions* ends with Falk-Ramarren's setting out for Werel, 142 light years away, in hope of finding there whatever is necessary to free Terra from the Shing; if we allow him 300 years for this mission, and assume that its success brings the end of the Age of the Enemy, then we can date this last event LY 2320, AD 4670. The events of *The Left Hand of Darkness* can then be dated LY 2520, AD 4870 by Genly Ai's putting the Age of the Enemy "a couple of centuries ago" (§10). Since Left Hand is explicitly assigned to Ekumenical Year 1491-92 of Hainish Cycle 93 (we are not told how many years are in a cycle), we are now able to equate EY dates with LY dates and, of course, AD dates. Having said all this, we must grant that Le Guin has left her options wide open with the change from LY to EY dating: the end of the Age of the Enemy could be made to occur not only (as in our chronology) 300 years after the events of *City of Illusions* but also immediately thereafter—or any number of centuries or millenia thereafter. On the other hand, Genly Ai's statement that Terrans "were ignorant until about three thousand years ago of the uses of zero" (§18), while giving us a date a thousand years too early by our chronology for Left Hand (i.e., AD 3850 rather than our AD 4870), still suggests that we are right in dating Left Hand a few centuries rather than many centuries after *City of Illusions*. Certain dates in Hainish history can now be tabulated, with asterisks to mark those given in Le Guin's text, as follows:

	AD	LY	EY
Invention of the ansible .....	2300		
Foundation of the League .....	2350	1	
Events of "The Word for World is Forest" .....	2388	18*	
Expedition to Focushault II .....	2604	254*	
Events of Rocannon's World .....	2604	384	
Terran colony established on Werel .....	3170	820	
The coming of the Shing or Enemy .....	3175	825	
Year One of Hainish Cycle 93 .....	3380	1030	1
Events of Planet of Exile .....	3755	1405*	876
Events of City of Illusions .....	4370	2020	991
End of the Age of the Enemy .....	4670	2320	1201
Events of The Left Hand of Darkness .....	4870	2520	1491*

5"The Word for World is Forest"—in Harlan Ellison's anthology, *Again, Dangerous Visions* (1972)—was in fact written about three years earlier than publication date, at the same time as the research leading to *Lathe* (Le Guin's

personal communication). However this does not substantially alter my thesis, as the story clearly postdates Left Hand. Simply, the release of thematic tension was already under way in the dynamics of Le Guin's creative thought culminating shortly thereafter in the actual physical writing of *Lathe*.

6Gregory Bateson, "Bali: The Value System of a Steady State," in his *Steps to an Ecology of Mind* (1972). The term "schismogenesis" is used by Bateson to describe a broad range of potentially harmful human activities—such as boasting, commercial rivalry, arms races—where the actions of group/individual A either generate a symmetrical reaction in group/individual B, which provokes a symmetrical or stronger response from A (of the form boasting/more boasting, and so on), or alternatively a complementary opposite reaction (of the form: dominance/submission) which also initiates a new round. The tension between A and B, produced by an interaction from which neither side can withdraw, can only generally be resolved by a release through total involvement, of catastrophic or orgasmic character. In Bateson's view, war, commerce, and even the process of mutual falling in love all betray certain schismogenic features. Thus the phenomenon should by no means be localized within a purely "social anthropology" frame of reference, but rather be located within a general "ecology of mind." In the context of Hainish history, the schismogenic circuit is as follows: the arrow of time (a sequence concept of the universe that Le Guin is only able to supersede, after *Lathe*, in *The Dispossessed*) enforces a progressive revelation of paranormal powers—which leads the action (in a positive feedback circuit) further on into the future in search of even wider paranormal powers, since these seem to represent an inevitable evolutionary progression. (Yet at each stage consensus "reality" is in fact receding further.)

7J.A. Hadfield, *Dreams and Nightmares* (Harmondsworth 1954).

8Charles T. Tart, ed., *Altered States of Consciousness* (2d edn. NY 1972). Hadfield and Dement—the sources cited by Le Guin in her *Afterward in Again, Dangerous Visions*—serve well enough for an interpretation of "The Word for World is Forest." Even so, there is in Tart an essay by Kilton Stewart, "Dream Theory in Malaya," which tells of the Senoi of Malaya, a people who traditionally practiced dream interpretation on a remarkable level of sophistication; and even engaged in lucid "waking-dream" states while not asleep. Stewart comments: "Observing the lives of the Senoi it occurred to me that modern civilization may be sick because people have sloughed off, or failed to develop, half their power to think. Perhaps the most important half" (p. 168). The Senoi mirror Le Guin's *Athsheans*, even to the balance of male/female status in a dreamer culture, quite remarkably (but coincidentally!). Since Tart (p. 117) confesses that he has "not been able to locate any other literature on the Senoi other than Stewart's," interested readers may usefully be referred to Robert Knox Denton, *The Semai: A Nonviolent People of Malaya* (NY 1968), a volume in the series *Case Studies in Cultural Anthropology*, which predates Tart's first edition of 1969 and contains a useful bibliography, recommending *inter alia* H.D. Noone, "Report on the Settlements and Welfare of the Pre-Temiar Senoi of the Perek-Kelatan Watershed," *Journal of the Federated Malay States Museums*, Vol. 19, Pt. 1, 1936. That H. D. Noone was reporting on precisely the same group as Kilton Stewart is indicated by Richard Noone, *Rape of the Dream People* (L 1972), which refers in some detail to the dream psychology researches of Stewart and the elder Noone, though this particular book is a ghost-written war memoir in dubious taste. Confusion as to the correct naming of the Senoi arises since the word *senoi* simply means person in the Senoi language, and *semai* refers to people who speak dialects of Semai, which is closely related to Senoi (if not, in fact, simply a variant group of dialects!). Together the Senoi-Semai form a linguistic enclave among tribes speaking non-Austro-Asiatic. An ethnic way of dividing the group is to call them all Senoi, and describe the southerners as Semai, the northerners as Temiar. It is this northern group that Stewart and the elder Noone were working with; consequently, adopting Noone's classification, the Malayan dreamers described in Tart's *Altered States* are properly Temiar, or Pre-Temiar Senoi.

9Tart is useful as highly relevant information about the current state of the art of dream research (with an invaluable bibliography) rather than as a direct primary source. Le Guin, according to a personal communication to me, was unacquainted with Tart's work as such at the time of writing *Lathe*—although well aware of other areas of this research field, such as the work of Aserinsky, Berger, Oswald, Hartman, et al (*Lathe* §2), all of which Tart surveys concisely.

10Tart, "Introduction to Section 3, Dream Consciousness," in Tart (Note 8), p. 115.

Except where otherwise noted, Grey Lodge Occult Review™ is licensed under a [Creative Commons Attribution-Noncommercial-Share Alike 3.0 License](https://creativecommons.org/licenses/by-nc-sa/3.0/).

## Grey Lodge Occult Review™

### Man, Android and Machine

By Philip K. Dick, 1975

Within the universe there exist fierce cold things, which I have given the name "machines" to. Their behavior frightens me, especially if it imitates human behavior so well that I get the uncomfortable sense that these things are trying to pass themselves off as humans but are not. I call them "androids," which is my own way of using that word. By "android" I do not mean a sincere attempt to create in the laboratory a human being (as we saw in the excellent TV film *The Questor Tapes*). I mean a thing somehow generated to deceive us in a cruel way, to cause us to think it to be one of ourselves. Made in a laboratory -- that aspect is not meaningful to me; the entire universe is one vast laboratory, and out of it come sly and cruel entities which smile as they reach out to shake hands. But their handshake is the grip of death, and their smile has the coldness of the grave.

These creatures are among us, although morphologically they do not differ from us; we must not posit a difference of essence, but a difference of behavior. In my science fiction I write about them constantly. Sometimes they themselves do not know they are androids. Like Rachel Rosen, they can be pretty but somehow lack something; or, like Pris in *WE CAN BUILD YOU*, they can be absolutely born of a human womb and even desing androids -- the Abraham Lincoln one in that book -- and themselves be without warmth; they then fall within the clinical entity "schizoid," which means lacking proper feeling. I am sure we mean the same thing here, with the emphasis on the word "thing." A human being without the proper empathy or feeling is the same as an android built so as to lack it, either by design or mistake. We mean, basically, someone who does not care about the fate which his fellow living creatures fall victim to; he stands detached, a spectator, acting out by his indifference John Donne's theorem that "No man is an island," but giving that theorem a twist: that which is a mental and a moral island *is not a man*.

The greatest change growing across our world these days is probably the momentum of the living toward reification, and at the same time a reciprocal entry into animation by the mechanical. We hold now no pure categories of the living versus the non-living; this is going to be our paradigm; my character Hoppy, in *DOCTOR BLOODMONEY*, who is a sort of human football within a maze of servo-assists. Part of that entity is organic, but all of it is alive; part came from a womb, all lives, and within the same universe. I am talking about our real world and not the world of fiction, when I say: one day we will have millions of hybrid entities which have a foot in both world at once. To define them as "man" versus "machine" will give us verbal puzzle-games to play with. What is and will be a real concern is: does the composite entity (of which Palmer Eldritch is a good example, among my characters), does he *behave* in a human way? Many of my stories contain purely mechanical systems which display kindness -- taxicabs, for instance, or the little rolling carts at the end of *NOW WAIT FOR LAST YEAR* which that poor defective human builds. "Man" or "human being" are terms which we must understand correctly and apply, but they apply not to origin or to any ontology but to a way of being in the world; if a mechanical construct halts in its customary operation to

lend you assistance, then you will posit to it, gratefully, a humanity which no analysis of its transistors and relay-systems can elucidate. A scientist, tracing the wiring circuits of that machine to locate its humanness, would be like our own earnest scientists who tried in vain to locate the soul in man, and, not being able to find a specific organ located at a specific spot, opted to decline to admit that we have souls. As soul is to man, man is to machine: it is the added dimension, in terms of functional hierarchy. As one of us *acts* godlike (gives his cloak to a stranger), a machine *acts* human when it pauses in its programmed cycle to defer to it by reason of a decision.

But still, we must realize that the universe although kind to us in its entirety (it must like and accept us, or we would not be here; as Abraham Maslow says, "otherwise nature would have executed us long ago") does contain grinning evil masks which loom out of the fog of confusion at us, and it may slay us for its own gain.

We must be careful, however, of confusing a mask, any mask, with the reality beneath. Think of the war-mask which Pericles placed over his features: you would behold a frozen visage, the grimness of war, without compassion -- no genuine human face or person to whom you could appeal. And this was of course the intention. Suppose you did not even realize it was a mask; suppose you believed, as Pericles approached you in the fog and half-darkness of early morning, that this was his authentic countenance. Now, this is almost exactly how I described Palmer Eldritch in my novel about him: so much like the war-masks of the Attic Greeks that the resemblance cannot be accidental. Is, then, the hollow eyeslot, the mechanical metal arm and hand, the stainless steel teeth, which are the dread stigmata of evil -- is this not, this which I myself first saw in the overhead sky at noon one day back in 1963, a description, a vision, of a war-mask and metal armor, a god of battle? The God of Wrath who was angry with me. But under the anger, under the metal and helmet, there is, as with Pericles, the face of a man. A kind and loving man.

My theme for years in my writing has been, "The devil has a metal face." Perhaps this should be amended now. What I glimpsed and then wrote about was in fact not a face; it was a mask over a face. And the true face is the reverse of the mask. Of course it would be. You do not place fierce cold metal over fierce cold metal. You place it over soft flesh, as the harmless moth adorns itself artfully to terrorize others with ocelli. This is a defensive measure, and if it works, the predator returns to his lair grumbling, "I saw the most frightening creature in the sky -- wild grimaces and flappings, stingers and poisons." His kin are impressed. The magic works.

I had supposed that only bad people wore frightening masks, but you can see now that I fell for the magic of the mask, its dreadful frightening magic, its *illusion*. I brought the deception and fled. I wish now to apologize for preaching that deception to you as something genuine: I've had you all sitting around the campfire with our eyes wide with alarm as I tell tales of the hideous monsters I encountered; my voyage of discovery ended in terrifying visions which I dutifully carried home with me as I fled back to safety. Safety from what? From something which, when the need was gone for concealment, smiled and revealed its harmlessness.

Now I do not intend to abandon my dichotomy between what I call "human" and what I call "android," the latter being a cruel and cheap mockery of the former for base ends. But I had been going on surface appearances; to distinguish the categories more cunning is required. For if a gentle, harmless life conceals itself behind a frightening war-mask, then it is likely that behind gentle and loving masks there can conceal itself a vicious slayer of men's souls. In neither case can we go on surface appearance; we must penetrate to the heart of each, to the heart of the subject.

Probably everything in the universe serves a good end -- I mean, serves the universe's goals. But intrinsic portions or subsystems can be takers of life. We must deal with them as such, without reference to their role in the total structure.

The *Sepher Yezirah*, a Cabbalist text, "The Book of Creation," which is almost 2,000

years old, tells us: "God has also set the one over against the other; the good against the evil, and the evil against the good; the good proceeds from the good, and the evil from the evil; *the good purifies the bad, and the bad the good*; the good is preserved for the good, and the evil for the bad ones."

Underlying the two game-players there is God, who is neither and both. The effect of the game is that both players become purified. Thus, the ancient Hebrew monotheism, so superior to our own view. We are creatures in a game with our affinities and aversions predetermined for us -- not by blind chance but by patient, foresighted engraving systems which we dimly see. Were we to see them clearly, we would abolish the game. Evidently that would not serve anyone's interests. We must trust these tropisms, and anyhow we have no choice -- not until the tropisms lift. And under certain circumstances they can and do. And at that point, much is clear which previously was occluded from us, intentionally.

What we must realize is that this deception, this obscuring of things as if under a veil -- the veil of Maya, as it has been called -- this is not an end in itself, as if the universe is somehow perverse and likes to foil us *per se*; what we must accept, once we realize that a veil (called by the Greeks *dokos*) lies between us and reality, is that this veil serves a benign purpose. Parmenides, the pre-Socratic philosopher, is historically credited with being the first person in the West systematically to work out proof that the world cannot be as we see it, that *dokos*, the veil, exists. We see very much the same notion expressed by St. Paul when he speaks about our seeing "as if by the reflection on the bottom of a polished metal pan." He is referring to the familiar notion of Plato's, that we see only images of reality, and probably these images are inaccurate and imperfect and not to be relied on. I wish to add that Paul was probably saying one thing more than Plato in the celebrated metaphor of the cave: Paul was saying that we may well be seeing the universe backwards.

The extraordinary thrust of this thought just simply cannot be taken in, even if we intellectually grasp it. "To see the universe backwards?" What would that mean? Well, let me give you one possibility: that we experience time backwards; or more precisely, that our inner subjective category of experience of time (in the sense which Kant spoke of, a way by which we arrange experience), our time experience is orthogonal to the flow of time itself -- at right angles. There are two times: the time which is our experience or perception or construct of ontological matrix, an extensiveness into another area -- this is real, but the outer time-flow of the universe moves in a different direction. Both are real, but by experiencing time as we do, orthogonally to its actual direction, we get a totally wrong idea of the sequence of events, of causality, of what is past and what is future, where the universe is going.

I hope you realize the importance of this. Time is real, both as an experience in the Kantian sense, and real in the sense which the Soviet Dr. Nikolai Kozyrev expresses it: that time is an energy, and it is the basic energy which binds the universe together, and upon which all life depends, all phenomena draw their source out of and express: it is the energy of each entelechy and of the total entelechy of the universe itself.

But time, in itself, is not moving from our past to our future. Its orthogonal axis leads it through a rotary cycle within which, for example, we have been "spinning our wheels," so to speak, in a vast winter of our species that has lasted already about 2,000 of our lineal time years. Evidently orthogonal time or true time rotate something like the primitive cyclic time, within which each year was regarded as the same year, each new crop the same crop; in fact, each spring was the same spring again. What destroyed man's ability to perceive time in this overly simple way was that he himself as an individual spanned too many of these years and could see that he himself wore out, was not renewed each year like the corn crop, the bulbs and roots and trees. There had to be a more adequate idea of time than the simple cyclic time; so he developed, reluctantly, lineal time which is an accumulative time, as Bergson showed; it goes in only one direction and is added to -- or adds to -- everything as it sweeps along.

