Theatre of sleep – an anthology of literary dreams

by Guido Almansi and Claude Béguin

0.2 Electronic version

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About this electronic version

Orphan book in progress

Theatre of Sleep was published in 1986 by Picador, and the print edition of *Theatre of Sleep* says" © Guido Almansi and Claude Béguin 1986", we kept its copyright. In 2001, my husband Guido Almansi died, leaving me as copyright holder for the anthology. The 2008 Google Book Search Settlement <http://www.googlebooksettlement.com> between Google and US publishers and authors – who had nothing to do with the original publication – forces right-holders to allow Google to sell access to "orphan" (out-of-print according to the Settlement) books as it has scanned them in libraries, under the conditions stipulated in settlement, or to forbid this use.

"Orphan book" is a funny phrase. I can't think of *Theatre of Sleep* as an "orphan", not so much because I am alive, but because the publication of a book makes the "parent/child" metaphor authors might entertain while they are writing it, void. A published book is a thing, not a person, and it belongs to its readers, who can do whatever they please with it, so long as they respect the rights of its producers.

That's the problem here: *Theatre of Sleep* is a collaborative work, therefore the rights of the other "producers" must be respected. Therefore the conditions of the settlement cannot apply *Theatre of Sleep*, for two opposite reasons.

On the one hand, the authorizations we got to include anthologized passages from copyrighted works only obtained for that Picador edition, and no a posteriori pact between US-only parties can change that.

On the other hand, the Google settlement stipulates that users will only be able to copy and/or print a minimal fraction of the works made available by Google, and this defeats the point of having an electronic book. However, it seemed a pity to just forbid Google the use of their scanned version without offering an alternative: hence this "0.1 electronic version".

This is a version in progress because electronic texts are far easier to amend than printed books, and so they must be. And this version will need to be: on the one hand, scanning and OCRing (see Formal Features below) is a stupendous possibility, but it is not totally reliable, and even if I proof-read the electronic text, I probably left many mistakes. On the other hand, I hope to be able in future to reinsert some of the texts under copyright for which I haven't obtained yet a renewal of the permissions given for the print edition (see Copyright and Content below). However, the deadline of the Google Book Search Settlement <http://www.googlebooksettlement.com> for asking Google to pull out their own, inacceptable, electronic version made it imperative to publish this one quickly.

I can't be sure of what Guido would have thought of making such an evolving electronic version, but I believe he would have agreed. After all, he was the one who decided we needed a computer to make this anthology (I was a bloody-minded Luddite back then). And he enjoyed the possibility to write and rewrite and re-rewrite with it.

A "perpetual beta" (see <http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Perpetual_beta>) anthology, then? Not quite: I don't intend to keep on amending this electronic version indefinitely, because Ecclesiastes' "Of making books there is no end" warning still obtains. But it's nice to think that others will be able to more easily use these texts in their own , personal gathering of literary dreams.

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Formal features

This version is based on the optical character recognition (OCR) of a scan of the printed book, from which I have removed (or replaced by the original: see Copyright and content below) the items under copyright. Therefore the electronic and the printed version are very similar in form. However they do slightly differ in that:

- the page numbering is different;
- each item starts on a new page, except when there is only a blurb because the text has been removed pending permission (again, see Copyright and content below).
- in cross-references, the inner link to the cross-referenced text has been added;
- the title of each passage has been moved to the same line as the author's name, in order to produce a clear table of content with links;
- a link to this table of content has been added at the bottom of each page (in the PDF, not in the other formats).
- the final authors' index has been removed: it seemed rather redundant in an easily searchable electronic text.

Version 2.0 updates

- Besides Julie Dashwood and Michael Hollington, who had already authorized the use of his translations for version 1.0, Charmaine Lee and Clive Scott have given the same permission for this version 2.0. Hearfelt thanks to all three.
- Some scanning mistakes have been corrected.

Copyright and content

Claude Almansi-Béguin, June 2009.

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Finally we wish to thank all the friends who have NOT insisted on telling us their personal dreams.

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Introduction

> "Les songes contiennent infiniment moins de mystère que le vulgaire ne l'imagine, mais un peu plus aussi que ne le croient les esprits forts." Pierre Bayle

In *The Faber Book of Aphorisms*, edited by W. H. Auden and Louis Kronenberger, we find the following observation about dreams: 'Dreaming permits each and every one of us to be quietly and safely insane every night of our lives' (Charles Fisher). Dreams, in other words, guarantee our freedom to evade temporarily the shackles of reasonable life. This aphorism describes particularly well the situation of writers, who are often forced by the more obtuse among their readers to be much more rational than they would like. If literature is threatened with fossilization this is not so much the fault of the conformist writer as of the conformist reader, this honest sincere genuine coward (not a hypocrite but his opposite), whose rule threatens the freedom of literature. The vitality of writing depends in the end on the openmindedness of the *lector in fabula*.

For this reason we think that literary dreams have a crucial role to play: they can lure the dull reader who just wants a nice story ('And I like a story to be a story, mind, and my wife's the same' grumbles the writer's bogeyman in E. M. Forster's *Aspects of the Novel* outside his usual daily life. This tiresome reader wants literature to copy his own experience of reality, or at times his ovm experience of fantasy - which is rather scanty and thrives on palace hotels and airports, jet-set and exotic adventures, brothels and noble mansions. But although the fantasy of Forster's literal-minded reader is in bad repair, his dreams might work better (God knows why: this is one of the many puzzling riddles concerning dreams. Aristotle, in a passage reproduced in this book, already wondered why the Gods should send some of their best prophetic dreams to commonplace persons). Even the man who wants 'a nice story' might be willing to follow the writer in the adventures of the dream because he cannot deny that dreaming belongs to a reality shared by both of them. It could in fact be the only reality they may have in common.

But dreams are an unpleasant subject. Again, in his quiet unassuming way, Forster has summed up the issue. In *A Room with a View*, Lucy Honeychurch is staying with the mother of her fiancé in her London flat; she goes to sleep in the guest bedroom:

> As she was dozing off, a cry - the cry of nightmare - rang from Lucy's room. Lucy could ring for her maid if she liked, but Mrs Vyse thought it kind to go herself. She found the girl sitting upright with her hand on her cheek.
> 'I am sorry, Mrs Vyse - it is these dreams.'
> 'Bad dreams?'
> 'Just dreams.'

'Just dreams.' These two simple words are a harsh comment on the dream world. An anthology of literary dreams must contain many of these 'Just dreams' which upset Lucy, and shall perhaps perturb the mental balance of the reader. But there is another side to the dream. Dreams, as we said above, are an unpleasant subject; but they can also, from a different point of view, be the most pleasant theme in the world. We are told that a group of Russian revolutionaries once asked the great leader: 'Comrade Lenin, are we allowed to dream?' The answer should have been 'no', since

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dreams are an escape from Communism, from the common world of waking people into the private fortress of the dreamer where the bourgeois hoards *his* desires and *his* fears, *his* memories and *his* fantasies. But not even the dictatorship of the proletariat could cancel this manifestation of individualism. Dreams are pleasant because, when we dream, we are free from all controls: no one can interfere with our experience. In Orwell's *1984* disobedience to Big Brother starts in a dream. Men are free because they can dream at will, and no tyrant can interfere with this activity.

We have already made various statements in the previous pages, and we feel guilty about them because one should never say anything about dreams. It is a subject on which nobody knows anything, and the only reaction should be a puzzled 'no comment'. But it is so difficult to keep quiet, and in spite of what we have learned we must go on babbling. Experience bas taught us the virtue of silence where dreams are concerned; and we shall, as usual, ignore this lesson. During the last few years we have been gathering material for this anthology of literary dreams and in the course of our research we have read many books of dreams, on dreams, about dreams, and so on. Without any prevarication on our part, we have reached the positive certainty that there is no certainty in this field. We are convinced of the marvellous equivalence, from a logical or rational standpoint, of all explanations and interpretations concerning dreams. In this area everyone is entitled to say anything he likes without being checked; it is a free-for-all. As far as dreams are concerned, 'the most sovereign ontological positions have clay feet,' writes James Hillman, because the various dream philosophies cannot rid themselves of the archetypal fantasies which underlie their convictions. We owe our allegiance to the civilized world, so we tend to discard the most primitive forms of dream superstition, perhaps more out of imaginative incapacity and cultural conditioning than real distrust. Barring those, however, all the theories offered so far by social and/or occult sciences, by literature and fantasy, seem to us equally reasonable in the daylight of reason; and they are all impossible to prove.

The main differences are of an aesthetic or literary nature. Freud's *Interpretation of Dreams* is an infinitely richer work, from a poetic and imaginative point of view, than *Les rêves et les moyens de les contrôler* ('Dreams and How to Direct them') by Hervey Saint Denis. Artemidorus's *Oneirocritica* makes far more fascinating reading than Charles Rycroft's *The Innocence of Dreams*; Bachelard's books on dreams are more convincing, from a narrative angle, than *La mise-en-scène du rêve* ('The Theatre of Dreams) by Salomon Resnik. But there is no proof that could force us to choose - for motives other than aesthetic, literary or hedonistic - one interpretation rather than another; and no field of human knowledge would be of any use to us if we were forced to select one of them according to rational criteria.

Freud tells us that dreams represent our repressed desires and that they are a conceptualization and personification of the unconscious imagination largely contaminated by the conscious. For Jung, dreams are the expression of the collective subconscious of mankind, an encounter with the cultural archetypes, the primordial models of society. According to Jacques Lacan, dreams are 'like a charade where the participants must guess an utterance known to them, or its variant, with the sole help of a mimed scene.' In *The Innocence of Dreams* Charles Rycroft states that dreams are a kind of involuntary poetic activity; Roger Caillois in *L'incertitude qui vient des rêves* ('The Uncertainty Fostered by Dreams') ventures that dreams are a bedlam of empty simulacra, holding no secrets; James Hillman in *The Dream and the Underworld* claims that dreams 'belong to the Underworld and its Gods'; Francis Crick suggests that dreams during REM sleep are necessary to rid the brain of unwanted or parasitic modes of behaviour.

The experimental psychologist says that dreams are 'a multimodal perceptual simulation'; the sci-fi author pretends that dreams are messages sent from a planet outside our galaxy, Trafalmadore for

instance, where people decide on the evolution of mankind for reasons unknown to us and transmit their instructions through these night visions. Liam Hudson believes that in dreams we try to resolve the complexity of waking life; one theologian tells us that dreams are divinely inspired while another claims that dreams are messages dictated by the devil, the Lord of the Night, who directs us through our oneiric faculty (we would thus be disc jockey playing at night the music from hell; this idea reappears under various guises in the works of several dream writers). We could carry on and on. All those versions are equally acceptable in the anarchy of dream interpretation. Let us add tentatively our own ironic definition: 'Dreams are what we know nothing about when we are awake: we do not know what they are; where they come from; where they are going to; what is their function; what are their causes and purposes; what relation they have with waking or with the life of body and soul, feelings and instincts, reason and heart. Who could prove us wrong?

Oneirology has made gigantic steps during these last years, thanks to the discovery of REMs (Rapid Eye Movements occurring during deep sleep while we dream) and to laboratory researches based on the dreams of human guinea pigs monitored by adequate instruments. Scientific oneirology has helped us understand how much, when, and how we dream (what mental circuits are aroused by the dreaming activity). But it has taught us nothing as to why, and almost nothing as to what we dream. The *why* question is outruled, like others on the line of 'What is the source of life?' or 'What is the purpose of the universe?' The problem of the cause, origin and purpose of the dream is so mysterious that serious researchers - I mean those who work according to verifiable parameters - do not even try to broach the issue (perhaps some breakthrough might occur in the field of ethology rather than in human psychology now that we know that many animals have nocturnal experiences similar to human dreams).

But the *what* problem is far more interesting. We all think we can answer that one because there is a scientific literature which transcribes the patients' dreams with rigorous criteria, and a literary literature which, from the Bible and Homer onwards, has documented lavishly the dreams - truc or fictional of mankind. But in fact no one knows anything on the subject, because of the fatal borderline between dreamt dream and narrated dream, of'the obvious gap between what is experienced and what is recounted', in Lacan's words. We know everything about dreams as they are told or written down afterwards, since by then they belong to the common world of the awake. We know nothing about dreams as they are dreamt since they belong to the dreamer's private world, with the possible exception of our own oneiric experience. And perhaps we do not even know our own dreams, since when we recount them to ourselves, or reflect upon the events of the previous night using the autonomous circuits of our memory and thought-processes, we are forced to remodel, modify and adapt our dream experience according to the narrative conventions we are familiar with. These do not necessarily coincide with the narrative conventions of sleep. 'As we lie down to sleep the world turns half away / Through ninety dark degrees writes the American poet Elizabeth Bishop in a poem included in this anthology. But we could also speak of one hundred and eighty dark degrees, i.e. of a mirror-like reversal of the axial co-ordinates of our experience: inverting our conventional perspectives and the usual poles of attraction and repulsion; mixing up senses and feelings and perceptions and thoughts; playing on an evanescent extra-human reality which transcends the sensorial universe. If there is a sixth, oneiric sense, it challenges the experience of the five others.

Freud, who seems to deny the temporal and spatial dimensions of the oneiric experience, hints at the pluridimensional character of dreams; but nothing proves that our waking-life dimensions have any currency in our dream life. Perhaps we should borrow the mathematic system of notation and speak of dimension l', dimension 2' etc., to indicate this other kind of 'dimension', also called 'dimension', which we find in dreams. The only person who could explain what these dream-dimensions are is

the dreamer, who is by definition unable to recount his experience until he emerges from the dream and is reintegrated into the waking world, ruled by our usual dimensions.

'You might say it is not possible to observe a dream properly ... It is like trying to study liquid iron from solid iron,'wrote Paul Valéry. The atoms may remain the same, but their organization and syntax have changed radically. The minute we wake up our dream becomes something else; the tale of a dream that follows the laws of story-telling and the conventions of our sight, hearing, taste, smell and touch. Bottom knew it when he extolled his 'Bottom's dream, because it hath no bottom': a bottomless dream because of its profundity and its existence outside the character called Bottom. The experience of this sixth, oneiric sense, i.e. of a faculty without organs which derives in turn from another faculty without organs, to wit the imagination, is translated into the language of the sensorium, our usual perceptive organs controlling the five senses, and the language of the brain, the busy organ of our daytime understanding. What does this translation entail? No one can answer this question, but we are at liberty to think that it is an impossible transfer, like Tchaikovsky's metamorphosis of a poem into music in Francesca da Rimini; or Aldous Huxley's rendition of a symphony in writing; or, in Rabelais, Panurge's presentation of a philosophical problem in a language of bodily signs, grimaces and winks. The passage from dreamt dream to narrated dream seems impenetrable. We would like to grasp the form and the content, the signifier and the signified, of the dreamt dream; but we have only the content, the signified, of the dreamt dream, transcribed into an inadequate language: the form, the signifier, of the narrated dream. As to the form of the dreamt dream, we know nothing about it because we cannot rely on an appropriate glossary in order to translate our experience from night life to day life; and we are wary of anyone who claims to possess this secret code.

When we remember a dream, we treat it as a story we would summarize from memory. This is a basic, yet inevitable mistake, since there is no alternative. 'To obtain the synthesis of a dream you would have to express it in its "atomic" constituents. For the story which one remembers is only a secondary fabrication, following an initial stage that is non-chronological, non-resumable, non-integrable' (Valéry again). Those who speak arrogantly of the meaning and interpretation of dreams are like art critics who try to analyse a non-extant fresco from an aesthetic point of view on the basis of its description by Pausanias; or to judge the colour scheme of one of the *Paintings from an Exhibition* from Mussorgsky's musical commentary. In this sense, dreams do not exist. Feuerbach said that death does not exist because the only competent person in the matter, the dead one, is constitutionally unable to report on it. The same paradox holds truc for dreams because the only witness, the dreamer isolated in the privacy of his dream, does not speak. The dreamer's mouth is sealed by the dream.

Let us suppose that the fragments of a dream were connected, not by a linear development or circular pattern, as usually happens with narrations in waking life, but in a kind of Moebius ring (what Lacan calls a huit intérieur, an intemal eight, though in a different context); or perhaps in a spiral progress from one point to the next. This is only a fancy hypothesis, of course, without any factual basis or logical proof, just like the interpretations by Freud or Jung, only rather less convincing and authoritative. But the idea is not without attraction since the Moebius ring or the spiral progression could explain the distorting effect we perceive in many dream situations, which could be due to the continuous curving of the narration in a dream. Once awake the dreamer, penetrated by the memory of his dream experience, does not possess a corresponding unfolding model in his mind. If he tries to reconstruct his dream afterwards, he must 'translate' it, changing the Moebius ring into a circle, the spiral movement into a linear one. Narrative laws are much stronger than the rules of sincerity. The dreamer may choose to be true or untrue to his memory of the event, but he cannot disobey narrative conventions, be they his own or society's, since he has literally no

choice. He is married to one type of narration, and he must be faithful because there is no alternative.

In one of the most authoritative texts of contemporary oneirology, *A Grammar of dreams*, David Foulkes claims, we do not quite know on what basis, that dreams are ' "ordinary" rather than "exotic"; linear rather than unlinear; propositional and dichotomous rather than ineffably, primitively unifying, and well capable of being expressed in words' (*sic*). And again: 'The typical REM dream has a linear narrative structure, much like the structure of a verbal narrative: first this, then this, then this; with the various "this's" having some sensible thematic connection with one another'. This is a very bold statement. If the narrative structure of the dream is similar to the narrative structure of waking life and language, surely this depends on the translative process. Shakespeare sounds very French in Voltaire's translation; dreams seem very linear, ordinary, literarily structured because they have already been translated into non-oneiric language.

The interpretation of a dream is already a dream, writes Salomon Resnik following an old aphoristic tradition ('The inquiry into a dream is another dream,' George Saville, Marquis of Halifax). But we could turn this idea upside down: 'a dream is already a kind of interpretation'; or, as Jung put it, 'the dream is its own interpretation.' When it comes out of the protective cocoon of sleep, the dream is open to any kind of interpretation: historical, stylistic, rhetorical or aesthetic. This is true both of the neutral and scientific descriptions, where the author tries to give the most unbiased account of the night experience, and of the dreams which are inserted in a novel or in any other form of fiction. The biographical, or literary-biographical records of writers' dreams present striking affinities with their own fictive stories. Be it Kerouac's *Book of dream*s, Perec's *La Boutique obscure. 149 rêves*, Luigi Malerba's *Diario di un sognatore* or Butor's several volumes of *Matière de rêve*, which all claim to be transcriptions of dreams written down in the morning, they all read like their author's short stories. We are not saying that Kerouac, Malerba, Pérec or Butor are lying: we are only suggesting that the author of the narrated dreams is perhaps lying to the author of the dreamt dream.

This is one of the paradoxes about literary dreams. On the one hand, a literary dream is an artificial document since it is manipulated by the writer according to the rules of rhetoric and narrative strategy. On the other hand, it is a natural document since these rules are the same ones that we apply every morning when we wake up and try to evoke the dreams of the past hours 'naturally': for ourselves; for a spouse or a friend; or for a psychologist after a REM experiment in a laboratory. Where dreams are concerned the absurd distinction between natural and cultural discourse disappears because everything is culture, in the memory as well as in the verbal reproduction of the dream experience. In Northern Italy, when someone talks in an artificial and highly mannered way, the standard demotic rebuke is 'Parlett come te magnett'; 'Talk the way you eat'; but one cannot say 'Talk the way you dream' because the homology is impossible. The dream of the 'natural' sleeping dreamer is entrusted to the awakened dreamer, who is *per force* a cultural being, submitted to the conventions of language and narrativity. Luckily for us, everything is cultural; and we can thus defend ourselves from being invaded by the dreams, from this expansion of the nocturnal madness of the dream: 'the overflow of the dream into real life' which, for instance, caused Nerval's madness and suicide. Dreams must be kept at bay.

Almost every writer since the beginning of recorded history has invented or transcribed dreams. We were therefore confronted with an *embarras de richesses* as our eclectic criteria allowed us to pick any dream in any period of any literature, classical or modem (though in the end, for obvious cultural reasons, we limited ourselves to texts from Western Europe and North America with a few excursions towards Russia and more exotic areas). We have tried to give an adequate sampling of dreams in Western literature, from the Bible to Kerouac, choosing the texts for their

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representativeness, their psychological interest, their aesthetic value, their stylistic exuberance - but mainly for their capacity to please us, titillate our curiosity and stimulate our reflections in this area. Setting aside the issue of exhaustiveness - which in this field would be a preposterous ambition - we would like to forestall criticism with a preliminary declaration. All the readers who think that we have neglected the most important, the most beautiful, the most significant, the most extraordinary dream in Western literature are right, and we apologize in advance for any inconvenience caused to the public by our omissions.

Robert Benchley, the *New Yorker* humorist, maintained that: 'There may be said to be two classes of people in the world: those who constantly divide the people of the world into two classes, and those who do not.' This is particularly true of culture, where there are classifiers and confusionists, variants of Lévy-Strauss' distinction between *ingénieurs* and *bricoleurs*. We are incurable members of the second category, and every time we thought we had found a way of organizing our material, we immediately discovered possible exceptions that would destroy our scheme. What were we to do with that heap of dreams we were meant to administer? According to Robert Herrick, 'Here we are all by day; by night w'are hurled / By dreams each one onto a sev'rall world'. This implies that there are as many worlds and categories of dreams as there are dreamers; or perhaps more, because each dreamer has a vast repertory of private dreams with their recurrences and variations, not to mention the infinite number of possible combinations between our waking experience and our night fantasy which create every single dream. And beyond those infinite possible dreams, we must add all the impossible dreams invented by writers (but is there such a thing as an impossible dream? We do not have an answer to this spell-binding question). It is already difficult to classify our daytime narrative lore, engendered by the commonwealth of waking people; but it is well-nigh impossible to find satisfactory categories in this galaxy of individual narrative worlds spawned by the dreams; or in this hybrid mixture of dream experience and narrative know-how, the library of literary dreams from which we have amply borrowed.

Hence the division we are offering here because of anthological conventions, editorial simplicity and facility of reading is not only arbitrary: it is an avowed fake we have adopted with all the honest dishonesty of cultural operators who are aware of the compromises entailed by any sort of intellectual activity. We first thought of starting from a central pigeon-hole which we would have called 'real', from which we intended to derive three new ones: 'subreal', 'surreal' and 'unreal'. These three categories, together with the main one, were to form the four classes of narrated dreams: 'subreal' dreams, which apparently emerge from deep instinctive sources; 'real' dreams, which are in close relation with the day world; 'surreal' dreams, where reality is transformed according to metaphorical models which might perhaps be interpreted; and 'unreal' dreams, with a prevailing influence of the fantastic element. Out of modesty and for mnemonic reasons we have abandoned this terminology in favour of the four following adjectives: 'instinctive', 'realistic', 'symbolic' and 'fantastic'. We are well aware that every dream participates to some extent in all those four fictitious categories (and probably in a few more) in a crazy cocktail of instinctive forces, residues of experience, symbolic representations and fantastic flights. And even if there were 'genuine' examples of these four categories, we know that they would be the product of complex compromises. The *fantastic* dream story is based on data taken from reality, modified by the symbolic urge and influenced by instinctive motivations; the *symbolic* one feigns to stage a surreal model in which symbol and symbolized thing correspond in an ideal metaphorical embrace, but in practice it must make do with imbalances created by the claims of sensorial and imaginative compulsions; the *instinctive* one has to go through our rational censorship, and yet tries to avoid it by assuming symbolic or fantastic guises; the *realistic* one duplicates reality as in a mirror, but this mirror is deformed by the three other forces; and so on. It is like Alice's *Caucus-race,* with

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everybody running in circles, so that you can't tell the pursuer from the pursued. Or like a snake eating its tail, as the one seen in dream by Kekule when he was trying to define the model of an organic molecule. To him, the mocking Uroborus brought the solution of his problem (the carbon atoms are arranged in a circular and not a linear structure); we, on the other hand, are left where we were. But among the models of false classification we have considered, this one, though it might not be the least false, is probably the most practical, both for our and the reader's sake.

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Instinctive Dreams

The dreams we have chosen to call instinctive are apparently the consequence of a speleological descent in the deep strata of our being, or alternatively of an emersion out of those depths. As George Steiner suggests in the passage here reproduced, there are dreams which seem to be born 'before language', or without a linguistic mediation: dreams which do not need words, or concepts, or symbols, or verbal images in order to exist. Dreams, as 'multi-modal perceptual simulations' (according to the terminology of today's oneirological psychology), might not need exterior help to imitate the experience of the 'simulated' sense. 'The eye of man hath not heard, the ear of man hath not seen, man's hand is not able to taste, his tongue to conceive, nor his heart to report, what my dream was', says Bottom in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. Touch, sight, hearing, smell and taste, which should find expression through the appropriate organs (skin, eyes, ears, nose, tongue), by-pass them through an alternative system of communication: dreaming. This short-circuit results in an instinctive dream which seems to have a direct grasp on the reality of the body (dare we say 'of the ego'?) - defying the primacy of language which has been the main tenet of modern thought (for instance in linguistic philosophy and in semiotics). The dream, when dreamt, is a short-cut, though the same dream, once it is being told, must follow again the large curves of the linguistic main road.

The instinctive dream, which takes place in 'the civil wilderness of sleep' (Robert Herrick), can for example disturb the normal balance between having a body and being conscious of having a body. The subversive power of the dream may turn this body inside out Ue a sock, in what we would like to call ironically 'a process of interiorization', by deliberately misapplying the term designating the intimacy of the soul to the intimacy of our organs. We say that something is beautiful, attractive, titillating when we look at it from outside. We see the Venus de Milo, or the body of a woman, or a beautiful mountain, and we express our admiration.

But dreaming can alter the coordinates of our vision. Mat would become of the three examples chosen above if they were seen from the inside? This is the disturbing, traumatic experience evoked by Jean Genet in the passage selected from *The Miracle of the Rose* where judges, guardians and priests explore the inner shafts and galleries of the body of Harcamone, the man condemned to death. His true essence, his real being of flesh, muscles and flowing blood, appears thus in visions where veins and arteries, gullets and windpipes, are transmuted in a utopian landscape. The assessment of Harcamone's beauty, or sex-appeal, or seductiveness, is thus subordinated to the experience - which can only be oneirical - of seeing him from the pipes and capillaries which run through his body. This idea makes the mind reel, a rather frequent experience when you deal with dreams. Try to think of the mouth of a beloved woman: these lips you want to press, bite, suck, know in the intimacy of a kiss or of a touch. Now invert the angle of vision, and imagine the same lips as seen from within the barrier of the teeth, the mouth as the monstrous opening of a cave sheltering the terrifyng clamp of the jaws. The lips open to admit air for breathing, water for drinking - or worse still, food, to be crushed mashed and mushed between teeth, tongue and palate, and eventually reduced to a disgusting chewed pulp, before descending to the dark digestive recesses. This is the kind of turn dreams can perform, by spinning the angle of vision and exchanging the usual poles of attraction and repulsion, playing on an elusive reality that by-passes the sensorial universe. As if there were a sixth, oneiric sense controverting the evidence of the five others.

We said that a dream could be a descent: into the depths of our bodily reality, as in Genet; or of a metaphor of the body, as in the mine of E.T.A. Hoffmann's tale, which we quote here at length (this story is rather symptomatic of the spirit of a time when the actual development of the mining

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industry suggested that sort of symbolization - another example would be the mine seen as a digestive system in Zola's *Germinal*. Or in the vertical shaft of the individual's past, be it in the family country house of Rimbaud's childhood, or in the rich attires of adolescent disguises in Schnitzler; or in the other dark shaft of our genetic past, among those removed amoebic ancestors evoked by Huch, whom the dreamer clumsily tries to destroy with a knife, hacking them into fragments, reducing these embryos of form to 'formless little black lumps' in an attempt to escape from his paleontological heredity. Or in the nether world where Lenau's 'wicked guests' and Apuleius' chthonian gods weave their plots, broadcasting them in our dreams; or in a reversal to primeval chaos, the anarchy of 'bizarre combinations' mentioned in the item of the *Encyclopédie*.

Reaching the bottom, the dream rediscovers the habitual elements of instinctive life: blood, violence and lust. The world of dreams abounds with blood. In Dante's *Hell*, an oneiric territory almost by definition, the sinners who have committed violence are immersed in the Phlegeton, a stream of boiling blood. Yet this river has a tendency to overflow and invade the heath of our dreams. From yawning wounds blood flows freely to quench our instincts. The haemodynamics of dreams outmatches in liquid volume, strength and passion, the already conspicuous haemodynamics of reality. In the passage from Lautréamont, quoted here, we find the thick blood of the pig which exalts the glorious *suinitas* of the dreamer, so much superior to the *humanitas* that covered him when he was awake. Incongruously, a portentous nose-bleeding in the text by Pierre Jean Jouve drenches the underpants used as a handkerchief by the dreamer to compensate for the absence of red lipstick; and blood seeps out of the piously broken bread in Flaubert's cannibalistic dream. The whole tale of Apuleius reproduced here is a slow preparation for the awesome fount of blood that spouts from Socrates' neck. Violence is expressed by bites, scratches, wounds, tearings, beheadings, penetrations (sexual or not). In the omnipotence of dreams, man kills easily: relatives, parents, children, acquaintances - perhaps more readily his friends than his enemies, the innocents than the culprits, the loved ones than the hated ones, subverting thus the coordinates of our feelings. And almost all dreams are pervaded by sex, unadulterated by the fiction of love, distilled to its purest essence of madness and lust.

The unsatisfied woman in Bodel's *fabliau* may love her husband, or think that she loves him, or be aware of her conjugal happiness: but the evidence of the dream frees the Eros from the slag of feelings and affections. The woman is condemned to a temporary dissatisfaction by the excessive drinking of her husband, and to perpetual dissatisfaction by the difference between the dreamed cocks and the reality of her husbands sexual appendage. In Schnitzler's novel, the lustful night roamings of Fridolin fade before the shattering arrogance of Albertine's dreamed infidelities. Everything is overthrown by the might of the sexual instinct in the freedom of the dream: destroyed are the religious feeling and the quiet routine of the ecclesiastical profession (Gautier); the nobility of Orlando's lofty love (Ariosto); the respectability of the intellectual (Leiris); the awareness of one's humble social rank (Voltaire). In Charles Sorel the object of desire is even reduced to pieces: legs, breasts, belly, arms, tongue etc., which must be put back together as a wooden doll before the final ceremony of consummation.

Maybe some women, when awake, crave for love with a lorry-driver who would treat them with the same delicacy he would use in changing a wheel of his juggernaut; maybe some men crave for a quick roll in the hay, a swift, hasty act of love, 'he took her, short and sharp and finished, like an animal' (D. H. Lawrence, in *Lady Chatterley's Lover*). But dreams can lower the level even further, accelerate the pace, stress brutality and bestiality, cancel all foreplay and postcoital languor: 'Wham Bam' without even the 'Thank you, Ma'am' or 'Sorry, Sam' which is *de rigueur* in the traditional joke. This is not without consequences to the economy of the psyche in general and of the dream in particular. One is tempted to say that any manifestation of aggressive or lustful instincts in dreams

produces a kind of recoil, a rebound, so as to compensate the temporary imbalance between instinct and conscience. The toll is paid in fear, remorse, guilty feelings, self-hatred, or a sensation of forced immobility, of paralysis. 'Dreams are preponderantly unpleasant,' says Alfred Ziegler, an experimental psychologist. The low pleasures of dreams entail the high pains of dreams.

We do not always dwell in our dreams: at times we only visit them with the timorous attitude of a tourist in a foreign land. 'Who's there? ' 'Nay, answer me and unfold yourself': in the first scene of Hamlet these words are uttered by Barnardo and Francisco who are also frightened by possible oneiric visitations. We may as well say: 'Who's there?' 'Nay, answer me and unfold yourself' when we meet another human being; perhaps another 'I', down there in Dreamland. 'Every bit of the dream, including the dream "I", is a metaphorical image' games Hillman). The so-called *primitives* consider their own images in their dreams as a sort of *double*: while they sleep, their double lives a thousand compromising adventures in another universe. In Proust Swann sees from outside, or experiences from inside, the sensations of a second Swann who is able to control his jealousy because of Odette's affair with Napoleon III. But this second Swann meets a 'strange young man', who was still Swann; and the latter 'bursts into tears' when he hears this news, so much so that the second Swann must dry the eyes of the third Swann. In the Chinese dream of Bao-Yu, here included, we would thus have an 'l' who dreams another 'I' who meets a third '1': a disturbing mise-en-abyme for us Westerners, slaves of our pompous individualism which we aspire to impose upon both sides of the threshold of sleep. But the dream experience shatters the pathetic limitations of our individualistic conception of what constitutes a human being, and forces upon us a dialogue, not always a pleasant one, with alternative realities of our 'I'.

The dream is the 'mirror mirror on the wall' that always answers our wishes with unpleasant truths. In all the horror literature of the nineteenth century, the most frightening scene is probably the moment in which Jàkov Petròvitch Goliàdkin meets another Jàkov Petròvitch Goliàdkin on the embankment of the Fontanka: 'an unknown person whom he thought was partially known', in Dostoevsky's *The Double*. It is not Dr Jekyll meeting Mr Hyde, but something far worse: Dr Jekyll meeting Dr Jekyll. In a way, dreams are a kind of daily repetition of this fatal encounter, where the dreamer meets the protagonist of his dreams, a duplicate of himself, who commits improper and reprehensible actions. This is perfectly illustrated in the opening of Peter Handke's novel, included in this anthology, in which the main character, after committing a murder in a dream, can no longer confront himself or his fainily when he wakes up, and finds himself totally alienated from what he thought, or fancied, he was. This theme of the double reappears in several texts of this section: Sheridan Le Fanu, Leiris, Beaudelaire, Gautier, Huch. In Le Fanu's story judge Harbottle, who pays for the immorality of his life with the death penalty in his nightmare (and with suicide in his fife, in a section of the short story which is not included in this anthology), meets a duplication of himself who bears the significant name of judge Twofold.

Yet not all encounters with the double are sinister. When Jekyll finds himself transformed after drinking his fatal potion, he feels 'younger, lighter, happier in body'. This might also be true of the duplicated dreamer, who has ambivalent feelings towards his reflected image. The ambivalence is confirmed by the recurring theme, both in the common experience and in our choice of texts, of nakedness, of finding your clothes wet (in Butor's 'Dream Matter'), of losing your pants or skirts, or walking about with your prick hanging out of your fly: an experience which seems to satisfy both our exhibitionistic drives and self-punishing desires. Of course these dreams, for all their 'instinctiveness', are also symbolic, and the attraction/repulsion towards one's own sexual organs signify also the attraction/repulsion towards other pudenda, towards these things we are also ashamed of. the pudenda of our instincts, the naked avowal of our desires, the intimacy deprived of all covering or masking. Hence a dream of nakedness, according to our hypothesis of a quadripartite

division, must be exquisitely. instinctive and arrogantly symbolic at the same time.

But there is another kind of dream, still within the region of the instinctive, which seems immune to this ransoming process: this is the dream that rises from the depths instead of plunging downwards, when the instincts are used as a launching pad towards the upper regions. This happens in particular in the dreams of flight, perhaps the most satisfying of oneiric experiences. Dreams often enable us to move in the fourth dimension, to overcome the severe limitations of time past and time future and dive into yesterday's or leap into tomorrow's world. But in our opinion no one has sufficiently stressed that the main privilege granted us by dreams is the freedom of movement in the third, and not in the fourth, dimension. In real life, we can almost always freely choose whether we want to go forward or backwards, left or right; but we cannot decide to go up or down, unless we are in a lift (see the dream of Brillat-Savarin in this section). In dreams we enjoy this freedom of kicking our heels and soaring like Superman in a wingless flight (Bachelard's description on this point is very convincing). This is perhaps the happiest, the most exhilarating of dream experiences, which frees us from 'the sin of gravity', to use Nietzsche's expression, and gives us the liberty and innocence of weightlessness. The study of dreams, both the literary sort and those occurring in real life, should expand from the nightmare to its opposite, the boundless joy of oneiric flight.

Of course dreams of flying can also be symbolic, when the flight stands for something else: a social climb, for example; or, according to Artemidorus, it can be diagnostic or prophetic, indicating the prospect of a future journey or a project of emigration. Malerba's character, the greatest flyer in this anthology, declares that he can 'steer his dreams, not the way you steer a car or a bicycle, but the way you steer a boat that always veers a liale and can't take narrow curves'. This is probably the neatest formulation in all oneirological literature of the labile connection between our will and our dreams (Hervey Saint-Denis, in his *Les rêves et les moyens de les diriger*, 'Dreams and how to steer them', had come to the same conclusion in his heavy pseudo-scientific style). But in spite of Malerba's ironic claim to program his imaginative night-life, the dream in the passage from his novel, The Serpent, reproduced here, seems to be gloriously instinctive, free from the conventions of steering and the responsibility of control. We would like to insist on the primary meaning of the dream of flight, which is in fact flying itself, with all due deference to Freud and his acolytes.

Psychoanalysis links the dream of flight to the child's delight in movement, interpreted in a sexual key: I would fly in the overt dream to remove the fact that, in the latent meaning of the dream, I am having intercourse. And if the contrary were truc, as affirmed by Ludwig Duerf, Freud's antagonist (whose very name is the diametric opposite of his Viennese colleague's)? Duerf, who is recalled in two small pages of *The New Statesman* by the poet and wit Robert Conquest, is supposed to have invented a counter theory to Freud's, which he published in the *Acta linguistica Cracaviensa*. The dreams and syrnbols of flight do not stand for the details of our repressed sexual fantasy but vice-versa: among the aviatorily repressed, sexual dreams and symbols stand for the unconscious desire to fly, or maybe to become a pilot. D. H. Lawrence's *Lady Chatterley's Lover* should be read as a repressed literary sublimation, in its wealth of sex and phalli and vulvae and pubic hair and open-air copulations, of the aviatory libido of the author. The novel actually demonstrates that the writer, D. H. Lawrence, craved to imitate his famous cousin by marriage Baron von Richtofen, the ace of the German Air Force (a complex Lawrence shares with Snoopy). Symbols, as Bachelard taught us, always work both ways else, what kind of symbols would they bc? Neither Freud nor Duerf can find proof of their interpretations since they are not submitted to the laws of verifiability. Between the two of them, our preference goes of course to Duerf. If I dream I am riding a horse, this might mean I want to ride a woman; and if I dream I am riding a woman, this might mean I want to ride a horse. The discourse of instinct helps to muddle the waters.

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Plato: Imitations of dreams

The theme of *Phaedo* is the immortality of the soul. From a narrative point of view the setùng of the dialogue - in the cell of Socrates before he drinks hemlock - places it between The Apology and *Crito*. These two dialogues were, however, written shortly after Socrates' death in 399Bc, whereas *Phaedo*, like *The Symposium*, *The Republic* and *Phaedrus*, are works of Plato's maturity, written probably around 3 80 Bc.

Socrates, sitting up on the couch, began to bend and rub his leg, saying, as he rubbed: How singular is the thing called pleasure, and ' how curiously related to pain, which might be thought to be the opposite of it; for they never will come to a man together, and yet he who pursues either of them is generally compelled to take the other. Their bodies are two, and yet they are joined to a single head; and I cannot help thinking that if Aesop had noticed them, he would have made a fable about God trying to reconcile their strife, and how, when he could not, he fastened their heads together; and this is the reason why when one comes the other follows, as I find in my own case pleasure comes following after the pain in my leg which was caused by the chain.

Upon this Cebes said: I am very glad indeed, Socrates, that you mentioned the name of Aesop. For that reminds me of a question which has been asked by others, and was asked of me only the day before yesterday by Evenus the poet; and as he will be sure to ask again, if you would like me to have an answer ready for him, you may as well tell me what I should say to him. He wanted to know why you, who never before wrote a line of poetry, now that you are in prison are putting Aesop into verse, and also composing that hymn in honour of Apollo.

Tell him, Cebes, he replied, that I had no idea of rivalling him or his poems; (which is the truth, for that, as I knew, would be no easy task). But I wanted to see whether I could purge away a scruple which I felt about the meaning of certain dreams. In the course of my life I have often had intimations in dreams 'that I should compose music.' The same dream came to me sometimes in one form, and sometimes in another, but always saying the same or nearly the same words: Compose and practise music, said the dream. And hitherto I had imagined that this was only intended to exhort and encourage me in the study of philosophy, which has always been the pursuit of my life, and is the noblest and best of music. The dream was bidding me do what I was already doing, in the same way that the competitor in a race is bidden by the spectators to run when he is already running. But I was not certain of this, as the dream might have meant music in the popular sense of the word, and being under sentence of death, and the festival giving me a respite, I thought that I should be safer if I satisfied the scruple, and, in obedience to the dream, composed a few verses before I departed. And first I made a hymn in honour of the god of the festival, and then considering that a poet, if he is really to be a poet, should not only put together words, but should invent stories, and that I have no invention, I took some fables of Aesop, which I had ready at hand and knew, and turned them into verse. Tell Evenus this, and bid him be of good cheer; say that I would have him come after me if he be a wise man, and not tarry; and that today I am likely to be going, for the Athenians say that I must.

Translated by B. Jowett

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Apuleius: The Witch

We have very little information about Apuleius, the author of *The Golden Ass*, who lived in the second century AD. The passage chosen here is at the very beginning of the story. Lucius, on his way to Hypata, meets two friends who are discussing the truth of magic. In spite of the jokes of his sceptical companion, one of the two, Aristomenes, tells the story of another friend, Socrates, and the witch Merope. In a half-comic half-gruesome manner this story gives the tone of the future magie misadventures of Lucius, who shall be transformed into an ass by the blunderings of a would-be witch.

Certes sir I thanke you for your gentle offer, and at your request I wil proceed in my tale; but first I will sweare unto you by the light of this Sunne that shineth here, that those things that I shall tell be true, least when you come to the next city called Thessaly, you should doubt any thing of that which is rife in the mouthes of every person, and done before the face of all men. And that I may first make relation unto you, what and who I am, and whither I go, and for what purpose, know ye that I am of Egin, travelling these countries about from Thessaly to Etolia, and from Etolia to Boetia, to provide for honey, checse, and other victuals to sell againe: and understanding that at Hippata (which is the principall city of all Thessaly) is accustomed to be sould new checses of' exceeding good taste and relish, I fortuned on a day to goe thither, to make my market there: but as it often happeneth, I came in an evill houre, for one Lupus a Purveyor has bought and ingrossed up all the day before, and so I was deceived.

Wherefore towards night being very weary, I went to the Baines to refresh my selfe, and behold, I fortuned to espy my companion Socrates sitting upon the ground, covered with a torne and course mantle; who was so meigre and of so sallow and miserable a countenance, that I scantly knew him: for fortune had brought him into such estate and calamity, that he verily seemed as a common begger that standeth in the streets to crave the benevolence of the passers by. Towards whom (howbeit he was my singular friend and familiar acquaintance, yet halfe in despaire) I drew nigh and said, Alas my Socrates, what meaneth this? how fareth it with thee? What crime has thou committed? verily there is great lamentation and weeping made for thee at home: Thy children are in ward by the decree of the Provinciall judge: Thy wife (having ended her mourning time in lamentable wise, with face and visage blubbered with teares, in such sort that she hath well nigh wept out both her eyes) is constrained by her parents to put out of remembrance the unfortunate losse and lacke of thee at home, and against her will to take a new husband. And dost thou live here as a ghost or hogge, to our great shame and ignominy?

Then answered he to me and said, O my friend Aristomenus, now perceive I well that you are ignorant of the whirling changes, the unstable forces, and slippery inconstancy of Fortune: and therewithall he covered his face (even then blushing for very shame) with his rugged mantle, insomuch that from his navel downwards he appeared all naked.

But I not willing to see him any longer in such great miserie and calamitie, took him by the hand and lifted him up from the ground: who having his face covered in such sort, Let Fortune (quoth he) triumph yet more, let her have her sway, and finish that which shee hath begun. And therewithall I put off one of my garments and covered him, and immediately I brought him to the Baine, and caused him to be anointed, wiped, and the filthy scurfe of his body to be rubbed away; which done, although I were very weary my selfe, yet I led the poore miser to my Inne, where he reposed his

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body upon a bed, and then I brought him meat and drinke, and so wee talked together: for there we might be merry and laugh at our pleasure, and so we were, untill such time as he (fetching a pittifull sigh from the bottome of his heart, and beating his face in miserable sort) began to say.

Alas poore miser that I am, that for the onely desire to see a game of triall of weapons, am fallen into these miseries and wretched snares of misfortune. For in my returne from Macedonie, whereas I sould all my wares, and played the Merchant by the space of ten months, a little before that I came to Larissa, I turned out of the way, to view the scituation of the countrey there, and behold iii the bottome of a deep valley I was suddenly environed with a company of theeves ho robbed and spoiled me of such things as I had, and yet would hardly suffer me to escape. But I beeing in such extremity, in the end was happily delivered from their hands, and so I fortuned to come to the house of an old woman that sold wine, called Meroe, who had her tongue sufficiently instructed to flattery: unto whom I opened the causes of my long peregrination and carefull travell, and of myne unlucky adventure: and after that I had declared unto her such things as then presently came to my remembrance, shee gently entertained mee and made mee good cheere; and by and by beeing pricked by carnall desire, shee brought mee to her own bed chamber; whereas I poore miser the very first night of our lying together did purchase to my selfe this miserable face, and for her lodging I gave her such apparel as the theeves left to cover me withall.

Then I understanding the cause of his miserable estate, sayd unto him, in faith thou art worthy to sustaine the most extreame misery and calamity, which has defiled and maculated thyne owne body, forsaken thy wife traiterously, and dishonoured thy children, parents, and friends, for the love of a vile harlot and old strumpet. When Socrates heard mee raile against Meroe in such sort, he held up his finger to mee, and as halfe abashed sayd, Peace peace I pray you, and looking about lest any body should heare, I pray you (quoth he) take heed what you say against so venerable a woman as shee is, lest by your intemperate tongue you catch some harm. Then with resemblance of admiration, What (quoth I) is she so excellent a person as you name her to be? I pray you tell mee. Then answered hee, Verily shee is a Magitian, which hath power to rule the heavens, to bring downe the sky, to beare up the earth, to turn the waters into hills, and the hills into running waters, to lift up the terrestrial spirits into the aire, and to pull the gods out of the heavens, to extinguish the planets, and to lighten the deepe darkenesse of hell. Then sayd I unto Socrates, I pray thee leave off this high and mysticall kinde of talke, and tell the matter in a more plaine and simple fashion. Then answered he, Will you heare one or two, or more of her facts which she hath done, for whereas she inforceth not onely the inhabitants of the countrey here, but also the Indians and the Ethiopians the one and the other, and also the Antictons, to love her in most raging sort, such are but trifles and chips of her occupation, but I pray you give eare, and I will declare of more greater matters, which shee hath done openly and before the face of all men.

In faith Aristomenus to tell you the truth, this woman had a certaine Lover, whom by the utterance of one only word she tumed into a Bever, because he loved another woman beside her: and the reason why she transformed him into such a beast is, for that it is his nature, when hee perceiveth the hunters and hounds to draw after him, to bite off his members, and lay them in the way, that the hounds may be at a stop when they finde them, and to the intent it might so happen unto him (because he fancied another woman) she turned him into that kinde of shape.

Semblably she changed one of her neighbours, being an old man and one that sold wine, into a Frog, in that he was one of her occupation, and therefore she bare him a grudge, and now the poore miser swimming in one of his pipes of wine, and well nigh drowned in the dregs, doth cry and call with an hoarse voice, for his old guests and acquaintance that pass by. Likewise she turned one of the Advocates of the Court (because he pleaded and spake against her in a rightful cause) into a

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horned Ram, and now the poore Ram is become an Advocate. Moreover she caused, that the wife of a certain lover that she had should never be delivered of her childe, but according to the computation of all men, it is eight yeares past since the poore woman began first to swell, and now shee is encreased so big, that shee seemeth as though she would bring forth some great Elephant: which when it was knowne abroad, and published throughout all the towne, they tooke indignation against her, and ordayned that the next day shee should most cruelly be stoned to death. Which purpose of theirs she prevented by the vertue of her inchantments, and as Medea (who obtained of King Creon but one days respit before her departure) did burne all his house, him, and his daughter: so she, by her conjurations and invocations of spirits (which she useth in a certaine hole i ' n her house, as shee her selfe declared unto me the next day following) closed all the persons in the towne so sure in their houses, and with such violence of power, that for the space of two dayes they could not get forth, nor open their gates nor doore, nor break downe their walls, whereby they were inforced by mutuall consent to cry unto her, and to binde themselves strictly by oaths, that they would never afterwards molest or hurt her: and moreover, if any did offer her any injury they would be ready to defend her. Whereupon shee, mooved by their promises, and stirred by pitty, released all the towne. But shee conveyed the principal Author of this ordinance about midnight, with all his house, the walls, the ground, and the foundation, into another towne, distant from thence an hundred miles, scituate and beeing on the top of an high hill, and by reason thercof destitute of water, and because the edifices and houses were so nigh huilt together, that it was not possible for the house to stand there, she threw it downe before the gate of the towne. Then I spake and said, O my friend Socrates you have declared unto me many marvellous things and strange chances, and moreover stricken me with no small trouble of minde, yea rather with great feare, lest the same old woman using the like practice, should fortune to heare all our communication. Wherefore let us now sleepe, and .af'ter that we have taken our rest, let us rise betimes in the morning, and ride away hence before day, as far as we can possible.

In speaking these words, and devising with my selfe of our departing the next morrow, lest Meroe the Witch should play by us as she had done by divers othcr persons, it fortuned that Socrates did fall asleepe, and slept very soundly by reason of his travell, and plenty of meat and wine wherewithall hee had filled him selfe Whcrefore I closed and barred fast the doores of the chambcr, and put my bed behinde the doore, and so layed mee downe to rest.

But I could in no wise sleepe, for the great feare which was in my heart, untill it was about midnight, and then I began to slumber. But alas, behold suddenly the chamber doores brake open, and lockes, bolts, and posts fell downe, that you would verily have thought that some Theeves had beene presently come to have spoyled and robbed us. And my bed whereon I lay being a truckle bed, fashioned in forme of a Cradle, and one of the feet broken and rotten, by violence was turned upside downe, and I likewise was overwhelmed and covered lying in the same. Then perceived I in my selfe, that certaine affects of the minde by nature doth chance contrary. For as tears oftentimes trickle down the cheekes of him that seeth or heareth some joyfull newes, so I being in this fearefull perplexity, could not forbeare laughing, to see how of Aristomenus I was made like unto a snake in his shell. And while I lay on the ground covered in this sort, I peeped under the bed to see what would happen. And behold there entred in two old women, the one bearing a burning torch, and the other a sponge and a naked sword; and so in this habit they stood about Socrates being fast asleep. Then shee which bare the sword sayd unto the other, Behold sister Panthia, this is my deare and sweet heart, which both day and night hath abused my wanton youthfulnesse. This is he, who little regarding my love, doth not onely defame me with reproachfull words, but also intendeth to run away. And I shall be forsaken by like craft as Vlysses did us, and shall continually bewaile my solitarinesse as Calipso. Which said, shee pointed towards mee that lay under the bed, and shewed

me to Panthia. This is hee, quoth she, which is his Counsellor, and perswadeth him to forsake me, and now being at the point of death he lieth prostrate on the ground covered with his bed, and hadi seene all our doings, and hopeth to escape scot-free from my hands, but I will cause that hee shall repent himselfe too late, nay rather forthwith, of his former untemperate language, and his present curiosity. Which words when I heard I fell into a cold sweat, and my heart trembled with feare, insomuch that the bed over me did likewise rattle and shake. Then spake Panthia unto Meroe and said, Sister let us by and by teare him in pieces, or tye him by the members, and so cut them off. Then Meroe (being so named because she was a Taverner, and loved well good wines) answered, Nay rather let him live, and bury the corps of this poore wretch in some hole of the earth; and therewithall shee turned the head of Socrates on the other side, and thrust her sword up to the hilts into the left part of his necke, and received the bloud that gushed out, into a pot, that no drop thereof fell beside: which things I saw with myne owne eyes, and as I thinke to the intent she might alter nothing that pertained to sacrifice, which she accustomed to make, she thrust her hand downe into the intrals of his body, and searching about, at length brought forth the heart of my miserable companion Socrates, who having his throat cut in such sort, yeelded out a dolefull cry and gave up the ghost. 'l'hen Panthia stopped the wide wound of his throat with the Sponge, and said, O Sponge sprung and made of the sea, beware that thou passe not by running River. This being sayd, the one of them moved and turned up my bed, and then they strid over mee, and clapped their buttocks upon my face, and all bepissed mee till I was wringing wet. When this was ended they went their wayes, and the doores closed fast, the posts stood in their old places, and the lockes and bolts were shut againe. But I that lay upon the ground like one without soule, naked and cold, and wringing wet with pisse, like to one that were more than halfe dead, yet reviving my selfe, and appointed as I thought for the Gallowes, began to say, Alasse what shall become of me to morrow, when my companion shall be found murthered here in the chamber? To whom shall I seeme to tell any similitude of truth, when as I shal tell the trueth in deed? They will say, if thou wert unable to resist the violence of the women, yet shouldest thou have cried for helpe; Wouldst thou suffer the man to be slaine before thy face and say nothing? Or why did they not slay thee likewise? Why did they spare thee that stood by and saw them commit that horrible fact? Wherefore although thou hast escaped their hands, yet thou shalt not escape ours. While I pondered these things with my selfe the night passed on, and so I resolved to take my horse before day, and goe forward on my journey.

Howbeit the wayes were unknowne unto me, and thereupon I tooke up my packet, unlocked and unbarred the doors, but those good and faithfull doores which in the night did open of their owne accord, could then scantly be opened with their keys. And when I was out I cried, O sirrah Hostler where art thou? open the stable doore, for I will ride away by and by. The Hostler lying behinde the stable doore upon a pallet, and halfe asleepe, Mat (quoth hee) doe you not know that the wayes be very dangerous? What meane you to rise at this time of night? If you perhaps guflty of some heynous crime, be weary of your life, yet thinke you not that wee are such Sots that we will die for you. Then said I, It is well nigh day, and moreover, what can Theeves take from him that hath nothing? Doest thou not know (Foole as thou art) if thou be naked, if ten Gyants should assaile thee, they could not spoyle or rob thee? Whereunto the drowsie Hostler halfe asleepe, and turning on the other side, answered, What know I whether you have murthered your Companion whom you brought in yesternight, or no, and now seeke the meanes to escape away? O lord, at that time I remember the earth seemed to open, and me thought I saw at hell gate the Dog Cerberus ready to devour mee; and then I verily belceved, that Meroe did not spare my throat, mooved with pitty, but rather cruelly pardoned mee to bring mee to the Gallowes. Wherefore I returned to my chamber, and there devised with my selfe in what sort I should finish my life. But when I saw that fortune would minister unto mee no other instrument, than that which my bed profered mee, I sayd, O bed, O bed, most dear tiiito me at this present, which hast abode and suffered with me so many miscries,

judge and arbiter of such things as were done here this night, whome only I may call to witnesse for my innocency, render (I say) unto me some wholsome weapon to end my life, that am most willing to dye. And therewithal I pulled out a piece of the rope wherewith the bed was corded and tyed one end thereof about a rafter by the window, and with the other end I made a sliding knot, and stood upon my bed, and so put my neck into it, and when I leaped from the bed, thinking verily to strangle my selfe and so dye, behold the rope beeing old and rotten burst in the middle, and I fell downe tumbling upon Socrates that lay under: And even at that same very time the Hostler came in crying with a loud voyce, and sayd,Where are you that made such hast at midnight, and now lies wallowing abed? Whereupon (I know not whether it was by my fall, or by the great cry of the Hostler) Socrates as waking out of a sleepe, did rise up first and sayd, It is not without cause that strangers do speake evill of all such Hostlers, for this Caitife in his comming in, and with his crying out, I thinke under a colour to steale away somthing, hath waked me out of a sound sleepe. Then I rose up joyfull with a merry countenance, saying, Behold good Hostler, my friend, my companion and my brother, whom thou didst falsly affirme to be slaine by mee this night. And therewithall I embraced my friend Socrates and kissed him: but hee smelling the stinke of the pisse wherewith those Hagges had embrued me, thrust me away and sayd, Clense thy selfe from this filthy odour, and then he began gently to enquire, how that noysome sent hapned unto mee. But I finely feigning and colouring the matter for the time, did breake off his talk, and tooke him by the hand and sayd, Why tarry we? Why lose wee the pleasure of this faire morning? Let us goe, and so I tooke up my packet and payed the charges of the house and departed: and we had not gone a mile out of the Towne but it was broad day, and then I diligently looked upon Socrates throat, to see if I could espy the place where Meroe thrust in her sword: but when I could not perceive any such thing, I thought with my selfe, What a mad man am I, that being overcome with wine yester night, have dreamed such terrible things? Behold, I see Socrates is sound, safe, and in health. Where is his wound? where is the Sponge? Where is his great and new cut? And then I spake to him and sayd, Verily it is not without occasion, that Physitians of experience do affirme, That such as fill their gorges abundantly with meat and drinke, shall dreame of dire and horrible sights: for I my selfe, not tempering my appetite yester night from the pots of wine, did seeme to see this night strange and cruel visions, that even yet I think my self sprinkled and wet with human blood: whereunto Socrates laughing made answer and said, Nay, thou art not wet with the blood of men, but thou art imbrued with stinking pisse; and verily I my selfe dreamed this night that my throat was cut, and that I felt the paine of the wound, and that my heart was pulled out of my belly, and the remembrance thereof makes me now to feare, for my knees do so tremble that I can scarce goe any further, and thercforc I would faine cat somewhat to strengthen and revive my spirits.' Then said I, Behold here thy breakefast, and therewithall I opened my script that hanged upon my shoulder, and gave him bread and cheese, and we sate downe under a great Plane tree, and I eat part with him; and while I beheld him eating greedily, I perceived that he waxed meigre and pale, and that his lively colour faded away, insomuch that beeing in great fear, and remembring those terrible furies of whom I lately dreamed, the first morsell of bread that I put in my mouth (which was but very small) did so sticke in my jawes, that I could neither swallow it downe, nor yet yeeld it up, and moreover the small time of our being together increased my feare, and what is hee that seeing his companion die in the high-way before his face, would not greatly lament and bee sorry? But when that Socrates had eaten sufficiently he waxed very thirsty, for indeed he had well nigh devoured all a whole Cheese: and behold evill fortune! there was behinde the Plane tree a pleasant running water as cleere as Crystal, and I sayd unto him, Come hither Socrates to this water and drinke thy fill. And then he rose and came to the River and kneeled downe upon the side of the banke to drinke, but he had scarce touched the water with his lips when as behold the wound of his throat opened wide, and the Sponge suddenly fell into the water, and after issued out a little remnant of bloud, and his body

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being then without life, had fallen into the river, had not I caught him by the leg and so pulled him up. And after that I had lamented a good space the death of my wretched companion, I buried him in the Sands there by the river.

Which done, in great feare I rode through many Outwayes and desart places, and as culpable of the death of Socrates, I forsooke my countrey, my wife, and my children, and came to Etolia where I married another Wife.

This tale told Aristomenus, and his fellow which before obstinatly would give no credit unto him, began to say, Verily there was never so foolish a tale, nor a more absurd lie told than diis. And then he spake unto me saying, Ho sir, what you are I know not, but your habit and countenance declareth that you should be some honest Gentleman, (speaking to Apuleius) doe you belceve this tale? Yea verily (quoth 1) why not? For whatsoever the fates have appointed to men, that I beleeve shall happen. For many things chance unto nie and unto you, and to divers others, which beeing declared unto the ignorant bee accounted as lies. But verily I give credit unto his tale, and render entire thankes unto him, in that by the pleasant relation thereof we have qtiickly passed and shortned our journey, and I thinke that my horse also was (telighted with the saine, and hath brought me to the gate of this city without ;ttiy paine at all. Thus ended both our talke and journey, for they two turned on the lett hand to the next villages, and I rode into the City.

Translated by W. Aldington

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Bodel: The Cock Market

> Jean Bodel of Arras, the first known author of fabliaux, lived between the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. We know that lie was interned as a leper in 1210. The title of this fabliau, which is here reproduced in its entirety, is usually given as *Li sohaiz desvez*, ('The Foolish Dream'); but recently the word 'desvez' has been transcribed as 'des vez', i.e. 'des viz', 'of the cocks'; and not 'desvez', i.e. 'foolish, mad'.

I will tell you briefly of an adventure that I heard at Douai; it's about what happened to a man and his wife, whose names, however, I do not know. She was a good woman and he a good man, but I can assure you that each loved the other very much.

One day this good man had some business to do out of town; he was away for at least three months looking for new wares. His business went so well that he returned happy and content to Douai one Thursday evening. Do not think that his wife was sorry to see him, she showed such joy towards her lord, which was also what her duty as a wife required of her, that he never felt so happy before. When she had hugged and kissed him she prepared a low comfortable chair so that he could be at his case; supper had been ready for some time and they ate as much as they wished, sitting on a cushion by the fire that burned brightly and smokelessly. The room was well-lit and cheerful; they ate two courses: meat and fish, they had wine from Auxerre and Soissons, a white tablecloth and good food. The lady was eager to serve him: she gave her husband the best portions and poured him wine at every morsel to increase his enjoyment. The lady was very keen to offer him her services for she expected that he in his turn should welcome her too. But she was not very careful about one thing: she gave him so much wine that he was completely overcome by it, so that when it was bedtime he quite forgot that other pleasure. His wife, however, who came to lie beside him, remembered it well; she was not waiting for his invitation, she was quite ready for everything. he took no notice of his wife who would have liked to have some fun and stay awake a little longer. Do not think that the lady was pleased when she discovered her husband was asleep. 'Ah!' she said, 'This is proof of the filthy, smelly peasant that he is; he ought to be awake but he's asleep! I'm very annoyed about this; I haven't slept with him for two months nor he with me, and now the devil has sent him to sleep, and may he take him Too!' The lady does not say what she thinks, but meditates and pushes aside the thoughts that arouse her; she does not wake or touch him for he would consider her insatiable. For this reason the lady forgot the thoughts and desires she felt towards him and fell asleep, angry and upset.

Now in all truth I tell you that while she was asleep the lady had a dream and dreamt that she was at an annual fair of which you have never heard the likes. There were no stalls or yard-sticks, no tarpaulins or shops, no money changers nor tables nor any place where people sold grey or squirrel fur, nor linen or woollen cloth, nor alum, dye or cochineal, nor anything else, it seemed, but balls and cocks; of these there was no lack. The houses, rooms and attics were full of them and every day porters would arrive weighed down by cocks; and they came by the cartload too. And even if many came, it was not in vain, for everybody sold his share. For thirty sous you could have a good one, and for twenty a nicely shaped one, and there were poor people's cocks too; you could have fun with a little one for ten, nine or eight sous. They were sold retail and wholesale, the biggest were the best, the most expensive, the most sought after. The lady looked everywhere, and struggled and strove until she came to a stall where she had seen a big long one,. She stayed near there: it was big

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at the back, big all over and had a large bold snout. To tell you the truth, you could throw a cherry, send it flying into the eye and it would go all the way to the sack containing the balls that were as big as a shovel; never was there anything like it. The lady began to bargain for the cock, she asked the man the price: 'Even if you were my sister you would not pay less than two marks. This cock is neither poor nor feeble; indeed, it is the best in Lorraine and its balls are from Lorraine too: they've worked well this year! Take it, you won't regret it,' he said, 'seeing as though you're being begged to do so.' 'My friend, what's the point in dillydallying? I'll give you fifty sous if you think that's enough; you'll never get anything more anywhere and I'll give you a penny tip, may God give me joy.' 'I've practically given it away,' he said, 'because I don't want to press you further, and may I receive all that you will wish upon me when you try it out; I think you'll say many a prayer and a psalm t'or me yet.' Then the lady raised her hand and aimed with such strength for she thought she was striking his palm, but instead she hit her husband, she struck him so hard with the palm of her hand on his check as to leave the mark other five fingers. The slap made him tremble and burn from car to chin, he was astonished and woke up and on awaking he started, and the lady, who would have preferred to go on sleeping longer, also woke up with a jolt for her joy was turned to sorrow. On awaking she lost the pleasure that she had had in her dream: this was why she would have slept still. 'My love,' he said, 'do tell me what you were dreaming about when you gave me that slap. Were you asleep or awake?' 'My lord, I did not hit you,' she said. 'Don't mention it again, for your love and peace of mind.' 'For the trust you have in me, please tell me what you saw, then, do not conceal anything for any reason.'

Know then that the lady began to tell her talc, willingly or perhaps not, of of how she had dreamt about the cocks, how there were bad ones and good ones, how she had bought one for herself that was the biggest and the fattest for fifty sous and a penny. 'My lord,' she said, 'this is what happened: the deal had to be concluded; when I thought I was striking his hand, I slapped you hard on the cheek; I did it while I was asleep. For the love of God, do not be angry if I behaved foolishly, I admit my guilt to you and beg your pardon with all my heart.' 'But of course, my dear,' said he, 'l forgive you and may God do so too!' Then he put his arms round her and hugged her tightly and kissed her sweet mouth; and his member began to stretch for she aroused and excited him. Then he put his cock in her hand and when he felt somewhat satisfied he said: 'My dear, by the faith that you owe me, and may God give you great honour, what price would the one you are holding in your hand have fetched at the fair?' 'My lord, if I live to see tomorrow, even if someone had a coffer full of these, he would not find anyone willing to make an offer or to pay a penny for it; even the poor men's cocks were such that one of them would have been worth more than twice as much as this one; I can tell you that there yours would not have been looked at or asked for from afar or near.' 'My dear,' he said, 'l don't really care, but take this one until you can get something better.' And I think this is what she did.

They spent a happy night together, but I believe she was quite brazen in that the next day she went round telling everybody to the point that the news reached the ears of Jean Bodel, a writer of fabliaux, who thought it a good story and added it to his own compositions. To cut a long story short, this is where the lady's tale ends.

Translated by Ch. Lee

Ariosto: Orlando and Angelica

This passage comes from *Orlando furioso*, a romantic epic written by Ludovico Ariosto in the

early sixteenth century, which describes the madness of Orlando, paladin of Charlemagne and chief defender of the Christian faith against the Moors. Before the poem starts, Orlando and his cousin Rinaldo fight for the possession of Angelica, the beautiful daughter of the Great Khan of Cathay; Charlemagne promises Angelica to 'which of them, in the impending fight,/More Infidels impaled upon his sword'. But the Christian army is defeated that day, and Angelica flies away. Now Orlando dreams of perils threatening his beloved.

Translated by B. Reynolds [the translation will be added if/when permission is given]

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Donne: Elegie X – The Dreame

This is one of the *Elegies* by John Donne. Another celebrated poem about dreams by Donne, with the same title, *The Dreame*, is in the *Songs and Sonets* ('Dear love, for nothing lesse than thee')

IMAGE of her whom I love, more than she,
Whose fair impression in my faithful heart
Makes me her medal, and makes her love me,
As kings do coins, to which their stamps impart
The value ; go, and take my heart from hence,
Which now is grown too great and good for me.
Honours oppress weak spirits, and our sense
Strong objects dull ; the more, the less we see.
When you are gone, and reason gone with you,
Then fantasy is queen and soul, and all ;
She can present joys meaner than you do,
Convenient, and more proportional.
So, if I dream I have you, I have you,
For all our joys are but fantastical ;
And so I 'scape the pain, for pain is true ;
And sleep, which locks up sense, doth lock out all.
After a such fruition I shall wake,
And, but the waking, nothing shall repent ;
And shall to love more thankful sonnets make,
Than if more honour, tears, and pains were spent.
But, dearest heart and dearer image, stay ;
Alas ! true joys at best are dream enough ;
Though you stay here, you pass too fast away,
For even at first life's taper is a snuff.
Fill'd with her love, may I be rather grown
Mad with much heart, than idiot with none.

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Sorel: Francion

Charles Sorel's Histoire comique de Francion, a masterpiece of seventeenth-century fiction little known outside France, appeared in 1623. This irreverent picaresque tale was then diluted and expurgated in two successive editions (1626 and 1633). The novel begins in medias res: Francion has a rendezvous with his beloved Laurette, after sending her old husband away on an unlikely magie cure for impotence, but their meeting is disrupted by the arrival of thieves. Francion fails from a ladder he was using to reach the window of his mistress, and is taken to an inn where he meets a gentleman, Raymond. He tells him of his love for Laurette and they both go to bed. An old woman, a retired procuress who had Laurette as her pupil and employee before her marriage, has heard the story, and decides to have a look at Francion. Half awakened by the light of her candle, Francion mistakes her for Laurette and kisses her passionately. 'l'he old bawd then tells him about Laurette's past and goes away. The next day, Francion recounts to Raymond the dreams he has had during the night.

Sir, since your subtle mind craves the diversion of dreams, let me recount to you the most fantastic the human car has ever been privy to. And let this principle of my own devising govern my discourse: that if I am found guilty, in the telling, of boring you with nonsense, I will stop as soon as you mention it 'You would never get to the end of your story,' the Burgundian gentleman interrupted 'were you to wait for me to enjoin silence upon you: for you are incapable of saying anything which does not bear absorbingly on your subject .and which does not bring the listener exquisite pleasure. Even if the things you have dreamed are utterly rhyme or reason, I will not allow my attention to waver an instant, so that, afterwards, I may thoroughly scrutinize them and find an explanation for them' I will give you full satisfaction then,the pilgrim said, even though I am sure that Artemidorus himself would have been at a loss in so difficult an undertaking.

Having bid you goodnight after the recital of my history, I gave myself up to an infinite variety of thoughts, and constructed incomparable castles in the air relative to my love-life and fortune, the two concerns which tyrannize my life. So preoccupied was I by these, that sleep took me unawares, and from the very beginning, because my mind was filled with what had befallen me the day before, it seemed to me that I was still in a tub, but unbound and quite naked. I was floating on a huge lake and was very much surprised to see several other men, as naked as I was, and borne along in tubs like mine. They all came from some unidentifiable place by way of a small canal, and after a time there were so many of them that I was afraid lest their tubs so encumbered mine that it would no longer have room to move. But this was not the source of my greatest anxiety, for other things demanded my attention. There was a hole in my vessel which I had to keep permanently plugged with my hands for fear of drowning. My only and meagre consolation was that all the others were in similar straits. No matter, this predicament would have been tolerable to us, had we not at the same time been rained upon by an assortment of cucumbers, melons, mortadellos and other sausages which we hardly dared pick up for fear of letting the water in while we did so.