True orthogonal time is rotary, but on a vaster scale, much like the Great Year of the

ancients; much, too, like Dante's idea of the time rate of eternity which you find expressed in his *Comedy*. During the Middle Ages such thinkers as Erigena had begun to sense true eternity or timelessness, but others had begun to sense that eternity involved time (timelessness would be a static state), although the time would be quite different from our perception of it. A clue lay in St. Paul's reiteration that the Final Days of the world would be the Time of Restoration of All Things. He had evidently experienced this orthogonal time enough to understand that it contains in it as a simultaneous plane or extension everything which was, just as the grooves on an LP contain the part of the music which has already been played; they don't disappear after the stylus tracks them. A phonograph record is, actually, a long helical spiral, and can be represented entirely in a plane geometry sort of way: in space, although I suppose you can talk about the stylus accumulating the music as it goes along. The idea of dysfunctions such as bounce back and bounce forward are possible, here, but these would serve no teleological purpose; they would be time-slips, as in my novel MARTIAN TIME-SLIP. Yet, if they were to occur, they would serve a purpose for us, the observe or listener; we would suddenly learn a great deal more about our universe. I believe these ontological dysfunctions in time do occur, but that our brains automatically generate false memory-systems to obscure them, at once. The reason for this carries back to my premise: the veil or *dokos* is there to deceive us for a good reason, and such disclosures as these time dysfunctions make are to be obliterated that this benign purpose be maintained.

Within a system which must generate an enormous amount of veiling, it would be vain-glorious to expostulate on what actuality is, when my premise declares that were we to penetrate to it for any reason this strange veil-like dream would reinstate itself retroactively, in terms of our perceptions and in terms of our memories. The mutual dreaming would resume as before, because, I think, we are like the characters in my novel UBIK; we are in a state of half-life. We are neither dead nor alive, but preserved in cold storage, waiting to be thawed out. Expressed in the perhaps startlingly familiar terms of the procession of the seasons, this is winter of which I speak; it is winter for our race, and it is winter in UBIK for those in half-life. Ice and snow cover them; ice and snow cover our world in layers of accretions, which we call *dokos* or Maya. What melts away the rind or layer of frozen ice over the world each year is of course the reappearance of the sun. What melts the ice and snow covering the characters in UBIK, and which halts the cooling-off of their lives, the entropy which they feel, is the voice of Mr. Runciter, their former employer, calling to them. The voice of Mr. Runciter is none other than the same voice which each bulb and seed and root in the ground, our ground, in our winter-time, hears. It hears: "Wake up! Sleepers awake!" Now I have told you who Runciter is, and I have told you our condition and what UBIK is really about. What I have said, too, is that time is actually as Dr. Kozyrev in the Soviet Union supposes it to be, and in UBIK time has been nullified and no longer moves forward in the lineal fashion which we experience. As this has happened, due to the deaths of the characters, we the readers and they the personæ see the world as it is without the veil of Maya, without the obscuring mists of lineal time. It is that very energy, Time, postulated by Dr. Kozyrev as binding together all phenomena and maintaining all life, which by its *activity* hides the ontological reality beneath its flow.

The orthogonal time axis may have been represented in my novel UBIK without my understanding what I was depicting; i.e. the formregression of objects along an entirely different line from that out of which they, in lineal time, were built. This reversion is that of the Platonic Ideas or archetypes; a rocket-ship reverts to a Boeing 747, then back to a World War I "Jenny" biplane. While I may indeed have expressed a dramatic view of orthogonal time, it is less certain that this is orthogonal time *undergoing an unnatural reversion*; i.e. moving backwards. What the characters in UBIK see may be orthogonal time moving along its normal axis; if we ourselves somehow see the universe reversed the "reversions" of form which objects in UBIK undergo may be momentum towards perfection. This would imply that our world as extensive in time (rather than extensive in space) is like an onion, an almost infinite number of successive layers. If lineal time seems to add layers, then perhaps orthogonal time peels these off, exposing layers of progressively greater Being. One is reminded here of Plotinus's view of the universe as consisting of concentric rings of emanation, each one possessing more Being -- or reality -- than the next.

Within that ontology, that realm of Being, the characters, like ourselves, slumber in dreams as they wait for the voice which will awaken them. When I say that they and we are waiting for spring to come I am not merely using a metaphor. Spring means thermal return, the abolition of the process of entropy; their life can be expressed in terms of thermal units, and those units have left. It is spring which restores life -- restores it fully and in some cases, as with our species, the new life is a metamorphosis; the period of slumbering is a period of gestation together with our fellows which will culminate in an entirely different form of life than we have ever known before. Many species are this way; they go through cycles. Thus, our winter sleep is not a mere "spinning of our wheels" as it might seem. We will not simply bloom again and again with the same blossoms we produced each year before. This is why it was an error for the ancients to believe that for us, as for the vegetable world, the same year returned; for us, there is accumulation, the growth of an entelechy for each of us not yet perfected or completed, and never repeatable. Like a symphony of Beethoven, each of us is unique, and, when this long winter is over, we as new blooms will surprise ourselves and the world around us. What we will do, many of us, is throw off the mere masks which we have worn -- masks which were intended to be taken for reality. Masks which have successfully fooled everyone, as is their purpose. We have been so many Palmer Eldritch's moving through the cold fog and mists and twilight of winter, but now soon we will emerge and lift the war-mask of iron to reveal the face within.

It is a face which we, the wearers of the masks, have not seen either; it will surprise us, too.

For absolute reality to reveal itself, our categories of space-time experiences, our basic matrix through which we encounter the universe, must break down and then utterly collapse. I dealt with this breakdown in *MARTIAN TIME-SLIP* in terms of time; in *MAZE OF DEATH* there are endless parallel realities arranged spatially; in *FLOW MY TEARS, THE POLICEMAN SAID* the world of one character invades the world in general and shows that by "world" we mean nothing more or less than Mind -- the immanent Mind which thinks -- or rather dreams -- our world. That dreamer, like the dreamer in Joyce's *Finnegan's Wake*, is stirring and about to come to consciousness. We are within that dream; these manifold dreams are about to fold into themselves, to disappear as dreams, to be replaced by the true landscape of the dreamer's reality. We will join him as he sees it once again and is aware that he has been dreaming. In Brahmanism, we would say that a great cycle has ended and that Brahman stirs and wakes again, or that it falls asleep from being awake; in any case the universe which we experience which is an extension in space and time of its Mind is experiencing the typical dysfunctions that take place at the end of a cycle. You may say if you prefer, "Reality is collapsing; it's all turning to chaos," or, with me, you may wish to say, "I feel the dream, the *dokos*, lifting; I feel Maya dissolving: I am waking up, He is waking up: I am the Dreamer: we are all the Dreamer." One thinks here of Arthur Clarke's *Overmind*.

Each of us is going to have to either affirm or deny the reality which is revealed when our ontological categories collapse. If you feel that chaos is closing in, that when the dream fades out, nothing will be left or, worse, something dreadful will confront you -- well, this is why the concept of the Day of Wrath persists; many people have a deep intuition that when the *dokos* abruptly melts they're in for a hard time of it. Perhaps so. But I think that the visage revealed will be a smiling one, since spring usually beams down on creatures rather than blasting them with desiccating heat. There may, too, be malign forces in the universe which will be revealed by the removal of the veil, but I think about the fall of the political tyranny in the US in 1974 and it seems to me that the exposure to the light of day of that ugly cancer and its subsequent removal is the nature of high value in disclosure to sunlight; we may have to suffer such shocks as learning that during the *Nacht und Nebel*, during the time of night and fog, our freedom, our rights, our property and even our lives were mutilated, deformed, stolen and destroyed by base creatures glutting themselves in spurious sanctuary down there at San Clemente and in Florida and all the other villas, but the shock of exposure was worse for their plans than it was for ours. Our plans called only for us to live with justice and truth and freedom; the former government of this country had arranged to live with cruel power of the most arrogant sort, while at the same time lying to us ceaselessly through all the channels of communication. Such is a good example of the healing power of sunlight;

this power first to reveal and then to shrivel up the coarse plant of tyranny which had grown deep into the beating heart of a good people.

That heart beats on now, more strongly than ever, although it was admittedly badly engulfed; but the cancer which had crawled through it -- that cancer is gone. That black growth which shunned light, shunned truth, and destroyed anyone who told the truth -- it shows what can flourish during the long winter of the human race. But that winter began to end in the vernal equinox of 1974.

Sometimes I think that the Dreamer began to press against the tyranny as he, the Dreamer, woke us; here in the United States he woke us to our condition, our awful peril.

One of the best novels, and most important to understanding of the nature of our world, is Ursula Le Guin's *The Lathe of Heaven*, in which the dream universe is articulated in such a striking and compelling way that I hesitate to add any further explanation to it; it requires none. I do not think that either of us had read about Charles Tart's study of dreams when we wrote our several novels, but I have now, and I have read some of Robert E. Ornstein, he being the "brain revolution" person north of where I live, at Stanford University. From Ornstein's work it would appear that there is a possibility that we have two entirely separate brains, rather than one brain divided into two bilaterally equal hemispheres, that, in fact, whereas we have one body we have two minds (I refer to you the article by Joseph E. Bogen, "The Other Side of the Brain: An Appositional Mind," published in Ornstein's collection *The Nature Of Human Consciousness*). Bogen demonstrates that every now and then a researcher began to scent the possibility that we have two brains, two minds, but that only with modern brain-mapping techniques and related studies has it been possible to demonstrate this. For example, in 1763 Jerome Gaub wrote: "... I hope that you will believe Pythagoras and Plato, the wisest of the ancient philosophers, who, according to Cicero, divided the mind into two parts, one partaking of reason and the other devoid of it." Bogen's article contains concepts so fascinating as to cause me to wonder why we never realized that our so-called "unconscious" is not an unconscious at all but another consciousness, with which we have a tenuous relationship. It is this other mind or consciousness which dreams us at night -- we are its audience as it binds us in its story telling; we are little children spellbound... which is why *Lathe of Heaven* may represent one of the basic great books of our civilization, especially since Ursula Le Guin, I'm sure, arrived at her formulation without knowledge of Ornstein's work and Bogen's extraordinary theory. What is involved here is that one brain receives exactly the same input as the other, through the various sense channels, but processes the information differently; each brain works in its own unique way (the left is like a digital computer; the right much like an analog computer, working by comparing patterns). Processing the identical information each may arrive at a totally different result -- whereupon, since our personality is constructed in our left brain, if the right brain finds something vital which we to its left remain unaware of, it must communicate during sleep, during the dream; hence, the Dreamer who communicates to us so urgently in the night is located neurologically, evidently, in our right brain, which is the not-I. But more than that (for instance, is the right brain as Bergson though perhaps a transducer of transformer for ultra-sensory informational input beyond the purview of the left?) we can't say as yet. I think, though, that the spell of *dokos* is woven by our right brain's plural; we as a species are prone to reside entirely within one hemisphere only, leaving the other to do what it must to protect us, and to protect the world. Keep in mind that this protectiveness is bilateral, an exchange between the world and each of us: each of us is a treasure, to be cherished and preserved, but so is the world and the hidden seeds in it, slumbering. The other hidden seeds. Thus, through the veil-spinning of Kali, the right hemisphere of each of us, we are kept ignorant of what we must be ignorant of now. But that time is ending; that winter is melting, along with its terrors, its tyrannies and snow.

The best description of this *dokos*-veil formation that I've read yet appears in an article in *Science-Fiction Studies*, March 1975, by Fredric Jameson, in "After Armageddon: Character Systems in DR. BLOODMONEY," which is an obscure novel of mine. I quote "... Every reader of Dick is familiar with this nightmarish uncertainty, this reality fluctuation, sometime accounted for by drugs\*, sometimes by schizophrenia\*, and

sometimes by new SF powers, in which the psychic world as it were goes outside, and reappears in the form of simulacra or of some photographically cunning reproduction of the external." (p. 32) (\*I hope Jameson means drugs in the writing and schizophrenia in the writing, not in me, but I'll let that pass.)

You can see from Jameson's description that we are talking about something very like Maya here, but also something very like a hologram. I have the distinct feeling that Carl Jung was correct about our unconsciousness, that they form a single entity or as he called it "collective unconscious." In that case, this collective brain entity, consisting of literally billions of "stations," which transmit and receive, would form a vast network of communication and information, much like Teilhard's concept of the noösphere. This *is* the noösphere, as real as the ionosphere or the biosphere; it is a layer in our earth's atmosphere composed of holographic and informational projections in a unified and continually processed Gestalt the sources of which are our manifold right brains. This constitutes a vast Mind, immanent within us, of such power and wisdom as to seem, to us, equal to the Creator. This was Bergson's view of God anyhow.

It is interesting how deeply troubled the brilliant Greek philosophers were by activities of the gods; they could see the activities and (or so they thought) the gods themselves, but as Xenophanes put it: "Even if a man should chance to speak the most complete truth, yet he himself does not know it; all things are wrapped in *appearances*."

This notion came to the pre-Socratics by virtue of their seeing the many but knowing *a priori* that what they saw could not be real, since only the One existed.

"If God is all things, then appearances are certainly deceptive; and, though observation of the kosmos may yield generalizations and speculations about God's plans, true knowledge of them could only be had by a direct contact with God's mind." (I am quoting Edward Hussey in his marvelous book *The Pre-Socratics*, p. 35.) And he goes on to give two fragments of Heraclitus: "The nature of things is in the habit of concealing itself." (Fragment 123) "Latent structure is master of obvious structure." (Fragment 54)

I wish to remind you that the ancient Greeks and Hebrews did not conceive of God or God's Mind as above the universe, but within it: immanent Mind or immanent God, with the visible universe the body of God, so that God was to universe as psyche is to soma. But they also conjectured that perhaps God was not the great psyche but noös, a different sort of mind; in which case, the universe was not his body but God Himself. The space-time universe houses but is not a part of God; what is God is the vast grid-field or energy field alone.

If you assume (and you'd be correct to do so) that our minds are energy fields of some kind anyhow, and that we are fundamentally interacting fields, rather than discrete particles, then there is no theoretical problem in grasping this interaction between the billions of brain-prints emanating and forming and reforming into the patterns of the noösphere. However, if you still hold to the nineteenth century view of yourself as a brittle organism, much like a machine, made up of parts -- well, you see, then how can you merge with the noösphere? You are a unique concrete thing. And thing-ness is what we must get away from, in regarding ourselves and in considering life. By more modern views we are overlapping fields, all of us, animals included, plants included. This is the ecosphere and we are all in it. But what we don't realize is that the billions of discrete and entirely ego-oriented left hemisphere brains have far less to say about the ultimate disposition of this world than does the collective noöspheric Mind which comprises all our right brains, and in which each of us shares. *It* will decide, and I do not think it impossible that this vast plasmic noösphere, considering that it covers our entire planet in a veil or layer, may interact outwards into solar-energy fields and from there into cosmic fields. Each of us, then, partakes of the cosmos -- if he is willing to listen to his dreams. And it is his dreams which will transform him from a mere machine into an authentic human. He will no longer strut about and clank with majestic iron, no longer rule his little kingdom here; he will soar upwards, flying like a field of negative ions, like the entity Ubik in my novel of that name: being life and giving life, but never

defining himself because no clear-cut name to him -- to us -- can be given.

As we move up the manifold -- i.e. progress forwards in lineal time, or somehow stand still and lineal time progresses forwards, whichever model is more correct -- we as many entelechies are continually signaled, given information, and most of all, disinhibited by firings from the universe around us; in this fashion harmony among all parts of the universe is maintained. There is no more grand scheme than this: to be aware that I, as a representative entelechy, must unfold only as these preset signals reach me, and that control as to the when -- the locus in time -- that each signal will come is entirely in the hands of the universe... this is a thrilling comprehension, and makes me aware of the unbreakable tie between me and my environment.

There is such order in the response between engrammed systems within each of us and the accumulating signals which fire these systems in sequence as to imply that the Agency which laid down the entelechy in the first place, engrammed and then blocked these systems, knew with absolute precision where along the time paths the signals would take place which would disinhibit; chance is not involved -- the happiest of accidents is the most astute planning of the universe.

Sometimes I wonder how we could have imagined that our species was exempt from the instincts which lower species obviously have. What is different about us, however, is that all ants, for instance, are disinhibited by the same signal, and the same behavior occurs; it is as if one ant again and again is involved, endlessly. But for us, each is a unique entelechy, and each receives unique sequences of signals -- to which each responds uniquely. Still, this is the language of the universe which the ant hears; we thrill with a common joy.

I myself have derived much of the material for my writing from dreams. In *FLOW MY TEARS*, for example, the powerful dream which comes to Felix Buckman near the end, the dream of the wise old man on horseback, that was an actual dream I had at the time of writing the novel. In *MARTIAN TIME-SLIP* I've written in so many dream experiences that I can't separate them, now, when I read the novel.