Those gnawed at by hunger took what they could with one hand, keeping the other firmly over the hole. Others more gluttonous and inventive (for the desire to satisfy the stomach is a master of all arts and sciences) used their members as plugs and set about seizing hold of the sweet manna, which fell from heaven, with both hands. I, who to begin with had done nothing more than open my mouth as a gutter for the rain, was so bold as to follow their example, which produced excellent

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results. Alas for the misfortunes of some of my companions who sought to emulate me. Their pathetic members were so small, that instead of serving as plugs, they could only act as taps. Consequently they were drowned in pitiful circumstances, all because they had not managed to plug up the hole in their vessels.

For my own part, I had no fear of falling victim to this misfortune, largely because I was as well endowed as anyone with what was necessary; so I had no care in the world other than to fil] my belly with sausages, which struck me as the most regal of feasts. Once I had eaten my fill, I diverted myself with the contemplation of a beautiful island in the middle of our lake, where I saw dishes far more exquisite than those on which I had just surfeited myself.

Who can it be who condemns us to such misery? said I. Why does he not cast us up on this delightful island I see before me? Or if it is the hatred he bears us which prevents him doing so, why has he allowed us to carry on living this long?

After uttering these words and realizing that i could not steer my vessel as I wished, because I had no oars, I threw myself headlong into the lake, with the intention of swimming to the island; but I paid the price for my imprudence, for the island which I thought was very close by was in fact a great distance off, and even seemed to recede at the same rate as I progressed towards it, as though it was swimming just as I was.

My despair of ever reaching it reduced my strength to nothing; and my body being no longer borne up by the movement of my arms and feet, I was engulfed by the waves which just then swelled up, with all the unbridled force of sea-waves.

However I fell into a place without sustaining the slightest injury, for the ground was covered with young breasts, stuck together in pairs, like balloons, balloons which I took much time and pleasure rolling about on. Finally I stretched myself out on my back, with all my muscles relaxed, when a beautiful lady came and knelt beside me. She put a funnel in my mouth and, holding a vase in her hands, told me that she wanted me to taste a delicious liquor. I needed no further invitation, but opened my mouth wider than the Bard did when he swallowed a mouse while taking a drink. Then, lifting herself up a little, she pissed more than a pint of urine, and a very generous pint at that, which I had no option but to swallow.

I quickly leapt up to punish her, and had no sooner given her a sharp cuff than her whole body fell to pieces. Her head was on one side, her arms on another, her legs a little further away-, in short everything was put asunder. And what made me marvel the more was the fact that, shortly afterwards, all these members and organs resumed their normal functions and operations. The legs began walking about the cave, the arms came over to give me a beating, the head pulled ugly faces and the tongue hurled abuse at me. My fear lest I be accused of having murdered this woman impelled me to search out some way of bringing her back to life. I thought that if all the parts of her could be reassembled, she would recover her former state, since there was no part of her which was not ready to resume all its normal activities. So I collected all the pieces together except her arms and head, and seeing her belly so invitingly attractive, I took the bold step of fondling it, to make my peace with her; but her tongue cried out that I had not chosen the breasts that belonged to her and that the ones I had re-attached to her body were some others I had picked up in the cave. Immediately I set about discovering hers, and when I had fixed them in their appointed place, the head and arms lost time in taking up their appropriate positions, desirous as they were of partaking of the pleasure, along with the other members. The mouth kissed me and the arms tightly embraced me, until a blissful langour made me abandon my caresses.

Translated by C. Scott

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Racine: The Young Assassin

Like Racine's other tragedy inspired by a Biblical story, *Esther*, *Athaliah* was written for the girls' school of Saint-Cyr, where it was represented in 1691. The story is based on 2 Kings, 8-11. Two main factions are confronted: the Kingdom ofjudah, true to the jewish faith; and the Kingdom of Israel, which has become pagan. But Joram, King of judah, marries Athaliah, daughter of Ahab, King of Israel and Queen Jezebel. Athaliah converts her husband to paganism. Joram dies, and is succeeded by his son Ochosias. Meanwhile, Israel has gone back to the true faith under the reign of Jehu, oncle of Ochosias, who kills his nephew together with all the descendants of Achab, and throws Jezebel to the dogs. Athaliah, who wants to remain Queen of Judah, massacres in the meantime all the children of Ochosias. But one of them, Joas, is saved by the great priest, who hides him in the temple till he can claim his kingship. At the beginning of the tragedy Athaliah is haunted by this premonitory dream.

Translated by R.C. Knight [the translation will be added if/when permission is given; meanwhile, here is the French original text]

Mais un trouble importun vient, depuis quelques jours,
De mes prospérités interrompre le cours.
Un songe (me devrais-je inquiéter d'un songe?)
Entretient dans mon coeur un chagrin qui le ronge.
Je l'évite partout, partout il me poursuit.
C'était pendant l'horreur d'une profonde nuit.
Ma mère Jézabel davant moi s'est montrée,
Comme au jour de sa mort pompeusement parée.
Ses malheurs n'avaient point abattu sa fierté ;
Même elle avait encor cet éclat emprunté
Dont elle eut soin de peindre et d'orner son visage,
Pour réparer des ans l'irréparable outrage.
«Tremble, m'a-t-elle dit, fille digne de moi ;
Le cruel Dieu des Juifs l'emporte aussi sur toi.
Je te plains de tomber dans ses mains redoutables,
Ma fille.» En achevant ces mots épouvantables,
Son ombre vers mon lit a paru se baisser ;
Et moi, je lui tendais les mains pour l'embrasser.
Mais je n'ai plus trouvé qu'un horrible mélange
D'os et de chairs meurtris et traînés dans la fange,

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Des lambeaux pleins de sang et des membres affreux
Que des chiens dévorants se disputaient entre eux.
ABNER
Grand Dieu !
ATHALIE
Dans ce désordre à mes yeux se présente
Un jeune enfant couvert d'une robe éclatante,
Tels qu'on voit des Hébreux les prêtres revêtus.
Sa vue a ranimé mes esprits abattus ;
Mais, lorsque revenant de mon trouble funeste,
J'admirais sa douceur, son air noble et modeste,
J'ai senti tout à coup un homicide acier
Que le traître en mon sein a plongé tout entier.
De tant d'objets divers le bizarre assemblage
Peut-être du hasard vous paraît un ouvrage.
Moi-même quelque temps, honteuse de ma peur,
Je l'ai pris pour l'effet d'une sombre vapeur.
Mais de ce souvenir mon âme possédée
A deux fois en dormant revu la même idée ;
Deux fois mes tristes yeux se sont vu retracer
Ce même enfant toujours tout prêt à me percer.

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Encyclopédie: Dreams

The text is taken from the *Encyclopédie* edited by Diderot and D'Alembert, published between 1751 and 1772 in twenty-eight volumes.

The imagination of the waking consciousness is a civilized republic, kept in order by the voice of the magistrate; the imagination of the dreaming consciousness is the same republic, delivered up to anarchy; it should be said, however, that passions are themselves frequent offences against the authority of the law-giver, even when his powers are being fully exercised. There is a law of the imagination for which experience provides incontrovertible proof, namely that the imagination connects objects in the same pattern in which our senses present them to us, and that in the process of remembering, it acts in conformity with that pattern. This is such common knowledge that it would be otiose to dwell upon it. Let us suppose we see a stranger today, for the first time, at some entertainment, in such and such a place, in the company of other individuals: if in the evening our imagination recalls the image of this stranger, either involuntarily or because we will it, it will automatically take it upon itself to represent to us, simultaneously, the place of the entertainment, the sear occupied by the stranger, and the people we noticed in his immediate vicinity; and if we happen to see this same stranger somewhere else, after a year or ten years or more, depending on the power of our memory, even as we see him this whole escort of images, if I may so express it, will gravitate around him.

Such being the manner, therefore, in which images are arranged in our brains, it is hardly surprising that so many bizarre combinations result; but this must be insisted upon, because it explains the outlandishness and apparent absurdity of dreams; and it is not just two objects which are connected in this way, but ten, a thousand, indeed the enormous conglomeration of all our images, of which not one has been registered without some other, and that other without a third, and so on. By recalling any single image, you can, one after the other, summon up all the others, by routes mapped out not by chance, as it might seem, but by the order and circumstances which governed their first entry into our minds; our minds are, if you like, a wood intersected by a thousand pathways; you find yourself on such and such a path, in other words your mind is busied by such and such a sense-impression; if you yield to its enticements, as one does either voluntarily when one is awake, or willy-nilly in the dreams which draw one along this path, you will take a second path, then a third, according to whether they have been made or not; and your itinerary, however irregular it seems, will depend on your point of departure and the lay-out of the wood, so that at another place or in a wood differently intersected, you would have taken another route, been plunged in another dream.

Given these principles, let us now use them to solve the problem of dreams. Dreams occupy us during sleep, and when a dream comes to us, we emerge from the kind of total lethargy into which deep sleep had plunged us, and perceive a sequence of images which are more or less well-defined, depending on the intensity of the dream; this is the popular conception of dreaming. We can only be said to be dreaming when we become conscious of these images, when these images imprint themselves on our memories and we are able to say that we have had such and such a dream, or at least that we have been dreaming. But, in the strictest sense, we are dreaming all the time, that is to say that as soon as sleep has taken possession of our mental operations, the mind is subject to an uninterrupted series of representations and perceptions; but sometimes they are so confused or so dimly registered, that they do not leave the slightest trace, and this is in fact what we call 'deep

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sleep'; but we would be wrong to regard it as a total absence of any sort of perception, as complete mental inertia.

Translated by C. Scott

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Voltaire: The One-Eyed Street Porter

An expurgated version of the tale *The One-Eyed Street Porter* first appeared anonymously in *Le Journal des Dames* of March 1774. The translation given here corresponds to the slightly bawdier version first published in Kehl's posthumous edition of Voltaire's Oeuvres (1784).

Our two eyes do not render our condition any the better; one of them enables us to see the good, and the other the evil of life; very many people have the bad habit of closing the first, and very few close the second, - this is why there are so many who would rather be blind than to see all that they do see. Happy are the one-eyed who are deprived only of that bad eye which spoils everything that is looked at! Of these, Mesrour is an example.

It would have been necessary to have been blind not to have seen that Mesrour was one-eyed. He had been so from birth; but he was a one-eyed so contented with his condition that it had never occurred to him to desire another eye; it was not in the least the gifts of Fortune which consoled him for the wrongs of Nature, for he was simply a street-porter, and had no other treasure than his shoulders; but lie was happy, and lie showed clearly that one eye the more and the inconvenience of having one less had very little to do with happiness money and appetite came to him always in proportion to the exercise he took; lie worked in the early part of the day, ate and drank in the evening, slept at night, and considered all days as so many separate lives; in such fashion that care for the future never troubled him in the enjoyment of the present. He was, as you sec, at once one-eyed, street-porter, and philosopher.

He happened to see, passing in a brilliant chariot, a great princess who had one eye more than he, which did not prevent him from thinking her very beautiful; and, as the one-eyed differ from other men only in having an eye the less, he fell violently in love with her. It might be said perhaps that when one is street-porter and one-eyed, it is not at all necessary to fall in love, above all ,a great princess, and, what is still more, with a princess who has two eyes.

I will admit hat there is much cause to fear that one may not please; however, as there is no love without hope, and as our porter loved, he hoped. As he had more legs than eyes, and as they were good ones, he followed for the distance of four leagues the chariot of his goddess, which her six great white horses drew with much rapidity. The fashion of the time, for the ladies, was to ride without lackeys and without a coachman, and to drive themselves; the husbands wished that they should always be alone, in order to be more sure of their virtue, which is directly opposed to the sentiment of the moralists who declare that there is no virtue in solitude. Mesrour ran steadily along by the wheels of the chariot, turning his good eye on the lady, who was astonished to see a one-eyed man of this agility.

Whilst he was thus proving that one is indefatigable for her who is beloved, a wild beast, pursued by the hunters, crossed the high road and frightened the horses, who, having taken their bits in their teeth, dragged the beautiful lady toward a precipice; her new lover, more frightened even than she, - although she was very much so, - cut the traces with a marvellous agility, the six white horses leaped over the precipice alone, and the lady, who was not less white than they, got off with the fright. 'Whoever you may be,' she said to him, 'l shall never forget that i owe my life to you; ask of me whatever you like; everything that i have is yours.' 'Ah! I can with much more reason,' replied Mesrour, 'offer the same to you; but in offering it to you, I should offer you always less; for I have

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only one eye, and you have two, - but one eye that looks at you is worth more than two eyes that do not see your own.' The lady smiled, for the gallantries of a one-eyed man are still gallantries, and gallantries always provoke smiles. 'l should like very well to be able to offer you another eye,' she said to him, 'but it is your mother alone who could have made you that present: but follow me still.'With these words she descended from her chariot and continued her route on foot; her little dog descended also and walked on foot beside her, barking at the strange figure of her attendant squire. i am wrong in giving him the title of squire; for, no matter how much he might offer her his arm, the lady was never willing to accept it, under the pretext that it was too dirty; and you are going to see how she was obliged to pay dearly for her cleanliness, - she had very little feet, and shoes still smaller than her feet, so that she was neither built nor shod in such a manner as to be able to sustain a long march.

Pretty feet may console for having poor legs, when one's life is passed in a reclining-chair surrounded by a crowd of fops; but of what use are slippers embroidered in spangles in a rocky road, where they can be seen only by a street-porter, and above all by a porter who has only one eye? Mélinade (that was the lady's name, which I have had my reasons for not giving until now, because it was not yet invented) advanced as best she could, cursing her shoemaker, tearing her shoes, skinning her feet, and spraining her ankles at every step. It was about an hour and a half that she had been walking at the pace great ladies usually take, that- is to say that she had already made nearly a quarter of a league, when she fell with fatigue on the spot. The Mesrour, whose aid she had refused whilst she was still on her feet, now hesitated to offer it to her, in the fear of soiling her by touching her; for he knew very well that he was not clean, the lady had made it sufficiently clear to him, and the comparison which he had made himself on the road, between himself and his mistress, had made him see it still more clearly. She wore a dress of light silver stuff, sown with garlands of flowers, which allowed all the beauty of her figure to appear brilliantly; and he wore a brown, laborer's frock, spotted in a thousand places, full of holes and patches; in such sort that the patches were beside the holes, and not above them, where they would have been, however, better placed; he had compared his hands, sinewy and converted into callosities, with two little hands more white and more delicate than the lilies; finally, he had observed the beautiful blond hair of Mélinade, which could be seen through a light veil of gauze, partly gathered up and partly twisted into curls, and he had to place beside that only black horse-hair, bristly and frizzled, and having for sole ornament a torn turban.

Meanwhile, Mélinade endeavoured to rise, but she presently fell again, and so unfortunately that she allowed Mesrour to perceive that which deprived him of the little reason which the sight of the princess's countenance had left him. He forgot that he was a street-porter, that he was one-eyed, and he no longer thought of the distance which Fortune had placed between Mélinade and him; scarcely did he remember that he was a lover, for he was wanting in the delicacy which is said to be inseparable from true love, and which constitutes sometimes its charm and much oftener its weariness; he made use of the rights which his quality of porter gave him to brutality, he was brutal and happy. The princess was then doubtless in a swoon, or she would certainly have sighed over her fate; but, as she was just, she surely blessed destiny that every misfortune brings with it its consolation.

Night had extended her veil over the horizon, and she concealed in her shadows the veritable happiness of Mesrour, and the pretended unhappiness of Mélinade; Mesrour tasted the pleasures of perfect lovers, and he tasted them like a street-porter, that is to say (to the shame of humanity), in the same perfect manner; the weakness of Mélinade constantly overcame her, and her lover constantly regained his forces. 'Powerful Mahomet,' he once exclaimed like a man transported, but like a bad Catholic, 'there is lacking to my felicity only that it should be felt by her who causes it;

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whilst i am in thy paradise, divine prophet, grant me still one more favour, - that is, to be in Mélinade's eyes that which she would be in my eye if it were day;' he finished praying and continued enjoying. Aurora, always too diligent for lovers, surprised Mesrour and Mélinade in the attitude in which she might have been surprised herself a moment previously with Tithonous. But, what was the astonishment of Mélinade when, opening her eyes at the first rays of the sun, she saw herself in an enchanted spot with a young man of noble figure, whose visage resembled the luminary whose return the earth was then awaiting; he had rosy cheeks, coral lips; his large eyes, tender and lively at once, expressed and inspired voluptuousness; his quiver of gold, ornamented with precious stones, was suspended from his shoulders, and pleasure alone made his arrows rattle; His long, floating hair, retained by a diamond band, floated freely down to his loins, and a transparent stuff, embroidered with pearls, served hi for a garment whilst concealing none of the beauties of his body.

'Where am I, and who are you?' cried Mélinade in the excess of her surprise. 'You are,' he replied, 'with the wretch who had the happiness to save your life, and who has so well paid himself for his trouble.'Mélinade, as contented as astonished, regretted that the metamorphosis of Mesrour had not commenced sooner. She approached a brilliant palace which attracted her eyes, and read this inscription over the door: 'Keep far away, profane ones, these doors open only to the master of the ring.' Mesrour approached in his turn to read the same inscription; but he saw other characters, and read these words: 'Knock without fear.' He knocked, and immediately the doors opened of themselves with a great noise. The two lovers entered to the sound of a thousand voices and a thousand instruments in a vestibule of Parian marble; from there they passed into a superb hall, where a delicious feast had been awaiting them for twelve hundred and fifty years, without any one of the dishes growing cold, - they seated themselves at the table and were served each one by a thousand slaves of the greatest beauty; the repast was accompanied by concerts and dances; and when it was ended, all the genii came in the most perfect order, divided into different troops, with costumes as magnificent as they were singular, to take the oath of fidelity to the master of the ring, and to kiss the sacred finger on which he wore it.

Meanwhile there was at Bagdad a very devout Mussulman, who, not being able to go and perform his ablutions at the mosque, caused the water from the mosque to be brought to his house, in consideration of a slight recompense which he paid the priest. He had just completed the fifth ablution, in order to dispose himself for the fifth prayer; and his maidservant, a heedless young thing, very little given to devotion, got rid of the sacred water by throwing it out of the window. It fell upon an unfortunate who was sleeping profoundly in the corner by a post which served him for a pillow. He was inundated and awoke. It was the poor Mesrour, who, returning from his enchanted sojourn, had lost on his way the ring of Solomon. He had shed his superb garments and had resumed his coarse frock; his fine quiver of gold had changed into a porter's wooden pack, and he had, to complete his misfortunes, left one of his eyes on the road. He then remembered that he had drunk the evening before a great quantity of brandy which had made his senses drowsy and heated his imagination. He had up to this time loved this liquor for its taste, he began now to love it through gratitude, and he returned gaily to his work, quite resolved to employ his wages in purchasing the means of finding again his dear Mélinade. Another might have been in despair at being a villainous one-eyed man after having had two beautiful eyes; to have to put up with the refusal of the sweepers of the palace, after having enjoyed the favours of a princess more beautiful than the mistresses of the Caliph; and to be in the service of all the tradespeople of Bagdad, after having reigned over all the genii; but Mesrour did not have that eye which sees the evil side of things.

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Translated by W. Walton

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Ts'ao Chan: Bao Yu

> This text is taken from Ts'ao Chan's *The Dream of the Red Chamber*, an eighteenth-century Chinese novel which tells the story of the jia Family (the author is also known as Cao Xueqin, and the novel has various other titles, among which is The Story of the Stone). just before the beginning of our passage, some relatives have come to visit Lady Jia, Bao Yu's grandmother.

Translated by D. Hawkes [the translation will be added if/when permission is given]

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Hoffman: The Mine

This text is from one of the tales included in the collection *The Brothers of Saint Serapion* by E.T.A. Hoffmann, the German Romantic short-story writer. The tale, *The Mines of Falun*, was written in 1818, and seems to be based on a real fact: in 1719 the miraculously preserved body of a young miner, who had died in 1670, was found in the mines of Falun, in Sweden. At the beginning of the story Elis Frëbom, a young sailor, has just discovered on coming home that his mother, the last surviving relative, has died. He is sitting sadly in front of the inn where his companions are feasting their retum, when an old miner appears to him, tempting him away from the sea to the mines of Falun.

Translated by J. L. Kent and E. C. Knight [as the translation is probably still under copyright, here is the German original for the same passage. The whole tale can be found at <http://www.zeno.org/Literatur/M/Hoffmann,+E.+T.+A./Erz%C3%A4hlungen,+M%C3%A4rchen+und+Schriften/Die+Serapionsbr%C3%BCder/Erster+Band/Zweiter+Abschnitt/Die+Bergwerke+zu+Falun> (last viewed on June 10, 2009)]

... Mit diesen Worten setzte sich der Alte hin auf die Bank neben Elis und begann sehr ausführlich zu beschreiben, wie es bei dem Bergbau hergehe, und mühte sich, mit den lebendigsten Farben dem Unwissenden alles recht deutlich vor Augen zu bringen. Er kam auf die Bergwerke von Falun, in denen er, wie er sagte, seit seiner frühen Jugend gearbeitet, er beschrieb die große Tagesöffnung mit den schwarzbraunen Wänden, die dort anzutreffen, er sprach von dem unermeßlichen Reichtum der Erzgrube an dem schönsten Gestein. Immer lebendiger und lebendiger wurde seine Rede, immer glühender sein Blick. Er durchwanderte die Schachten wie die Gänge eines Zaubergartens. Das Gestein lebte auf, die Fossile regten sich, der wunderbare Pyrosmalith, der Almandin blitzten im Schein der Grubenlichter – die Bergkristalle leuchteten und flimmerten durcheinander. –

Elis horchte hoch auf; des Alten seltsame Weise, von den unterirdischen Wundern zu reden, als stehe er gerade in ihrer Mitte, erfaßte sein ganzes Ich. Er fühlte seine Brust beklemmt, es war ihm, als sei er schon hinabgefahren mit dem Alten in die Tiefe, und ein mächtiger Zauber halte ihn unten fest, so daß er nie mehr das freundliche Licht des Tages schauen werde. Und doch war es ihm wieder, als habe ihm der Alte eine neue unbekannte Welt erschlossen, in die er hineingehöre, und aller Zauber dieser Welt sei ihm schon zur frühsten Knabenzeit in seltsamen geheimnisvollen Ahnungen aufgegangen. –

»Ich habe,«sprach endlich der Alte,»ich habe Euch, Elis Fröbom, alle Herrlichkeit eines Standes dargetan, zu dem Euch die Natur recht eigentlich bestimmte. Geht nur mit Euch selbst zu Rate und tut dann, wie Euer Sinn es Euch eingibt!«

Damit sprang der Alte hastig auf von der Bank und [224] schritt von dannen, ohne Elis weiter zu grüßen oder sich nach ihm umzuschauen. Bald war er seinem Blick entschwunden.

In dem Schenkhause war es indessen still worden. Die Macht des starken Aehls (Biers), des Branntweins hatte gesiegt. Manche vom Schiffsvolk waren fortgeschlichen mit ihren Dirnen, andere lagen in den Winkeln und schnarchten. Elis, der nicht mehr einkehren konnte in das gewohnte Obdach, erhielt auf sein Bitten ein kleines Kämmerlein zur Schlafstelle.

Kaum hatte er sich, müde und matt, wie er war, hingestreckt auf sein Lager, als der Traum über ihm seine Fittiche rührte. Es war ihm, als schwämme er in einem schönen Schiff mit vollen Segeln auf

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dem spiegelblanken Meer, und über ihm wölbe sich ein dunkler Wolkenhimmel. Doch wie er nun in die Wellen hinabschaute, erkannte er bald, daß das, was er für das Meer gehalten, eine feste durchsichtige funkelnde Masse war, in deren Schimmer das ganze Schiff auf wunderbare Weise zerfloß, so daß er auf dem Kristallboden stand und über sich ein Gewölbe von schwarz flimmerndem Gestein erblickte. Gestein war das nämlich, was er erst für den Wolkenhimmel gehalten. Von unbekannter Macht fortgetrieben, schritt er vorwärts, aber in dem Augenblick regte sich alles um ihn her, und wie kräuselnde Wogen erhoben sich aus dem Boden wunderbare Blumen und Pflanzen von blinkendem Metall, die ihre Blüten und Blätter aus der tiefsten Tiefe emporrankten und auf anmutige Weise ineinander verschlangen. Der Boden war so klar, daß Elis die Wurzeln der Pflanzen deutlich erkennen konnte, aber bald immer tiefer mit dem Blick eindringend, erblickte er ganz unten – unzählige holde jungfräuliche Gestalten, die sich mit weißen glänzenden Armen umschlungen hielten, und aus ihren Herzen sproßten jene Wurzeln, jene Blumen und Pflanzen empor, und wenn die Jungfrauen lächelten, ging ein süßer Wohllaut durch das weite Gewölbe, und höher[225] und freudiger schossen die wunderbaren Metallblüten empor. Ein unbeschreibliches Gefühl von Schmerz und Wollust ergriff den Jüngling, eine Welt von Liebe, Sehnsucht, brünstigem Verlangen ging auf in seinem Innern.»Hinab – hinab zu euch«, rief er und warf sich mit ausgebreiteten Armen auf den kristallenen Boden nieder. Aber der wich unter ihm, und er schwebte wie in schimmerndem Äther.»Nun, Elis Fröbom, wie gefällt es dir in dieser Herrlichkeit?«– So rief eine starke Stimme. Elis gewahrte neben sich den alten Bergmann, aber sowie er ihn mehr und mehr anschaute, wurde er zur Riesengestalt, aus glühendem Erz gegossen. Elis wollte sich entsetzen, aber in dem Augenblick leuchtete es auf aus der Tiefe wie ein jäher Blitz, und das ernste Antlitz einer mächtigen Frau wurde sichtbar. Elis fühlte, wie das Entzücken in seiner Brust, immer steigend und steigend, zur zermalmenden Angst wurde. Der Alte hatte ihn umfaßt und rief:»Nimm dich in acht, Elis Fröbom, das ist die Königin, noch magst du heraufschauen.«– Unwillkürlich drehte er das Haupt und wurde gewahr, wie die Sterne des nächtlichen Himmels durch eine Spalte des Gewölbes leuchteten. Eine sanfte Stimme rief wie in trostlosem Weh seinen Namen. Es war die Stimme seiner Mutter. Er glaubte ihre Gestalt zu schauen oben an der Spalte. Aber es war ein holdes junges Weib, die ihre Hand tief hinabstreckte in das Gewölbe und seinen Namen rief.»Trage mich empor,«rief er dem Alten zu,»ich gehöre doch der Oberwelt an und ihrem freundlichen Himmel.«–»Nimm dich in acht,«sprach der Alte dumpf,»nimm dich in acht, Fröbom! – sei treu der Königin, der du dich ergeben.«Sowie nun aber der Jüngling wieder hinabschaute in das starre Antlitz der mächtigen Frau, fühlte er, daß sein Ich zerfloß in dem glänzenden Gestein. Er kreischte auf in namenloser Angst und erwachte aus dem wunderbaren Traum, dessen Wonne und Entsetzen tief in seinem Innern wiederklang. –

[226]»Es konnte«, sprach Elis, als er sich mit Mühe gesammelt, zu sich selbst,»es konnte wohl nicht anders sein, es mußte mir solch wunderliches Zeug träumen. Hat mir doch der alte Bergmann so viel erzählt von der Herrlichkeit der unterirdischen Welt, daß mein ganzer Kopf davon erfüllt ist, noch in meinem ganzen Leben war mir nicht so zumute, als eben jetzt. – Vielleicht träume ich noch fort – Nein, nein – ich bin wohl nur krank, hinaus ins Freie, der frische Hauch der Seeluft wird mich heilen!«–

Er raffte sich auf und rannte nach dem Klippahafen, wo der Jubel des Hönsnings aufs neue sich erhob. Aber bald gewahrte er, wie alle Lust an ihm vorüberging, wie er keinen Gedanken in der Seele festhalten konnte, wie Ahnungen, Wünsche, die er nicht zu nennen vermochte, sein Inneres durchkreuzten. – Er dachte mit tiefer Wehmut an seine verstorbene Mutter, dann war es ihm aber wieder, als sehne er sich nur noch einmal jener Dirne zu begegnen, die ihn gestern so freundlich angesprochen. Und dann fürchtete er wieder, träte auch die Dirne aus dieser oder jener Gasse ihm entgegen, so würd' es am Ende der alte Bergmann sein, vor dem er sich, selbst konnte er nicht sagen

warum, entsetzen müsse. Und doch hätte er wieder auch von dem Alten sich gern mehr erzählen lassen von den Wundern des Bergbaues. –

Von all diesen treibenden Gedanken hin- und hergeworfen, schaute er hinein in das Wasser. Da wollt' es ihm bedünken, als wenn die silbernen Wellen erstarrten zum funkelnden Glimmer, in dem nun die schönen großen Schiffe zerfließen, als wenn die dunklen Wolken, die eben heraufzogen an dem heitern Himmel, sich hinabsenken würden und verdichten zum steinernen Gewölbe. – Er stand wieder in seinem Traum, er schaute wieder das ernste Antlitz der mächtigen Frau, und die verstörende Angst des sehnsüchtigsten Verlangens erfaßte ihn aufs neue. –

Die Kameraden rüttelten ihn auf aus der Träumerei, er [227] mußte ihrem Zuge folgen. Aber nun war es, als flüstre eine unbekannte Stimme ihm unaufhörlich ins Ohr:»Was willst du noch hier? – fort! – fort – in den Bergwerken zu Falun ist deine Heimat. – Da geht alle Herrlichkeit dir auf, von der du geträumt – fort, fort nach Falun!«–

Drei Tage trieb sich Elis Fröbom in den Straßen von Göthaborg umher, unaufhörlich verfolgt von den wunderlichen Gebilden seines Traums, unaufhörlich gemahnt von der unbekannten Stimme.

Am vierten Tage stand Elis an dem Tore, durch welches der Weg nach Gefle führt. Da schritt eben ein großer Mann vor ihm hindurch. Elis glaubte den alten Bergmann erkannt zu haben und eilte, unwiderstehlich fortgetrieben, ihm nach, ohne ihn zu erreichen.

Rastlos ging es nun fort und weiter fort.

Elis wußte deutlich, daß er sich auf dem Wege nach Falun befinde, und eben dies beruhigte ihn auf besondere Weise, denn gewiß war es ihm, daß die Stimme des Verhängnisses durch den alten Bergmann zu ihm gesprochen, der ihn nun auch seiner Bestimmung entgegenführe. ...

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Brillat-Savarin: Meditation xix

> This is an extract from Jean Anthelme Brillat-Savarin's *Physiologie du Goût ou Méditations de gastronomie transcendente; ouvrage théotique, historique et à l'ordre du jour dédié aux gastronomes parisiens*, published in Paris in 1825.

One night I dreamt that I had found a secret way to free myself from the laws of gravity, so that my body could indifferently rise or sink since I could do either at will with equal facility. This condition seemed to me delightful. Perhaps many people have dreamt something similar; what is extraordinary is that I remember I could explain to myself with great clarity (at least so it seemed to me) the means by which I had reached this result. They seemed to me so simple that I wondered why they hadn't been found before. When I woke up, this explanatory part was completely obliterated from my mind, but the conclusion was still there. Since then, I cannot help being convinced that sooner or later a more enlightened genius will make this discovery, and just in case I put my name down.

Translated by G. Almansi

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Pushkin: Tatiana's Dream

The complete version of Alexander Pushkin's masterpiece, *Eugene Onegin*, came out in 1833. Onegin, a young fashionable man, leaves St Petersburg for the country after inheriting from an uncle. With his friend Lenski, a poet, he starts visiting Mrs Larin and her two daughters, Tatiana, a romantic and melancholic girl, and the merrier Olga to whom Lenski becomes engaged. Tatiana falls in love with Onegin and declares herself in a letter, but the young blasé answers with a sermon on the dangers for young girls of giving in to their passions. Out of boredom lie starts courting Olga during a ball. His friend Lenski challenges Onegin to a duel and is killed by him. Several years later Onegin meets Tatiana again, who is now married to a general. This time lie falls in love with her, but their passion is by now impossible. Tatiana's dream is in the early section of the poem. We are giving here Nabokov's translation of the poem.

Translated by V. Nabokov [the translation will be added if/when permission is given However the chosen passage (Chapter 5, stanzas x-xxi) can be read online in Charles H. Johnston's translation, in <http://www.lib.ru/LITRA/PUSHKIN/ENGLISH/onegin_j.txt> (last viewed June 10, 2009 – archived at <http://www.webcitation.org/5hR9jjone>)].

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Gautier: Clarimonde

Théophile Gautier, 'the perfect magician of French letters' in Baudelaire's dedication to Les Fleurs du mal, was one of the leading poets and fiction writers of the Romantic movement. His most famous novel is *Capitaine Fracasse*. *La mort amoureuse*, translated into English as *The Beautiful Vampyre*, from which we have selected a long extract, is one of the first appearances in European literature of the female vampyre, together with Sheridan Le Fanu's *Carmilla*. It first appeared in La Chronique de Paris in 1836.

Translated by P. Hookham [the translation will be inserted if/when permission is given; meanwhile here is L. Hearn's, whose translation of the whole of *Clarimonde* is available at <http://www.gutenberg.org/files/22661/22661-h/22661-h.htm>].

I became completely restored to health and resumed my accustomed duties. The memory of Clarimonde and the words of the old Abbé were constantly in my mind; nevertheless no extraordinary event had occurred to verify the funereal predictions of Sérapion, and I had commenced to believe that his fears and my own terrors were over-exaggerated, when one night I had a strange dream. I had hardly fallen asleep when I heard my bed-curtains drawn apart, as their rings slided back upon the curtain rod with a sharp sound. I rose up quickly upon my elbow, and beheld the shadow of a woman standing erect before me. I recognised Clarimonde immediately. She bore in her hand a little lamp, shaped like those which are placed in tombs, and its light lent her fingers a rosy transparency, which extended itself by lessening degrees even to the opaque and milky whiteness of her bare arm. Her only garment was the linen winding-sheet which had shrouded her when lying upon the bed of death. She sought to gather its folds over her bosom as though ashamed of being so scantily clad, but her little hand was not equal to the task. She was so white that the colour of the drapery blended with that of her flesh under the pallid rays of the lamp. Enveloped with this subtle tissue which betrayed all the contour of her body, she seemed rather the marble statue of some fair antique bather than a woman endowed with life. But dead or living, statue or woman, shadow or body, her beauty was still the same, only that the green light of her eyes was less brilliant, and her mouth, once so warmly crimson, was only tinted with a faint tender rosiness, like that of her cheeks. The little blue flowers which I had noticed entwined in her hair were withered and dry, and had lost nearly all their leaves, but this did not prevent her from being charming—so charming that, notwithstanding the strange character of the adventure, and the unexplainable manner in which she had entered my room, I felt not even for a moment the least fear.

She placed the lamp on the table and seated herself at the foot of my bed; then bending toward me, she said, in that voice at once silvery clear and yet velvety in its sweet softness, such as I never heard from any lips save hers:

'I have kept thee long in waiting, dear Romuald, and it must have seemed to thee that I had forgotten thee. But I come from afar off, very far off, and from a land whence no other has ever yet returned. There is neither sun nor moon in that land whence I come: all is but space and shadow; there is neither road nor pathway: no earth for the foot, no air for the wing; and nevertheless behold me here, for Love is stronger than Death and must conquer him in the end. Oh what sad faces and fearful things I have seen on my way hither! What difficulty my soul, returned to earth through the power of will alone, has had in finding its body and reinstating itself therein! What terrible efforts I

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had to make ere I could lift the ponderous slab with which they had covered me! See, the palms of my poor hands are all bruised! Kiss them, sweet love, that they may be healed!' She laid the cold palms of her hands upon ray mouth, one after the other. I kissed them, indeed, many times, and she the while watched me with a smile of ineffable affection.

I confess to my shame that I had entirely forgotten the advice of the Abbé Sérapion and the sacred office wherewith I had been invested. I had fallen without resistance, and at the first assault. I had not even made the least effort to repel the tempter. The fresh coolness of Clarimonde's skin penetrated my own, and I felt voluptuous tremors pass over my whole body. Poor child! in spite of all I saw afterward, I can hardly yet believe she was a demon; at least she had no appearance of being such, and never did Satan so skilfully conceal his claws and horns. She had drawn her feet up beneath her, and squatted down on the edge of the couch in an attitude full of negligent coquetry. From time to time she passed her little hand through my hair and twisted it into curls, as though trying how a new style of wearing it would become my face. I abandoned myself to her hands with the most guilty pleasure, while she accompanied her gentle play with the prettiest prattle. The most remarkable fact was that I felt no astonishment whatever at so extraordinary ah adventure, and as in dreams one finds no difficulty in accepting the most fantastic events as simple facts, so all these circumstances seemed to me perfectly natural in themselves.

'I loved thee long ere I saw thee, dear Romuald, and sought thee everywhere. Thou wast my dream, and I first saw thee in the church at the fatal moment. I said at once, "It is he!" I gave thee a look into which I threw all the love I ever had, all the love I now have, all the love I shall ever have for thee—a look that would have damned a cardinal or brought a king to his knees at my feet in view of all his court. Thou remainedst unmoved, preferring thy God to me!

'Ah, how jealous I am of that God whom thou didst love and still lovest more than me!

'Woe is me, unhappy one that I am! I can never have thy heart all to myself, I whom thou didst recall to life with a kiss—dead Clarimonde, who for thy sake bursts asunder the gates of the tomb, and comes to consecrate to thee a life which she has resumed only to make thee happy!'

All her words were accompanied with the most impassioned caresses, which bewildered my sense and my reason to such an extent, that I did not fear to utter a frightful blasphemy for the sake of consoling her, and to declare that I loved her as much as God.

Her eyes rekindled and shone like chrysoprases. 'In truth?—in very truth?—as much as God!' she cried, flinging her beautiful arms around me. 'Since it is so, thou wilt come with me; thou wilt follow me whithersoever I desire. Thou wilt cast away thy ugly black habit. Thou shalt be the proudest and most envied of cavaliers; thou shalt be my lover! To be the acknowledged lover of Clarimonde, who has refused even a Pope! That will be something to feel proud of. Ah, the fair, unspeakably happy existence, the beautiful golden life we shall live together! And when shall we depart, my fair sir?'

'To-morrow! To-morrow!' I cried in my delirium.

'To-morrow, then, so let it be!' she answered. 'In the meanwhile I shall have opportunity to change my toilet, for this is a little too light and in nowise suited for a voyage. I must also forthwith notify all my friends who believe me dead, and mourn for me as deeply as they are capable of doing. The money, the dresses, the carriages—all will be ready. I shall call for thee at this same hour. Adieu, dear heart!' And she lightly touched my forehead with her lips. The lamp went out, the curtains closed again, and all became dark; a leaden, dreamless sleep fell on me and held me unconscious until the morning following.

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I awoke later than usual, and the recollection of this singular adventure troubled me during the whole day. I finally persuaded myself that it was a mere vapour of my heated imagination. Nevertheless its sensations had been so vivid that it was difficult to persuade myself that they were not real, and it was not without some presentiment of what was going to happen that I got into bed at last, after having prayed God to drive far from me all thoughts of evil, and to protect the chastity of my slumber.

I soon fell into a deep sleep, and my dream was continued. The curtains again parted, and I beheld Clarimonde, not as on the former occasion, pale in her pale winding-sheet, with the violets of death upon her cheeks, but gay, sprightly, jaunty, in a superb travelling-dress of green velvet, trimmed with gold lace, and looped up on either side to allow a glimpse of satin petticoat. Her blond hair escaped in thick ringlets from beneath a broad black felt hat, decorated with white feathers whimsically twisted into various shapes. In one hand she held a little riding-whip terminated by a golden whistle. She tapped me lightly with it, and exclaimed: 'Well, my fine sleeper, is this the way you make your preparations? I thought I would find you up and dressed. Arise quickly, we have no time to lose.'

I leaped out of bed at once.

'Come, dress yourself, and let us go,' she continued, pointing to a little package she had brought with her. 'The horses are becoming impatient of delay and champing their bits at the door. We ought to have been by this time at least ten leagues distant from here.'

I dressed myself hurriedly, and she handed me the articles of apparel herself one by one, bursting into laughter from time to time at my awkwardness, as she explained to me the use of a garment when I had made a mistake. She hurriedly arranged my hair, and this done, held up before me a little pocket-mirror of Venetian crystal, rimmed with silver filigree-work, and playfully asked: 'How dost find thyself now? Wilt engage me for thy valet de chambre?'

I was no longer the same person, and I could not even recognise myself. I resembled my former self no more than a finished statue resembles a block of stone. My old face seemed but a coarse daub of the one reflected in the mirror. I was handsome, and my vanity was sensibly tickled by the metamorphosis.

That elegant apparel, that richly embroidered vest had made of me a totally different personage, and I marvelled at the power of transformation owned by a few yards of cloth cut after a certain pattern. The spirit of my costume penetrated my very skin and within ten minutes more I had become something of a coxcomb.

In order to feel more at ease in my new attire, I took several turns up and down the room. Clarimonde watched me with an air of maternal pleasure, and appeared well satisfied with her work. 'Come, enough of this child's play! Let us start, Romuald, dear. We have far to go, and we may not get there in time.' She took my hand and led me forth. All the doors opened before her at a touch, and we passed by the dog without awaking him.

At the gate we found Margheritone waiting, the same swarthy groom who had once before been my-escort. He held the bridles of three horses, all black like those which bore us to the castle—one for me, one for him, one for Clarimonde. Those horses must have been Spanish genets born of mares fecundated by a zephyr, for they were fleet as the wind itself, and the moon, which had just risen at our departure to light us on the way, rolled over the sky like a wheel detached from her own chariot. We beheld her on the right leaping from tree to tree, and putting herself out of breath in the effort to keep up with us. Soon we came upon a level plain where, hard by a clump of trees, a carriage with four vigorous horses awaited us. We entered it, and the postillions urged their animals

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into a mad gallop. I had one arm around Clarimonde's waist, and one of her hands clasped in mine; her head leaned upon my shoulder, and I felt her bosom, half bare, lightly pressing against my arm. I had never known such intense happiness. In that hour I had forgotten everything, and I no more remembered having ever been a priest than I remembered what I had been doing in my mother's womb, so great was the fascination which the evil spirit exerted upon me. From that night my nature seemed in some sort to have become halved, and there were two men within me, neither of whom knew the other. At one moment I believed myself a priest who dreamed nightly that he was a gentleman, at another that I was a gentleman who dreamed he was a priest. I could no longer distinguish the dream from the reality, nor could I discover where the reality began or where ended the dream. The exquisite young lord and libertine railed at the priest, the priest loathed the dissolute habits of the young lord. Two spirals entangled and confounded the one with the other, yet never touching, would afford a fair representation of this bicephalic life which I lived. Despite the strange character of my condition, I do not believe that I ever inclined, even for a moment, to madness. I always retained with extreme vividness all the perceptions of my two lives. Only there was one absurd fact which I could not explain to myself—namely, that the consciousness of the same individuality existed in two men so opposite in character. It was an anomaly for which I could not account—whether I believed myself to be the curé of the little village of C———, or Il Signor Romualdo, the titled lover of Clarimonde. ...

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Flaubert: The Profanation of the Bread

> This dream is taken from Gustave Flaubert's *Mémoires d'un Fou* ('Memories of a Madman') written in 1838 when the author was seventeen. This book, known as the first version of *L'éducation sentimentale* ('A Sentimental Education'), is an autobiographical attempt to reconstruct the hallucinations which haunted his early youth.

Translated by R.L. Mégroz [the translation will be added if/when permission is given; Meanwhile, here is the French original. *Mémoires d'un fou* is available online in French at <http://www.inlibroveritas.net/lire/oeuvre1986.html> (the passage quoted here is in chapter IV). A parallel [English] translation and critical edition by Timothy Unwin is available at <http://www.liv.ac.uk/soclas/los/madman.pdf>.

J'entendis des bruits de pas - on montait l'escalier - un air chaud, une vapeur fétide monta jusqu'à moi - ma porte s'ouvrit d'elle-même. On entra, ils étaient beaucoup - peut-être sept à huit, je n'eus pas le temps de les compter. Ils étaient petits ou grands, couverts de barbes noires et rudes - sans armes, mais tous avaient une lame d'acier entre les dents, et, comme ils s'approchèrent en cercle autour de mon berceau, leurs dents vinrent à claquer et ce fut horrible. - Ils écartèrent mes rideaux blancs et chaque doigt laissait une trace de sang ; ils me regardèrent avec de grands yeux fixes et sans paupières ; je les regardai aussi, je ne pouvais faire aucun mouvement- je voulus crier. Il me sembla alors que la maison se levait de ses fondements, comme si un levier l'eût soulevée. Ils me regardèrent ainsi longtemps, puis ils s'écartèrent et je vis que tous avaient un côté du visage sans peau et qui saignait lentement. - Ils soulevèrent tous mes vêtements et tous avaient du sang. - Ils se mirent à manger et le pain qu'ils rompirent laissait échapper du sang, qui tombait goutte à goutte, et ils se mirent à rire, comme le râle d'un mourant. Puis, quand ils n'y furent plus, tout ce qu'ils avaient touché, les lambris, l'escalier, le plancher, tout cela était rougi par eux.

J'avais un goût d'amertume dans le coeur, il me sembla que j'avais mangé de la chair, et j'entendis un cri prolongé, rauque, aigu.

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Lenau: Dreampowers

> According to Sophie Löwenthal, Lenau's beloved, this poem was caused by a dream Lenau had on 16 February 1838. It was written and published very fast: it appeared in the *Wiener Zeitschrift* on th 22 February 1838. Cesare Lombroso, the well-known nineteenth-century psychologist and criminologist thinking erroneously that this poem was written in 1844 after Lenau's suicide attempt which precipitated him into madness, wrote: 'It is a tremendously chaotic poem, the last ray of fight in the night, the fruit of a genius who managed for the last time to stamp down the demon of delirium. It is a frighteningly true evocation of the hallucination that preceded or accompanied Lenau's suicide attempt. The careful reader can notice the lack of coordination, the fragmentation of thought and sentences which is characteristic of people caught in feverish delirium.'

The dream was so wild, the dream was so mad,
So overwhelming and hopelessly sad.
I gladly wish that I could say,
I've been at rest at my sleep,
I've had no dreams at my sleep.
But here they still are, those tears that I weep,
I hear my heart beating away.

I've woken up in exhausted fright,
A soaked handkerchief lay near my head,
As if I'd returned from a funeral rite.
I clutch it, as I dreamt in my bed
To dry the tears away?
I cannot say.
But the wicked guests were there, the beasts
Were gathering for their nightly feasts.

As I slept my house given up to their reign
They led their disgusting lives again.
Now they've gone, those savage creatures,
In these tears I can trace their features,
All they've left here littered about
And over the table they've spilled the wine out

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[This translation by M. Hollington is used again in this electronic version with his permission].

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Baudelaire: The Monster

> Charles Asselineau, the addressee of this letter, was Baudelaire's biographer and edited, together with Théodore de Banville, the first complete edition of Baudelaire's works. At the time of this letter he was probably working on a volume of short stories, La Double Vie, which was published late in 1858 and thus reviewed by Baudelaire: 'One of Mr Asselineau's great talents is his precise understanding and rendering of the legitimacy of the absurd and the uncanny. He catches and reproduces, sometimes with strict fidelity, the strange reasonings of dreams. In such passages, his manner without mannerisms, a crude and clear protocol, reaches a great poetical effect'. This partly explains why this letter was written to him. As to Baudelaire himself, the first volume of his translation of Edgar Allan Poe's stories had come out the day before the date of this letter. His most important collection of poems, *Les Fleurs du mal* ('The Flowers of Evil'), appeared the year after, in 1857.

Translated by J. Romney [the translation will be inserted if/when permission is given; meanwhile, here is the French original]

Le langage hiéroglyphique du rêve

À Charles Asselineau.

Jeudi 13 mars 1856.

Mon cher ami,

Puisque les rêves vous amusent , en voilà un qui, j'en suis sûr, ne vous déplaira pas. Il est cinq heures du matin, il est donc tout chaud. Remarquez que ce n'est qu'un des mille échantillons des rêves dont je suis assiégé , et je n'ai pas besoin de vous dire que leur singularité complète, leur caractère général qui est d'être absolument étrangers à mes occupations ou à mes aventures passionnelles, me poussent toujours à croire qu'ils sont un langage hiéroglyphique dont je n'ai pas la clef.

Il était (dans mon rêve) 2 ou 3 heures du matin, et je me promenais seul dans les rues. Je rencontre Castille, qui avait, je crois, plusieurs courses à faire, et je lui dis que je l'accompagnerai et que je profiterai de la voiture pour faire une course personnelle. Nous prenons donc une voiture. Je considérais comme un devoir d'offrir à la maîtresse d'une grande maison de prostitution un livre de moi qui venait de paraître. En regardant mon livre, que je tenais à la main, il se trouva que c'était un livre obscène, ce qui m'expliqua la nécessité d'offrir cet ouvrage à cette femme. De plus, dans mon esprit, cette nécessité était au fond un prétexte, une occasion de baiser, en passant, une des filles de la maison; ce qui implique que, sans la nécessité d'offrir le livre, je n'aurais pas osé aller dans une pareille maison.

Je ne dis rien de tout cela à Castille, je fais arrêter la voiture à la porte de cette maison, et je laisse Castille dans la voiture, me promettant de ne pas le faire attendre longtemps.

Aussitôt après avoir sonné et être entré, je m'aperçois que ma p... pend par la fente de mon pantalon déboutonné, et je juge qu'il est indécent de me présenter ainsi même dans un pareil endroit. De plus, en me sentant les pieds très mouillés, je m'aperçois que j'ai les pieds nus, et que je les ai posés dans une mare humide, au bas de l'escalier. Bah! me dis-je, je les laverai avant de baiser, et avant de sortir de la maison. Je monte. A partir de ce moment, il n'est plus question du livre.

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Je me trouve dans de vastes galeries, communiquant ensemble, – mal éclairées, d'un caractère triste et fané, — comme les vieux cafés, les anciens cabinets de lecture ou les vilaines maisons de jeu. Les filles, éparpillées à travers ces vastes galeries, causent avec des hommes, parmi lesquels je vois des collégiens. Je me sens très triste et très intimidé; je crains qu'on ne voie mes pieds. Je les regarde, je m'aperçois qu'il y en a un qui porte un soulier. Quelque temps après, je m'aperçois qu'ils sont chaussés tous deux. Ce qui me frappe, c'est que les murs de ces vastes galeries sont ornés de dessins de toutes sortes, dans des cadres. Tous ne sont pas obscènes. II y a même des dessins d'architecture et des figures égyptiennes. Comme je me sens de plus en plus intimidé, et que je n'ose pas aborder une fille, je m'amuse à examiner minutieusement tous les dessins.

Dans une partie reculée d'une de ces galeries, je trouve une série très singulière. Dans une foule de petits cadres, je vois des dessins, des miniatures, des épreuves photographiques. Cela représente des oiseaux coloriés, avec des plumages très brillants, dont l'œil est vivant. Quelquefois, il n'y a que des moitiés d'oiseaux. Cela représente quelquefois des images d'êtres bizarres, monstrueux, presque amorphes, comme des aérolithes. Dans un coin de chaque dessin, il y a une note: la fille une telle, âgée de..., a donné le jour à ce fœtus, en telle année. Et d'autres notes de ce genre.

La réflexion me vient que ce genre de dessins est bien peu fait pour donner des idées d'amour. Une autre réflexion est celle-ci: il n'y a vraiment dans le monde qu'un seul journal, et c'est Le Siècle, qui puisse être assez bête pour ouvrir une maison de prostitution, et pour y mettre en même temps une espèce de musée médical. En effet, me dis-je soudainement, c'est Le Siècle qui a fait les fonds de cette spéculation de bordel, et le musée médical s'explique par sa manie de progrès, de science, de diffusion des lumières. Alors, je réfléchis que la bêtise et la sottise modernes ont leur utilité mystérieuse, et que, souvent, ce qui a été fait pour le mal, par une mécanique spirituelle, tourne pour le bien.

J'admire en moi-même la justesse de mon esprit philosophique. Mais, parmi tous ces êtres, il y en a un qui a vécu. C'est un monstre né dans la maison et qui se tient éternellement sur un piédestal. Quoique vivant, il fait donc partie du musée. Il n'est pas laid. Sa figure est même jolie, très basanée, d'une couleur orientale. Il y a en lui beaucoup de rose et de vert. Il se tient accroupi, mais dans une position bizarre et contournée. Il y a de plus quelque chose de noirâtre qui tourne plusieurs fois autour de ses membres, comme un gros serpent. Je lui demande ce que c'est; il me dit que c'est un appendice monstrueux qui lui part de la tête, quelque chose d'élastique comme du caoutchouc, et si long, si long, que, s'il le roulait sur sa tête comme une queue de cheveux, cela serait beaucoup trop lourd et absolument impossible à porter; que, dès lors, il est obligé de le porter autour de ses membres, ce qui, d'ailleurs, fait un plus bel effet. Je cause longuement avec le monstre. Il me fait part de ses ennuis et de ses chagrins. Voilà plusieurs années qu'il est obligé de se tenir dans cette salle, sur ce piédestal, par la curiosité du public. Mais son principal ennui, c'est à l'heure du souper. Étant un être vivant, il est obligé de souper avec les filles de l'établissement, – de marcher en chancelant, avec son appendice de caoutchouc, jusqu'à la salle du souper, – où il lui faut le garder enroulé autour de lui, ou le placer comme un paquet de cordes sur une chaise, car, s'il le laissait traîner par terre, cela lui renverserait la tête en arrière.

De plus, il est obligé, lui petit et ramassé, de manger à côté d'une fille grande et bien faite. Il me donne du reste toutes ces explications sans amertume. Je n'ose pas le toucher, mais je m'intéresse à lui.

En ce moment (ceci n'est plus du rêve), ma femme fait du bruit avec un meuble dans la chambre, ce qui me réveille. Je me réveille fatigué, brisé, moulu par le dos, les jambes et les hanches. Je présume que je dormais dans la position contournée du monstre.

J'ignore si tout cela vous paraîtra aussi drôle qu'à moi. Le bon Minet serait fort empêché, je

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présume, d'y trouver une adaptation morale.

Tout à vous.

Ch. Baudelaire.

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Saintine: The Victim's Ball

X. B. Saintine published 'The Victims' Ball' in *La seconde vie*: the title is a homage to Gérard de Nerval, who used this expression to define dreams (see the passage from *Aurélia*, page 334 [in this electronic edition: Nerval: The Second Life]). All the short stories in Saintine's collection purport to be dreams.

Translated by J. Romney [the translation will be inserted if/when permission is given]

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Lautréamont: The Hog

> *Les chants de Maldoror*, known in English as *Maldoror*, were published in 1868-9 by a young man, Isidore Ducasse, whose life has remained a partial mystery. He used the pen name of Comte de Lautréamont. He became posthumously one of the founding fathers of the Surrealist movement in France. André Breton and his followers considered him as their most important precursor.

Translated by A. Lykiard [the translation will be inserted if/when permission is given; meanwhile, here is the French original]

Je m'étais endormi sur la falaise. Celui qui, pendant un jour, a poursuivi l'autruche à travers le désert, sans pouvoir l'atteindre, n'a pas eu le temps de prendre de la nourriture et de fermer les yeux. Si c'est lui qui me lit, il est capable de deviner, à la rigueur, quel sommeil s'appesantit sur moi. Mais, quand la tempête a poussé verticalement un vaisseau, avec la paume de sa main, jusqu'au fond de la mer; si, sur le radeau, il ne reste plus de tout l'équipage qu'un seul homme, rompu par les fatigues et les privations de toute espèce; si la lame le ballotte, comme une épave, pendant des heures plus prolongées que la vie d'homme; et, si, une frégate, qui sillonne plus tard ces parages de désolation d'une carène fendue, aperçoit le malheureux qui promène sur l'océan sa carcasse décharnée, et lui porte un secours qui a failli être tardif, je crois que ce naufragé devinera mieux encore à quel degré fut porté l'assoupissement de mes sens. Le magnétisme et le chloroforme, quand ils s'en donnent la peine, savent quelquefois engendrer pareillement de ces catalepsies léthargiques. Elles n'ont aucune ressemblance avec la mort: ce serait un grand mensonge de le dire. Mais arrivons tout de suite au rêve, afin que les impatients, affamés de ces sortes de lectures, ne se mettent pas à rugir, comme un banc de cachalots macrocéphales qui se battent entre eux pour une femelle enceinte. Je rêvais que j'étais entré dans le corps d'un pourceau, qu'il ne m'était pas facile d'en sortir, et que je vautrais mes poils dans les marécages les plus fangeux. Était-ce comme une récompense? Objet de mes voeux, je n'appartenais plus à l'humanité! Pour moi, j'entendis l'interprétation ainsi, et j'en éprouvai une joie plus que profonde. Cependant, je recherchais activement quel acte de vertu j'avais accompli pour mériter, de la part de la Providence, cette insigne faveur. Maintenant que j'ai repassé dans ma mémoire les diverses phases de cet aplatissement épouvantable contre le ventre du granit, pendant lequel la marée, sans que je m'en aperçusse, passa, deux fois, sur ce mélange irréductible de matière morte et de matière vivante, il n'est peut-être pas sans utilité de proclamer que cette dégradation n'était probablement qu'une punition, réalisée sur moi par la justice divine. Mais, qui connaît ses besoins intimes ou la cause de ses joies pestilentielles? La métamorphose ne parut jamais à mes yeux que comme le haut et magnanime retentissement d'un bonheur parfait, que j'attendais depuis longtemps. Il était enfin venu, le jour où je fus un pourceau! J'essayais mes dents sur l'écorce des arbres; mon groin, je le contemplais avec délice. Il ne restait plus la moindre parcelle de divinité: je sus élever mon âme jusqu'à l'excessive hauteur de cette volupté ineffable. Écoutez-moi donc, et ne rougissez pas, inépuisables caricatures du beau, qui prenez au sérieux le braiement risible de votre âme, souverainement méprisable; et qui ne comprenez pas pourquoi le Tout-Puissant, dans un rare moment de bouffonnerie excellente, qui, certainement, ne dépasse pas les grandes lois générales du grotesque, prit, un jour, le mirifique plaisir de faire habiter une planète par des êtres singuliers et microscopiques, qu'on appelle humains, et dont la matière ressemble à celle du corail vermeil. Certes, vous avez raison de rougir, os et graisse, mais écoutez-moi. Je n'invoque pas votre intelligence, vous la feriez rejeter du sang par l'horreur qu'elle vous témoigne:

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oubliez-la, et soyez conséquents avec vous-mêmes... Là, plus de contrainte. Quand je voulais tuer, je tuais; cela, même, m'arrivait souvent, et personne ne m'en empêchait. Les lois humaines me poursuivaient encore de leur vengeance, quoique je n'attaquasse pas la race que j'avais abandonnée si tranquillement; mais ma conscience ne me faisait aucun reproche. Pendant la journée, je me battais avec mes nouveaux semblables, et le sol était parsemé de nombreuses couches de sang caillé. J'étais le plus fort, et je remportais toutes les victoires. Des blessures cuisantes couvraient mon corps; je faisais semblant de ne pas m'en apercevoir. Les animaux terrestres s'éloignaient de moi, et je restais seul dans ma resplendissante grandeur. Quel ne fut pas mon étonnement, quand, après avoir traversé un fleuve à la nage, pour m'éloigner des contrées que ma rage avait dépeuplées, et gagner d'autres campagnes pour y planter mes coutumes de meurtre et de carnage, j'essayai de marcher sur cette rive fleurie. Mes pieds étaient paralysés; aucun mouvement ne venait trahir la vérité de cette immobilité forcée. Au milieu d'efforts surnaturels, pour continuer mon chemin, ce fut alors que je me réveillai, et que je sentis que je redevenais homme. La Providence me faisait ainsi comprendre, d'une manière qui n'est pas inexplicable, qu'elle ne voulait pas que, même en rêve, mes projets sublimes s'accomplissent. Revenir à ma forme primitive fut pour moi une douleur si grande, que, pendant les nuits, j'en pleure encore. Mes draps sont constamment mouillés, comme s'ils avaient été passé dans l'eau, et, chaque jour, je les fais changer. Si vous ne le croyez pas, venez me voir; vous contrôlerez, par votre propre expérience, la vérité même de mon assertion. Combien de fois, depuis cette nuit passée à la belle étoile, sur une falaise, ne me suis-je pas mêlé à des troupeaux de pourceaux, pour reprendre, comme un droit, ma métamorphose détruite! Il est temps de quitter ces souvenirs glorieux, qui ne laissent, après leur suite, que la pâle voie lactée des regrets éternels.

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Rimbaud: Deserts of Love

'Deserts of Love' was written in 1871, when the author, Arthur Rimbaud, one of the greatest pocts of the nineteenth century, was only seventeen. It is one of' his carliest attempts to write in the form of the prose poem. Although Rimbaud often complained in his letters of that year about the boredom and frustration he was feeling at home after his flight to Paris, 1871 was for him a time of intense creation: he wrote then *Le bateau ivre*, the most famous of his poems, and *La lettre d'un voyant* where he stated his poetics of 'a long, immense and reasoned upsetting of all senses' ('un long, immense et raisonné dérèglement de tous les sens').

Translated by P. Schmidt [the translation will be inserted if/when permission is given; meanwhile, here is the French original]

Avertissement

Ces écritures-ci sont d'un jeune, tout jeune homme, dont la vie s'est développée n'importe où ; sans mère, sans pays, insoucieux de tout ce qu'on connaît, fuyant toute force morale, comme furent déjà plusieurs pitoyables jeunes hommes. Mais, lui, si ennuyé et si troublé, qu'il ne fit que s'amener à la mort comme à une pudeur terrible et fatale ; N'ayant pas aimé de femmes - quoique plein de sang ! - il eut son âme et son coeur, toute sa force, élevés en des erreurs étranges et tristes. Des rêves suivants, - ses amours ! - qui lui vinrent dans ses lits ou dans les rues, et de leur suite et de leur fin, de douces considérations religieuses se dégagent - peut-être se rappellera-t-on le sommeil continu des Mahométans légendaires, - braves pourtant et circoncis ! Mais, cette bizarre souffrance possédant une autorité inquiétante, il faut sincèrement désirer que cette Âme, égarée parmi nous tous, et qui veut la mort, ce semble, rencontre en cet instant-là des consolations sérieuses, et soit digne !

A. Rimbaud

C'est certes la même campagne. La même maison rustique de mes parents: la salle même où les dessus de porte sont des bergeries roussies, avec des armes et des lions. Au dîner, il y a un salon, avec des bougies et des vins et des boiseries rustiques. La table à manger est très grande. Les servantes ! Elles étaient plusieurs, autant que je m'en suis souvenu. - Il y avait là un de mes jeunes amis anciens, prêtre et vêtu en prêtre, maintenant: c'était pour être plus libre. Je me souviens de sa chambre de pourpre, à vitres de papier jaune: et ses livres, cachés, qui avaient trempé dans l'océan !

Moi j'étais abandonné, dans cette maison de campagne sans fin: lisant dans la cuisine, séchant la boue de mes habits devant les hôtes, aux conversations du salon: ému jusqu'à la mort par le murmure du lait du matin et de la nuit du siècle dernier.

J'étais dans une chambre très sombre: que faisais-je? Une servante vint près de moi: je puis dire que c'était un petit chien: quoique belle, et d'une noblesse maternelle inexprimable pour moi: pure, connue, toute charmante ! Elle me pinça le bras.

Je ne me rappelle même plus bien sa figure: ce n'est pas pour me rappeler son bras, dont je roulai la peau dans mes deux doigts: ni sa bouche, que la mienne saisit comme une petite vague désespérée, minant sans fin quelque chose. Je la renversai dans une corbeille de coussins et de toiles de navire en un coin noir. Je ne me rappelle plus que son pantalon à dentelles blanches. - Puis, ô désespoir, la cloison devint vaguement l'ombre des arbres, et je me suis abîmé sous la tristesse amoureuse de la nuit.

Cette fois, c'est la Femme que j'ai vue dans la ville, et à qui j'ai parlé et qui me parle.

J'étais dans une chambre sans lumière. On vint me dire qu'elle était chez moi: et je la vis dans mon

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lit, toute à moi, sans lumière ! Je fus très ému, et beaucoup parce que c'était la maison de famille: aussi une détresse me prit ; j'étais en haillons, moi, et elle, mondaine, qui se donnait ; il lui fallait s'en aller ! Une détresse sans nom ; je la pris, et la laissai tomber hors du lit, presque nue ; et dans ma faiblesse indicible, je tombai sur elle et me traînai avec elle parmi les tapis sans lumière. La lampe de la famille rougissait l'une après l'autre les chambres voisines. Alors la femme disparut. Je versai plus de larmes que Dieu n'en a pu jamais demander.

Je sortis dans la ville sans fin. Ô Fatigue ! Noyé dans la nuit sourde et dans la fuite du bonheur. C'était comme une nuit d'hiver, avec une neige pour étouffer le monde décidément. Les amis auxquels je criais: où reste-t-elle, répondaient faussement. Je fus devant les Vitrages de là où elle va tous les soirs: je courais dans un jardin enseveli. On m'a repoussé. Je pleurais énormément à tout cela. Enfin je suis descendu dans un lieu plein de poussière, et assis sur des charpentes, j'ai laissé finir toutes les larmes de mon corps avec cette nuit. - Et mon épuisement me revenait pourtant toujours.

J'ai compris qu'elle était à sa vie de tous les jours ; et que le tour de bonté serait plus long à se reproduire qu'une étoile. Elle n'est pas revenue, et ne reviendra jamais, l'Adorable qui s'était rendue chez moi, - ce que je n'aurais jamais présumé. - Vrai, cette fois, j'ai pleuré plus que tous les enfants du monde.

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Le Fanu: Mr Justice Harbottle

This is an extract from Joseph Sheridan Le Fanu's short story 'Mr Justice Harbottle', first published in the collection *In a Glass Darkly* in 1872.

Judge Harbottle went this night to the play at Drury Lane. He was one of those old fellows who care nothing for late hours, and occasional knocking about in pursuit of pleasure. He had appointed with two cronies of Lincoln's Inn to come home in his coach with him to sup after the play.

They were not in his box, but were to meet him near the entrance, and get into his carriage there; and Mr. Justice Harbottle, who hated waiting, was looking a little impatiently from the window.

The Judge yawned.

He told the footman to watch for Counsellor Thavies and Counsellor Beller, who were coming; and, with another yawn, he laid his cocked hat on his knees, closed his eyes, leaned back in his corner, wrapped his mantle closer about him, and began to think of pretty Mrs. Abington.

And being a man who could sleep like a sailor, at a moment's notice, he was thinking of taking a nap. Those fellows had no business to keep a judge waiting.

He heard their voices now. Those rake-hell counsellors were laughing, and bantering, and sparring after their wont. The carriage swayed and jerked, as one got in, and then again as the other followed. The door clapped, and the coach was now jogging and rumbling over the pavement. The Judge was a little bit sulky. He did not care to sit up and open his eyes. Let them suppose he was asleep. He heard them laugh with more malice than good-humour, he thought, as they observed it. He would give them a d--d hard knock or two when they got to his door, and till then he would counterfeit his nap.

The clocks were chiming twelve. Beller and Thavies were silent as tombstones. They were generally loquacious and merry rascals.

The Judge suddenly felt himself roughly seized and thrust from his corner into the middle of the seat, and opening his eyes, instantly he found himself between his two companions.

Before he could blurt out the oath that was at his lips, he saw that they were two strangers--evil-looking fellows, each with a pistol in his hand, and dressed like Bow Street officers.

The Judge clutched at the check-string. The coach pulled up. He stared about him. They were not among houses; but through the windows, under a broad moonlight, he saw a black moor stretching lifelessly from right to left, with rotting trees, pointing fantastic branches in the air, standing here and there in groups, as if they held up their arms and twigs like fingers, in horrible glee at the Judge's coming.

A footman came to the window. He knew his long face and sunken eyes. He knew it was Dingly Chuff, fifteen years ago a footman in his service, whom he had turned off at a moment's notice, in a burst of jealousy, and indicted for a missing spoon. The man had died in prison of the jail-fever.

The Judge drew back in utter amazement. His armed companions signed mutely; and they were again gliding over this unknown moor.

The bloated and gouty old man, in his horror, considered the question of resistance. But his athletic

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days were long over. This moor was a desert. There was no help to be had. He was in the hands of strange servants, even if his recognition turned out to be delusion, and they were under the command of his captors. There was nothing for it but submission, for the present.

Suddenly the coach was brought nearly to a standstill, so that the prisoner saw an ominous sight from the window.

It was a gigantic gallows beside the road; it stood three-sided, and from each of its three broad beams at top depended in chains some eight or ten bodies, from several of which the cere-clothes had dropped away, leaving the skeletons swinging lightly by their chains. A tall ladder reached to the summit of the structure, and on the peat beneath lay bones.

On the top of the dark transverse beam facing the road, from which, as from the other two completing the triangle of death, dangled a row of these unfortunates in chains, a hangman, with a pipe in his mouth, much as we see him in the famous print of the "Idle Apprentice," though here his perch was ever so much higher, was reclining at his ease and listlessly shying bones, from a little heap at his elbow, at the skeletons that hung round, bringing down now a rib or two, now a hand, now half a leg. A long-sighted man could have discerned that he was a dark fellow, lean; and from continually looking down on the earth from the elevation over which, in another sense, he always hung, his nose, his lips, his chin were pendulous and loose, and drawn down into a monstrous grotesque.

This fellow took his pipe from his mouth on seeing the coach, stood up, and cut some solemn capers high on his beam, and shook a new rope in the air, crying with a voice high and distant as the caw of a raven hovering over a gibbet, "A rope for Judge Harbottle!"

The coach was now driving on at its old swift pace.

So high a gallows as that, the Judge had never, even in his most hilarious moments, dreamed of. He thought he must be raving. And the dead footman! He shook his ears and strained his eyelids; but if he was dreaming, he was unable to awake himself.

There was no good in threatening these scoundrels. A brutum fulmen might bring a real one on his head.

Any submission to get out of their hands, and then heaven and earth he would move to unearth and hunt them down.

Suddenly they drove round a corner of a vast white building, and under a porte-cochère.

(...)

The Judge found himself in a corridor lighted with dingy oil lamps, the walls of bare stone; it looked like a passage in a prison. His guards placed him in the hands of other people. Here and there he saw bony and gigantic soldiers passing to and fro, with muskets over their shoulders. They looked straight before them, grinding their teeth, in bleak fury, with no noise but the clank of their shoes. He saw these by glimpses, round corners, and at the ends of passages, but he did not actually pass them by.

And now, passing under a narrow doorway, he found himself in the dock, confronting a judge in his scarlet robes, in a large court-house. There was nothing to elevate this Temple of Themis above its vulgar kind elsewhere. Dingy enough it looked, in spite of candles lighted in decent abundance. A case had just closed, and the last juror's back was seen escaping through the door in the wall of the jury-box. There were some dozen barristers, some fiddling with pen and ink, others buried in briefs, some beckoning with the plumes of their pens, to their attorneys, of whom there were no lack; there

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were clerks to-ing and fro-ing, and the officers of the court, and the registrar, who was handing up a paper to the judge; and the tipstaff, who was presenting a note at the end of his wand to a king's counsel over the heads of the crowd between. If this was the High Court of Appeal, which never rose day or night, it might account for the pale and jaded aspect of everybody in it. An air of indescribable gloom hung upon the pallid features of all the people here; no one ever smiled; all looked more or less secretly suffering.

"The King against Elijah Harbottle!" shouted the officer.

"Is the appellant Lewis Pyneweck in court?" asked Chief-Justice Twofold, in a voice of thunder, that shook the woodwork of the court, and boomed down the corridors.

Up stood Pyneweck from his place at the table.

"Arraign the prisoner!" roared the Chief: and Judge Harbottle felt the panels of the dock round him, and the floor and the rails quiver in the vibrations of that tremendous voice.

The prisoner, in limine, objected to this pretended court, as being a sham, and non-existent in point of law; and then, that, even if it were a court constituted by law (the Judge was growing dazed), it had not and could not have any jurisdiction to try him for his conduct on the bench.

Whereupon the chief-justice laughed suddenly, and everyone in court, turning round upon the prisoner, laughed also, till the laugh grew and roared all round like a deafening acclamation; he saw nothing but glittering eyes and teeth, a universal stare and grin; but though all the voices laughed, not a single face of all those that concentrated their gaze upon him looked like a laughing face. The mirth subsided as suddenly as it began.

The indictment was read. Judge Harbottle actually pleaded! He pleaded "Not Guilty." A jury were sworn. The trial proceeded. Judge Harbottle was bewildered. This could not be real. He must be either mad, or going mad, he thought.

One thing could not fail to strike even him. This Chief-Justice Twofold, who was knocking him about at every turn with sneer and gibe, and roaring him down with his tremendous voice, was a dilated effigy of himself; an image of Mr. Justice Harbottle, at least double his size, and with all his fierce colouring, and his ferocity of eye and visage, enhanced awfully.

Nothing the prisoner could argue, cite, or state, was permitted to retard for a moment the march of the case towards its catastrophe.

The chief-justice seemed to feel his power over the jury, and to exult and riot in the display of it. He glared at them, he nodded to them; he seemed to have established an understanding with them. The lights were faint in that part of the court. The jurors were mere shadows, sitting in rows; the prisoner could see a dozen pair of white eyes shining, coldly, out of the darkness; and whenever the judge in his charge, which was contemptuously brief, nodded and grinned and gibed, the prisoner could see, in the obscurity, by the dip of all these rows of eyes together, that the jury nodded in acquiescence.

And now the charge was over, the huge chief-justice leaned back panting and gloating on the prisoner. Everyone in the court turned about, and gazed with steadfast hatred on the man in the dock. From the jury-box where the twelve sworn brethren were whispering together, a sound in the general stillness, like a prolonged "hiss-s-s!" was heard; and then, in answer to the challenge of the officer, "How say you, gentlemen of the jury, guilty or not guilty?" came in a melancholy voice the finding, " Guilty."

The place seemed to the eyes of the prisoner to grow gradually darker and darker, till he could

discern nothing distinctly but the lumen of the eyes that were turned upon him from every bench and side and corner and gallery of the building. The prisoner doubtless thought that he had quite enough to say, and conclusive, why sentence of death should not be pronounced upon him; but the lord chief-justice puffed it contemptuously away, like so much smoke, and proceeded to pass sentence of death upon the prisoner, having named the tenth of the ensuing month for his execution.

Before he had recovered the stun of this ominous farce, in obedience to the mandate, "Remove the prisoner," he was led from the dock. The lamps seemed all to have gone out, and there were stoves and charcoal-fires here and there, that threw a faint crimson light on the walls of the corridors through which he passed. The stones that composed them looked now enormous, cracked and unhewn.

He came into a vaulted smithy, where two men, naked to the waist, with heads like bulls, round shoulders, and the arms of giants, were welding red-hot chains together with hammers that pelted like thunderbolts.

They looked on the prisoner with fierce red eyes, and rested on their hammers for a minute; and said the elder to his companion, "Take out Elijah Harbottle's gyves"; and with a pincers he plucked the end which lay dazzling in the fire from the furnace.

"One end locks," said he, taking the cool end of the iron in one hand, while with the grip of a vice he seized the leg of the Judge and locked the ring round his ankle. "The other," he said with a grin, "is welded."

The iron band that was to form the ring for the other leg lay still red hot upon the stone floor, with brilliant sparks sporting up and down its surface.

His companion, in his gigantic hands, seized the old Judge's other leg, and pressed his foot immovably to the stone floor; while his senior, in a twinkling, with a masterly application of pincers and hammer, sped the glowing bar round his ankle so tight that the skin and sinews smoked and bubbled again, and old Judge Harbottle uttered a yell that seemed to chill the very stones and make the iron chains quiver on the wall.

Chains, vaults, smiths, and smithy all vanished in a moment; but the pain continued. Mr. Justice Harbottle was suffering torture all round the ankle on which the infernal smiths had just been operating.

His friends, Thavies and Beller, were startled by the Judge's roar in the midst of their elegant trifling about a marriage à-la-mode case which was going on. The Judge was in panic as well as pain. The street lamps and the light of his own hall door restored him.

"I'm very bad," growled he between his set teeth; "my foot's blazing. Who was he that hurt my foot? 'Tis the gout--'tis the gout!" he said, awaking completely. "How many hours have we been coming from the playhouse? 'Sblood, what has happened on the way? I've slept half the night!"

There had been no hitch or delay, and they had driven home at a good pace.

The Judge, however, was in gout; he was feverish too; and the attack, though very short, was sharp; and when, in about a fortnight, it subsided, his ferocious joviality did not return. He could not get this dream, as he chose to call it, out of his head.

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Huch: The Bowl - Swapping heads

Friedrich Huch was a minor but extremely prolific German writer of the turn of the century. *Träume* ('Dreams'), written in 1904, is an attempt to reconstruct the dreams of three years of his life (for other dreams by Huch, see pages 193, 287,354 [in this electronic edition: Huch: The Falling Child, Huch: The Parcel, Huch: The Poem – Dream Creature – The Second Head]).

The Bowl

I am holding a goldfish-bowl-shaped glass vessel in my hands. It is full of water, in which a mass of strange, diaphanous soft creatures are swimming. I cannot resist the temptation of ever so slightly unscrewing the glass lid. But at the same moment there is the responding pressure of a force from within: the water fizzes and the creatures throng upwards. The lid opens further and further, and I can't close it any more. Sitting alongside of me is someone who knows how to close the lid. I cry out to him, but he doesn't hear, I cry again, but he doesn't hear, I shake him by the shoulders, but he doesn't hear; he's sleeping. Then the glass bowl is shattered. The water and the creatures are on the floor. I see them making hideous movements; disgust and fear take possession of me. Then I pick up a great big sharp knife and carefully cut each one of them through the middle, and then cut up the separate parts again, until finally all the death throes come to an end, and all that is left on the floor are formless little black lumps.

[This translation by M. Hollington is used again in this electronic version with his permission]

Swapping Heads

1 am standing in front of a pedestal and looking at a head that it supports. It is my own head, coloured reddish brown, with all its features very intense and alive. I say to my mother: well, yes, it is very statuesque, now I can see that myself. But I'm curious to find out how long it can stand the heat without spoiling! She is angry at what I've just said and tells me not to keep thinking such things: I should know how bad it is for me. At the same moment it enters my consciousness all of a sudden that what I see standing in front of me is my own real-life head, and the one I have on is artificial. I have the simultanous feeling of something unusual, heavy and padded lying on my shoulders; it shifts when I make a movement. My mother cries out: don't you see now how dangerous it is to think like that! But I am stifled by the fear that I might wake up in the morning after a restless night's sleep to find there's nothing more than a stump left where my head was before.

[This translation by M. Hollington is used again in this electronic version with his permission]

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Proust: Swann's Dream

This text comes from Marcel Proust's *Swann's Way*, which was first published in 1913.

when Swann happened to alight, close at hand, upon something which proved that Forcheville had been Odette's lover, he discovered that it caused him no pain, that love was now utterly remote, and he regretted that he had had no warning of the moment in which he had emerged from it for ever. And just as, before kissing Odette for the first time, he had sought to imprint upon his memory the face that for so long had been familiar, before it was altered by the additional memory of their kiss, so he could have wished—in thought at least—to have been in a position to bid farewell, while she still existed, to that Odette who had inspired love in him and jealousy, to that Odette who had caused him so to suffer, and whom now he would never see again. He was mistaken. He was destined to see her once again, a few weeks later. It was while he was asleep, in the twilight of a dream. He was walking with Mme. Verdurin, Dr. Cottard, a young man in a fez whom he failed to identify, the painter, Odette, Napoleon III and my grandfather, along a path which followed the line of the coast, and overhung the sea, now at a great height, now by a few feet only, so that they were continually going up and down; those of the party who had reached the downward slope were no longer visible to those who were still climbing; what little daylight yet remained was failing, and it seemed as though a black night was immediately to fall on them. Now and then the waves dashed against the cliff, and Swann could feel on his cheek a shower of freezing spray. Odette told him to wipe this off, but he could not, and felt confused and helpless in her company, as well as because he was in his nightshirt. He hoped that, in the darkness, this might pass unnoticed; Mme. Verdurin, however, fixed her astonished gaze upon him for an endless moment, in which he saw her face change its shape, her nose grow longer, while beneath it there sprouted a heavy moustache. He turned away to examine Odette; her cheeks were pale, with little fiery spots, her features drawn and ringed with shadows; but she looked back at him with eyes welling with affection, ready to detach themselves like tears and to fall upon his face, and he felt that he loved her so much that he would have liked to carry her off with him at once. Suddenly Odette turned her wrist, glanced at a tiny watch, and said: "I must go." She took leave of everyone, in the same formal manner, without taking Swann aside, without telling him where they were to meet that evening, or next day. He dared not ask, he would have liked to follow her, he was obliged, without turning back in her direction, to answer with a smile some question by Mme. Verdurin; but his heart was frantically beating, he felt that he now hated Odette, he would gladly have crushed those eyes which, a moment ago, he had loved so dearly, have torn the blood into those lifeless cheeks. He continued to climb with Mme. Verdurin, that is to say that each step took him farther from Odette, who was going downhill, and in the other direction. A second passed and it was many hours since she had left him. The painter remarked to Swann that Napoleon III had eclipsed himself immediately after Odette. "They had obviously arranged it between them," he added; "they must have agreed to meet at the foot of the cliff, but they wouldn't say good-bye together; it might have looked odd. She is his mistress." The strange young man burst into tears. Swann endeavoured to console him. "After all, she is quite right," he said to the young man, drying his eyes for him and taking off the fez to make him feel more at ease. "I've advised her to do that, myself, a dozen times. Why be so distressed? He was obviously the man to understand her." So Swann reasoned with himself, for the young man whom he had failed, at first, to identify, was himself also; like certain novelists, he had distributed his own personality between two characters, him who was the 'first person' in the dream, and

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another whom he saw before him, capped with a fez.

As for Napoleon III, it was to Forcheville that some vague association of ideas, then a certain modification of the Baron's usual physiognomy, and lastly the broad ribbon of the Legion of Honour across his breast, had made Swann give that name; but actually, and in everything that the person who appeared in his dream represented and recalled to him, it was indeed Forcheville. For, from an incomplete and changing set of images, Swann in his sleep drew false deductions, enjoying, at the same time, such creative power that he was able to reproduce himself by a simple act of division, like certain lower organisms; with the warmth that he felt in his own palm he modelled the hollow of a strange hand which he thought that he was clasping, and out of feelings and impressions of which he was not yet conscious, he brought about sudden vicissitudes which, by a chain of logical sequences, would produce, at definite points in his dream, the person required to receive his love or to startle him awake. In an instant night grew black about him; an alarum rang, the inhabitants ran past him, escaping from their blazing houses; he could hear the thunder of the surging waves, and also of his own heart, which, with equal violence, was anxiously beating in his breast. Suddenly the speed of these palpitations redoubled, he felt a pain, a nausea that were inexplicable; a peasant, dreadfully burned, flung at him as he passed: "Come and ask Charlus where Odette spent the night with her friend. He used to go about with her, and she tells him everything. It was they that started the fire." It was his valet, come to awaken him, and saying:—-

"Sir, it is eight o'clock, and the barber is here. I have told him to call again in an hour."

But these words, as they dived down through the waves of sleep in which Swann was submerged, did not reach his consciousness without undergoing that refraction which turns a ray of light, at the bottom of a bowl of water, into another sun; just as, a moment earlier, the sound of the door-bell, swelling in the depths of his abyss of sleep into the clangour of an alarum, had engendered the episode of the fire. Meanwhile the scenery of his dream-stage scattered in dust, he opened his eyes, heard for the last time the boom of a wave in the sea, grown very distant. He touched his cheek. It was dry. And yet he could feel the sting of the cold spray, and the taste of salt on his lips. He rose, and dressed himself.

Translated by C. K M. Scott-Moncrieff

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Artaud: The Bad Dreamer

> This is the answer of the playwright and metteur-en-scène Antonin Artaud to an enquiry on dreams and psychoanalysis published in the French journal Le Disque vert in 1925. Artaud, the author of, among other things, the celebrated The Theatre and its Double, was later interned at Rodez, in a lunatic asylum, where he spent his last years.

Translated by J. Romney [the translation will be inserted if/when permission is obtained; meanwhile here is the French original, from <http://www.amis-arts.com/antonin_artaud/le_mauvais_reveur.htm>.]

Mes rêves sont avant tout une liqueur, une sorte d'eau de nausée où je plonge et qui roule de sanglants micas. Ni dans la vie de mes rêves, ni dans la vie de ma vie je n'atteins à la hauteur de certaines images, je ne m'installe dans ma continuité. Tous mes rêves sont sans issue, sans château-fort, sans plan de ville. Un vrai remugle de membres coupés, je suis, d'ailleurs, trop renseigné sur ma pensée pour que rien de ce qui s'y passe m'intéresse: je ne demande qu'une chose, c'est qu'on m'enferme définitivement dans ma pensée.

Et quant à l'apparence physique de mes rêves, je vous l'ai dit: une liqueur.

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Schnitzler: Adulterous Dream

> Arthur Schnitzler, from Vienna, is one of the major writers and playwrights of the century. *Rhapsody*, in the original *Traumnovelle* ('Dream-story'), was written in 1926. The novel starts with a quiet family scene. It is evening; a child is reading a fairy tale; the parents, Fridolin and Albertina, smile upon their offspring. Fridolin, a doctor, is then called away to visit a patient, who is already dead by the time the physician gets there. Fridolin wanders through the city, and is taken by an old friend to a house where a secret ball is being held and there he meets a naked woman who is wearing a mask. After several nocturnal adventures he walks home, determined to go back to the same mysterious house next day. He enters his wife's bedroom, and finds her asleep. When she wakes, she tells him of her adulterous dreams.

Anonymous translation [The translation will be inserted after copyright checking. Meanwhile here is the German original, from <http://gutenberg.spiegel.de/?id=5&xid=2510&kapitel=5&cHash=b61e1f308cchap005>]

Es war vier Uhr morgens, als er die Treppe zu seiner Wohnung hinaufschritt. Er begab sich vor allem in sein Sprechzimmer, verschloß das Maskengewand sorgfältig in einen Schrank, und da er es vermeiden wollte, Albertine zu wecken, legte er Schuhe und Kleider ab, noch ehe er ins Schlafzimmer trat. Vorsichtig schaltete er das gedämpfte Licht seiner Nachttischlampe ein. Albertine lag ruhig, die Arme im Nacken verschlungen, ihre Lippen waren halb geöffnet, schmerzliche Schatten zogen rings um sie; es war ein Antlitz, das Fridolin nicht kannte. Er beugte sich über ihre Stirne, die sich sofort, wie unter einer Berührung, in Falten legte, ihre Mienen verzerrten sich sonderbar; und plötzlich, immer noch im Schlafe, lachte sie so schrill auf, daß Fridolin erschrak. Unwillkürlich rief er sie beim Namen. Sie lachte von neuem, wie zur Antwort, in einer völlig fremden, fast unheimlichen Weise. Nochmals und lauter rief Fridolin sie an. Nun öffnete sie die Augen, langsam, mühselig, groß, blickte ihn starr an, als erkenne sie ihn nicht.

»Albertine!«rief er zum dritten Male. Nun erst schien sie sich zu besinnen. Ein Ausdruck der Abwehr, der Furcht, ja des Entsetzens trat in ihr Auge. Sie streckte die Arme empor, sinnlos und wie verzweifelt, ihr Mund blieb geöffnet.

»Was ist dir?«fragte Fridolin stockenden Atems. Und da sie ihn immer noch wie mit Entsetzen anstarrte, fügte er wie beruhigend hinzu:»Ich bin's, Albertine.«Sie atmete tief, versuchte ein Lächeln, ließ die Arme auf die Bettdecke sinken, und wie aus der Ferne fragte sie:»Ist es schon Morgen?«

»Bald«, erwiderte Fridolin.»Vier Uhr vorüber. Eben erst bin ich nach Hause gekommen.«Sie schwieg. Er fuhr fort:»Der Hofrat ist tot. Er lag schon im Sterben, als ich kam, – und ich konnte natürlich – die Angehörigen nicht gleich allein lassen.

Sie nickte, schien ihn aber kaum gehört oder verstanden zu haben, starrte wie durch ihn hindurch ins Leere, und ihm war – so unsinnig ihm selbst der Einfall im gleichen Augenblick erschien, als müßte ihr bekannt sein, was er in dieser Nacht erlebt hatte. Er neigte sich über sie und berührte ihre Stirn. Sie erschauerte leicht.

»Was ist dir?«fragte er wieder.

Sie schüttelte nur langsam den Kopf. Er strich ihr über die Haare.»Albertine, was ist dir?«

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»Ich habe geträumt«, sagte sie fern.

»Was hast du denn geträumt?«fragte er mild.

»Ach, so viel. Ich kann mich nicht recht besinnen.«

»Vielleicht doch.«

»Es war so wirr – und ich bin müde. Und du mußt doch auch müde sein?«

»Nicht im geringsten, Albertine, ich werde kaum mehr schlafen. Du weißt ja, wenn ich so spät nach Hause komme – das Vernünftigste wäre eigentlich, ich setzte mich sofort an den Schreibtisch – gerade in solchen Morgenstunden – –«Er unterbrach sich.»Aber willst du mir nicht doch lieber deinen Traum erzählen?«Er lächelte etwas gezwungen.

Sie antwortete:»Du solltest dich doch noch ein wenig hinlegen.«

Er zögerte eine Weile, dann tat er nach ihrem Wunsch und streckte sich an ihrer Seite aus. Doch er hütete sich, sie zu berühren. Ein Schwert zwischen uns, dachte er in der Erinnerung an eine halb scherzhafte Bemerkung gleicher Art, die einmal bei ähnlicher Gelegenheit von seiner Seite gefallen war. Sie schwiegen beide, lagen mit offenen Augen, fühlten gegenseitig ihre Nähe, ihre Ferne. Nach einer Weile stützte er den Kopf auf seinen Arm, betrachtete sie lange, als vermöchte er mehr zu sehen als nur die Umrisse ihres Antlitzes.

»Deinen Traum!«sagte er plötzlich noch einmal, und es war, als hätte sie diese Aufforderung nur erwartet. Sie streckte ihm eine Hand entgegen; er nahm sie, und gewohnheitsmäßig, mehr zerstreut als zärtlich, hielt er wie spielend ihre schlanken Finger umklammert. Sie aber begann:

»Erinnerst du dich noch des Zimmers in der kleinen Villa am Wörthersee, wo ich mit den Eltern im Sommer unserer Verlobung gewohnt habe?«

Er nickte.

»So fing der Traum nämlich an, daß ich in dieses Zimmer trat, ich weiß nicht woher – wie eine Schauspielerin auf die Szene. Ich wußte nur, daß die Eltern sich auf Reisen befanden und mich allein gelassen hatten. Das wunderte mich, denn morgen sollte unsere Hochzeit sein. Aber das Brautkleid war noch nicht da. Oder irrte ich mich vielleicht? Ich öffnete den Schrank, um nachzusehen, da hingen statt des Brautkleides eine ganze Menge von anderen Kleidern, Kostüme eigentlich, opernhaft, prächtig, orientalisch. Welches soll ich denn nur zur Hochzeit anziehen? dachte ich. Da fiel der Schrank plötzlich wieder zu oder war fort, ich weiß nicht mehr. Das Zimmer war ganz hell, aber draußen vor dem Fenster war finstere Nacht... Mit einem Male standest du davor, Galeerensklaven hatten dich hergerudert, ich sah sie eben im Dunkel verschwinden. Du warst sehr kostbar gekleidet, in Gold und Seide, hattest einen Dolch mit Silbergehänge an der Seite und hobst mich aus dem Fenster. Ich war jetzt auch herrlich angetan, wie eine Prinzessin, beide standen wir im Freien im Dämmerschein, und feine graue Nebel reichten uns bis an die Knöchel. Es war die wohlvertraute Gegend: dort war der See, vor uns die Berglandschaft, auch die Landhäuser sah ich, sie standen da wie aus einer Spielzeugschachtel. Wir zwei aber, du und ich, wir schwebten, nein, wir flogen über die Nebel hin, und ich dachte: Dies ist also unsere Hochzeitsreise. Bald aber flogen wir nicht mehr, wir gingen einen Waldweg hin, den zur Elisabethhöhe, und plötzlich befanden wir uns sehr hoch im Gebirge in einer Art Lichtung, die auf drei Seiten von Wald umfriedet war, während rückwärts eine steile Felswand in die Höhe ragte. Über uns aber war ein Sternenhimmel so blau und weit gespannt, wie er in Wirklichkeit gar nicht existiert, und das war die Decke unseres Brautgemachs. Du nahmst mich in die Arme und liebtest mich sehr.«

»Du mich hoffentlich auch«, meinte Fridolin mit einem unsichtbaren bösen Lächeln.

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»Ich glaube, noch viel mehr«, erwiderte Albertine ernst.»Aber, wie soll ich dir das erklären – trotz der innigsten Umarmung war unsere Zärtlichkeit ganz schwermütig wie mit einer Ahnung von vorbestimmtem Leid. Mit einemmal war der Morgen da. Die Wiese war licht und bunt, der Wald ringsum köstlich betaut, und über der Felswand zitterten Sonnenstrahlen. Und wir beide sollten nun wieder zurück in die Welt, unter die Menschen, es war die höchste Zeit. Doch nun war etwas Fürchterliches geschehen. Unsere Kleider waren fort. Ein Entsetzen ohnegleichen erfaßte mich, brennende Scham bis zu innerer Vernichtung, zugleich Zorn gegen dich, als wärst du allein an dem Unglück schuld; – und all das: Entsetzen, Scham, Zorn war an Heftigkeit mit nichts zu vergleichen, was ich jemals im Wachsein empfunden habe. Du aber im Bewußtsein deiner Schuld stürztest davon, nackt wie du warst, um hinabzusteigen und uns Gewänder zu verschaffen. Und als du verschwunden warst, wurde mir ganz leicht zumut. Du tatest mir weder leid, noch war ich in Sorge um dich, ich war nur froh, daß ich allein war, lief glückselig auf der Wiese umher und sang: es war die Melodie eines Tanzes, die wir auf der Redoute gehört haben. Meine Stimme klang wundervoll, und ich wünschte, man sollte mich unten in der Stadt hören. Diese Stadt sah ich nicht, aber ich wußte sie. Sie lag tief unter mir und war von einer hohen Mauer umgeben; eine ganz phantastische Stadt, die ich nicht schildern kann. Nicht orientalisch, auch nicht eigentlich altdeutsch, und doch bald das eine, bald das andere, jedenfalls eine längst und für immer versunkene Stadt. Ich aber lag plötzlich auf der Wiese hingestreckt im Sonnenglanz – viel schöner, als ich je in Wirklichkeit war, und während ich so dalag, trat aus dem Wald ein Herr, ein junger Mensch hervor, in einem hellen, modernen Anzug, er sah, wie ich jetzt weiß, ungefähr aus wie der Däne, von dem ich dir gestern erzählt habe. Er ging seines Weges, grüßte sehr höflich, als er an mir vorüberkam, beachtete mich aber nicht weiter, ging geradenwegs auf die Felswand zu und betrachtete sie aufmerksam, als überlegte er, wie man sie bezwingen könnte. Zugleich aber sah ich auch dich. Du eiltest in der versunkenen Stadt von Haus zu Haus, von Kaufladen zu Kaufladen, bald unter Laubengängen, bald durch eine Art von türkischem Bazar, und kauftest die schönsten Dinge ein, die du für mich nur finden konntest: Kleider, Wäsche, Schuhe, Schmuck; – und all das tatest du in eine kleine gelblederne Handtasche, in der doch alles Platz fand. Immerfort aber warst du von einer Menschenmenge verfolgt, die ich nicht wahrnahm, ich hörte nur ihr dumpfes, drohendes Geheul. Und nun erschien der andere wieder, der Däne, der früher vor der Felswand stehengeblieben war. Wieder kam er vom Walde her auf mich zu – und ich wußte, daß er indessen um die ganze Welt gewandert war. Er sah anders aus als zuvor, aber doch war er derselbe. Er blieb wie das erstemal vor der Felswand stehen, verschwand wieder, dann kam er wieder aus dem Wald hervor, verschwand, kam aus dem Wald; das wiederholte sich zwei oder drei oder hundertmal. Es war immer derselbe und immer ein anderer, jedesmal grüßte er, wenn er an mir vorüberkam, endlich aber blieb er vor mir stehen, sah mich prüfend an, ich lachte verlockend, wie ich nie in meinem Leben gelacht habe, er streckte die Arme nach mir aus, nun wollte ich fliehen, doch ich vermochte es nicht – und er sank zu mir auf die Wiese hin.«

Sie schwieg. Fridolin war die Kehle trocken, im Dunkel des Zimmers merkte er, wie Albertine das Gesicht in den Händen gleichsam verborgen hielt.

»Ein merkwürdiger Traum«, sagte er.»Ist er schon zu Ende?«Und da sie verneinte:»So erzähl' doch weiter.«

»Es ist nicht so leicht«, begann sie wieder.»In Worten lassen sich diese Dinge eigentlich kaum ausdrücken. Also – mir war, als erlebte ich unzählige Tage und Nächte, es gab weder Zeit noch Raum, es war auch nicht mehr die von Wald und Fels eingefriedete Lichtung, in der ich mich befand, es war eine weit, unendlich weithin gedehnte, blumenbunte Fläche, die sich nach allen Seiten in den Horizont verlor. Ich war auch längst – seltsam: dieses längst! – nicht mehr mit diesem einen Mann allein auf der Wiese. Aber ob außer mir noch drei oder zehn oder noch tausend Paare

da waren, ob ich sie sah oder nicht, ob ich nur jenem einen oder auch andern gehörte, ich könnte es nicht sagen. Aber so wie jenes frühere Gefühl von Entsetzen und Scham über alles im Wachen Vorstellbare weit hinausging, so gibt es gewiß nichts in unserer bewußten Existenz, das der Gelöstheit, der Freiheit, dem Glück gleichkommt, das ich nun in diesem Traum empfand. Und dabei hörte ich keinen Augenblick lang auf, von dir zu wissen. Ja, ich sah dich, ich sah, wie du ergriffen wurdest, von Soldaten, glaube ich, auch Geistliche waren darunter; irgendwer, ein riesengroßer Mensch, fesselte deine Hände, und ich wußte, daß du hingerichtet werden solltest. Ich wußte es ohne Mitleid, ohne Schauer, ganz von fern. Man führte dich in einen Hof, in eine Art von Burghof. Da standest du nun mit nach rückwärts gefesselten Händen und nackt. Und so wie ich dich sah, obwohl ich anderswo war, so sahst du auch mich, auch den Mann, der mich in seinen Armen hielt, und alle die anderen Paare, diese unendliche Flut von Nacktheit, die mich umschäumte, und von der ich und der Mann, der mich umschlungen hielt, gleichsam nur eine Welle bedeuteten. Während du nun im Burghof standest, erschien an einem hohen Bogenfenster zwischen roten Vorhängen eine junge Frau mit einem Diadem auf dem Haupt und im Purpurmantel. Es war die Fürstin des Landes. Sie sah hinab zu dir mit einem streng fragenden Blick. Du standest allein, die andern, so viele es waren, hielten sich abseits, an die Mauern gedrückt, ich hörte ein tückisches, gefahrdrohendes Murmeln und Raunen. Da beugte sich die Fürstin über die Brüstung. Es wurde still, und die Fürstin gab dir ein Zeichen, als gebiete sie dir, zu ihr hinaufzukommen, und ich wußte, daß sie entschlossen war, dich zu begnadigen. Aber du merktest ihren Blick nicht oder wolltest ihn nicht bemerken. Plötzlich aber, immer noch mit gefesselten Händen, doch in einen schwarzen Mantel gehüllt, standest du ihr gegenüber, nicht etwa in einem Gemach, sondern irgendwie in freier Luft, schwebend gleichsam. Sie hielt ein Pergamentblatt in der Hand, dein Todesurteil, in dem auch deine Schuld und die Gründe deiner Verurteilung aufgezeichnet waren. Sie fragte dich – ich hörte die Worte nicht, aber ich wußte es –, ob du bereit seist, ihr Geliebter zu werden, in diesem Fall war dir die Todesstrafe erlassen. Du schütteltest verneinend den Kopf. Ich wunderte mich nicht, denn es war vollkommen in der Ordnung und konnte gar nicht anders sein, als daß du mir auf alle Gefahr hin und in alle Ewigkeit die Treue halten mußtest. Da zuckte die Fürstin die Achseln, winkte ins Leere, und da befandest du dich plötzlich in einem unterirdischen Kellerraum, und Peitschen sausten auf dich nieder, ohne daß ich die Leute sah, die die Peitschen schwangen. Das Blut floß wie in Bächen an dir herab, ich sah es fließen, war mir meiner Grausamkeit bewußt, ohne mich über sie zu wundern. Nun trat die Fürstin auf dich zu. Ihre Haare waren aufgelöst, flossen um ihren nackten Leib, das Diadem hielt sie in beiden Händen dir entgegen – und ich wußte, daß sie das Mädchen vom dänischen Strande war, das du einmal des Morgens nackt auf der Terrasse einer Badehütte gesehen hattest. Sie sprach kein Wort, aber der Sinn ihres Hierseins, ja ihres Schweigens war, ob du ihr Gatte und der Fürst des Landes werden wolltest. Und da du wieder ablehntest, war sie plötzlich verschwunden, ich aber sah zugleich, wie man ein Kreuz für dich aufrichtete; – nicht unten im Burghof, nein, auf der blumenübersäten unendlichen Wiese, wo ich in den Armen eines Geliebten ruhte, unter all den andern Liebespaaren. Dich aber sah ich, wie du durch altertümliche Gassen allein dahinschrittest ohne jede Bewachung, doch wußte ich, daß dein Weg dir vorgezeichnet und jede Flucht unmöglich war. Jetzt gingst du den Waldpfad bergan. Ich erwartete dich mit Spannung, aber ohne jedes Mitgefühl. Dein Körper war mit Striemen bedeckt, die aber nicht mehr bluteten. Du stiegst immer höher hinan, der Pfad wurde breiter, der Wald trat zu beiden Seiten zurück, und nun standest du am Wiesenrand in einer ungeheuern, unbegreiflichen Ferne. Doch du grüßtest mich lächelnd mit den Augen, wie zum Zeichen, daß du meinen Wunsch erfüllt hattest und mir alles brachtest, wessen ich bedurfte: – Kleider und Schuhe und Schmuck. Ich aber fand dein Gebaren über alle Maßen töricht und sinnlos, und es lockte mich, dich zu verhöhnen, dir ins Gesicht zu lachen – und gerade darum, weil du aus Treue zu mir die Hand einer Fürstin ausgeschlagen, Foltern erduldet und nun hier heraufgewankt kamst, um einen furchtbaren Tod zu erleiden. Ich lief dir

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entgegen, auch du schlugst einen immer rascheren Gang ein – ich begann zu schweben, auch du schwebtest in den Lüften; doch plötzlich entschwanden wir einander, und ich wußte: wir waren aneinander vorbeigeflogen. Da wünschte ich, du solltest doch wenigstens mein Lachen hören, gerade während man dich ans Kreuz schlüge. – Und so lachte ich auf, so schrill, so laut ich konnte. Das war das Lachen, Fridolin – mit dem ich erwacht bin.«

Sie schwieg und blieb ohne jede Regung. Auch er rührte sich nicht und sprach kein Wort. Jedes wäre in diesem Augenblick matt, lügnerisch und feig erschienen. Je weiter sie in ihrer Erzählung fortgeschritten war, um so lächerlicher und nichtiger erschienen ihm seine eigenen Erlebnisse, soweit sie bisher gediehen waren, und er schwor sich, sie alle zu Ende zu erleben, sie ihr dann getreulich zu berichten und so Vergeltung zu üben an dieser Frau, die sich in ihrem Traum enthüllt hatte als die, die sie war, treulos, grausam und verräterisch, und die er in diesem Augenblick tiefer zu hassen glaubte, als er sie jemals geliebt hatte.

Nun merkte er, daß er immer noch ihre Finger mit seinen Händen umfaßt hielt und daß er, wie sehr er diese Frau auch zu hassen gewillt war, für diese schlanken, kühlen, ihm so vertrauten Finger eine unveränderte, nur schmerzlicher gewordene Zärtlichkeit empfand; und unwillkürlich, ja gegen seinen Willen – ehe er diese vertraute Hand aus der seinen löste, berührte er sie sanft mit seinen Lippen.

Albertine öffnete noch immer nicht die Augen, Fridolin glaubte zu sehen, wie ihr Mund, ihre Stirn, ihr ganzes Antlitz mit beglücktem, verklärtem, unschuldsvollem Ausdruck lächelte, und er fühlte einen ihm selbst unbegreiflichen Drang, sich über Albertine zu beugen und auf ihre blasse Stirn einen Kuß zu drücken. Aber er bezwang sich in der Erkenntnis, daß es nur die allzu begreifliche Ermüdung nach den aufwühlenden Ereignissen der letzten Stunden war, die in der trügerischen Atmosphäre des Ehegemachs sich in sehnsüchtige Zärtlichkeit verkleidet hatte.

Doch wie immer es in diesem Augenblicke mit ihm stand zu welchen Entschlüssen er im Laufe der nächsten Stunden gelangen sollte, das dringende Gebot des Augenblicks für ihn war, sich auf eine Weile wenigstens in Schlaf und Vergessen zu flüchten. Auch in der Nacht, die dem Tod seiner Mutter gefolgt war, hatte er geschlafen, hatte tief und traumlos schlafen können, und er sollte es in dieser nicht? Und er streckte sich an der Seite Albertinens hin, die schon eingeschlummert zu sein schien. Ein Schwert zwischen uns, dachte er wieder. Und dann: wie Todfeinde liegen wir hier nebeneinander. Aber es war nur ein Wort.

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Jouve: Red

Pierre Jean Jouve, the French poet, published in 1932 a collection of short stories, *Histoires sanglantes* ('Bloody Stories'), from which we have selected the following dream.

Translated by J. Romney [the text will be inserted if permission is given both for the original and the translation]

Eluard: I Dream I am not Sleeping

Paul Eluard was one of the founding members of the Surrealist movement, which relied to a great extent on automatic writing and transcription of dreams. He was one of the leading poets of political engagement during the last war. This dream comes from *Donner à voir,* 1938.

Translated by J. Romney [the text will be inserted if permission is given both for the original and the translation]

Bachelard: Flying – Air

Gaston Bachelard was a French historian of science and a philosopher whose work on the 'material' basis of imagination was very influential in France in the nineteen fifties and sixties. He devoted a series of books to the presence of the four main elements (water, fire, earth and air) in human imagination (*Psychanalyse du feu*, *L'air et les songes*, *L'eau et les rêves*, etc.). The passages below belong to *L'air et les songes* ('Air and dreams'), 1944.

Flying

Translated by J. Romney [the text will be inserted if permission is given both for the original and the translation]

Air

Translated by J. Romney [the text will be inserted if permission is given both for the original and the translation]

Genêt: Harcamone

Jean Genet, who died in 1986, is the most successful combination in European letters, after François Villon in the fifteenth century, of the underworld thug and the man of letters. A

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novelist, a poet, a playwright, he bas used all these literary media to exalt the beauty and vitality of criminal life. Jean-Paul Sartre, who discovered and launched him as a writer, attempted to make him the patron saint of rebellion against society and the culture of the establishment, but Genet's fantasy cannot be so easily pigeon-holed, as it appears from the text presented here. This is an extract from *Miracle of the Rose* (1946), a homosexual love story set in the death wing of a prison. It is situated towards the end of the novel, just before the execution of the hero, Harcamone.

Translated by B. Frechtman [the text will be inserted if/when permission is given both for the original and the translation]

Mandiargues: The Pink Bitch

André Pieyre de Mandiargues, novelist and art critic, particularly known for the extreme eroticism of some of his work, has written some forty books, and translated several poets, among others Yeats, Mishima and Octavio Paz. *Marbre*, from which this passage is taken, was published in 1953.

Translated by J. Romney [the text will be inserted if permission is given both for the original and the translation]

Leiris: The Address

Michel Leiris, an ethnographer by profession, published his best known book, *L'âge d'homme*, in 1939. It was a sort of autobiography in which he was nying to note down, alrnost randomly and with as few stylistic interventions as possible, the mernories of his childhood. The same kind of scientific purity in the art of transcription can be found in *Nuits sans nuit et quelques jours sans jour* ('Some Nights Without Night and Some Days Without Day') (1961), from which we have selected the passage below.

Translated by J. Romney [the text will be inserted if permission is given both for the original and the translation]

Gomez de la Serna: The Transference of Dreams

Born in Madrid in 1888, Ramon Gomez de la Serna is one of the most interesting figures of the Spanish literary avant-garde. He coined the word 'gregueria' (literally, gobbledygook), which he used for a very personal collection of humorous aphorisms, in the manner of Ambrose Bierce or Cioran. *Caprichos*, from which our text is taken, was published in 1962. It is a collection ot'picces of' various nature written at different times. About *Caprichos* Gomez de la Serna said that they represent 'a Goyesque carpet of former timcs. .

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Translated by J. Lyons [the text will be inserted if permission is given both for the original and the translation]

Malerba: The Serpent

> Luigi Malerba, one of the foremost Italian novelists, published his best known novel, *Il serpente* ('The Serpent'), from which we have taken the following dream, in 1966. His next novel, *Salto Mortale*, (translated into English with the title 'What is this buzzing? Do you hear it too?') won the Prix Médicis in 1970. The Serpent tells the story of a philatelist who invents for himself imaginary lives, love-affairs, adventures and misadventures, so that at the end no ont, and the reader least of all, is able to distinguish between reality and fantasy.

Translated by W. Weaver [the text will be inserted if permission is given both for the original and the translation]

Bishop: Sleeping Standing Up

> This poem by Elizabeth Bishop is taken from her *Complete Poems*, published in New York in 1969. Another poem by Elizabeth Bishop is entitled 'Sleeping on the ceiling'.

[The text will be inserted if permission is given]

Perec: The Arrest

> This text belongs to the collection of dreams published in 1973 under the title *La Boutique Obscure* ('The Dark Shop') by Georges Perec, who was one of the leaders of the *Ouvroir de Littérature Potentielle* ('Workshop of Potential Literature'), better known as OULIPO.

Translated by J. Romney [the text will be inserted if permission is given both for the original and the translation]

Butor: Dream Matter

> This is the beginning of a research on dreams and their use in writing which Butor is still pursuing. This text was published in 1975. Until now, four volumes of *Matière de Rêve* have come out. The title is usually translated as 'Dream Matter', but there is probably an allusion to Hamlet's 'stuff that dreams are made on'.

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Translated by J. Romney [the text will be inserted if permission is given both for the original and the translation]

Handke: "Who has ever..."

This passage is taken from the first few pages of *A Moment of True Feeling*, by Peter Handke, the Austrian novelist, first published in 1975.

Translated by R. Mauheim [the text will be inserted if permission is given both for the original and the translation]

Lobel: The Dream

Amold Lobel is one of the foremost writers and illustrators of children's stories in English. 'The Dream' is taken from *Frog and Toad Together*, of 1979.

[The text will be inserted if permission is given both for the original and the translation]

Steiner: Before Language

These are the opening pages of George Steiner's lecture on *The Historicity of Dreams*, delivered in French at a Congress on *I linguaggi del sogn*o ('The Languages of Dreams') held at the Fondazione Cini in Venice in 1982. The English version of this lecture was published by the American journal Salmagundi

[The text will be inserted if permission is given]

Damian: Sara – The Community Centre

François Damian's *L'autre rive* (The other shore), came out at the beginning of 1985. The author states that his book is not a fiction but a faithful recording, 'day by night', of his dreams over a period of three years. But soon the random succession of dreams is replaced in this novel by a story - perhaps connected with the waking life of the narrator, who seems to be attracted by two different women. It was impossible in our anthology to give an impression of the main story-line, so we have chosen a few autonomous and significant dreams (for the other dreams by Damian, see page 221 [in this electronic edition: Damian: Church Football).

Translated by J. Romney [the text will be inserted if permission is given both for the original and

the translation]

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Realistic Dreams

The currents connecting the day world and the night world flow in two opposite directions, as the waters of the mythical Euripus. The day produces a continuous harvest of emotions and experiences, perceptions and feelings, preoccupations and anxieties, desires and fears, which are channelled into the night world, feeding the secret sources of our dreams. The dreams in turn recycle monsters and bogeys, tortures and delights, suspicions and revelations, .manufactured - or shall we say mente-factured? - in their smithy, and address them towards waking life. The sleep of reason generates two kinds of monsters: day-monsters who emigrate into our night dreams; nightmares who ,cross back over the border of waking. Whoever ignores this traffic out of positivist short-sightedness is almost by definition a fool. Whoever thinks he is able to monitor or explain it is, almost by necessity, another kind of fool. When writing about dreams, one must beware of those two types of foolishness.

The world of dreaming and the world of waking have a common tract of border country where traffic, exchanges, smugglings, transpositions, double passports, are rife. This boundary area is the operative basis of the dreams we have decided to call 'realistic'. This category does not rest on aesthetic or stylistic criteria, nor does it indicate a particular school of dream-writing 8though such schools do exist), but it witnesses a marked proximity of the two worlds. Some dreams in this section may seem ethereally fantastic, enigmatically symbolic or murkily instinctive; but they all share a particularly narrow connection - sometimes disturbingly narrow - between dreaming and waking. Life is like a dream, but it is slightly less inconsequent than a dream, says Pascal in one of his *Pensées* quoted here. The traffic therefore tends to scatter in the dreamward direction, and to concentrate again on the way back. The analogies between the two worlds are striking and awesome, and traffic accidents are all too frequent.

Let us take *The Dream of the Last Judgement* by Quevedo, which is apparently a fantasy; yet there are clear traces of a two-way traffic. In the evening, the author reads 'a discourse concerning the end of the world' and .ills asleep; the dreamer picks up the scoria of this day-experience and turns it into a representation of the Last Judgement in which he is author, judge, director, bawd, usher, propman, prosecutor, stage manager, choreographer and spectator. But whence did that otherwise unspecified 'discourse concerning the end of the world' come if not from the dream world? Who else could have invented such a horrible, crazy and perverse legend if not the Dream God or one of his famuli? In turn Quevedo's reader, or Quevedo himself transcribing his dream - it does not matter at this point whether this is the protocol of a real dream or a literary invention, hence the fiction of a fiction, as seems more likely - pours the dream material back into reality. And maybe the reader, having read the *Dream of the Last Judgement*, will choose this theme for his next dream; and so on. This continuous to-ing and fro-ing between the two worlds cannot be denied, and makes it extremely difficult to give a static picture of dream-processes.

Dreams are fancies, this is granted; but they keep an incestuous connection with reality. According to Dickens's letter the author is unable to evoke in his dreams these typical dream-figures, the characters of his novels, and to converse with them. This is an interesting observation, even if it is contradicted by some of the examples we include in our selection. Kerouac claims he always encounters his characters in his dreams, but they were friends and acquaintances who, from a literary viewpoint, were mere husks; as to Grillparzer, Medea appears in a dream as the character in the play he is in the process of writing, not as an established character emerging from his literary past. All in all, the case of Dickens seems the most convincing. Dreams cannot be cheated so easily, and they insist on eliciting and deforming real people, not fictional characters. To illustrate this

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point: we may dream that we meet Hamlet, or Leopold Bloom, Aeneas or Emma Bovary, because we are not their creator, and somehow we half believe in their existence. But though the waking author can claim: 'Madame Bovary, c'est moi', he will never say in his dreams: 'Madame Bovary, I presume.' Dream, the reign of inconsequence and inconsistency, needs to feed daily on consequent and consistent reality.

Yet the relation between night-world and day-life is eminently ambiguous. Reality may be the efficient cause of the dream, but the dream, as a symptom of reality, helps us understand it. The *mauvais coucheur* in Groussac suffers from heartburn, hence he dreams that he is drawn into a brawl in which he is knifed in the upper stomach: the real indigestion has caused the dreamed wound. On the other hand, the duplication of the marriage of Cana in Dostoevsky, where the corpse of Zossima rises from the bier to exalt the merits of a festive religion, is a symptom of Aliosha's faith in that Christ who says 'He who loves men loves their gladness'; the dream clarifies the past and future religious behaviour of the young man.

In *The Shout* by Robert Graves the strength and suspense of the tale depends precisely on the uncertainty of the status of the shoe-buckle, lost in the dream and found again in the pocket of the mysterious but probably real visitor. But the key metaphor is Shakespeare's: 'We are of such stuff as dreams are made on'; and several dreamers/authors in this section insist on the weaving, plaiting and composing aspect of the dreams. 'We weave our dreams from our own substance' says Groussac. For Machado, dreams are of a double thread of hope and fear; elsewhere, he says that dreams are the bundles of our designs so as to mix them with memories and fears'. Dreams weave elements from reality, and vice-versa; thus, along these gossamer threads, the crossing from one to the other can be quiet and sudden. Threatened by the enemy, Borges chooses the easy solution: 'To wake up', escaping into reality where the man who wants to kill him cannot follow him. He is safe - at least until the next dream the following night. When he goes to bed. Lynkeus' rational dreamer takes the dream omnibus, trusting on a safe journey, and tells his servant he shall be back as usual at dawn: 'You can meet me at about six in the morning'. Men are commuters who take every night- the green line coaches to the outskirts (unless our day-life be the and our dreams the city centre: this is an eccentric opinion, but it is difficult to prove that it is unreal).

In some cases, dreams are like a photocopying machine which duplicates reality: the occupations of the day are reproduced faithfully in the nocturnal (Lucretius); the memory of the loved woman elicits a perfect image of her face and of her voice (Petrarch and Froissart); the true burning of Dresden in the Second World War is projected into the imaginary burning of Indianapolis (Vonnegut); the misery of an unemployed hippy's daily life the misery of the same hippy's night life, which retraces a similar path of emargination and refusal (Bob Dylan); the marriage of Cana is re-enacted (Dostoevsky); the sound of the Civil War guns re-echoes in the artillery-man's dream (Whitman). In some cases it is reality that copies the Dream: Gradiva, the woman of the Roman bas-relief, comes alive in Hanold's dream, but the dream-Gradiva is projected on to the woman the hero of novel meets in Pompei, Zoe, who turns out to be a childhood friend he would not have noticed without the dream; the man bitten in his dream by a sepent must be cured on awakening (Frazer).

There is no motion of the human mind and body that dreams cannot imitate. Dream is a minute *bricoleur*, crouching within us, who puts together thoughts, ideas, feelings and emotions: perfect forgeries which duplicate the feigned normality of waking life. This forger can almost imitate death: but Hervey Saint Denis, in the passage reproduced here, can only carry out his suicide-in-dream experiment up to the point where he jumps from a top-floor window. After that, there is a blank, and he is forced to abandon the character of the would-be suicide and take the role of a neutral

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bystander.

The dream is also a stranger, a shameless pedlar who sells us only imitation products which might be better than reality. Or perhaps this pedlar is Old Nick himself who tempts us with the apple of false knowledge. W. H. Auden was wrong: for him, '... the serpent on the poisonous tree/was *l'esprit de géométrie*'; but in fact the serpent could actually be the spirit of chaos, the dream that tempts us to be different from what we are. Because, like all photocopying machines, the dream sometimes goes wrong; it mischievously delights in transforming, polluting, falsifying, soiling, defiling, blackening: in short, mucking up the works. The residues of the day before, the Tagesreste which, according to Freud, form the basis of our oneiric imagination, are often metamorphosed into an unrecognizable or parodic version by the Traumarbeit, the dream-work: 'The dream is less a comment on the day than a digestive process of it, a breakdown and assimilation of the day-world within the labyrinthine tracts of the psyche' that assimilate it for their own use and consumption (James Hillman).

The exhausted soldier in Mérimée's tale gently slides into sleep, and there his wishful thinking draws out the experience of the day before in a duel, in seeming death, in a love adventure. Freud apparently did not know this short story, which would have made a nice example for his theory, according to which the remembered fragments of the day before, elaborated and manipulated by the dream, are used in order to satisfy the unconscious will of the dreamer: in this case love-desires and death-wishes.

Wishful thinking is also evidenced in Bierce's story, where the soldier on the threshold of death in his lightning-quick dream ('Sensations are rapid dreams', says Santayana) simultaneously retraces the stages of his beine strangled and of his imaginary escape; or in Pirandello where the woman. prevented by her education from satisfying her passion in life, finds ample and tragic comfort in her unbridled sexual dream-behaviour. Visions are the thoughts of the day, according to Herodotus; they project on to the night screen what waking life, in spite of its infinite generosity, was not able to materialize fully. The other side of wishful thinking might be *fearful thinking*. when dreams actualize not what we want but what we fear: as in Machado's legend, where Avergonzález's fears of his sons' homicidal intentions are made explicit in his dream, and later realized by what actually occurs. We cannot escape from the 'realistic dreams' since there is no way of avoiding our 'latent' and 'patent' hopes and fears, to borrow Freud's terminology. The intercourse with these dreams is too close for comfort. Being unable to forget them, the only alternative is to put them in an anthology.

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The Bible: Solomon's wish

> This dream of Solomon is told in *I Kings iii, 3-15*. *The Books of Kings*, sometimes attributed to Jeremiah, were written around 550 BC.

And Solomon loved the LORD, walking in the statutes of David his father: only he sacrificed and burnt incense in high places.

And the king went to Gibeon to sacrifice there; for that was the great high place: a thousand burnt offerings did Solomon offer upon that altar.

In Gibeon the LORD appeared to Solomon in a dream by night: and God said, Ask what I shall give thee.

And Solomon said, Thou hast shewed unto thy servant David my father great mercy, according as he walked before thee in truth, and in righteousness, and in uprightness of heart with thee; and thou hast kept for him this great kindness, that thou hast given him a son to sit on his throne, as it is this day.

And now, O LORD my God, thou hast made thy servant king instead of David my father: and I am but a little child: I know not how to go out or come in.

And thy servant is in the midst of thy people which thou hast chosen, a great people, that cannot be numbered nor counted for multitude.

Give therefore thy servant an understanding heart to judge thy people, that I may discern between good and bad: for who is able to judge this thy so great a people?

And the speech pleased the Lord, that Solomon had asked this thing.

And God said unto him, Because thou hast asked this thing, and hast not asked for thyself long life; neither hast asked riches for thyself, nor has asked the life of thine enemies; but hast asked for thyself understanding to discern judgement; behold, I have done according to thy words: lo, I have given thee a wise and an understanding heart; so that there was none like thee before thee, neither after thee shall any arise like unto thee.

And I have also given thee that which thou has not asked, both riches, and honour: so that there shall not be any among the kings like unto thee all thy days. And if thou wilt walk in my ways, to keep my statutes and my commandments, as thy father David did walk, then I will lengthen thy days.

And Solomon awoke; and, behold, it was a dream. And he came to Jerusalem, and stood before the ark of the covenant of the LORD, and offered up burnt offerings, and he offered peace offerings and made a feast to all his servants.

King James' version

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Herodotus: Xerxes and Artabanus

> The *Histories* of Herodotus were written in the fifth century BC. Xerxes came to power at the death of his father Darius in 486 BC, and started preparing for a second war against the Greeks in 484 BC which must be the approximate date of this dream.

So far discourse went; and presently came the night-time, and Xerxes was pricked by the counsel of Artabanus; and taking counsel of night-, he saw clearly that to send an army against Hellas was none of his business. Having made this second resolve he fell asleep; then it would appear (for so the Persians say) that in the night he saw this vision: It seemed to Xerxes that a tall and goodly man stood over him and said, 'Art thou then changing thy counsel, Persian, and wilt thou not lead thine army against Hellas, albeit thou hast proclaimed the mustering of thy host? thou dost not well to change thy counsel, nor will he that thou seest pardon thee for it; nay, let thy course be according to thy design of yesterday.'

Thus the vision spake, and seemed to Xerxes to vanish away; but when day dawned the king took no account of this dream, but assembling the Persians whom he had before gathered together, he thus addressed them: 'Forgive me, Persians! for that I turn and twist in my purpose; for I am not yet come to the fulness of my wisdom, and they are ever with me who exhort me to do as I said. 'Tis true that when I heard Artabanus' opinion my youthful spirit did for the nonce take fire, whereby there brake from me an unseemly and wrongful answer to one older than myself; yet now I see my fault and will follow his judgement. Know therefore that my purpose of marching against Hellas is changed, and abide in peace.'

When the Persians heard that, they rejoiced, and did obeisance. But when night came on, the same vision stood again over Xerxes as he slept, and said, 'Son of Darius, hast thou then plainly renounced thine army's march before the Persians, and made my words of no account, as though thou hadst not heard them? Know then this for a surety: if thou leadest not thine army forthwith, this shall be the outcome of it, that as a little while made thee great and mighty, so in a moment shalt thou be brought low again.'

Greatly affrighted by the vision, Xerxes leapt up from his bed, and sent a messenger to Artabanus to call him; and when he came, 'Artabanus,' said Xerxes, 'for the moment my right judgement forsook me, and I answered your good counsel with foolish mwords; but after no long time I repented, a vision came haunting my sight, that will in no wise consent that I should do as you counsel; and even now it has gone with a threat. Now if it be a god that sends the vision, and it be his full pleasure that there be this expedition against Hellas, that same dream will hover about you and lay on you the same charge as on me; and I am persuaded that this is likeliest to be, if you take all my attire and sit so clothed upon my throne, and presently lie down to sleep in my bed.'

Thus said Xerxes; Artabanus would not obey the first command, thinking it -was not for him to sit on the royal throne; at last he was compelled, and did as he was bidden, saying first: 'O king, I judge it of equal worth whether a man be wise, or be willing to obey good counsel; to both of these you have attained, but evil communications are your bane; even as the sea, who is of all creatures the most serviceable to men, is hindered (they say) from following his natural bent by the blasts of winds that fall upon him. But for myself - it was not the hard words I had from you that stung me so much as this, that when two opinions were laid before the Persians, the one tending to increase of

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pride, and the other to its abatement, showing how evil a thing it is to teach the heart continual desire of more than it has, of these two opinions you preferred that one which was most fraught with danger to yourself and the Persians. Now, therefore, since you are turned to the better opinion, you say that while you would renounce your expedition against the Greeks you are haunted by a dream sent by some god, which forbids you to leave off from the expedition. But you err again, my son; this is none of heaven's working. The roving dreams that visit men are of such nature as you shall learn of me, that am many years older than you. Those visions that rove about us in dreams are for the most part the thoughts of the day; and in these latter days we have been very earnestly busied about this expedition. But if nevertheless this be not such as I determine, and have in it somewhat of heaven's will, then you have spoken the conclusion of the matter; let it appear to me even as it has to you, and utter its command; but if it has ever a mind to appear, I must needs see it none the more by virtue of wearing your dress instead of mine, and sleeping in your bed rather than my own. Whatever be this that appears to spirit; for I knew how evil a thing it was to have many desires, remembering the end of Cyrus's expedition against the Massagetae and Cambyses's against the Ethiopians, and having myself marched with Darius against the Scythians. Knowing this, I judged that you had but to abide in peace for all men to deem you fortunate. But since heaven impels, and the gods, as it seems, mark Hellas for destruction, I myself do change and correct my judgement; and do you now declare the god's message to the Persians, and bid them obey your first command for all due preparations: so act, that nought on your part be lacking to the fulfilment of heaven's commission.' After this discourse, the vision giving them courage, Xerxes when daylight came imparted all this to the Persians, and Artabanus now openly persuaded to that course from which he alone had before openly dissuaded.

After this Xerxes, being now intent on the expedition, saw yet a third vision in his sleep, which the Magians interpreted to have regard to the whole earth and to signify that all men should be his slaves. This was the vision: Xerxes thought that he was crowned with an olive bough, the shoots of which spread over the whole earth, and presently the crown vanished from off his head where it was set. This the Magians interpreted; and of the Persians who had been assembled, every man forthwith rode away to his own governorship and there used all zeal to fulfil the king's behest, each desiring to receive the promised gifts; and thus it was that Xerxes dealt with the mustering of his army, searching out every part of the continent.

Translated by A.D. Godley

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Plato: The Illusion of the Senses

This passage is taken from Plato's *Theaetetus or Of the Soul*, which was probably written between 370 and 365 BC.

Socrates Let us not leave the argument unfinished, then; as there still remains to be considered an objection which may be raised about dreams and diseases, in particular about madness, and the various illusions of hearing and sight, or of other senses. For you know that in all these cases the theory of the truth of perception appears to be unmistakably refuted, as in dreams and illusions we certainly have false perceptions; and far from saying that everything is which appears, we should rather say that nothing is which appears.

Theaetetus Very true, Socrates.

Soc. But then, my boy, how can anyone contend that knowledge is perception, or that things are to each one as they appear?

Theaet. I am afraid to say, Socrates, that I have nothing to answer, because you rebuked me just now for saying so; but I certainly cannot undertake to argue that madmen or dreamers think truly, wh en they imagine some of them that they are gods, and others that they can fly, and are flying in their sleep.

Soc. Do you know a question which is raised about these illusions, and ,especially about waking and sleeping?

Theaet. What question?

Soc. A question which I think that you must often have heard persons ask: How can you determine whether at this moment we are sleeping, and all our thoughts are a dream; or whether we are awake, and talking to one another in the waking state? '

Theaet. Indeed, Socrates, I do not know how you can prove that the one is any more true than the other, for all the phenomena correspond; and there is no difficulty in supposing that during all this discussion we have been talking to one another in a dream; and when we are actually dreaming and talk in our dreams, the resemblance of the two states is quite astonishing.

Soc. You see, then, that a doubt about the reality of sense is easily raised, since there* may even be a doubt whether we are awake or in a dream. And as the time is equally divided in which we are asleep or awake, in either sphere of existence the soul contends that the thoughts which are present to our minds at the time are true; and during one half of our lives we affirm the truth of the one, and, during the other half, of the other; and are equally confident of both.

Translated by B. Jowett

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Aristotle: Are Dreams Prophetic ?

This passage is taken from Aristotle's *De Divinatione per Somnum* ('On Divination through Sleep'), written around 330 BC.

As to the divination which takes place in sleep, and is said to be based on dreams, we cannot lightly either dismiss it with contempt or give it implicit confidence. The fact that all persons, or many, suppose dreams to possess a special significance, tends to inspire us with belief in it [such divination], as founded on the testimony of experience; and indeed that divination in dreams should, as regards some subjects, be genuine, is not incredible, for it has a show of reason; from which one might form a like opinion also respecting all other dreams. Yet the fact of our seeing no probable cause to account for such divination tends to inspire us with distrust. For, in addition to its further unreasonableness, it is absurd to combine the idea that the sender of such dreams should be God with the fact that those to whom he sends them are not the best and wisest, but merely commonplace persons. If, however, we abstract from the causality of God, none of the other causes assigned appears probable. For that certain persons should have foresight in dreams concerning things destined to take place at the Pillars of Hercules, or on the banks of the Borysthenes, seems to be something to discover the explanation of which surpasses the wit of man. Well then, the dreams in question must be regarded either as causes, or as tokens, of the events, or else as coincidences; either as all, or some, of these, or as one only. I use the word 'cause' in the sense in which the moon is [the cause] of an eclipse of the sun, or in which fatigue is [a cause] of fever; 'token' [in the sense in which] the entrance of a star [into the shadow] is a token of the eclipse, or [in which] roughness of the tongue [is a token] of fever; while by 'coincidence' I mean, for example, the occurrence of an eclipse of the sun while some one is taking a walk; for the walking is neither a token nor a cause of the eclipse, nor the eclipse [a cause or token] of the walking. For this reason no coincidence takes place according to a universal or general rule. Are we then to say that some dreams are causes, others tokens, e.g. of events taking place in the bodily organism? At all events, even scientific physicians tell us that one should pay diligent attention to dreams, and to hold this view is reasonable also for those who are not practitioners, but speculative philosophers. For the movements which occur in the daytime [within the body] are, unless very great and violent, lost sight of in contrast with the waking movements, which are more impressive. In sleep the opposite takes place, for then even trifling movements seem considerable. This is plain in what often happens during sleep; for example, dreamers fancy that they are affected by thunder and lightning, when in fact there are only faint ringings in their ears; or that they are enjoying honey or other sweet savours, when only a tiny drop of phlegm is flowing down [the oesophagus]; or that they are walking through fire, and feeling intense heat, when there is only a slight warmth affecting certain parts of the body. When they are awakened, these things appear to them in this their true character. But since the beginnings of all events are small, so, it is clear, are those also of the diseases or other affections about to occur in our bodies. In conclusion, it is manifest that these beginnings must be more evident in sleeping than in waking moments.

Nay, indeed, it is not improbable that some of the presentations which come before the mind in sleep may even be causes of the actions cognate to each of them. For as when we are about to act [in waking hours], or are engaged in any course of action, or have already performed certain actions, we often find ourselves concerned with these actions, or performing them, in a vivid dream; the cause whereof is that the dream-movement has had a way paved for it from the original

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movements set up in the daytime; exactly so, but conversely, it must happen that the movements set up first in sleep should also prove to be starting-points of actions to be performed in the daytime, since the recurrence by day of the thought of these actions also has had its way paved for it in the images before the mind at night. Thus then it is quite conceivable that some dreams may be tokens and causes [of future events].

Most [so-called prophetic] dreams are, however, to be classed as mere coincidences, especially all such as are extravagant, and those in the fulfilment of which the dreamers have no initiative, such as in the case of a sea-fight, or of things taking place far away. As regards these it is natural that the fact should stand as it does whenever a person, on mentioning something, finds the very thing mentioned come to pass. Why, indeed, should this not happen also in sleep? The probability is, rather, that many such things should happen. As, then, one's mentioning a particular person is neither token nor cause of this person's presenting himself, so, in the parallel instance, the dream is, to him who has seen it, neither token nor cause of its [so-called] fulfilment, but a mere coincidence. Hence the fact that many dreams have no 'fulfilment', for coincidence do not occur according to any universal or general law.

Translated by J. I. Beare

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Theocritus: The Fishermen

> This idyll, whose attribution to Theocritus is dubious, is one of the most ancient documents of the rich literary theme of the Poor Fisherman, which runs from antiquity to Andersen.

Translated by A.E.S. Gow [this translation, shall be inserted if/when permission is given. The same idyll, translated by J.M. Edmonds, can be found in <http://www.theoi.com/Text/TheocritusIdylls4.html#21>]

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Lucretius: On Dreams

De Natura Rerum, from which this dream is taken, was written by the Latin Poet Lucretius in the first century BC.

Translated by C. H. Sisson [this translation will be inserted if/when permission is given; The same passage, translated by William Ellery Leonard, can be found at <http://classics.mit.edu/Carus/nature_things.4.iv.html> , from "And to whate'er pursuit / A man most clings absorbed, or what the affairs / On which we theretofore have tarried much, / And mind hath strained upon the more, we seem / In sleep not rarely to go at the same."]

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Cicero: Friends – Dreams and Diet

Marcus Tullius Cicero's *De Divinatione* was written c. 44 BC. It is a refutation of divination, all the more curious since Cicero himself Was an augur. Anticipating the well-known joke about psychoanalysts, Cicero says of his colleagues: 'How can two augurs meet without laughing?' In Book I, from which we have taken all our quotations, Cicero puts a defence of the augural arts in the mouth of his brother Quintus, which he then refutes in Book II.

Two friends

Two friends from Arcadia who were taking a journey together came to Megara, and one traveller put up at an inn and the second went to the home of a friend. After they had eaten supper and retired, the second traveller, in the dead of the night, dreamed that his companion was imploring him to come to his aid, as the innkeeper was planning to kill him. Greatly frightened at first by the dream he arose, and later, regaining his composure, decided that there was nothing to worry about and went back to bed. When he had gone to sleep the same person appeared to him and said: 'Since you would not help me when I was alive, I beg that you will not allow my dead body to remain unburied. I have been killed by the innkeeper, who has thrown my body into a cart and covered it with dung. I pray you to be at the city gate in the morning before the cart leaves the town.' Thoroughly convinced by the second dream he met the cart-driver at the gate in the morning, and, when he asked what he had in the cart, the driver fled in terror. The Arcadian then removed his friend's dead body from the cart, made complaint of the crime to the authorities, and the innkeeper was punished. What stronger proof of a divinely inspired dream than this can be given?

Translated by W A. Falconer

Dreams and Diet

Now Plato's advice to us is to set out for the land of dreams with bodies so prepared that no error or confusion may assail the soul. For this reason, it is thought, the Pythagoreans were forbidden to indulge in beans; for that food produces great flatulence and induces a condition at war with a soul in search of truth. When, therefore, the soul has been withdrawn by sleep from contact with sensual ties, then does it recall the past, comprehend the present, and foresee the future. For though the sleeping body then lies as if it were dead, yet the soul is alive and strong, and will be much more so after death when it is wholly free of the body. Hence its power to divine is much enhanced by the approach of death.

Translated by W.A. Falconer

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Virgil: Hector

> This dream is taken from the second canto of Virgil's *Aeneid*, written between 30 and 19 BC. The Trojans are happily sleeping: the Greeks have left their shores, abandoning the great wooden horse. Aeneas is visited by a dream.

Translated by W.F. Jackson Knight [this translation will be inserted if/when permission is given; meanwhile, here is Dryden's translation, from <http://classics.mit.edu/Virgil/aeneid.2.ii.html>]

"'T was in the dead of night, when sleep repairs
Our bodies worn with toils, our minds with cares,
When Hector's ghost before my sight appears:
A bloody shroud he seem'd, and bath'd in tears;
Such as he was, when, by Pelides slain,
Thessalian coursers dragg'd him o'er the plain.
Swoln were his feet, as when the thongs were thrust
Thro' the bor'd holes; his body black with dust;
Unlike that Hector who return'd from toils
Of war, triumphant, in Aeacian spoils,
Or him who made the fainting Greeks retire,
And launch'd against their navy Phrygian fire.
His hair and beard stood stiffen'd with his gore;
And all the wounds he for his country bore
Now stream'd afresh, and with new purple ran.
I wept to see the visionary man,
And, while my trance continued, thus began:
'O light of Trojans, and support of Troy,
Thy father's champion, and thy country's joy!
O, long expected by thy friends! from whence
Art thou so late return'd for our defense?
Do we behold thee, wearied as we are
With length of labors, and with toils of war?
After so many fun'rals of thy own
Art thou restor'd to thy declining town?

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But say, what wounds are these? What new disgrace
Deforms the manly features of thy face?'
"To this the specter no reply did frame,
But answer'd to the cause for which he came,
And, groaning from the bottom of his breast,
This warning in these mournful words express'd:
'O goddess-born! escape, by timely flight,
The flames and horrors of this fatal night.
The foes already have possess'd the wall;
Troy nods from high, and totters to her fall.
Enough is paid to Priam's royal name,
More than enough to duty and to fame.
If by a mortal hand my father's throne
Could be defended, 't was by mine alone.
Now Troy to thee commends her future state,
And gives her gods companions of thy fate:
From their assistance walls expect,
Which, wand'ring long, at last thou shalt erect.'
He said, and brought me, from their blest abodes,
The venerable statues of the gods,
With ancient Vesta from the sacred choir,
The wreaths and relics of th' immortal fire.
"Now peals of shouts come thund'ring from afar,
Cries, threats, and loud laments, and mingled war:
The noise approaches, tho' our palace stood
Aloof from streets, encompass'd with a wood.
Louder, and yet more loud, I hear th' alarms
Of human cries distinct, and clashing arms.
Fear broke my slumbers; I no longer stay,
But mount the terrace, thence the town survey,
And hearken what the frightful sounds convey.
Thus, when a flood of fire by wind is borne,
Crackling it rolls, and mows the standing corn;
Or deluges, descending on the plains,

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Sweep o'er the yellow year, destroy the pains
Of lab'ring oxen and the peasant's gains;
Unroot the forest oaks, and bear away
Flocks, folds, and trees, and undistinguish'd prey:
The shepherd climbs the cliff, and sees from far
The wasteful ravage of the wat'ry war.
Then Hector's faith was manifestly clear'd,
And Grecian frauds in open light appear'd.
The palace of Deiphobus ascends
In smoky flames, and catches on his friends.
Ucalegon burns next: the seas are bright
With splendor not their own, and shine with Trojan light.
New clamors and new clangors now arise,
The sound of trumpets mix'd with fighting cries.
With frenzy seiz'd, I run to meet th' alarms,
Resolv'd on death, resolv'd to die in arms,

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Egypt: The Translator's Dream

This dream is written on a papyrus of the second century AD.