*UBIK* was primarily a dream, or series of dreams. In my opinion it contains strong themes of pre-Socratic philosophical views of the world, unfamiliar to me when I wrote it (to name just one, the views of Empedocles). It is possible that the noosphere contained thought patterns in the form of very weak energy until we developed radio transmission; whereupon the energy level of the noosphere went out of bounds and assumed a life of its own. It no longer served as a mere passive repository of human information (the "Seas of Knowledge" which ancient Sumer believed in) but, due to the incredible surge of charge from our electronic signals and the information-rich material therein, we have given it power to cross a vast threshold; we have, so to speak, resurrected what Philo and other ancients called the *Logos*. Information has, then, become alive, with a collective mind of its own independent of our brains, if this theory is correct. It does not merely now what we know and remember what once was known, but can construct solutions on its own: it is a titanic AI system. The difference would be between a tape recorder which could "remember" a Beethoven symphony which it "heard," and one which could create new ones, on and on; the library in the sky, having read all the books there are and ever were, is writing its own book, now, and at night we are being read to -- told the exciting tale comprising that Great Work-in-Progress.

I must mention Ian Watson's article in *Science-Fiction Studies* on Le Guin's *Lathe of Heaven*; in his excellent piece he refers to what may be the most significant -- startlingly so -- story SF has yet produced: Fredric Brown's story that appeared in *Astounding*, "The Waveries." You must read that story; if you do not you may die without understanding the universe coming into being around you. The Waveries were attracted to Earth by our radio waves; they returned in facsimile form, so like our transmissions (SOS and so forth, chronologically) that at first we couldn't fathom what was up. Regarding *Lathe*, Watson says: "... Conceivably George [Orr] dreamt a hostile invasion into a peaceful one; yet the dominant probability is that the aliens are, as they maintain, 'of the dream time,' that their whole culture revolves around the move of

'reality dreaming itself into being,' that they have been attracted to Earth like the Waveries of Fredric Brown's story, only by dream-waves rather than radio waves." (pp. 71-72)

This could be considered scary stuff, this theme in Le Guin's work and mine. What are dreams? Are there these dream-universe entities that have come here from another star (Aldebaran, in Ms. Le Guin's novel)? Are the UFOs that people see holograms projected by their unconscious minds, acting as transformers, acting, too, as transducers of these strange dream-universe creatures?

For the past year I've had many dreams which seemed -- I stress the word "seemed" -- to indicate that a telepathic communication was in progress somewhere within my head, but after talking with Henry Korman, an associate of Ornstein's, I would imagine that it is merely my right and left hemispheres conferring in a Martin Buber I-and-Thou dialogue. But much of the dream material seemed beyond my personal ability to have created. At one point an attempt was made to get me to write down a complex engineering principle which was shown me in the form of a round motor with twin rotating wheels, opposed in direction, much as Yin and Yang in Taoism alternate as opposing pairs (and much like Empedocles saw love versus strife, the dialectic interaction of the world). But this was a true engineering device they had there in my dream; they showed me a pencil, and said "This principle was known in *your* time." And as I rushed to find a pencil they added: "Known, but buried in a basement and forgotten." There was an elaborate high torque chain-thrown mechanism which moved cam-wise between the two rotors, but I never got the hang of it, when I woke up. What I did later on grasp, though, was this: further dreams made it clear that somehow our treatment of seawater by osmosis process would give us not only pure water but a source of energy as well. However, they had the wrong human when they began giving me that sort of material; I am not trained to understand it, I did purchase over a thousand dollars worth of reference books to try to figure out what I'd been shown, though. I have learned this: something to do with a high hysteresis factor, in this twin-rotor system, is converted from a defect to an advantage. No braking mechanism is needed; the two rotors spin constantly at the same velocity, and torque is transferred by a thrown cam-chain.

I give this illustration only to show that either my unconscious has been reading articles on engineering which elude my memory and my conscious attention and interest, or there are, shall I say, dream-universe people from, shall I say, Aldebaran or some other star with us. Perhaps joining their noösphere with ours? And offering assistance to a crippled, blighted planet which has bogged down, like a rat on a weary wheel, in the dead of winter for over 2,000 years? If they bring the springtime with them, then whoever they are, I welcome them; like Joe Chip in *UBIK*, I fear the cold, the weariness; I fear the death of wearing out on endless upwards stairs, while someone cruel, or anyhow wearing a cruel mask, watches and offers no aid -- the machine, lacking empathy, watching as mere spectator, the same horror which I know haunts Harlan Ellison. It is perhaps more frightening than the killer himself (in *UBIK* it was Jory), this figure which sees but gives no assistance, offers no hand. That is the android, to me, and the evil demigod to Harlan; we both shudder at the idea of its existence. What I can tell you about the dream-universe people, is that if they do exist, whoever they are, they are not that unsympathetic android; they are human in this deepest of all senses: they have reached out a helping hand to our planet, to our polluted ecosphere, and perhaps even assisted in throwing down the tyranny which gripped the United States, Portugal, Greece, and one day they will throw down the tyranny of the Soviet bloc as well. This is what I think of when I grasp the idea of springtime: the lifting of the iron doors of the prison and the poor prisoners, in Beethoven's *Fidelio*, let out into the sunlight. Ah, that moment in the opera, when they see the sun and feel its warmth. And at last, at the end, the trumpet call of freedom sounds the permanent end of their cruel imprisonment; help *from outside*, has arrived.

Every now and then someone comes up to a science fiction writer, smiles a crazy secret in-the-know smile and smirks, "I know that what you're writing is true, and it's in code. All you SF writers are receivers for Them." Naturally I ask who "Them" is. The answer is always the same. "You know. Up there. The space people. They're already here, and they're using your writing. You know it, too."

I kind of smile and edge off. It keeps happening. Well, I hate to admit it, but it is possible that there is (one) such a thing as telepathy; and (two) that the CETI project's idea that we might communicate with extraterrestrial beings via telepathy is possibly a reasonable idea -- if telepathy exists and if ETIs exist. Otherwise we are trying to communicate with someone who doesn't exist with a system which doesn't work. At least that'll keep a lot of us busy for a long, long time. But understand now that a Soviet astronomy bunch, evidently headed by the same Dr. Nikolai Kozyrev who developed the time-as-energy theory I mentioned previously, has reported receiving signals from an ETI *within* our solar system. If this were true, and our people are saying that the Soviets are just monitoring stale, flat and unprofitable old signals from our own discarded satellites and other junk ships -- well, suppose these ETI entities or corporate mind are within, say, the great plasma which seems to surround Earth and is involved with solar flares and the like; I refer of course to the noosphere. It is ETI and TI at once, and possibly bears a strong resemblance to what Ms. Le Guin has written about in *Lathe*. And as every SF fan knows, my own works deal with similar themes... thus giving an annoying couple of marks for plausibility to these freaks who are forever lurching up to every SF author and saying, "What you're writing is in code..." etc. In truth, we may be influenced, especially during dream states, by a noosphere which is a product of our own, capable of independent mentation, and involved with ETIs, a mixture of all three and God knows what else. This might not be the Creator, but it would be as close to Infinite Mind as we might get, and close enough. That it is benign is obvious, to recall Maslow's remarks that if nature didn't like us it would have executed us long ago -- here read Infinite Noosphere for nature.

We humans, the warm-faced and tender, with thoughtful eyes -- we are perhaps the true machines. And those objective constructs, the natural objects around us and especially the electronic hardware we build, the transmitters and microwave relay stations, the satellites, they may be cloaks for authentic living reality inasmuch as they may participate more fully and in a way obscured to us in the ultimate Mind. Perhaps we see not only a deforming veil, but backwards. Perhaps the closest approximation to truth would be to say: "Everything is equally alive, equally free, equally sentient, because everything is not alive or half-alive or dead, but rather *lived through*." Radio signals are boosted by a transmitter; they pass *through* the various components, modified and augmented, their contours changed, noise eliminated and rejected... we are extensions, like those metal arms which pick up radioactive objects for scientists. We are gloves which God puts on in order to move things here and there as He wishes. For some reason He prefers to handle reality this way. (I will not budge but will defend that pun.)

We are suits of clothing which He creates, puts on and uses and finally discards. We are suits of armor, too. Which gives a misleading impression to certain other butterflies within certain other suits of armor. Within the armor is the butterfly and within the butterfly is -- the signal from another star. In the novel I am writing (which the Dreamer, perhaps, is expressing through me) the star is called Albemuth. I hadn't read Ms. Le Guin's novel *Lathe of Heaven* when the idea came to me, but the reader of that novel will find there also what I just now meant by our being stations within a vast grid -- and not realizing it.

Consider this Meditation of Rumi, a Sufi saying by Idries Shah, who is a favorite among modern Sufis: "The worker is hidden in the workshop."

Since it is evident that more than anyone else Dr. Ornstein has pioneered the way to discover the new worldview, which involves a bilateral brain parity unsuspected since the time of Pythagoras and Plato, I recently summoned my courage and wrote him. Fans now and then write me, their hands shaking nervously; my entire typewriter shook nervously as I wrote to Dr. Ornstein. Here is the text of my letter, which I place here as a final note to explain how I have transcended the categories of reality-versus-illusion by his help, and thus brought into clear sight an end to 20 years' study and effort on my part. I quote:

Dear Dr. Ornstein:

Recently I met Mr. Henry Korman and Mr. Tony Hiss (Tony had come to interview me for the *New Yorker*). I got into a marvelous discussion with Henry about Sufism and I mentioned my admiration, bordering on fanatic enthusiasm, for your pioneer work with bilateral brain hemispheric parity. Thus, I, having learned that they know you, am summoning my courage to write you and ask, What has become of me, since experimenting with bringing on my right hemisphere (I did it mainly by orthomolecular formula vitamins, plus a good deal of concentrated meditation)?

By this I mean to say, Dr. Ornstein, ten months this took place, and for ten months I have been a different person. But what to me is most extraordinary (I am writing a book about it, but in the form of fiction, a novel called TO SCARE THE DEAD), is that -- well, let me give the premise as I placed it into the novel:

Nicholas Brady, an ordinary American citizen with contemporary worldly values and drives (money and power and prestige) suddenly has inside him a winking into life of an entity which has slumbered for 2,000 years. This entity is an Essene, who died knowing that he would be given the promised resurrection; he knew it because he and other Qumran individuals had in their possession secret formulæ and medications and scientific practices to insure it. So suddenly our protagonist, Nicholas Brady, finds that there are two of him: his old self, at his secular job and goals, and this Essene from the Qumran wadi back circa 45 A.D., a holy man with holy values and utter antagonism to the secular physical world, which he sees as the "City of Iron." The Qumran mind takes over and directs Brady in a complicated series of acts until it becomes evident that others such as this Qumran man are coming back to life here and there in the world.

Studying the Bible, along with this Qumran personality, Brady finds that the *New Testament* is in cypher. The Qumran personality can read it. "Jesus" is really Zagreus-Zeus, taking two forms, one mild, the other utterly powerful, on which his followers can draw when in need.

The Qumran personality, who, for fictional purposes, I call Thomas, gradually informs Brady that these are the Parousia, the Final Days. And to be prepared; Thomas will prepare him by reminding him of his own divinity -- anamnesis, Thomas calls it. Thomas develops a special parity relationship with Brady, but evolves as a source of teaching for the incredibly ignorant Brady the entity known as Erasmus, who is in fact a station in the noösphere, which is now so fully charged around Earth that if you are aware of it you can consciously, rather than unconsciously, draw from it; these are the "Seas of Knowledge" which were known in ancient times and upon which the Sibyl at Delphi drew. But this is a cover, because Brady realizes that in point of fact, the Qumran men had as their god not the mythical Jesus but the actual Zagreus, and by doing research, Brady soon learns that Zagreus was a form of Dionysos. Christianity is a later form of the worship of Dionysos, refined through the strange and lovely figure of Orpheus. Orpheus, like Jesus, is real only in the sense that Dionysos is becoming socialized; born here as a child of another race, not a human one but a visiting race, Zagreus has had to learn by degrees to modify his "madness," which is now kept to a low ebb. Basically, he is with us to reconstruct us as expressions of him, and the MO of this is our being possessed by him -- which the early Christians sought for, and hid from the hated Romans,

Dionysos-Zagreus-Orpheus-Jesus was always pitted against the City of Iron, be it Rome or Washington D.C.; he is the god of springtime, of new life, of small and helpless creatures, he is the god of mirth and frenzy, and of sitting here day after day working on this novel.

But in the novel, Thomas says, "The Final Days have come. The overthrow of the tyranny is that which, in lurid language, John described in *Revelation*. Jesus-Zagreus is seizing his own, now, one after another; *he lives again*."

During winter, it was believed that Dionysos, the god of the vine plant, of vegetation, of the crop, slumbered. It was known that no matter how dead he seemed (James Joyce's *Finnegan's Wake* is a wonderful account of this, where they accidentally spill beer on the corpse and it revives) he was actually alive, though you'd never know it. And then -- not to the surprise of those who understood him and believed in him -- he was reborn. His followers knew he would be; they knew the secret ("Behold! I tell you a sacred secret," etc.). We are speaking here of the mystery religions, all of them, including Christianity. Our God has been sleeping, during the long winter of the human culture (not for one year's rotational cycle of seasons, but from 45 A.D. through the centuries of mental winter to now); just when winter holds all in its grip, the snow of despair and defeat (in our case, political chaos, moral ruin, economic ruin -- the winter of our planet, our world, our civilization), then the vine, which was gnarled and old and seemingly dead, breaks into new life, and our God is reborn -- not outside us as such, but in each of us. Slumbering not under snow over the ground-surface but within the right hemispheres of our brains. We have been waiting, we didn't know for what. That is it: this is spring for our planet, in a deeper more fundamental way. The cold chains of iron are being thrown off, but by what a miracle. As with my character, Nicholas Brady -- I've had Zagreus awaken in my right hemisphere, and felt the flooding of renewed life, his vigor, his personality, and his godlike wisdom: he hated the injustice he saw around him, and the lies, and he remembered "The dear lone lands untroubled by men, where amid the shadowy green / The little ones of the forest live unseen." (Euripides) Dr. Ornstein, thank you for helping bring winter to an end, and ushering in -- not just spring -- but the living life of Spring alive but asleep inside us.

Really, I suppose that the clear line between hallucination and reality has itself become a kind of hallucination, and perhaps I am taking my dream experiences too seriously. But there is much interest now, for instance, in the Senoi tribe of the Malay Peninsula (*vide* Kilton Stewart's article "Dream Theory in Malaya," in Charles T. Tart's *Altered States of Consciousness*). In a dream I was shown that the word "Jesus" is a code, a neologism and not a real name at all; those reading the text in those early days who were the esoteri (the Qumran men, possibly) would see "Zeus" and "Zagreus" combined into the integer "Jesus." It is a substitution code, I think they call it. Now, ordinarily, one would not give much credit to such a dream, or rather to any dream insofar as it might be an actual entity, an AI system for instance, giving you accurate information which you otherwise would not have available to you. But as I went to one of my textbooks the other day to check a spelling, I found these remarkably similar textual passages, the first of which we all know, since it concludes our own sacred writings, the *New Testament*: "... I am the root and scion of David, the bright morning star." (*Revelation* 22:16, Jesus describing himself.) And:

Of all the trees that are  
He hath his flock, and feedeth root by root,  
The Joy-god Dionysos, the pure star  
That shines amid the gathering of the fruit.

- Pindar, a favourite quatrain of Plutarch, circa 430 B.C.

What are names? This is the god of in-toxication, taking in the sacred mushroom (cf. John Allegro) or wine, or finding a joke so terribly funny that you lose all reason laughing and crying, as when you see one of the slapstick silent comedies. In the one short stanza of Pindar we have the flock, we have the trees, we have in addition to these two major symbols of Jesus, terms by which all the esoteri recognize him yet, two more inner terms: the root and star.

The reference to "root and star" might be taken as equal to a spatial extension of the time extension of "I am Alpha and Omega," which is, the first and last. So "root and star" indicate: I am from the chthonic world up, and the starry heaven downwards. But I see something else in star, in bright morning star: I think he was saying, "The signal that the springtime for man is here, that signal comes from another star." We have friends and they are ETI, and it is, as He told us, a bright and morning star: the star of love.