... King Nektanébo read Asklepios's book, and was so delighted by the divine nature of the story that, after discovering there had been twenty-six priests to carry the statue of the god in procession from Heliopolis to Memphis, he gave the prophetic appointment which belonged to them to all their descendants. Moreover, having re-read the book from end to end, he granted Asklepios a new gift of three hundred and thirty rich corn fields, following the example of Menecheres who had honoured the god with magnificent offerings as a sign of worship.

As to myself, although I had often vouched to translate the book into Greek, without feelings of envy, but to make it publicly known to my contemporaries, and even if I was already wading through the central part of the story, I was held up in my zeal by the loftiness of the tale, thinking that I would have to bring it to light: for it is only granted to gods, and not to mortals, to tell the marks of the gods' greatness. I was spellbound by what was expected from me: if I should fail, not only did I fear to be put to shame in front of mankind, but I was afraid of the wrath of the god, even if its immortal virtue would be enough to compensate for the inferiority of my work. On the other hand, if I should prove useful, it meant a happy life and immortal fame. For the god is willing to be benevolent, if it be true at least that- he has saved those who were inspired by pious zeal when medicine was powerless against their illnesses. Therefore, recoiling from temerity, I bided the propitious time for a year: I postponed the fulfilling of my oath. For it is mainly in the force of age that man is presumptuous, for youth is rash, and its impetus pushes men to undertake things above their zeal.

But when three years had gone by without any more strivings on my part, and my mother was struck by a torturing quartan fever sent by the divine wrath, we belatedly understood and presented ourselves as supplicants to the god, conjuring him to heal my mother's illness. Being good towards all people, he appeared to her in a dream and freed her with inexpensive cures; so we accomplished the usual thanksgiving sacrifices. But then it was my turn to be overpowered by a sudden illness on my right side, and I ran immediately to the god, succourer of mankind; and again he condescended, with a willing ear, to an even more active pity, and proved his benevolent nature, whose authenticity I witness here with the aim of broadcasting the awesome signs of his power.

It was at night, when everything, save those afflicted by physical pain, is asleep, that the divinity revealed itself in all its power. I was burning with a violent fever, struggling convulsively with asthma and wrecked by coughing fits caused by the pain on my right side. My head was heavy, I was exhausted by the struggle when I eventually dropped to sleep. My mother, who was greatly worried by my torments - because I am her child and her heart is tender by nature - was sitting by my side without sleeping. And then she had a sudden vision - not as in dream or sleep, for her eyes were open, though they could not see quite clearly, for the divine phantasm entering into her filled her with terror and troubled her sight - she then saw either the god or his servant. At any rate there was a being much taller than any human being, dressed in a light, shining cloth, who was holding a book in his left hand. He just examined me from head to foot two or three times, and then disappeared. And when she saw that the fever had left me and that I was drenched with sweat, she thanked the visible manifestation of the god; then, after having wiped my body, she brought me to my senses. As we were talking, she wanted to tell me of the god's miracle, but I forestalled her: for

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indeed, everything she had seen in her vision had appeared to me as the images of a dream. In short, as the pains in my side had stopped,- the god had also added a soothing medicine to his gifts - I started heralding his good deeds.

But after we had again propitiated the god with sacrifices congruous with our means, he, through the voice of the priest in charge of the purification, demanded the fulfilment of the oath I had given him long ago. Although we could not recall any debt in sacrifices or offerings, we renewed our supplications in similar guise. But he kept saying that none of these things were agreeable to him, and I was greatly embarrassed about this oath I had made. I was almost discouraged when I suddenly remembered my oath to the god concerning this text.

When I discovered, O Master, that I was neglecting the divine book, after invoking thy providence, filled with thy power, I gave myself with the greatest impetus to the arduous labour of the narration proposed by the god. I intend to make an offering to thee by revealing thy thought, like a prophet. Have I not already truthfully displayed, in another book, according to a physical method, the convincing myth of the creation of the world? In the whole of the text, have I not sometimes filled in the gaps, and at other times cut out superfluous details; either summarizing a dawdling discourse or saying complex things with one word? Therefore, Master, trusting thy benevolence more than my capacities, I believe I shall bring the book to perfection. Such a text is indeed fitting to thy divine nature. For thou hast written it, Asklepios, greatest of gods, preceptor: show it therefore to the grateful eyes of all. For if all offerings and sacrifices are only fresh when they are made, decaying already the next moment, writing on the other hand is an immortal gift which is renewed at all times by the memory of men.

Every Greek tongue shall repeat thy story, every Greek shall honour Imouthes, son of Phthah, come all you benevolent and good people, and leave, you denigrating and impious men ...

Translated by C. Béguin

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Petrarch: Sonnet

This poem comes from Petrarch's *Canzoniere*, written in the fourteenth century.

Oh soul in bliss, that deignest to descend
And solace me through many a dreary night
With eyes, which death has rendered not less bright,
But made all earthly glories to transcend;

How much I thank thee, that thou shouldest lend
My weary days the comfort of thy sight,
So that, as heretofore, thy beauty's light
In all thy noted haunts I apprehend!

Thou know'st that, where I walked and sang of thee
So many years, I now must walk and grieve
Not for thy sake, but for the loss I dree.

One only comfort all my sorrows leave,
That clearly, when thou comest back to me,
Thy walk, face, voice and vesture I perceive.

Translated by C.B. Cayley

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Boccaccio: The Wolf

> This is the seventh novella of the Ninth [Day] in Boccaccio's *Decameron*, written in the middle of the fourteenth century.

Translated by H.G. McWilliam [This translation shall be inserted if/when permission is given; meanwhile here is John Payne's)

Pamfilo's story being ended and the goodwife's presence of mind having been commended of all, the queen bade Pampinea tell hers and she thereupon began, "It hath been otherwhile discoursed among us, charming ladies, of the truths foreshown by dreams, the which many of our sex scoff at; wherefore, notwithstanding that which hath been said thereof, I shall not scruple to tell you, in a very few words, that which no great while ago befell a she-neighbour of mine for not giving credit to a dream of herself seen by her husband.

I know not if you were acquainted with Talano di Molese, a very worshipful man, who took to wife a young lady called Margarita, fair over all others, but so humoursome, ill-conditioned and froward that she would do nought of other folk's judgment, nor could others do aught to her liking; the which, irksome as it was to Talano to endure, natheless, as he could no otherwise, needs must he put up with. It chanced one night that, being with this Margarita of his at an estate he had in the country, him seemed in his sleep he saw his wife go walking in a very fair wood which they had not far from their house, and as she went, him seemed there came forth of a thicket a great and fierce wolf, which sprang straight at her throat and pulling her to the ground, enforced himself to carry her off, whilst she screamed for aid; and after, she winning free of his fangs, it seemed he had marred all her throat and face. Accordingly, when he arose in the morning, he said to the lady, 'Wife, albeit thy frowardness hath never suffered me to have a good day with thee, yet it would grieve me should ill betide thee; wherefore, an thou wilt hearken to my counsel, thou wilt not go forth the house to-day'; and being asked of her why, he orderly recounted to her his dream.

The lady shook her head and said, 'Who willeth thee ill, dreameth thee ill. Thou feignest thyself mighty careful of me; but thou dreamest of me that which thou wouldst fain see come to pass; and thou mayst be assured that I will be careful both to-day and always not to gladden thee with this or other mischance of mine.' Quoth Talano, 'I knew thou wouldst say thus; for that such thanks still hath he who combeth a scald-head; but, believe as thou listeth, I for my part tell it to thee for good, and once more I counsel thee abide at home to-day or at least beware of going into our wood.' 'Good,' answered the lady, 'I will do it'; and after fell a-saying to herself, 'Sawest thou how artfully yonder man thinketh to have feared me from going to our wood to-day? Doubtless he hath given some trull or other tryst there and would not have me find him with her. Marry, it were fine eating for him with blind folk and I should be a right simpleton an I saw not his drift and if I believed him! But certes he shall451 not have his will; nay, though I abide there all day, needs must I see what traffic is this that he hath in hand to-day.'

Accordingly, her husband being gone out at one door, she went out at the other and betook herself as most secretly she might straight to the wood and hid herself in the thickest part thereof, standing attent and looking now here and now there, an she should see any one come. As she abode on this wise, without any thought of danger, behold, there sallied forth of a thick coppice hard by a terrible great wolf, and scarce could she say, 'Lord, aid me!' when it flew at her throat and laying fast hold

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of her, proceeded to carry her off, as she were a lambkin. She could neither cry nor aid herself on other wise, so sore was her gullet straitened; wherefore the wolf, carrying her off, would assuredly have throttled her, had he not encountered certain shepherds, who shouted at him and constrained him to loose her. The shepherds knew her and carried her home, in a piteous plight, where, after long tending by the physicians, she was healed, yet not so wholly but she had all her throat and a part of her face marred on such wise that, whereas before she was fair, she ever after appeared misfeatured and very foul of favour; wherefore, being ashamed to appear whereas she might be seen, she many a time bitterly repented her of her frowardness and her perverse denial to put faith, in a matter which cost her nothing, in her husband's true dream."

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Froissart: The Mirror

According to the French critic Sainte-Beuve, Jean Froissart's *Traité de l'Espinette Amoureuse*, from which this passage is taken, is a largely autobiographical poem. Written around 1370, its purported source was the impossible love of Froissart for a Lady, which forced him into eAe. He was indeed attached for several years to the English court of Queen Philippa of Hainault, wife of Edward III. Froissart began to write both the *Espinette Amoureuse* and his lively Chronicles - which are better known than his poetry - after his return to France at the death of Queen Philippa in 1369.

I kept close to me the gift that the young lady had given me when she left; may God have mercy on her, for I loved looking at it: it was a beautiful mirror. It gave me joy and comfort, but also much to think about, for when I looked at the mirror I did not feel bitter about my lady but would rather say: 'She who has captured my heart and holds it in her power once gazed into this mirror. Alas, I can see her sweet face no more! She has looked into it many a time, but I am annoyed that I cannot even catch a glimpse of her. In truth, all that seems true in a reflection is but a shadow that overcomes light: here is light and then comes the shade making things dark and obscure. ~"y is it that when I contemplate the mirror I cannot see my dear love's form? If God help me, I would like to be like the artist in Rome who made the mirror in which one could see the reflection of those who rode in the vicinity. If I were as clever as he who made that mirror, by our Lord Jesus, I could see my lady clearly, here or anywhere else.'

Thus would I muse. Several times, by Saint Rémy, I felt such pleasure while talking to myself that it actually seemed as though I could see my lady in my mirror. I received great consolation from the reflection in the looking-glass where my lady had gazed at her face, and I held it very close to my heart and breast. Never would I be without it and I kept it by me wherever I went, for I derived great enjoyment from looking at it: it was my delight, my all.

Thus it happened that one night I lay in my bed, lost in thoughts of love; I had put it beneath my pillow and I fell asleep thinking about it. While I slept, I appeared to be all alone and enraptured in a lavishly decorated room lined with gold tapestry, and while I was in the room I came in this direction and had a look: I thought that in my mirror I could actually see the reflection of my lady, who was gazing into the mirror and she held an ivory comb with which she parted her beautiful long blonde hair. I was quite astonished, but I would not have wished to be elsewhere, not even for a hundred barrel-loads of good wheat. Then I left my mirror, for I believed she was near me: if a man is truly in love then he must look at what he desires. I was neither irritated nor angry, but said: 'Where are you my -lady? Pardon me, oh tender, sweet heart, that I have stumbled upon you.'

Then I thought I could see her, without having to say one more word to her, but this was not the case, for I did not see her true form. I walked about the room several times and sought her everywhere, but I could not see her at all. Then I came back to the mirror and saw her again. So I declared: 'This must be magic! Indeed, my lady, I am very happy to see you combing your hair. If you are playing hide-and-seek, let me at least find you: I beg this of you in the name of love.' So I opened the windows and looked under all the rugs, but she was not there at all, even though I could really see her in the mirror. I murmured to myself. 'This must be some enchantment!' No it cannot be for something similar once happened to two lovers in Rome, so this is not all that improbable; Ovid tells the story thus:

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Once upon a time in Rome there lived the son of a wise and noble man; his name was Papirus. He was well-known everywhere because his wisdom was held in great esteem. Naturally, he fell in love with a lady and was also loved by her. The maiden's name was Ydoree. The tale of Papirus and Ydoree is one of bliss, for they loved each other truly and never wavered in their loyalty; their hearts were as one.

It so happened that Papirus was chosen by the Romans for an important mission and they said to him: 'Papirus, you must go and talk to the king of Sicily. The distance is great and we want to send you because in Rome you are believed to be very wise and you are sure to carry out the mission well.' 1'apirus did not dare say no, but his heart was filled with anguish, and when he told Ydorce about this she shed many a tear and said, 'My dear, sweet Papirus, are you going to leave me then? My heart has received such a blow, that I fear you will never see me again.' When 1)apirus, who was very wise, heard

Ydoree's words he spoke as follows: 'My love, all this has to be, but you shall always see my face and I yours. Now take comfort and banish sorrow from your heart, for I will return.' Papirus made two mirrors, on what anvil I do not know, but they were of the same size and-made with great magic, and what was quite wonderful about this artifice was that when Ydoree desired to look into hers, she could see her dear love Papirus and console herself, while Papirus could see Ydoree equally well in his. It is said that the two mirrors lasted thus throughout the whole journey, and an exemplar may still be seen at the temple of Minerva in Rome.

So, if I could see my lady in my mirror, I must believe it and be happy, for I have the example and the proof that this actually happened. Moreover, my peerless lady, I feel great joy when I see you because this is much more of an enchantment than was Papirus's mirror, for I can see you moving about in this room. Oh, that you would at least deign to speak and open your mouth a liffle! I cannot touch you with my hand, nor reach you in any way, so speak, since I wish to go to bed right here and lie next to my mirror and gaze at your countenance, for I could not be in a better state. Then I sat by the window resting upon my quilt with my hand on my chin, and I listened and heard my lady's voice. I did not dare move for were I to have done so, I might have lost too great a pleasure; instead I kept quiet and looked into the mirror which I held tight. I saw the image touching me and opening its mouth a little, then above me I heard the voice that gave me great joy:

[The lady swears her love in perfect courtly jargon, with many mythological examples, in 240 conventional lines]

Then the voice was silent and altered, and the image faded; I saw nothing more in the mirror for it had said all it had to say. As I lay there I appeared to be saying 'This is indeed some magic or some enchantment!' Whereupon I stopped sleeping and when I awoke I was quite astounded. As for my pillow, I immediately sought counsel there to see if I would find my mirror and see her in it. Yes indeed! I found it exactly where I had left it. Then I picked it up and kissed it very gently and mused for some time, thinking I had seen my lady and heard her speak. But, in faith, I had merely been deceived by all this dream.

Translated by Ch. Lee

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Montaigne: Horns

This passage comes from Montaigne's Essay 1, 21. The first two books of the *Essays* appeared in 1580. We are giving here John Florio's translation, which came out in 1603.

We sweat, we shake, we grow pale, and we blush at the motions of our imaginations; and wallowing in our beds we feele our bodies agitated and turmoiled at their apprehensions, yea in such manner, as sometimes we are ready to yeeld up the spirit. And burning youth (although asleepe) is often therewith so possessed and enfolded, that dreaming it doth satisfie and enjoy her amorous desires.

Ut quasi transactis saepe omnibus rebus profundant
Fluminis ingentes fluctus, vestemque cruentent.

-LUCR. iv, 1027.

And if all things were done, they powre foorth streames,
And bloodie their night-garment in their dreames.

And although it be not strange to see some men have homes growing upon their head in one night, that had none when they went to bed: notwithstanding the fortune or successe of Cyppus King of Italie is memorable, who because the day before he had with earnest affection, assisted and beene attentive at a bull-baiting, and having all night long dreamed of homes in his head, by the very force of imagination brought them forth the next morning in his forehead.

Translated by J. Florio

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Bacon: Of Profecies

This is a passage from one of Sir Francis Bacon's *Essays or Counsels Civil and Moral*, first published in 1597.

The daughter of Polycrates dreamed, that Jupiter bathed her father, and Apollo anointed him: and it came to pass, that he was crucified in an open place, where the sun made his body run with sweat, and the rain washed it.

Philip of Macedon dreamed he sealed up his wife's belly, whereby he did expound it, that his wife should be barren; but Aristander the soothsayer told him his wife was with child: because men do not use to seal vessels that are empty. A phantasm that appeared to M. Brutus, in his tent, said to him, *Philippis iterum me videbis*. Tiberius said to Galba, *Tu quoque, Galba, degustabis imperium ...* Domitian dreamed, the night before he was slain, that a golden head was growing out of the nape of his neck: and indeed the succession that followed him, for many years, made golden times.

... As for Cleon's dream, I think it was a jest: it was, that he was devoured of a long dragon; and it was expounded of a maker of sausages, that troubled him exceedingly. There are numbers of the like kind; especially if you include dreams, and predictions of astrology. But I have set down these few only of certain credit, for example. My judgement is, that they ought all to be despised, and ought to serve but for winter talk by the fireside. Though when I say despised, I mean it as for belief.. for otherwise, the spreading or publishing of them, is in no sort to be despised; for they have done much mischief. And I see many severe laws made to suppress them. That that hath given them grace, and some credit, consisteth in three things: first, that men mark when they hit, and never mark when they miss; as they do, generally, also of dreams. The second is, that probable conjectures, or obscure traditions, many times, turn themselves into prophecies: while the nature of man, which coveteth divination, thinks it no peril to foretel that, which indeed they do but collect; as that of Seneca's verse. For so much was then subject to demonstration, that the globe of the earth had great parts beyond the Atlantic, which might be probably conceived not to be all sea: and adding thereto, the tradition in Plato's Timaeus, and his Atlanticus, it might encourage one to turn it to a prediction. The third and last, which is the great one, is, that almost all of them, being infinite in number, have been impostures, and, by idle and crafty brains, merely contrived and feigned, after the event past.

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Quevedo: The Last Judgement

'The Last judgement', of which we give here a passage, belongs to Francisco Gomez de Quevedo y Villegas's *Sueños* ('Visions'). Quevedo first wanted to publish it in 1610, but the book was deemed too outrageous. A first version came out in 1627, and a second, censored one, in 1631. We are giving here the seventeenth -century English version by Robert l'Estrange

Dreams, especially those of sovereigns and princes, are, by Homer, said to proceed from Jove, if the matter of them be pious and important: And it is likewise the judgement of the celebrated Propertius, that good dreams coming from above, have their weight and ought to be credited. And truly I agree with him in the case of a dream I had last night. As I was reading a discourse concerning the end of the world, I fell asleep over the book, and dreamed of the Last judgement: A thing which, in the house of a poet, is scarce admitted, so much as in a dream. This fancy brought into my mind a passage in Claudian; That all creatures dream at night of what they have heard and seen in the day as the hound dreams of hunting the hare.

I thought I saw a very beautiful youth towering in the air, and sounding a trumpet; but the forcing of his breath did indeed take much from his beauty. The very marbles, I perceived, and the dead were obedient to his call; for, in the same moment the earth began to open and set the bones at liberty, to seek their fellows. The first that appeared were swordsmen; as generals of armies, captains, lieutenants and common soldiers; who, supposing that it had sounded a charge, sprang from their graves with such briskness and resolution, as if they had been going to an assault, or a combat. The misers peeped out, pale and trembling, for fear of being robbed; the cavaliers and good fellows imagined they had been going to a horse-race, or a hunting-match: And, in a word, though they all heard the trumpet, there was not any creature understood the meaning of it; for I could read their thoughts by their looks and gestures. After this, there appeared several souls, whereof some came up to their bodies, with much difficulty and horror; others stood watching at a distance, not daring to approach so horrid a spectacle: This wanted an arm, that an eye, and the other a head. Upon the whole, though I could not but smile at the prospect of so strange an olio of figures, yet was it not without just matter of admiration at the All-powerful Providence, to see order drawn out of confusion, and every part restored to the right owner. I then imagined myself in a churchyard, and there, methought, several that were unwilling to appear, were changing of heads; and an attorney would have demurred, upon pretence that he had got a soul which was none of his own, and that his body and soul were not fellows.

At length, when the whole assembly came to understand that this was the Day of judgement, it is worth while to observe what shifting and shuffling there was among the wicked. The epicure and whoremaster would not own their eyes, nor the slanderer his tongue; because they would be sure to appear in evidence against them. The pick-pockets ran away as hard as they could drive from their own fingers. There was one that had been embalmed in Egypt; and staying for his guts, an old usurer asked him if the bags were to rise with the bodies? I could have laughed at this question, but I was presently taken up with a crowd of cutpurses, running full speed from their own ears, that were offered here again, for fear of the sad stories they expected to hear.

I saw all this from a convenient standing; and in the instant, there was an outcry at my feet, of Withdraw, Withdraw. As soon as I heard this , down I came, and immediately a great many

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beautiful ladies put forth their heads, and called me clown, for not paying them that respect and ceremony which is due to their quality. You must know that the women stand upon punctilios, even in hell itself. They seemed at first very gay and frolicsome; and well enough pleased to be seen naked, for they were clean skinned, and well made. But when they came to understand that this was the Great Day of Account their consciences took check, and all their jollity was dashed in a moment: Whereupon they retired to a valley, very much out of humour. There was one among the rest that had had seven husbands, and promised every one of them. never to marry again, for she was certain she could never love anybody else: This lady was casting about for excuses, and what answer she should make to that point. Another that had been as common as Ratcliff Highway, would neither lead nor drive; and stood humming and hawing a good while, pretending she had forgotten her night-clothes, and such fooleries; but, notwithstanding all her excuses, she was brought at last within sight of the throne; where she found all her old acquaintance, that she had carried part of their way to hell; who no sooner beheld her, but they fell to pointing or hooting, so that she took to her heels, and herded herself in a troop of serjeants. After this I saw several people driving a physician along the bank of the river; and these were only such as he had unnecessarily despatched before their time. They followed him with the cries of Justice, justice, and forced him on toward the judgement Seat, where they arrived, in the end, with much ado. While this passed, I heard, methought, on my left hand, a paddling in the water, as if one had been swimming: And what should this be, but a judge, in the midst of a river, washing his hands. I asked him the meaning of it; and he told me, that in his lifetime he had been often daubed in the fist, to make the business slip the better; and he would willingly get out the grease before he came to hold up his hand at the bar. There followed next a multitude of vintners and tailors, under the guard of a legion of devils, armed with rods, whips, cudgels and other instruments of correction: And these counted themselves deaf, and were very unwilling to leave their graves, for fear of a worse lodging. As they were passing on, up started a little lawyer, and asked whither they were going? They replied, that they were going to give an account of their works. With that the lawyer threw himself flat upon his belly, in his hole again: If I am to go downwards at last, says he, I am thus much onward on my way. The vintner sweated as he walked, till one drop followed another: That is well done, cried a devil at his elbow, to purge out the water, that we may have none in our wine. There was a tailor wrapped up in sarcenets, crook-fingered and baker-legged, who was quite silent all the way he went, but, Alas! alas! how can any man be a thief that dies for want of bread? But his companions gave him a rebuke for discrediting his trade. The next that appeared were a band of highwaymen, following upon the heels of one another, in great distrust and jealousy of thieves among themselves. These were fetched up by a party of devils, in the turning of a hand, and lodged with the tailors: For, said one of the company, your highwayman is but a wild tailor. They were a little quarrelsome at first, but in the conclusion, they went down into the valley and kennelled quietly together. After these came Folly, with her gang of poets, fiddlers, lovers and fencers; the people of all the world that dream the least of a day of reckoning: These were disposed of among the hangmen, Jews, scribes, and philosophers. There were likewise several solicitors, wondering among themselves that they should have so much conscience when they were dead, and none at all while living.

Translated by R. L'Estrange

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La Fontaine: The Two Friends

Jean de la Fontaine's *Fables*, from which this poem is taken, were first published in 1668. We give here Marianne Moore's translation.

[M. Moore's translation will be inserted if/when pernission is given; meanwhile, here is the French original.]

Deux vrais amis vivaient au Monomotapa:
L'un ne possédait rien qui n'appartînt à l'autre:
Les amis de ce pays-là
Valent bien dit-on ceux du nôtre.
Une nuit que chacun s'occupait au sommeil,
Et mettait à profit l'absence du Soleil,
Un de nos deux Amis sort du lit en alarme:
Il court chez son intime, éveille les valets:
Morphée avait touché le seuil de ce palais.
L'Ami couché s'étonne, il prend sa bourse, il s'arme ;
Vient trouver l'autre, et dit: Il vous arrive peu
De courir quand on dort ; vous me paraissiez homme
À mieux user du temps destiné pour le somme:
N'auriez-vous point perdu tout votre argent au jeu?
En voici. S'il vous est venu quelque querelle,
J'ai mon épée, allons. Vous ennuyez-vous point
De coucher toujours seul? Une esclave assez belle
Était à mes côtés: voulez-vous qu'on l'appelle?
– Non, dit l'ami, ce n'est ni l'un ni l'autre point:
Je vous rends grâce de ce zèle.
Vous m'êtes en dormant un peu triste apparu ;
J'ai craint qu'il ne fût vrai, je suis vite accouru.
Ce maudit songe en est la cause.
Qui d'eux aimait le mieux, que t'en semble, Lecteur?
Cette difficulté vaut bien qu'on la propose.
Qu'un ami véritable est une douce chose.

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Il cherche vos besoins au fond de votre cœur ;
Il vous épargne la pudeur
De les lui découvrir vous-même.
Un songe, un rien, tout lui fait peur
Quand il s'agit de ce qu'il aime.

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Pascal: Life is Only a Dream – King and Labourer

This text belongs to Pascal's *Pensées*, which were left unfinished at his death in 1662, and were published posthumously in 1669.

translated by J. Warrington [the translation will be inserted if/when permission is given; meanwhile "Life is but a dream" can be read online at <http://www.leaderu.com/cyber/books/pensees/pensees-SECTION-7.html> (thought 434) and "King and Labourer" at <http://www.leaderu.com/cyber/books/pensees/pensees-SECTION-6.html> (thought 386), in W. F. Trotter's translation (home page: <http://www.leaderu.com/cyber/books/pensees/pensees.html>)].

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Addison: The Theatre of Dreams

This essay by J. Addison was published in *The Spectator* of 18 September 1712.

Thursday, 18 September

----- Cum prostrata sopore
Urget membra quies, & mens sine pondere ludit. --- Petr.

Tho' there are many Authors, who have written on Dreams, they have generally considered them only as Revelations of what has already happened in distant Parts of the World, or as Presages of what is to happen in future Periods of Time.

I shall consider this Subject in another Light, as Dreams may give us some Idea of the great Excellency of an Human Soul, and some Intimation of its lndipendency on Matter.

In the first place, our dreams are great instances of that activity which is natural to the human soul, and which it is not in the power of sleep to deaden or abate. When the man appears tired and worn out with the labours of the day, this active part in his composition is still busy and unwearied. "When the organs of sense want their due repose and necessary reparations, and the body is no longer able to keep pace with that spiritual substance to which it is united, the soul exerts herself in her several faculties, and continues in action until her partner is again qualified to bear her company. In this case dreams look like the relaxations and amusements of the soul when she is disencumbered of her machine, her sports and recreations when she has laid her charge asleep.

In the second place, dreams are an instance of that agility and perfection which is natural to the faculties of the mind, when they are disengaged from the body. The soul is clogged and retarded in her operations, when she acts in conjunction with a companion that is so heavy and unwieldy in its motions. But in dreams it is wonderful to observe with what a sprightliness and alacrity she exerts herself. The slow of speech make unpremeditated harangues, or converse readily in languages that they are but little acquainted with. The grave abound in pleasantries, the dull in repartees and points of wit. There is not a more painful action of the mind than invention; yet in dreams it works with that ease and activity, that we are not sensible when the faculty is employed. For instance, I believe every one some time or other dreams that he is reading papers, books, or letters, in which case the invention prompts so readily that the mind is imposed upon, and mistakes its own suggestions for the compositions of another.

I shall, under this head, quote a passage out of the *Religio Medici*, in which the ingenious author gives an account of himself in his dreaming and his waking thoughts:

> We are somewhat more than ourselves in our sleeps, and the slumber of the body seems to be but the waking of the soul. It is the ligation of sense, but the liberty of reason, and our waking conceptions do not match the fancies of our sleeps. At my nativity my ascendant was the watery sign of Scorpius: I was born in the planetary hour of Saturn, and I think I have a piece of that leaden planet in me. I am no way facetious nor disposed for the mirth and galliardise of company; yet in one dream I can compose a whole comedy, behold the action, apprehend the jests, and laugh myself awake at the conceits thereof. Were my memory as faithful as my reason is then fruitful, I would never study but in my dreams ; and this time also would I

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> choose for my devotions; but our grosser memories have then so little hold of our abstracted understandings, that they forget the story, and can only relate to our awaked souls a confused and broken tale of that that has passed --- Thus it is observed that men sometimes, upon the hour of their departure, do speak and reason above themselves, for then the soul beginning to be freed from the ligaments of the body, begins to reason like herself, and to discourse in a strain above mortality.'

We may likewise observe in the third place, that the passions affect the mind with greater strength when we are are asleep, than when we are awake, Joy and Sorrow give us more vigorous sensations of pain and pleasure at this time than at any other. Devotion likewise, as the excellent author above mentioned has hinted, is in a very particular manner heightened and inflamed when it rises in the soul at a time that the body is thus laid at rest. Every man's experience will inform him in this matter, though it is very probable that this may happen differently in different constitutions. I shall conclude this head with the two following problems, which I shall leave to the solution of my reader.

Supposing a man always happy in his dreams and miserable in his waking thoughts, and that his life was equally divided between them, whether would he be more happy or miserable? Were a man a king in his dreams and a beggar awake, and dreamt as consequentially and in as continued unbroken schemes as he thinks when awake, whether he would be in reality a king or beggar, or rather whether he would not be both?

There is another circumstance which methinks gives us a very high idea of the nature of the soul in regard to what passes in dreams, I mean that innumerable multitude and variety of ideas which then arise in her. "Were that active watchful being only conscious of her own existence at such a time, what a painful solitude would her hours of sleep be? Were the soul sensible of her being alone in her sleeping moments, after the same manner that she is sensible of it while awake, the time would hang very heavy on her, as it often actually does when she dreams that she is in such a solitude:

> --- Semperque relinqui
> Sola sibi, semper longara incomitata videtur
> Ire viam --- Virg.

But this observation I only make by the way. What I would here remark is that wonderful power in the soul of producing her own company on these occasions. She converses with numberless beings of her own creation, and is transported into ten thousand scenes of her own raising. She is herself the theatre, the actors, and the beholder. This puts me in mind of a saying which I am infinitely pleased with, and which Plutarch ascribes to Heraclitus, That all men whilst they are awake are in one common world; but that each of them, when he is asleep, is in a world of his own.' The waking man is conversant in the world of Nature, when he sleeps he retires to a privale world that is particular to himself. There seems something in this consideration that intimates to us a natural grandeur and perfection in the soul, which is rather to be admired than explained.

I must not omit that argument for the excellency of the soul, which I have seen quoted out of Tertullian I , namely, its power of divining in dreams. That several such divinations have been made, none can question who believes the Holy Writings, or who has but the least degree of a common historical faith, there being innumerable instances of this nature in several authors, both Ancient and Modem, Sacred and Prophane. Whether such dark Presages, such Visions of the Night proceed from any latent Power in the Soul, during this her State of Abstraction, or from any Communication with the Supreme Being, or from any Operation of Subordinate Spirits, has been a

great Dispute among the Learned; the Matter of Fact is I think incontestable, and has been looked upon as such by the greatest Writers, who have been never suspected either of Supersition or Enthusiasm.

I do not suppose, that the Soul in these Instances is entirely loose and unfettered from the Body: It is sufficient, if she is not so far sunk, and immersed in Matter, nor intangled and perplexed in her Operations, with such Motions of Blood and Spirits, as when she actuates the Machine in its waking Hours. The corporeal Union is slackened enough to give the Mind more Play. The Soul seems gathered within her self, and recovers that Spring which is broke and weakned, when she operates more in concert with the Body.

The Speculations I have here made, if they are not Arguments, they are at least strong Intimations, not only of the Excellency of an Humane Soul, but of its Independance on the Body; and if they do not prove, do at least confirm these two great Points, which are established by many other Reasons that are altogether unanswerable.

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Grillparzer: Medea

> Franz Grillparzer, the German Romantic playwright wrote this entry in his diary in 1821, when he was working on his tragedy, *Medea*.

Last night I had a strange dream. I dreamt of a prologue to *Medea*, of which all I can remember now is that it was entirely allegorical, that Medea appeared in it lying on a carriage that was a sort of bed, and that she was drawn about on a rope that was held by a figure in female form. One other thing was that in the course of the play I was suddenly struck with surprise at the appropriateness with which at one point Medea made a movement with her hands as if she were flying, or swimming. I had been enchanted by it all and went oil dreaming now that I was awake and in the company of Schreyvogel, the secretary at the theatre, telling him my dream and of my intentions of altering my play in accordance with it. I couldn't any longer remember the particular details of the visions I'd had in my dream and had to think hard to try to summon it back to life, finally getting the whole thing together again and experiencing the greatest joy that it could be so extremely poetic and pregnant with meaning. I was able moreover, with what seemed a much sharper kind of consciousness, to reflect upon my dream and upon dreams in general - all of this within the dream itself. When I awoke from such an extremely vivid dream I was seized with two feelings. First, it seemed to me that my waking state, compared with what had gone before it, was like a sketch by the side of a painting, or a foggy day against a sunlit one; and then moreover I had a peculiar, unpleasant sensation of confinement in time, for hitherto so much had happened to me, in such a rush and short space of time.

[This translation by M. Hollington is used again in this electronic version with his permission]

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Hebbel: The Elusive Poem

> Friedrich Hebbel wrote this entry in his diary on 19 March 1838. At the time, he was working on his tragedy, *Judith*, first represented in 1840.

19 March

I had a dream in the night which I think worthy of remark because of its frequent recurrence: I've had it before a number of times. This is what I dreamt: I had the idea of a poem. I was very pleased with it; it made me pace up and down in my room, as is my wont, stepping up every now and again to my table to write down the lines as they came to me. As I got closer and closer to waking (I could feel this clearly, without being directly conscious of it) I grew less and less happy with what I'd written, until finally the idea came to seem of no value whatever. I considered it one last time, and in the very moment of being convinced of its worthlessness I woke up; but now I no longer had the slightest inkling of what had occupied me so intently a moment or so beforehand. To me (if what happens in dreams can ever be properly analysed, which I doubt, because I think that none of these experiences can ever enter consciousness in a pure state, either because they never reach it at all or because the act of waking introduces some foreign element that distorts everything) it has often seemed as if the psyche were equipped in dreams with it new scale of measure for determining the importance of what is happening in and about it; it carries on its work not merely with new materials and elements but (if the expression be admitted) according to a new method.

Obstacles that the waking mind cannot face are dispersed in dreams by a breath; trifles that in waking life we would hardly deign to circumvent have in dreams the power to break our strength.

It is just the same with states of mind: I am convinced, for instance, that the reason I woke up in the night was not that I became aware that the poetic idea I had seized upon would really lead to nothing, nor that my psychic activity suddenly came to a standstill; no, I am certain that the strange stirrings of self-consciousness that always precede waking, and cause us to look mistrustfully at the dream-state we are in, were responsible for numbing the psyche's poetic working and killing off the very living germ of that precious idea, like a sudden blast of cold air, so that when I awoke the idea was paralysed. I don't believe anyone will understand me in this who hasn't experienced something similar: yet to me it is as clear and simple as ABC. Admittedly there are other kinds of dreams as well, mere revolts against life in its positive aspect, of a kind that all of us may have in the waking state, imagining things transformed without the slightest actual change taking place; there may even be people who only have this kind of dream, and who are therefore eternal Philistines.

If anyone were to set down in print all his dreams - fearlessly, indiscriminately, honestly, thoroughly, and with the addition of a commentary to explain as much as he could with the aid of memories from his life and reading - he would be rendering mankind a great service. Yet in the present state of humanity it is improbable that anyone will undertake the task; still, even to attempt it in private, for one's own contemplation, is worth something.

[This translation by M. Hollington is used again in this electronic version with his permission]

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Dickens: The Toasting Fork

Cornelius Conway Fenton, professor of Greek at Harvard, was a close friend of Charles Dickens who sent him, in the words of his biographer John Forster, some of 'his most delightful letters'. Fenton accompanied Dickens to New York during the writer's tour of America in 1842-3.

1 September 1843 To Cornelius Conway Fenton

Apropos of dreams, is it not a strange thing that writers of fiction never dream of their own creations; recollecting, I suppose, even in their dreams, that they have no existence? I never dreamed of any of my own characters, and I feel it so impossible that I would wager Scott never did of his, real as they are. I had a good piece of absurdity in my head a night or two ago.

I dreamed that somebody was dead. I don't know who, but it's not to the purpose. It was a private gentleman, and a particular friend; and I was greatly overcome when the news was broken to me (very delicately) by a gentleman in a cocked hat, top boots, and a sheet. Nothing else. 'Good God!' I said, 'is he dead?' 'He is dead, sir,' rejoined the gentleman, 'as a door-nail. But we must all die, Mr Dickens, sooner or later, my dear sir.' 'Ah!' I said. 'Yes, to be sure. Very true. But what did he die of' The gentleman burst into a flood of tears, and said, in a voice broken by emotion, 'He christened his youngest child, sir, with a toasting-fork.' I never in my life was so affected as at his having fallen a victim to this complaint. It carried a conviction to my mind that he never could have recovered. I knew that it was the most interesting and fatal malady in the world; and I wrung the gentleman's hand in a convulsion of respectful admiration, for I felt that this explanation did equal honour to his head and heart.

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Hervey Saint-Denis: The Monsters – Suicide

Hervey Saint-Denis published his book *Les rêves et les moyens de les contrôler* ('Dreams and How to Direct them') in 1864. He had started writing down and drawing his dreams during his childhood, and never stopped. Like other dream-addicts (Huch and Perec, for instance), he found that the fact he was observing them influenced his dreams; on the other hand, being conscious of dreaming during his dreams, he could thus attempt to direct them.

The Monsters

Translated by J. Romney [the translation will be inserted if/when permission is given; meanwhile, here is the French original, from <http://www.reves.ca/theorie/39.htm>].

«Je n'avais pas la conscience que je rêvais, et je me croyais poursuivi par des monstres abominables. Je fuyais à travers une série sans fin de chambres en enfilade, ayant toujours de la peine à ouvrir les portes de séparation, et ne les refermant derrière moi que pour les entendre ouvrir de nouveau par ce hideux cortège, qui s'efforçait de m'atteindre et qui poussait d'horribles clameurs. Je me sentais gagné de vitesse; je m'éveillai en sursaut, haletant et baigné de sueur.

«Quels avaient été l'origine et le point de départ de ce rêve, je l'ignore; il est probable que quelque cause pathologique l'engendra pour la première fois, mais ensuite, et à diverses reprises dans l'espace de six semaines, il fut évidemment ramené par le seul fait de l'impression qu'il m'avait laissée, et de la crainte que j'avais instinctivement de le voir revenir. S'il m'arrivait, en rêvant, de me trouver seul dans quelque chambre close, le souvenir de ce songe odieux se ranimait aussitôt; je jetais les yeux sur la porte, et la pensée de ce que je redoutais de voir apparaître ayant précisément pour effet d'en provoquer la réapparition subite, le même spectacle et les mêmes terreurs se renouvelaient de la même façon. J'en étais d'autant plus affecté à mon réveil que, par une fatalité singulière, cette conscience de mon état, que j'avais dès lors si souvent pendant mes rêves, me faisait constamment défaut quand celui-ci revenait. Une nuit pourtant, à son quatrième retour, et au moment où mes persécuteurs allaient recommencer leur poursuite, le sentiment de la vérité se réveilla tout à coup dans mon esprit; le désir de combattre ces illusions me donna la force de dompter ma terreur instinctive. Au lieu de fuir, et par un effort de volonté assurément très caractérisé en cette circonstance, je m'adossai donc contre la muraille, et je pris la résolution de contempler avec une attention fructueuse les fantômes que jusqu'alors j'avais plutôt entrevus que regardés. Le premier choc moral fut assez violent, je l'avoue, tant l'esprit, même prévenu, a peine à se défendre d'une illusion redoutée. Je fixai mes regards sur le principal assaillant, qui ressemblait assez à l'un de ces démons hérissés et grimaçants sculptés aux porches des cathédrales, et l'amour de l'étude l'emportant déjà sur toute autre émotion, je pus observer ce qui suit: le monstre fantastique s'était arrêté à quelques pas de moi, sifflant et gambadant, d'une façon qui tournait au burlesque dès qu'elle n'était plus effrayante. Je remarquai les griffes de l'une de ses mains ou pattes, comme on voudra les appeler, au nombre de sept et très nettement dessinées. Les poils de ses sourcils, une blessure qu'il semblait avoir à l'épaule, et une infinité d'autres détails offraient une précision qui permettait de ranger cette vision parmi les plus lucides. Était-ce la réminiscence de quelque bas-relief gothique? En tout cas mon imagination y avait ajouté le mouvement et la couleur. L'attention que j'avais concentrée sur cette figure avait eu pour résultat de faire évanouir comme par enchantement ses acolytes. Elle-même parut bientôt ralentir ses mouvements, perdre sa netteté,

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prendre un aspect cotonneux, et se changer enfin en une sorte de dépouille flottante, pareille à ces costumes fanés qui servent d'enseigne aux magasins de déguisements pendant le carnaval. Quelques tableaux insignifiants se succédèrent, et puis je me réveillai.»

Ce rêve ne se renouvela plus, spontanément du moins; mais il fut pour moi l'occasion d'une autre expérience, plus concluante encore peut-être, touchant les effets sur la trame de nos songes de la volonté et de l'attention. Une nuit que je me sentais, en dormant, la pleine connaissance de mon état véritable, et que je regardais passer avec assez d'indifférence toute la fantasmagorie, d'ailleurs très nette, de mon sommeil, l'idée me vint d'en profiter pour faire quelques expériences sur le pouvoir que j'aurais ou non d'évoquer certaines images, par la seule initiative de ma volonté. En cherchant sur quel sujet je pourrais fixer à cet effet ma pensée, je me rappelai ces apparitions monstrueuses qui m'avaient si vivement impressionné jadis, à cause de l'effroi qu'elles m'inspiraient. J'essayai de les évoquer, en les recherchant bien dans ma mémoire et en souhaitant de les revoir, aussi fortement qu'il m'était possible de le faire. Cette première tentative n'eut aucun succès. Devant moi se déroulait en ce moment le tableau tout pastoral d'une campagne dorée par un beau soleil, au milieu de laquelle j'apercevais des moissonneurs et des charrettes chargées de blé. Pas le moindre spectre ne se rendait à mon appel, et l'association des idées-images qui formaient mon rêve ne paraissait nullement vouloir sortir de la voie si calme qu'elle avait prise naturellement. Alors, et tout en rêvant, je fis les réflexions que voici: un rêve étant comme un reflet de la vie réelle, les événements qui nous semblent s'y accomplir suivent généralement, dans leur incohérence même, certaines lois de succession conformes à l'enchaînement ordinaire de tous les événements véritables. Je veux dire, par exemple, que si je songe avoir eu le bras cassé, je croirai que je le porte en écharpe ou que je m'en sers avec précaution ; que si je rêve qu'on a fermé les volets d'une chambre, j'aurai, comme conséquence immédiate, l'idée que la lumière est interceptée et que l'obscurité se fait autour de moi. Partant de cette considération, j'imaginai que si je faisais, en rêve, l'action de me mettre la main sur les yeux, je devrais obtenir tout d'abord une première illusion en rapport avec ce qui m'arriverait réellement, étant éveillé, si j'agissais de même ; c'est-à-dire que je ferais disparaître les images des objets qui me semblaient placés devant moi. Je me demandai ensuite si cette interruption des visions préexistantes étant produite mon imagination ne se trouverait pas plus à l'aise pour évoquer les nouveaux objets sur lesquels j'essayerais de fixer ma pensée. L'expérience suivit de près ce raisonnement. L'apposition, dans mon rêve, d'une main sur mes yeux eut, en effet pour premier résultat d'anéantir cette vision d'une campagne au temps de la moisson que j'avais inutilement essayé de changer par la seule force imaginative. Je demeurai sans rien voir pendant un moment, exactement comme cela me fût arrivé dans la vie réelle. Je fis alors un nouvel appel énergique au souvenir de la fameuse irruption des monstres, et, comme par enchantement, ce souvenir nettement placé, cette fois, dans l'objectif de mes pensées se dessina tout à coup clair, brillant, tumultueux, sans même que j'eusse, avant de me réveiller, le sentiment de la façon dont la transition s'était opérée.

Suicide

Translated by R. Clarke [the translation will be inserted if/when permission is given; meanwhile, here is the French original, from <http://www.reves.ca/theorie/39.htm>].

Il advient bien souvent qu'une observation en appelle une autre; le même raisonnement qui m'avait conduit aux résultats qu'on vient de lire, raisonnement basé sur ce principe que les événements imaginaires de nos songes, tout incohérents qu'ils puissent être dans leur ensemble, n'en suivent pas moins, quant aux lois de leur enchaînement, une certaine logique empruntée aux réminiscences de la vie réelle, ce même raisonnement, dis-je, me fit penser que si je parvenais à me placer, en songe, dans une situation où je n'aie jamais pu me trouver en réalité, ma mémoire serait impuissante à

fournir une image ou une sensation conséquente, de telle sorte que, de quelque façon que l'imagination se tirât de cette impasse, une brusque interruption de la trame du rêve en devrait nécessairement résulter. Sauter par la fenêtre d'un cinquième étage, me brûler la cervelle, ou me couper la gorge avec un rasoir, évidemment voilà des impressions que je n'avais jamais ressenties; les provoquer, en songe, serait donc soumettre mon esprit à une intéressante épreuve. Je résolus de ne point laisser échapper la première occasion qui s'en présenterait, c'est-à-dire le premier rêve lucide au milieu duquel je posséderais bien le sentiment de ma situation. J'attendis près d'un mois; il faut avoir de la persévérance.

Une nuit enfin que je rêvais me promener dans la rue, que toutes les images de mon rêve étaient bien nettes et que je sentais parfaitement néanmoins que je n'étais pas éveillé, je me souvins tout à coup de l'expérience à faire, je montai aussitôt jusqu'à l'étage supérieur d'une maison qui me paraissait très haute ; je vis une fenêtre ouverte, et le pavé à une grande profondeur; j'admirai un instant la perfection de cette illusion du sommeil, et, sans attendre qu'elle s'altérât, je me précipitai dans le vide, plein d'une anxieuse curiosité. Or, voici ce qui arriva et ce dont je ne me rendis compte, naturellement, qu'après que je me fus éveillé. Perdant instantanément le souvenir de tout ce qui précède, je me crus sur le parvis d'une cathédrale, mêlé à un groupe de curieux qui se pressaient autour d'un homme tué. On racontait autour de moi que cet inconnu s'était jeté du haut de la tour de l'église, et je vis emporter le cadavre sur un brancard. C'est ainsi que ma mémoire et mon imagination s'étaient tirées du piège que je leur avais tendu. C'est ainsi que l'association des idées-images avait procédé.

J'ai pu renouveler assez fréquemment cette expérience de me précipiter, en rêve, du haut d'un édifice, ou dans un gouffre ou dans un puits profond. Toujours, il s'est opéré quelque revirement d'idées, plus ou moins analogue à celui que je viens de raconter. Une fois, que je m'étais ainsi jeté au fond d'un puits pour faire cesser un songe désagréable, je rêvai que je me trouvais entouré de magiciens et d'astrologues, accoutrés à peu près comme le Mathieu Laensberg traditionnel des almanachs. Je me rappelai très bien, à mon réveil, que l'idée de l'astrologue qui se laissa choir dans un puits m'avait traversé l'esprit, au moment même de ma chute. La transition est des plus claires. Dans une autre circonstance, ayant cru prendre mon élan du haut d'une falaise, je rêvai tout à coup que j'étais en ballon.

Quant aux variantes que je voulais expérimenter à leur tour, de me couper la gorge avec un rasoir, ou de tourner des pistolets contre mon front, je dois dire que je ne pus jamais en conduire l'épreuve à bonne fin. Une fois, que je parvins, en rêve, à tenir un rasoir à la main, l'horreur instinctive de ce que je voulais simuler se trouva plus forte que ma volonté réfléchie. A l'égard des pistolets, il eût fallu que quelque vision s'en offrît d'abord spontanément aux yeux de mon esprit. En ce cas, j'aurais sans doute réalisé l'expérience projetée. Mais la nécessité de chercher ces armes, dans mon rêve, et de les préparer, entraînait trop d'idées accessoires pour que, subissant l'influence de cette mobilité imagée particulière aux songes, l'idée première ne fût pas constamment détournée de son cours avant d'être mise à exécution. Au moment de prendre mes pistolets, par exemple, j'arrêtais mon attention sur le petit paquet de clefs parmi lesquelles se trouve celle de leur boîte. J'apercevais, par la même occasion, celle d'un tiroir où je me souvenais que j'avais renfermé quelques photographies. L'une d'elles me revenait en mémoire, se peignait à mes regards, captivait mes pensées, et déjà mon esprit ne songeait plus du tout aux pistolets.

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Lincoln: Premonition

> Abraham Lincoln told this dream to Ward Hill Lamon in early April 1865. He was assassinated on the fourteenth of that month.

'About ten days ago, I retired very late. I had been up waiting for important dispatches from the front. I could not have been long in bed when I fell into a slumber, for I was weary. I soon began to dream. There seemed to be death-like stillness about me. Then I heard subdued sobs, as if a number of people were weeping. I thought I left my bed and wandered downstairs. There the silence was broken by the same pitiful sobbing, but the mourners were invisible. I went from room to room; no living person was in sight, but the same mournful sounds of distress met me as I passed. along. It was light in all the rooms; every object was familiar to me; but where were all the people who were grieving as if their hearts would break? I was puzzled and alarmed. What could be the meaning of all this? Determined to find the cause of a state of things so mysterious and so shocking, I kept on until I arrived at the East Room, which I entered. There I met with a sickening surprise. Before me was a catafalque, on which rested a corpse wrapped in funeral vestments. Around it were stationed soldiers who were acting as guards; and there was a throng of people, some gazing mournfully upon the corpse, whose face was covered, others weeping pitifully. "Who is dead in the White House?" I demanded of one of the soldiers. "The President," was his answer; "he was killed by an assassin!" Then came a loud burst of grief from the crowd, which awoke me from my dream. I slept no more that night; and although it was only a dream, I have been strangely annoyed by it ever since.'

'This is horrid!' said Mrs Lincoln [according to the biographer]. 'I wish you had not told it. I am glad I don't believe in dreams, or I should be in terror from this time forth.'

'Well,' responded Mr Lincoln, thoughtfully, 'it is only a dream, Mary. Let us say no more about it, and try to forget it...

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Whitman: The Artilleryman's Vision

This poem by Walt Whitman was first published with the title 'The Veteran's Vision' in a separate collection, *Drum Tabs*, in 1865. It was integrated in *Leaves of Grass* in 1871 with the title given above.

While my wife at my side lies slumbering, and the wars are over long,

And my head on the pillow rests at home, and the vacant midnight passes,

And through the stillness, through the dark, I hear, just hear, the breath of my infant,

There in the room as I wake from sleep this vision presses upon me;

The engagement opens there and then in fantasy unreal,

The skirmishers begin, they crawl cautiously ahead, I hear the irregular snap! snap!

I hear the sounds of the different missiles, the short t-h-t! t-h-t! of the rifle-balls,

I see the shells exploding leaving small white clouds, I hear the great shells shrieking as they pass,

The grape like the hum and whirr of wind through the trees, (tumultuous now the contest rages,)

All the scenes at the batteries rise in detail before me again,

The crashing and smoking, the pride of the men in their pieces,

The chief-gunner ranges and sights his piece and selects a fuse of the right time,

After firing I see him lean aside and look eagerly off to note the effect;

Elsewhere I hear the cry of a regiment charging, (the young colonel leads himself this time with brandish'd sword,)

I see the gaps cut by the enemy's volleys, (quickly fill'd up, no delay,)

I breathe the suffocating smoke, then the flat clouds hover low concealing all;

Now a strange lull for a few seconds, not a shot fired on either side,

Then resumed the chaos louder than ever, with eager calls and orders of officers,

While from some distant part of the field the wind wafts to my ears a shout of applause, (some special success,)

And ever the sound of the cannon far or near, (rousing even in dreams a devilish exultation and all the old mad joy in the depths of my soul,)

And ever the hastening of infantry shifting positions, batteries, cavalry, moving hither and thither,

(The falling, dying, I heed not, the wounded dripping and red heed not, some to the rear are hobbling,)

Grime, heat, rush, aide-de-camps galloping by or on a full run,

With the patter of small arms, the warning s-s-t of the rifles, (these in my vision I hear or see,)

And bombs bursting in air, and at night the vari-color'd rockets.

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Mérimée: Djoûmane

Djoûmane was the last short story written by Prosper Mérimée, a few months before his death in September 1870. It first came out in the *Moniteur universel* in the issues of 9, 10 and 12 January 1873, and was republished the same year in the collection *Dernières nouvelles*.

On 21 May 18-, we returned to Tlemcen. The expedition had been a fortunate one: we brought back oxen, sheep, goats, prisoners and hostages.

After a thirty-seven days' campaign, or rather of incessant hunt, our horses were thin and lean-ribbed, but their eyes were still lively and full of fire; not one was saddle-galled. We men were bronzed by the sun, our hair was long, our cross-belts were dirty, and our waistcoats were worn to threads; we all presented that appearance of indifference to danger and hardship which characterizes the true soldier.

What general would not have chosen our light cavalry for a battle-charge rather than the smartest of squadrons all decked out in new clothes?

Since morning I had thought of all the little pleasures that awaited me.

Now I should sleep in my iron bedstead, after having slept for thirty-seven nights on a square of oilcloth. I should sit on a chair to take my dinner, and should have as much soft bread and salt as I liked. Next I wondered to myself whether Mademoiselle Coucha would wear a pomegranate flower or jessamine in her hair, and if she had kept the vows made when I left; but, faithful or inconstant, I knew she could reckon on the great depth of tenderness that a man brings home from the wilds. There was not anyone in our squadron who had not made plans for the evening.

The colonel received us in a most fatherly manner, and even told us he was satisfied with us; then he took our commanding officer aside and for five minutes, and in low tones, communicated to him some not very agreeable intelligence, so far as we could judge from their expressions.

We noticed the movements of the colonel's moustaches, which rose up to liis eyebrows, whilst those of' the commandant fell, piteously out of curl, almost on to his breast. A young trooper, whom I pretended not to hear, maintained that the commandant's nose stretched as far as one could see; but very soon ours lengthened too, for the commandant came to tell us to 'Go and feed your horses, and be ready to set off at sunset! The officers will dine with the colonel at five o'clock, in the open; the horses must be mounted after the coffee ... Is it possible that you are not pleased at this, gentlemen...?

It did not suit us, and we saluted in silence, inwardly sending him to all the devils we could think of, and the colonel into the bargain.

We had very little time in which to make our small preparations. I hurried to change my dress, and, when I had done this, I was wise enough not to sit in my easy-chair, for fear I should fall asleep.

At five o'clock I went to the colonel's. He lived in a large Moorish house. I found the open court filled with French and natives, all crowding round a band of pilgrims or mountebanks who had come from the South.

An old man conducted the performance; he was as ugly as a monkey and half naked, under his burnous, which was full of holes. His skin was the colour of chocolate made of water; he was

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tattooed all over with scars; his hair was frizzy and so matted that from a distance one might have thought he had a bearskin cap on his head; and his beard was white and bristly.

He was reputed to be a great saint and a great wizard.

In front of him an orchestra, composed of two flutes and three tambourines, made an infernal din, worthy of the performance about to be played. He said that he had received complete sway over demons and wild beasts from a famous Mahomedan priest, and, after some compliments addressed to the colonel and the élite audience, he went off into a sort of prayer or incantation, accompanied by his orchestra, whilst the actors danced to his command, turned on one foot, and struck their breasts heavy blows with their fists.

Meanwhile the tambourines and flutes increased their din and played faster and faster.

When exhaustion and giddiness had made these people lose what few brains they had, the chief sorcerer drew several scorpions and serpents from some baskets round him, and, after showing that they were full of life, he threw them to his jesters, who fell upon them like dogs on a bone, and tore them to pieces with their teeth, if you please!

We looked down on this extraordinary spectacle from a high gallery; no doubt the colonel treated us to it to give us a good appetite for our dinner. As for myself, I turned my eyes away from these beasts, who disgusted me, and amused myself by staring at a pretty girl of thirteen or fourteen years of age, who had threaded through the crowd to get nearer to the performance.

She had the most beautiful eyes imaginable, and her hair fell on her shoulders in fine tresses; these ended in small pieces of silver, which made a tinkling sound as she moved her head gracefully about. She was dressed with more taste than most of the girls of that country; she had a kerchief of silk and gold on her head, a bodice of embroidered velvet, and short pantaloons of blue satin, showing her bare legs encircled with silver anklets. There was not a vestige of a veil over her face. Was she a Jewess or a heathen? or did she perhaps belong to those wandering tribes of unknown origin who never trouble themselves with religious prejudice?

Whilst I followed her every movement with so much interest, she had arrived at the first row of the circle where the fanatics carried on their exercises.

While she was trying to get still nearer she knocked over a narrow-bottomed basket that had not been opened. Almost at the same time the sorcerer and the child both uttered a terrible cry, and there was a great commotion in the ring, everyone recoiling with horror.

A very big snake had escaped from the basket and the little girl had trodden on it. In an instant the reptile had curled itself round her leg and I saw several drops of blood ooze from under the ring that she wore round her ankle. She fell down backwards, crying, and grinding her teeth, while her lips were covered with a white foam, and she rolled in the dust.

'Run! run, doctor!' I cried out to our surgeon-major; 'for the love of Heaven save the poor child.'

'Greenhorn!' the major replied, shrugging his shoulders. 'Do you not see that it is part of the programme? Moreover, my trade is to cut off your arms and legs. It is the business of my confrère down below there to cure girls who are bitten by snakes.'

In the meantime the old wizard had run up, and his first care was to possess himself of the snake.

'Djoûmane! Djoûmane!' he said to it in a tone of friendly reproach. The serpent uncoiled itself, quitted its prey, and started to crawl away. The sorcerer nimbly seized it by the end of its tail, and, holding it at arm's length, he went round the circle exhibiting the reptile, which bit and hissed without being able to stand erect.

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You know that a snake held by his tail does not know in the least what to do with himself. He can only raise himself a quarter of his length, and cannot i lie re fore bite the hand of the person who seizes him.

The next minute the serpent was put back in his basket and the lid firmly tied down. The magician then turned his attention to the little girl, who shrieked and kicked about all the time. He put a pinch of white powder, which he drew from his girdle, on the wound, and whispered an incantation in the child's car, with unexpected results. The convulsions ceased; the little girl wiped her mouth, picked up her silk handkerchief, shook the dust off it, put it on her head again, rose up, and soon after went away.

Shortly after she came up to our gallery to collect money, and we fastened on her forehead and shoulders many fifty-centime coins.

This ended the performance, and we sat down to dinner.

I was very hungry, and was preparing to do justice to a splendid Tartary eel, when our doctor, by whom I sat, said that he recognized the snake of the preceding moment. That made it quite impossible for me to touch a mouthful.

After first making great fun of my fastidiousness the doctor annexed my share of the eel, and declared that snake tasted delicious.

'Those brutes you saw just now,' he said to me, 'are connoisseurs. They live in caverns with their serpents as the Troglodytes do; their girls are pretty - witness the little girl in blue knickerbockers. No one knows what their religion is, but they are a cunning lot, and I should like to make the acquaintance of their sheik.'

We learnt during dinner why we were to recommence the campaign. Sidi-Lala, hotly pursued by Colonel R-, was trying to reach the mountains of Morocco.

There was choice of two routes: one to the south of Tlemcen, fording the Moulaïa, at the only place not rendered inaccessible by rocks; the other by the plain, to the north of our cantonment, where we should find our colonel and the bulk of the regiment.

Our squadron was ordered to stop him at the river crossing if he attempted it, but this was scarcely likely.

You know that the Moulaïa flows between two walls of rock, and there is but a single point like a kind of very narrow breach, where horses can ford it. I knew the place well, and I did not understand why a blockhouse had not been raised there before. At all events, the colonel had every chance of encountering the enemy, and we of making a useless journey.

Before the conclusion of dinner several orderlies from Maghzen had brought despatches from Colonel R-. The enemy had made a stand, and seemed to want to fight. They had lost time. Colonel R-'s infantry had come up and routed them.

But where had they escaped to? We knew nothing at all, and must decide which of the two routes to take. I have not mentioned the last resource that could be taken, viz. to drive them into the desert, where his herds and camp would very soon die of hunger and thirst. Signals were agreed upon to warn us of the enemy's movements.

Three cannon shots from Tlemcen would tell us that Sidi-Lala was visible in the plain, and we should carry rockets with us in case we had to let them know that we needed reinforcements. In all probability the enemy could not show itself before daybreak, and our two columns had several hours' start. Night had fallen by the time we got to horse. I commanded the advance guard platoon. I

felt tired and cold; I put on my cloak, turned up the collar, thrust my feet far into my stirrups, and rode quietly to my mare's long-striding walk, listening absently to quartermaster Wagner's stories about his love affairs, which unluckily ended by the flight of an infidel, who had run off with not only his heart, but a silver watch and a pair of new boots. I had heard this history before, and it appeared even longer than usual.

The moon rose as we started on our way. The sky was clear, but a light, white mist had come up since sundown, and skimmed the ground, which looked as though it were covered with down. On this white background, the moon threw long shadows, and everything took on a fantastic air. Very soon I though I saw Arab mounted sentries. As I came nearer I found they were tamarisks in flower. Presently I stopped short, for I thought I heard the cannon-shot signal. Wagner told me it was the sound of a horse galloping.

We reached the fort and the commandant made his preparations.

The place was very easy to defend, and our squadron would have been sufficient to hold back a considerable force. Complete solitude reigned on the other side of the river.

After a pretty long wait, we heard the gallop of a horse, and soon an Arab came in sight mounted on a magnificent animal and riding towards us. By his straw hat crowned with ostrich plumes, and by his embroidered saddle from which hung a gebira ornamented with coral and chased with gold flowers, we recognized that he was a chief; our guide told us it was Sidi-Lala himself. He was a fine-looking and well-built young man, who managed his horse admirably. He put it at a gallop, threw his long gun up in the air and caught it again, shouting at us unintelligible terms of defiance.

The days of chivalry are over, and Wagner called for a gun to *take the marabout down a peg*, as he called it; but I objected, yet, so that it should not be said that the French refused to fight at close quarters with an Arab, I asked the commandant for leave to go through the ford and cross swords with Sidi-Lala. Permission was granted me, and I was soon over the river where the enemy's chief was trotting a little way off, and taking stock of things.

Directly he saw I was across he ran upon me and aimed with his gun.

'Take care!'cried Wagner.

I am rarely afraid of a horseman's shot, and, after the tricks he had just played with it, I thought that Sidi-Lala's gun could not be in a condition to fire. And in fact he pulled the trigger when he was only three paces from me, but the gun missed fire, as I had expected. Soon he turned his horse round so rapidly that instead of planting my sabre in his breast I only caught his floating burnous.

But I pressed him close, keeping him always on my right and beating him back, whether he was willing or not, towards the steep declivities which edged the river. I le tried in vain to turn aside, but I pressed him closer and closer. After several moments of frantic effort, suddenly I saw his horse rear and the rider drew rein with both hands. Without stopping to ask myself why he made a strange movement I was on him like a shot, and I pierced him with my blade, right in the centre of his back, my horse's hoof striking his left thigh at the same time. Man and horse disappeared, and my mare and I fell after them.

Without perceiving it we had reached the edge of a precipice and were hurled over it ... While I was yet in the air - so rapid is thought! - I remembered that the body of the Arab would break my fall. I could distinctly see under me a white burnous with a large red patch on it, and I should fall on it, head or tail.

It was not such a terrible leap as I feared, thanks to the water being high; I went in over head and

ears and sputtered for an instant quite stunned, and I do not know quite how I found myself standing in the middle of the tall reeds at the river's edge.

I knew nothing of what had become of Sidi-Lala and the horses. I was dripping and shivering in the mud, between two walls of rock. I took a few steps forward, hoping to find a place where the declivity was less steep; but the further I advanced the more abrupt and inaccessible it looked.

Suddenly I heard above my head the sound of horses' hoofs and the jangling of sabres against stirrups and spurs; it was evidently our squadron. I wanted to cry out, but not a sound would come out of my throat; I must in my fall have broken in my ribs.

Imagine the situation I was in. I heard the voices of our men and recognized them, and I could not call them to my aid.

'If he had let me do that,' old Wagner was saying, 'he would have lived to be made colonel.'

The sound soon lessened and died away, and I heard it no more.

Above my head hung a great branch, and I hoped by seizing this to hoist myself up above the banks of the river. With a desperate effort I sprang up, and ... crack! . . . the branch twisted and escaped from my hands with a frightful hissing ... It was an enormous snake ...

I fell back into the water; the serpent glided between my legs and shot into the river, where it seemed to leave a trail of fire ...

A moment later I had regained my sang-froid, and the fire-light had not disappeared: it still trembled on the water. I saw it was the reflection from a torch. A score of steps from me a woman was filling a pitcher at the river with one hand, and in the other she held a lighted piece of resined wood. She had no idea I was there; she placed the pitcher coolly upon her head and, torch in hand, disappeared among the rushes. I followed her and found I was at the entrance to a cave.

The woman advanced very quietly and mounted a very steep incline; it was a sort of staircase cut out of the face of an immense hall. By the torchlight I saw the threshold of this great hall, which did not quite reach the level of the river; but I could not judge of its full extent. Without quite knowing what I did, I entered the slope after the young woman who carried the torch, and followed her at a distance. Now and again her light disappeared behind some cavity of the rocks, but I soon found her again.

I thought I could make out, too, the gloomy openings of great galleries leading into the principal room. It looked like a subterranean town with streets and squares. I stopped short, deeming it dangerous to venture alone into that vast labyrinth.

Suddenly one of the galleries below me was lit up brilliantly, and I saw a great number of torches, which appeared to come out of the sides of the rocks as though they formed a great procession. At the same time a monotonous chanting rose up, which recalled the singing of the Arabs as they recited their prayers. Soon I could distinguish a vast multitude advancing slowly. At their head stepped a black man, almost naked, his head covered with an enormous mass of stubbly hair. His white beard fell on his breast, and contrasted with the brown colour of his chest, which was gashed with bluish-tinted tattooing. I quickly recognized the sorcerer of the previous evening, and, soon after, saw the little girl near him who had played the part of Eurydice, with her fine eyes, and her silk pantaloons, and the embroidered handkerchief on her head.

Women and children and men of all ages followed them, all holding torches, all dressed in strange costumes of vivid colour, with trailing skirts and high caps, some made of metal, which reflected the light from the torches on all sides.

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The old sorcerer stopped exactly below me, and the whole procession with him. The silence was profound. I was twenty feet above him, protected by great stones, from behind which I hoped to see everything without being perceived. At the feet of the old man I noticed a large slab of stone, almost round, with an iron ring in the centre.

He pronounced some words in a tongue unknown to me, which I felt sure was neither Arabic nor Kabylic. A rope and pulleys, hung from somewhere, fell at his feet; several of the assistants attached it to the ring, and at a given signal twenty stalwart arms all pulled at the stone simultaneously. It seemed of great weight, but they raised it and put it to one side.

I then saw what looked like the opening down a well, the water of which was at least a yard from the top. Water, did I say? I do not know what the frightful liquid was; it was covered over with an iridescent film, disturbed and broken in places, and showing a hideous black mud beneath.

The sorcerer stood in the midst of the gathered crowd, near the kerbstone which surrounded the well, his left hand on the little girl's head; with his right he made strange gestures, whilst uttering a kind of incantation.

From time to time he raised his voice as though he were calling someone. 'Djoûmane! Djoûmane!' he cried; but no one came. None the less he went on making raucous cries which did not seem to come from a human throat, and rolled his eyes and ground his teeth. The mummeries of this old rascal incensed and filled me with indignation; I felt tempted to hurl a stone at his licad that I had ready to hand. When he had yelled the name of Djoûmane for the thirtieth time or more, I saw the iridescent film over the well shake, and at this sign the whole crowd flung itself back; the old man and the little girl alone remained by the side of the hole.

Suddenly there was a great bubbling of the bluish mud from the well, and out of this mud came the head of an enormous snake, of livid grey colour, with phosphorescent eyes ...

Involuntarily I leapt backwards. I heard a little cry and the sound of some heavy body falling into the water...

When perhaps a tenth of a second later I again looked below, I saw the sorcerer stood alone by the well-side; the water was still bubbling, and in the middle of what remained of the iridescent scum there floated the kerchief which had covered the little girl's hair ...

Already the stone was being moved, and it glided into its place over the aperture of the horrible gulf. Then all the torches were simultaneously extinguished, and I remained in darkness in the midst of such a profound silence that I could distinctly hear my own heart beat ...

When I had recovered a little from this ghastly scene I wanted to quit the cavern,"vowing that if I succeeded in rejoining my comrades, I would return to exterminate the abominable denizens of those quarters, men and serpents.

But the pressing question was how to find my way out. I had come, I believed, a hundred feet into the cave, keeping the rock wall on my right.

I turned half round, but saw no light which might indicate the entrance to the cavern; furthermore, it did not extend in a straight line, and, besides, I had climbed up all the time from the river's edge. I groped along the rock with my left hand, and sounded the ground with the sword which I held in my right, advancing slowly and cautiously. For a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes ... possibly for half an hour, I walked without being able to find the way I came in.

I was seized with apprehension. Had I entered unconsciously some side gallery instead of returning the way I had at first taken? ...

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I went on all the time groping along the rock, when in place of the cold stone I felt a curtain, which yielded to my touch and let out a ray of light. Redoubling my precaution, I drew the curtain noiselessly aside and found myself in a little passage which led to a well-lighted room. The door was open, and I saw that the room was hung with silk tapestry, embroidered with flowers and gold. I noticed a Turkey carpet and the end of a velvet-covered divan. On the- carpet was a narghile of silver and several perfume -burners. In short, it was an apartment sumptuously furnished in Arabian taste.

I approached with stealthy tread till I reached the door; a young woman squatted on the divan, and near her was a little low table of inlaid wood, which held a large silver-gilt tray full of cups and flagons and bouquets of flowers.

On entering this subterranean boudoir I felt quite intoxicated by the most exquisite perfume.'

Everything in this retreat breathed voluptuousness; on every side I saw the glitter of gold and sumptuous materials, and varied colourings and rare flowers. The young woman did not notice me at first; she held her head down and fingered the yellow amber beads of a long necklace, absorbed in meditation. She was divinely beautiful. Her features were like those of the unfortunate child I had seen below, but more finely formed, more regular and more voluptuous. She was as black as a raven's wing, and her hair was

'Long as are the robes of a king.'

It fell over her,shoulders to the divan and almost to the carpet under her feet. A gown of transparent silk in broad stripes showed her splendid arms and neck. A bodice of velvet braided with gold enclosed her figure, and her short blue satin knickerbockers revealed a marvellously tiny foot, from which hung a gold-worked Turkish slipper which she danced up and down gracefully and whimsically.

My boots creaked, and she raised her head and saw me.

Without being disturbed or showing the least surprise at seeing a stranger with a sword in his hand in her room, she clapped her hands gleefully and beckoned me to come nearer. I saluted her by placing my hand first on my heart and then on my head to show her I was acquainted with Mahomedan etiquette. She smiled, and with both hands she put aside her hair which covered the divan - this was to tell me to take a seat by her side. I thought all the spices of Araby pervaded those beautiful locks.

I modestly seated myself at the extreme end of the divan, inwardly vowing I would very soon go much nearer to her. She took a cup from the tray, and holding it by the filigree saucer, she poured out some frothed coffee, and after touching it lightly with her lips she offered it to me.

'Ah, Roumi! Roumi! ...' she said. 'Shall we not kill the vermin, lieutenant? . . .'

At these words I opened my eyes as wide as a carriage entrance. This young lady had enormous moustaches, and was the living image of Quartermaster Wagner ... And it was indeed Wagner who stood over me with a cup of coffee, whilst, pillowed on my horse's neck, I stared at him wildly.

'It appears we have pioncé, all the same, lieutenant. We are at the ford, and the coffee is boiling.'

Translated by E. M. Waller

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Dostoevsky: Cana of Galilee

This passage comes from Fiodor Dostoevsky's *Brothers Karamazov*, first published in 1879-80. This dream takes place just after the death of the staretz Zossima, the spiritual director of Alyosha, who is the youngest of the three brothers.

Translated by D. Magarshack [the translation will be inserted if/when permission is given; meanwhile, here is Constance Garnett's translation, from <http://fyodordostoevsky.com/etexts/the_brothers_karamazov.txt>]

It was very late, according to the monastery ideas, when Alyosha returned to the hermitage; the door-keeper let him in by a special entrance. It had struck nine o'clock- the hour of rest and repose after a day of such agitation for all. Alyosha timidly opened the door and went into the elder's cell where his coffin was now standing.

There was no one in the cell but Father Paissy, reading the Gospel in solitude over the coffin, and the young novice Porfiry, who, exhausted by the previous night's conversation and the disturbing incidents of the day, was sleeping the deep sound sleep of youth on the floor of the other room. Though Father Paissy heard Alyosha come in, he did not even look in his direction. Alyosha turned to the right from the door to the corner, fell on his knees and began to pray.

His soul was overflowing but with mingled feelings; no single sensation stood out distinctly; on the contrary, one drove out another in a slow, continual rotation. But there was a sweetness in his heart and, strange to say, Alyosha was not surprised at it. Again he saw that coffin before him, the hidden dead figure so precious to him, but the weeping and poignant grief of the morning was no longer aching in his soul. As soon as he came in, he fell down before the coffin as before a holy shrine, but joy, joy was glowing in his mind and in his heart. The one window of the cell was open, the air was fresh and cool. "So the smell must have become stronger, if they opened the window," thought Alyosha. But even this thought of the smell of corruption, which had seemed to him so awful and humiliating a few hours before, no longer made him feel miserable or indignant. He began quietly praying, but he soon felt that he was praying almost mechanically. Fragments of thought floated through his soul, flashed like stars and went out again at once, to be succeeded by others. But yet there was reigning in his soul a sense of the wholeness of things- something steadfast and comforting- and he was aware of it himself. Sometimes he began praying ardently, he longed to pour out his thankfulness and love...

But when he had begun to pray, he passed suddenly to something else, and sank into thought, forgetting both the prayer and what had interrupted it. He began listening to what Father Paissy was reading, but worn out with exhaustion he gradually began to doze.

"And the third day there was a marriage in Cana of Galilee," read Father Paissy. "And the mother of Jesus was there; And both Jesus was there; And both Jesus was called, and his disciples, to the marriage."

"Marriage? What's that?... A marriage!" floated whirling through Alyosha's mind. "There is happiness for her, too... She has gone to the feast.... No, she has not taken the knife.... That was only a tragic phrase.... Well... tragic phrases should be forgiven, they must be. Tragic phrases comfort the heart... Without them, sorrow would be too heavy for men to bear. Rakitin has gone off to the back alley. As long as Rakitin broods over his wrongs, he will always go off to the back alley.... But the

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high road... The road is wide and straight and bright as crystal, and the sun is at the end of it.... Ah!... What's being read?"...

"And when they wanted wine, the mother of Jesus saith unto him, They have no wine"... Alyosha heard.

"Ah, yes, I was missing that, and I didn't want to miss it, I love that passage: it's Cana of Galilee, the first miracle.... Ah, that miracle! Ah, that sweet miracle! It was not men's grief, but their joy Christ visited, He worked His first miracle to help men's gladness.... 'He who loves men loves their gladness, too'... He was always repeating that, it was one of his leading ideas... 'There's no living without joy,' Mitya says.... Yes, Mitya.... 'Everything that is true and good is always full of forgiveness,' he used to say that, too"...

> "Jesus saith unto her, Woman, what has it to do with thee or me? Mine hour not yet come." His mother saith unto the servants, Whatsoever he saith unto you, do it". . .

"Do it.... Gladness, the gladness of some poor, very poor, people.... Of course they were poor, since they hadn't wine enough even at a wedding.... The historians write that, in those days, the people living about the Lake of Gennesaret were the poorest that can possibly be imagined... and another great heart, that other great being, His Mother, knew that He had come not only to make His great terrible sacrifice. She knew that His heart was open even to the simple, artless merrymaking of some obscure and unlearned people, who had warmly bidden Him to their poor wedding. 'Mine hour is not yet come,' He said, with a soft smile (He must have smiled gently to her). And, indeed, was it to make wine abundant at poor weddings He had come down to earth? And yet He went and did as she asked Him.... Ah, he is reading again"...

> "Jesus saith unto them, Fill the waterpots with water. And they filled them up to the brim. "And he saith unto them, Draw out now and bear unto the governor of the feast. And they bear it. "When the ruler of the feast had tasted the water that was made wine, and knew not whence it was (but the servants which drew the water knew); the governor of the feast called the bridegroom, "And saith unto him, Every man at the beginning doth set forth good wine; and when men have well drunk, that which is worse; but thou hast kept the good wine until now."

"But what's this, what's this? Why is the room growing wider?... Ah, yes... It's the marriage, the wedding... yes, of course. Here are the guests, here are the young couple sitting, and the merry crowd and... Where is the wise governor of the feast? But who is this? Who? Again the walls are receding.... Who is getting up there from the great table? What!... He here, too? But he's in the coffin... but he's here, too. He has stood up, he sees me, he is coming here.... God!"...

Yes, he came up to him, to him, he, the little, thin old man, with tiny wrinkles on his face, joyful and laughing softly. There was no coffin now, and he was in the same dress as he had worn yesterday sitting with them, when the visitors had gathered about him. His face was uncovered, his eyes were shining. How was this, then? He, too, had been called to the feast. He, too, at the marriage of Cana in Galilee....

"Yes, my dear, I am called, too, called and bidden," he heard a soft voice saying over him. "Why have you hidden yourself here, out of sight? You come and join us too."

It was his voice, the voice of Father Zossima. And it must be he, since he called him!

The elder raised Alyosha by the hand and he rose from his knees.

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"We are rejoicing," the little, thin old man went on. "We are drinking the new wine, the wine of new, great gladness; do you see how many guests? Here are the bride and bridegroom, here is the wise governor of the feast, he is tasting the new wine. Why do you wonder at me? I gave an onion to a beggar, so I, too, am here. And many here have given only an onion each- only one little onion.... What are all our deeds? And you, my gentle one, you, my kind boy, you too have known how to give a famished woman an onion to-day. Begin your work, dear one, begin it, gentle one! Do you see our Sun, do you see Him?"

"I am afraid... I dare not look," whispered Alyosha.

"Do not fear Him. He is terrible in His greatness, awful in His sublimity, but infinitely merciful. He has made Himself like unto us from love and rejoices with us. He is changing the water into wine that the gladness of the guests may not be cut short. He is expecting new guests, He is calling new ones unceasingly for ever and ever.... There they are bringing new wine. Do you see they are bringing the vessels..."

Something glowed in Alyosha's heart, something filled it till it

ached, tears of rapture rose from his soul.... He stretched out his

hands, uttered a cry and waked up.

Again the coffin, the open window, and the soft, solemn, distinct reading of the Gospel. But Alyosha did not listen to the reading. It was strange, he had fallen asleep on his knees, but now he was on his feet, and suddenly, as though thrown forward, with three firm rapid steps he went right up to the coffin. His shoulder brushed against Father Paissy without his noticing it. Father Paissy raised his eyes for an instant from his book, but looked away again at once, seeing that something strange was happening to the boy. Alyosha gazed for half a minute at the coffin, at the covered, motionless dead man that lay in the coffin, with the ikon on his breast and the peaked cap with the octangular cross on his head. He had only just been hearing his voice, and that voice was still ringing in his ears. He was listening, still expecting other words, but suddenly he turned sharply and went out of the cell.

He did not stop on the steps either, but went quickly down; his soul, overflowing with rapture, yearned for freedom, space, openness. The vault of heaven, full of soft, shining stars, stretched vast and fathomless above him. The Milky Way ran in two pale streams from the zenith to the horizon. The fresh, motionless, still night enfolded the earth. The white towers and golden domes of the cathedral gleamed out against the sapphire sky. The gorgeous autumn flowers, in the beds round the house, were slumbering till morning. The silence of earth seemed to melt into the silence of the heavens. The mystery of earth was one with the mystery of the stars....

Alyosha stood, gazed, and suddenly threw himself down on the earth. He did not know why he embraced it. He could not have told why he longed so irresistibly to kiss it, to kiss it all. But he kissed it weeping, sobbing, and watering it with his tears, and vowed passionately to love it, to love it for ever and ever. "Water the earth with the tears of your joy and love those tears," echoed in his soul.

What was he weeping over?

Oh! in his rapture he was weeping even over those stars, which were shining to him from the abyss of space, and "he was not ashamed of that ecstasy." There seemed to be threads from all those innumerable worlds of God, linking his soul to them, and it was trembling all over "in contact with other worlds." He longed to forgive everyone and for everything, and to beg forgiveness. Oh, not for himself, but for all men, for all and for everything. "And others are praying for me too," echoed

again in his soul. But with every instant he felt clearly and, as it were, tangibly, that something firm and unshakable as that vault of heaven had entered into his soul. It was as though some idea had seized the sovereignty of his mind- and it was for all his life and for ever and ever. He had fallen on the earth a weak boy, but he rose up a resolute champion, and he knew and felt it suddenly at the very moment of his ecstasy. And never, never, his life long, could Alyosha forget that minute.

"Someone visited my soul in that hour," he used to say afterwards, with implicit faith in his words.

Within three days he left the monastery in accordance with the words of his elder, who had bidden him "sojourn in the world."

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Browning: Bad Dreams I

'Bad Dreams I' and 'Bad Dreams III' (see page 284 [in this electronic version, Browning: Bad Dreams III]) were published in the volume *Asolando* on 12 December 1889. Robert Browning died on the same day.

Last night I saw you in my sleep:
And how your charm of face was changed!
I asked 'Some love, some faith you keep?'
You answered 'Faith gone, love estranged.'

Whereat I woke - a twofold bliss:
Waking was one, but next there came
This other: 'Though I felt, for this,
My heart break, I loved on the same.'

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Frazer: The Snake-Bite – The Wandering Soul

The Snake-Bite

> This is a passage from James George Frazer's *The Golden Bough*; it is taken from the first part of the work, 'Magic Art and the Evolution of Kingship'. *The Golden Bough* was first published between 1890 and 1915.

When a Cherokee has dreamed of being stung by a snake, he is treated just in the same way as if he had really been stung; otherwise the place would swell and ulcerate in the usual manner, though perhaps years might pass before it did so. It is the ghost of a snake that has bitten him in sleep. One night a Huron Indian dreamed that he had been taken and burned alive by his hereditary foes the Iroquois. Next morning a council was held on the affair, and the following measures were adopted to save the man's life. Twelve or thirteen fires were kindled in the large hut where they usually burned their prisoners to death. Every man seized a flaming brand and applied it to the naked body of the dreamer, who shrieked with pain. Thrice he ran round the hut, escaping from one fire only to fall into another. As each man thrust his blazing torch at the sufferer he said, 'Courage, my brother, it is thus that we have pity on you.' At last he was allowed to escape. Passing out of the hut he caught up a dog which was held ready for the purpose, and throwing it over his shoulder carried it through the wigwams as a sacred offering to the war-god, praying him to accept the animal instead of himself. Afterwards the dog was killed, roasted, and eaten, exactly as the Indians were wont to roast and eat their captives.

The Wandering Soul

> This is a further passage from James George Frazer's The *Golden Bough*, taken from the second part, 'Taboo and the Perils of the Soul'.

The soul of a sleeper is supposed to wander away from his body and actually to visit the places, to see the persons, and to perform the acts of which he dreams. For example, when an Indian of Brazil or Guiana wakes up from a sound sleep, he is firmly convinced that his soul has really been away hunting, fishing, felling trees, or whatever else he has dreamed of doing, while all the time his body has been lying motionless in his hammock. A whole Bororo village has been thrown into a panic and nearly deserted because somebody had dreamed that he saw enemies stealthily approaching it. A Macusi Indian in weak health, who dreamed that his employer had made him haul the canoe up a series of difficult cataracts, bitterly reproached his master next morning for his want of consideration in thus making a poor invalid go out and toil during the night. The Indians of the Gran Chaco are often heard to relate the most incredible stories as things which they have themselves seen and heard; hence strangers who do not know them intimately say in their haste that these Indians are liars. In point of fact the Indians are firmly convinced of the truth of what they relate; for these wonderful adventures are simply their dreams, which they do not distinguish from waking realities.

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Bierce: An Occurrence at Owl Creek Bridge

This short story by Ambrose Bierce was first published in *Tales of Soldiers and Civilians* in 1892.

A man stood upon a railroad bridge in northern Alabama, looking down into the swift water twenty feet below. The man's hands were behind his back, the wrists bound with a cord. A rope closely encircled his neck. It was attached to a stout cross-timber above his head and the slack fell to the level of his knees. Some loose boards laid upon the ties supporting the rails of the railway supplied a footing for him and his executioners—two private soldiers of the Federal army, directed by a sergeant who in civil life may have been a deputy sheriff. At a short remove upon the same temporary platform was an officer in the uniform of his rank, armed. He was a captain. A sentinel at each end of the bridge stood with his rifle in the position known as "support," that is to say, vertical in front of the left shoulder, the hammer resting on the forearm thrown straight across the chest—a formal and unnatural position, enforcing an erect carriage of the body. It did not appear to be the duty of these two men to know what was occurring at the center of the bridge; they merely blockaded the two ends of the foot planking that traversed it.

Beyond one of the sentinels nobody was in sight; the railroad ran straight away into a forest for a hundred yards, then, curving, was lost to view. Doubtless there was an outpost farther along. The other bank of the stream was open ground—a gentle slope topped with a stockade of vertical tree trunks, loopholed for rifles, with a single embrasure through which protruded the muzzle of a brass cannon commanding the bridge. Midway up the slope between the bridge and fort were the spectators—a single company of infantry in line, at "parade rest," the butts of their rifles on the ground, the barrels inclining slightly backward against the right shoulder, the hands crossed upon the stock. A lieutenant stood at the right of the line, the point of his sword upon the ground, his left hand resting upon his right. Excepting the group of four at the center of the bridge, not a man moved. The company faced the bridge, staring stonily, motionless. The sentinels, facing the banks of the stream, might have been statues to adorn the bridge. The captain stood with folded arms, silent, observing the work of his subordinates, but making no sign. Death is a dignitary who when he comes announced is to be received with formal manifestations of respect, even by those most familiar with him. In the code of military etiquette silence and fixity are forms of deference.

The man who was engaged in being hanged was apparently about thirty-five years of age. He was a civilian, if one might judge from his habit, which was that of a planter. His features were good—a straight nose, firm mouth, broad forehead, from which his long, dark hair was combed straight back, falling behind his ears to the collar of his well fitting frock coat. He wore a moustache and pointed beard, but no whiskers; his eyes were large and dark gray, and had a kindly expression which one would hardly have expected in one whose neck was in the hemp. Evidently this was no vulgar assassin. The liberal military code makes provision for hanging many kinds of persons, and gentlemen are not excluded.

The preparations being complete, the two private soldiers stepped aside and each drew away the plank upon which he had been standing. The sergeant turned to the captain, saluted and placed himself immediately behind that officer, who in turn moved apart one pace. These movements left the condemned man and the sergeant standing on the two ends of the same plank, which spanned three of the cross-ties of the bridge. The end upon which the civilian stood almost, but not quite,

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reached a fourth. This plank had been held in place by the weight of the captain; it was now held by that of the sergeant. At a signal from the former the latter would step aside, the plank would tilt and the condemned man go down between two ties. The arrangement commended itself to his judgement as simple and effective. His face had not been covered nor his eyes bandaged. He looked a moment at his "unsteadfast footing," then let his gaze wander to the swirling water of the stream racing madly beneath his feet. A piece of dancing driftwood caught his attention and his eyes followed it down the current. How slowly it appeared to move! What a sluggish stream!

He closed his eyes in order to fix his last thoughts upon his wife and children. The water, touched to gold by the early sun, the brooding mists under the banks at some distance down the stream, the fort, the soldiers, the piece of drift—all had distracted him. And now he became conscious of a new disturbance. Striking through the thought of his dear ones was sound which he could neither ignore nor understand, a sharp, distinct, metallic percussion like the stroke of a blacksmith's hammer upon the anvil; it had the same ringing quality. He wondered what it was, and whether immeasurably distant or near by— it seemed both. Its recurrence was regular, but as slow as the tolling of a death knell. He awaited each new stroke with impatience and—he knew not why—apprehension. The intervals of silence grew progressively longer; the delays became maddening. With their greater infrequency the sounds increased in strength and sharpness. They hurt his ear like the trust of a knife; he feared he would shriek. What he heard was the ticking of his watch.

He unclosed his eyes and saw again the water below him. "If I could free my hands," he thought, "I might throw off the noose and spring into the stream. By diving I could evade the bullets and, swimming vigorously, reach the bank, take to the woods and get away home. My home, thank God, is as yet outside their lines; my wife and little ones are still beyond the invader's farthest advance."

As these thoughts, which have here to be set down in words, were flashed into the doomed man's brain rather than evolved from it the captain nodded to the sergeant. The sergeant stepped aside.

II

Peyton Farquhar was a well to do planter, of an old and highly respected Alabama family. Being a slave owner and like other slave owners a politician, he was naturally an original secessionist and ardently devoted to the Southern cause. Circumstances of an imperious nature, which it is unnecessary to relate here, had prevented him from taking service with that gallant army which had fought the disastrous campaigns ending with the fall of Corinth, and he chafed under the inglorious restraint, longing for the release of his energies, the larger life of the soldier, the opportunity for distinction. That opportunity, he felt, would come, as it comes to all in wartime. Meanwhile he did what he could. No service was too humble for him to perform in the aid of the South, no adventure to perilous for him to undertake if consistent with the character of a civilian who was at heart a soldier, and who in good faith and without too much qualification assented to at least a part of the frankly villainous dictum that all is fair in love and war.

One evening while Farquhar and his wife were sitting on a rustic bench near the entrance to his grounds, a gray-clad soldier rode up to the gate and asked for a drink of water. Mrs. Farquhar was only too happy to serve him with her own white hands. While she was fetching the water her husband approached the dusty horseman and inquired eagerly for news from the front.

"The Yanks are repairing the railroads," said the man, "and are getting ready for another advance. They have reached the Owl Creek bridge, put it in order and built a stockade on the north bank. The commandant has issued an order, which is posted everywhere, declaring that any civilian caught interfering with the railroad, its bridges, tunnels, or trains will be summarily hanged. I saw the order."

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"How far is it to the Owl Creek bridge?" Farquhar asked.

"About thirty miles."

"Is there no force on this side of the creek?"

"Only a picket post half a mile out, on the railroad, and a single sentinel at this end of the bridge."

"Suppose a man—a civilian and student of hanging—should elude the picket post and perhaps get the better of the sentinel," said Farquhar, smiling, "what could he accomplish?"

The soldier reflected. "I was there a month ago," he replied. "I observed that the flood of last winter had lodged a great quantity of driftwood against the wooden pier at this end of the bridge. It is now dry and would burn like tinder."

The lady had now brought the water, which the soldier drank. He thanked her ceremoniously, bowed to her husband and rode away. An hour later, after nightfall, he repassed the plantation, going northward in the direction from which he had come. He was a Federal scout.

III

As Peyton Farquhar fell straight downward through the bridge he lost consciousness and was as one already dead. From this state he was awakened—ages later, it seemed to him—by the pain of a sharp pressure upon his throat, followed by a sense of suffocation. Keen, poignant agonies seemed to shoot from his neck downward through every fiber of his body and limbs. These pains appeared to flash along well defined lines of ramification and to beat with an inconceivably rapid periodicity. They seemed like streams of pulsating fire heating him to an intolerable temperature. As to his head, he was conscious of nothing but a feeling of fullness—of congestion. These sensations were unaccompanied by thought. The intellectual part of his nature was already effaced; he had power only to feel, and feeling was torment. He was conscious of motion. Encompassed in a luminous cloud, of which he was now merely the fiery heart, without material substance, he swung through unthinkable arcs of oscillation, like a vast pendulum. Then all at once, with terrible suddenness, the light about him shot upward with the noise of a loud splash; a frightful roaring was in his ears, and all was cold and dark. The power of thought was restored; he knew that the rope had broken and he had fallen into the stream. There was no additional strangulation; the noose about his neck was already suffocating him and kept the water from his lungs. To die of hanging at the bottom of a river!—the idea seemed to him ludicrous. He opened his eyes in the darkness and saw above him a gleam of light, but how distant, how inaccessible! He was still sinking, for the light became fainter and fainter until it was a mere glimmer. Then it began to grow and brighten, and he knew that he was rising toward the surface—knew it with reluctance, for he was now very comfortable. "To be hanged and drowned," he thought, "that is not so bad; but I do not wish to be shot. No; I will not be shot; that is not fair."

He was not conscious of an effort, but a sharp pain in his wrist apprised him that he was trying to free his hands. He gave the struggle his attention, as an idler might observe the feat of a juggler, without interest in the outcome. What splendid effort!—what magnificent, what superhuman strength! Ah, that was a fine endeavor! Bravo! The cord fell away; his arms parted and floated upward, the hands dimly seen on each side in the growing light. He watched them with a new interest as first one and then the other pounced upon the noose at his neck. They tore it away and thrust it fiercely aside, its undulations resembling those of a water snake. "Put it back, put it back!" He thought he shouted these words to his hands, for the undoing of the noose had been succeeded by the direst pang that he had yet experienced. His neck ached horribly; his brain was on fire, his heart, which had been fluttering faintly, gave a great leap, trying to force itself out at his mouth. His

whole body was racked and wrenched with an insupportable anguish! But his disobedient hands gave no heed to the command. They beat the water vigorously with quick, downward strokes, forcing him to the surface. He felt his head emerge; his eyes were blinded by the sunlight; his chest expanded convulsively, and with a supreme and crowning agony his lungs engulfed a great draught of air, which instantly he expelled in a shriek!

He was now in full possession of his physical senses. They were, indeed, preternaturally keen and alert. Something in the awful disturbance of his organic system had so exalted and refined them that they made record of things never before perceived. He felt the ripples upon his face and heard their separate sounds as they struck. He looked at the forest on the bank of the stream, saw the individual trees, the leaves and the veining of each leaf—he saw the very insects upon them: the locusts, the brilliant bodied flies, the gray spiders stretching their webs from twig to twig. He noted the prismatic colors in all the dewdrops upon a million blades of grass. The humming of the gnats that danced above the eddies of the stream, the beating of the dragon flies' wings, the strokes of the water spiders' legs, like oars which had lifted their boat—all these made audible music. A fish slid along beneath his eyes and he heard the rush of its body parting the water.

He had come to the surface facing down the stream; in a moment the visible world seemed to wheel slowly round, himself the pivotal point, and he saw the bridge, the fort, the soldiers upon the bridge, the captain, the sergeant, the two privates, his executioners. They were in silhouette against the blue sky. They shouted and gesticulated, pointing at him. The captain had drawn his pistol, but did not fire; the others were unarmed. Their movements were grotesque and horrible, their forms gigantic.

Suddenly he heard a sharp report and something struck the water smartly within a few inches of his head, spattering his face with spray. He heard a second report, and saw one of the sentinels with his rifle at his shoulder, a light cloud of blue smoke rising from the muzzle. The man in the water saw the eye of the man on the bridge gazing into his own through the sights of the rifle. He observed that it was a gray eye and remembered having read that gray eyes were keenest, and that all famous marksmen had them. Nevertheless, this one had missed.

A counter-swirl had caught Farquhar and turned him half round; he was again looking at the forest on the bank opposite the fort. The sound of a clear, high voice in a monotonous singsong now rang out behind him and came across the water with a distinctness that pierced and subdued all other sounds, even the beating of the ripples in his ears. Although no soldier, he had frequented camps enough to know the dread significance of that deliberate, drawling, aspirated chant; the lieutenant on shore was taking a part in the morning's work. How coldly and pitilessly—with what an even, calm intonation, presaging, and enforcing tranquility in the men—with what accurately measured interval fell those cruel words:

"Company!… Attention!… Shoulder arms!… Ready!… Aim!… Fire!"

Farquhar dived—dived as deeply as he could. The water roared in his ears like the voice of Niagara, yet he heard the dull thunder of the volley and, rising again toward the surface, met shining bits of metal, singularly flattened, oscillating slowly downward. Some of them touched him on the face and hands, then fell away, continuing their descent. One lodged between his collar and neck; it was uncomfortably warm and he snatched it out.

As he rose to the surface, gasping for breath, he saw that he had been a long time under water; he was perceptibly farther downstream—nearer to safety. The soldiers had almost finished reloading; the metal ramrods flashed all at once in the sunshine as they were drawn from the barrels, turned in the air, and thrust into their sockets. The two sentinels fired again, independently and ineffectually.

The hunted man saw all this over his shoulder; he was now swimming vigorously with the current.

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His brain was as energetic as his arms and legs; he thought with the rapidity of lightning:

"The officer," he reasoned, "will not make that martinet's error a second time. It is as easy to dodge a volley as a single shot. He has probably already given the command to fire at will. God help me, I cannot dodge them all!"

An appalling splash within two yards of him was followed by a loud, rushing sound, DIMINUENDO, which seemed to travel back through the air to the fort and died in an explosion which stirred the very river to its deeps! A rising sheet of water curved over him, fell down upon him, blinded him, strangled him! The cannon had taken an hand in the game. As he shook his head free from the commotion of the smitten water he heard the deflected shot humming through the air ahead, and in an instant it was cracking and smashing the branches in the forest beyond.

"They will not do that again," he thought; "the next time they will use a charge of grape. I must keep my eye upon the gun; the smoke will apprise me—the report arrives too late; it lags behind the missile. That is a good gun."

Suddenly he felt himself whirled round and round—spinning like a top. The water, the banks, the forests, the now distant bridge, fort and men, all were commingled and blurred. Objects were represented by their colors only; circular horizontal streaks of color—that was all he saw. He had been caught in a vortex and was being whirled on with a velocity of advance and gyration that made him giddy and sick. In few moments he was flung upon the gravel at the foot of the left bank of the stream—the southern bank—and behind a projecting point which concealed him from his enemies. The sudden arrest of his motion, the abrasion of one of his hands on the gravel, restored him, and he wept with delight. He dug his fingers into the sand, threw it over himself in handfuls and audibly blessed it. It looked like diamonds, rubies, emeralds; he could think of nothing beautiful which it did not resemble. The trees upon the bank were giant garden plants; he noted a definite order in their arrangement, inhaled the fragrance of their blooms. A strange roseate light shone through the spaces among their trunks and the wind made in their branches the music of AEolian harps. He had not wish to perfect his escape—he was content to remain in that enchanting spot until retaken.

A whiz and a rattle of grapeshot among the branches high above his head roused him from his dream. The baffled cannoneer had fired him a random farewell. He sprang to his feet, rushed up the sloping bank, and plunged into the forest.

All that day he traveled, laying his course by the rounding sun. The forest seemed interminable; nowhere did he discover a break in it, not even a woodman's road. He had not known that he lived in so wild a region. There was something uncanny in the revelation.

By nightfall he was fatigued, footsore, famished. The thought of his wife and children urged him on. At last he found a road which led him in what he knew to be the right direction. It was as wide and straight as a city street, yet it seemed untraveled. No fields bordered it, no dwelling anywhere. Not so much as the barking of a dog suggested human habitation. The black bodies of the trees formed a straight wall on both sides, terminating on the horizon in a point, like a diagram in a lesson in perspective. Overhead, as he looked up through this rift in the wood, shone great golden stars looking unfamiliar and grouped in strange constellations. He was sure they were arranged in some order which had a secret and malign significance. The wood on either side was full of singular noises, among which—once, twice, and again—he distinctly heard whispers in an unknown tongue.

His neck was in pain and lifting his hand to it found it horribly swollen. He knew that it had a circle of black where the rope had bruised it. His eyes felt congested; he could no longer close them. His tongue was swollen with thirst; he relieved its fever by thrusting it forward from between his teeth into the cold air. How softly the turf had carpeted the untraveled avenue—he could no longer feel

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the roadway beneath his feet!

Doubtless, despite his suffering, he had fallen asleep while walking, for now he sees another scene—perhaps he has merely recovered from a delirium. He stands at the gate of his own home. All is as he left it, and all bright and beautiful in the morning sunshine. He must have traveled the entire night. As he pushes open the gate and passes up the wide white walk, he sees a flutter of female garments; his wife, looking fresh and cool and sweet, steps down from the veranda to meet him. At the bottom of the steps she stands waiting, with a smile of ineffable joy, an attitude of matchless grace and dignity. Ah, how beautiful she is! He springs forwards with extended arms. As he is about to clasp her he feels a stunning blow upon the back of the neck; a blinding white light blazes all about him with a sound like the shock of a cannon—then all is darkness and silence!

Peyton Farquhar was dead; his body, with a broken neck, swung gently from side to side beneath the timbers of the Owl Creek bridge.

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Lynkeus: The Rational Dreamer

> This dream appears in the collection *Phantasien eines Realisten* ('Fantasies of a Realist') by Joseph Popper Lynkaeus, first published in 1899. Lynkeus is a pseudonym taken from a character in Goethe's Faust, where he is the watchman who, blinded by Helen's beauty, forgets to tell his master of her arrival. Lynkeus was also the pseudonym used by another writer, Max Wittenberg, a lawyer and economist. Our author's real name was Joseph Popper, and according to Carl Popper's Autobiography, he was a distant relative of his. A scientist by training, Lynkeus' interests ranged from the atom theory ('Physical principles of the electrical power conduction') to social philosophy ('The duty of universal feeding as a solution to the social problem').

This is the story of the only person who ever lived who could claim never to have dreamt an irrational dream. The man in question, a bachelor who lived a very modest existence, did nothing to distinguish himself in the world; his memory would sink without trace, and none would ever know of his existence, if I did not here recount the story of his remarkable peculiarity, never to have dreamt an irrational dream. It would be an eternal shame if mankind were never to learn that such a thing is possible, and that such a person once really existed.

This man, for example, never once dreamt (as the rest of us so often do) of being in several places at once, of someone long dead still alive, or the like. To he sure, he dreamt as others sometimes do that he could fly, or that he encountered creatures the like of which are not to be found in daylight; but in his case these things were not in such contradiction with everyday life that you could say for sure that they were impossible or patently absurd.

Having transacted the business in this manner, he set off that morning on his usual round of activity and carried on through the day in the cheerfulest possible mood.

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Jensen: Gradiva

W. H. Jensen was a very prolific writer, publishing an average of two books, mainly novels, every year from 1866 till his death in 1911. *Gradiva*, from which this passage is taken, came out in 1903. The reputation of this novel comes from the essay Freud devoted to it in 1906.

Soon after his pedestrian investigations had yielded him this knowledge, he had, one night, a dream which caused him great anguish of mind. In it he was in old Pompeii, and on the twenty-fourth of August of the year 79, which witnessed the eruption of Vesuvius. The heavens held the doomed city wrapped in a black mantle of smoke; only here and there the flaring masses of flame from the crater made distinguishable, through a rift, something steeped in blood-red light; all the inhabitants, either individually or in confused crowd, stunned out of their senses by the unusual horror, sought safety in flight; the pebbles and the rain of ashes fell down on Norbert also, but, after the strange manner of dreams, they did not hurt him, and in the same way, he smelt the deadly sulphur fumes of the air without having his breathing impeded by them.

As he stood thus at the edge of the Forum near the Jupiter temple, he suddenly saw Gradiva a short distance in front of him. Until then no thought of her presence there had moved him, but now suddenly it seemed natural to him, as she was, of course, a Pompeiian girl, that she was living in her native city and, without his having any suspicion of it, was his contemporary. He recognized her at first glance; the stone model of her was splendidly striking in every detail, even to her gait; involuntarily he designated this as *lente festinans*. So with buoyant composure and the calm unmindfulness of her surroundings peculiar to her, she walked across the flagstones of the Forum to the Temple of Apollo. She seemed not to notice the impending fate of the city, but to be given up to her thoughts; on that account he also forgot the frightful occurrence, for at least a few moments, and because of a feeling that the living reality would quickly disappear from him again, he tried to impress it accurately on his mind. Then, however, he became suddenly aware that if she did not quickly save herself, she must perish in the general destruction, and violent fear forced from him a cry of warning. She heard it, too, for her head turned toward him so that her face now appeared for a moment in full view, yet with an utterly uncomprehending expression; and, without paying any more attention to him, she continued in the same direction as before. At the same time, her face became paler as if it were changing to white marble; she stepped up to the portico of the Temple, and then, between the pillars, she sat down on a step and slowly laid her head upon it.

Now the pebbles were falling in such masses that they condensed into a completely opaque curtain; hastening quickly after her, however, he found his way to the place where she had disappeared from his view, and there she lay, protected by the projecting roof, stretched out on the broad step, as if for sleep, but no longer breathing, apparently stifled by the sulphur fumes. From Vesuvius the red glow flared over her countenance, which, with closed eyes, was exactly like that of a beautiful statue. No fear nor distortion was apparent, but a strange equanimity, calmly submitting to the inevitable, was manifest in her features. Yet they quickly became more indistinct as the wind drove to the place the rain of ashes, which spread over them, first like a grey gauze veil, then extinguished the last glimpse of her face, and soon, like a Northern winter snowfall, buried the whole figure under a smooth cover. Outside, the pillars of the Temple of Apollo rose, now, however, only half of them, for the grey fall of ashes heaped itself likewise against them.

When Norbert Hanold awoke, he still heard the confused cries of the Pompeiians who were seeking

safety, and the dully resounding boom of the surf of the turbulent sea. Then he came to his senses; the sun cast a golden gleam of light across his bed; it was an April morning and outside sounded the various noises of the city, cries of venders, and the rumbling of vehicles. Yet the dream picture still stood most distinctly in every detail before his open eyes, and some time was necessary before he could get rid of a feeling that he had really been present at the destruction on the bay of Naples, that night nearly two thousand years ago. While he was dressing, he first became gradually free from it, yet he did not succeed, even by the use of critical thought, in breaking away from the idea that Gradiva had lived in Pompeii and had been buried there in 79. Rather, the former conjecture had now become it) him an established certainty, and now the second also was added. With woeful feeling he now viewed in his living-room the old relief which had assumed new significance for him. It was, in a way, a tombstone by which the artist had preserved for posterity the likeness of the girl who had so early departed this life. Yet if one looked at her with enlightened understanding, the expression of her whole being left no doubt that, on that fateful night, she had actually down to die with just such calm as the dream had showed. An old proverb says that the darlings of the gods are taken from the earth in the full vigour of youth.

Without having yet put on a collar, in morning array, with slippers on his feet, Norbert leaned on the open window and gazed out. The spring, which had finally arrived in the north also, was without, but announced itself in the great quarry of the city only by the blue sky and the soft air, yet a foreboding of it reached the senses, and awoke in remote, sunny places a desire for leaf-green, fragrance and bird song; a breath of it came as far as this place; the market women on the street had their baskets adorned with a few, bright wild flowers, and at an open window, a canary in a cage warbled his song. Norbert felt sorry for the poor fellow for, beneath the clear tone, in spite of the joyful note, he heard the longing for freedom and the open.

Yet the thoughts of the young archaeologist dallied but briefly there, for something else had crowded into them. Not until then had he become aware that in the dream he had not noticed exactly whether the living Gradiva had really walked as the piece of sculpture represented her, and as the women of today, at any rate, did not walk. That was remarkable because it was the basis of his scientific interest in the relief; on the other hand, it could be explained by his excitement over the danger to her life. He tried, in vain, however, to recall her gait.

Then suddenly something like a thrill passed through him; in the first moment he could not say whence. But then he realized; down in the street, with her back toward him, a female, from figure and dress undoubtedly a young lady, was walking along with easy, elastic step. Her dress, which reached only to her ankles, she held lifted a little in her left hand, and he saw that in walking the sole of her slender foot, as it followed, rose for a moment vertically on the tips of the toes. It appeared so, but the distance and the fact that he was looking down did not admit of certainty.

Quickly Norbert Hanold was in the street without yet knowing exactly how he had come there. He had, like a boy sliding down a railing, flown like lightning down the steps, and was running down among the carriages, carts and people. The latter directed looks of wonder at him, and from several lips came laughing, half mocking exclamations. He was unaware that these referred to him; his glance was seeking the young lady and he thought that he distinguished her dress a few dozen steps ahead of him, but only the upper part; of the lower half, and of her feet, he could perceive nothing, for they were concealed by the crowd thronging on the sidewalk.

Now an old, comfortable, vegetable woman stretched her hand toward his sleeve, stopped him and said, half grinning, 'Say, my dear, you probably drank a little too much last night, and are you looking for your bed here in the street? You would do better to go home and look at yourself in the mirror.'

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A burst of laughter from those nearby proved it true that he had shown himself in garb not suited to public appearance, and brought him now to realization that he had heedlessly run from his room. That surprised him because he insisted upon conventionality of attire and, forsaking his project, he quickly returned home, apparently, however, with his mind still somewhat confused by the dream and dazed by illusion, for he had perceived that, at the laughter and exclamation, the young lady had turned her head a moment, and he thought he had seen not the face of a stranger, but that of Gradiva looking down upon him.

Translated by H. M. Downey

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Groussac: Among Dreams

> This is a passage from an essay by Paul Groussac, a Frenchman who lived in Argentina, which was published in 1904 in the volume *El viaje intelectual*.

Translated by J. Lyons [the translation will be inserted if permission is given both for the original and the translation].

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Huch: The Falling Child

> For Friedrich Huch, see page 81 [in this electronic version, see Huch: The Bowl - Swapping heads]

I am together with a number of other people on a stone veranda. A woman with two small children stands quite near me against the balustrade. She has her back turned to it, so she can't see the children standing on the balustrade. One of them is trying to push the other off, but this child is standing quite motionless as before. I try to decide whether it's my business to rush up to them; but I stay quite quietly in my place, curious as to what will happen. The first child gives another push, and the second falls slowly downward, head first. I hear the sound of cracking on a stone floor. A fearful commotion follows; then everything is still. I don't dare to look down, and remain motionless and apart. Someone tells me there's a kind of pulpy substance below, with a monstrous child's head; it has goggle eyes and a broad froggy mouth. I hear the sound of brooms at work, and when I finally look down I see a grey stone floor and a carmine-red puddle of sweepings.

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Machado: Alvargonzález – The Spinners – God

Alvagonzález

> This dream is taken from *La tierra de Alvargonzález*, a story which Antonio Machado first published in the Parisian periodical *Mundial* in January 1912.

Translated J. Lyons [the translation will be inserted if permission is given both for the original and the translation].

The Spinners

Translated by I. Waters [the translation will be inserted if permission is given both for the original and the translation].

God

Translated by I. Waters [the translation will be inserted if permission is given both for the original and the translation].

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Desnos: Dreams I

This dream by Robert Desnos was published in the Dadaist review, *Littérature*, in 1922. Although Breton's *Manifeste du Surréalisme* was only published in 1924, the first surrealist work, Champs magnitiques, by André Breton and Philippe Soupault, had already appeared in *Littérature* in 1919. 1922 is the year of the first sleeping séances organized by Breton during which he wrote down the words uttered by his friends who were sleeping under hypnosis. Desnos, though sceptical, took part in these seances, and was apparently the most sensitive of the group. He had been interested in dreams since his adolescence. His first recorded dream goes back to the time when he was sixteen.

Translated by J. Romney [[the translation will be inserted if permission is given both for the original and the translation].

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Pirandello: The Reality of the Dream

> This short story belongs to the collection *Novelle per un anno*, where Luigi Pirandello hoped to include 365 short stories, one for each day of the year, though he fell short of that aim. They were published in several volumes between 1922 and 1938.

Whenever he spoke, what he said seemed to be as much beyond question as his good looks. It was almost as though, just as there could be no doubt about the fact that he was very handsome, in the whole of his appearance, by the same token he could never be opposed in anything.

And he understood nothing, really nothing, of what went on inside her!

On hearing the self-confident way in which he justified some of his instinctive reactions, some of his possibly ill-founded dislikes and some of his feelings, she was seized by the temptation to round on him, scratching, slapping and biting.

All the more so because, for all his cool assurance and pride in being a handsome young man, at certain other times, when he turned to her because he needed her, his composure faltered. He then became timid, humble and pleading in a way far different from what she would have desired at such times. So she had yet another reason for growing irritated, to the extent that while she was naturally inclined to yield, she became harsh and reluctant. And the memory of each act of love, poisoned at its sweetest by that irritation, turned bitter within her.

He maintained that the awkwardness and embarrassment which she claimed to feel whenever there were men present were an obsession on her part.

'You feel like that, my dear, because you think you do', he said over and over again.

'I think 1 feel like that, my dear, because 1 really do!', she retorted. 'It's not an obsession! That's how 1 feel. That's how it is. And I have to thank my father for it, and the marvellous way he brought me up! Do you want to dispute that as well?'

She hoped that at least he wouldn't do that. He had had direct experience of it during their engagement. In the four months before they were married, right there in that dull little town of theirs, he had been forbidden not just to touch her hand but even to whisper a couple of endearments to her.

More jealous than a tiger, her father had instilled into her a real terror of men from the time she was a child. He had never allowed a real man worthy of the name into the house. All the windows were kept shut, and on the very rare occasions when he had taken her out he had forced her to walk with her head bowed like a nun, staring at the ground as if she were counting the pebbles on the path.

So why was it so surprising if now, in the presence of a man, she felt embarrassed and couldn't look anyone in the eye, incapable of speaking or moving?

It was true that for six years now she had been free from the nightmare of her father's ferocious jealousy. She saw people at home and in the street. And yet ... It certainly wasn't that childish terror she had once felt, but she did feel embarrassed, that's all. However hard she tried, she simply couldn't meet anyone else's gaze. She became tongue-tied, and all of a sudden, without knowing why, she flushed bright red. So anyone might think that all kinds of dreadful things were passing through her mind, when she really wasn't thinking about anything at all. In fact, she found herself

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destined to make a t)ad impression and to seem foolish and inept, and she didn't want to. It was no good insisting. Thanks to her father, she had to live in seclusion, seeing no one, so that at least she wasn't vexed by that utterly stupid and ridiculous embarrassment which was beyond her control.

His best friends, those he was fondest of and would have liked to grace his home, making up the little social circle he had hoped to gather around him when he had married six years previously, had already drifted away one by one. Of course! They used to come to his house and ask:

'Is your wife at home?'

His wife had fled as soon as the bell rang. He would pretend to go and call tier, and then really go. He would stand before her with a sad expression on his 1'ace and his hands outstretched, but he knew all the time that it was useless and that his wife would silence him with her eyes blazing with anger and shout 'idiot' at him through clenched teeth. He would turn round and go back to his friend, thinking God alone knows what but outwardly smiling, to ,announce:

'Please forgive her. She doesn't feel well. She's resting.'

This happened once, twice and a third time. In the end, understandably, they grew tired of it. How could he blame them?

There were still two or three left, more faithful or braver than the rest. 'There was one in particular, a man of real learning, whose hatred for pedantry might even have been a little ostentatious. He was a very clever journalist. In short, a dear friend.

On occasion, these few remaining friends had actually met his wife, either because she was caught by surprise or because, in a good moment, she had given in to his pleading. And for heaven's sake she certainly hadn't made a bad impression! Quite the contrary!

'Because when you aren't thinking, you see ... when you let yourself go ... you're lively ...'

"Thank you!'

'You're intelligent...'

"Thank you!'

'And you're not at all awkward, I promise you! Look, why should I be pleased if you make a bad impression? You express yourself frankly sometimes ... well of course, you're quite charming, really you are! Your whole being glows, ;and far from staring at the floor your eyes sparkle my dear ... And ... some of the things you say are quite daring ... Are you surprised? 1 don't say unseemly ... but daring for a woman. You speak fluently, naturally, with animation in fact, honestly you do!'

His praises redoubled as he noted that, while protesting that she didn't believe a word of it, deep down she was pleased, and she blushed, not knowing whether to smile or frown.

'That's how it is, really. Believe me, all you have is an obsession . .

He should at least have been warned by the fact that she didn't protest at his use for the hundredth time of that word 'obsession', and by the obvious pleasure with which she accepted his praise of her frank, natural and even daring way of speaking.

When and to whom had she spoken like that?

A few days ago, to that 'dear' friend, the man who, naturally, she disliked most of all. Certainly she admitted that she was unfair in some of her dislikes, and that she particularly disliked those men in whose presence she felt most embarrassed.

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But now her pleasure at having been able to express herself to him with apparent effrontery came from the fact that he (no doubt in order secretly to provoke her), in the course of a long discussion on the eternal subject of the honesty of women, had dared to maintain that excessive modesty is a sure sign of a sensual nature. So you shouldn't trust a woman who blushes at nothing and who daren't raise her eyes as she thinks that everything represents an attack on her modesty, and every glance and word is a snare for her virtue. This means that such a woman is forever haunted by the presence of temptation. She goes in constant fear of it. The mere thought of it troubles her. Isn't that true? While other women whose senses are not easily aroused have none of this reserve and can speak quite openly about some very intimate physical matters, not thinking that there can be anything wrong in ... for example, a blouse with rather a low neck, or a lacy stocking of the kind you can see through, or a skirt which allows you to see just a little bit above the knee.

Of course, all this didn't mean that in order to avoid being taken for sensual a woman should act immodestly and shamelessly and show what shouldn't be shown. That would be contradictory. He was talking about modesty. And for him modesty was the vengeance exacted by insincerity. Not that it wasn't sincere in itself. It was, on the contrary, very sincere, but as an expression of sensuality. A woman who wants to deny that she is sensual by pointing to the modest blushes on her cheeks is insincere. And such a woman can be insincere even without wishing it, even without knowing it. Because nothing is more complex than sincerity. All of us pretend quite spontaneously, not so much for the benefit of others as for our own. We all believe of ourselves what we want to believe, and we see ourselves not as we really are but according to the idealized picture which we have of ourselves. So it can happen that a woman, who might well be very sensual without even knowing it, will sincerely base her belief in her own virtue and in her contempt and horror of sensuality on the mere fact that she blushes at nothing. So blushing at nothing, which is in fact the most genuine possible expression of her real sensuality, is interpreted by her as proof of her imagined virtue. And being so interpreted, it naturally becomes insincere.

'Come now, dear lady,' that dear friend had concluded a few evenings ;previously, 'women by their nature (given a few exceptions, of course) live entirely their senses. You simply have to know how to approach them, arouse then and dominate them. Those who are too modest don't even need arousing. As soon as you touch them, their passions immediately kindle and blaze of their own accord.'

Not for one moment had she doubted that the whole of this speech was about her. As soon as the friend had left, she turned fiercely on her husband, who had just smiled like a fool during the whole long discussion and agreed.

'He insulted me in every possible way, and as for you, instead of defending me you smiled and agreed, letting him believe that what he said was true, because you, as my husband, were in a position to know ...

'Kmow what?' he had exclaimed, astounded. 'You're out of your mind ...

Me? Agree that you're sensual? What on earth are you saying? He was talking about women in general, so what has it got to do with you? If he had suspected even for a moment that you might think he was talking about you, he would have kept his mouth shut! And then, look here, how could he think that when you didn't behave in the least like the prudish sort of woman he was talking about? You didn't blush at all, and you defended your point of view vigorously and warmly. And 1 smiled because 1 was pleased to see it, because I thought it proved what 1 have kept on and on saying to you, in other words, when you don't think about it you aren't in the least awkward and embarrassed, and all this supposed embarrassment of yours is nothing but an obsession. So how does the kind of modesty he was talking about come into it?'

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She hadn't known how to reply to her husband's vindication of himself. She had retired darkly into herself to brood on why she had felt so deeply offended by that speech. No, no and no again, what she felt wasn't modesty, that disgusting modesty he was talking about. It was embarrassment, pure, sheer embarrassment. But no doubt someone as malicious as he might imagine that her embarrassment was really modesty, and so take her for ... for the kind of woman he was describing!

However, if she hadn't seemed embarrassed, as her husband maintained, she still felt embarrassment. Sometimes she could conquer it, forcing herself not to show it, but she still felt it nevertheless. But if her husband refused to believe that she was embarrassed, that meant that he noticed nothing at all. So that he wouldn't have realized either if her embarrassment was really something else, in other words that modesty his friend had been talking about.

Was it possible? Oh, God, no! The mere thought of it filled her with horror and disgust.

And yet ...

The revelation came in the dream.

That dream began as a challenge, as a trial to which that hateful man challenged her as a result of his discussion with her three evenings before.

She had to prove to him that nothing could make her blush, that he could do anything he liked to her and she would be neither upset nor in any way perturbed.

And now, coolly and audaciously, he began the trial. First he ran one hand lightly over her face. At the touch of that hand she made a violent effort to hide the shiver which ran throughout her body, doing her utmost not to lower her eyelids and to keep her eyes still and expressionless, with just a little smile on her lips. And now his fingers moved towards her mouth. Gently, he turned down her lower lip, and there, on the moist underside, he placed a long, warm, drowning kiss of infinite sweetness. She stiffened and then went limp in her effort to dominate the trembling, the quivering of her body. And then he began calmly to uncover her breast, and ... Was anything wrong? No, no, nothing at all. But . . . oh, God, no . . . treacherously, his caress lingered ... no, no ... it was too much ... and ... Defeated, lost without at first conceding it she began to yield, and not because of him but because of the agonizing weakness of her own body. And in the end ...

Ah! She woke with a convulsive start, routed, trembling, full of horror and loathing.

She peered at her husband sleeping next to her all unaware. And the shame within her was at once transformed into hatred for him, as though he were the cause of that disgrace and dishonour which had left her with such feelings of pleasure and abhorrence. He was to blame, for stupidly insisting on inviting those friends home.

Well then, she had betrayed him in a dream. And what she felt was not remorse but anger for herself, because she had given way, and bitter enmity for him, as in six years of marriage he had never ever been able to make her feel what she had felt just now in a dream, with another man.

Ah, women live entirely by their senses. Was it true, then?

No it was not! The fault was his, her husband's, for refusing to believe in her embarrassment and forcing her to control herself, to violate her own nature, exposing her to those trials and challenges which had given rise to the dream. How could she withstand such a trial? It was her husband who had wanted it. And this was his punishment. She would have revelled in it if she had been able to savour her malicious delight in his punishment without feeling shame on her own behalf.

And now?

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Things came to a head on the afternoon of the following day, after she had remained obstinately deaf to her husband's repeated questions about why she was behaving like that and what had happened to her.

It came about when the usual visit of that dear friend was announced.

Hearing that voice in the hall, she started, jerked out of her silence. Her eyes blazed with a furious anger. She flew at her husband, shaking from head to foot, and ordered him not to receive that man.

'No! I won't have it! Send him away!'

At first he was appalled rather than surprised by her furious outburst. He could not understand why she felt such repugnance. On the contrary, because of what he himself had said after that discussion he already believed that she had begun to warm towards his friend, and he reacted with fierce resentment to her absurd and imperious command.

'You're mad, or you want to drive me mad! Must I really lose all my friends because of your idiotic behaviour?'

And shaking her off because she was clinging to him he ordered the maid to show the gentleman in.

She sprang for refuge in the bedroom next door, throwing him a look of hatred and contempt before she disappeared behind the door curtain.

She slumped down into the armchair, as though her legs had suddenly been cut from under her. But her blood tingled in her veins, and in that state of desperate abandon her whole being rebelled when through the closed door she heard her husband give a hearty welcome to the man she had betrayed him with, last night, in the dream. And, oh, God, that man's voice ... the touch of his hands ...

All of a sudden, as she huddled in the chair sinking her clawed fingers into her arms and breast, she gave a shriek and fell to the ground, seized by a terrifyng fit of hysterics, by a real onset of madness.

The two men rushed into the room. For a moment, they stood paralysed at the sight of her writhing on the floor like a snake, whimpering and howling. Her husband tried to lift her, and his friend rushed to help him. If only he had stayed where he was! At the touch of those hands her whole body, unconsciously giving itself up to the yearning of her senses, began to throb with pleasure. And before her husband's very eyes she seized hold of that man, begging him frantically and with dreadful urgency for the frenzied caresses of the dream.

Horror-struck, her husband tore her away from his friend's breast. She cried out, struggled and then fell back almost lifeless and was put to bed.

The two men looked at each other in terror, not knowing what to think or to say.

His friend's grief-stricken bewilderment was such clear proof of his innocence that her husband could not suspect him for a moment. He invited him to leave the bedroom. He told him that since that morning his wife had been upset and in an unusually nervous state. He accompanied him to the door, asking his forgiveness for sending him away because of that painful and unexpected incident. Then he rushed back to her room.

He found her already conscious on the bed, curled up like a wild beast with her eyes glazed. All her limbs trembled and jerked violently, as though from, cold, and from time to time she started.

As he came to stand over her, sternly, to ask her to explain what had happened, she pushed him back with both arms, and through clenched teeth, and full of the desire to wound, she flung in his face the confession of her betrayal. Smiling feverishly and malevolently and drawing back with her

hands wide she said:

'In the dream! ... In the dream! . . .'

And she didn't spare him a single detail. Not the kiss inside her lip nor the caress on her breast ... in the treacherous conviction that while, like her, he would realize that the betrayal was real, and so irrevocable and beyond repair, because it really had happened and had been savoured to the full, he could not blame her for it. He might beat that body of hers, and torture and lacerate it, but it would still be there, and had given itself to another man in the unconsciousness of the dream. The fact of that betrayal did not exist for that other man. But it had happened. And for her, in her body which had enjoyed such pleasure, it remained as a living reality.

Whose fault was it? And what could he do to her?

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Graves: The Shout

This is an extract from Robert Graves's short story The Shout, first published in 1929. Jerzy Skolimovsky freely adapted it for the screen.

[The text will be inserted if permission is given]

Kerouac: The Pink Sweater

This text comes from Jack Kerouac's Book of Dreams, first published in 1961. According to the author, these dreams were scribbled after he woke up. Unlike Dickens, Kerouac says that the characters of his novels reappear in his dreams, continuing the story of 'On the Road' and 'The Subterraneans'.

[The text will be inserted if permission is given]

Leiris: TheActor

For Michel Leiris's *Nights without Night*, see page 98 [In this electronic version, see Leiris: The Address]

Translated by J. Romney [the translation will be inserted if permission is given both for the original and the translation].

Dylan: Bob Dylan's 115th Dream

This song by Bob Dylan belongs to the record *Bringin' it all back home*, which came out in 1965.

[The text will be inserted if permission is given both for the original and the translation]

Vonnegut: Poo-tee-weet

This is a passage from Kurt Vonnegut's *God Bless You, Mr Rosewater*, first published in 1965.

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[The text will be inserted if permission is given both for the original and the translation]

Perec: The Dentist - Fragment from a General History of Transport

> For Georges Perec's La Boutique obscure, from which these dreams are taken, see page 107 [in this electronic version, see Perec: The Arrest].

The Dentist

Translated by J. Romney [the translation will be inserted if permission is given both for the original and the translation].

Fragment from a General History of Transport

Translated by J. Romney [[the translation will be inserted if permission is given both for the original and the translation].

Borges: Prologue – The Episode of the Enemy

Prologue

> This is J. L. Borges' Prologue to *El libro de sueños*, edited by himself and Miguel de Torre, which was published in 1976.

Translated by J. Lyons [the translation will be inserted if permission is given both for the original and the translation].

The Episode of the Enemy

> We found this short story by J. L. Borges in *El libro de sueños*.

Translated by J. Lyons [the translation will be inserted if permission is given both for the original and the translation].

Damian: Church Football

> For François Damian, see page 117 [in this electronic version, see Damian: Sara – The Community Centre].

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Symbolic Dreams

Classifying dreams as 'symbolic' creates an immediate problem: what are they symbolic of? Who imposes the polarity of the symbolic message and steers the symbolic vehicle? Who sets the unreliable relation between the symbol and what the symbol stands for? Who is the legislator, the judge and the law-enforcer of the symbolic code? If I use the sign '?' to indicate a question, I do not have to worry about its inventor because I am confident I live in a community of readers for whom'?' has a precise received meaning. But if I dream of an eagle who turns into a vulture (as in Alciphron), what is the meaning of 'eagle' beyond 'eagle', of 'vulture' beyond 'vulture'? What does the metamorphosis of one bird into another indicate? Goethe claims that the pheasants with peacock tails in his dream have 'a symbolic relation to our lives and destinies', but does not venture into interpretation. I remember a professor of literature, endowed with the magical simple-mindedness of the very cultured and very stupid, who used to teach his students how to recognize 'symbolic' birds in Romantic literature: as if every fowl had a label round its neck saying either 'birdiy bird: do not worry about further meanings', or 'symbolic bird: interpret carefully'. Who can vouch that the eagle in my dream, or in Alciphron's dream, is something more than a mere eagle? That its eagleness has an exemplary value, associated perhaps with Jupiter's totem, connoting wildness, pride, courage, ambition, cruelty, etc.? And what is the use of these symbols?

In the passage from *The Song of Roland* reproduced here, why does Charlemagne need a bear, a leopard and a hound in the second dream if the theme of this symbolic fight, presumably Ganelon's treason, has already been explicitly illustrated in the Emperor's first dream? Whoo creates, forces upon us and guarantees these analogies? If it is I, the dreamer, what use have I of a symbol if I have already reached the symbolized meaning on my own? If the symbolic analogies are set by the oneirocritics, whether Artemidorus or Freud, who bas given them the secret code for deciphering the message of the dream? If they rest in the age-old wisdom of the spoken language of everyday, who can swear to the equivalence between the sunlit language of waking and the moonlit language of dreaming? If it all depends on the collective unconscious, the universal grammar or *l'esprit humain*, well, we have no personal acquaintance with these folks and we would ask for their passport, birth certificate and banker's reference before we start trusting them. Whatever our approach, the 'symbolic' is a highly problematic issue, and we might be tempted to ignore it altogether, or to dismiss it among the fantasies of dreamers and dream-chroniclers who like to enrich the protocols of their dreams with a further dimension.

Yet it is enough to consider this possibility for one minute to realize that it is an absurdity. Man is a symbolic animal who cannot refrain from symbolizing his personal experience and to translate back the symbols he comes across in terms of his experience. If you see a rose, it is not just a rose: a rose is always something more. If a dreamer dreams of a rose, he cannot help wondering about the ulterior meaning of this flower. All things have perforce extra-linguistic connotations for everyone, though the degree of interpretative hubris varies from person to person. Artemidorus, the great oneiromancer of classical times, wanted to explain every single occurrence through a delirium of analogies, since he believed everything can be paraphrased according to the mysterious grammar of dreams ('The most skilful interpreter of dreams is he who has the faculty of observing resemblances,' wrote Aristotle). Through the rules of analogy, the experience of the dream is transposed into the experience of waking. In the pages of his *Interpretation of Dreams* the several forms of sexual intercourse the dreamer can have with various partners (mother, daughter, son, slave, master, brother, etc.) always have two meanings: the first and obvious one is the libidinous instinct which initiates every erotic practice; the second is the symbolic value of this sexual act, interpreted and translated according to rigid, though seemingly arbitrary, criteria.

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Freud, the great oneirocritic of modern times, is not content with explaining everything: he has the presumption of ascertaining the causes of every relevant or irrelevant detail of the dream, with a raving mania for analogy and etiology parading as the fiercest deterministic system of our days. If his patient dreams of white wolves with fox tails and dog cars crouching on a tree outside the window, everything falls into a pattern in which each fragment of the dream can be reconnected with an event of the patient's experience: the animals, their colour, their number, their hybrid anatomy, their position - nothing escapes Freud's deterministic grid. This mad craving of explanation, which runs parallel to the history of dream studies, has elicited parodies of the oneirocritic, and ironic interpretations of the art of interpretation, as in the passages we have included from Ovid, Rabelais or Pérec.

The episode from Ovid's *Amores*, taken out of its larger context, might easily be misread as an example of rigid literalism in the interpretation of dreams: heat=heat of lust; heifer=dreamers girl, bull=dreamer; crow=procuress; the departing heifer=the ditching of the lover; the bruise on her throat=the taint of adultery. But it is in fact a very subtle passage where the irony is never explicit, since it rests with the intuition of the reader who can also enjoy the mental laziness of another potential reader who would not get the joke. The interpreter, 'nocturnae imaginis augur', 'pondered and these ponderings can only bring forth the triteness of the symbol chasers, the professional oneiromancers of Ovid's time who have now been replaced by the relentless Freudian greyhounds. This derision of any sort of rigid explanation is more accented still in Jacopo Ferretti's libretto for Rossini's *Cinderella*, where the stupidity of Don Magnifico, father of the two evil stepsisters, is underlined by his cheap interpretative assurance: 'Ecco il simbolo spiegato' (literally: 'here is the symbol unfolded'). It is legitimate, of course, to ask oneself or others for the signification of our dreams - but we must not expect a ready answer. In Brecht, Joan Dark thinks she *understands* the meaning of her dream, although the cries of the strikers were shouted 'in a tongue [shel did not know'; Pérecs Jigsaw begs for an interpretation, which is not available; Alciphron's dreamer is looking for a professional who would explain to him the latent signification of his nocturnal fancy. But one must beware of automatic solutions.

The only way to gain sure access to the secret of dreams is to trust in God, the unimpeachable witness who guarantees the truthfulness of the dream and its unambiguous meaning. Thus we have Thutmosis who is visited in his dream by his 'divine father' Armakhis-Khépri-Râ-Toum; Jacob's dream, where he converses with the Lord; Saint Augustine's mother, who sees the angel of the Lord 'in a halo of splendour'; the exaltation of the Palatine Princess when she recognizes the presence of Christ in the blind beggar of her dream; Swedenborg who is addressed by the Redemptor in a room strewn with wriggling snakes and evil toads - all these dreams have a supernaturally guaranteed interpretation which gives absolute strength to their prophecies.

The supernatural gives authority to the dream and vouches for its interpretation. But in the natural reign, everything becomes ambiguous and ambivalent, and the reading keys proliferate. Sometimes the doubt does not arise from the text, but from our perception of it, as in the passage of Ovid discussed above; but it can also be explicit in the context of the dream, as in the passage from Rabelais, where the horns on Panurge's head are successively explained as marks of cuckholding or horns of abundance, and the drum stands either for a beaten-up husband or for a jolly sexually satisfied partner; and so on. Or in Pérec's 'The Condemnation', where the dreamer is not sure whether the crowd licking his feet are paying homage to him or trying to throw him down from his pedestal with their tongues. (How Pérecian are these dreams by Pérec, who confesses that he had started to write down the dreams he was dreaming, and ended up dreaming so that he could write down his dreams.)

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But perhaps nothing is true in the dream world. According to Homer, the nocturnal visitors come through two different gates: the gate of horn for the truthful dreams, the gate of ivory for the beguiling ones. The legend apparently expresses a religious faith in the prophetic capacity of dreams, though, as Borges points out: 'Given the two materials selected, it could be said that the poet has felt in some obscure manner that the dreams that anticipate the future are less precious than the fallacious ones, which are a spontaneous invention of the dreamer.' And the dreams meaning nothing, which gate do they come from? Besides, our perception of truthful dreams is marred by our knowledge of the existence of lying dreams: we have no way to know which gate they did come through. Both kinds are sent by a God, or perhaps by a God called *Dream*. The modern position tends to compromise between natural and supernatural elements (only the most bloody-minded positivists would deny the mystery lurking at the core of the dream and hence its partial - or even temporary departure from the natural laws). The case of Gibbon seems to us emblematic. His whole cultural formation should lead him to deny the truth of Constantine's dream: Eusebius, the chronicler of this episode, does not bring any testimony of living witnesses to prove his story, but invokes a visitation by the deceased emperor, many years after the event, who would have sworn to the truth of the dream by a solemn oath. Yet Gibbon's intelligence, his 'knowledge of human nature, of Constantine and Christianity', prevents him from rejecting the story of the dream: vanity and ambition would have elicited Constantine's 'truc' dream about the cross and the prophecy of victory. Similarly, in Gide's *Vatican Cellars*, the atheist and rabidly anti-clerical Anthime is as stupid and crass in his faith after his conversion by the Virgin's apparition as he was before in his blasphemies: nothing has changed in him. The dream is 'true' because of the dreamer's narrow-mindedness (Gide's attitude to Anthime's miracle is similar to Gibbon's judgement on Constantine's vision).

We have so far considered clear and explicit symbols which would almost make the interpreters redundant. In Browning, Eça de Queiroz, Dante, Eckermann, Melville, Seferis or Sophocles, the symbols are wide open. Their interpretation is so obvious that we wonder what was the point of transforming the obviousness of experience into the obviousness of crystal-clear symbols (apart from the literary strength of imagery, of course: from Dante's siren to Melville's iceberg; from Browning's perfect city at war with brute nature to the overwhelming image of fertility and renewal in Sophocles). Jean Paul is one of the most disturbing dream-writers, and in the episode selected here he frightens the reader with a dead man who is happily dreaming away until someone living comes and wakes him up, forcing him to open an eye he hasn't got - being a corpse. Yet even in this frightening, surrealistic evocation, the symbolic figures are too obvious: the dial-plate of Eternity, the eye of God, the rising vapours of the future, and so on. The most outrageous symbols become familiar in the grid of dream experience (or in the language used to reproduce dream experience).

As Caillois asks in the book quoted before, how can we call these dreams symbolic if they show us, almost overtly, what the exegetes think they should hide? What is the use of this complex symbolic machinery? In contradiction with the psychologists who want to make even,,thing clear in the depths of our souls, we think that the most useful experience is the confrontation with dark, or only partially accessible, symbols. Descartes' dream, in our opinion one of the gems of this anthology, forces us to think because we cannot explain away the melon, brought from some foreign land, that some people try to offer the philosopher in his incongruous fancy. Dreams are perhaps a huge practical joke played on mankind by God knows what supernatural force; in this case the scandal of the Cartesian melon seems more interesting and fascinating than the well marked paths of the symbols, and of their easy explanation, that dreams normally force us to take. At another point in his dream Descartes is looking up a quotation in an anthology, but he realizes that the book he is holding is not the edition he is used to, which makes his search for the passage in question difficult. This is for us a splendid *symbol* of the mystery of dreaming. Dreaming and waking are the same

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book but in two different editions, and every attempt at interpretation is impeded by the radical divergence of editorial criteria. It is an idea that would appeal to Borges, perhaps the only contemporary writer who could make adequate use of it.

But the most mysterious example in this section is probably the dream reconstructed and interpreted by Daniel in the Bible. In the whole Western literature on dreams, the most recent statement which seems to us 'true', unimpeachable and frightening in its rigorous definition, is some 2500 years old. In the sixth century BC, Heraclitus ('the first depth psychologist' according to James Hillman) said: 'For the waking there is one common world only; but when asleep, each man turns to his own private world.' Dreaming would therefore be the reign of absolute privacy, hence of incommunicability (not only with the external world, but even within the dreaming system, between the dreamer and his dream). We can speak of our day life because it belongs to the public experience, to the territory of sociality and community; we cannot speak of our dreaming experience because it only concerns the actual dreamer.

The story of Daniel who digs out and explains the dream forgotten by Nebuchadnezzar is a challenge to this privacy. Daniel inverts the forgetting process of the despot in an operation of terrifying psychological violence. The private world of the dreamer, who is allured and repelled by his dream and tries to remember and forget it at the same time, is invaded and violated by the prophet. We can protect ourselves from psychoanalytic prevarication by refusing to collaborate; but the American laboratory which shall invent a machine, named *Daniel*, to read other people's dreams, shall break down this last line of defence. Today the naive patient who runs to his analyst (or his guru, or his confessor) to tell him his dreams of the night before is protected by the other part of himself which hastens to forget these dreams as soon as they are over; but nothing can rescue the integrity of ignorance, the safety of our misunderstanding and misinforming ourselves, the mystery of our own latent will, from this monstrous invention: *Daniel*. This raises a crucial question: will man still be entitled to the name of man if he loses the right to forget, change, distort, invert his own dreams? This is for us a sacred issue: we must defend our right to lie to others (I dream of a horse and I say I have dreamt of a donkey), and our right to lie to ourselves (I dream of a horse, and I cannot remember whether it was a donkey or a zebra). The mystery of the dream saves us from the horror of clarity and knowledge.