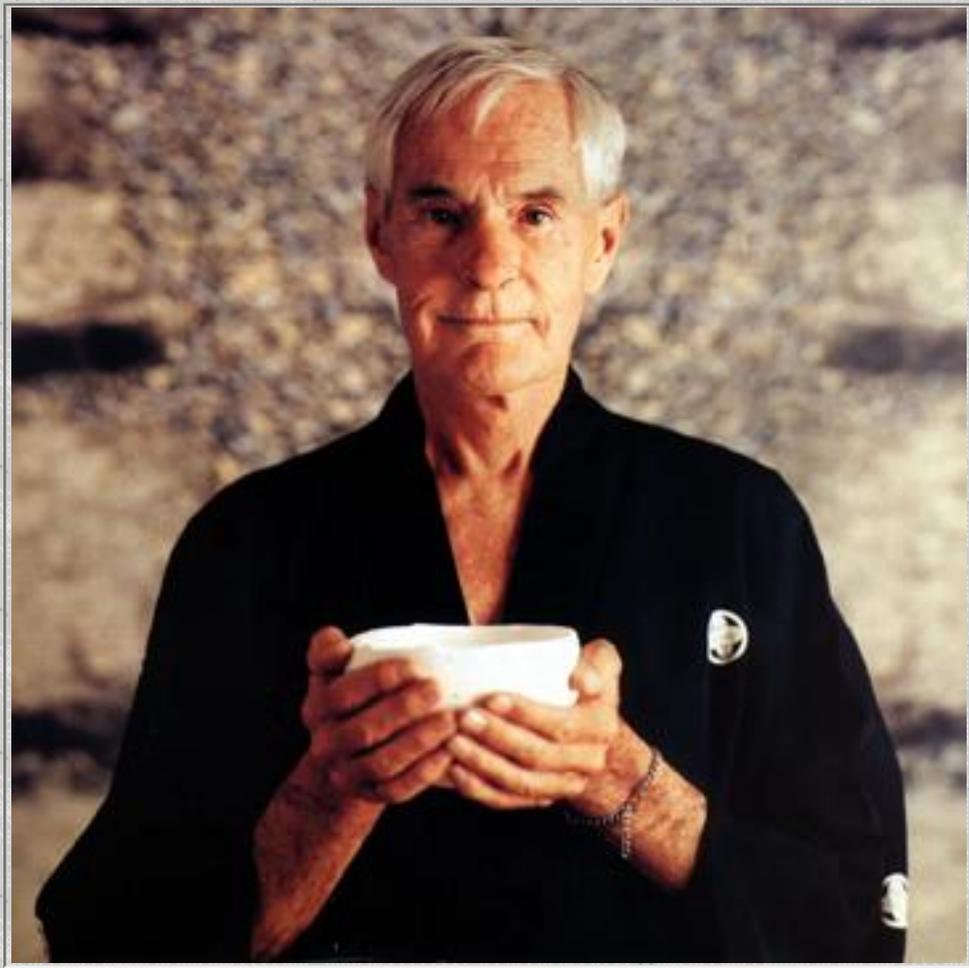
[Home](#)

[Contents](#)

[GLORidx](#)

Except where otherwise noted, Grey Lodge Occult Review™ is licensed under a [Creative Commons Attribution-Noncommercial-Share Alike 3.0 License](#).

## Grey Lodge Occult Review™



*Timothy Leary 1920-1996*



**["Tune in, turn on, drop out." \(April 1966\)](#)**

*Timothy Leary On mind expansion.*

Right-click and  
save  
437KB (Real  
Audio)





[Home](#)

[Contents](#)

[GLORidx](#)

Except where otherwise noted, Grey Lodge Occult Review™ is licensed under a [Creative Commons Attribution-Noncommercial-Share Alike 3.0 License](#).

## Grey Lodge Occult Review™

### Dream Theory In Malaya

By: Dr. Kilton Stewart © 1935



As a member of a scientific expedition traveling through the unexplored equatorial rain forest of the Central Range of the Malay Peninsula in 1935, I was introduced to an isolated tribe of jungle folk, who employed methods of psychology and inter-personal relations so astonishing that they might have come from another planet. These people, the Senoi, lived in long community houses, skillfully constructed of Bamboo, rattan, and thatch, and held away from the ground on poles. They maintained themselves by practicing dry-land, shifting agriculture, and by hunting and fishing. Their language,

partly Indonesian and partly Non-Kamian, relates them to the peoples of Indonesia to the south and west, and to the Highlanders of Indo-China and Burma, as do their physical characteristics. Study of their political and social organization indicates that the political authority in their communities was originally in the hands of the oldest members of patrilineal clans, somewhat as in the social structure of China and other parts of the world. But the major authority in all their communities is now held by their primitive psychologists whom they call *halaks*. The only honorary title in the society is that of *Tohat*, which is equivalent to a doctor who is both a healer and an educator, in our terms.

The Senoi claim there has not been a violent crime or an intercommunal conflict for a space of two or three hundred years because of the insight and inventiveness of the *Tohats* of their various communities. The foothill tribes which surround the Central Mountain Range have such a firm belief in the magical powers of this Highland group that they give the territory a wide berth. From all we could learn, their psychological knowledge of strangers in their territory, the Senoi said they could very easily devise means of scaring them off. They did not practice black magic, but allowed the nomadic hillfolk surrounding them to think that they did if strangers invaded their territory.

This fear of Senoi magic accounts for the fact that they have not, over a long period, had to fight with outsiders. But the absence of violent crime, armed conflict, and mental and physical diseases in their own society can only be explained on the basis of institutions which produce a high state of psychological integration and emotional maturity, along with social skills and attitudes which promote creative, rather than destructive, interpersonal relations. They are, perhaps, the most democratic group reported in anthropological literature. In the realms of family, economics, and politics, their society operates smoothly on the principle of contract, agreement, and democratic consensus, with no need of police force, jail, psychiatric hospital to reinforce the agreements or to confine those who are not willing or able to reach consensus. Study of their society seems to indicate that they have arrived at this high state of social and physical cooperation and integration through the system of psychology which they discovered, invented, and developed, and that the principles of this system of psychology are understandable in terms of Western scientific thinking.

It was the late **H. D. Noone**, the Government, Ethnologist of the Federated Malay States, who introduced me to this astonishing group. He agreed with me that they have built a system of inter-personal relations which, in the field of psychology, is perhaps on a level with our attainments in such areas as television and nuclear physics. From a year's experience with these people working as a research psychologist, and another year with Noone in England integrating his seven years of anthropological research with my own findings, I am able to make the following formulations of the principles of Senoi psychology.

**Being a pre-literate group, the principles of their psychology are simple and easy to learn, understand, and even employ. Fifteen years of experimentation with these Senoi principles have convinced me that all men, regardless of their actual cultural development, might profit by studying them. *Emphasis Added***

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

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

dreams of the older children and all the men in the community are reported, discussed, and analyzed.

While the Senoi do not, of course, employ our system of terminology, their psychology of dream interpretation might be summed up as follows: man creates features or images of the outside world in his own mind as part of the adaptive process. Some of these features are in conflict with him and with each other. Once internalized, these hostile images turn man against himself and against his fellows. In dreams man has the power to see these facts of his psyche, which have been disguised in external forms, associated with his own fearful emotions, and turned against him and the internal images of other people. If the individual does not receive social aid through education and therapy, these hostile images, built up by man's normal receptiveness to the outside world, get tied together and associated with one another in a way which makes him physically, socially, and psychologically abnormal.

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

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

In order to evaluate these principles of dream interpretation and social action, I made a collection of the dreams of younger and older Senoi children, adolescents, and adults, and compared them with similar collections made in other societies where they had different social attitudes towards the dream and different methods of dream interpretation. I found through this larger study that the dream process evolved differently in the various societies, and that the evolution of the dream process seemed to be related to the adaptability and individual creative output of the various societies. It may be of interest to the reader to examine in detail the methods of Senoi dream interpretation:

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

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

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

The astonishing thing is that over a period of time, with this type of social interaction, praise, or criticism, imperatives, and advice, the dream which starts out with fear of falling changes into the joy of flying. This happens to everyone in the Senoi society. That which was an indwelling fear or anxiety, becomes an indwelling joy or act of will; that which was ill esteem toward the forces which caused the child to fall in his dream, becomes good will towards the denizens of the dream world, because he relaxes in his dream and finds pleasurable adventures, rather than waking up with a clammy skin and a crawling scalp.

The Senoi believe and teach that the dreamer - the "I" of the dream - should always advance and attack in the teeth of danger, calling on the dream images of his fellows if necessary, but fighting by himself until they arrive. In bad dreams the Senoi believe real friends will never attack the dreamer or refuse help. If any dream character who looks like a friend is hostile or uncooperative in a dream, he is only wearing the mask of a friend.

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

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

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

If the dreamer demands and receives from his love partners a contribution which he can express to the group on awakening, he cannot express or receive too much love in dreams. A rich love life in dreams indicates the favor of the beings of the spiritual or emotional universe. If the dreamer injures the dream images of his fellows or refuses to cooperate with them in dreams, he should go out of his way to express friendship and cooperation on awakening, since hostile dream characters can only use the image of people for whom his good will is running low. If the image of a friend hurts him in a dream, the friend should be advised of the fact, so he can repair his damaged or negative dream image in social intercourse.

Let us examine some of the processes involved in this type of dream interpretation.

First, the child receives social recognition and esteem for discovering and relating what might be called an anxiety motivated psychic reaction. This is the first step among the Senoi toward convincing the child that he is acceptable to authority even when he reveals how he is inside.

Second, it describes the working of his mind as rational, even when he is asleep. To the Senoi it is just as reasonable for the child to adjust his inner tension states for himself as it is for a Western child to do his homework for the teacher.

Third, the interpretation characterizes the force which the child feels in the dream as a power which he can control through a process of relaxation and mental set, a force which is his as soon as he can reclaim it and learn to direct it.

Fourth, the Senoi education indicates that anxiety is not only important in itself, but that it blocks the free play of imaginative and creative activity to which dreams could otherwise give rise.

Fifth, it establishes the principle that the child should make decisions and arrive at resolutions in his night-time thinking as well as in that of the day, and should assume a responsible attitude toward all his psychic reactions and forces.

Sixth, it acquaints the child with the fact that he can better control his psychic reactions by expressing them and taking thought upon them than by concealing and repressing them.

Seventh, it initiates the Senoi child into a way of thinking which will be strengthened and developed throughout the rest of his life, and which assumes that a human being who retains good will for his fellows and communicates his psychic reactions to them for approval and criticism, is the supreme ruler of all the individual forces of the spirit - subjective-world whatsoever.

Man discovers his deepest self and reveals his greatest creative power at times when his psychic processes are most free from immediate involvement with the environment and most under the control of his indwelling balancing or homeostatic power. The freest type of psychic play occurs in sleep, and the social acceptance of the dream would, therefore, constitute the deepest possible acceptance of the individual.

Among the Senoi one accumulates good will for people because they encourage on every hand the free exercise and expression of that which is most basically himself, either directly or indirectly, through the acceptance of the dream process. At the same time, the child is told that he must refuse to settle with the denizens of the dream world unless they make some contribution which is socially meaningful and constructive as determined by social consensus on awakening. Thus his dream reorganization is guided in a way which makes his adult aggressive action socially constructive. Among the Senoi where the authority tells the child that every dream force and character is real and important, and in essence permanent, that it can and must be outfaced, subdued, and forced to make a socially meaningful contribution, the wisdom of the body operating in sleep, seems in fact to reorganize the accumulating experience of the child in such a way that the natural tendency of the higher nervous system to perpetuate unpleasant experiences is first neutralized and then reversed.

We could call this simple type of interpretation dream analysis. It says to the child that there is a manifest content of the dream, the root he stubbed his toe on, or the fire that burned him, or the composite individual that disciplined him. But there is also a latent content of the dream, a force which is potentially useful, but which will plague him until he outfaces the manifest content in a future dream, and either persuades or forces it to make a contribution which will be judged useful or beautiful by the group, after he awakes.

We could call this type of interpretation *suggestion*. The tendency to perpetuate in sleep the negative image of a personified evil, is neutralized in the dream by a similar tendency to perpetuate the positive image of a sympathetic social authority. Thus accumulating social experience supports the organizing wisdom of the body in the dream, making the dreamer first unafraid of the negative image and its accompanying painful tension states, and later enabling him to break up that tension state and transmute the accumulated energy from anxiety into a poem, a song, a dance, a new type of trap, or some other creative product, to which an individual or the whole group

will react with approval (or criticize) the following day.

The following further example from the Senoi will show how this process operates:

A child dreams that he is attacked by a fiend and, on awakening, is advised by his father to inform his friend of this fact. The friend's father tells his child that it is possible that he has defended the dreamer without wishing to do so, and allowed a malignant character to use his image as a disguise in the dream. Therefore, he should give a present to go out of his way to be friendly toward him, to prevent the dreamer and such an occurrence in the future.

The aggression building up around the image of the friend in the dreamer's mind thereby becomes the basis of a friendly exchange. The dreamer is also told to fight back in the future dreams, and to conquer any dream character using the friend's image as a disguise.

Another example of what is probably a less direct tension state in the dreamer toward another person is dealt with in an equally skillful manner. The dreamer reports seeing a tiger attack another boy of the long house. Again, he is advised to tell the boy about the dream, to describe the place where the attack occurred and, if possible, to show it to him so that he can be on his guard, and in future dreams kill the tiger before it has a chance to attack him. The parents of the boy in the dream again tell the child to give the dreamer a present, and to consider him a special friend.

Even a tendency toward unproductive fantasy is effectively dealt with in the Senoi dream education. If the child reports floating dreams, or a dream of finding food, he is told that he must float somewhere in his next dream and find something of value to his fellows, or that he must share the food he is eating; and if he has a dream of attacking someone he must apologize to them, share a delicacy with them, or make them some sort of toy. Thus, before aggression, selfishness, and jealousy can influence social behavior, the tensions expressed in the permissive dream state become the hub of social action in which they are discharged without being destructive.

My data on the dream life of the various Senoi age groups would indicate that dreaming can and does become the deepest type of creative thought. Observing the lives of the Senoi it occurred to me that modern civilization may be sick because people have sloughed off, or failed to develop, half their power to think. Perhaps the most important half. Certainly, the Senoi suffer little by intellectual comparison with ourselves. They have equal power for logical thinking while awake, considering their environmental data, whereas our capacity to solve problems in dreams is inferior compared to theirs.

In the adult Senoi a dream may start with a waking problem which has failed solution, with an accident, or a social debacle. A young man brings in some wild gourd seeds and shares them with his group. They have a purgative effect and give everyone diarrhea. The young man feels guilty and ashamed and suspects that they are poisonous. That night he has a dream, and the spirit of the gourd seeds appears, makes him vomit up the seeds, and explains that they have value only as a medicine, when a person is ill. Then the gourd spirit gives him a song and teaches him a dance which he can show his group on awakening, thereby gaining recognition and winning back his self-esteem.

Or, a falling tree which wounds a man appears in his dreams to take away the pain, and explains that it wishes to make friends with him. Then the tree spirit gives him a new and unknown rhythm which he can play on his drums. Or, the jilted lover is visited in his dreams by the woman who rejected him, who explains that she is sick when she is awake and not good enough for him. As a token of her true feeling, she gives him a poem.

The Senoi does not exhaust the power to think while asleep with these simple social and environmental situations. The bearers who carried out our equipment under very trying

conditions became dissatisfied and were ready to desert. Their leader, a Senoi shaman, had a dream in which he was visited by the spirit of the empty boxes. The song and music this dream character gave him so inspired the bearers, and the dance he directed so relaxed and rested them, that they claimed the boxes had lost their weight and finished the expedition in the best of spirits. Even this solution of a difficult social situation, involving people who were not all members of the dreamer's group, is trivial compared with the dream solutions which occur now that the Senoi territory has been opened up to alien culture contacts.

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

Another feature of Datu Bintung's dream involved the ceremonial status of women, making them more nearly the equals of men, although equality is not a feature of either Chinese or Mohammedan societies. So far as could be determined this was a pure creative action which introduced greater equality in the culture, just as reflective thought has produced more equality in our society. In the West the thinking we do while asleep usually remains on a muddled, childish, or psychotic level because we do not respond to dreams as socially important and include dreaming in the educative process. This social neglect of the side of man's reflective thinking, when the creative process is most free, seems poor education.

[Home](#)

[Contents](#)

[GLORidx](#)

Except where otherwise noted, Grey Lodge Occult Review™ is licensed under a [Creative Commons Attribution-Noncommercial-Share Alike 3.0 License](#)

## Grey Lodge Occult Review™



*William S Burroughs 1914-1997*

### Operation Rewrite

Excerpt from *The Ticket that Exploded*

The "Other Half" is the word. The "Other Half" is an organism. Word is an organism. The presence of the "Other Half" a separate organism attached to your nervous system on an air of words can now be demonstrated experimentally. One of the most common "hallucinations" of subjects during sense withdrawal is the feeling of another body sprawled through the subject's body at an angle...yes quite an angle it is the "Other Half" worked quite some years on a symbiotic basis. From symbiosis to parasitism is a short step. The word is now a virus. The flu virus may once have been a healthy lung cell. It is now a parasitic organism that invades and damages the lungs. The word may once have been a healthy neural cell. It is now a parasitic organism that invades and damages the central nervous system. Modern man has lost the option of silence. Try halting your sub-vocal speech. Try to achieve even ten seconds of inner silence. You will encounter a resisting organism that *forces you to talk*. That organism is the word. In the beginning was the word. In the beginning of what exactly? The earliest artifacts date back about ten thousand years give a little take a little and "recorded" - (or precordered) history about seven thousand years. The human race is said to have been on set for 500,000 years. That leaves 490,000 years unaccounted for. Modern man has advanced from the stone ax to nuclear weapons in ten thousand years. This may well have happened before. Mr. Brion Gysin suggests that a nuclear disaster in what is now the Gobi desert wiped out all traces of civilization that made such a disaster possible. Perhaps their nuclear weapons did not operate on the same principle as the ones we have now. Perhaps they had no contact with the word organism. Perhaps the word itself is recent about ten thousand years old. What we call history is the history of the word. In the beginning of *that* history was the word.