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Egypt: Thutmosis and the God

> This text, written on a stone slab near the Sphinx of Gizeh, sounds like a justification of the conquests of Thutmosis IV, the pharaoh of the eighteenth dynasty who reigned between 1412 and 1402 BC and was the protagonist of the unification of the two kingdoms of Aegypt, completed under his son Amenothep III. Although Thutmosis was a true zealot of the god Amon RC, his celestial father as it appears in this text, the heresy of Aton probably started during his reign: his grandson Amenothep III actually adopted the new creed and changed his name to Akhenaten.

Thutmosis was still very young, like the child Horus in the Buto swamp; he was as beautiful as Horus, his father's protector, and one could behold in him the god himself. The soldiers were happy to love him...

He liked above all to disport himself on the southern and northern edge of the desert plateau of Memphis, aiming at a copper target with his bow, hunting lions and gazelles, racing on his chariot with his horses swifter than the wind, in the company of one or two of his servants, but unbeknown to the rest of the world.

When the time came to give rest to his companions, he was on the terrace of Harmakhis, near Sokharis... In this place, there is a colossal statue of the almighty and sublime god Khepri which is touched by the shadow of Ra. The citizens of Memphis and of all the neighbouring villages come here, with rich offerings for the god, their arms raised in adoration. One day, the royal prince Thutmosis had come here; at noon, he sat in the shadow of this great god, the Sphinx, and sleep and dreams overpowered him when the sun was at its highest point. He noted that-the majesty of this holy god was speaking from his own mouth, as a father to his son, saying: 'Look at me, raise thy eyes on me, O Thutmosis, my son; I am thy father, Armakhis-Khépri-Râ-Toum. I grant thee my royal power on earth, as king of the living: thou shalt therefore wear the white crown and the red crown on the throne of Geb, the inheriting god; thine will be the country, in its length and in its breadth, as well as everything that is lightened by the eye of the universal lord. Thou shalt receive food from both lands, as well as a conspicuous tribute from all foreign countries, and a life-span of many years ...

'My face is turned towards thee, and my heart is flying to thee: see my pitiful state, my aching body, though I am master of the Gizeh plateau! The sand of the desert on which I reign is moving towards me; hence I must haste

to entrust thee with the realization of my wishes, for I know thou art my son and shalt protect me: come nearer, see, I am with thee, and I am thy guide!'

As soon as the god had finished, the royal prince woke up, because he had just heard this speech ... He understood that they were the words of this god, and kept silent in his heart.

Translated from the French by C. Béguin

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The Bible: Jacob's Ladder – The forgotten dream

Jacob's Ladder

> This dream by Jacob is told in *Genesis*, which was probably written in the thirteenth century BC.

And Jacob went out from Beersheba, and went toward Haran.

And he lighted upon a certain place, and tarried there all night, because the sun was set; and he took of the stones of that place, and put them for his pillows, and lay down in that place to sleep.

And he dreamed, and behold a ladder set up on the earth, and the top of it reached to heaven: and behold the angels of God ascending and descending on it.

And, behold, the LORD stood above it, and said, I am the LORD God of Abraham thy father, and the God of Isaac: the land whereon thou liest, to thee will I give it, and to thy seed;

And thy seed shall be as the dust of the earth, and thou shalt spread abroad to the west, and to the east, and to the north, and to the south: and in thee and in thy seed shall all the families of the earth be blessed.

And, behold, I am with thee, and will keep thee in all places whither thou goest, and will bring thee again into this land; for I will not leave thee, until I have done that which I have spoken to thee of.

And Jacob awaked out of his sleep, and he said, Surely the LORD is in this place; and I knew it not.

And he was afraid, and said, How dreadful is this place! this is none other but the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven.

King_James's Version

The Forgotten D ream

> This most peculiar feat of interpretation of a forgotten dream is recounted in the Book of Daniel, written in the sixth century BC.

And in the second year of the reign of Nebuchadnezzar Nebuchadnezzar dreamed dreams, wherewith his spirit was troubled, and his sleep brake from him.

Then the king commanded to call the magicians, and the astrologers, and the sorcerers, and the Chaldeans for to shew the king his dreams. So they came and stood before the king.

And the king said unto them, I have dreamed a dream, and my spirit was troubled to know the dream.

Then spake the Chaldeans to the king in Syriack, O king, live for ever: tell thy servants the dream, and we will shew the interpretation.

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The king answered and said to the Chaldeans, The thing is gone from me: if ye will not make known unto me the dream, with the interpretation thereof, ye shall be cut in pieces, and your houses shall be made a dunghill.

But if ye- she-w the dream, and the interpretation thereof, ye shall receive of me gifts and rewards and great honour: therefore shew me the dream, and the interpretation thereof.

They answered again and said, Let the king tell his servants the dream, and we will shew the interpretation of it.

The king answered and said, I know of certainty that ye would gain the time, because ye see the thing is gone from me.

But if ye will not make known unto me the dream, there is but one decree for you: for ye have prepared lying and corrupt words to speak before me, till the time be changed: therefore tell me the dream, and I shall know that ye can shew me the interpretation thereof.

The Chaldeans answered before the king, and said, There is not a man upon the earth that can shew the king's matter: therefore there is no king, lord, nor ruler, that asked such things at any magician, or astrologer, or Chaldean.

And it is a rare thing that the king requireth, and there is none other that can shew it before the king, except the gods, whose dwelling is not with flesh.

For this cause the king was angry and very furious, and commanded to destroy all the wise men of Babylon.

And the decree went forth that the wise men should be slain; and they sought Daniel and his fellows to be slain.

Then Daniel answered with counsel and wisdom to Arioch the captain of the king's guard, which was gone forth to slay the wise men of Babylon:

He answered and said to Arioch the king's captain, Why is the decree so hasty from the king? Then Arioch made the thing known to Daniel.

Then Daniel went in, and desired of the king that he would give him time, and that he would shew the king the interpretation.

Then Daniel went to his house and made the thing known to Hananiah, Mishael, and Azariah, his companions:

That they would desire mercies of the God of heaven concerning this secret; that Daniel and his fellows should not perish with the rest of the wise men of Babylon.

Then was the secret revealed unto Daniel in a night vision. Then Daniel blessed the God of heaven.

Daniel ansm-ered and said, Blessed be the name of God for ever and ever: for wisdom and might are his:

And he changeth the times and the seasons: he removedi kings, and setteth up kings: he giveth wisdom unto the wise, and knowledge to them that know understanding:

He revealeth the deep and secret things: he knoweth what is in the darkness, and the light dwelleth with him.

1 thank thee, and praise thee, O thou God of my fathers, who hast given me wisdom and might, and hast made known unto me now what we desired of thee: for thou has now made known unto us the

king's matter.

Therefore Daniel went in unto Arioch, whom the king had ordained to destroy the wise men of Babylon: he went and said thus unto him; Destroy not the wise men of Babylon: bring me in before the king, and I will shew unto the king the interpretation.

Then Arioch brought in Daniel before the king in haste, and said thus unto him, I have found a man of the captives of Judah, that will make known unto the king the interpretation.

The king answered and said to Daniel, whose name was Belteshazzar, Art thou able to make known unto me the dream which I have seen, and the interpretation thereof?

Daniel answered in the presence of the king, and said, The secret which the king hath demanded cannot the wise men, the astrologers, the magicians, the soothsayers, shew unto the king;

But there is a God in heaven that revealeth secrets, and maketh known to the king Nebuchadnezzar what shall be in the latter days. Thy dream, and the visions of thy head upon thy bed, are these;

As for thee, O king, thy thoughts came into thy mind upon thy bed, what should come to pass hereafter: and he that revealeth secrets maketh known to thee what shall come to pass.

But as for me, this secret is not revealed to me for any wisdom that I have more than any living, but for their sakes that shall make known the interpretation to the king, and that thou mightest know the thoughts of thy heart.

Thou, O king, sawest, and behold a great image. This great image, whose brightness was excellent, stood before thee; and the form thereof was terrible.

This image's head was of fine gold, his breast and his arms of silver, his belly and his thighs of brass.

His legs of iron, his feet part of iron and part of clay.

Thou sawest till that a stone was cut out without hands, which smote the unage upon his feet that were of iron and clay, and brake them to pieces.

Then was the iron, the clay, the brass, the silver, and the gold, broken to pieces together, and became like the chaff of the summer threshing-floors; and the wind carried them away, that no place was found for them: and the stone that smote the image became a great mountain, and filled the whole earth.

This is the dream; and we will tell the interpretation thereof before the king.

Thou, O king, art a king of kings: for the God of heaven hath given thee a kingdom, power, and strength, and glory.

And wheresoever the children of men dwell, the beasts of the field and the fowls of the heaven hath he given into thine hand, and hath made thee ruler over them all. Thou art this head of gold.

And after thee shall arise another kingdom inferior to thee, and another third kingdom of brass, which shall bear rule over all the earth.

And the fourth kingdom shall be strong as iron: forasmuch as iron breaketh in pieces and subdueth all things: and as iron that breaketh all these, shall it break in pieces and bruise.

And whereas thou sawest the feet and toes, part of potters' clay and part of iron, the kingdom shall be divided; but there shall be in it of the strength of the iron, forasmuch as thou sawest the iron mixed with miry clay.

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And as the toes of the feet were part of iron, and part of clay, so the kingdom shall be partly strong, and partly broken.

And whereas thou sawest iron mixed with miry clay, they shall mingle themselves with the seed of men: but they shall not cleave one to another, even as iron is not mixed with clay.

And in the days of these kings shall the God of heaven set up a kingdom, which shall never be destroyed: and the kingdom shall not be left to other people, but it shall break in pieces and consume all these kingdoms, and it shall stand for ever.

Forasmuch as thou sawest that the stone was cut out of the mountain without hands, and that it brake in pieces the iron, the brass, the clay, the silver, and the gold; the great God hath made known to the king what shall come to pass hereafter: and the dream is certain, and the interpretation thereof sure.

Then the king Nebuchadnezzar fell upon his face, and worshipped Daniel, and commanded that they should offer an oblation and sweet odours unto him.

The king answered unto Daniel, and said, Of a truth it is, that your God is a God of gods, and a Lord of kings, and a revealer of secrets, seeing thou couldest reveal this secret.

Then the king made Daniel a great man, and gave him many great gifts, and made him ruler over the whole province of Babylon, and chief of the governors over all the wise men of Babylon.

Then Daniel requested of the king, and he set Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego, over the affairs of the province of Babylon but Daniel sat in the gate of the king.

King James's Version

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Euripides: The Fawn and the Wolf – The Central Pillar

At the beginning of Euripides' *Hecuba*, probably written in 424 BC, the Queen recounts her dreams. She still hopes to avert the prophecy contained in these visions, but the spectator has already had confirmation of its veracity: in the prologue the ghost of Polydorus has told the audience about his own treacherous assassination at the hands of Polymnestor, and announced the execution of his sister Polyxena.

The Fawn and the Wolf

Hecuba: Lead forth, O my children, the stricken in years from the tent.
O lead her, upbearing the steps of your fellow thrall
Now, O ye daughters of Troy, but of old your queen.
Clasp me, uphold, help onward the eld-forspent,
Laying hold of my wrinkled hand, lest for weakness I fall;
And, sustained by a carving arm, there on as I lean,
I will hasten onward with tottering pace,
Speeding my feet in a laggard's race.
O lightning-splendour of Zeus, O mirk of the night,
Why quake I for visions in slumber that haunt me
With terrors, with phantoms? O Earth's majestic might,
Mother of dreams that hover in dusk-winged flight,
I cry to the vision of darkness 'Avaunt thee!'-
The dream of my son who was sent into Thrace to be saved from the slaughter,
The dream that I saw of Polyxena's doom, my dear-loved daughter,
Which I saw, which I knew, which abideth to daunt me.
Gods of the Underworld, save ye my son, Mine house's anchor, its only one,
By the friend of his father warded well
Where the snows of Thrace veil forest and fell!
But a strange new stroke draweth near,
And a strain of wailing for them that wail.
Ah, never as now did the heart in me quail With the thrilling of ceaseless fear.
O that Cassandra I might but descry
To arrede me my dreams, O daughters of Troy,

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Or Helenus, god-taught seer!

For a dappled fawn I beheld which a wolf's red fangs were tearing,

Which he dragged from my knees whereto she had clung in her piteous despairing.

This terror withal on my spirit is come.

That the ghost of the mighty Achilles hath risen, and stood High on the crest of his earth-heaped tomb:

And he claimeth a guerdon of honour, the spilling of blood, And a woe-stricken Trojan maiden's doom.

O Gods, I am suppliant before you! - in any wise turn, I implore you, This fate from the child of my womb!

Translated By A. S. Way

The Central Pillar

> In *Iphigenia Taurica* by Euripides, probably written in 414 BC, the daughter of Agamemnon and Clytemnestra has been saved from the sacrifice requested by the gods to release the Greek boats; Diana has carried her to her temple in Tauris, where all Greeks disembarking are systematically sacrificed to the goddess; Iphigenia's function is to prepare the human victims.

Iphigenia: I came to Aulis: o'er the pyre, - ah me!

High raised was I, the sword in act to slay,

When Artemis stole me, for the Achaeans set

There in my place a hind, and through clear air

Wafted me, in this Taurian land to dwell,

Where a barbarian rules barbarians,

Thoas, who, since his feet be swift as wings

Of birds, hath of his fleetness won his name.

And in this fane her priestess made she me:

Therefore in rites of that dark cult wherein

Artemis joys, - fair is its name alone;

But, for its deeds, her fear strikes dumb my lips, -

I sacrifice - 'twas this land's ancient wont -

What Greek soever cometh to this shore.

I consecrate the victim; in the shrine

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The unspeakable slaughter is for others' hands.
Now the strange visions that the night hath brought
To heaven I tell - if aught of help be there.
In sleep methought I had escaped this land,
And dwelt in Argos. In my maiden-bower
I slept: then with an earthquake shook the ground.
I fled, I stood without, the cornice saw
Of the roof falling, - then, all crashing down,
Turret and basement, hurled was the house to earth.
The central pillar alone, meseemed, was left
Of my sires' halls; this from its capital
Streamed golden hair, and spake with human voice.
Then I, my wonted stranger-slaughtering rite
Observing, sprinkled it, as doomed to death,
Weeping. Now thus I read this dream of mine:
Dead is Orestes - him I sacrificed;
Seeing the pillars of a house be sons,
And they die upon whom my sprinklings fall.

Translated by A. S. Way

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Sophocles: Clytemnestra's Dream

This dream occurs in *Electra*, a play by Sophocles of which we do not know the exact date, although it is deemed to be roughly contemporary to Euripides's play of the same title, which is dated 413 BC. The first dramatic treatment of the myth was Aeschylus' *Choephori* (458 BC). At the beginning of Sophocles' play Orestes, who has been smuggled away as a child after the murder of Agamemnon, comes back to Argos. His prayers on the tomb of his dead father are interrupted by the arrival of his sister Electra who recounts the calamities of the house of Atreus in a dialogue with the chorus. Enter the other sister, Chrysothemis, who tries toconvince Electra to submit to the power of their mother Clytem nestra, and of her new husband Aegisthus: frightened by her rebellion, Aegisthus has decided to bury her alive. As Electra states that she would prefer this horrible fate to living with her criminal family, Chrysothemis gives up her attempt to persuade her sister and decides to carry on with her errand. This is where our passage begins.

Electra: Whither art bound? For whom to burn those gifts?

Chrysothemis: Sent by my mother to my father's tomb

To pour libations to him.

El. How? To him? Most hostile to her of all souls that are?

Chr. Who perished by her hand - so thou wouldst say.

El. What friend hath moved her? Who hath cared for this?

Chr. Methinks 'twas some dread vision, seen by night.

El. Gods of my father, O be with me now!

Chr. What? art thou hopeful from the fear I spake of?

El. Tell me the dream, and I will answer thee.

Chr. I know but little of it.

El. Speak but that.

A little word hath ofttimes been the cause

Of ruin or salvation unto men.

Chr. 'Tis said she saw our father's spirit come

Once more to visit the abodes of light;

Then take and firmly plant upon the hearth

The sceptre which he bore of old, and now

Aegisthus bears: and out of this upsprang

A burgeoned shoot, that shadowed all the ground

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Of loved Mycenae. So I heard the tale
Told by a maid who listened when the Queen
Made known her vision to the god of Day.
But more than this I know not, save that I
Am sent by her through terror of the dream.
And I beseech thee by the gods we serve
To take my counsel and not rashly fall.
If thou repel me now, the time may come
When suffering shall have brought thee to my side.
El. Now dear Chrysothemis, of what thou bearest
Let nothing touch his tomb. 'Tis impious
And criminal to offer to thy sire
Rites and libations from a hateful wife.
Then cast them to the winds, or deep in dust
Conceal them, where no particle may reach
His resting-place: but lie in store for her
When she goes underground. Sure, were she not
Most hardened of all women that have been,
She ne'er had sent this loveless drink-offering
To grace the sepulchre of him she slew.
For think how likely is the buried king
To take such present kindly from her hand,
Who slew him like an alien enemy,
Dishonoured even in death, and mangled him,
And wiped the death-stain with his flowing locks
Sinful purgation! Think you that you bear
In those cold gifts atonement for her guilt?
It is not possible. Wherefore let be.
But take a ringlet from thy comely head,
And this from mine - a scanty gift, I know,
Unmeet for offering. Ah! but give it to him,
All I can give, and this my maiden-zone,
Not glistening with the smoothness of delight.
Then, falling prostrate, pray that from the ground

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He would arise to help us 'gainst his foes,
And grant his son Orestes with high hand
Strongly to trample on his enemies;
That in our time to come from ampler stores
We may endow him, than are ours today.
I cannot but imagine that his will
Hath part in visiting her sleep with fears.
But howsoe'er, I pray thee, sister mine,
Do me this service, and thyself, and him,
Dearest of all the world to me and thee,
The Father of us both, who rests below.

Translated by L. Campbell

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Cicero: TheAuguralArts

> For Cicero's *De Divinatione*, see page 135 [In this electronic version, see Cicero: Friends – Dreams and Diet].

May I not recall to your memory some stories to be found in the works of Roman and of Greek poets? For example, the following dream of the Vestal Virgin is from Ennius:

> The vestal from her sleep in fright awoke
> And to the startled maid, whose trembling hands
> A lamp did bear, thus spoke in tearful tones.,
> 'O daughter of Eurydice, thou whom
> Our father loved, from my whole frame departs
> The vital force. For in my dreams I saw
> A man of beauteous form, who bore me off
> Through willows sweet, along the fountain's brink,
> To places strange. And then, my sister dear,
> Alone, with halting step and longing heart,
> I seemed to wander, seeking thee in vain;
> There was no path to make my footing sure.
> And then I thought my father spoke these words:
> "Great sorrows, daughter, thou must first endure
> Until thy fortune from the Tiber rise."
> When this was said he suddenly withdrew;
> Nor did his cherished vision come again,
> Though oft I raised my hand to heaven's dome
> And called aloud in tearful, pleading voice.
> Then sleep departing left me sick at heart.'

This dream, I admit, is the fiction of a poet's brain, yet it is not contrary to our experience with real dreams. It may well be that the following story of the dream which greatly disturbed Priam's peace of mind is fiction too:

> When mother Hecuba was great with child,
> She dreamed that she brought forth a flaming torch.
> Alarmed at this, with sighing cares possessed, T
> he king and father, Priam, to the gods
> Did make a sacrifice of bleating lambs.
> He, seeking peace and answer to the dream,
> Implored Apollo's aid to understand
> What great events the vision did foretell.
> Apollo's oracle, with voice divine,
> Then gave this explanation of the dream:
> 'Thy next-born son forbear to rear, for he
> Will be the death of Pergamos and Troy.'

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Grant, I repeat, that these dreams are myths and in the same category put Aeneas's dream, related in the Greek annals of our countryman, Fabius Pictor. According to Pictor everything that Aeneas did or suffered turned out just as it had been predicted to him in a dream.

Translated by W.A. Falconer

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Ovid: A Cuckold

> This passage comes from the third book of Ovid's *Amores*, a collection of lyrics, written around 20 BC, which describes different kinds of love affairs, ranging from a relation based on reciprocal affection or passion to the wily manoeuvres of the seducer.

Translated by P. Green [the translation will be inserted if/when permission is given; meanwhile, here is Christopher Marlow's translation]

Twas night, and sleep had weighed down my weary eyelids, when this vision came to terrify my soul.

On the side of a hill looking towards the south was a grove thickly planted with oaks, and multitudes of birds found shelter amid their branches. Beneath was a wide expanse clad in freshest green, watered by a stream which flowed on with a sweet murmur.

Beneath the shade of a leafy oak I was endeavoring to avoid the heat, but it was hot even in the tree's shade. And lo, grazing on the jeweled meadow, a white heifer came in sight, a beifer whiter than fresh-fallen snow ere it has melted into dear water; whiter than the foam on the milk of the ewe that has just been milked.

Near her was a bull, her happy mate. He lay down beside her on the thick green carpet; and as he lay thus at his ease, he slowly chewed the cud of tender grass. Soon, sleep robbing hirn of his strength, methought he lay his horned head upon the ground for very weariness.

Hither came a crow swiftly cleaving the air and, croaking hoarsely, lighted upon the green sward. There did she plunge her ravening beak into the breast of the snow-white heifer, and then at length she flew away. But a black stain was on the breast of the heifer. And when she saw afar off bulls browsing on the pastures (for afar off other bulls were browsing on the pastures) she rushed away and mingled with them and sought out a spot where the sod was more fertile.

"Come," I cried, "come, interpreter of dreams, and tell me what, if indeed it hath a meaning, this dream of mine betokens."' Then did the interpreter of the dreams of night ponder upon my dream, and thus at length he made reply. "'The heat which thou was fain to escape in the leafy shade, and which thou couldst not avoid, was the heat of love. The heifer is thy mistress, for of such whiteness is she. Thou thyself art the bull which was following his mate. The crow whose sharp beak tore at the heifer's breast was that old procuress who will corrupt thy loved one. The long hesitation of the heifer and her final abandonment of the bull means that thou wilt be left cold on thy solitary couch. The wound and the dark stains beneath her breast show that she is not free from the soilure of adultery.»"

Thus spake the reader of dreams; my cheeks were white and cold and the drear night spread out before mine eyes.

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Plutarch: Caesar's Death

This is Plutarch's version of Calpumia's dream about Caesar's death. It appears in his *Life of Caesar.* The exact chronology of the *Lives* is not known, but they must have been written at the turn of the second century AD.

After this, while he was sleeping as usual by the side of his wife, all the windows and doors of the chamber flew open at once, and Caesar, confounded by the noise and the light of the moon shining down upon him, noticed that Calpurnia was in a deep slumber, but was uttering indistinct words and inarticulate groans in her sleep; for she dreamed, as it proved, that she was holding her murdered husband in her arms and bewailing him.

Some, however, say that this was not the vision which the woman had; but that there was attached to Caesar's house to give it adornment and distinction, by vote of the senate, a gable-ornament, as Livy says, and it was this which Calpumia in her dreams saw torn down, and therefore, as she thought, wailed and wept. At all events, when day came, she begged Caesar, if it was possible, not to go out, but to postpone the meeting of the senate; if, however, he had no concern at all for her dreams, she besought him to enquire by other modes of divination and by sacrifices concerning the future. And Caesar also, as it would appear, was in some suspicion and fear. For never before,had he perceived in Calpurnia any womanish superstition, but now he saw that she was in great distress. And when the seers also, after many sacrifices, told him that the omens were unfavourable, he resolved to send Antony and dismiss the senate.

Translated by B. Perrin

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Artemidorus: Varieties of incest

Artemidorus lived in the second half of the second century AD. His *Interpretation of Dreams* was translated into Arabic in the ninth century, and then into European languages during the Renaissance. The book became quite popular in the sixteenth century, as we can note from the reference to Artemidorus in the passage from Rabelais included in this section. What is striking in The Interpretation of Dreams is the mixture of would-be scientific method and fantastic conclusions. The author claims to have read all former literature on dreams, and to take accurate consideration of the background of his dreamer (age, health, financial status, profession), but his interpretations seem at times totally arbitrary.

Translated by R. J. White [this translation will be inserted if/when permission is given]

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Alciphron: The Eagle

Alciphron lived at the end of the second century AD. He wrote four books of satirical letters: *Letters from Fishermen*, *Letters from Peasants*, *Letters from Prostitutes* and *Letters from Parasites*. This extract comes from the latter book, which we present in a modern colloquial version.

Translated by F.A. Wright [this translation will be inserted if/when permission is given. Meanwhile, here is an anonymous translation published by the Athenian Society, which has been scanned by Google, and is available from <http://www.archive.org/details/alciphronlitera01alcigoog>]

LIX Limenterus to Amasetus.

I INTEND to go to one of those people who hang out placards at the temple of Bacchus, and profess to interpret dreams. I will pay him the two drachmas which you know I have in hand, and give him an account of the vision which appeared to me in my sleep, to see if he can ex- plain it. But it will not be out of place to communicate to you also, as a friend, my strange and incredible vision. I thought I was a handsome young man, no ordinary person, but Ganymede, the son of Tros, the beloved and beautiful boy of Ilium. I had a shepherd's crook and a pipe ; my head was encircled with a Phrygian tiara, and I was tending a flock of sheep on Mount Ida. Suddenly, a large eagle, with crooked talons and bent beak, and a savage look, flew towards me, lifted me up in his claws from the rock on which I was sitting, and flew away with me into the air up to heaven: when I was close to the gates, guarded by the Hours, I fell, smitten by a thunderbolt ; and methought the bird was no longer the mighty eagle, swooping down from the clouds, but a vulture, stinking foully, and I was the same Limenterus as I am now, without any clothes on, as if I had been getting ready for the bath or the wrestling- ground. Greatly shaken, as was natural, by such a fall, I awoke. I am still troubled by the strange vision; and I want to find out from those who are experienced in such things what is the meaning of my dream, if anyone really knows for certain, and is willing to tell me the truth.

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Augustine: The Angel

Saint Augustine wrote *The Confessions* around 400 AD. The dream of his mother, Saint Monica, appears in the third book.

Translated by R. S. Pine- Coffin [the translation will be inserted if/when permission is given; meanwhile, here is Albert C. Outler's; his translation of *The Confessions* is available at <http://www.ccel.org/ccel/augustine/confessions.html>]

And now thou didst "stretch forth thy hand from above and didst draw up my soul out of that profound darkness [of Manicheism] because my mother, thy faithful one, wept to thee on my behalf more than mothers are accustomed to weep for the bodily deaths of their children. For by the light of the faith and spirit which she received from thee, she saw that I was dead. And thou didst hear her, O Lord, thou didst hear her and despised not her tears when, pouring down, they watered the earth under her eyes in every place where she prayed. Thou didst truly hear her.

For what other source was there for that dream by which thou didst console her, so that she permitted me to live with her, to have my meals in the same house at the table which she had begun to avoid, even while she hated and detested the blasphemies of my error? In her dream she saw herself standing on a sort of wooden rule, and saw a bright youth approaching her, joyous and smiling at her, while she was grieving and bowed down with sorrow. But when he inquired of her the cause of her sorrow and daily weeping (not to learn from her, but to teach her, as is customary in visions), and when she answered that it was my soul's doom she was lamenting, he bade her rest content and told her to look and see that where she was there I was also. And when she looked she saw me standing near her on the same rule.

Whence came this vision unless it was that thy ears were inclined toward her heart? O thou Omnipotent Good, thou carest for every one of us as if thou didst care for him only, and so for all as if they were but one!

And what was the reason for this also, that, when she told me of this vision, and I tried to put this construction on it: "that she should not despair of being someday what I was," she replied immediately, without hesitation, "No; for it was not told me that 'where he is, there you shall be' but 'where you are, there he will be'"? I confess my remembrance of this to thee, O Lord, as far as I can recall it--and I have often mentioned it. Thy answer, given through my watchful mother, in the fact that she was not disturbed by the plausibility of my false interpretation but saw immediately what should have been seen--and which I certainly had not seen until she spoke--this answer moved me more deeply than the dream itself. Still, by that dream, the joy that was to come to that pious woman so long after was predicted long before, as a consolation for her present anguish.

Nearly nine years passed in which I wallowed in the mud of that deep pit and in the darkness of falsehood, striving often to rise, but being all the more heavily dashed down. But all that time this chaste, pious, and sober widow--such as thou dost love--was now more buoyed up with hope, though no less zealous in her weeping and mourning; and she did not cease to bewail my case before thee, in all the hours of her supplication. Her prayers entered thy presence, and yet thou didst allow me still to tumble and toss around in that darkness.

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Song of Roland: Charlemagne's Dream

> This medieval poem, probably composed in the early twelfth century in Anglo-Norman dialect, is known through a manuscript written down towards 1170. When the following passage begins Charlemagne, after a long war with the Moorish King of Spain, Marsilius, has been offered peace by his enemy. Ganelon, Charlemagne's brother-in-law and Roland's stepfather, though unwilling, has been sent as ambassador to Marsilius, under Roland's taunts. In order to take revenge against his stepson Ganelon betrays the plans of retreat of the Frankish army to Marsilius, who plans to attack the rearguard, led by Roland. Charles' dream takes place the night before the retreat begins.

Karl the Great hath wasted Spain
Her cities sacked, her castles ta'en
But now 'My wars are done,' he cried
'And home to gentle France we ride.'
Count Roland plants his standard high
Upon a peak against the sky;
The Franks around encamping lie
Alas! the heathen host the while
Through valley deep and dark defile,
Are riding on the Christians' track
All armed in steel from breast to back;
Their lances poised, their helmets laced,
Their falchions glittering from the waist,
Their bucklers from the shoulder swung,
And so they ride the steeps among,
Till, in a forest on the height,
They rest to wait the morning light.
Four hundred thousand crouching there.
O God! The Franks are unaware.

The day declined, night darkling crept,
And Karl, the mighty Emperor, slept.
He dreamt a dream: he seemed to stand
In Cizra's pass, with lance in hand.

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Count Ganelon came athwart, and lo,
He wrenched the ashen spear him fro,
Brandished and shook it along with might,
Till it brake in pieces before his sight;
High towards heaven the splinters flew;
Karl awoke not, he dreamt anew.

In his second dream he seemed to dwell
In his palace of Aix, at his own Chapelle.
A bear seized grimly his right arm on
And bit the flesh to the very bone.
Anon a leopard from Arden wood,
Fiercely flew at him where he stood.
When lo! from his hall, with leap and bound,
Sprang to the rescue a gallant hound.
First from the bear the ear he tore,
Then on the leopard the ear he bore.
The Franks exclaim, 'Tis a striving fray, But who the victor none may say.
Karl awoke not - he slept away.

Translated by J. O'Hagan

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Eschenbach: Snake Birth

> Wolfram von Eschenbach wrote *Parzival* at the beginning of the thirteenth century. When this dream takes place, Herzeloide is pregnant with Parzival. Just after the dream, she is told that her husband has died in the war with the Infidels.

Translated by A. T Hacco [if/when permission is given, this translation will be inserted. For the time being, here is the original German, followed by a modern German version]

Original text

Diu frouwe umb einen mitten tac
eins angestlîchen slâfes pflac.
ir kom ein forhtlîcher schric.
si dûhte wie ein sternen blic

si gein den lüften fuorte,
dâ si mit kreften ruorte
manc fiurîn donerstrâle.
die flugen al zemâle

gein ir: dô sungelt unde sanc
von gänstern ir zöphe lanc.
mit krache gap der doner duz:
brinnde zäher was sîn guz.

ir lîp si dâ nâch wider vant,
dô zuct ein grif ir zeswen hant:
daz wart ir verkêrt hie mite.
si dûhte wunderlîcher site,

wie sie wære eins wurmes amme,
der sît zerfuorte ir wamme,
und wie ein trache ir brüste süge,
und daz der gâhes von ir flüge,

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sô daz sin nimmer mêr gesach.
daz herze err ûzem lîbe brach:
die vorhte muose ir ougen sehen.
ez ist selten wîbe mêr geschehen

in slâfe kumber dem gelîch.
dâ vor was si ritterlîch:
ach wênc, daz wirt verkêret gar,
si wirt nâch jâmer nu gevar.

ir schade wirt lanc unde breit:
ir nâhent komendiu herzenleit.
Diu frouwe dô begunde,
daz si dâ vor niht kunde,

beidiu zabeln und wuofen,
in slâfe lûte ruofen.
vil juncfrouwen sâzen hie:
die sprungen dar und wacten sie.

dô kom geriten Tampanîs,
ir mannes meisterknappe wîs,
und kleiner junchêrren vil.
dâ giengez ûz der freuden zil.

die sagten klagende ir hêrren tôt:
des kom frou Herzeloyde in nôt,
si viel hin unversunnen.

(copied from <http://www.hs-augsburg.de/~harsch/germanica/Chronologie/13Jh/Wolfram/wol_pa02.html>)

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Modern German version by Karl Simrock

Die Frau um einen mitten Tag
In ängstlichem Schlafe lag.
Plötzlich schreckte sie empor,
Als ob ein Blitz, so kams ihr vor,

In die Lüfte sie entführte,
Wo sie mit Schlägen rührte
Mancher feurge Donnerstral.
Ringsher flogen sie zumal

Nach ihr: mit Knistern sengte Glut
Ihres langen Haares Flut.
Der Donner mit Gekrach erscholl,
Sein Guß von heißen Zähren schwoll.

Als sie Besinnung wieder fand,
Griff ihr ein Greif die rechte Hand.
Das Bild mit Eins verwandelt sich,
Da sah sie Dinge wunderlich:

Wie sie mit einem Wurme kreiße,
Der ihr den Mutterschooß zerreiße,
Ihr ein Drach die Brüste söge,
Und dann plötzlich von ihr flöge,

Daß sie ihn nimmer wiedersah.
Das Herz im Leibe brach ihr da
Der Schrecken, den sie muste sehn.
Wohl nie ist einer Frau geschehn

Im Schlaf ein Unheil diesem gleich.
Bis dahin war sie freudenreich;
Ach leider, das verkehrt sich gar,

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Sie hat nun Jammer immerdar.

Ihr Schade wird noch lang und breit,
Ihr droht ein nahend Herzeleid.
Die edle Frau begonnte,
Was sie bisher nicht konnte,

Im Schlaf die Glieder zu rühren,
Ein laut Geschrei zu verführen.
Vier Jungfrauen saßen hie,
Die sprangen hin und weckten sie.

Da kam geritten Tampaneis,
Ihres Mannes Meisterknappe weis,
Und kleiner Jungherren viel.
Ihre Botschaft gab der Freud ein Ziel:

Sie klagten ihres Herren Tod.
Da kam Frau Herzeleid in Noth,
Sie sank besinnungslos dahin.

(Copied from <http://gutenberg.spiegel.de/?id=5&xid=566&kapitel=3&cHash=5c77a595f7parzi02#gb_found>

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Dante: The Siren

This dream of Dante, the pilgrim in the nether world, is in canto XIX of *Purgatory*, the second section of *The Divine Comedy*, an epic poem written towards the beginning of the fourteenth century.

Translated by D. Sayers [the translation will be inserted if/when permission is given; meanwhile, here is the same passage translated by H. F. Cary, whose complete translation of *The Divine Comedy* is available at <http://www.gutenberg.org/files/8800/8800-h/8800-h.htm>]

It was the hour, when of diurnal heat
No reliques chafe the cold beams of the moon,
O'erpower'd by earth, or planetary sway
Of Saturn; and the geomancer sees
His Greater Fortune up the east ascend,
Where gray dawn checkers first the shadowy cone;
When 'fore me in my dream a woman's shape
There came, with lips that stammer'd, eyes aslant,
Distorted feet, hands maim'd, and colour pale.

I look'd upon her; and as sunshine cheers
Limbs numb'd by nightly cold, e'en thus my look
Unloos'd her tongue, next in brief space her form
Decrepit rais'd erect, and faded face
With love's own hue illum'd. Recov'ring speech
She forthwith warbling such a strain began,
That I, how loth soe'er, could scarce have held
Attention from the song. "I," thus she sang,
"I am the Siren, she, whom mariners
On the wide sea are wilder'd when they hear:
Such fulness of delight the list'ner feels.
I from his course Ulysses by my lay
Enchanted drew. Whoe'er frequents me once
Parts seldom; so I charm him, and his heart

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Contented knows no void." Or ere her mouth
Was clos'd, to shame her at her side appear'd
A dame of semblance holy. With stern voice
She utter'd; "Say, O Virgil, who is this?"
Which hearing, he approach'd, with eyes still bent
Toward that goodly presence: th' other seiz'd her,
And, her robes tearing, open'd her before,
And show'd the belly to me, whence a smell,
Exhaling loathsome, wak'd me. Round I turn'd
Mine eyes, and thus the teacher: "At the least
Three times my voice hath call'd thee. Rise, begone.
Let us the opening find where thou mayst pass."

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Chester Mystery Plays: Joseph and the Angel

This is from The Nativity, the fifth text from *The Chester Mystery Plays*, dating from the early fourteenth century. The text we reproduce here is from a modern English version by Maurice Hussey. The Nativity starts with the episode of the Annunciation between Mary and Gabriel. After this scene Joseph begins his lamentation.

Modern Version by M. Hussey [replaced by the original in this electronic version. Copied from <http://www.umm.maine.edu/faculty/necastro/drama/chester/play_06.html>].

JOSEPH. Alas, alas, and woe is mee!
Whoe hasse made her with chyld?
Well I wist an ould man and a maye
might not accord by noe waye.
For many yeares might I not playe
ne worke noe workes wild.

Three monethes shee bath bine from mee.
Now hasse shee gotten her, as I see,
a great bellye like to thee
syth shee went away.
And myne yt is not, bee thow bould,
for I am both ould and could;
these xxxtie winters, though
I would, I might not playe noe playe.
Alas, where might I lenge or lende?
For loth is mee my wife to shende,
therfore from her will I wende
into some other place.
For to dyscreeve will I nought,
feeblye though shee have wrought.
To leave her privelye is my thought,
that noe man knowe this case.

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God, lett never [an] ould man
take to wife a yonge woman
ney seet his harte her upon,
lest bee beguyled bee.
For accorde ther maye be none,
ney the may never bee at one;
and that is seene in manye one
as well as one mee.

Therfore have I slept a while,
my wife that mee can thus beguyle,
for I will gone from her; yt to fyle
mee ys loth, in good faye.
This case makes mee so heavye
that needes sleepe nowe muste I.
Lord, one hir thow have mercye
for her misdeede todaye.

ANGELUS. Joseph, lett bee thy feeble thought.
Take Marye thy wife and dread thee nought,
for wickedly shee hath not wrought;
but this is Godes will.
The child that shee shall beare, iwys
of the Holy Ghost begotten yt is
to save mankynd that did amisse,
and prophecye to fulfill.

JOSEPH. A, nowe I wott, lord, yt is soe,
I will noe man bee her foe;
but while I may one yearth goe,
with her I will bee.
Nowe Christe is in our kynde light,
as the prophetes before hight.
Lord God, most of might,

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with weale I worshipp thee.
(...)
PRECO. Good man, I warne thee in good faye
to Bethlem to take the waye,
leste thow in danger falle todaye
if that thow bee to longe.

JOSEPHE. Nowe syth yt may non other bee,
Marye, sister, now hye wee.
An oxe I will take with mee
that there shal be soulde.
The silver of him, soe mote I thee,
shall fynde us in that cyttye,
and paye tribute for thee and mee;
for therto wee bine howlde.

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Rabelais: The Horns of Panurge

The double explanation of Panurge's dream, which occurs at chapter XIV of the *Third Book* of Rabelais, shows one of the many divinatory methods tried by Panurge to find out whether he should marry or not. The *Third Book* was first published in 1546.

At seven o'clock of the next following morning, Panurge did not fail to present himself before Pantagruel, in whose chamber were at that time Epistemon, friar John of the Funnels, Ponocrates, Eudemon, Carpalim, and others: to whom, at the entry of Panurge, Pantagruel said, 'Lo here cometh our dreamer.' 'That word,' quoth Epistemon, 'in ancient times cost very much, and was dearly sold to the children of Jacob.' Then said Panurge, 'I have been plunged into my dumps so deeply, as if I had been lodged with gaffer Noddy-cap: dreamed indeed I have, and that right lustily; but I could take along with me no more thereof, that I did truly understand, save only that I in my vision had a pretty, fair, young, gallant, handsome woman, who no less lovingly and kindly treated and entertained me, hugged, cherished, cockered, dandled, and made much of me, as if I had been another neat dillidarling minion, like Adonis. Never was man more glad than I was then: my joy at that time was incomparable: she flattered me, tickled me, stroked me, groped me, frizzled me, curled me, kissed me, embraced me, laid her hands about my neck, and now and then made, jestingly, pretty little horns above my forehead. I told her, in the like disport, as I did play the fool with her, that she should rather place and fix them in a little below mine eyes, that I might see the better what I should stick at with them: for being so situated, Momus then would find no fault therewith, as he did once with the position of the horns of bulls. The wanton, toying girl, notwithstanding any remonstrance of mine to the contrary, did always drive and thrust them further in: yet thereby (which to me seemed wonderful) she did not do me any hurt at all. A little after, though I know not how, I thought I was transformed into a tabor or drum, and she into a chough, or madge-howlet.

'My sleeping there being interrupted, I awaked in a start, angry, displeased, perplexed, chafing, and very wroth. There have you a large platter full of dreams; make thereupon good cheer, and, if you please, spare not to interpret them according to the understanding which you may have in them. Come Carpalim, let us to breakfast.'

'To my sense and meaning,' quoth Pantagruel, 'if I have skill or knowledge in the art of divination by dreams, your wife will not really, and to the outward appearance of the world, plant, or set horns, and stick them fast in your forehead, after a visible manner, as satyrs use to wear and carry them; but she will be so far from preserving herself loyal in the discharge and observance of a conjugal duty, that on the contrary she will violate her plighted faith, break her marriage oath, infringe all matrimonial ties, prostitute her body to the dalliance of other men, and so make you a cuckold. This point is clearly and manifestly explained and expounded by Artemidorus, just as I have related it. Nor will there be any metamorphosis, or transmutation made of you into a drum or tabor; but you will surely be as soundly beaten, as e'er was tabor at a merry wedding: nor yet will she be changed into a chough, or madge-howlet; but will steal from you, chiefly in the night, as is the nature of that thievish bird. Hereby may you perceive your dreams to be in every jot conform and agreeable to the Virgilian lots: a cuckold you will be, beaten and robbed.' Then cried out friar John, with a loud voice: 'He tells the truth upon my conscience: thou wilt be a cuckold, an honest one, I warrant thee. O the brave horns that will be borne by thee! ha, ha ha, our good master de Cornibus, God save

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thee, and shield thee; wilt thou be pleased to preach but two words of a sermon to us, and I will go through the parish church to gather up alms for the poor.'

'You are,' quoth Panurge, 'very far mistaken in your interpretation; for the matter is quite contrary to your sense thereof. My dream presageth, that I shall, by marriage, be stored with plenty of all manner of goods; the hornifying of me shewing, that I shall possess a cornucopia, that amalthaean horn, which is called the horn of abundance, whereof the fruition did still portend the wealth of the enjoyer. You possibly will say, that they are rather like to be satyrs' horns; for you of these did make some mention: Amen, amen. Fiat, fiatur, ad differentiam papae. Thus shall I have my touch-her-home still ready; my staff of love, sempiternally in a good case, will, satyr-like, be never toiled out; a thing which all men wish for, and send up their prayers to that purpose; but such a thing as nevertheless is granted but to few. Hence doth it follow, by a consequence as clear as the sun-beams, that I shall never be in the danger of being made a cuckold: for the defect hereof is, causa sine qua- non; yea, the sole cause (as many think) of making husbands cuckolds. What makes poor scoundrel rogues to beg, I pray you? Is it not because they have not enough at home, wherewith to fill their bellies, and their poaks? What is it makes the wolves to leave the woods? Is it not the want of fresh meat? What maketh, women whores? you understand me well enough. And herein I submit my opinion to the judgment of learned lawyers, presidents, counsellors, advocates, procurers, attorneys, and other glossers and commentators on the venerable rubric, *de frigidis & maleficiatis*. You are in truth, sir, as it seems to (excuse my boldness if I have erred or transgressed) in a most palpable and absurd error, to attribute my horns to cuckoldry: Diana wears them on her head, after the manner of a crescent: is she a cucquean for that? how the devil can she be cuckolded, who never yet was married? Speak somewhat more correctly, I beseech you, lest she, being offended, furnish you with a pair of horns, shapen by the pattern of those which she made for Actxon. The goodly Bacchus also carries horns; Pan, Jupiter Hammon, with a great many others: are they all cuckolds? lf Jove be a cuckold, Juno is a whore: this follows by the figure metalepsis: as to call a child, in the presence of his father and mother, a bastard, or whore's son, is, tacitly and underboard, no less than if one had said openly, the father is a cuckold, and his wife a punk. Let our discourse come nearer to the purpose: the horns that my wife did make me are horns of abundance, planted and grafted in my head for the increase and shooting up of all good things: this will I affirm for truth, upon my word, and pawn my faith and credit both upon it. As for the rest, I will be no less joyful, frolic, glad, cheerful, merry, jolly, and gamesome than a well-bended tabor in the hands of a good drummer, at a nuptial feast, still making a noise, still rolling, still buzzing and cracking. Believe me, Sir, in that consisteth none of my least good fortunes. And my wife will be jocund, feat, compt, neat, quaint, dainty, trim, tricked up, brisk, smirk and smug, even as a pretty little Cornish chough: who will not believe this, let hell or the gallows be the burden of his christmas carol.'

Translated by T. Urquhardt

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Cobo: The Inca

> This dream is taken from Bernabé Cobo's *Historia del nuevo mundo*, written in the seventeenth century and first published in four volumes in Seville between 1890 and 1895.

Translated by J. Lyons [this translation will be inserted if/when permission is given]

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Bossuet: The Parable of the Blind Man

> Jacques Bénigne Bossuet was, together with Bourdaloue, the greatest Jesuit preacher of the reign of Louis XIV. The Funeral Oration, from which this passage is taken, was pronounced on the occasion of the death of Anne de Gonzague, Princesse Palatine. Anne was one of the most picturesque characters in the French court, refusing to conform to etiquette. She has left extremely vivid memoirs.

Translated by J. Romney [this translation will be inserted if/when permission is given; meanwhile, here is the French original].

C'est dans cet abîme profond que la princesse palatine alloit se perdre. Il est vrai qu'elle désiroit avec ardeur de connoître la vérité, mais où est la vérité sans la foi, qui lui paroissoit impossible , à moins que Dieu l'établît en elle par un miracle? Que lui servoit d'avoir conservé la connoissance de la Divinité? Les esprits même les plus déréglés n'en rejettent pas l'idée, pour n'avoir point à se reprocher un aveuglement trop visible. Un -Dieu qu'on fait à sa mode, aussi patient, aussi insensible que nos passions le demandent, n'incommode pas: la liberté qu'on se donne de penser tout ce qu'on veut fait qu'on croit respirer un air nouveau ; on s'imagine jouir de soi-même et de ses désirs; et, dans le droit qu'on pense acquérir de ne se rien refuser, on croit tenir tous les biens, et on les goûte par avance.

En cet état, chrétiens, où la foi même est perdue , c'est-à-dire où le fondement est renversé, que restoit-il à notre princesse? que restoit-il à une âme qui, par un juste jugement de Dieu, étoit déchue de toutes les graces et ne tenoit à Jésus-Christ par aucun lieu? qu'y restoit-il, chrétiens, si ce n'est ce que dit saint Augustin? Il restoit la souveraine misère et la souveraine miséricorde: *Restabat magna miseria , et magna misericordia*'. Il restoit ce secret regard d'une Providence miséricordieuse qui la vouloit rappeler des extrémités de la terre ; et voici quelle fut la première touche. Prêtez l'oreille, Messieurs: elle a quelque chose de miraculeux. Ce fut un songe admirable; de ceux que Dieu même fait venir du ciel par le ministère des anges ; dont les images sont si nettes et si démêlées; où l'on voit je ne sais quoi de céleste. Elle crut (c'est elle-même qui le raconte au saint abbé: écoutez, et prenez garde surtout de n'écouter pas avec mépris l'ordre des avertissements divins et la conduite de la grace), elle crut, dis-je, que, marchant seule dans une forêt, cc elle y avoit rencontré un aveugle dans une cc petite loge. Elle s'approche pour lui demander s'il étoit aveugle de naissance, ou s'il l'étoit devenu par quelque accident: il répondit qu'il étoit aveugle-né. Vous ne savez donc pas, reprit-elle, ce que c'est que la lumière, qui est si belle et si agréable, et le soleil, qui «a tant d'éclat et de beauté? Je n'ai,dit-il, jamais joui de ce bel objet, et je ne m'en puis former aucune idée: je ne laisse pas de croire, continua-t-il, qu'il est d'une beauté ravissante. L'aveugle parut alors changer de voix et de visage ; et, prenant un ton d'autorité: «Mon exemple, dit-il, vous doit apprendre qu'il y a des choses très excellentes et très admirables qui échappent à notre vue, et qui «n'en sont ni moins vraies ni moins désirables, «quoiqu'on ne les puisse ni comprendre ni imaginer.» C'est en effet qu'il manque un sens aux incrédules comme à l'aveugle; et ce sens, c'est Dieu qui le donne, selon ce que dit saint Jean: «II nous a donné un sens pour connoître le vrai Dieu, et pour être en son vrai Fils .» *Dedit nobis sensum, ut cognoscamus verum Deum, et simus in vero figlio ejus*. Notre princesse le comprit. En même temps, au milieu d'un songe si mystérieux, elle fit l'application de la belle comparaison de l'aveugle aux vérités de la religion et de l'autre vie: ce sont ses mots que je vous rapporte. Dieu, qui n'a besoin ni de temps ni d'un long circuit de raisonnements pour se faire

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entendre) tout à coup lui ouvrit les yeux. Alors, par une soudaine illumination, elle se sentit si éclairée (c'est elle-même qui continue à vous parler) et tellement transportée de la joie d'avoir trouvé ce qu'elle cherchoit depuis si long-temps, qu'elle ne put s'empêcher d'embrasser l'aveugle , dont le discours lui découvroit une plus belle lumière que celle dont il étoit privé. Et, dit-elle, il se répandit dans mon cœur une joie si douce et une foi si sensible qu'il n'y a point de paroles capables de l'exprimer. Vous attendez, chrétiens, quel sera le réveil d'un sommeil si doux et si merveilleux: écoutez, et reconnoissez que ce songe est vraiment divin. Elle s'éveilla là-dessus, dit-elle, et se trouva dans le même état où elle s'étoit vue dans cet admirable songe, c'est-à-dire tellement changée qu'elle avoit peine à le croire. Le miracle qu'elle attendoit est arrivé, elle croit, elle qui jugeoit la foi impossible: Dieu la change par une lumière soudaine, et par un songe qui tient de l'extase.

Tout suit en elle de la même force. «Je me levai, poursuit-elle, avec précipitation: mes actions étoient mêlées d'une u joie et d'une activité extraordinaires.» Vous le voyez, cette nouvelle vivacité qui animoit ses actions se ressent encore dans ses paroles. «Tout ce que je lisois sur la religion me touchoit jusqu'à répandre des larmes ; je me trouvois à la messe dans un état bien différent de u celui où j'avois accoutumé d'être:» car c'étoit, de tous les mystères, celui qui lui paroissoit le plus incroyable; «mais alors, dit-elle, il me sembloit sentir la présence réelle de notre Seigneur, à peu près comme l'on sent les choses visibles et dont l'on ne peut douter.» Ainsi elle passa tout à coup d'une profonde obscurité à une lumière manifeste ; les nuages de son esprit sont dissipés: miracle aussi étonnant que celui où Jésus-Christ fit tomber en un instant des yeux de Saul converti cette espèce d'écaille dont ils étoient couverts. Qui donc ne s'écrieroit à un si soudain changement: Le doigt de Dieu est ici! La suite ne permet pas d'en douter, et l'opération de la grace se reconnoît dans ses fruits. Depuis ce bienheureux moment, la foi de notre princesse fut inébranlable ; et même cette joie sensible qu'elle avoit à croire lui fut continuée quelque temps.

Mais au milieu de ces célestes douceurs la justice divine eut son tour: l'humble princesse ne crut pas qu'il lui fût permis d'approcher d'abord des saints sacrements ; trois mois entiers furent employés à repasser avec larmes ses ans écoulés parmi tant d'illusions, et à préparer sa confession. Dans l'approche du jour désiré où elle espéroit de la faire, elle tomba dans une syncope qui ne lui laissa ni couleur, ni pouls, ni respiration. Revenue d'une si longue et si étrange défaillance, elle se vit replongée dans un plus grand mal ; et, après les affres de la mort, elle ressentit toutes les horreurs de l'enfer: digne effet des sacrements de l'Église, qui, donnés ou différés, font sentir à l'ame la miséricorde de Dieu, ou tout le poids de ses vengeances. Son confesseur, qu'elle appelle, la trouve sans force, incapable d'application, et prononçant à peine quelques mots entrecoupés: il fut contraint de remettre la confession au lendemain. Mais il faut qu'elle vous raconte elle-même quelle nuit elle passa dans cette attente:

Qui sait si la Providence n'aura pas amené ici quelque ame égarée qui doive être touchée de ce récit? «II est, dit-elle, impossible de s'imaginer les étranges peines de mon esprit, sans les avoir éprouvées: j'appréhendois à chaque moment le retour de ma syncope, c'est-à-dire ma mort et ma damnation. J'avouois bien que je n'étois pas digne d'une miséricorde que j'avois si longtemps négligée, et je disois à Dieu dans mon cœur que je n'avois aucun droit de me plaindre de sa justice; mais qu'enfin, chose insupportable? je ne le verrois jamais; que je serois éternellement avec ses ennemis, éternellement sans l'aimer, éternellement haïe de lui. Je sentois tendrement ce déplaisir, et je le sentois même, comme je crois (ce sont ses propres paroles), entièrement détaché des autres peines de l'enfer. Le voilà, mes chères sœurs, vous le connoissez, le voilà ce pur amour que Dieu lui-même répand dans les cœurs avec toutes ses délicatesses et dans toute sa vérité: la voilà celte crainte qui change les cœurs; non point la crainte de l'esclave qui craint l'arrivée d'un maître fâcheux, mais la crainte d'une chaste épouse qui craint de perdre ce qu'elle aime. Ces sentiments tendres, mêlés de larmes et de frayeur, aigrissoient son mal jusqu'à la dernière extrémité ; nul n'en

pénétroit la cause, et on attribuoit ces agitations à la fièvre dont elle étoit tourmentée.

Dans cet état pitoyable, pendant qu'elle se regardoit comme une personne réprouvée, et presque sans espérance de salut, Dieu, qui fait entendre ses vérités en telle manière et sous telles figures qu'il lui plaît, continua de l'instruire comme il a-fait Joseph et Salomon; et. durant l'assoupissement que l'accablement lui causa, il lui mit dans l'esprit cette parabole si semblable à celle de l'Évangile. Elte voit paroître ce que Jésus-Christ n'a pas dédaigné .de nous donner, comme l'image de sa tendresse, une poule devenue mère, empressée autour des petits qu'elle conduisait: un d'eux s'étant écarté, notre malade le croit englouti par lui chien avide ; elle accourt, elle lui arrache cet innocent animal ; en même temps on lui crie d'un autre côté qu'il le falloit rendre au ravisseur, dont on éteindroit l'ardeur en lui enlevant sa proie. «Non, dit-'elle, je ne le rendrai ja-mais. En ce moment elle s'éveilla, et l'application de la figure qui lui avoit été montrée se fit en un instant dans son esprit, comme si on lui eût dit: «Si vous, qui êtes mauvaise, ne pouvez vous résoudre à rendre ce petit animal que vous avez sauvé, pourquoi croyez-vous que Dieu, infiniment bon, vous redonnera au démon après vous avoir tirée de sa puissance? Espérez, et prenez courage.» A ces mots, elle demeura dans un calme et dans une joie qu'elle ne pouvoit exprimer, «comme si un ange lui eût «appris (ce sont encore ses paroles) que Dieu ne l'abandonneroit pas. Ainsi tomba tout à coup la fureur des vents et des flots à la voix de Jésus-Cbrist qui les menaçoit ; et il ne fit pas un moindre miracle dans l'ame de notre sainte pénitente, lorsque, parmi les frayeurs d'une conscience alarmée et les douleurs de l'enfer, il lui fit sentir tout à coup par une vive confiance, avec la rémission de ses péchés, cette paix qui surpasse toute intelligence. Alors une joie céleste saisit tous ses sens, «et les os humiliés tressaillirent. Souvenez-vous, ô sacré pontife, quand vous tiendrez en vos mains la sainte victime qui ôte les péchés du monde, souvenez- vous de ce miracle de sa grace ; et vous, saints prêtres, venez; et vous, saintes filles, et vous, chrétiens ; venez aussi, ô pécheurs: tous ensemble commençons d'une même voix le cantique de la délivrance, et ne cessons de répéter avec David: «Que Dieu est bon ! que sa miséricorde est éternelle!»

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Baillet: Descartes' Dreams

> These dreams were first reported by A. Baillet in his *Vie de Monsieur Des Cartes*, published in 1691. According to the author, they had a decisive influence on Descartes' *Discours de la Méthode* (1637). The philosopher did not make use of them in his works, but they were included in the edition of his complete works (Descartes, *Oeuvres*, ed. by Charles Adam and Paul Tannery, Paris, J. Vrin, 1964-74, vol. X, pp. 179-88).

Translated by J. Romney [the translation will be inserted if/when permission is given; meanwhile, here is the original French, copied from <http://reves.ca/songes.php?fiche=44>, <http://reves.ca/songes.php?fiche=45> and <http://reves.ca/songes.php?fiche=46>].

Il nous apprend que le dixième de novembre mil six cent dix-neuf, s'étant couché tout rempli de son enthousiasme, et tout occupé de la pensée d'avoir trouvé ce jour là les fondements de la science admirable, il eut trois songes consécutifs en une seule nuit, qu'il s'imagina ne pouvoir être venus que d'en haut.

Après s'être endormi, son imagination se sentit frappée de la représentation de quelques fantômes qui se présentérent à lui, et qui l'épouvantérent de telle sorte, que croyant marcher par les rues, il étoit obligé de se renverser sur le côté gauche pour pouvoir avancer au lieu où il vouloit aller, parce qu'il sentait une grande foiblesse au côté droit dont il ne pouvoit se soutenir. Etant honteux de marcher de la sorte, il fit un effort pour se redresser: mais il sentit un vent impétueux qui l'emportant dans une espèce de tourbillon lui fit faire trois ou quatre tours sur le pied gauche. Ce ne fut pas encore ce qui l'épouvanta. La difficulté qu'il avoit de se traîner faisait qu'il croyait tomber à chaque pas, jusqu'à ce qu'ayant aperçu un collège ouvert sur son chemin, il entra dedans pour y trouver une retraite, et un remède à son mal. Il tâcha de gagner l'église du collège, où sa première pensée était d'aller faire sa prière: mais s'étant apperçu qu'il avait passé un homme de sa connaissance sans le saluer, il voulut retourner sur ses pas pour lui faire civilité, et il fut repoussé avec violence par le vent qui soufflait contre l'église. Dans le même temps il vit au milieu de la cour du collège une autre personne qui l'appela par son nom en des termes civils et obligeants: et lui dit que s'il vouloit aller trouver Monsieur N. il avoit quelque chose à lui donner. M. Descartes s'imagina que c'était un melon qu'on avoit apporté de quelque pays étranger. Mais ce qui le surprit davantage, fut de voir que ceux qui se rassemblaient avec cette personne autour de lui pour s'entretenir, étaient droits et fermes sur leurs pieds: quoiqu'il fût toujours courbé et chancelant sur le même terrain, et que le vent qui avait pensé le renverser plusieurs fois eût beaucoup diminué. Il se réveilla sur cette imagination, et il sentit à l'heure même une douleur effective, qui lui fit craindre que ce ne fût l'opération de quelque mauvais génie qui l'aurait voulu séduire. Aussitôt il se retourna sur le côté droit, car c'étoit sur le gauche qu'il s'étoit endormi, et qu'il avoit eu le songe. Il fit une prière à Dieu pour demander d'être garanti du mauvais effet de son songe, et d'être préservé de tous les malheurs qui pourraient le menacer en punition de ses péchés, qu'il reconnoissait pouvoir être assez graves pour attirer les foudres du ciel sur sa tête, quoiqu'il eût mené jusques-là une vie assez irréprochable aux yeux des hommes.

Dans cette situation il se rendormit après un intervalle de près de deux heures dans des pensées diverses sur les biens et les maux de ce monde.

Il lui vint aussitôt un nouveau songe dans lequel il crut entendre un bruit aigu et éclatant qu'il prit

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pour un coup de tonnerre. La frayeur qu'il en eut le réveilla sur l'heure même: et ayant ouvert les yeux, il aperçut beaucoup d'étincelles de feu répandues par la chambre. La chose lui était déjà souvent arrivée en d'autres temps et il ne lui était pas fort extraordinaire en se réveillant au milieu de la nuit d'avoir les yeux assez étincelants, pour lui faire entrevoir les objets les plus proches de lui. Mais en cette dernière occasion il voulut recourir à des raisons prises de la philosophie: et il en tira des conclusions favorables pour son esprit, après avoir observé en ouvrant, puis en fermant les yeux alternativement, la qualité des espèces qui lui étoient représentées. Ainsi sa frayeur se dissipa, et il se rendormit dans un assez grand calme.

Un moment après il eut un troisième songe, qui n'eut rien de terrible comme les deux premiers. Dans ce dernier il trouva un livre sur sa table, sans savoir qui l'y avait mis. Il l'ouvrit, et voyant que c'était un Dictionnaire, il en fut ravi dans l'espérance qu'il pourrait lui être fort utile. Dans le même instant, il se rencontra un autre livre sous sa main, qui ne lui était pas moins nouveau, ne sachant d'où il lui était venu. Il trouva que c'était un recueil des poésies de différents auteurs, intitulé *Corpus Poetarum*, etc. Il eut la curiosité d'y vouloir lire quelque chose: et à l'ouverture du livre il tomba sur le vers «*Quod vitae sectabor iter?*» [«Quel chemin suivrai-je dans la vie»?] Au même moment il aperçut un homme qu'il ne connaissait pas, mais qui lui présenta une pièce de vers, commençant par «*Est et Non*», et qui la lui vantoit comme une pièce excellente. M. Descartes lui dit qu'il savait ce que c'était, et que cette pièce était parmi les «Idylles» d'Ausone qui se trouvait dans le gros Recueil des Poètes qui était sur sa table. Il voulut la montrer lui-même à cet homme et il se mit à feuilleter le livre dont il se vantait de connaître parfaitement l'ordre et l'économie. Pendant qu'il cherchait l'endroit, l'homme lui demanda où il avait pris ce livre, et M. Descartes lui répondit qu'il ne pouvait lui dire comment il l'avait eu, mais qu'un moment auparavant il en avait manié encore un autre qui venait de disparaître, sans savoir qui le lui avait apporté, ni qui le lui avait repris. Il n'avait pas achevé, qu'il revit paraître le livre à l'autre bout de la table. Mais il trouva que ce Dictionnaire n'était plus entier comme il l'avait vu la première fois. Cependant il en vint aux poésies d'Ausone dans le recueil des poètes qu'il feuilletait et ne pouvant trouver la pièce qui commence par «*Est et non*», il dit à cet homme qu'il en connaissait une du même poète encore plus belle que celle-là, et qu'elle commençait par «*Quod vitae sectabor iter?*» La personne le pria de la lui montrer, et M. Descartes se mettait en devoir de la chercher, lorsqu'il tomba sur divers petits portraits gravés en taille douce: ce qui lui fit dire que ce livre était fort beau, mais qu'il n'était pas de la même impression que celui qu'il connaissait. Il en était là, lorsque les livres et l'homme disparurent, et s'effacèrent de son imagination, sans néanmoins le réveiller.

Ce qu'il y a de singulier à remarquer, c'est que doutant si ce qu'il venait de voir était songe ou vision, non seulement il décida en dormant que c'était un songe, mais il en fit encore l'interprétation avant que le sommeil le quittât. Il jugea que le dictionnaire ne vouloit dire autre chose que toutes les sciences ramassées ensemble et que le recueil de poésies intitulé *Corpus Poetarum*, marquait en particulier et d'une manière plus distincte la philosophie et la sagesse jointes ensemble. Car il ne croyait pas qu'on dût s'étonner si fort de voir que les poètes, même ceux qui ne font que niaiser, fussent pleins de sentences plus graves, plus sensées, et mieux exprimées que celles qui se trouvent dans les écrits des philosophes. Il attribuait cette merveille à la divinité de l'enthousiasme, et à la force de l'imagination, qui fait sortir les semences de la sagesse (qui se trouvent dans l'esprit de tous les hommes comme les étincelles de feu dans les cailloux) avec beaucoup plus de facilité et beaucoup plus de brillant même, que ne peut faire la raison dans les philosophes. M. Descartes continuant d'interpréter son songe dans le sommeil, estimait que la pièce de vers sur l'incertitude du genre de vie qu'on doit choisir, et qui commençe par «*Quod vitae sectabor iter?*», marquait le bon conseil d'une personne sage, ou même la théologie morale.

Là dessus, doutant s'il rêvait ou s'il méditait, il se réveilla sans émotion et continua les yeux ouverts

l’interprétation de son songe sur la même idée.

Par les poètes rassemblés dans le recueil il entendait la révélation et l’enthousiasme, dont il ne désespérait pas de se voir favorisé. Par la pièce de vers Est et Non, qui est le Oui et le Non de Pythagore, il comprenait la Vérité et la Fausseté dans les connaissances humaines, et les sciences profanes. Voyant que l’application de toutes ces choses réussissait si bien à son gré, il fut assez hardi pour se persuader que c’était l’esprit de vérité qui avait voulu lui ouvrir les trésors de toutes les sciences par ce songe. Et comme il ne lui restait plus à expliquer que les petits portraits de taille-douce qu’il avait trouvés dans le second livre, il n’en chercha plus l’explication après la visite qu’un peintre italien lui rendit dès le lendemain.

Ce dernier songe qui n’avait eu rien que de fort doux et de fort agréable, marquait l’avenir selon lui et il n’était que pour ce qui devait lui arriver dans le reste de sa vie. Mais il prit les deux précédents pour des avertissements menaçants touchant sa vie passée, qui pouvait n’avoir pas été aussi innocente devant Dieu que devant les hommes. Et il crut que c’était la raison de la terreur et de l’effroi dont ces deux songes étaient accompagnés. Le melon dont on voulait lui faire présent dans le premier songe, signifiait, disait-il, les charmes de la solitude, mais présentés par des sollicitations purement humaines. Le vent qui le poussoit vers l’église du collège, lorsqu’il avait mal au côté droit, n’était autre chose que le mauvais génie qui tâchait de le jeter par force dans un lieu où son dessein était d’aller volontairement. C’est pourquoi Dieu ne permit pas qu’il avançât plus loin, et qu’il se laissât emporter même en un lieu saint par un esprit qu’il n’avoit pas envoyé quoiqu’il fût très persuadé que ç’eût été l’esprit de Dieu qui lui avait fait faire les prémières démarches vers cette église. L’épouvante dont il fut frappé dans le second songe, marquait, à son sens, sa syndérêse, c’est-à-dire, les remords de sa conscience touchant les péchés qu’il pouvait avoir commis pendant le cours de sa vie jusqu’alors. La foudre dont il entendit l’éclat, était le signal de l’esprit de vérité qui descendait sur lui pour le posséder.

Cette dernière imagination tenait assurément quelque chose de l’enthousiasme: et elle nous porterait volontiers à croire que M. Descartes aurait bu le soir avant que de se coucher. En effet c’était la veille de Saint Martin, au soir de laquelle on avait coutume de faire la débauche au lieu où il était, comme en France. Mais il nous assure qu’il avait passé le soir et toute la journée dans une grande sobriété, et qu’il y avait trois mois entiers qu’il n’avait bu de vin. Il ajoute que le génie qui excitait en lui l’enthousiasme dont il se sentait le cerveau échauffé depuis quelques jours, lui avait prédit ces songes avant que de se mettre au lit, et que l’esprit humain n’y avait aucune part. Quoi qu’il en soit, l’impression qui lui resta de ces agitations, lui fit faire le lendemain diverses réflexions sur le parti qu’il devait prendre. L’embarras où il se trouva, le fit recourir à Dieu pour le prier de lui faire connaître sa volonté, de vouloir l’éclairer et le conduire dans la recherche de la vérité. Il s’adressa ensuite à la sainte vierge pour lui recommander cette affaire, qu’il jugeait la plus importante de sa vie. Et pour tâcher d’intéresser cette bien-heureuse mère de Dieu d’une manière plus pressante, il prit occasion du voyage qu’il méditait en Italie dans peu de jours, pour former le voeu d’un pélerinage à Notre-Dame De Lorette. Son zèle allait encore plus loin, et il lui fit promettre que dès qu’il serait à Venise, il se mettrait en chemin par terre, pour faire le pélerinage à pied jusqu’à Lorette: que si ses forces ne pouvaient pas fournir à cette fatigue, il prendrait au moins l’extérieur le plus dévot et le plus humilié qu’il lui serait possible pour s’en acquitter. Il prétendait partir avant la fin de novembre pour ce voyage. Mais il paraît que Dieu disposa de ses moyens d’une autre manière qu’il ne les avait proposés. Il fallut remettre l’accomplissement de son voeu à un autre temps, ayant été obligé de différer son voyage d’Italie pour des raisons que l’on n’a point sues, et ne l’ayant entrepris qu’environ quatre ans depuis cette résolution. Son enthousiasme le quitta peu de jours après: et quoique son esprit eût repris son assiette ordinaire, et fut rentré dans son premier calme, il n’en devint pas plus décisif sur les résolutions qu’il avait à prendre. Le temps de son quartier

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d’hiyver s’écoulait peu à peu dans la solitude de son poële et pour la rendre moins ennuyeuse, il se mit à composer un traité, qu’il espérait achever avant pâques de l’an 1620. Dès le mois de février il songeait à chercher des libraires pour traiter avec eux de l’impression de cet ouvrage. Mais il y a beaucoup d’apparence que ce traité fut interrompu pour lors, et qu’il est toujours demeuré imparfait depuis ce temps-là. On a ignoré jusqu’ici, ce que pouvait être ce traité qui n’a peut-être jamais eu de titre. Il est certain que les olympiques sont de la fin de 1619, et du commençement de 1620 ; et qu’ils ont cela de commun avec le traité dont il s’agit, qu’ils ne sont pas achevés. Mais il y a si peu d’ordre et de liaison dans ce qui compose ces olympiques parmi ses manuscrits, qu’il est aisé de juger que M. Descartes n’a jamais songé à en faire un traité régulier et suivi, moins encore à le rendre public.