The realization that something as familiar to you as the movements of your intestines the sound of your breathing the beating of your heart is also alien and hostile does make one feel a bit insecure at first. Remember that you can separate yourself from the "Other Half" from the word. The word is spliced in with the sound of your intestines and breathing with the beating of your heart. The first step is to record the sounds of your body and start splicing them in yourself. Splice in your body sounds with the body sounds of your best friend and see how familiar he gets. Splice your body sounds in with air hammers. Blast jolt vibrate the "Other Half" right out into the street. Splice your body sounds in with anybody or anything. Start a tapeworm club and exchange body sound tapes. Feel right out into your neighbor's intestines and help him digest his food. *Communication must become total and conscious before we can stop it.*

" The Venusian invasion was known as 'Operation Other Half,' that is, a parasitic invasion of the sexual area taking advantage, as all invasion plans must, of an already existing fucked-up situation."

"My God what a mess." The District Supervisor reminded himself that it was forbidden not only to express contempt for the natives but even to entertain such feelings. Bulletin 2323 is quite explicit on this point. Still he was unable to expunge a residual distaste for protoplasmic life deriving no doubt from his mineral origins. His mission was educational...the natives were to be scanned out of patterns laid down by the infamous 5th Colonists. Soon after his arrival he decided that he was confronting not only an outrageous case of colonial mismanagement but attempted nova as well. Reluctantly he called in the Nova Police. The Mission still functioned in a state of siege. Armed with nuclear weapons the 5th Colonists were determined to resist alterations. It had been necessary to issue weapons to his personnel. There were of course incidents... casualties...A young clerk in the Cultural Department declared himself the Angel of Death and had to be removed to a rest home. The D.S. was contemplating the risky expedient of a "miracle" that doesn't come off. He had of course put in an application to the Home Office underlining the urgency of his case contingent on the lengths to which the desperate 5th Colonists might reasonably be expected to go. Higher command has been vague and distant. He had no definite assurance that the necessary equipment would arrive on time. Would he have 3d in time?

"The human organism is literally consisting of two halves from the beginning word and all human sex is this unsanitary arrangement whereby two entities attempt to occupy the same three-dimensional coordinate points giving rise to the sordid latrine brawls which have characterized a planet based on 'the Word,' that is, on separate flesh engaged in endless sexual conflict - The Venusian Boy-Girls under Johnny Yen took over the Other Half, imposing a sexual blockade on the planet - (It will be readily understandable that a program of systematic frustration was necessary in order to sell this crock of sewage as Immortality, the Garden of Delights, and *love*-)

"When the Board of Health intervened with inflexible authority, 'Operation Other Half' was referred to the Rewrite Department where the original engineering flaw of course came to light and the Venusian invasion was seen to be an inevitable correlate of the separation flesh gimmick - At this point a tremendous scream went up from the Venusians agitating to retain the flesh gimmick in some form - They were all terminal flesh addicts of course, motivated by pornographic torture films, and the entire Rewrite and Blueprint Departments were that disgusted ready to pull the switch out of hand to 'It Never Happened' - 'Unless these jokers stay out of the Rewrite room' -

"The Other Half was only one aspect of Operation Rewrite - Heavy metal addicts picketed the Rewrite Office, exploding in protest - Control addicts prowled the streets trying to influence waiters, lavatory attendants, *clochards*, and were to be seen on every corner of the city hypnotizing chickens - A few rich control addicts were able to surround themselves with latahs and sat on the terraces of expensive cafes with remote cruel smiles unaware i wrote last cigarette -

"My God what a mess - Just keep all those jokers out of the Rewrite Room is all" -

So let us start with one average, stupid, representative case; Johnny Yen the Other Half, errand boy from the death trauma - Now look i'm going to say it and i'm going to say it slow - Death *is* orgasm *is* rebirth *is* death in orgasm *is* their unsanitary Venusain gimmick *is* the whole birth death cycle of action - You got it? - Now do you understand who Johnny Yen is? The Boy-Girl Other Half strip tease God of sexual frustration - Errand boy from the death trauma - His immortality depends on the mortality of others - The same is true of *all* addicts - Mr. Martin, for example, is a heavy metal addict - His life line is the human junky - The life line of control addicts is the control word - That is these so-called Gods can only live without three-dimensional coordinate points by forcing three-dimensional bodies on others - Their existence is pure vampirism - They are utterly unfit to be officers - Either they accept a rewrite job or they are all broken down to lavatory attendants, irrevocably committed to the toilet -

All right, back to the case of Johnny Yen - one of many such errand boys - Green Boy-Girls from the terminal sewers of Venus - So write back to the streets, Johnny, back to Ali God of Street Boys and Hustlers - Write out of the sewers of Venus to neon streets of Saturn - Alternatively Johnny Yen can be written back to a green fish boy - There are always alternative solutions - Nothing is true - Everything is permitted -

" *No hassan i sabbah - we want flesh - we want junk - we want power -* "

"That did it - Dial *police*" -

[Home](#)

[Contents](#)

[GLORidx](#)

Except where otherwise noted, Grey Lodge Occult Review™ is licensed under a [Creative Commons Attribution-Noncommercial-Share Alike 3.0 License](#).

## Grey Lodge Occult Review™

GREGORY WHITEHEAD  
inventor of the "wound  
diddler," and noted  
vulnerologist. Past director of  
the Broca Memorial Institute  
for Schizophonic Behavior and  
the Institute for Screamscape  
Studies. Producer of radio  
voice works, experimental  
documentaries and conceptual  
talk shows, including *Lovely  
Ways to Burn*, *Pressures of the  
Unspeakable*, and *Shake, Rattle  
and Roll*. Writer and director of  
numerous memory plays for  
the Forensic Theatre. Co-editor  
of *Wireless Imagination:  
sound, radio and the avant-  
garde* (MIT Press, 1992).



### Principia Schizophonica

Instead of engaging in the belabored search for an immaculately clean tongue (through vocal improvisation and/or the application of signal processing hardware), I prefer to concentrate on a more basic research: deciphering the coded syntax of the disembodied, the twisted revelations of the electro-magnetized decapitation. Once vocal material is phonographically severed from the speaking subject, anything is possible: but almost nothing is understood. For this reason, I propose a series of "lecture-demonstrations" investigating the fundamental properties of the schizophonic transmission. The first lecture (included in this collection) simply opens the discussion; future subjects may include reflections on the uncanny phenomena of the lip-sync and the overdub, and an in-depth analysis of digital speech.

--Gregory Whitehead, April 19, 1989



**Principia Schizophonica**  
From: *Gregory Whitehead - Dead Languages, Loose  
Tongues, and Unnatural Acts* ([Generator Sound  
Archive](#) reissue 2000 . Originally appeared as a  
cassette release from Banned Productions in 1989.)

Right-click and  
save  
815KB (Real  
Audio)



[Home](#)

[Contents](#)

[GLORidx](#)

Except where otherwise noted, Grey Lodge Occult Review™ is licensed under a [Creative Commons Attribution-Noncommercial-Share Alike 3.0 License](#).

## Grey Lodge Occult Review™

### A Study of Dreams by Frederik van Eeden

(From Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research, Vol. 26, 1913 copied and proofread by Blake Wilfong (blake@phoenix.net). Comments by Blake Wilfong: In this seminal work, van Eeden describes several varieties of dreams and coins the phrase "lucid dream". Although many of his conclusions contradict the findings of modern researchers, this paper remains a classic.)



Since 1896 I have studied my own dreams, writing down the most interesting in my diary. In 1898 I began to keep a separate account for a particular kind of dream which seemed to me the most important, and I have continued it up to this day. Altogether I collected about 500 dreams, of which 352 are the particular kind just mentioned. This material may form the basis of what I hope may become a scientific structure of some value, if leisure and strength to build it up carefully do not fail me.

In the meantime, with a pardonable anxiety lest the ideas should not find expression in time, I condensed them into a work of art--a novel called *The Bride of Dreams*. The fictitious form enabled me to deal freely with delicate matters, and had also the advantage that it expressed rather unusual ideas in a less aggressive way--esoterically, so to speak. Yet I want to express these ideas also in a form that will appeal more directly to the scientific mind, and I know I cannot find a better audience for this purpose than the members of the Society for Psychical Research, who are accustomed to treat investigations and ideas of an unusual sort in a broad-minded and yet critical spirit.

This paper is only a preliminary sketch, a short announcement of a greater work, which I hope to be able to complete in later years.

I will as much as possible avoid speculation, and limit myself to facts; yet these facts, as I have observed them, bring me in a general way to the firm conviction that the theories on dream-life, as brought forward up to today, within my knowledge, are unable to account for all the phenomena.

Let me now give you an attempt at classification of the different forms of dreams, which I myself personally experienced and observed during a period of sixteen years. I have been able to distinguish nine different kinds of dreams, each of which presents a well-defined type. There are of course intermediate forms and combinations, but the separate types can still be recognized in their intermingling.

The first type of dreams I call initial dreams. This kind of dream is very rare; I know of only half-a-dozen instances occurring to myself, and have found no clear indication of them in other authors. Yet it is very characteristic and easily distinguishable. It occurs only in the very beginning of sleep, when the body is in a normal healthy condition, but very tired. Then the transition from waking to sleep takes place with hardly a moment of what is generally called unconsciousness, but what I would prefer to call discontinuity of memory. It is not what Maury calls a hypnagogic hallucination, which phenomenon I know well from my own experience, but which I do not consider to belong to the world of dreams. In hypnagogic hallucinations we have visions, but we have full bodily perception. In the initial dream type I see and feel as in any other dream. I have a nearly complete recollection of day-life, I know that I am asleep and where I am sleeping, but all perceptions of the physical body, inner and outer, visceral or peripheral, are entirely absent. Usually I have the sensation of floating or flying, and I observe with perfect clearness that the feeling of fatigue, the discomfort of bodily overstrain, has vanished. I feel fresh and vigorous; I can move and float in all directions; yet I know that my body is at the same time dead tired and fast asleep.

As the outcome of careful observations, I maintain my conviction that the bodily conditions of the sleeper have, as a rule, no influence on the character of dreams, with the exception of a few rare and abnormal cases, near the moment of waking up, or in those dreams of a second type which I have classified as pathological, in which fever, indigestion, or some poison, plays a role, and which form a small minority. For myself as the observer, I may state that I have been in good health all the time of observation. I had no important complaints of any nervous or visceral kind. My sleep and digestion both are usually good. Yet I have had the most terrible nightmares, while my body was as fresh and healthy as usual, and I have had delicious peaceful dreams on board ship in a heavy storm, or in a sleeping-car on the railway.

I wish, therefore, to define the true dream as that state wherein bodily sensations, be they visceral, internal, or peripheral, cannot penetrate to the mind directly, but only in the physical, nonspatial form of a symbol or an image.

I purposely avoid as much as possible the words "consciousness" and "unconsciousness." They may be convenient in colloquial language, but I am not able to attach any clear meaning to them. I have no idea what "unconsciousness," as a substantive, may stand for. And I found that I could do with the words memory and recollection and the word personality or person, in the primitive sense of persona (a mask, i.e., the mask worn by players). I do not think it accurate to call the body of a sleeper or a narcotized man unconscious. During my career as a psychotherapist, having by suggestion produced sleep in many people, I learned that the human body may act like a self-conscious person, without any participation of the recollecting mind. We know nowadays that a splitting-up of human personality is possible, not only into two, but into three or more. During my sittings with Mrs. Thompson, we observed that after a trance, in which Mrs. Thompson had been speaking as "Nelly," or as some other control, she herself remembered dreams, which had nothing whatever to do with the things of which she had been speaking to us. Her being could then be said to have been

divided into three entities--the body in trance, apparently asleep; the "control," who spoke through her mouth; and Mrs. Thompson, who was dreaming in quite different spheres. All these persons or personalities were of course "conscious" in some way, as everything is probably conscious. The question is, where do the threads of recollection run that enable us to identify the persons?

I know that Mr. Havelock Ellis and many other authors will not accept my definition, because they deny the possibility of complete recollection and free volition in a dream. They would say that what I call a dream is no dream, but a sort of trance, or hallucination, or ecstasy. The observations of the Marquis d'Herve, which were very much like mine, as related in his book, *Les Reves et les moyens de les diriger*, were discarded in the same way. These dreams could not be dreams, said Maury.

Now this is simply a question of nomenclature. I can only say that I made my observations during normal deep and healthy sleep, and that in 352 cases I had a full recollection of my day-life, and could act voluntarily, though I was so fast asleep that no bodily sensations penetrated into my perception. If anybody refuses to call that state of mind a dream, he may suggest some other name. For my part, it was just this form of dream, which I call "lucid dreams," which aroused my keenest interest and which I noted down most carefully.

I quite agree with Mr. Havelock Ellis, that during sleep the psychical functions enter into a condition of dissociation. My contention, however, is that it is not dissociation, but, on the contrary, reintegration, after the dissociation of sleep, that is the essential feature of dreams. The dream is a more or less complete reintegration of the psyche, a reintegration in a different sphere, in a psychical, nonspatial mode of existence. This reintegration may go so far as to effect full recollection of day-life, reflection, and voluntary action on reflection.

The third type, ordinary dreaming, is the usual well-known type to which the large majority of dreams conform; probably, it is the only kind that occurs to many people. It is not particularly pleasant or unpleasant, though it may vary according to its contents. It may occur in any moment of sleep, in daytime or in the night, and it does not need any bodily disturbance to produce it.

These dreams show dissociation, with very imperfect reintegration, and, as several authors have pointed out, they have in many respects a close likeness to insanity. The true conditions of day-life are not remembered; false remembrance--*paramnesia*--is very common in them; they are absurd and confused, and leave very faint traces after waking up.

The fourth type, vivid dreaming, differs from ordinary dreaming principally in its vividness and the strong impression it makes, which lasts sometimes for hours and days after waking up, with a painfully clear remembrance of every detail. These dreams are generally considered to be the effect of some abnormal bodily condition. Yet I think they must undoubtedly be distinguished from the pathological dreams. I have had them during perfectly normal bodily conditions. I do not mean to say, however, that some nervous disturbance, some psychical unrest, or some unknown influence from the waking world may not have been present. It may have been, but it escaped my observation in most cases. These vivid dreams are generally extremely absurd, or untrue, though explicit and well-remembered. The mind is entirely dissociated and reintegration is very defective.

As a rule I find dreams of this kind unpleasant because of their absurdity, their insane character, and the strong lasting impression they make. Happily they are rare, at least with me. Sometimes they leave a strong conviction that they "mean something," that they have a premonitory, a prophetic character, and when we read of instances of prophetic dreams we find generally that they belong to this type. In my case I often found that they really could "mean" nothing; sometimes, however, I was not so certain. It depends in what direction we are looking for causes. One night, when I was on a lecturing tour, I was the guest of a family in a provincial town, and slept in what I

supposed to be the guest room. I had a night full of the most horrid dreams, one long confused nightmare, with a strong sentiment that it "meant something." Yet I felt in perfect health, cheerful and comfortable. I could not refrain from saying next morning at the breakfast table what an unpleasant night I had had. Then the family told me I had slept in the room of a daughter who was now in a sanatorium with a severe nervous disease, and who used to call that room her "den of torture."

It will be remarked that such vivid dreams are sometimes of a very pleasant character, filling whole days with an indescribable joy. This is true, but, according to my experience, my vividly pleasant dreams are now always of another and higher type. As a child I had these delicious vivid dreams. Now they have changed their character altogether and are of the lucid type.

In the fifth type, the symbolic or mocking dreams, the characteristic element is one which I call demoniacal. I am afraid this word will arouse some murmurs of disapproval, or at least some smiles or sneers. Yet I think I can successfully defend the use of the term. I will readily concede at once that the real existence of beings whom we may call "demons" is problematic, and yet men of science find the conception very useful and convenient.

I hope to satisfy even the most skeptical of my audience by defining the expression "demoniacal" thus:

I call demoniacal those phenomena which produce on us the impression of being invented or arranged by intelligent beings of a very low moral order.

To me it seems that the great majority of dreams reported by Freud and his adherents, and used for the building up of his elaborate theory, belong to this type.

It may indeed be called a bold deed to introduce the symbolism of dreams into the scientific world. This is Freud's great achievement.