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Gibbon: By This Sign

> The six volumes of Edward Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, from which this version of Constantine's dream is taken, were published between 1776 and 1788.

In all occasions of danger or distress it was the practice of the primitive Christians to fortify their minds and bodies by the sign of the cross, which they used in all their ecclesiastical rites, in all the daily occurrences of life, as an infallible preservative against every species of spiritual or temporal evil. The authority of the church might alone have had sufficient weight to justify the devotion of Constantine, who, in the same prudent and gradual progress, acknowledged the truth and assumed the symbol of Christianity. But the testimony of a contemporary writer, who in a formal treatise has avenged the cause of religion, bestows on the piety of the emperor a more awful and sublime character. He affirms, with the most perfect confidence, that, in the night which preceded the last battle against Maxentius, Constantine was admonished in a dream to inscribe the shields of his soldiers with the *celestial sign of God*, the sacred monogram of the name of Christ; that he executed the commands of Heaven, and that his valour and obedience were rewarded by the decisive victory of the Milvian Bridge. Some considerations might perhaps incline a sceptical mind to suspect the judgement or the veracity of the rhetorician, whose pen, either from zeal or interest, was devoted to the cause of the prevailing faction...

If the dream of Constantine is separately considered, it may be naturally explained either by the policy or the enthusiasm of the emperor. Whilst his anxiety for the approaching day, which must decide the fate of the empire, was suspended by a short and interrupted slumber, the venerable form of Christ, and the well-known symbol of his religion, might forcibly offer themselves to the active fancy of a prince who reverenced the name, and had perhaps secretly implored the power, of the God of the Christians. As readily might a consummate statesman indulge himself in the use of one of those military stratagems, one of those pious frauds, which Philip and Sertorius had employed with such art and effect. The praeternatural origin of dreams was universally admitted by the nations of antiquity, and a considerable part of the Gallic army was already prepared to place their confidence in the salutary sign of the Christian religion. The secret vision of Constantine could be disproved only by the event; and the intrepid hero who had passed the Alps and the Apennine might view with careless despair the consequences of a defeat under the walls of Rome. The senate and people, exulting in their own deliverance from an odious tyrant, acknowledged that the victory of Constantine surpassed the powers of man, without daring to insinuate that it had been obtained by the protection of the *gods*. The triumphal arch, which was erected about three years after the event, proclaims, in ambiguous language, that, by the greatness of his own mind, and by an *instinct* or impulse of the Divinity, he had saved and avenged the Roman republic. The Pagan orator, who had seized an earlier opportunity of celebrating the virtues of the conqueror, supposes that he alone enjoyed a secret and intimate commerce with the Supreme Being, who delegated the care of mortals to his subordinate deities; and thus assigns a very plausible reason why the subjects of Constantine should not presume to embrace the new religion of their sovereign.

The philosopher, who with calm suspicion examines the dreams and omens, the miracles and prodigies, of profane or even of ecclesiastical history, will probably conclude that, if the eyes of the spectators have sometimes been deceived by fraud, the understanding of the readers has much more frequently been insulted by fiction. Every event, or appearance, or accident, which seems to deviate

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from the ordinary course of nature, has been rashly ascribed to the immediate action of the Deity; and the astonished fancy of the multitude has sometimes given shape and colour, language and motion, to the fleeting but uncommon meteors of the air. Nazarius and Eusebius are the two most celebrated orators who, in studied panegyrics, have laboured to exalt the glory of Constantine ...

The Christian fable of Eusebius, which, in the space of twenty-six years, might arise from the original dream, is cast in a much more correct and elegant mould. In one of the marches of Constantine he is reported to have seen with his own eyes the luminous trophy of the cross, placed above the meridian sun, and inscribed with the following words: BY THIS CONQUER. This amazing object in the sky astonished the whole army, as well as the emperor himself, who was yet undetermined in the choice of a religion: but his astonishment was converted into faith by the vision of the ensuing night. Christ appeared before his eyes; and displaying the same celestial sign of the cross, he directed Constantine to frame a similar standard, and to march, with an assurance of victory, against Maxentius and all his enemies. The learned bishop of Caesarea appears to be sensible that the recent discovery of this marvellous anecdote would excite some surprise and distrust among the most pious of his readers. Yet, instead of ascertaining the precise circumstances of time and place, which always serve to detect falsehood or establish truth; instead of collecting and recording the evidence of so many living witnesses, who must have been spectators of this stupendous miracle, Eusebius contents himself with alleging a very singular testimony, that of the deceased Constantine, who, many years after the event, in the freedom of conversation, had related to him this extraordinary incident of his own life, and had attested the truth of it by a solemn oath. The prudence and gratitude of the learned prelate forbade him to suspect the veracity of his victorious master; but he plainly intimates that, in a fact of such a nature, he should have refused his assent to any meaner authority. This motive of credibility could not survive the power of the Flavian family; and the celestial sign, which the Infidels might afterwards deride, was disregarded by the Christians of the age which immediately followed the conversion of Constantine. But the Catholic church, both of the East and of the West, has adopted a prodigy which favours, or seems to favour, the popular worship of the cross. The vision of Constantine maintained an honourable place in the legend of superstition till the bold and sagacious spirit of criticism presumed to depreciate the triumph, and to arraign the truth, of the first Christian emperor.

The Protestant and philosophic readers of the present age will incline to believe that, in the account of his own conversion, Constantine attested a wilful falsehood by a solemn and deliberate perjury. They may not hesitate to pronounce that, in the choice of a religion, his mind was determined only by a sense of interest; and that (according to the expression of a profane poet) he used the altars of the church as a convenient footstool to the throne of the empire. A conclusion so harsh and so absolute is not, however, warranted by our knowledge of human nature, of Constantine, or of Christianity. In an age of religious fervour the most artful statesmen are observed to feel some part of the enthusiasm which they inspire; and the most orthodox saints assume the dangerous privilege of defending the cause of truth by the arms of deceit and falsehood. Personal interest is often the standard of our belief, as well as of our practice; and the same motives of temporal advantage which might influence the public conduct and professions of Constantine would insensibly dispose his mind to embrace a religion so propitious to his fame and fortunes. His vanity was gratified by the flattering assurance that *he* had been chosen by Heaven to reign over the earth: success had justified his divine title to the throne, and that title was founded on the truth of the Christian revelation. As real virtue is sometimes excited by undeserved applause, the specious piety of Constantine, if at first it was only specious, might gradually, by the influence of praise, of habit and of example, be matured into serious faith and fervent devotion.

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Jean Paul: The Orphaned Christ

> This passage is taken from Jean Paul's *Flowers, Fruit And Thorn Pieces, Or The Married Life, Death And Wedding Of The Advocate Of The Poor Firmian Stanislaus Siebenkäs*, first published in 1796 and revised in 1818. The tide of the novel indicates both its general narrative line and its rambling manner. It is the story of a life, but broken up by thoughts and dreams. Madame de Stael quoted the section reproduced here in *De l'Allemagne*.

When we are told in childhood, that at midnight, when our sleep reaches near unto the soul, and even darkens our dreams, the dead rise out of their sleep and mimic the religious service of the living in the churches, we shudder at death on account of the dead; and in the loneliness of night we turn away our gaze from the long narrow windows of the silent church, fearing to examine whether their glitter proceeds from the moonbeams, or not.

Childhood, and especially its terrors and raptures, once more assume wings and brightness in our dreams, and play Eke glow-worms in the little night of the soul. Crush not these little fluttering sparks! Leave us even our dark painful drams, as relieving middle tints of reality! And what could compensate us for our dreams, which bear us away from beneath the roar of the waterfall into the mountain-heights of childhood, where the stream of life, yet silent in its little plain, and a mirror of heaven, flowed towards its precipices?

Once on a summer evening I lay upon a mountain in the sunshine, and fell asleep; and I dreamt that I awoke in the churchyard, having been roused by the rattling wheels of the tower-clock, which struck eleven. I looked for the sun in the void night-heaven; for I thought that it was eclipsed by the moon. All the graves were unclosed, and the iron doors of the charnel-house were opened and shut by invisible hands. Shadows cast by no one flitted along the walls, and other shadows stalked erect in the free air. No one slept any longer in the open coffins but the children. A grey, sultry fog hung suspended in heavy folds in the heavens, and a gigantic shadow drew it in like a net, ever nearer, and closer, and hotter. Above me I heard the distant fall of avalanches; beneath me, the first step of an immeasurable earthquake. The church was heaved up and down by two incessant discords, which struggled with one another, and in vain sought to unite in harmony. Sometimes a grey glimmer flared up on the windows, and, molten by the glimmer, the iron and lead ran down in streams. The net of fog and the reeling earth drove me into the temple, at the door of which brooded two basilisks with twinkling eyes in two poisonous nests. I passed through unknown shadows, on whom were impressed all the centuries of years. The shadows stood congregated round the altar; and in all the breast throbbed and trembled in the place of a heart. One corpse alone, which had just been buried in the church, lay still upon its pillow, and its breast heaved not, while upon its smiling countenance lay a happy dream; but on the entrance of one of the living he awoke, and smiled no more. He opened his closed eyelids with a painful effort, but within there was no eye; and in the sleeping bosom, instead of a heart, there was a wound. He lifted up his hands, and folded them in prayer; but the arms lengthened out and detached themselves from the body, and the folded hands fell down apart. Aloft, on the church-dome, stood the dialplate of Eternity; but there was no figure visible upon it, and it was its own index; only a black finger pointed to it, and the dead wished to read the time upon it.

A lofty, noble form, having the expression of a never-ending sorrow, now sank down from above upon the altar, and all the dead exclaimed 'Christ! is there no God?' And he answered, 'There is

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none!' The whole shadow of each dead one, and not the breast alone, now trembled, and one after another was severed by the trembling.

Christ continued: 'I traversed the worlds. I ascended into the suns, and flew with the milky ways through the wildernesses of the heavens; but there is no God! I descended as far as Being throws its shadow, and gazed down into the abyss, and cried aloud 'Father, where art thou?' but I heard nothing but the eternal storm which no one rules; and the beaming rainbow in the west hung, without a creating sun, above the abyss, and fell down in drops; and when I looked up to the immeasurable world for the Divine Eye, it glared upon me from an empty, bottomless socket, and Eternity lay brooding upon chaos, and gnawed it, and ruminated it. Cry on, ye discords! cleave the shadows with your cries; for he is not!'

The shadows grew pale and melted, as the white vapour formed by the frost melts and becomes a warm breath, and all was void. Then there arose and came into the temple - a terrible sight for the heart - the dead children who had awakened in the churchyard, and they cast themselves before the lofty form upon the altar, and said, 'Jesus! have we no Father?' and he answered with streaming eyes, 'We are all orphans, I and you; we are without a Father.'

Thereupon the discords shrieked more harshly; the trembling walls of the temple split asunder, and the temple and the children sank down, and the earth and the sun followed, and the whole immeasurable universe fell rushing past us; and aloft upon the summit of infinite Nature stood Christ, and gazed down into the universe, chequered with thousands of suns, as into a mine dug out of the Eternal Night, wherein the suns are the miners' lamps, and the milky ways the veins of silver.

And when Christ beheld the grinding concourse of worlds, the torch-dances of the heavenly *ignes fatui*, and the coral-banks of beating hearts; and when he beheld how one sphere after another poured out its gleaming souls into the sea of death, as a drop of water strews gleaming lights upon the waves, sublime, as the loftiest finite being, he lifted up his eyes to the Nothingness, and to the empty Immensity, and said: 'Frozen, dumb Nothingness! cold, eternal Necessity! insane Chance! know ye what is beneath you? When will ye destroy the building and me? Chance! knowest thou thyself when with hurricanes thou wilt march through the snowstorm of stars and extinguish one sun after the other, and when the sparkling dew of the constellations shall cease to glisten as thou passest by? How lonely is every one in the wide charnel of the universe! I alone am in company with myself. O Father! O Father! where is thine infinite bosom, that I may be at rest? Alas! if every being is its own father and creator, why cannot it also be its own destroying angel? ... Is that a man near me? Thou poor one! Thy little life is the sigh of Nature, or only its echo. A concave mirror throws its beams upon the dust-clouds composed of the ashes of the dead upon your earth, and thus ye exist, cloudy, tottering images! Look down into the abyss over which clouds of ashes are floating by. Fogs full of worlds arise out of the sea of death. The future is a rising vapour, the present a falling one. Knowest thou thy earth?' Here Christ looked down, and his eyes filled with tears, and he said, 'Alas! I too was once like you - then I was happy, for I had still my infinite Father, and still gazed joyfully from the mountains into the infinite expanse of heaven; and I pressed my wounded heart on his soothing image, and said, even in the bitterness of death: "Father, take thy Son out of his bleeding shell, and lift him up to thy heart." Ah, ye too, too happy dwellers of earth, ye still believe in him. Perhaps at this moment your sun is setting, and ye fall amid blossoms, radiance, and tears, upon your knees, and lift up your blessed hands, and call out to the open heaven, amid a thousand tears of joy, "Thou knowest me too, thou infinite One, and all my wounds, and thou wilt welcome me after death, and wilt close them all." Ye wretched ones! after death they will not be closed.

When the man of sorrows stretches his sore wounded back upon the earth to slumber towards a

lovelier morning, full of truth, full of virtue and of joy, behold, he awakes in the tempestuous chaos, in the everlasting midnight, and no morning cometh, and no healing hand, and no infinite Father! Mortal who art near me, if thou still livest, worship him, or thou hast lost him for ever!'

And as I fell down and gazed into the gleaming fabric of worlds, I beheld the raised rings of the giant serpent of eternity, which had couched itself round the universe of worlds, and the rings fell, and she enfolded the universe doubly. Then she wound herself in a thousand folds round Nature, and crushed the worlds together, and, grinding them, she squeezed the infinite temple into one churchyard church - and all became narrow, dark, and fearful, and a bell-hammer stretched out to infinity was about to strike the last hour of Time, and split the universe asunder - when I awoke.

My soul wept for joy, that it could again worship God; and the joy, and the tears, and the belief in him, were the prayer. And when I arose, the sun gleamed deeply behind the full purple ears of corn, and peacefully threw the reflection of its evening blushes on the little moon, which was rising in the east without an aurora. And between the heaven and the earth a glad fleeting world stretched out its short wings and lived like myself in the presence of the infinite Father, and from all nature around me flowed sweet peaceful tones, as from evening bells.

Translated by E. H. Noel

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La Motte-Fouqué: The Crystal Vault

> This dream is taken from *Undine*, a romantic novel by Friedrich de La Motte-Fouqué first published in 1811. Undine, the sea-fairy, is adopted by two fisherfolk, whose daughter Bertholda has been kidnapped by the fairy's Uncle Kühlebom (literally, 'cool fount'). Knight Huldibrand falls in love with Undine, takes her to his castle and marries her. But Kiihlebom and the water fairies watch over her, and when Huldibrand falls in love with Bertholda, who has been sent back to earth on purpose, they take Undine back to the bottom of the sea. During the preparations for his marriage with Bertholda, Huldibrand has the following dream:

It was between the darkness and the dawn of day that the knight lay half awake, half asleep, on his bed. When he tried to fall wholly asleep again, it seemed to him as though a horror stood and thrust him back, because there were ghosts in the land of sleep. But if he thought completely to rouse himself, there seemed to blow about him a noise of the wings of swans and caressing sounds of pleasure, which sent his brain reeling back into its doubtful state. At last he must have fallen asleep in good earnest, for it seemed to him as if the rustling of swans seized him on soft pinions and bore him far away over land and sea, singing all the while in a most delightful melody, 'Sound of the swan! song of the swan!' More and more definitely he kept saying to himself, 'Perhaps this is death?' But probably it had another significance. Suddenly it seemed to him that he was being borne over the Mediterranean Sea. A swan was chanting harmoniously in his ear, 'This is the Mediterranean Sea.' And while he looked down on the waters they became transparent crystal, so that he could see through them down to the bed of the sea. He was glad of that, for he could see Undine, where she was sitting under the clear vault of crystal. She was weeping sorely, and looked much more sad than she did in happier hours, when he and she had lived together in Ringstetten Castle, especially at first, and towards the last, too, a little while before that luckless voyage down the Danube began.

The knight could reflect on all this very thoroughly and deeply, but it did not seem that Undine was aware of his presence. Meanwhile Kühleborn had stepped up to her, and proposed to reprove her for weeping. Then she drew herself together, and gazed at him with a mien so majestic in entreaty that it almost frightened him. 'If I do live here under the waters,' she said, 'I have yet brought my soul with me. And therefore must I weep, even if you cannot divine what such tears can be. And they are blessed, as everything is blessed to one in whom a faithful soul resides.' He shook his head incredulously, and said after some reflection, 'And yet, my niece, you are subjected to the laws of our elements, and his life must be forfeited to you if he should wed again and be to you unfaithful.' 'Until this hour he remains a widower,' said Undine, 'and bears me in love upon his aching heart.' 'Yet is he a bridegroom also,' laughed Kühleborn scornfully, 'and in a day or two the priestly benediction will be uttered, and then must you slay the husband of two wives."But I can't,' Undine smiled back. 'I have sealed up the fountain, and closed it against my like and me.' 'But if he quits his castle,' said Kühleborn, 'or if one of these days he should have the fountain reopened? For you may be sure he takes very little heed of all these things.' 'For that very reason,' said Undine, and smiled once more through her tears, 'for that very reason he is now poised in spirit over the Middle Sea, and in a warning dream listens to our speech. I have deliberately so arranged it.' Then Kühleborn looked up spitefully at the knight, menaced him, stamped with his foot, and as swiftly as an arrow darted under the waves. It seemed as though rage had bloated him into a whale. The swans began to chant, to flutter, to fly, it seemed to the knight that he soared along over alps and over rivers,

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swooped at last into Ringstetten Castle, and awoke upon his bed.

It was true that he awoke upon his bed, and with that his squire came and told him that Father Heilmann was still lingering in the neighbourhood: he had met him in the forest the night before under the shelter of a hut which he had constructed of the stems of trees, and had fitted up with moss and brushwood. When he asked him what he was doing there, since he would not give the benediction, he answered, 'There are other benedictions than that which is given at the marriage-altar, and, if I am not come to the wedding, it may be I shall be needed for some other ceremony. We must be ready for all chances. Besides, there is no great difference between wedding and weeping, and he who does not wilfully blind himself, has to recognize that.'

The knight fell into all manner of strange speculation with regard to these words and to his dream. But he held it to be a very strong measure for a man to break off an engagement that he had thoroughly made up his mind to, and so the end of it was that no change was made in his plans.

Translated by E Gosse

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Ferretti: The Winged Ass

> This dream is taken from Jacopo Ferretti's libretto for Rossini's opera *Cinderella*, first performed in Rome in 1817. This is a down-to-earth version of the traditional tale: no more good fairies, but Alidoro, the wise preceptor of prince Ramiro, who selects Cinderella for her 'innocence and goodness'; no more evil stepmother but a stepfather, Don Magnifico, a stupid and ridiculous baron, obsessed with the idea of arranging a royal match for his other two daughters. At the beginning of the opera Cinderefia's stepsisters are rejoicing at the announcement of the ball given by the Prince. Don Magnifico is awakened by the noise.

Don Magnifico:

Sprouts of my house, I blush and must disown you!
You come to spoil a glorious dream of mine.
(How mortified they are!) Oh worthy daughters!
Come, silence and attention; mind my dream.
This morn I dreamt I was a handsome ass,
Yes, a most handsome ass, when, oh prodigious!
A thousand feathers sprung and fledged my shoulders.
Pop! I flew up, and perched upon a steeple:
With gravity I sat, when straight below me
The bells struck up ding-dong! When in you came,
And with your chi! chu! waked me. But I've found
The meaning of the dream. Bells sound a feast;
This bodes joy to our house. Then, those feathers,
Are you. And that grand flight? Baron's adieu!
But then the ass remains - that ass am I.
Who sees you, knows that your sire must be an ass.
You shall be teeming queens - I, grand-papa,
Shall dandle nephews by dozens; here, a little king,
And there a little king! oh glorious day for me.

Anonymous translation

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Schubert: The Outsider

Franz Schubert recounts this dream in a text written on 3 July 1822.

Translated by E. Blom [the translation will be inserted if/when permission is given; meanwhile, here is the German original].

Mein Traum

1.
Ich war ein Bruder vieler Brüder u. Schwestern.
Unser Vater und unsere Mutter waren gut.
Ich war allen mit tiefer Liebe zugetan.
Einstmals führte uns der Vater zu einem Lustgelage.
Da wurden die Brüder sehr fröhlich. Ich aber war traurig.
Da trat mein Vater zu mir, und befahl mir, die köstlichen Speisen zu genießen.
Ich aber konnte nicht, worüber mein Vater erzürnend
mich aus seinem Angesicht verbannte.

Ich wandte meine Schritte
und mit einem Herzen voll unendlicher Liebe
für die, welche sie verschmähten,
wanderte ich in ferne Gegend.
Jahre lang fühlte ich den größten Schmerz
und die größte Liebe mich zerteilen.

2.
Da kam mir Kunde von meiner Mutter Tode.
Ich eilte sie zu sehen, und mein Vater hinderte meinen Eintritt nicht.
Tränen entflossen meinen Augen.
Wie die gute alte Vergangenheit sah ich sie liegen.
Da führte mich mein Vater in seinen Lieblingsgarten.
Er fragte mich, ob er mir gefiele.

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Doch mir war der Garten ganz widrig und ich getraute mir nichts zu sagen.
Da fragte er mich zum zweitenmal erglühend: ob mir der Garten gefiele?
Ich verneinte es zitternd. Da schlug mich mein Vater und ich entfloh.

Und zum zweitenmal wandte ich meine Schritte,
und mit einem Herzen voll unendlicher Liebe
für die, welche sie verschmähten,
wanderte ich abermals in ferne Gegend.
Lieder sang ich nun lange lange Jahre.
Wollte ich Liebe singen, ward sie mir zum Schmerz.
Und wollte ich wieder Schmerz nur singen, ward er mir zur Liebe.
So zerteilte mich die Liebe und der Schmerz.

3.
Einst bekam ich Kunde von einer frommen Jungfrau, die gestorben war.
Und ein Kreis sich um ihr Grabmahl zog,
in dem viele Jünglinge und Greise auf ewig wie in Seligkeiten wandelten.
Sie sprachen leise, die Jungfrau nicht zu wecken.
Himmlische Gedanken schienen immerwährend
aus der Jungfrau Grabmahl auf die Jünglinge wie lichte Funken zu sprühen.
Da sehnte ich mich sehr auch da zu wandeln.
Doch nur ein Wunder, sagten die Leute, führt in den Kreis.

Ich aber trat langsamen Schrittes,
mit gesenktem Blicke auf das Grabmahl zu
und ehe ich es wähnte, war ich in dem Kreis,
der einen wunderlieblichen Ton von sich gab;
und ich fühlte die ewige Seligkeit
wie in einen Augenblick zusammengedrängt.
Auch meinen Vater sah ich versöhnt und liebend.
Er schloss mich in seine Arme und weinte.
Noch mehr aber ich.

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Goethe: The Pheasants

> Goethe's travels in Italy lasted from September 1786 to June 1788, but his observations were first published only in 1829. More than a diary, it is a collection of open letters, in the manner of so many travellers of that time.

Translated by W H. Auden and E. Mayer [the translation will be inserted if/when permission is given; meanwhile, here is the German original, copied from <http://www.gutenberg.org/dirs/etext00/8itr110.txt>].

Indem ich mich nun in dem Drang einer solchen überfüllung des Guten und Wünschenswerten geängstigt fühle, so muß ich meine Freunde an einen Traum erinnern, der mir, es wird eben ein Jahr sein, bedeutend genug schien. Es träumte mir nämlich, ich landete mit einem ziemlich großen Kahn an einer fruchtbaren, reich bewachsenen Insel, von der mir bewußt war, daß daselbst die schönsten Fasanen zu haben seien. Auch handelte ich sogleich mit den Einwohnern um solches Gefieder, welches sie auch sogleich häufig, getötet, herbeibrachten. Es waren wohl Fasanen, wie aber der Traum alles umzubilden pflegt, so erblickte man lange, farbig beaugte Schweife, wie von Pfauen oder seltenen Paradiesvögeln. Diese brachte man mir schockweise ins Schiff, legte sie mit den Köpfen nach innen, so zierlich gehäuft, daß die langen, bunten Federschweife, nach außen hängend, im Sonnenglanz den herrlichsten Schober bildeten, den man sich denken kann, und zwar so reich, daß für den Steuernden und die Rudernden kaum hinten und vorn geringe Räume verblieben. So durchschnitten wir die ruhige Flut, und ich nannte mir indessen schon die Freunde, denen ich von diesen bunten Schätzen mitteilen wollte. Zuletzt in einem großen Hafen landend, verlor ich mich zwischen ungeheuer bemasteten Schiffen, wo ich von Verdeck auf Verdeck stieg, um meinem kleinen Kahn einen sichern Landungsplatz zu suchen.

An solchen Wahnbildern ergötzen wir uns, die, weil sie aus uns selbst entspringen, wohl Analogie mit unserm übrigen Leben und Schicksalen haben müssen.

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Eckermann: The Swim

> This dream comes from J. P. Eckermann's Conversations with Goethe, the first two parts of which were published in 1836, whereas the third appeared in 1848. The passage we have selected is rather peculiar in its personal tone. Most of the time Eckermann is just a faithful transcriber of the master's utterances, but here he appears in the first person and takes the stage.

Wednesday, 12 March 1828.

After I had quitted Goethe yesterday evening, the important conversation I had carried on with him remained constantly in my mind. The discourse had also been upon the sea and sea air; and Goethe had expressed the opinion, that he considered all islanders and inhabitants of the sea-shore in temperate climates far more productive, and possessed of more active force, than the people in the interior of large continents.

Whether or not it was that I had fallen asleep with these thoughts, and with a certain longing for the inspiring powers of the sea; suffice it to say, I had in the night the following pleasant, and to me very remarkable dream.

I saw myself in an unknown region, amongst strange men, thoroughly cheerful and happy. The most beautiful summer day surrounded me in a charming scene, such as might be witnessed somewhere on the shores of the Mediterranean, in the south of Spain or France, or in the neighbourhood of Genoa. We had been drinking at noon round a merry table, and I went with some others, rather young people, to make another party for the afternoon.

We had loitered along through bushy and pleasant low lands, when we suddenly found ourselves in the sea, upon the smallest of islands, on a jutting rock, where there was scarcely room for five or six men, and where one could not stir for fear of slipping into the water. Behind us, whence we had come, there was nothing to be seen but sea; but before us lay the shore at about a quarter of an hour's distance, spread out most invitingly. The shore was in some places flat, in others rocky and somewhat elevated; and one might observe, between green leaves and white tents, a crowd of joyous men in light-coloured clothes, recreating themselves with music, which sounded from the tents. 'There is nothing else to be done,' said one of us to the other, 'we must undress and swim over.' 'It is all very well to say so,' said I, 'you are young, handsome fellows, and good swimmers; but I swim badly, and I do not possess a shape fine enough to appear, with pleasure and comfort, before the strange people on shore.' 'You are a fool,' said one of the handsomest, 'undress yourself, give me your form and you shall have mine.' At these words I undressed myself quickly, and was soon in the water, and immediately found myself in the body of the other as a powerful swimmer. I soon reached the shore, and, naked and dripping, stepped with the most easy confidence amongst the men. I was happy in the sensation of these fine limbs; my deportment was unconstrained, and I at once became intimate with the strangers, at a table before an arbour, where there was a great deal of mirth. My comrades had now reached land one by one, and had joined us, and the only one missing was the youth with my form, in whose limbs I found myself so comfortable. At last he also approached the shore, and I was asked if I was not glad to see my former self?

At these words I experienced a certain discomfort, partly because I did not expect any great joy from myself, and partly because I feared that my young friend would ask for his own body back

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again. However, I turned to the water, and saw my second self swimming close up to me, and laughing at me with his head turned a little on one side. 'There is no swimming with those limbs of yours,' exclaimed he, 'I have had a fine struggle against waves and breakers, and it is not to be wondered at that I have come so late, and am last of all.' I at once recognized the countenance; it was my own, but grown young, and rather fuller and broader, with the freshest complexion. He now came to land, and whilst he raised himself, and first stepped along the sand, I had a view of his back and legs, and was delighted with the perfection of the form. He came up the rocky shore to us, and as he came up to me he had completely my new stature. 'How is it,' I thought I to myself, 'that your little body has grown so handsome. Have the primeval powers of the sea operated so wonderfully upon it, or is it because the youthful spirit of my friend has penetrated the limbs?' Whilst we enjoyed ourselves together for some time, I silently wondered that my friend did not show any inclination to resume his own body. 'Truly,' thought I, 'he looks bravely, and it may be a matter of indifference to him in which body he is placed, but it is not the same thing to me; for I am not sure whether in that body I may not shrink and become as diminutive as before.' In order to satisfy myself on this point, I took my friend aside, and asked him how he felt in my limbs? 'Perfectly well,' said he; 'I have the same sensation of my own natural power as before; I do not know what you have to complain of in your limbs. They are quite right with me; and you see one only has to make the best of oneself. Remain in my body as long as you please; for I am perfectly contented to remain in yours through all futurity.' I was much pleased by this explanation and, as in all my sensations, thoughts, and recollections, I felt quite as usual, my dream gave me the impression of a perfect independence of the soul,'and the possibility of a future existence in another body.

'That is very pretty dream,' said Goethe, when, after dinner today, I imparted to him the principal features. 'We see,' continued he, 'that the muses visit you even in sleep, and, indeed, with particular favour; for you must confess that it would be difficult for you to invent anything so peculiar and pretty in your waking moments.'

'I can scarcely conceive how it happened to me,' returned I; 'for I had felt so dejected all day that the contemplation of so fresh a life was far from my mind.'

'Human nature possesses wonderful powers,' returned Goethe, 'and has something good in readiness for us when we least hope for it. There have been times in my life when I have fallen asleep in tears; but in my dreams the most charming forms have come to console and to cheer me, and I have risen the next morning fresh and joyful.'

Translated by J. Oxenford

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Nerval: The Woman

> This passage is taken from Gérard de Nerval's *Aurélia*.This was his last novel, inspired partly by his own fight against madness. The first part of the book appeared in January 185 5, but Nerval's suicide at the end of the month interrupted the completion of the second part, which was published posthumously in its unfinished state in February of the same year.

Translated by G. Wagner [this translation will be inserted if/when permission is given; meanwhile, here is the French original. The whole text of *Aurélia* is available at <http://un2sg4.unige.ch/athena/nerval/nerv_aur.html>].

Un rêve que je fis encore me confirma dans cette pensée. Je me trouvai tout à coup dans une salle qui faisait partie de la demeuré de mon aïeul. Elle semblait s'être agrandie seulement. Les vieux meubles luisaient d'un poli merveilleux, les tapis et les rideaux étaient comme remis à neuf, un jour trois fois plus brillant que le jour naturel arrivait par la croisée et par la porte, et il y avait dans l'air une fraîcheur et un parfum des premières matinées tièdes du printemps. Trois femmes travaillaient dans cette pièce, et représentaient, sans leur ressembler absolument, des parentes et des amies de ma jeunesse. Il semblait que chacune eût les traits de plusieurs de ces personnes. Les contours de leurs figures variaient comme la flamme d'une lampe, et à tout moment quelque chose de l'une passait dans l'autre; le sourire, la voix, la teinte des yeux, de la chevelure, la taille, les gestes familiers s'échangeaient comme si elles eussent vécu de la même vie, et chacune était ainsi un composé de toutes, pareille à ces types que les peintres imitent de plusieurs modèles pour réaliser une beauté complète.

La plus âgée me parlait avec une voix vibrante et mélodieuse que je reconnaissais pour l'avoir entendue dans l'enfance, et je ne sais ce qu'elle me disait qui me frappait par sa profonde justesse. Mais elle attira ma pensée sur moi-même, et je me vis vêtu d'un petit habit brun de forme ancienne, entièrement tissu à l'aiguille de fils ténus comme ceux des toiles d'araignées. Il était coquet, gracieux et imprégné de douces odeurs. Je me sentais tout rajeuni et tout pimpant dans ce vêtement qui sortait de leurs doigts de fée, et je les remerciais en rougissant, comme si je n'eusse été qu'un petit enfant devant de grandes belles dames. Alors l'une d'elles se leva et se dirigea vers le jardin.

Chacun sait que dans les rêves on ne voit jamais le soleil, bien qu'on ait souvent la perception d'une clarté beaucoup plus vive. Les objets et les corps sont lumineux par eux-mêmes. Je me vis dans un petit parc où se prolongeaient des treilles en berceaux chargés de lourdes grappes de raisins blancs et noirs; à mesure que la dame qui me guidait s'avançait sous ces berceaux, l'ombre des treillis croisés variait encore pour mes yeux ses formes et ses vêtements. Elle en sortit enfin, et nous nous trouvâmes dans un espace découvert. On y apercevait à peine la trace d'anciennes allées qui l'avaient jadis coupé en croix. La culture était négligée depuis longues années, et des plants épars de clématites, de houblon, de chèvrefeuille, de jasmin, de lierre, d'aristoloche étendaient entre des arbres d'une croissance vigoureuse leurs longues traînées de lianes. Des branches pliaient jusqu'à terre chargées de fruits, et parmi des touffes d'herbes parasites s'épanouissaient quelques fleurs de jardin revenues à l'état sauvage.

De loin en loin s'élevaient des massifs de peupliers, d'acacias et de pins, au sein desquels on entrevoyait des statues noircies par le temps. J'aperçus devant moi un entassement de rochers

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couverts de lierre d'où jaillissait une source d'eau vive, dont le clapotement harmonieux résonnait sur un bassin d'eau dormante à demi voilée des larges feuilles de nénuphar.

La dame que je suivais, développant sa taille élancée dans un mouvement qui faisait miroiter les plis de sa robe en taffetas changeant, entoura gracieusement de son bras nu une longue tige de rose trémière, puis elle se mit à grandir sous un clair rayon de lumière, de telle sorte que peu à peu le jardin prenait sa forme, et les parterres et les arbres devenaient les rosaces et les festons de ses vêtements; tandis que sa figure et ses bras imprimaient leurs contours aux nuages pourprés du ciel. Je la perdais ainsi de vue à mesure qu'elle se transfigurait, car elle semblait s'évanouir dans sa propre grandeur. "Oh! ne fuis pas! m'écriai-je... car la nature meurt avec toi!"

Disant ces mots, je marchais péniblement à travers les ronces, comme pour saisir l'ombre agrandie qui m'échappait, mais je me heurtai à un pan de mur dégradé, au pied duquel gisait un buste de femme. En le relevant, j'eus la persuasion que c'était le sien... Je reconnus des traits chéris, et portant les yeux autour de moi, je vis que le jardin avait pris l'aspect d'un cimetière. Des voix disaient: "L'Univers est dans la nuit!"

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Swedenborg: ' Eat not so much '

This dream of Swedenborg is told by his biographer William White in a book published in 1868.

Swedenborg usually dated his seership from 1745, probably regarding the experiences we have been perusing as the painful preliminaries to the great change whereby Heaven and Hell became familiar to his eyes. From him we have no description of the momentous event of 1745, but from his friend, Robsahm, we draw the following -

'I inquired of Swedenborg where and in what manner his revelations began.

He said -

'"I was in London and dined late at my usual quarters, where I had engaged a room in which to prosecute my studies in Natural Philosophy. I was hungry and ate with great appetite. Towards the end of the meal, I remarked a kind of mist spread before my eyes, and I saw the floor of my room covered with hideous reptiles, such as serpents, toads, and the like. I was astonished, having all my wits about me, being perfectly conscious. The darkness attained its height and then passed away. I now saw a Man sitting in the corner of the chamber. As I had thought myself alone, I was greatly frightened, when he said to me, 'Eat not so much.' My sight again became dim, but when I recovered it I found myself alone in my room. The unexpected alarm hastened my return home. I did not suffer my landlord to perceive that anything had happened, but thought over the matter attentively, and was not able to attribute it to chance or any physical cause.

'"The following night the same Man appeared to me again. I was this time not at all alarmed. The Man said - 'I am God, the Lord, the Creator, and Redeemer of the World. I have chosen thee to unfold to men the Spiritual Sense of the Holy Scripture. I will myself dictate to thee what thou shalt write.'

'"The same night the World of Spirits, Hell and Heaven, were convincingly opened to me, where I found many persons of my acquaintance of all conditions. From that day forth I gave up all worldly learning, and laboured only in spiritual things, according to what the Lord commanded me to write. Thereafter the Lord daily opened the eyes of my Spirit to see in perfect wakefulness what was going on in the other World, and to converse, broad awake, with Angels and Spirits."'

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Melville: The Berg

This poem by Hermann Melville comes from *John Marr and Other Sailors*, a collection of poems first published in 1888 in a private edition of twenty-five copies to be distributed to a few friends. The poem was apparently written almost forty years before, sometime in the late 1840s or early 1850s.

I saw a ship of martial build
(Her standards set, her brave apparel on)
Directed as by madness mere
Against a stolid iceberg steer,
Nor budge it, though the infatuate ship went down.
The impact made huge ice-cubes fall
Sullen, in tons that crashed the deck;
But that one avalanche was all
No other movement save the foundering wreck.

Along the spurs of ridges pale,
Not any slenderest shaft and frail,
A prism over glass-green gorges lone,
Toppled; or lace of traceries fine,
Nor pendant drops in grot or mine
Were jarred, when the stunned ship went down.
Nor sole the gulls in cloud that wheeled
Circling one snow-flanked peak afar,
But nearer fowl the floes that skimmed
And crystal beaches, felt no jar.
No thrill transmitted stirred the lock
Of jack-straw needle-ice at base;
Towers undermined by waves the block
Atilt impending - kept their place.
Seals, dozing sleek on sliddery ledges
Slipt never, when by loftier edges
Through very inertia overthrown,

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The impetuous ship in bafflement went down.

Hard Berg (methought), so cold, so vast,
With mortal damps self-overcast;
Exhaling still thy dankish breath
Adrift dissolving, bound for death;
Though lumpish thou, a lumbering one
A lumbering lubbard loitering slow,
Impingers rue thee and go down,
Sounding thy precipice below,
Nor stir the slimy slug that sprawls
Along thy dead indifference of walls.

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Browning: Bad Dreams III

> See note on Robert Browning's 'Bad Dreams I', page 176. [in this electronic version, see Bad Dreams I]

This was my dream: I saw a Forest
    Old as the earth, no track nor trace
Of unmade man. Thou, Soul, explorest -
    Though in a trembling rapture - space
Immeasurable! Shrubs, turned trees,
Trees that touch heaven, support its frieze
Studded with sun and moon and star:
While - oh, the enormous growths that bar
Mine eye from penetrating past
    Their tangled twine where lurks - nay, lives
Royally lone, some brute-type cast
I' the rough, time cancels, man forgives.

On, Soul! I saw a lucid City
    Of architectural device
Every way perfect. Pause for pity,
    Lightning! nor leave a cicatrice
On those bright marbles, dome and spire,
Structures palatial, - streets which mire
Dares not defile, paved all too fine
For human footstep's smirch, not thine
Proud solitary traverser,
    My Soul, of silent lengths of way
With what ecstatic dread, aver,
    Lest life start sanctioned by thy stay!

Ah, but the last sight was the hideous!
    A City, yes, - a Forest, true

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But each devouring each. Perfidious
    Snake-plants had strangled what I knew
Was a pavilion once: each oak
Held on his horns some spoil he broke
By surreptitiously beneath
Upthrusting: pavements, as with teeth,
Griped huge weed widening crack and split
    In squares and circles stone-work erst.
Oh, Nature - good! Oh, Art - no whit
Less worthy! Both in one - accurst!

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Ibsen: All is Vanity

This dream of Henrik Ibsen is recounted by R. Lothar in his biography of the playwright (*Henrik Ibsen*, 1899).

While wandering on a high mountain range, myself and some friends, we became tired and then despondent, and were suddenly surprised by night. Like Jacob, we lay down to sleep and rested our heads on stones. My companions soon went off to sleep but I was not so successful in this. Finally I succumbed to weariness and in a dream an angel appeared before me, saying, 'Arise, and follow me.'

'Whither will you lead me in this darkness?' I asked, and received the reply: 'Come, I will reveal to you human existence in its true reality.'

Full of foreboding, I followed my guide and we descended a number of steep steps; and rocks towered above us like gigantic arches, while spread before us lay a vast city of death with horrible remnants and tokens of mortality and transient existence - a perished grandeur, an immense, sunken world of corpses, death's silent subjects. Over all hovered a withered, ghastly twilight that enveloped churchyards, graves and sepulchres. In a stronger light row upon row of white skeletons reflected a phosphorescent glow. A fear seized me as I stood by the angel's side.

'Here, you see, all is vanity,' he said.

Then came a roar like that which heralds a storm, which grew to a raging hurricane so that the dead moved and stretched their arms towards me, and with a cry I awoke wet from the cold night-dew.

Translated by R. Lothar

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Eça de Queiroz: In Search of the Butcher

> This dream comes from The Illustrious House of Ramirez, by Eça de Queiroz, the popular Portuguese novelist. This novel was published in 1900.

Translated by A. Stevens [this translation will be inserted if/when permission is given; meanwhile, here is the Portuguese original]

Pela estrada da Torre, os pensamentos de Gonçalo esvoaçaram logo, com irresistida tentação, para D. Ana - para os seus decotes, para os lânguidos banhos em que se esquecia lendo o jornal. Por fim, que diabo!... Essa D. Ana assim tão honesta, tão perfumada, tão esplendidamente bela, só apresentava, mesmo como esposa, um feio senão - o papá carniceiro. E a voz também - a voz que tanto o arrepiara na Bica-Santa... Mas o Mendonça assegurava que aquele timbre rolante e gordo, na intimidade, se abatia, liso e quase doce... Depois, meses de convivência habituam às vozes mais desagradáveis - e ele mesmo, agora, nem percebia quanto o Manuel Duarte era fanhoso! Não! mancha teimosa, realmente, só o pai carniceiro. Mas nesta Humanidade nascida toda dum só homem, quem, entre os seus milhares de avós até Adão, não tem algum avô carniceiro? Ele, bom Fidalgo, de uma casa de Reis donde Dinastias irradiavam, certamente, escarafunchando o Passado, toparia com o Ramires carniceiro. E que o carniceiro avultasse logo na primeira geração, num talho ainda afreguesado, ou que apenas se esfumasse, através de espessos séculos, entre os trigésimos avós - lá estava, com a faca, e o cepo, e as postas de carne, e as nódoas de sangue no braço suado!...

E este pensamento não o abandonou até a Torre - nem ainda depois, à janela do quarto, acabando o charuto, escutando o cantar dos galos. Já mesmo se deitara, e as pestanas lhe adormeciam, e ainda sentia que os seus passos impacientes se embrenhavam para trás. para o escuro passado da sua Casa, por entre a emaranhada História, procurando o carniceiro... Era já para além dos confins do Império Visigodo, onde reinava com um globo de ouro na mão o seu barbudo avô Recesvinto. Esfalfado, arquejando, transpusera as cidades ocultas, povoadas de homens cultos - penetrara nas florestas que o mastodonte ainda sulcava. Entre a úmida espessura já cruzara vagos Ramires, que carregavam, grunhindo, reses mortas, molhos de lenha. Outros surgiam de tocas fumarentas, arreganhando agudos dentes esverdeados para sorrir ao neto que passava. Depois por tristes ermos, sob tristes silêncios, chegara a uma lagoa enevoada. E à beira da água limosa, entre os canaviais, um homem monstruoso, peludo como uma fera, agachado no lodo, partia a rijos golpes, com um machado de pedra, postas de carne humana. Era um Ramires. No céu cinzento voava o Açor negro. E logo, dentre a neblina da lagoa, ele acenava para Santa Maria de Craquede, para a formosa e perfumada D. Ana, bradando por cima dos Impérios e dos Tempos: - "Achei o meu avô carniceiro!"

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Huch: The Parcel

> For Friedrich Huch's *Träume*, from which this episode is taken, see page 81 [in this electronic version, see Huch: The Bowl - Swapping heads].

I have an oblong-shaped parcel in my arm. I know there's the dead body of a little child inside, and I'm supposed to get rid of it somewhere. I go up and down the stairs, but every time I'm about to lay it down, or want to pretend to lose it carelessly, a door opens somewhere, or I can see a face looking in my direction through a staircase window. So then I slip the loop of the string of the parcel over my finger and dangle it down as careless as can be so that it bangs against the stairposts and banisters. Then I meet a young girl whom I go out with for a walk, thinking again and again: how unsuspecting she is, jostling her elbow against my parcel!

Then I notice that the outer wrapping has come undone, and I keep her at arm's length. Now I can very clearly feel the child's head and at the same time the sopping wet of the cardboard inside. Panic-stricken, I try to wrap the parcel up tighter and tighter, but the more I do this, the more it comes open. I want to go down to the river, but now I'm standing in a low circular stone court chamber, surrounded by my judges. And I learn now to my greatest astonishment something that I have in fact known for a long time but appear to have forgotten: that all of this is a Christmas mystery, that the child is the Christ child, I myself Judas Iscariot, with the judges the apostles.

[This translation by M. Hollington is used again in this electronic version with his permission]

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Machado: Awake

> This is a poem by the Spanish poet Antonio Machado, which belongs to the section 'Proverbios y cantares' of the volume *Campos de Castilla*, written between 1907 and 1917.

Translated by I. Waters [this translation will be inserted if/when permission is granted; meanwhile, here is the original Spanish]

Anoche soñé que oía

a Dios, gritándome: ¡Alerta!

Luego era Dios quien dormía,

y yo gritaba: ¡Despierta!

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Freud: Seven White Wolves

> This dream was first published by Sigmund Freud in *The Occurrence in Dreams of Material from Fairy Tales* in 1913. It appears again in *The Case History of the Wolf Man* (1914).

Standard Edition under the supervision of J. Strachey [the text will be inserted if/when permission is given].

Gide: The Madonna Appears to the Atheist

> *The Vatican Cellars* by André Gide was published in 1914. The various characters of this novel all converge on Rome; among them Anthime, a crippled scientist and a hard-boiled atheist. In the afternoon that precedes the dream he has mutilated a statue of the Virgin in the street.

Translated by D. Bussy [the text will be inserted if/when permission is given].

Brecht: Joan's Vision

> *Saint Joan of the Stockyards*, was written in 1929-31. The story of Joan of Ark is transposed to the Chicago Stockyards during a lockout. Joan Dark is a member of the Black Strawhats, a religious movement whose aim is to lead the workers away from politics with prayers and the distribution of soup; but she soon changes sides and takes an active part in the struggle of the out-of-work and the strikers. Her well-meaning intercession with the meat magnate Pierpont Mauler proves disastrous for the working class. Joan's dream, reported here, takes place on the eve of a strike which will fail, partly because of her fear of violence. The dream is belied by the end of the play where Pierpont Mauler is ironically hailed as a saviour after taking over completely the meat industry.

Translated by F. Jones [the text will be inserted if/when permission is given]

Wilder: The Void

> This passage is taken from Thornton Wilder's *The Ides of March*, published in 1948. It purports to be an extract from Caesar's Journal Letter to Lucius Mamilius Turrinus on the Island of Capri, one of several 'historical sources' on which the novel is constructed.

[the text will be inserted if/when permission is given]

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Mossadegh: The Oil Commission

> We found this report of a speech by Mohammad Mossadegh at a session of the Iranian parliament on 13 May 1951 in Jorge Luis Borges' *Libro de sueños*, published in Buenos Ayres in 1975.

Translated from the Spanish by G. Almansi [the text will be inserted if/when permission to use the original is given]

Seferis: The Acropolis

> The Greek poet George Seferis relates this dream in his Glosses on Artemidorus of Daldis, which was first published in Italian as an introduction to Artemidorus's Interpretation of Dreams in 1970. It was included in the posthumous edition of Seferis' essays in 1975.

Translated by Claude Béguin [the text will be inserted if/when permission to use the original is given]

Perec: The Condemnation – The Jigsaw

> For Georges Perec's La Boutique Obscure, see page 107 [in this electronic version, Perec: The Arrest]

The Condemnation

The Jigsaw

Translated by J. Romney [the text will be inserted if/when permission is given]

Padilla: The Woof

> According to Jorge Luis Borges, who is our only source of information, Gaston Padilla is the author of *Memorias de un prescindible*, published in 1974, which includes the following passage.

Translated by J. Lyons [the text will be inserted if/when permission is given]

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Resnik: The Wood

This text is taken from Salomon Resnik's *Il teatro del sogno*, published in 1982. Salomon Resnik is a psychoanalyst of Argentinian origin who now works in Paris. He studied with Mélanie Klein, Bion and Winnicott, and has specialized in child autism and psychosis.

Translated by G. Almansi [the text will be inserted if/when permission to use the original is given]

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Fantastic Dreams

The dreams included in the 'fantastic' section seem cut off from their obvious source: the dreamer. They claim to lead an independent existence. The German language is endowed with a double verbal expression for the dreaming activity. You can say: 'Ich traume', 'I dream' - or 'Es träumt mir', with an impersonal form (as in verbs indicating natural phenomena, such as 'it rains', or 'it snows'), which could be translated as 'the dream comes to me'. There seem to be dreams that are not generated by the turmoil of instinct or by the drive towards symbolization, or even by the mimetic capacities of the individual who duplicates his waking experiences in his dreams. These dreams visit the dreamer, knock on his door and disturb, cheer, frighten or amuse him. 'People do not dream; they are dreamt. We undergo our dreams,' writes Jung, who sees in dreams the revelations and creations, not only of the Personal Unconscious, but also of the Collective Unconscious. Our dreams are a second life, according to Nerval; hence they do not belong to our first life. In what sense can I say that a dream is 'mine'? Because I have invented it, and it is my creation; because I need it, and it is my supply; because I undergo it, and it is my experience; because it concerns me, since it is part of my life. Or because I am the venue of the dream, it happens at my place. In the last case, the dreamer would be like a slave imprisoned in the universe of 'his' dream, which he cannot escape because he is unable to go elsewhere, to take a temporary abode outside his dream prison.

We may say that, in a sense, every dreamer is the slave of a despotic lord who is also his child, the dream he has engendered. This offspring progresses automatically: hard, inflexible and self-sufficient, submitting the dreamer to 'its' will and to 'its' tantrums (these last two possessives refer to an abstract entity, which in the absence of a more appropriate term we shall call the dream's individuality). The waking man can choose to change the situation and shut his eyes. But the dreamer cannot choose to open his eyes: he is condemned to live with his dream. His eyelids are bolted doors which shut him up in the cell of his hallucinating and delirious sleep. Perhaps the dreamer wants to be chaste, decorous, decent, balanced; the Dream - and I am using the capital letter with a sense of embarrassment - has decided for him on immodesty, indecorousness, indecency, imbalance. We wonder whether we can ever choose our dreams, *pace* the upholders of the therapeutic function of planned oneirism, those who want to teach the dreamers how to dream. At most, dreams choose us and knock at our door; or break in, like impatient gate-crashers and uncouth guests.

The dreams in this section are full of visitations, of inopportune interventions which are blown inside the dreamer by an act of magic, or by devilish influence, or by the random laws of games. Queen Mab visits the dreamers and raises havoc, according to the wonderful description in Romeo and Juliet: Mercutio 'talk[s] of nothing' because he 'talk[s] of dreams'. Of dreams we can only speak wildly, because any sane discourse would run contrary to our experience. We are faced with a categorical imperative of wildness, of which Mercutio is an undisputed master; and the natural enemy of this sublime divagation is the psychologist, or the oneiromancer, or whoever ventures to explain a dream. Queen Mab can take the form of 'a spirit [who] breathed through him', as in the passage by Novalis; or of the 'pale dream' that 'came to a lady', in Shelley's poem; or of the floating dreams caught in mid air by the BFG, the Big Friendly Giant, who blows them into the children's bedrooms with his trumpet (in the beautiful fantasy by Roald Dahl). Dream is identified with the Traumtier, the Dream Creature about to evaporate in Huch; or with the globes of light lined up at the back of the sky, which the dreamer Leiris, supposedly dead, must reach, hoisted like a dummy by a metallic rod drav,,n through his breast; or with Mother Durand, who sits like an incubus on Mocquet's rib-cage in Dumas' tale.

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In a way, none of these dreams have an internal cause: they remain unjustified. God knows where they are born or why: they have no obvious or latent purpose (with all due respect to Freud), no natural or unnatural causes. 'Why these bizarre creatures?' asks Valéry. 'The Sick Gentleman' of Papini uses all the omnipotent violence of instinctive dreams, but there is no instinct world behind him to determine this aggressive outburst. Any study of their causes, or purposes, is banished, as well as any form of psychology. Dreams have no meaning, and can never have one, except in the fancies of their interpreters, whose explanations are in turn a form of dream. 'A trifle makes a dream, a trifle breaks it' (in Tennyson's poem). These are the favourite dreams of Roger Caillois if we are to follow his fantasies in *L'incertitude qui vient des rêves* ('The Uncertainty Fostered by Dreams'). Are dreams dark and murky? We do not know. Caillois rejects one by one the traditional epithets of the oneiric world, even if in the end he cannot completely eliminate the sulphurous stench surrounding the castle of dreams. According to Caillois, dreams are not premonitory; they are no gateways to a world of wonders; their kernel hides no crucial secret. Caillois cannot even be bothered with their 'so-called poetic virtues', which are being upheld again by Charles Rycroft in his recent *The Innocence of Dreams* (Rycroft quotes approvingly the famous sentence by Darwin, actually borrowed from Jean Paul: 'The dream is an involuntary form of poetry').

Dreams are a medley of simulacra without any secret, and it is useless to examine them for a meaning, a confirmation, a hope, a revelation (but denying the meaning of dreams is as meaningless as asserting it: silence is the only fit comment). For Caillois, dreams have the same meaning as the shape of a cloud or the pattern on the wings of a butterfly: but beware, these two images are significant. Caillois, a great admirer of Mendeleiev (see his essay *Reconnaissance à Mendeleiev*, written for the centenary of the periodic table of elements), believes that the universe is finite and numerable. Mists and clouds hide a plan, and under the chaos of contingency we can make out the spare architecture of creation. Perhaps even the 'rainbows on spider-web horizons, petals on the grating bars' in the cell of Montale's prisoner, are part of a system. Hence the dreams, and the clouds, and the wings of the butterflies, and the stones, and the rainbows, belong to a plan which is for us in great part impossible to decipher, in spite of all our endeavours to decode the universe. Do we see in a glass darkly when we look at a cloud, or a butterfly, or a stone, or a rainbow, or even a dream? Apparently dreams signify nothing, but they have a thousand wiles to feign signification.

At the core of the dream question, or rather in its umbilicus - to use Freud's phrase against him - lies an indeterminacy principle. Descartes mentions 'this generalized uncertainty caused by dreams, which I could not tell apart from waking' (this is in fact the source of Caillois' title for the essay we have discussed here; but Descartes concludes that this position of uncertainty is 'ridiculous and hyperbolic'). At the bottom, there is a philosophical problem which has confronted all times and cultures: how can we find sure criteria to separate waking from dreaming? For many writers, the issue seems to bear more on the waking than on the dreaming state. Roger Caillois could, or should, have called his book *L'incertitude qui vient de la veille*, 'The Uncertainty Fostered by Waking'. Because the real difficulty with the question 'Am I dreaming or am I awake?' arises when we start doubting the reality of waking, and not the unreality of dreaming: 'Yet the issue [...] is not to avoid taking dreams for reality, but to discover why, when we are awake, we can feel entitled to the certainty that we are not dreaming,'writes Caillois.

As a corollary to this dilemma, we find the problem (treated as a joke, or as a paradox, or as a source of anxiety, or all three together) of how to vouch for the existence of a being who might belong to the world of dreams: from Carroll's classical *jeu d'esprit*, quoted here; to the deeply disturbing metaphor in Borges' *Circular Ruins,* whose protagonist, while trying to create a son by dreaming, discovers in the end that he himself has been engendered by a dream; to the 'figure in a dream' by Papini, a dreamed character in search of his dreamer, as his colleagues in Pirandello are

in search of an author. In fact afl dreams are subjects in search of an author; and there is a profound affinity between dream and show, between *La mise-en-scène du rêve* (the title of a book by the analyst Salomon Resnik, from which we have selected a patients dream), and a theatrical production. This similarity is clearly pointed out in the dream by Leiris, included in our selection.

The 'otherness' of the fantastic dreams - even more radical than in other types of dreams - frees in part the dreamer from the responsibility for the events happening in them. Jean-Paul Sartre in *L'imaginaire* concludes his discussion on dreams by suggesting that the I in a dream is nothing but an image, although it is difficult to understand how one can explain the somatic and psychic reality of a nightmare in this 'detached' conception of oneiric experience; and surely when someone has an orgasm in a wet dream, in the morning the wet in the bed is his own, belongs to the 'I' (this problem is discussed by James Hillman). The dreams in this section show a variety of devices to escape the impact of nightmares: Huch's dreamer, or Huch as a dreamer if you prefer, thinks that the dentist's operations are no concern of his because lie has got a spare head lie can abandon to the drills and pincers; Damian duplicates himself in a little sculpted doll where lie enjoys the eternal rest of death; and in Peter Handke's poem the inversion of all activity to passivity frees the dreamer from the duty to control what happens beyond the threshold of sleeping, and hence from the weight of remorse.

This is why all the dreams in this section, even the most anguishing, are more liberated, relaxed, carefree, imaginative, artificial. Nature itself is unnatural in Shelley's *Marianne's Dream,* and man's cultural products (buildings, columns, temples and triumphal arches) are non-cultural, exempt from the touch of a mortal instrument. In Michaux, New York presents unlikely mountains, whereas human and animal monsters proliferate in Nodier's tale. Demons and evil spirits obsess the dreamer (in Southey), but these dreams seem to come from outside, and are therefore less frightening than those which claim to articulate the emergencies of our deeper self, or of our desire to symbolize experience and duplicate reality. The man who is turned into a number in Desnos' dream, or the horses ridden by wolves who spur them with their tails in Euripides - these images may be frightening, but they are in part exorcized by the irresponsibility of the dreamer, who can then accept the most extreme and capricious experiences ('Caprices of the night' as Senancour puts it), from volcanoes more magnificent and awe-inspiring than earthly ones (again in Senancour) to the fantastic fauna and legendary characters of an earth where the sun has stopped in its course (in Apollinaire), or where the moon falls in a field (in Leopardi's poem, which is both a dream and a classical topos, derived from a long tradition which includes Virgil and Apuleius).

Dreams are spindrift, as in Novalis; or the unending waters in which Mocquet, Dumas' untiring hero, swims for days and days: 'Swim, Mocquet, swim' shout the watchers from the shore. This superhuman swimming feat is both a full nightmare from which the drunken sleeper wants to get out, and a moment of supreme liberty and irresponsibility for the swimmer and for the reader of the narrated dream.

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Euripides: The Wolves

This text is taken from *Rhesus*, a tragedy whose attribution to Euripides is still dubious and whose date is uncertain. The subject comes from the Iliad (IX, 299 ff.). During Achilles' wrath, the Trojans are successful: Hector has almost reached the Greeks' boats. But during the night, the fires are burning bright in the Greek camp. Hector decides to send a spy, Dolon, to find out what they are up to. At this point, his ally Rhesus arrives in Troy with his Thracian warriors. Hector assigns him quarters. Meanwhile, Ulysses and Diomedes have caught Dolon. Before killing him they have forced him to tell them the disposition of the Trojan army's night quarters. With this information they proceed to Troy, planning to kill Hector. But Athena convinces them that the real danger for the Greeks is Rhesus, and they kill him and steal his horses. In the ensuing confusion, Rhesus' charioteer arrives and tells Hector of his master's murder and of his own premonitory dream.

Charioteer:

Ill hath been wrought us - shame, to crown that 'ill',
The foulest shame! Yea, double ill is this!
To die with fame, if one must die, I trow,
Is bitterness to him who dies - how not?
Yet fame and honour crown his living kin.
But, as a fool dies, fameless we have died.
For, soon as Hector pointed us our quarters,
And told the watchword, couched on earth we slept,
Outworn with toil: our host no watchmen set
For night-long guard, nor rank by rank were laid
Our arms, nor from the horses' yokes were hung
The car-whips, since our king had word that ye
Were camped triumphant nigh the galley-sterns:
So, careless all, we flung us down and slept.
Now I with heedful heart from slumber rose,
And dealt t-he steeds their corn with stintless hand,
Looking to yoke them with the dawn for fight.
Then spied I twain that prowled around our host
Through the thick gloom; but, soon as I bestirred me,
They cowered low, and straight drew back again.
I cried to them to come not near our host,

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Deeming some thieves from our allies drew nigh:
Nought said they; neither added I thereto,
But to my couch went back and slept again.
And in my sleep a vision nightmared me:
The steeds I tended, and at Rhesus' side
Drave in the car, I saw as in a dream
Mounted of wolves that rode upon their backs;
And with their tails these lashed the horses' flanks,
Scourging them on.
They snorted, and outbreathed Rage from their nostrils, tossing high their manes.
I, even in act to save from those fierce things
The steeds, woke: the night-horror smote me awake.
Then death-moans, as I raised my head, I heard;
And new-shed blood hot-welling plashed on me
As by my murdered lord's death-throes I lay.
Upright I leapt, with never a spear in hand.
But, as I peered and groped to find my lance,
From hard by came a sword -thrust 'neath my ribs
From some strong man - strong, for I felt the blade
Strike home, felt that deep furrow of the gash.
Face-down I fell: the chariot and the steeds
The robbers took, and fled into the night.
Ah me! Ah me! Pain racketh me - O wretch! I cannot stand.
What ill befell I know - I saw it. How
The slain men perished, this I cannot tell,
Nor by what hand; but this do I divine
Foully have they been dealt with by allies.

Translated by A. S. Way

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Shakespeare: Queen Mab

This passage is from *Romeo and Juliet*, I, iv.

Romeo I dream'd a dream tonight.
Mercutio And so did I.
Romeo Well, what was yours?
Mercutio That dreamers often lie.
Romeo In bed asleep, while they do dream things true.
Mercutio O! then, I see, Queen Mab hath been with you.
Benvotio Queen Mab! What's she?
Mercutio She is the fairies' midwife, and she comes
In shape no bigger than an agate-stone
On the fore-finger of an alderman,
Drawn with a team of little atomies
Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep:
Her waggon-spokes made of long spinners' legs;
The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers;
The traces, of the smallest spider's web;
The collars, of the moonshine's watery beams;
Her whip, of cricket's bone; the lash, of film;
Her waggoner, a small grey-coated gnat,
Not half so big as a round little worm
Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid;
Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,
Made by the joiner squirrel or old grub,
Time out o' mind the fairies' coach-makers.
And in this state she gallops night by night
Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love;
O'er courtiers' knees, that dream on curtsies straight;
O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees;
O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream;
Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues,

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Because their breaths with sweetmeats tainted are.
Sometimes she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,
And then dreams he of smelling out a suit;
And sometimes comes she with a tithe-pig's tail,
Tickling a parson's nose as a' lies asleep,
Then dreams he of another benefice;
Sometime she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,
And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,
Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,
Of healths five fathom deep; and then anon
Drums in his ear, at which he starts and wakes;
And, being thus frighted, swears a prayer or two,
And sleeps again. This is that very Mab
That plats the manes of horses in the night;
And bakes the elf-locks in foul sluttish hairs,
Which once untangled much misfortune bodes;
This is the hag, when maids lie on their backs,
That presses them and learns them first to bear,
Making them women of good carriage:
This is she -
Romeo Peace, peace! Mercutio, peace!
Thou talk'st of nothing.
Mercutio True, I talk of dreams,
Which are the children of an idle brain,
Begot of nothing but vain fantasy;
Which is as thin of substance as the air,
And more inconstant than the wind, who woos
Even now the frozen bosom of the north,
And, being anger'd, puffs away from thence,
Turning his face to the dew-dropping south.

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Cervantes

Miguel de Cervantes published the first part of *Don Quivxte* in 1605, and the second part in 1615. This passage is situated towards the end of the first part. Don Quixote, half starved after his adventures on the Sierra Morena, has been brought back to the Inn by his friends, who have decided to make use of his fantasies in order to restore him to reason: to lure him back to the Inn, they have staged the story of a lady in distress, Princess Micomicona.

There remained but little more of the novel to be read, when Sancho Panza burst forth in wild excitement from the garret where Don Quixote was lying, shouting, 'Run, sirs! quick; and help my master, who is in the thick of the toughest and stiffest battle I ever laid eyes on. By the living God he has given the giant, the enemy of my lady the Princess Micomicona, such a slash that he has sliced his head clean off as if it were a turnip.'

'What are you talking about, brother?' said the curate, pausing as he was about to read the remainder of the novel. 'Are you in your senses, Sancho? How the devil can it be as you say, when the giant is two thousand leagues away?'

Here they heard a loud noise in the chamber, and Don Quixote shouting out, 'Stand, thief, brigand, villain; now I have got thee and thy scimitar shall not avail thee!' And then it seemed as though he were slashing vigorously at the wall.

'Don't stop to listen,' said Sancho, 'but go in and part them or help my master: though there is no need of that now, for no doubt the giant is dead by this time and giving account to God of his past wicked life; for I saw the blood flowing on the ground, and the head cut off and fallen on one side, and it is as big as a large wine-skin.'

'May I die,' said the landlord at this, 'if Don Quixote or Don Devil has not been slashing some of the skins of red wine that stand full at his bed's head, and the spilt wine must be what this good fellow takes for blood;' and so saying he went into the room and the rest after him, and there they found Don Quixote in the strangest costume in the world. He was in his shirt, which was not long enough in front to cover his thighs completely and was six fingers shorter behind; his legs were very long and lean, covered with hair, and anything but clean; on his head he had a little greasy red cap that belonged to the host, round his left arm he had rolled the blanket of the bed, to which Sancho, for reasons best known to himself, owed a grudge, and in his right hand he held his unsheathed sword, with which he was slashing about on all sides, uttering exclamations as if he were actually fighting some giant: and the best of it was his eyes were not open, for he was fast asleep, and dreaming that he was doing battle with the giant. For his imagination was so wrought upon by the adventure he was going to accomplish, that it made him dream he had already reached the kingdom of Micomicon, and was engaged in combat with his enemy; and believing he was laying on to the giant, he had given so many sword cuts to the skins that the whole room was full of wine. On seeing this the landlord was so enraged that he fell on Don Quixote, and with his clenched fist began to pummel him in such a way, that if Cardenio and the curate had not dragged him off, he would have brought the war of the giant to an end. But in spite of all the poor gentleman never woke until the barber brought a great pot of cold water from the well and flung it with one dash all over his body, on which Don Quixote woke up, but not so completely as to ,,understand what was the matter. Dorothea, seeing how short and slight his attire was, would not go in to witness the battle between

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her champion and her opponent. As for Sancho, he went searching all over the floor for the head of the giant, and not finding it he said, 'I see now that it's all enchantment in this house; for the last time, on this very spot where I am now, I got ever so many thumps and thwacks without knowing who gave them to me, or being able to see anybody; and now this head is not to be seen anywhere about, though I saw it cut off with my own eyes and the blood running from the body as if from a fountain.'

What blood and fountains are you talking about, enemy of God and his saints?' said the landlord. 'Don't you see, you thief, that the blood and the fountain are only these skins here that have been stabbed and the red wine swimming all over the room? - and I wish I saw the soul of him that stabbed them swimming in hell.'

'I know nothing about that,' said Sancho; 'all I know is it will be my bad luck that through not finding this head my county will melt away like salt in water;' - for Sancho awake was worse than his master asleep, so much had his master's promises addled his wits.

The landlord was beside himself at the coolness of the squire and the mischievous doings of the master, and swore it should not be like the last time when they went without paying; and that their privileges of chivalry should not hold good this time to let one or other of them off without paying, even to the cost of the plugs that would have to be put to the damaged wine-skins. The curate was holding Don Quixote's hands, who, fancying he had now ended the adventure and was in the presence of the Princess Micomicona, knelt before the curate and said, 'Exalted and beauteous lady, your highness may live from this day forth fearless of any harm this base being could do you; and I too from this day forth am released from the promise I gave you, since by the help of God on high and by the favour of her by whom I live and breathe, I have fulfilled it so successfully.'

'Did not I say so?' said Sancho on hearing this. 'You see I wasn't drunk; there you see my master has already salted the giant; there's no doubt about the bulls; my county is all right!'

Who could have helped laughing at the absurdities of the pair, master and man? And laugh they did, all except the landlord, who cursed himself; but at length the barber, Cardenio, and the curate contrived with no small trouble to get Don Quixote on the bed, and he fell asleep with every appearance of excessive weariness. They left him to sleep, and came out to the gate of the inn to console Sancho Panza on not having found the head of the giant; but much more work had they to appease the landlord, who was furious at the sudden death of his wine-skins; and said the landlady, half scolding, half crying, 'At an evil moment and in an unlucky hour he came into my house, this knight-errant - would that I had never set eyes on him, for dear he has cost me; the last time he went off with the overnight score against him for supper, bed, straw, and barley, for himself and his squire and a hack and an ass, saying he was a knight adventurer - God send unlucky adventures to him and all the adventurers in the world - and therefore not bound to pay anything, for it was so settled by the knight-errantry tariff.. and then, all because of him, came the other gentleman and carried off my tail, and gives it back more than two quartillos the worse, all stripped of its hair, so that it is no use for my husband's purpose; and then, for a finishing touch to all, to burst my wine -skins and spill my wine! I wish I saw his own blood spilt! But let him not deceive himself, for, by the bones of my father and the shade of my mother, they shall pay me down every quarto; or my name is not what it is, and I am not my father's daughter.' All this and more to the same effect the landlady delivered with great irritation, and her good maid Maritornes backed her up, while the daughter held her peace and smiled from time to time. The curate smoothed matters by promising to make good all losses to the best of his power, not only as regarded the wine-skins but also the wine, and above all the depreciation of the tail which they set such store by. Dorothea comforted Sancho, telling him that she pledged herself, as soon as it should appear certain that his master had

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decapitated the giant, and she found herself peacefully established in her kingdom, to bestow upon him the best county there was in it. With this Sancho consoled himself, and assured the princess she might rely upon it that he had seen the head of the giant, and more by token it had a beard that reached to the girdle, and that if it was not to be seen now it was because everything that happened in that house went by enchantment, as he himself had proved the last time he had lodged there. Dorothea said she fully believed it, and that he need not be uneasy, for all would go well and turn out as he wished.