But now let us consider what the word "symbol" implies. A symbol is an image or an imaginary event, standing for a real object or event whereto it has some distant resemblance. Now the invention of a symbol can only be an act of thought--the work of some intelligence. Symbols cannot invent themselves; they must be thought out. And the question arises: who performs this intelligent act; who thinks out the symbol? The answer given by the Freudian school is: the subconscious. But here we have one of those words which come in "wo die Begriffe fehlen." To me the word "subconscious," indicating a thinking entity, is just as mysterious, just as unscientific, just as "occult" as the word "demon." In my view it is accurate to say only that in our dreams we see images and experience events, for which our own mind--our "person" as we remember it--cannot be held responsible, and which must therefore come from some unknown source. About the general character of these sources, however, we may form some judgment and I feel justified in calling them in the dreams of this type "demoniacal"--that is of low moral order.

It is in this class also, that the erotic element, or rather the obscene element, plays such an important part. And it is no wonder that some adherents of Freud's school, studying only this kind of dream, come to the conclusion that all dreams have a sexual origin.

The sixth type, which I call general dream-sensations, is very remarkable but not easy to describe. It is not an ordinary dream; there is no vision, no image, no event, not even a word or a name. But during a long time of deep sleep, the mind is continually occupied with one person, one place, one remarkable event, or even one abstract thought. At least that is the recollection on waking up. One night I was constantly occupied by the personality of an American gentleman, in whom I am not particularly interested. I did not see him, nor hear his name, but on waking up I felt as if he had been there the whole night. In another instance it was a rather deep thought, occupying

me in the deepest sleep, with a clear recollection of it after waking up. The question was: Why can a period of our life be felt as very sad, and yet be sweet and beautiful in remembrance? And the answer was: Because a human being knows only a very small part of what he is. Question and answer never left me; yet my sleep was very deep and unbroken. These dream-sensations are not unpleasant and not absurd, so long as the body is in good health.

They often have an elevating or consoling effect. In pathological dreams, however, they may be extremely strange and harassing. The sleeper may have a feeling as if he were a square or a circle, or other sensations of an utterly indescribable character.

The seventh type of dreams, which I call lucid dreams, seems to me the most interesting and worthy of the most careful observation and study. Of this type I experienced and wrote down 352 cases in the period between January 20, 1898, and December 26, 1912.

In these lucid dreams the reintegration of the psychic functions is so complete that the sleeper remembers day-life and his own condition, reaches a state of perfect awareness, and is able to direct his attention, and to attempt different acts of free volition. Yet the sleep, as I am able confidently to state, is undisturbed, deep and refreshing. I obtained my first glimpse of this lucidity during sleep in June, 1897, in the following way. I dreamt that I was floating through a landscape with bare trees, knowing that it was April, and I remarked that the perspective of the branches and twigs changed quite naturally. Then I made the reflection, during sleep, that my fancy would never be able to invent or to make an image as intricate as the perspective movement of little twigs seen in floating by.

Many years later, in 1907, I found a passage in a work by Prof. Ernst Mach in which the same observation is made with a little difference. Like me, Mach came to the conclusion that he was dreaming, but it was because he saw the movement of the twigs to be defective, while I had wondered at the naturalness which my fancy could never invent. Professor Mach has not pursued his observations in this direction, probably because he did not believe in their importance. I made up my mind to look out carefully for another opportunity. I prepared myself for careful observation, hoping to prolong and to intensify the lucidity.

In January 1898 I was able to repeat the observation. In the night of January 19-20, I dreamt that I was lying in the garden before the windows of my study, and saw the eyes of my dog through the glass pane. I was lying on my chest and observing the dog very keenly. At the same time, however, I knew with perfect certainty that I was dreaming and lying on my back in my bed. And then I resolved to wake up slowly and carefully and observe how my sensation of lying on my chest would change into the sensation of lying on my back. And so I did, slowly and deliberately, and the transition--which I have since undergone many times--is most wonderful. It is like the feeling of slipping from one body into another, and there is distinctly a double recollection of the two bodies. I remembered what I felt in my dream, lying on my chest; but returning into the day-life, I remembered also that my physical body had been quietly lying on its back all the while. This observation of a double memory I have had many times since. It is so indubitable that it leads almost unavoidably to the conception of a dream-body.

Mr. Havelock Ellis says with something of a sneer that some people "who dabble in the occult" speak of an astral body. Yet if he had had only one of these experiences, he would feel that we can escape neither the dabbling nor the dream-body. In a lucid dream the sensation of having a body--having eyes, hands, a mouth that speaks, and so on--is perfectly distinct; yet I know at the same time that the physical body is sleeping and has quite a different position. In waking up the two sensations blend together, so to speak, and I remember as clearly the action of the dream-body as the restfulness of the physical body.

In February 1899 I had a lucid dream, in which I made the following experiment. I drew with my finger, moistened by saliva, a wet cross on the palm of my left hand, with the intention of seeing whether it would still be there after waking up. Then I dreamt that I

woke up and felt the wet cross on my left hand by applying the palm to my cheek. And then a long time afterwards I woke up really and knew at once that the hand of my physical body had been lying in a closed position undisturbed on my chest all the while.

The sensation of the voice during a lucid dream is most marvellous, and after many repetitions still a source of amazement. I use my voice as loudly as I can, and though I know quite well that my physical body is lying in profound sleep, I can hardly believe that this loud voice is inaudible in the waking world. Yet, though I have sung, shouted, and spoken loudly in hundreds of dreams, my wife has never heard my voice, and in several cases was able to assure me that I had slept quite peacefully.

I cannot in this paper give even a short and superficial account of the many interesting details of these dreams. I must reserve that for my larger work. And I fear that only a repeated personal acquaintance with the facts can convince one of their significance. I will relate a few more instances in order to give some idea of their character.

On Sept. 9, 1904, I dreamt that I stood at a table before a window. On the table were different objects. I was perfectly well aware that I was dreaming and I considered what sorts of experiments I could make. I began by trying to break glass, by beating it with a stone. I put a small tablet of glass on two stones and struck it with another stone. Yet it would not break. Then I took a fine claret-glass from the table and struck it with my fist, with all my might, at the same time reflecting how dangerous it would be to do this in waking life; yet the glass remained whole. But lo! when I looked at it again after some time, it was broken.

It broke all right, but a little too late, like an actor who misses his cue. This gave me a very curious impression of being in a fake-world, cleverly imitated, but with small failures. I took the broken glass and threw it out of the window, in order to observe whether I could hear the tinkling. I heard the noise all right and I even saw two dogs run away from it quite naturally. I thought what a good imitation this comedy-world was. Then I saw a decanter with claret and tasted it, and noted with perfect clearness of mind: "Well, we can also have voluntary impressions of taste in this dream-world; this has quite the taste of wine."

There is a saying by the German poet, Novalis, that when we dream that we dream, we are near waking up. This view, shared as it is by the majority of observers, I must decidedly reject. Lucid dreams occur in deep sleep and do not as a rule end in waking up, unless I wish it and do it by an act of volition. I prefer, however, in most cases to continue dreaming as long as possible, and then the lucidity vanishes and gives place to other forms of dream, and--what seems remarkable--the form that follows is often the "demon-dream," of which I will speak presently.

Then it often happens that I dream that I wake up and tell my lucid dream to some other person. This latter is then a dream of the ordinary form. From this dream I wake up in the real waking world, very much amazed at the curious wanderings of my mind. The impression is as if I had been rising through spheres of different depths, of which the lucid dream was the deepest.

I may state that without exception all my lucid dreams occurred in the hours between five and eight in the morning. The particular significance of these hours for our dreams has often been brought forward--among others by Dante, *Purg. IX.*, where he speaks of the hour when the swallows begin to warble and our mind is least clogged by the material body.

Lucid dreams are also symbolic--yet in quite a different way, I never remarked anything sexual or erotic in them. Their symbolism takes the form of beautiful landscapes--different luminous phenomena, sunlight, clouds, and especially a deep blue sky. In a perfect instance of the lucid dream I float through immensely wide landscapes, with a clear blue, sunny sky, and a feeling of deep bliss and gratitude, which I feel impelled to express by eloquent words of thankfulness and piety. Sometimes these words seem to

me a little rhetorical, but I cannot help it, as it is very difficult in dreams to control emotional impulses. Sometimes I conceive of what appears as a symbol, warning, consoling, approving. A cloud gathers or the light brightens. Only once could I see the disc of the sun.

Flying or floating may be observed in all forms of dreams, except perhaps the class of general dream sensations; yet it is generally an indication that lucid dreams are coming.

When I have been flying in my dreams for two or three nights, then I know that a lucid dream is at hand. And the lucid dream itself is often initiated and accompanied all the time by the sensation of flying. Sometimes I feel myself floating swiftly through wide space; once I flew backwards, and once, dreaming that I was inside a cathedral, I flew upwards, with the immense building and all in it, at great speed. I cannot believe that the rhythm of our breath has anything to do with this sensation, as Havelock Ellis supposes, because it is generally continuous and very swift.

Difficult, spasmodic floating belongs to dreaming of a lower class, and this may depend on morbid conditions of the body; but it may also be symbolic of some moral difficulty or distress.

On Christmas Day 1911 I had the following dream. It began with flying and floating. I felt wonderfully light and strong. I saw immense and beautiful prospects--first a town, then country-landscapes, fantastic and brightly colored. Then I saw my brother sitting--the same who died in 1906--and I went up to him saying: "Now we are dreaming, both of us." He answered: "No, I am not!" And then I remembered that he was dead. We had a long conversation about the conditions of existence after death, and I inquired especially after the awareness, the clear, bright insight. But that he could not answer; he seemed to lack it.

Then the lucid dream was interrupted by an ordinary dream in which I saw a lady standing on a bridge, who told me she had heard me talk in my sleep. And I supposed that my voice had been audible during the lucid dream.

Then a second period of lucidity followed in which I saw Prof. van't Hoff, the famous Dutch chemist, whom I had known as a student, standing in a sort of college-room, surrounded by a number of learned people. I went up to him, knowing very well that he was dead, and continued my inquiry about our condition after death. It was a long, quiet conversation, in which I was perfectly aware of the situation.

I asked first why we, lacking our organs of sense, could arrive at any certainty that the person to whom we were talking was really that person and not a subjective illusion. Then van't Hoff said: "Just as in common life; by a general impression."

"Yet," I said, "in common life there is stability of observation and there is consolidation by repeated observation."

"Here also," said van't Hoff. "And the sensation of certainty is the same." Then I had indeed a very strong feeling of certitude that it was really van't Hoff with whom I talked and no subjective illusion. Then I began to inquire again about the clearness, the lucidity, the stability of this life of shades and then I got the same hesitating, dubious, unsatisfactory answer as from my brother. The whole atmosphere of the dream was happy, bright, elevated, and the persons around van't Hoff seemed sympathetic, though I did not know them.

"It will be some time probably before I join you," I said. But I took myself then for younger than I was.

After that I had several ordinary dreams and I awoke quite refreshed, knowing my voice

had not been audible in the waking world.

In May 1903 I dreamed that I was in a little provincial Dutch town and at once encountered my brother-in-law, who had died some time before. I was absolutely sure that it was he, and I knew that he was dead. He told me that he had much intercourse with my "controller," as he expressed it--my guiding spirit. I was glad, and our conversation was very cordial, more intimate than ever in common life. He told me that a financial catastrophe was impending for me. Somebody was going to rob me of a sum of 10,000 guilders. I said that I understood him, though after waking up I was utterly puzzled by it and could make nothing of it. My brother-in-law said that my guiding spirit had told it to him. I told the story to somebody else in my dream. Then I asked my brother-in-law to tell me more of the after-life, and just as he was going to answer me I woke up--as if somebody cut off the communication. I was not then as much used to prolonging my dreams as I am now.

I wish to point out that this was the only prediction I ever received in a lucid dream in such an impressive way. And it came only too true, with this difference, that the sum I lost was twenty times greater. At the time of the dream there seemed not to be the slightest probability of such a catastrophe. I was not even in possession of the money I lost afterwards. Yet it was just the time when the first events took place--the railway strikes of 1903--that led up to my financial ruin.

There may be deceit in the lucid dream. In March 1912 I had a very complicated dream, in which I dreamt that Theodore Roosevelt was dead, then that I woke up and told the dream, saying: "I was not sure in my dream whether he was really dead or still alive; now I know that he is really dead; but I was so struck by the news that I lost my memory." And then came a false lucidity in which I said: "Now I know that I dream and where I am." But this was all wrong; I had no idea of my real condition, and only slowly, after waking up, I realized that it was all nonsense.

This sort of mockery I call demoniacal. And there is a connection, which I observed so frequently that it must have some significance--namely that a lucid dream is immediately followed by an eighth type of dream I call a demon-dream.

I hope you allow me, if only for convenience sake, to speak as if these intelligences of a low moral order exist. Let me call it also a working hypothesis. Then I wish to point out to you the difference between the symbolic or mocking dreams described earlier and the demon-dreams.

In the symbolic dreams the sleeper is teased or puzzled or harassed by various more or less weird, uncanny, obscene, lugubrious or diabolical inventions. He has to walk in slaughter-houses or among corpses; he finds everything besmeared with blood or excrement; he is drawn into obscene, erotic or horrible scenes, in which he even takes an active part. His moral condition is utterly depraved; he is a murderer, an adulterer, etc.; in a word, nothing is too low or too horrible for such dream.

After waking up the effect is, of course, unpleasant; he is more or less ashamed and shocked; he tries to shake off the memory as soon as possible.

Now in the demon-dreams--which are always very near, before or after, the lucid dreams--I undergo similar attacks; but I see the forms, the figures, the personalities of strange non-human beings, who are doing it. One night, for instance, I saw such a being, going before me and soiling everything he touched, such as door-handles and chairs. These beings are always obscene and lascivious, and try to draw me into their acts and doings. They have no sex and appear alternately as a man, or a woman. Their aspect is very various and variable, changing every moment, taking all the fantastic forms that the old painters of the Middle Ages tried to reproduce, but with a certain weird plasticity and variability, that no painting can express.

I will describe one instance of these dreams (March 30, 1907, in Berlin), following immediately after a lucid dream. The lucidity had not been very intense, and I had some doubts about my real condition. Then all at once I was in the middle of demons. Never before had I seen them so distinct, so impertinent, so aggressive. One was slippery, shining, limp and cold, like a living corpse. Another changed its face repeatedly and made the most incredible grimaces. One flew underneath me shouting an obscenity with a curious slang-word. I defended myself energetically, but principally with invectives, which I felt to be a weakness. I saw the words written.

The circle of demons was close to me and grinning like a mob of brutal street-boys. I was not afraid, however, and said: "Even if you conquer me, if God wills it I do not fear." Then they all cried together like a rabble, and one said: "Let God then speak first!" And then I thundered with all my might: "He HAS spoken long since!" And then I pointed at one of them, saying: "You I know for a long time!" and then pointing to another: "And you!"

Then I awoke at once, and I believe I made some audible sound in waking up in the middle of my apostrophe.

And then--this will astonish you most--after this dispute I felt thoroughly refreshed, cheered up and entirely serene and calm.

This is the principal difference from the symbolic dreams that in the demon-dreams when I see the demons and fight them, the effect is thoroughly pleasing, refreshing and uplifting.

This is the principal point in these demon-dreams--that, whether these beings have a real existence or whether they are only creations of my fancy, to see them and to fight them takes away all their terror, all the uncanniness, the weirdness, of their tricks and pranks.

I have not yet spoken about the ninth dream type, which I call wrong waking up, occurring always near awakening. Of this sort of dream I found an excellent instance described by Mach. He calls it "Phantasma." We have the sensation of waking up in our ordinary sleeping-room and then we begin to realize that there is something uncanny around us; we see inexplicable movements or hear strange noises, and then we know that we are still asleep. In my first experience of this dream I was rather afraid and wanted nervously to wake up really. I think this is the case with most people who have it. They become frightened and nervous and at last wake up with palpitations, a sweating brow and so on.

To me now these wrong-waking-up-dreams have lost their terror. I consider them as demon-pranks, and they amuse me; they do not tell on my nerves any more.

In July 1906 sleeping at Langen Schwalbach a deep sleep after a laborious day, I had two or three dreams of this type. I seemed to wake up and heard a big luggage-box being blown along the landing, with tremendous bumping. Then I realized that I had awakened in the demon-sphere. The second time I saw that my sleeping-room had three windows, though I knew there were only two. Wishing to make sure, I woke up for a moment voluntarily and realized that my room had two windows and that stillness had reigned in the house all night.

After that I had a succession of lucid dreams, very beautiful. At the end of them, while I was still singing loudly, I was suddenly surrounded by many demons, who joined in my singing, like a mob of vicious semi-savage creatures. Then I felt that I was losing my self-control. I began to act more and more extravagantly, to throw my bedclothes and my pillows about, and so on. I drew myself up and saw one demon who had a less vicious look than the others and he looked as if he were saying "you are going wrong." "Yes," I said, "but what shall I do?" Then he said, "Give them the whip, on their naked

backs." And I thought of Dante's shades, who also feared the whip. I at once made--created --a whip of leathern strings, with leaden balls at the end. And I threatened them with it and also struck at them a few times. Then suddenly all grew perfectly quiet around me, and I saw the creatures sneaking away with hypocritical faces, as if they knew nothing about it at all.

I had many more adventures that night, lucid and ordinary dreams, and I awoke fresh and cheerful, better in spirits than I had been for a long time.

This wrong-waking-up type is not to be confused with the dreams in which I dreamt that I woke after a lucid dream and told that dream to some listener. Those dreams were of the ordinary sort. There was nothing uncanny about them. Dreams of the wrong-waking-up class are undoubtedly demoniacal, uncanny, and very vivid and bright, with a sort of ominous sharpness and clearness, a strong diabolical light. Moreover the mind of the sleeper is aware that it is a dream, and a bad one, and he struggles to wake up. As I said just now, however, the terror ends as soon as the demons are seen--as soon as the sleeper realizes he must be the dupe of intelligences of a low moral order. I am prepared to hear myself accused of superstition, of reviving the dark errors of the Middle Ages. Well, I only try to tell the facts as clearly as possible and I cannot do it without using these terms and ideas. If anybody will replace them by others, I am open to any suggestion. Only I would maintain that it is not my mind that is responsible for all the horrors and errors of dream-life. To say that nobody is responsible for them will not do, for there is absolute evidence in them of some thought and intention, however depraved and low. A trick, a deceit, a symbol, cannot be without some sort of thought and intention. To put it all down to "unconsciousness" is very convenient; but then I say that it is just as scientific to use the names Beelzebub, or Belial. I, for one, do not believe in "unconsciousness" any more than in Santa Claus.

The remark may be made that in introducing intelligent beings of a low order to explain these phenomena, an element of arbitrariness is brought in, which excludes the possibility of finding a scientific order. It is, for instance, convenient to ascribe all the phenomena of insanity and of pathological dreams to demons, who make use of the weakness of the body to play their tricks. This is, in fact, the opinion of no less a man than Alfred Russel Wallace, as he freely confessed to me in a personal conversation.

I do not think, however, that even this idea, taken as a working hypothesis, will prevent us from trying to find a scientific order even in these apparently demoniacal tricks; the fact, for instance, that certain drugs bring about hallucinations of a well-defined kind; that cocaine produces delicious expectations and pleasant dreams, and alcohol causes visions of small white animals. This suggests that there must be some order behind it, which is not purely arbitrary.

We are here, however, on the borders of a realm of mystery where we have to advance very carefully. To deny may be just as dangerous and misleading as to accept.

[Home](#)

[Contents](#)

[GLORidx](#)

Except where otherwise noted, Grey Lodge Occult Review™ is licensed under a [Creative Commons Attribution-Noncommercial-Share Alike 3.0 License](#).

## Grey Lodge Occult Review™

### Zhine - Tibetan Dream Yoga

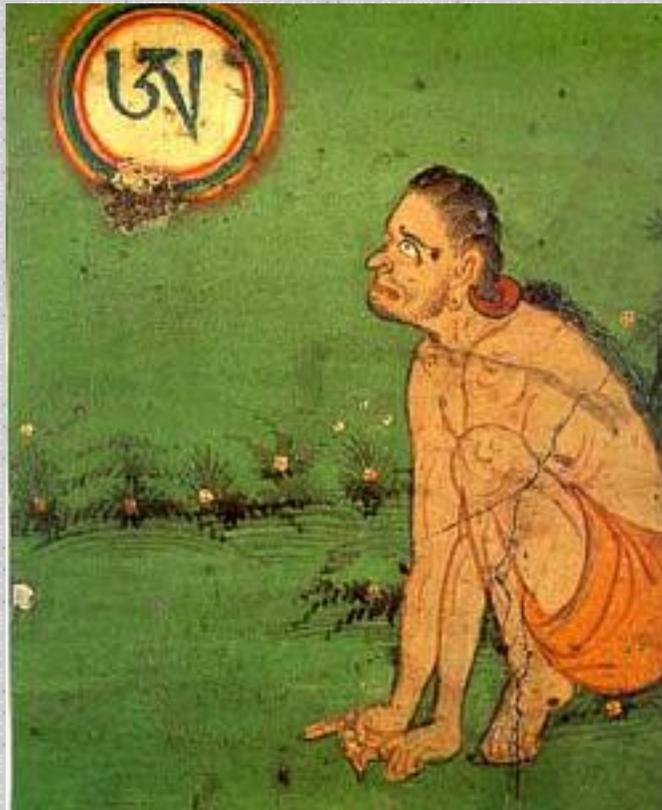
(Note: The extracts contained here are for personal use only, and may not be reproduced for commercial distribution.)

From the website: [www.plotinus.com](http://www.plotinus.com)

#### Part 1

(These are excerpts from two different Dzogchen Dream Yoga books - "[Dream Yoga and the Practice of Natural light](#)" by Namkhai Norbu and "The Tibetan yogas of dream and Sleep" by Tenzin Wangyal Rinpoche)

#### TIBETAN DREAM YOGA CALM ABIDING "ZHINE"

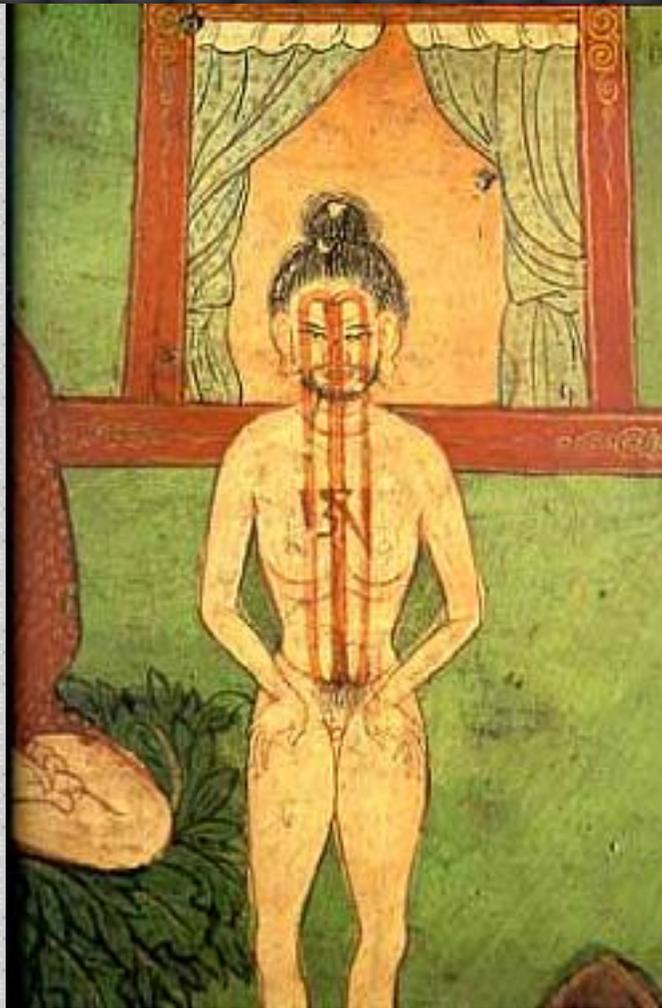


Concentration on the Tibetan letter "A"

An interesting way of unfolding the mysteries of the inner process is through dream yoga. A successful seeker in dream-work must be stable enough in presence to avoid being swept away by the winds of karmic emotions and lost in the dream. As the mind steadies, dreams become longer, less fragmented, and more easily remembered, and lucidity is developed.. Waking life is equally enhanced as we find that we are increasingly protected from being carried away by the habitual emotional reactions that draw us into distraction and unhappiness. Dream -work can instead develop the positive traits that lead to happiness and support the seeker in the spiritual journey. All yogic and spiritual disciplines include some form of practice that develops concentration and quiets the mind. In the Tibetan tradition this practice is called calm abiding (zhine). We recognize three stages in the development of stability: **forceful zhine**, **natural zhine**, and **ultimate zhine**. Zhine begins with mental fixation on an object and, when concentration is strong enough, moves on to fixation without an object. (Same principle as working with the Perfect Model presented to you on this website).

Begin the practice by sitting comfortably on a chair or in the five-pointed meditation posture: the legs crossed, the hands folded in the lap in meditation position with palms up and placed one on top of the other, the spine straight but not rigid, the head tilted down slightly to straighten the neck, and the eyes open. The eyes should be relaxed, not too wide open and not too closed. The object of concentration should be placed so that the eyes can look straight ahead, neither up nor down. During the practice try not to move, not even to swallow or blink, while keeping the mind one pointedly on the **object**. Even if tears should stream down your face, do not move. Let the breathing be natural.

Generally, for practice with an object, Zhine practitioners use the Tibetan letter **A** as the object of concentration. This letter has many symbolic meanings but here is used simply as a support for the development of focus. Other objects may also be used — the letter **A** of the English alphabet, an image of your Perfect Model, or any other sacred Image, the sound of a mantra, the breath — almost anything. However, it is good to use something connected to the sacred, as it serves to inspire you. Also, try to use the same object each time you practice, rather than switching between objects, because the continuity acts as a support of the practice. It is also somewhat preferable to **focus on a physical object that is outside the body**, as the purpose is to develop stability during the perception of external objects and, eventually, of the objects in dream.



Concentration on the Tibetan letter "A"

If you wish to use the Tibetan "A" you can write it on a piece of paper about an inch square. Traditionally, the letter is white and is enclosed in five concentric colored circles: the center circle that is the direct background for the "A" is indigo; around it is a blue circle, then green, red, yellow, and white ones. Tape the paper to a stick that is just long enough to support the paper at eye level when you sit for practice, and make a base that holds it upright. Place it so that the "A" is about a foot and a half in front of your eyes.



The Tibetan Letter "A"

Many signs of progress can arise during the practice. As concentration strengthens and

the periods of practice are extended, strange sensations arise in the body and many strange visual phenomena appear. You may find your mind doing strange things, too! That is all right. These experiences are a natural part of the development of concentration; they arise as the mind settles, so be neither disturbed by nor excited about them.

### **FORCEFUL ZHINE**

The first stage of practice is called "forceful" because it requires effort. The mind is easily and quickly distracted, and it may seem impossible to remain focused on the object for even a minute. In the beginning, it is helpful to practice in numerous short sessions alternating with breaks. Do not let the mind wander during the break, but instead recite a mantra, or work with visualization, or work with another practice you may know, such as the development of compassion. After the break, return to the fixation practice. If you are ready to practice but do not have the particular object you have been using, visualize a ball of light on your forehead and center yourself there. The practice should be done once or twice a day, and can be done more frequently if you have the time. Developing concentration is like strengthening the muscles of the body: exercise must be done regularly and frequently. To become stronger keep pushing against your limits.

Keep the mind on the object. Do not follow the thoughts of the past or the future. Do not allow the attention to be carried away by fantasy, sound, physical sensation, or any other distraction. Just remain in the sensuality of the present moment, and with your whole strength and clarity focus the mind through the eye, on the object. Do not lose the awareness of the object even for a second. Breathe gently, and then more gently, until the sense of breathing is lost. Slowly allow yourself to enter more deeply into quiet and calm. Make certain that the body is kept relaxed; do not tense up in concentration. Neither should you allow yourself to fall into a stupor, a dullness, or a trance.

Do not think about the object, just let it be in awareness. This is an important distinction to make. Thinking about the object is not the kind of concentration we are developing. The point is just to keep the mind placed on the object, on the sense perception of the object, to undistractedly remain aware of the presence of the object. When the mind does get distracted and it often will in the beginning, gently bring it back to the object and leave it there.



### **NATURAL ZHINE**

As stability is developed, the second stage of practice is entered: natural zhine. In the first stage, concentration is developed by continually directing the attention to the object and developing control over the unruly mind. In the second stage, the mind is absorbed in contemplation of the object and there is no longer the need for force to hold it still. A relaxed and pleasant tranquility is established, in which the mind is quiet and thoughts arise without distracting the mind from the object. The elements of the body become harmonized and the prana moves evenly and gently throughout the body. This is an appropriate time to move to fixation without an object.

Abandoning the physical object, simply fix the focus on space. It is helpful to gaze into expansive space, like the sky, but the practice can be done even in a small room by fixing on the space between your body and the wall. Remain steady and calm. Leave the body relaxed.

Rather than focusing on an imagined point in space, allow the mind, while remaining in strong presence, to be diffuse. We call this "dissolving the mind" in space, or "merging the mind with space." It will lead to stable tranquility and the third stage of zhine practice.

### **ULTIMATE ZHINE**

Whereas in the second stage there is still some heaviness involved in the absorption in the object, the third stage is characterized by a mind that is tranquil but light, relaxed,

and pliable. Thoughts arise and dissolve spontaneously and without effort. The mind is integrated fully with its own movement.



In the Dzogchen tradition, this is traditionally when the master introduces the student to the natural state of mind. Because the student has developed zhine, the master can point to what the student has already experienced rather than describing a new state that must be attained. The explanation, which is known as the "pointing out" instruction, is meant to lead the student to recognize what is already there, to discriminate the moving mind in thought and concept from the nature of mind, which is pure, non-dual awareness. This is the ultimate stage of zhine practice, abiding in non-dual presence, rigpa (awareness) itself.

### **OBSTACLES**

In developing the zhine practice, there are three obstacles that must be overcome: agitation, drowsiness, and laxity.

#### **Agitation**

Agitation causes the mind to jump restlessly from one thought to another and makes concentration difficult. To prevent this, calm yourself before the practice session by avoiding too much physical or mental activity. Slow stretches may help to relax the body and quiet the mind. Once you are sitting, take a few deep, slow breaths. Make it a practice to focus the mind immediately when you start the practice to avoid developing the habit of mentally wandering while sitting in meditation posture.

#### **Drowsiness**

The second obstacle is drowsiness or sleepiness, which moves into the mind like a fog, a heaviness and torpor that blunts awareness. When it does this, try to strengthen the mind's focus on the object in order to penetrate the drowsiness. You may find that drowsiness is actually a kind of movement of the mind that you can stop with strong

concentration. If this does not work, take a break, stretch, and perhaps do some practice while standing.

### **Laxity**

The third obstacle is laxity. When encountering this obstacle you may feel that your mind is calm, but in a passive, weak mental state in which the concentration has no strength. It is important to recognize this state for what it is. It can be a pleasant and relaxed experience and, if mistaken for correct meditation, may cause the practitioner to spend years mistakenly cultivating it, with no discernable change in the quality of consciousness. If your focus loses strength and your practice becomes lax, straighten your posture and wake up your mind. Reinforce the attention and guard the stability of presence. Regard the practice as something precious, which it is, and as something that will lead to the attainment of the highest realization, which it will. Strengthen the intention and automatically the wakefulness of the mind is strengthened.

Zhine practice should be done every day until the mind is quiet and stable. It is not only a preliminary practice, but is helpful at any point in the practitioner's life; even very advanced yogis practice zhine. The stability of mind developed through zhine is the foundation of dream yoga and all other meditation practices. Once we have achieved a strong and reliable steadiness in calm presence, we can develop this steadiness in all aspects of life. When stable, this presence can always be found, and we will not be carried away by thoughts and emotions. Then, even though karmic traces continue to produce dream images after falling asleep, we remain in awareness. This opens the door to the further practices of both dream and sleep yogas.



### **Part 2**

(These are excerpts from three different Dzogchen Dream Yoga books: [Dream Yoga and the Practice of Natural light](#) by Namkhai Norbu - [The Tibetan Yogas of Dream and Sleep](#) by Tenzin Wangyal Rimpoche - [Sleeping, Dreaming, and Dying](#) by the Dalai Lama)



His Holiness the Fourteenth Dalai Lama said: "Tibetan Buddhism considers sleep to be a form of nourishment, like food, that restores and refreshes the body. Another type of nourishment is samadhi, or meditative concentration. If one becomes advanced enough in the practice of meditative concentration, then this itself sustains or nourishes the body."

Dreams are a significant part of our life. They are as real and unreal as life itself. Dreams are extremely personal - and transpersonal, too. Our dreams are a reflection of ourselves: in dreams, no matter how many characters appear, we meet ourselves. Dreams are mirrors to our soul. They can help us to better understand ourselves, our world, and the nature of reality. Dreams introduce us to other dimensions of experience. Here, time and space are much more liquid and plastic; they can be shaped and reshaped almost at will. Dreams hint of other worlds, other lives. They are a glimpse of our afterlife. Everyone dreams, although not all dreams are remembered equally. Fifty-six percent of Americans have had a lucid dream - that is, a dream in which one is aware that one is dreaming. Twenty-one percent say they have a lucid dream once a month or more. Meditators report vividly clear, self-aware dreams weekly and even more often.

#### **How Dreams Can Help Us**

Great healers have long recognized the power of dreams to inform and support us. Hippocrates said, "Dreams are one of the most important ways to diagnose a patient's illness." Sigmund Freud's turn-of-the-century work, *The Interpretation of Dreams*, marked the beginning of the era of modern psychology and psychoanalysis. Certain dreams can convey subconscious, valuable information to the dreamer. A week before the event, Abraham Lincoln dreamed that he would be assassinated. The emperor Constantine dreamed of radiant Greek letters spelling the name of Christ and was converted, leading to the dramatic conversion of the entire Byzantine Empire. I, myself, have received messages, teachings, and blessings through my dreams from the spiritual masters I have known and loved in this lifetime.

Some contemporary psychologists consider lucid dreaming a valuable practice for personal growth. This model is, however, different from Tibetan dream yoga. The spiritual practice goes deeper, helping us work with the great passages of life and death. Tibetan dream yoga teaches us how to navigate the groundlessness of moment-to-moment existence, which typically makes no intellectual sense. It is at this level that we cut through the illusory nature of mind and truly experience our marvelous human

existence.

### **Cultivating our innate ability to wake up within the dream can:**

- Increase clarity and lucidity, both waking and sleeping
- Help us realize the transparent, dream-like nature of experience
- Free the mind
- Release energy blockages and accumulated tension and stress
- Loosen habits and make us more open, attuned, and flexible
- Unleash and mobilize creativity
- Bring repressions and denials into consciousness
- Clarify and dispel confusion
- Solve problems
- Reveal the process of death and rebirth
- Heal and relax us
- Expose fantasies
- Unlock aspirations and potentials
- Facilitate direct encounters with our shadow nature
- Provide spiritual blessings, visions, and guidance
- Help open our innate psychic capacities
- Remove hindrances and obstacles
- Help prepare (rehearse) us for death and the afterlife

### **Awakening within the dream**

The seminal Chinese philosopher Chuang Tzu dreamed he was a butterfly. Upon awakening, he wondered whether he was a man who had dreamed he was a butterfly, or a butterfly dreaming he was a man. Chuang Tzu's musings underscore a fundamental truth: life is like a dream.

Spiritual life is about awakening from the dream of unreality. The word Buddha itself is from the word bodhi, "awakeful." Buddhist wisdom and practice help us to awaken to who and what we truly are, and to recognize the difference between the real and the unreal in our daily life. All of our spiritual practices are designed to awaken us from the daydream of illusion and confusion, where we are like sleepwalkers, semiconsciously muddling our way through life. Self-knowledge through spiritual awakening helps us become masters of circumstances and conditions, rather than victims. This is why the Armenian spiritual master George Gurdjieff said: "Contemporary man is born asleep, lives asleep, and dies asleep. And what knowledge could a sleeping man have? If you think about it and at the same time remember that sleep is the chief feature of our being, you will soon understand that if man wishes to obtain knowledge, he should first of all think about how to awaken himself, that is about how to change his being."

South American shamans call this awakening from the dream of life "shapeshifting": entering into a spiritual journey with the explicit purpose of transformation. Shapeshifting and other forms of conscious dream-work can, through regular practice, help us experience other realms of existence, visit our dear departed, and achieve spiritual mastery.

Australian aborigines say we all live in the dreamtime: we are like dream characters, living out our lives beyond the illusion of being born and dying. Tibetan masters call this dreamtime the bardo, or intermediate stage. Bardos exist between the ending of one state and the beginning of another, such as birth and death - or death and rebirth. Dreaming, too, is a bardo, marking the seemingly unstructured zone between waking and sleeping.

Tibetan Buddhism is unique among Buddhist schools in teaching us how to awaken within the dream and how to practice spiritually while sleeping. This is the essence of Tibetan dream yoga, and the focus of all the practices associated with it. The Yoga of the Dream State, an ancient Tibetan manual on the practice of dream yoga and lucid

dreaming teaches that we can learn five spiritually significant wisdom lessons through assiduously practicing this path of awakening:

- Dreams can be altered through will and attention
- Dreams are unstable, impermanent, and unreal — much like fantasies, magical illusions, mirages, and hallucinations
- Daily perceptions in the everyday waking state are also unreal
- All life is here today and gone tomorrow, like a dream; there is nothing to hold on to
- Conscious dreamwork can lead us to the realization of wholeness, perfect balance, and unity.

For centuries, Tibetan masters have taught their students how to use dreamtime and dream space to further spiritual progress by increasing awareness during the dream state. Tibetan Dream Yoga brings you these same techniques for realizing the five wisdom lessons and reaping the benefits of awakening within the dream.

### **The Six Yogas of Tibet**

Tibetan dream yoga is one of the renowned Six Yogas of Tibet, an ancient Buddhist teaching that originates with the enlightened yogic adepts (siddhas) -of ancient India. These yogas (or practices), utilized for a millennium by all four schools of Tibetan Buddhism, help us to utilize the body/mind/spirit as a vehicle for awakening and enlightenment — by day, by night, and in the afterlife (bardo).

The Six Yogas are:

- Inner heat (mystic incandescence) yoga
- Illusory body yoga
- Dream yoga
- Clear light yoga
- Bardo yoga
- Conscious transformation yoga

The Six Yogas tradition was first brought to Tibet thirteen hundred years ago by the Indian tantric master Padmasambhava, founder of the Ancient School (*Nyingmapa*) of Tibetan Buddhism. Padmasambhava himself received the teachings he codified as The Yoga of the Dream State from a mysterious yogi named Lawapa. In ensuing centuries, as Buddhism grew and flourished in Tibet, Marpa the Translator and other Tibetan sages made the grueling journey on foot to India to study from yogic masters, then brought the teaching back with them. Through practicing the Six Yogas, we come to realize the infinite emptiness/openness, ungraspable quality, and luminosity that is the true nature of reality. Dream interpretation, the use of dreams for predictions and healing, and the development of psychic powers and healing abilities can arise naturally from the continuous practice of dream yoga and the related yogas (especially clear light, inner heat, and illusory body).

### **The Spiritual Benefits of Tibetan Dream Yoga**

His Holiness the Fourteenth Dalai Lama has this to say about awakening our dream body and using it for spiritual progress and development: "There is said to be a relationship between dreaming, on the one hand, and the gross and subdue levels of the body on the other. But it is also said that there is a 'special dream state.' In that state, the special dream body is created from the mind and from vital energy (*prana*) within the body. This special dream body is able to dissociate entirely from the gross physical body and travel elsewhere."

One way of developing this special dream body is first of all to recognize a dream as a dream when it occurs. Then you find that the dream is malleable, and you make efforts to gain control over it. Gradually you become very skilled in this, increasing your ability to control the contents of the dream so that it accords to your own desires.

Eventually it is possible to dissociate your dream body from your gross physical body. In contrast, in the normal dream state, dream-ing occurs within the body. But as a result of specific training, the dream body can go elsewhere. This first technique is accomplished entirely by the power of desire or aspiration.

There is another technique that arrives at the same end by means of prana yoga. These are meditative practices that utilize the subtle, vital energies in the body. For these techniques it is also necessary to recognize the sleep state as it occurs.



*According to sleep researchers, we typically experience four stages of sleep.*

- **Hypnagogic sleep** - the state of drowsiness we experience as we begin falling asleep
- **Ordinary sleep**- here, we enter a true sleeping state, but can still be easily awakened
- **Deeper sleep** - vital functions slow down, and we are more likely to sleep through disturbances
- **Deep sleep** - muscles are totally relaxed, and it would be difficult to wake us up (we only spend about fifteen percent of our sleeping hours at this stage)

It takes about an hour to cycle through all four stages; then we go back in reverse order to stage 1. Before beginning the cycle again, however, we experience rapid eye movements (REM) under our closed lids. Research shows that this is when we dream. We spend twenty to twenty-five percent of our sleep time in this state. In order to practice dream yoga, we must introduce awareness during the periods of REM sleep (which last from a few minutes to half an hour). If we can identify that stage while asleep -perhaps with the help of an assistant or a dream-light device - we can further incubate, develop, and enhance the awareness practice of becoming conscious and lucid within the dream state.

### **Dreaming**

Tibetan dream yoga texts teach us that, in general, there are three types of dreams: Ordinary, karmic dreams, arising mostly from the day's activities, and from previous life activities, thoughts, experiences, and contacts.

- "Clear light" dreams: spiritual visions, blessings, and energy openings
- Lucid dreams, which are characterized by awareness that one is dreaming

*Under these three broad divisions, dreams can be divided into a further six categories:*

- Dreams of events that occurred while we were still awake
- Dreams about other people, alive or dead
- Forgotten elements emerging from the subconscious
- Archetypal content, evocative symbols, and so on
- Extrasensory perceptions, profound dreams, and omens
- Radiant, luminous, spiritual dreams

Recurrent dreams, nightmares, dreams of death, and other kinds of commonly reported dreams all fall within the first four dream categories. In the interests of developing deeper awareness of your dreams, you may find it helpful to identify the category that applies whenever you recall a particular dream.

### **The Practices of Tibetan Dream Yoga**

It is important to create a spiritual context for the practice of Tibetan dream yoga. Lucid dreaming can easily be misused to perpetuate the problems we experience in our waking lives. For example, one might direct one's dream toward a gratifying encounter or a vengeful fantasy. You will find that the techniques on Tibetan Dream Yoga somehow don't work as well when used for such purposes.

*Tibetan dream yoga practice comprises three parts:*

- Daytime practice, designed to help us recognize the dreamlike nature of all existence and thereby prepare us to experience our dreams as vividly as we do our waking activities
- Morning wake-up practices that help us recall our dreams, and confirm our determination to recall more of them
- Nighttime practice, which prepares the ground for lucid dreaming and spiritual

#### **Daytime Practice :**

*During the day, practice these four points:*

- Contemplating the body as illusory and unreal
- Contemplating the mind and mental activities as similarly insubstantial
- Regarding the world and all phenomena and experience as dreamlike, insubstantial, impermanent, and unreal
- Recognizing the relativity and ungraspable quality such as time, space, knowledge, and awareness

Reminding ourselves of these four truths throughout our waking hours helps to dissolve the barrier between the dream of life and the sleeping dream. As we become more adept at these practices, we begin to regard our nighttime dreams as continuations of our waking dream and we learn how to bring habitual awareness to both.

#### **Mirror Practice**

The following mirror practice is an effective way of perceiving the dreamlike nature of “reality”, and especially of “self”. From time to time during the day, take a few minutes to do it.

- 1 Stand in front of a mirror and look into your own eyes.
2. Hold up a hand mirror behind your right or left ear and look at its reflection in the larger mirror. Keep angling the hand mirror so as to fragment and multiply your image as much as possible. Let your mind fragment along with the image.
3. After a few minutes, angle the hand mirror back until you return to the original, single image in the mirror in front of you.

The analogy of a mirror image is, like dreams, traditionally used to describe the insubstantial nature of our everyday experience. The mirror practice helps bring that teaching to life. The fragmented image is the kind we might see in a dream; yet we are seeing it while we're fully awake — or are we?

Allowing your mind to "fall apart" also helps ventilate the solidity we typically attribute to our world, and especially to our "self."

### **Partner Exercise**

Here is a traditional dream yoga practice you can do with a partner. This is an immensely useful technique, not only for challenging the distinction between sleeping dreams and the dream of being awake, but also for applying your training to practical, everyday situations.

1 - Insult, blame, and criticize your partner. Your partner should listen to all of this as echoes; empty sounds.

2 - Trade places. Now have your partner disparage you, while you practice just hearing the sounds and not taking the words to heart

3 - Try doing this same exercise using praise and flattery instead of blame. In either case, the listening partner should practice not reacting in any way, recognizing what is being said as a dream. At first, you may find it difficult to maintain equanimity while you do this practice. Stay with it - you will find that doing so yields rich rewards over time.

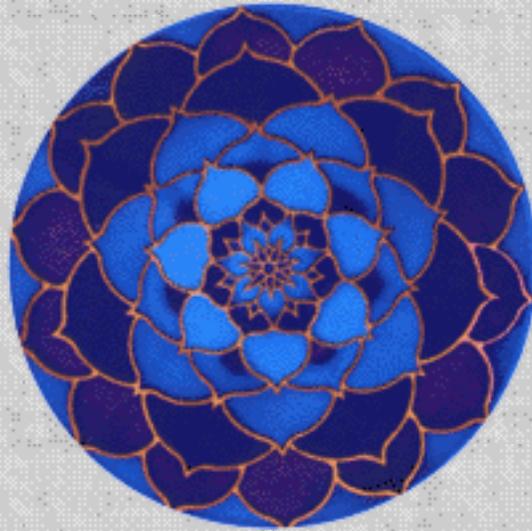


### **Wake-up Practice**

The moments immediately after waking are the most fertile for recalling dreams. The following practices are designed to support and strengthen your recall. They will also facilitate a mindful transition between the sleeping and waking dream states. Upon waking in the morning, practice:

- The lion's out-breath - breathing out with the sound "ah"
- The lion-like posture for awakening and purifying - sitting up in bed with raised head and gazing and emphasizing the exhalation, repeating the "ah" out breath three times
- Raising the energy - standing up, reaching the fingertips to the sky, and repeating the lion's out-breath

- Entering into mindful reflection on the transition between the states of sleeping, dreaming, and waking reality - coming into the present moment, recording dreams. Thus, you will enter the day recognizing that all things are like a dream, illusion, fantasy, mirage, and so forth.



### **Nighttime Practice**

After going to bed, practice these four points in order to create the conditions for mindful, lucid dreaming.

- Chant the following prayer three times to remind you of and strengthen your resolve to awaken within the dream, for the benefit of the ultimate awakening of all beings: “May I awaken within this dream and grasp the fact that I am dreaming, so that all dreamlike beings may likewise awaken from the nightmare of illusory suffering and confusion”.
- Lie on one side with your legs together and knees slightly bent. Let your bent arm take the weight of your torso by resting your head on your open hand. This is the posture of the sleeping Buddha, as he has been traditionally depicted at the moment of passing into *nirvana* (death).
- Bringing your attention to your throat chakra, visualize your energy rising up out of your body. Feel it rise up from your heart chakra with your breath and pass into your "third eye" or brow chakra: the point between your eyebrows. Visualize it as a full, luminous moon behind your eyes. Go into the light.
- Visualize the letter "A" (symbolizing infinite space) on the surface of the moon.
- Notice whatever images begin to appear on the sphere of light behind your eyes.

### **Deepening Your Practice**

*To progress still further in Tibetan dream yoga,*

- Pay careful attention to your dreams

- Record your dreams in a dream journal upon waking each morning
- Recognize recurrent images, themes, associations, and patterns
- Contemplate the archetypal, symbolic content and meanings of your dreams
- Reflect on the similarities and differences between night dreams, daydreams, fantasies, visions, ideas, projections, and so on
- Wake yourself up during the night to reaffirm your resolve to awaken within the dream and grasp the fact that you are dreaming
- Sit up in meditation posture while sleeping to maintain continuous awareness while inducing and incubating lucid dreaming
- Have a dream assistant at hand to guide you while asleep, helping you learn to retain conscious presence during dreams
- Meditate alone in darkness to develop the inner clarity of the Clear Light Mind - the mind unaffected by illusion
- During the day, maintain awareness that everything you experience is like a dream
- Chant the dream yoga prayer by day and by night to help reinforce your intention to awaken within the dream. (if you want, or change the wordings)



Except where otherwise noted, Grey Lodge Occult Review™ is licensed under a [Creative Commons Attribution-Noncommercial-Share Alike 3.0 License](https://creativecommons.org/licenses/by-nc-sa/3.0/).

## Grey Lodge Occult Review™

From: dzogchen community [mailto:dzogchen.community@tiscali.it]  
Sent: 30. december 2005 10:01  
To: XXX[a]greylodge.org  
Subject: GLOR Related

30.12.2005

Gentlemen,

It is with surprise that we see that you are offering for download a complete PDF copy of a book by our Master, Choegyal Namkhai Norbu, here [http://www.greylodge.org/occultreview/glor\\_004/Dream\\_Yoga.pdf](http://www.greylodge.org/occultreview/glor_004/Dream_Yoga.pdf)

Please be advised that all works of Choegyal Namkhai Norbu are copyrighted. You are requested to remove immediately all works of Choegyal Namkhai Norbu from your site. Failure to do so will result in legal action from our part.

Sincerely yours,

Maurizio Mingotti  
for the Dzogchen Community and the Shang Shung Institute

[Home](#)

[Contents](#)

[GLORidx](#)

Except where otherwise noted, Grey Lodge Occult Review™ is licensed under a [Creative Commons Attribution-Noncommercial-Share Alike 3.0 License](#).