Translated by J. Ormsby

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Novalis: The Blue Flower

This extract is from the first chapter of *Henry von Ofterdingen*, Novalis' last novel which he left unfinished at his death in 1801. This novel is a *Bildungsroman*, partly inspired by Goethe's WilhelmMeister, about the life and poetic formation of a thirteenth-century *Minnesänger.*

Translated by P Hilty [the translation will be inserted if permission is given; meanwhile, here is the original German, from <http://gutenberg.spiegel.de/?id=5&xid=1969&kapitel=3&cHash=1060aea6b0ofter111>].

Die Eltern lagen schon und schliefen, die Wanduhr schlug ihren einförmigen Takt, vor den klappernden Fenstern sauste der Wind; abwechselnd wurde die Stube hell von dem Schimmer des Mondes. Der Jüngling lag unruhig auf seinem Lager, und gedachte des Fremden und seiner Erzählungen.»Nicht die Schätze sind es, die ein so unaussprechliches Verlangen in mir geweckt haben«, sagte er zu sich selbst;»fern ab liegt mir alle Habsucht: aber die blaue Blume sehn' ich mich zu erblicken. Sie liegt mir unaufhörlich im Sinn, und ich kann nichts anderes dichten und denken. So ist mir noch nie zumute gewesen: es ist, als hätt ich vorhin geträumt, oder ich wäre in eine andere Welt hinübergeschlummert; denn in der Welt, in der ich sonst lebte, wer hätte da sich um Blumen bekümmert, und gar von einer so seltsamen Leidenschaft für eine Blume hab' ich damals nie gehört. Wo eigentlich nur der Fremde herkam? Keiner von uns hat je einen ähnlichen Menschen gesehn; doch weiß ich nicht, warum nur ich von seinen Reden so ergriffen worden bin; die andern haben ja das nämliche gehört, und keinem ist so etwas begegnet. Daß ich auch nicht einmal von meinem wunderlichen Zustande reden kann! Es ist mir oft so entzückend wohl, und nur dann, wenn ich die Blume nicht recht gegenwärtig habe, befällt mich so ein tiefes, inniges Treiben: das kann und wird keiner verstehn. Ich glaubte, ich wäre wahnsinnig, wenn ich nicht so klar und hell sähe und dächte, mir ist seitdem alles viel bekannter. Ich hörte einst von alten Zeiten reden; wie da die Tiere und Bäume und Felsen mit den Menschen gesprochen hätten. Mir ist gerade so, als wollten sie allaugenblicklich anfangen, und als könnte ich es ihnen ansehen, was sie mir sagen wollten. Es muß noch viel Worte geben, die ich nicht weiß: wußte ich mehr, so könnte ich viel besser alles begreifen. Sonst tanzte ich gern; jetzt denke ich lieber nach der Musik.«Der Jüngling verlor sich allmählich in süßen Phantasien und entschlummerte. Da träumte ihm erst von unabsehlichen Fernen, und wilden, unbekannten Gegenden. Er wanderte über Meere mit unbegreiflicher Leichtigkeit; wunderliche Tiere sah er; er lebte mit mannigfaltigen Menschen, bald im Kriege, in wildem Getümmel, in stillen Hütten. Er geriet in Gefangenschaft und die schmählichste Not. Alle Empfindungen stiegen bis zu einer niegekannten Höhe in ihm. Er durchlebte ein unendlich buntes Leben; starb und kam wieder, liebte bis zur höchsten Leidenschaft, und war dann wieder auf ewig von seiner Geliebten getrennt. Endlich gegen Morgen, wie draußen die Dämmerung anbrach, wurde es stiller in seiner Seele, klarer und bleibender wurden die Bilder. Es kam ihm vor, als ginge er in einem dunkeln Walde allein. Nur selten schimmerte der Tag durch das grüne Netz. Bald kam er vor eine Felsenschlucht, die bergan stieg. Er mußte über bemooste Steine klettern, die ein ehemaliger Strom herunter gerissen hatte. Je höher er kam, desto lichter wurde der Wald. Endlich gelangte er zu einer kleinen Wiese, die am Hange des Berges lag. Hinter der Wiese erhob sich eine hohe Klippe, an deren Fuß er eine Öffnung erblickte, die der Anfang eines in den Felsen gehauenen Ganges zu sein schien. Der Gang führte ihn gemächlich eine Zeitlang eben fort, bis zu einer großen Weitung, aus der ihm schon von fern ein helles Licht entgegen glänzte. Wie er hineintrat, ward er einen mächtigen Strahl

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gewahr, der wie aus einem Springquell bis an die Decke des Gewölbes stieg, und oben in unzählige Funken zerstäubte, die sich unten in einem großen Becken sammelten; der Strahl glänzte wie entzündetes Gold; nicht das mindeste Geräusch war zu hören, eine heilige Stille umgab das herrliche Schauspiel. Er näherte sich dem Becken, das mit unendlichen Farben wogte und zitterte. Die Wände der Höhle waren mit dieser Flüssigkeit überzogen, die nicht heiß, sondern kühl war, und an den Wänden nur ein mattes, bläuliches Licht von sich warf. Er tauchte seine Hand in das Becken und benetzte seine Lippen. Es war, als durchdränge ihn ein geistiger Hauch, und er fühlte sich innigst gestärkt und erfrischt. Ein unwiderstehliches Verlangen ergriff ihn sich zu baden, er entkleidete sich und stieg in das Becken. Es dünkte ihn, als umflösse ihn eine Wolke des Abendrots; eine himmlische Empfindung überströmte sein Inneres; mit inniger Wollust strebten unzählbare Gedanken in ihm sich zu vermischen; neue, niegesehene Bilder entstanden, die auch ineinanderflossen und zu sichtbaren Wesen um ihn wurden, und jede Welle des lieblichen Elements schmiegte sich wie ein zarter Busen an ihn. Die Flut schien eine Auflösung reizender Mädchen, die an dem Jünglinge sich augenblicklich verkörperten.

Berauscht von Entzücken und doch jedes Eindrucks bewußt, schwamm er gemach dem leuchtenden Strome nach, der aus dem Becken in den Felsen hineinfloß. Eine Art von süßem Schlummer befiel ihn, in welchem er unbeschreibliche Begebenheiten träumte, und woraus ihn eine andere Erleuchtung weckte. Er fand sich auf einem weichen Rasen am Rande einer Quelle, die in die Luft hinausquoll und sich darin zu verzehren schien. Dunkelblaue Felsen mit bunten Adern erhoben sich in einiger Entfernung; das Tageslicht, das ihn umgab, war heller und milder als das gewöhnliche, der Himmel war schwarzblau und völlig rein. Was ihn aber mit voller Macht anzog, war eine hohe lichtblaue Blume, die zunächst an der Quelle stand, und ihn mit ihren breiten, glänzenden Blättern berührte. Rund um sie her standen unzählige Blumen von allen Farben, und der köstliche Geruch erfüllte die Luft. Er sah nichts als die blaue Blume, und betrachtete sie lange mit unnennbarer Zärtlichkeit. Endlich wollte er sich ihr nähern, als sie auf einmal sich zu bewegen und zu verändern anfing; die Blätter wurden glänzender und schmiegten sich an den wachsenden Stengel, die Blume neigte sich nach ihm zu, und die Blütenblätter zeigten einen blauen ausgebreiteten Kragen, in welchem ein zartes Gesicht schwebte. Sein süßes Staunen wuchs mit der sonderbaren Verwandlung, als ihn plötzlich die Stimme seiner Mutter weckte, und er sich in der elterlichen Stube fand, die schon die Morgensonne vergoldete. Er war zu entzückt, um unwillig über diese Störung zu sein; vielmehr bot er seiner Mutter freundlich guten Morgen und erwiderte ihre herzliche Umarmung.

»Du Langschläfer«, sagte der Vater,»wie lange sitze ich schon hier, und feile. Ich habe deinetwegen nichts hämmern dürfen; die Mutter wollte den lieben Sohn schlafen lassen. Aufs Frühstück habe ich auch warten müssen. Klüglich hast du den Lehrstand erwählt, für den wir wachen und arbeiten. Indes ein tüchtiger Gelehrter, wie ich mir habe sagen lassen, muß auch Nächte zu Hülfe nehmen, um die großen Werke der weisen Vorfahren zu studieren.«-»Lieber Vater«, antwortete Heinrich,»werdet nicht unwillig über meinen langen Schlaf, den Ihr sonst nicht an mir gewohnt seid. Ich schlief erst spät ein, und habe viele unruhige Träume gehabt, bis zuletzt ein anmutiger Traum mir erschien, den ich lange nicht vergessen werde, und von dem mich dünkt, als sei es mehr als bloßer Traum gewesen.«-»Lieber Heinrich«, sprach die Mutter,»du hast dich gewiß auf den Rücken gelegt, oder beim Abendsegen fremde Gedanken gehabt. Du siehst auch noch ganz wunderlich aus. Iß und trink, daß du munter wirst.«

Die Mutter ging hinaus, der Vater arbeitete emsig fort und sagte:»Träume sind Schäume, mögen auch die hochgelahrten Herren davon denken, was sie wollen, und du tust wohl, wenn du dein Gemüt von dergleichen unnützen und schädlichen Betrachtungen abwendest. Die Zeiten sind nicht mehr, wo zu den Träumen göttliche Gesichte sich gesellten, und wir können und werden es nicht begreifen, wie es jenen auserwählten Männern, von denen die Bibel erzählt, zumute gewesen ist.

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Damals muß es eine andere Beschaffenheit mit den Träumen gehabt haben, so wie mit den menschlichen Dingen.

In dem Alter der Welt, wo wir leben, findet der unmittelbare Verkehr mit dem Himmel nicht mehr statt. Die alten Geschichten und Schriften sind jetzt die einzigen Quellen, durch die uns eine Kenntnis von der überirdischen Welt, soweit wir sie nötig haben, zuteil wird; und statt jener ausdrücklichen Offenbarungen redet jetzt der heilige Geist mittelbar durch den Verstand kluger und wohlgesinnter Männer und durch die Lebensweise und die Schicksale frommer Menschen zu uns. Unsre heutigen Wunderbilder haben mich nie sonderlich erbaut, und ich habe nie jene großen Taten geglaubt, die unsre Geistlichen davon erzählen. Indes mag sich daran erbauen, wer will, und ich hüte mich wohl jemanden in seinem Vertrauen irre zu machen.«-»Aber, lieber Vater, aus welchem Grunde seid Ihr so den Träumen entgegen, deren seltsame Verwandlungen und leichte zarte Natur doch unser Nachdenken gewißlich rege machen müssen? Ist nicht jeder, auch der verworrenste Traum, eine sonderliche Erscheinung, die auch ohne noch an göttliche Schickung dabei zu denken, ein bedeutsamer Riß in den geheimnisvollen Vorhang ist, der mit tausend Falten in unser Inneres hereinfällt? In den weisesten Büchern findet man unzählige Traumgeschichten von glaubhaften Menschen, und erinnert Euch nur noch des Traums, den uns neulich der ehrwürdige Hofkaplan erzählte, und der Euch selbst so merkwürdig vorkam.

Aber, auch ohne diese Geschichten, wenn Ihr zuerst in Eurem Leben einen Traum hättet, wie würdet Ihr nicht erstaunen, und Euch die Wunderbarkeit dieser uns nur alltäglich gewordenen Begebenheit gewiß nicht abstreiten lassen! Mich dünkt der Traum eine Schutzwehr gegen die Regelmäßigkeit und Gewöhnlichkeit des Lebens, eine freie Erholung der gebundenen Phantasie, wo sie alle Bilder des Lebens durcheinanderwirft, und die beständige Ernsthaftigkeit des erwachsenen Menschen durch ein fröhliches Kinderspiel unterbricht. Ohne die Träume würden wir gewiß früher alt, und so kann man den Traum, wenn auch nicht als unmittelbar von oben gegeben, doch als eine göttliche Mitgabe, einen freundlichen Begleiter auf der Wallfahrt zum heiligen Grabe betrachten. Gewiß ist der Traum, den ich heute Nacht träumte, kein unwirksamer Zufall in meinem Leben gewesen, denn ich fühle es, daß er in meine Seele wie ein weites Rad hineingreift, und sie in mächtigem Schwunge forttreibt.«

Der Vater lächelte freundlich und sagte, indem er die Mutter, die eben hereintrat, ansah:»Mutter, Heinrich kann die Stunde nicht verleugnen, durch die er in der Welt ist. In seinen Reden kocht der feurige welsche Wein, den ich damals von Rom mitgebracht hatte, und der unsern Hochzeitabend verherrlichte. Damals war ich auch noch ein andrer Kerl. Die südliche Luft hatte mich aufgetaut, von Mut und Lust floß ich über, und du warst auch ein heißes köstliches Mädchen. Bei deinem Vater gings damals herrlich zu; Spielleute und Sänger waren weit und breit herzugekommen, und lange war in Augsburg keine lustigere Hochzeit gefeiert worden.«

»Ihr spracht vorhin von Träumen«, sagte die Mutter,»weißt du wohl, daß du mir damals auch von einem Traume erzähltest, den du in Rom gehabt hattest, und der dich zuerst auf den Gedanken gebracht, zu uns nach Augsburg zu kommen, und um mich zu werben?«-»Du erinnerst mich eben zur rechten Zeit«, sagte der Alte;»ich habe diesen seltsamen Traum ganz vergessen, der mich damals lange genug beschäftigte; aber eben er ist mir ein Beweis dessen, was ich von den Träumen gesagt habe. Es ist unmöglich einen geordneteren und helleren zu haben; noch jetzt entsinne ich mich jedes Umstandes ganz genau; und doch, was hat er bedeutet? Daß ich von dir träumte, und mich bald darauf von Sehnsucht ergriffen fühlte, dich zu besitzen, war ganz natürlich: denn ich kannte dich schon. Dein freundliches holdes Wesen hatte mich gleich anfangs lebhaft gerührt, und nur die Lust nach der Fremde hielt damals meinen Wunsch nach deinem Besitz noch zurück. Um die Zeit des Traums war meine Neugierde schon ziemlich gestillt, und nun konnte die Neigung

leichter durchdringen.«

»Erzählt uns doch jenen seltsamen Traum«, sagte der Sohn.»Ich war eines Abends«, fing der Vater an,»umhergestreift. Der Himmel war rein, und der Mond bekleidete die alten Säulen und Mauern mit seinem bleichen schauerlichen Lichte. Meine Gesellen gingen den Mädchen nach, und mich trieb das Heimweh und die Liebe ins Freie. Endlich ward ich durstig und ging ins erste beste Landhaus hinein, um einen Trunk Wein oder Milch zu fordern. Ein alter Mann kam heraus, der mich wohl für einen verdächtigen Besuch halten mochte. Ich trug ihm mein Anliegen vor; und als er erfuhr, daß ich ein Ausländer und ein Deutscher sei, lud er mich freundlich in die Stube und brachte eine Flasche Wein. Er hieß mich niedersetzen, und fragte mich nach meinem Gewerbe. Die Stube war voll Bücher und Altertümer. Wir gerieten in ein weitläuftiges Gespräch; er erzählte mir viel von alten Zeiten, von Malern, Bildhauern und Dichtern. Noch nie hatte ich so davon reden hören. Es war mir, als sei ich in einer neuen Welt ans Land gestiegen. Er wies mir Siegelsteine und andre alte Kunstarbeiten; dann las er mir mit lebendigem Feuer herrliche Gedichte vor, und so verging die Zeit, wie ein Augenblick. Noch jetzt heitert mein Herz sich auf, wenn ich mich des bunten Gewühls der wunderlichen Gedanken und Empfindungen erinnere, die mich in dieser Nacht erfüllten. In den heidnischen Zeiten war er wie zu Hause, und sehnte sich mit unglaublicher Inbrunst in dies graue Altertum zurück. Endlich wies er mir eine Kammer an, wo ich den Rest der Nacht zubringen könnte, weil es schon zu spät sei, um noch zurückzukehren. Ich schlief bald, und da dünkte michs, ich sei in meiner Vaterstadt und wanderte aus dem Tore. Es war, als müßte ich irgendwohin gehn, um etwas zu bestellen, doch wußte ich nicht wohin, und was ich verrichten solle. Ich ging nach dem Harze mit überaus schnellen Schritten, und wohl war mir, als sei es zur Hochzeit. Ich hielt mich nicht auf dem Wege, sondern immer feldein durch Tal und Wald, und bald kam ich an einen hohen Berg. Als ich oben war, sah ich die Goldne Aue vor mir, und überschaute Thüringen weit und breit, also daß kein Berg in der Nähe umher mir die Aussicht wehrte. Gegenüber lag der Harz mit seinen dunklen Bergen, und ich sah unzählige Schlösser, Klöster und Ortschaften. Wie mir nun da recht wohl innerlich ward, fiel mir der alte Mann ein, bei dem ich schlief, und es gedäuchte mir, als sei das vor geraumer Zeit geschehn, daß ich bei ihm gewesen sei. Bald gewahrte ich eine Stiege, die in den Berg hinein ging, und ich machte mich hinunter. Nach langer Zeit kam ich in eine große Höhle, da saß ein Greis in einem langen Kleide vor einem eisernen Tische, und schaute unverwandt nach einem wunderschönen Mädchen, die in Marmor gehauen vor ihm stand. Sein Bart war durch den eisernen Tisch gewachsen und bedeckte seine Füße. Er sah ernst und freundlich aus, und gemahnte mich wie ein alter Kopf, den ich den Abend bei dem Manne gesehn hatte. Ein glänzendes Licht war in der Höhle verbreitet. Wie ich so stand und den Greis ansah, klopfte mir plötzlich mein Wirt auf die Schulter, nahm mich bei der Hand und führte mich durch lange Gänge mit sich fort. Nach einer Weile sah ich von weitem eine Dämmerung, als wollte das Tageslicht einbrechen. Ich eilte darauf zu, und befand mich bald auf einem grünen Plane; aber es schien mir alles ganz anders als in Thüringen. Ungeheure Bäume mit großen glänzenden Blättern verbreiteten weit umher Schatten. Die Luft war sehr heiß und doch nicht drückend. Überall Quellen und Blumen, und unter allen Blumen gefiel mir eine ganz besonders, und es kam mir vor, als neigten sich die andern gegen sie.«

»Ach! liebster Vater, sagt mir doch, welche Farbe sie hatte«, rief der Sohn mit heftiger Bewegung.

»Das entsinne ich mich nicht mehr, so genau ich mir auch sonst alles eingeprägt habe.«

»War sie nicht blau?«

»Es kann sein«, fuhr der Alte fort, ohne auf Heinrichs seltsame Heftigkeit Achtung zu geben.»Soviel weiß ich nur noch, daß mir ganz unaussprechlich zumute war, und ich mich lange nicht nach meinem Begleiter umsah. Wie ich mich endlich zu ihm wandte, bemerkte ich, daß er

mich aufmerksam betrachtete und mir mit inniger Freude zulächelte. Auf welche Art ich von diesem Orte wegkam, erinnere ich mich nicht mehr. Ich war wieder oben auf dem Berge. Mein Begleiter stand bei mir, und sagte: Du hast das Wunder der Welt gesehn. Es steht bei dir, das glücklichste Wesen auf der Welt und noch über das ein berühmter Mann zu werden. Nimm wohl in acht, was ich dir sage: wenn du am Tage Johannis gegen Abend wieder hierher kommst, und Gott herzlich um das Verständnis dieses Traumes bittest, so wird dir das höchste irdische Los zuteil werden; dann gib nur acht, auf ein blaues Blümchen, was du hier oben finden wirst, brich es ab, und überlaß dich dann demütig der himmlischen Führung. Ich war darauf im Traume unter den herrlichsten Gestalten und Menschen, und unendliche Zeiten gaukelten mit mannigfaltigen Veränderungen vor meinen Augen vorüber. Wie gelöst war meine Zunge, und was ich sprach, klang wie Musik. Darauf ward alles wieder dunkel und eng und gewöhnlich; ich sah deine Mutter mit freundlichem, verschämten Blick vor mir; sie hielt ein glänzendes Kind in den Armen, und reichte mir es hin, als auf einmal das Kind zusehends wuchs, immer heller und glänzender ward, und sich endlich mit blendendweißen Flügeln über uns erhob, uns beide in seinen Arm nahm, und so hoch mit uns flog, daß die Erde nur wie eine goldene Schüssel mit dem saubersten Schnitzwerk aussah. Dann erinnere ich mir nur, daß wieder jene Blume und der Berg und der Greis vorkamen; aber ich erwachte bald darauf und fühlte mich von heftiger Liebe bewegt. Ich nahm Abschied von meinem gastfreien Wirt, der mich bat, ihn oft wieder zu besuchen, was ich ihm zusagte, und auch Wort gehalten haben würde, wenn ich nicht bald darauf Rom verlassen hätte, und ungestüm nach Augsburg gereist wäre.«

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Senancour: Dreams

> This is an extract from the eighty-fifth letter in Ernest Pivert de Senancour's *Oberman*, first published in 1804. *Oberman* is, rather than an actual epistolary novel, a sort of rambling diary, a logbook of *états d'âme*, written by a man overwhelmed by the boredom and meaninglessness of life. At first it was not understood by the contemporary readership, but was recognized around 1830 as one of the first expressions of the *mal-du-siècle*.

At other times I find myself in a vague but delightful condition between sleeping and waking. I enjoy the blending and confusion of the ideas of daytime with those of sleep. Often there lingers with me a trace of the gentle agitation left by some vivid, startling, and remarkable dream, with those mysterious associations and that picturesque incoherence so dear to the imagination.

Man's genius in his waking hours cannot equal the caprices of the night. Some time ago I dreamed of a volcanic eruption, but never was real volcano so grand, awe-inspiring, and magnificent in its terror. I seemed to be watching it from the window of a palace on a lofty site, with several others near me. It was night, but everything was lighted up. The moon and Saturn were visible in the sky between scattered and hurrying clouds, though all around was calm. Saturn was near the horizon and seemed larger than the moon, its ring, like white-hot metal on the point of fusion, lighted up the vast, cultivated and populous plain. In the far distance, but distinctly visible, a long and regular chain of lofty snow-clad mountains linked the plain with the sky. While I gazed a terrible wind swept over the landscape, tearing up and sweeping away every trace of cultivation, forests, and dwellings, and in two seconds nothing remained but a desert of and sand, red and glowing as if with internal fire. Then the ring of Saturn detached itself and shot downward through the sky until it touched the pinnacles of snow, while they began to shudder and upheave from their very roots, rising and rolling in great billows like huge sea waves raised by some vast earth-tremor. In a few moments the flames that spurted from the crests of these white waves fell back from the skies and rolled down in blazing streams. The mountains were alternately pale or glowing as they rose and fell in weird pulsation, and the great catastrophe was wrought amid a silence more weird still.

No doubt you will fancy that in this wreck of the world I awoke in horror before the climax, but my dream did not end according to rule. I did not wake; the flames died down, and a great calm ensued. Darkness fell on the scene; we shut the windows, began chatting in the drawing-room on the subject of fireworks, and my dream went on.

I have heard it stated again and again that our dreams are suggested by what has impressed us on the previous day. I quite admit that our dreams, like all our ideas and sensations, are composed entirely of elements with which experience has already made us familiar, but I think the resultant whole has often no other relation to the past. Whatever we imagine can only be built up of existing materials; but we dream, just as we imagine, new combinations, and often they have no traceable connection with what we have previously seen. Some of these dreams constantly recur in the same way, identical in many of their smallest details, though we may never have thought of them in the meantime. I have seen in dreams lovelier views than any I could have imagined, and have always seen them alike. Ever since my childhood I have dreamed of being near one of the chief cities in Europe. The landscape is entirely different from that which actually surrounds this capital, which I have never seen, and yet every time I have dreamed of approaching this town in my travels, the landscape has looked just as it did when I dreamed of it first, and not as I know it to be.

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Some twelve or fifteen times I have seen in a dream a place in Switzerland that I was previously familiar with, and yet in these dream visits it looks quite different from the reality, and always exactly as I saw it the first time I dreamed of it.

Some weeks ago I saw a delightful valley, so perfectly in harmony with my tastes that I question whether such a place can exist. Last night I saw it again, and found there also an old man, quite alone, eating some coarse bread at the door of a wretched little cabin. 'I was expecting you,' said he; 'I knew you would come; in a few days I shall be here no more, and you will see everything changed.' Then we went on the lake, in a little boat which he upset by jumping overboard. I went to the bottom, and woke up in the act of drowning.

Fonsalbe maintains that a dream like this must be prophetic, and that I shall see such a lake and valley. To make the dream come true we have decided that if I ever discover such a place I shall go on the water, provided the boat is well built, the weather calm, and no old man about.

Translated by Y A. Barnes

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Southey: Evil Spirits

> This is a passage from a diary Robert Southey (1774-1843), the Romantic poet, kept of his dreams.

About ten days ago, a very valuable dream which I had, has induced me to commence this record. I was haunted by evil spirits, of whose presence, though unseen, I was aware. There were also dead bodies near me, though I saw them not. Terrified as I was, far beyond any fear that I ever experienced in actual life, still I reasoned and insisted to myself that all was delirium and weakness of mind, and even sent away the person who I thought was present with me, that I might be left alone to exert myself. When alone, the actual presence of the tormentors was more certain, and my horrors increased, till at length an arm appeared through the half-opened door, or rather a long hand. Determined to convince myself that all was unsubstantial and visionary, though I saw it most distinctly, I ran up and caught it. It was a hand, and a lifeless one. I pulled at it with desperate effort, dragged in a sort of shapeless body into the room, trampled upon it, crying out aloud the while for horror. The extreme efforts I made to call for help succeeded so far as to wake Edith, who immediately delivered me from the most violent fear that ever possessed me.

This is a valuable dream, for an old monk would have believed all to have been verily what it appeared and I now perfectly understand by experience what their contests with the devil are.

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Shelley: Marianne's Dream

An occasional poem written in 1817 by Percy Bysshe Shelley. Marianne Hunt, the wife of Leigh Hunt, was scraping down and restoring the plaster statues in the library, and had this dream which she recounted to Shelley. Marianne's Dream was first published, anonymously, in Leigh Hunt's *The Literary Pocketbook*.

I

A pale dream came to a Lady fair,
And said, 'A boon, a boon, I pray
I know the secrets of the air,
And things are lost in the glare of day,
Which I can make the sleeping see,
If they will put their trust in me.

II

And thou shalt know of things unknown,
If thou wilt let me rest between
The veiny lids, whose fringe is thrown
Over thine eyes so dark and sheen:'
And half in hope and half in fright,
The Lady closed her eyes so bright.

III

At first all deadly shapes were driven
Tumultuously across her sleep,
And o'er the vast cope of bending Heaven
All-ghastly-visaged clouds did sweep;
And the Lady ever looked to spy
If the golden sun shone forth on high.

IV

And as towards the East she turned,
She saw aloft in the morning air,
Which now with hues of sunrise burned,
A great black Anchor rising there;
And wherever the Lady turned her eyes,

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It hung before her in the skies.

V

The sky was blue as the summer sea,
The depths were cloudless over head,
The air was calm as it could be,
There was no sight or sound of dread
But that black Anchor floating still
Over the piny eastern hill.

VI

The Lady grew sick with a weight of fear,
To see that Anchor ever hanging,
And veiled her eyes; she then did hear
The sound as of a dim low clanging,
And looked abroad if she might know
Was it aught else, or but the flow
Of the blood in her own veins, to and fro.

VII

There was a mist in the sunless air,
Which shook as it were with an earthquake's shock,
But the very weeds that blossomed there
Were moveless, and each might rock
Stood on its basis steadfastly;
The Anchor was seen no more on high.

VIII

But piled around, with summits hid
In lines of cloud at intervals,
Stood many a mountain pyramid
Among whose everlasting walls
Two mighty cities shone, and ever
Thro' the red mist their domes did quiver.

IX

On two dread mountains, from whose crest
Might seem, the eagle, for her brood,
Would ne'er have hung her dizzy nest,

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Those tower-encircled cities stood.
A vision strange such towers to see,
Sculptured and wrought so gorgeously,
Were human art could never be.
X
And columns framed of marble white,
And giant fanes, dome over dome
Piled, and triumphal gates, all bright
With workmanship, which could not come
From touch of mortal instrument.
Shot o'er the vales, or lustre lent
From its own shapes magnificent.
Xl
But still the Lady heard that clang
Filling the wide air far away;
And still the mist whose light did hang
Among the mountains shook alway,
So that the Lady's heart beat fast,
As half in joy, and half aghast,
On those high domes her look she cast
XII
Sudden, from out that city sprung
A light which made the earth grow red;
Two flames, that each with quivering tongue
Licked its high domes, and overhead
Among those mighty towers and fanes
Dropped fire, as a volcano rains
Its sulphurous ruin on the plains.
XIII
And hark! a rush as if the deep
Had burst its bonds; she looked behind
And saw over the eastern steep
A raging flood descend, and wind
Thro' that wide vale; she felt no fear,

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But said within herself, 'tis clear
These towers are Nature's own, and she
To save them has sent forth the sea.
XIV
And now those raging billows came
Where that fair Lady sate, and she
Was borne towards the showering flame
By the wild waves heaped tumultuously,
And, on a lirrle plank, the flow
Of the whirlpools bore her to and fro.
XV
The waves were fiercely vomited
From every tower and every dome,
And dreary light did widely shed
O'er that vast flood's suspended foam,
Beneath the smoke which hung its night
On the stained cope of heaven's light.
XVI
The plank whereon that Lady sate
Was driven through the chasms, about and about
Between the peaks so desolate
Of the drowning mountains, in and out,
As the thistle-beard on a whirlwind sails
While the flood was filling those hollow vales.
XVII
At last her plank an eddy crost,
And bore her to the city's wall,
Which now the flood had reached almost;
It might the stoutest heart appal
To hear the fire roar and hiss
Thro' the rifts of those mighty palaces.
XVIII
The eddy whirled her round and round
Before a gorgeous gate, which stood

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Piercing the clouds of smoke, which bound
Its aëry arch with light like blood;
She looked on that gate of marble clear,
With wonder that extinguished fear.

XIX

For it was filled with sculptures rarest,
Of forms most beautiful and strange,
Like nothing human, but the fairest
Of winged shapes, whose legions range
Throughout the sleep of those that are,
Like this same Lady good and fair.

XX

And as she looked, still lovelier grew
Those marble forms; - the sculptor sure
Was a strong spirit, and the hue
Of his own mind did there endure
After the touch, whose power had braided
Such grace, was in some sad change faded.

XXI

She looked, the flames were dim; the flood
Grew tranquil as a woodland river
Winding thro' hills in solitude;
Those marble shapes then seemed to quiver,
And their fair limbs to float in motion,
Like weeds unfolding in the ocean.

XXII

And their lips moved; - one seemed to speak,
When suddenly the mountains crackt,
And thro' the chasm the flood did break
With an earth-uplifting cataract;
The statues gave a joyous scream,
And on its wings the pale thin Dream
Lifted the Lady from the stream.

XXIII

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The dizzy flight of that phantom pale
Waked the fair Lady from her sleep,
And she arose, while from the veil
Of her dark eyes the dream did creep.
And she walked about as one who knew
That sleep has sights as clear and true
As any waking eyes can view.

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Keats: Endymion

John Keats wrote 'Endymion', of which we give here an extract, in 1817.

So she was gently glad to see him laid
Under her favourite bower's quiet shade,
On her own couch, new made of flower leaves,
Dried carefully on the cooler side of sheaves
When last the sun his autumn tresses shook,
And the tann'd harvesters rich armfuls took.
Soon was he quietened to slumbrous rest:
But ere it crept upon him; he had prest
Peona's busy hand against his lips,
And still, a-sleeping, held her finger-tips
In tender pressure. And as a willow keeps
A patient watch over the stream that creeps
Windingly by it, so the quiet maid
Held her in peace - so that a whispering blade
Of grass, a wailful gnat, a bee bustling
Down in the blue-bells, or a wren light rustling
Among sere leaves and twigs, might all be heard.

O magic sleep! O comfortable bird,
That broodest o'er the troubled sea of the mind
Till it is hushed and smooth!
O unconfined Restraint! Imprisoned liberty! Great key
To golden palaces, strange minstrelsy,
Fountains grotesque, new trees, bespangled caves,
Echoing grottoes, full of tumbling waves
And moonlight - aye, to all the mazy world
Of silvery enchantment! Who, upfurled
Beneath thy drowsy wing a triple hour,
But renovates and lives? Thus, in the bower,

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Endymion was calmed to life again.
Opening his eyelids with a healthier brain,
He said: 'I feel this thine endearing love
All through my bosom: thou art as a dove
Trembling its closèd eyes and sleekèd wings
About me; and the pearliest dew not brings
Such morning incense from the fields of May
As do those brighter drops that twinkling stray
From those kind eyes, the very home and haunt
Of sisterly affection. Can I want
Aught else, aught nearer heaven, than such tears?
Yet dry them up in bidding hence all fears
That, any longer, I will pass my days
Alone and sad. No, I will once more raise
My voice upon the mountain-heights; once more
Make my horn parley from their foreheads hoar;
Again my trooping hounds their tongues shall loll
Around the breathèd boar; again I'll poll
The fair-grown yew tree for a chosen bow,
And, when the pleasant sun is getting low,
Again I'll linger in a sloping mead T
o hear the speckled thrushes, and see feed
Our idle sheep. So be thou cheerèd, sweet,
And if thy lute is here, softly intreat
My soul to keep in its resolvèd course.'

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Leopardi: Nocturnal Fright

> Giacomo Leopardi, the great Italian poet of the Romantic period, wrote this poem in 1819, but it was first published in 1826. It was excluded from the 1831 edition of his collected *Canti*, but reintroduced among the 'fragments' in the 1835 edition.

Translated by G. L. Bickersteth [this translation will be inserted if/when permission is given; meanwhile, here is A.S. Kline's, available on line at <http://www.poetryintranslation.com/PITBR/Italian/Leopardi.htm#_Toc38684183> with this notice: "Translated by A. S. Kline © 2003 All Rights Reserved - This work may be freely reproduced, stored, and transmitted, electronically or otherwise, for any non-commercial purpose."]

Alcetas:

Listen, Melissus: I'll tell you a dream
I had tonight, that comes to mind on
seeing the moon again. I was standing
at the window that faces the meadow,
gazing at the sky: and suddenly, look,
the moon broke loose: and it seemed
the nearer it came in its fall
the bigger it grew: till it landed
with a bang in the midst of the meadow:
and it was the size of a bucket, and spewed
a shower of sparks, that hissed as loud
as a glowing coal when you plunge it
in water, and quench it. Just like that,
the moon, I say, in the midst of the meadow,
quenched itself, darkening, little by little,
and all the grass around was smoking.
Then gazing at the sky, I saw a sort of
gleam was left, a scar or a gaping hole,
it might have torn away from: so that
it made me shiver: and I'm still shaking.

Melissus:

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You’re right to worry, it’s likely,
that the moon would fall in your field!

Alcetas:
Who knows? Don’t we often see a star fall
in summer?

Melissus:
There are so many stars up there
no harm if one or two of them fall,
there’s thousands left. But only one
moon in the sky, and no one’s ever
seen it fall, except in dreams.

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Nodier: The Bailiff of the Isle of Man

Charles Nodier was the host of the first Romantic circle, which included Victor Hugo and Alfred de Vigny. *La Fée aux miettes*, 'The Crumb-Picking Fairy', from which this passage is taken, was published in 1832. Michel, a young carpenter, has befriended, at first out of compassion, a strange old woman who begs for her food (hence her nickname, the Crumbpicking Fairy), under the porch of the church of Granville, in Normandy. But he is soon fascinated by her charm and wisdom, and accepts quite readily that she is in fact Belkiss, the Queen of Sheba. He follows her to Scotland, but loses track of her in Greenock. He gets employment as a carpenter with Master Finewood, who finds him a room at Mrs Speaker's Inn. At this point our passage begins.

... So saying, I rested my head on my hand, haunted by the vague and confused ideas which habitually take possession of me after any vivid impressions; I suppose the same is true of others subject to an all-absorbing and passionate imagination.

A movement close by me compelled me to open my eyes and I discovered that I was being served.

'You should congratulate yourself, Michel,' Mistress Speaker said as she set before me a pair of grouse *à 1'estragon* and two bottles of port. 'The bailiff of the Isle of Man, who has come to Greenock to change the dues of his province into banknotes, does you the honour of wishing to dine with you for the pleasure of your conversation, because he has heard of your learning and exemplary conduct.'

I hastened to rise and greet the bailiff of the Isle of Man, whose bearing was of the most worthy that you can imagine, and in whose person were combined the imposing exterior of holders of high office, and the refined manners of the choicest society. What surprised me more than I have words to express was the fact that there sat upon his shoulders the magnificent head of a Great Dane, and that I alone of Mistress Speaker's numerous guests seemed to notice it. This circumstance threw me into some consternation, because I was not at all certain in what language to address him, and because I had some difficulty in understanding his, which consisted of a series of small barks, delivered with the gravest of inflections, and accompanied by extremely expressive gestures. What is beyond doubt is that he understood me perfectly, and that after a quarter of an hour of conversation, I was as surprised at the concision of his language and the exquisite subtlety of his judgements as I had been on first catching sight of the novelty of his physiognomy. It is truly embarrassing to think of the time people waste rummaging through dictionaries, when one has had the pleasure of spending time in conversation with a well-educated Great Dane such as the bailiff of the Isle of Man.

We took our leave of each other with effusive marks of affection on both sides, which no longer caused me any surprise. There are such curious sources of fellow-feeling in this world of ours! But since the port, to which I was wholly unaccustomed, made me feel sleepy, I wasted no time in retiring to the fine eiderdown bed that Master Finewood had had prepared for me. There I said my goodnights to the portrait of Belkiss, which still had the same laughter playing about its lips, and was soon dozing off, when I heard the voice of Mistress Speaker insinuating itself into my ear like a breath of wind.

'Forgive me for waking you, my child', she said, 'but there is such a terrible turmoil in my house,

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what with all these travellers setting sail tomorrow on the great 'Queen of Sheba', that I don't know where to put them all, and you would be obliging me considerably if you would share your bed with the honourable gentleman who kept you company at supper.'

'I am only too glad to do so,' I replied, 'and it is such an insignificant inconvenience for a working man to sleep double in such a spacious and accommodating bed, that you should not even have troubled to mention it.'

However I did half turn over to make sure that I was not mistaken about my bedfellow; and in fact I saw the bailiff of the Isle of Man quietly putting on a nightgown of a kind to give complete reassurance to those most sensitive about cleanliness, then slipping a fat morocco wallet with a clasp under the pillow, and finally creeping between the sheets with a silent and seemly discreetness, keeping a decent distance between himself and me, which I had taken the trouble to make easy for him to do. I was only made aware of his presence by the warmth of his breath which reached me from afar without disturbing me, for it is obvious that a Great Dane can only sleep comfortably on its side. After a few minutes, he started snoring, but in a manner so rhythmical and harmonious that I took no more notice. And I likewise fell asleep.

At that particular time, I was not in the habit of dreaming much, or rather I felt that my faculty for dreaming had undergone a change. It seemed to me that it was no longer connected with the impressions of sleep, but rather with those of real life, and that it was in real life that it had taken refuge with all its manifold illusions. To tell the truth, I only entered a bizarre and imaginary world when I had done with sleeping; and that surprised and derisive eye we usually cast, when we awaken, on the dreams of the previous night, I cast, not without shame, on the dreams of the dawning day, before yielding myself up to them completely as to one of the inescapable imperatives of my destiny. The particular night of which I am speaking was, however, troubled by strange dreams and by real events stranger still, and the memory of it never recurs to my mind without all my limbs being at the same time traversed by a shudder of fear.

It all began with the shrill sound of a window slowly turning on its hinges, through which I felt the insidious air of damp September mists creep in. '0h! Oh!' I said to myself, 'the wind has its way as much in the Caledonian Hotel, if I am not mistaken, as in the artisan's garret!' And I put it out of my mind. - A moment later, I thought I heard confused movements, sinister murmurings in whispered undertones, a vague noise of muffled words and stifled laughter which buzzed in my ears. 'So that's how it is,' I continued. 'The storm is going to play its nasty tricks at Mistress Speaker's; but it would be a stupid man who, sleeping on such a magnificent eiderdown bed, troubled his head about it!' And I merely drew the eiderdown up over my companion and myself, and snuggled into the down again, so afraid was I of losing the somnolence of that soothing repose, a repose I had not enjoyed since the days of my childhood at my father's, when my Uncle André, on his way to bed, would come and lift the overflowing mattress from between the planks of the bedstead and kiss my forehead.

'The other one is asleep,' muttered a hoarse voice, immediately drowned in unintelligible grunts.

And while I held my breath to listen, the luminous globe of a lantern, whose heat I could almost feel, transfixed me with its piercing rays, which penetrated between my eyelids like fiery wedges; for in the vague turmoil of a half-interrupted sleep, I had automatically turned towards the middle of the room. - I then saw (how horrible to recall it!) four enormous heads rising up above the blazing lantern, as though they belonged to the same body, and on which its light was reflected with as much brilliance as if it had had two mutually intensifying sources. They were indeed extraordinary and forbidding faces! The head of a wild cat, growling in a low, lugubrious and unbroken mumble, through the red vapours which played round the lamp's window, and fixing on me eyes more

dazzling than the rounded belly of the glass but which, instead of being circular, were centres of refraction, thin, narrow, oblique and pointed like flaming slits. - A mastiffs head, its hair bristling, blood foaming from its mouth, and with shapeless, but still living, pulsating, groaning hunks of flesh hanging from its fangs. - A horse's head more cleanly picked, sharper and whiter, than those drying out on the municipal dump, half charred by the sun; it was set on a kind of camel's neck and swung backwards and forwards with the regularity of a pendulum, shaking out of its empty eye-sockets, in all directions and with each oscillation, several feathers left there by the crows. Behind these three heads, there rose - and hideous, hideous it was the head of a man or some other monster, which stood much taller than all the others, and whose features, arranged in reverse order to our own, seemed to have exchanged not only their places but also their organs and attributes, so that its eyes gnashed their teeth right and left as stridently as metal resisting the locksmith's file; and its disproportionate mouth, whose lips were twisted in terrible convulsions, like the eye-balls of an epileptic, threatened me with looks like daggers. It seemed to me that this head was supported from below by a vast hand which had a tight grip on its hair, and brandished it like a terrifying rattle to amuse an uproarious multitude hanging by their feet from the panels in the ceiling, which creaked under their stamping; this mass of creatures clapped their thousands of dangling hands in our direction to register their applause and good humour.

Faced with this terrifying sight, I gave the bailiff of the Isle of Man a sharp push, but he,fell back on me like a corpse, because by dint of hiding away in the depths of the bed so as not to get in his way, I had made a hollow for myself, and I could no longer see what was going on, except by the ray of light let in by his long muzzle pointing out from between his small, straight ears. However, a lever of some sort, muscular, black and hairy, an arm perhaps, rummaging under our pillow, brushed against my neck with the raw, stabbing coldness of ice and alerted me to the fact that they had designs on his wallet. I leapt up, seized the knife which I had bought that morning for the crossing, and rushed in among the phantoms, striking about me, at the cat, at the mastiff, at the horse, at the monster, cutting through the owls which were beating their wings against my head, through the snakes which encircled me with their coils, twining round my limbs and biting my shoulders, through the black and yellow salamanders which were gnawing at my toes and encouraging each other with the assurance that I would soon be brought down. At last I managed to snatch my friend's fortune... from whom? I don't know! - for my dagger plunged into bodies with no more consistency than clouds, - and then I saw them gather together, leaping and bounding through the open window, mingling together in a pack, wheeling round each other pell-mell, momentarily scattered by collision with a stone, reuniting again on the slope down to the jetty, still wheeling in their uninterrupted flight, and finally plunging into the sea with the crash of an avalanche.

I came back in triumph, but panting with weariness and terror, - searching for all the doors, but they were walled up, or offered so narrow and meagre an egress that even a snake would not have dared to slither through, - pulling all the bell-cords, but they jangled their squirrel's-tail clappers against their cork rims to no avail, - crying out for someone to speak, just one word; but my cries, which were audible only to me, could not find a way out of my all but bursting chest and died away on my mute lips like the echo of a breath.

I was found the next day, lying prone by my bed, the bailiffs wallet in one hand and a knife in the other.

I was asleep.

Translated by C. Scott

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Nerval: The Second Life

> For Gérard de Nerval's *Aurélia*, from which this dream is taken, see page 280 [in this electronic version, see Nerval: The Woman].

Translated by G. Wagner [this translation will be inserted if/when permission is given; meanwhile, here is the French original. The whole text of Aurélia is available at <http://un2sg4.unige.ch/athena/nerval/nerv_aur.html>].

Le Rêve est une seconde vie. Je n'ai pu percer sans frémir ces portes d'ivoire ou de corne qui nous séparent du monde invisible. Les premiers instants du sommeil sont l'image de la mort ; un engourdissement nébuleux saisit notre pensée, et nous ne pouvons déterminer l'instant précis où le moi, sous une autre forme, continue l'oeuvre de l'existence. C'est un souterrain vague qui s'éclaire peu à peu, et où se dégagent de l'ombre et de la nuit les pâles figures gravement immobiles qui habitent le séjour des limbes. Puis le tableau se forme, une clarté nouvelle illumine et fait jouer ces apparitions bizarres: - le monde des Esprits s'ouvre pour nous.

Swedenborg appelait ces visions *Memorabilia* ; il les devait à la rêverie plus souvent qu'au sommeil; *L'Âne d'or* d'Apulée, *La Divine Comédie* de Dante, sont les modèles poétiques de ces études de l'âme humaine. Je vais essayer, à leur exemple, de transcrire les impressions d'une longue maladie qui s'est passée tout entière dans les mystères de mon esprit ; - et je ne sais pourquoi je me sers de ce terme maladie, car jamais, quant à ce qui est de moi-même, je ne me suis senti mieux portant. Parfois, je croyais ma force et mon activité doublées ; il me semblait tout savoir, tout comprendre ; l'imagination m'apportait des délices infinies. En recouvrant ce que les hommes appellent la raison, faudra-t-il regretter de les avoir perdues?...

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Dumas: Mocquet - Nightmare

> The following passage is taken from a short story by Alexandre Dumas (Père), which was first published as *Le cauchetnar de Mocquet* in a weekly, *Le Monte-Cristo* on 8 October 1857. It was then republished as *Un voyage à la lune* in *Causeries*, vol. 1, 1857. The passage given here is situated at the beginning of the story.

I have often told you in my *Mémoires* and in other books, of a gamekeeper of my father's, who gave me my first fencing lessons.

This man was called Mocquet.

He was a worthy fellow, but very superstitious, and never would let you throw any doubts on the truth of the legends which the old folk told about the forest of Villers-Cotterets. He vowed he had seen with his own eyes the White Lady of the Tower on the Mount; he had carried on his shoulder the Ghostly Sheep of the Goat's Knoll; and (as you may know) it was he who told me the story of Thibaut the Werewolf, which I have lately retold to my readers.

For the last few months of my father's life, when he was suffering from the complaint of which he died, we were all living at the little old castle known as the 'Château des Fossés', and just at this time Mocquet was possessed with a strange fancy.

He believed that an old woman of Haramont (a little village a mile and a half away from our house) haunted him in his sleep, and gave him the nightmare.

This old woman was called Mother Durand.

Mocquet's tale was, that as soon as he fell asleep, the old woman came and sat upon his chest and weighed more and more heavily upon him till he choked for breath.

Then he would begin in his dreams to go through a series of adventures which made him suffer so acutely that when he awoke the poor man was quite sure that what he had just endured was not a dream at all, but had really happened.

So persuaded was he of this, that I have more than once known his hearers to be shaken in their disbelief; and as for myself, child-like, I never doubted in the least but that Mocquet had seen and done the things which he said he had seen and done.

After one of these dreams he would awake, panting, pale, and trembling. It was pitiful to see the poor fellow using every possible means to keep himself from sleeping, so afraid was he of what sleep would bring. Sometimes he would beg his neighbours to come in and play cards with him, would order his wife to pinch him black and blue if he should give way and close his eyes, and, further, to keep himself from drowsiness, he would drink cup after cup of coffee, just as anybody else would drink water.

But it was all in vain. His neighbours, who were forced to be up early next morning, could seldom be persuaded to play at cards later than eleven o'clock. His wife, after keeping on pinching him until one o'clock in the morning, ended by going to sleep herself. And lastly, the coffee, which at first had the desired effect, little by little ceased to keep him awake, and ended by being no more helpful to poor Mocquet than any ordinary drink.

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Mocquet struggled his very hardest; he walked up and down, he sang, he cleaned his gun; but at last his legs gave way under him, his voice died away in his throat, and his gun fell from his hands.

Knowing what was going to happen Mocquet uttered many a bitter groan whilst all this was going on; but his cries gave way to a sort of rattling in his throat, which showed that the nightmare was beginning to take hold of him, and that the old witch, who was riding upon the poor man as if he were her broom, was in the saddle once more!

Then the poor dreamer lost all idea of time and of space and had the strangest fancies about the length of time he had slept. He insisted that he had slept twelve hours, or eight hours, or eight days, or a month, just as it happened; and the things which he had seen, the places he had visited, the deeds he had done in his sleeping hours, were so fresh and real to him, that whatever one might say, however much you might try to prove to him the absurdity of what he said, nothing would shake his belief in the truth of his dreams.

One day he walked into my father's room looking so pale and upset that the General saw at once something alarming had happened to Mocquet, not in real life - for the poor fellow had ceased to care about the events of his waking hours - but in one of his bad dreams.

And indeed, when asked what his news was, Mocquet replied that he had been to the Moon.

My father's face showed that he did not quite believe this; but the keeper was quite certain of it, and as his bare word did not seem to have any great weight with my father, Mocquet went on to tell the whole story from beginning to end.

I was sitting in a corner of the room; I heard it all, and as I was always fond of wonderful stories I didn't lose a word of the strange tale which I am going to tell you.

'You remember, General,' began Mocquet, 'that seven or eight days ago you sent me with a letter to General Charpentier, at Oigny.'

Here my father stopped the speaker.

'You're mistaken, Mocquet,' he said, 'it was only yesterday!'

'General, I know what I'm talking about,' Mocquet went on.

'Yes, and, good heavens, so do 1!' cried my father. 'And the proof is, that yesterday was Sunday, when I sent you - and today's Monday.'

'Yesterday was Sunday, yes,' Mocquet replied, 'and today's Monday - that's all right. But it wasn't yesterday, but a week yesterday, that you sent me to Oigny.'

My father knew that on this subject it was no use trying to set Mocquet right, so he merely said -

'Let it be so, then. We'll suppose it was eight days ago.'

'There's no "suppose" about it, General; I was eight days in doing the journey I've just returned from; and you'll see that eight days wasn't a bit too long, and that I've got the time quite right.'

'Ah! And so you've been to the Moon, eh, Mocquet?'

'I have been there, General, as sure as there's a sun in heaven.'

'Well, well, tell us all about it, Mocquet; it ought to have been a very interesting trip.'

'I should think so! But you'll see. I must first tell you, General, that as luck or ill-luck would have it, old daddy Berthelin was married for the second time eight days ago. He saw me just as he was coming out of church, and cried out

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"Hallo! Is that you? I wouldn't have bothered you to come and see me for such a trifle as my wedding, but now that you're here, you must come and dine with us at Port-aux-Perches! "

'"I ask nothing better," I answered. "The General has given me leave until tomorrow, and so long as I turn up at nine in the morning I'm free till then!"

'"Good! You know your way back home, don't you?"

'"I should think I do!"

'"We'll let you off at midnight, and you'll be at the chateau before daylight."

'"Right!" I said, "that's settled!"

'And I gave my arm to fat old Dame Berchu, who had no beau, and there was I, one of the wedding party!

'The breakfast was held at Father Tellier's of Corcy, who had provided the food; General Charpentier had sent fifty bottles of wine, and Tellier had brought fifty himself. There were twenty-five guests, seven of them being women, and so reckoning a bottle each for the ladies, that left four or five each for us men, which was rather too big a share. So I said to Berthelin -

'"Fifty bottles for twenty-five of us will be enough, Berthelin."

'But he only answered -

'"Bah! The wine's drawn: we must drink it."

'And we did.

'You quite understand, General, that when a man has five bottles of wine under his waistcoat he doesn't walk very straight or see very clearly. So I don't quite know how the thing happened, but I suddenly found myself standing on the bank of the little river Ourcq, on the wrong side.

'I knew a place where there was, not a bridge, unluckily, but a tree-trunk thrown across the stream. I walked along the bank until I found it, and started off bravely to cross it.

'But just as I reached the middle my foot slipped, and splash! there I was in the river!

'Luckily I can swim like a fish, and J struck out for the other bank; but I don't know how it was - perhaps the river turned and twisted, perhaps the current was too strong, perhaps the other side drew back as fast as I approached - but anyhow, I swam on, following the stream, but never being able to get any nearer to either side.

'At dawn I found myself entering a much broader river.

'It was the Marne.

'I went on swimming. As the morning grew lighter I began to pass people on the banks. Everyone stopped to watch me, and I heard them say, "There's a fine swimmer for you! Where's he off to, I wonder?"

'And others would reply, "Oh, very likely to Havre - or England, or America - or-"

'Then I cried out, "No, no, my friends, I'm not going so far as that! I'm on my way to the Château des Fossés, to carry Comte Charpentier's reply to the General. - Kind friends, in Heaven's name, send off a boat to pick me up! I swear to you I've no business in America, or England, or even at Havre!"

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'But they began to laugh, and cried out, "No, no, no! You swim too well! Swim, Mocquet, swim!"

'I wondered how these people whom I'd never seen before knew my name; but I couldn't puzzle it out, and as in spite of my struggles I could get no nearer the side, I was forced to go on swimming.

'About four o'clock in the afternoon I came to another river, larger still, and as I passed a little shop with the sign, "To Charenton Bridge: fried fish sold", I guessed I was in the Seine.

'My doubts were set at rest when about five o'clock I saw Bercy. I was going to pass through Paris!

'I felt very glad at this, for I said to myself, "The dickens is in it, if all the way through the great city I can't find some boat to catch hold of, some kind soul who'll throw me a rope, or some good Newfoundland dog to rescue me."

'Well, General, I found nothing of the sort! The quays and the bridges were covered with people, who seemed to have come out on purpose to see me swim past. I shouted out to the men, to the women, and even to the children, "My good friends! I shall end by being drowned, as you well may see, if you don't pull me out. Help! Help!"

'But one and all - men, women, and children - began to laugh, crying out, "What, you drown! You'll take good care you don't! Swim, Mocquet, swim!"

'And I heard others saying, "If he goes on at this rate he'll be at Havre tomorrow night, England day after tomorrow, and reach America in two months!"

'And it was all in vain that I cried, "That's not what I want at all: I've a message for the General, and he's waiting for it. Take me up - take me up, please!"

'But they only answered, "Take you up, Mocquet? We've no right to do that: you haven't stolen anything! Swim, Mocquet, swim!"

'And swim I did, not being able to get hold of the washing-womens' boats, or the piles under the bridges, and I swam on, past the Hbtel de Ville, leaving the Louvre on my right, the Academy on my left, on past the Tuileries Gardens and the Champs Elysées, until at last I left Paris behind me.

'Night came on. I swam all night.

'Next morning I found myself at Rouen.

'The more I progressed the more the river widened, and the further away the banks became. I said to myself, "And they call this the inferior Seine! They are nice ones, aren't they!"

'At Rouen I aroused the same curiosity as at Charenton and Paris; and the people there answered me, just as the others had done, by bidding me swim on, and reckoning to each other, just as the folk had done at Charenton and Paris, how long it would take me to get to Havre, England, and America at the rate I was going.

'At three in the afternoon I saw a boundless stretch of waters open before me, with a big town at the right corner and a little town at the left corner.

'I supposed that the little town on the left was Honfleur, the big town, built in a curve, was Havre, and the great field of water the sea.

'I was too far from the shore to attract the attention of the people. I only met fishermen in their boats, who stopped in their fishing to watch me as I passed, and to say,

"'That wretched Mocquet! See how he swims: he's worse than a duck, hang him!"

'And I answered them, grinding my teeth with rage,

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"'Away, you vile set of fish-pots!"

'But, meanwhile, it was I who was "away"-ing, at a fine pace, I warrant you. And soon I knew by the swell of the waves that I was in the open sea.

'Night came on.

'I might have been able to turn to left or right if I had wanted, but as there was no reason why I should go either way, I kept on swimming straight ahead.

'Towards daybreak I saw something like a shadow in front of me. I made an effort to stand up in the water so as to see above the waves. I managed to do so, and spied what seemed to me like an island.

'I redoubled my efforts, and as the day became brighter I found that I had not been mistaken.

'An hour later I set foot on solid ground.

'It was high time, for I was beginning to be tired...

Translated by H. A. Spurr

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Tennyson: Sea Dreams

This is a fragment from the poem *Sea Dreams*, first published in *Macmillan's Magazine* in January 1860 with the subtitle *An Idyll.* A small clerk, who had invested his slender fortunes to buy some shares in some Peruvian mines, goes to the seaside with his family. During a stormy night he has this dream.

Had you ill dreams?
'O yes,' he said, 'I dreamed
Of such a tide swelling toward the land,
And I from out the boundless outer deep
Swept with it to the shore, and entered one
Of those dark caves that run beneath the cliffs.
I thought the motion of the boundless deep
Bore through the cave, and I was heaved upon it
In darkness: then I saw one lovely star
Larger and larger. "What a world," I thought,
"To live in!" but in moving on I found
Only the landward exit of the cave,
Bright with the sun upon the stream beyond:
And near the light a giant woman sat,
All over earthy, like a piece of earth,
A pickaxe in her hand: then out I slipt
Into a land all sun and blossom, trees
As high as heaven, and every bird that sings:
And here the nightlight flickering in my eyes
Awoke me.'
'That was then your dream,' she said,
'Not sad, but sweet.'
' So sweet, I lay,' said he,
'And mused upon it, drifting up the stream
In fancy, till I slept again, and pieced
The broken vision: for I dreamed that still
The motion of the great deep bore me on,

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And that the woman walked upon the brink:
I wondered at her strength, and asked her of it:
"It came," she said, "by working in the mines:"
O then to ask her of my shares, I thought:
And asked; but not a word; she shook her head.
And then the motion of the current ceased,
And there was rolling thunder; and we reached
A mountain, like a wall of burs and thorns;
But she with her strong feet up the steep hill
Trod out a path: I followed; and at top
She pointed seaward: there a fleet of glass,
That seemed a fleet of jewels under me,
Sailing along before a gloomy cloud
That not one moment ceased to thunder, past
In sunshine: right across its track there lay,
Down in the water, a long reef of gold,
Or what seemed gold: and I was glad at first
To think that in our often-ransacked world
Still so much gold was left; and then I feared
Lest the gay navy there should splinter on it,
And fearing waved my arm to warn them off;
An idle signal, for the brittle fleet
(I thought I could have died to save it) neared,
Touched, clinked, and clashed, and vanished, and I woke,
I heard the clash so clearly. Now I see
My dream was Life; the woman honest Work;
And my poor venture but a fleet of glass
Wrecked on a reef of visionary gold,'

'Nay,' said the kindly wife to comfort him,
'You raised your arm, you tumbled down and broke
The glass with little Margaret's medicine in it;
And, breaking that, you made and broke your dream:
A trifle makes a dream, a trifle breaks.'

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Carroll: Through the Looking Glass

This passage is taken from Chapter IV of Lewis Carroll's *Through the Looking Glass*, first published in 187 1.

She checked herself in some alarm, at hearing something that sounded to her like the puffing of a large steam-engine in the wood near them, though she feared it was more likely to be a wild beast. 'Are there any lions or tigers about here?' she asked timidly.

'It's only the Red King snoring,' said Tweedledee.

'Come and look at him!' the brothers cried, and they each took one of Alice's hands, and led her up to where the King was sleeping.

'Isn't he *a lovely* sight?' said Tweedledum.

Alice couldn't say honestly that he was. He had a tall red night-cap on, with a tassel, and he was lying crumpled up into a sort of untidy heap, and snoring loud-'fit to snore his head off!' as Tweedledum remarked.

'I'm afraid he'll catch cold with lying on the damp grass,' said Alice, who was a very thoughtful little girl.

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

Alice said, 'Nobody can guess that.'

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

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

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

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

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

'Ditto,'said Tweedledum.

'Ditto, ditto!'cried Tweedledee.

He shouted this so loud that Alice couldn't help saying, 'Hush! You'll be waking him, I'm afraid, if you make so much noise.'

'Well, it's no use *your* talking about waking him,' said Tweedledum, 'when you're only one of the things in his dream. You know very well you're not real.'

'I *am* real!' said Alice, and began to cry.

'You won't make yourself a bit realler by crying,' Tweedledee remarked: 'there's nothing to cry about.'

'If I wasn't real,' Alice said - half laughing through her tears, it all seemed so ridiculous - 'I shouldn't

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be able to cry.'

'I hope you don't suppose those are *real* tears?' Tweedledum interrupted in a tone of great contempt.

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Rimbaud: Dawn

> 'Dawn' belongs to *Les Illuminations*, and it was first published in 1886 in *La Vogue*, the periodical directed by the symbolist poet Gustave Kahn. *Les Illuminations* were probably written in 1872-3. According to Verlaine, the title of the collection derives from one of the English acceptations of the word illuminations, meaning 'coloured plates'.

Translated by P Schmidt [the translation will be inserted if/when permission is given; meanwhile, here is the French original].

J'ai embrassé l'aube d'été.

Rien ne bougeait encore au front des palais. L'eau était morte. Les camps d'ombres ne quittaient pas la route du bois. J'ai marché, réveillant les haleines vives et tièdes, et les pierreries regardèrent, et les ailes se levèrent sans bruit.

La première entreprise fut, dans le sentier déjà empli de frais et blêmes éclats, une fleur qui me dit son nom.

Je ris au *wasserfall* blond qui s'échevela à travers les sapins: à la cime argentée, je reconnus la déesse.

Alors je levai un à un les voiles. Dans l'allée, en agitant les bras. Par la plaine, où je l'ai dénoncée au coq. A la grand'ville elle fuyait parmi les clochers et les dômes, et courant comme un mendiant sur les quais de marbre, je la chassais.

En haut de la route, près d'un bois de lauriers, je l'ai entourée avec ses voiles amassés, et j'ai senti un peu son immense corps. L'aube et l'enfant tombèrent au bas du bois.

Au réveil il était midi.

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Wagner: Sausages and music

> This dream of Richard Wagner was written down by his wife Cosima in her Diary on 6 January 1876.

Translated by G. Skelton [the translation will be inserted if/when permission is given.]

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Maupassant: Dreams

Guy de Maupassant's 'Dreams' was first published in 1885 in *Contes du jour et de la nuit*.

Anonymous translation [I don't remember where we found it. In case it is still under copyright, another anonymous translation can be read online at <http://www.general-anaesthesia.com/misc/dreams-maupassant.html>]

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Apollinaire: Oneirocritique

> Oneirocritique is a section of *L'Enchanteur pourrissant*, a long story Apollinaire published in *Le Festin d'Esop*e, the review he edited in 1903-4.

Translated by J. Romney [the translation will be inserted if/when permission is given; meanwhile, here is the French original]

Les charbons du ciel étaient si proches que je craignais leur ardeur. Ils étaient sur le point de me brûler. Mais j'avais la conscience des éternités différentes de l'homme et de la femme. Deux animaux dissemblables s'accouplaient et les rosiers provignaient des treilles qu'alourdissaient des grappes de lune. De la gorge du singe, il sortit des flammes qui fleurdelisèrent le monde. Dans les myrtaies, une hermine blanchissait. Nous lui demandâmes la raison du faux hiver. J'avalai des troupeaux basanés. Orkenise parut à l'horizon. Nous nous dirigeâmes vers cette ville en regrettant les vallons où les pommiers chantaient, sifflaient et rugissaient. Mais le chant des champs labourés était merveilleux:

Par les portes d'Orkenise
Veut entrer un charretier,
Par les portes d'Orkenise
Veut sortir un va-nu-pieds.

Et les gardes de la ville
Courant sus au va-nu-pieds:
«Qu'emportes-tu de la ville?»
«J'y laisse mon coeur entier.»

Et les gardes de la ville
Courant sus au charretier:
«Qu'apportes-tu dans la ville?»
«Mon coeur pour me marier.»

Que de coeurs dans Orkenise !
Les gardes riaient, riaient.
Va-nu-pieds la route est grise,
L'amour grise ô charretier.

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Les beaux gardes de la ville,

Tricotaient superbement;

Puis, les portes de la ville

Se fermèrent lentement.

Mais j'avais la conscience des éternités différentes de l'homme et de la femme. Le ciel allaitait ses pards. J'aperçus alors sur ma main des taches cramoisies. Vers le matin, des pirates emmenèrent neuf vaisseaux ancrés dans le port. Les monarques s'égayaient. Et, les femmes ne voulaient pleurer aucun mort. Elles préfèrent les vieux rois, plus forts en amour que les vieux chiens. Un sacrificateur désira être immolé au lieu de la victime. On lui ouvrit le ventre. J'y vis quatre I, quatre O, quatre D. On nous servit de la viande fraîche et je grandis subitement après en avoir mangé. Des singes pareils à leurs arbres violaient d'anciens tombeaux. J'appelai une de ces bêtes sur qui poussaient des feuilles de laurier. Elle m'apporta une tête faite d'une seule perle. Je la pris dans mes bras et l'interrogeai après l'avoir menacée de la rejeter dans la mer si elle ne me répondait pas. Cette perle était ignorante et la mer l'engloutit.

Mais, j'avais la conscience des éternités différentes de l'homme et de la femme. Deux animaux dissemblables s'aimaient. Cependant les rois seuls ne mouraient point de ce rire et vingt tailleurs aveugles vinrent dans le but de tailler et de coudre un voile destiné à couvrir la sardoine. Je les dirigeai moi-même, à reculons. Vers le soir, les arbres s'envolèrent, les singes devinrent immobiles et je me vis au centuple. La troupe que j'étais s'assit au bord de la mer. De grands vaisseaux d'or passaient à l'horizon. Et quand la nuit fut complète, cent flammes vinrent à ma rencontre. Je procréai cent enfants mâles dont les nourrices furent la lune et la colline. Ils aimèrent les rois désossés que l'on agitait sur les balcons. Arrivé au bord d'un fleuve, je le pris à deux mains et le brandis. Cette épée me désaltéra. Et la source languissante m'avertit que si j'arrêtais le soleil je le verrais carré, en réalité. Centuplé, je nageai vers un archipel. Cent matelots m'accueillirent et m'ayant mené dans un palais, ils m'y tuèrent quatre-vingt-dix-neuf fois. J'éclatai de rire à ce moment et dansai tandis qu'ils pleuraient. Je dansai à quatre pattes. Les matelots n'osaient plus bouger, car j'avais l'aspect effrayant du lion...

À quatre pattes, à quatre pattes.

Mes bras, mes jambes se ressemblaient et mes yeux multipliés me couronnaient attentivement. Je me relevai ensuite pour danser comme les mains et les feuilles.

J'étais ganté. Les insulaires m'emmenèrent dans leurs vergers pour que je cueillisse des fruits semblables à des femmes. Et l'île, à la dérive, alla combler un golfe où du sable aussitôt poussèrent des arbres rouges. Une bête molle couverte de plumes blanches chantait ineffablement et tout un peuple l'admirait sans se lasser. Je retrouvai sur le sol la tête faite d'une seule perle et qui pleurait. Je brandis le fleuve et la foule se dispersa. Des vieillards mangeaient l'ache et immortels ne souffraient pas plus que les morts. Je me sentis libre, libre comme une fleur en sa saison. Le soleil n'est pas plus libre qu'un fruit mûr. Un troupeau d'arbres broutait les étoiles invisibles et l'aurore donnait la main à la tempête. Dans les myrtaies, on subissait l'influence de l'ombre. Tout un peuple entassé dans un pressoir saignait en chantant. Des hommes naquirent de la liqueur qui coulait du pressoir. Ils brandissaient d'autres fleuves qui s'entrechoquaient avec un bruit argentin. Les ombres sortirent des myrtaies et s'en allèrent dans les jardinets qu'arrosait un surgeon d'yeux d'hommes et de bêtes. Le plus beau des hommes me prit à la gorge, mais je parvins à le terrasser. À genoux, il me montra les dents. Je les touchai; il en sortit des sons qui se changèrent en serpents de la couleur des châtaignes et leur langue s'appelait Sainte-Fabeau . Ils déterrèrent une racine transparente et en mangèrent. Elle était de la grosseur d'une rave. Et mon fleuve au repos les surbaigna sans les noyer.

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Le ciel était plein de fèces et d'oignons. Je maudissais les astres indignes dont la clarté coulait sur la terre. Nulle créature vivante n'apparaissait plus. Mais des chants s'élevaient de toutes parts. Je visitai des villes vides et des chaumières abandonnées. Je ramassai les couronnes de tous les rois et en fis le ministre immobile du monde loquace. Des vaisseaux d'or, sans matelots, passaient à l'horizon. Des ombres gigantesques se profilaient sur les voiles lointaines. Plusieurs siècles me séparaient de ces ombres. Je me désespérai. Mais, j'avais la conscience des éternités différentes de l'homme et de la femme. Des ombres dissemblables assombrissaient de leur amour l'écarlate des voilures, tandis que mes yeux se multipliaient dans les fleuves, dans les villes et dans la neige des montagnes.

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Papini: The Sick Gentleman's Last Visit

> Giovanni Papini, a prolific Italian writer and polemist, author of about one hundred books, published this short story in 1906 in a volume entitled *Il tragico quotidiano*.

Translated by A. Manguel [The translation will be inserted if/when permission is given; meanwhile, here is a version – apparently shorter than the one used by Manguel - ofthe Italian original, copied from <http://www.nextonline.it/archivio/08/02.htm>).

Nessuno seppe mai il vero nome di colui che tutti chiamavano il Gentiluomo Malato. Non è rimasto di lui, dopo l'improvvisa scomparsa, che il ricordo dei suoi indimenticabili sorrisi ed un ritratto di Sebastiano del Piombo, che lo raffigura nascosto nell'ombra morbida di una pelliccia, con una mano inguantata che ricade giù floscia come quella di un dormiente. Qualcuno che lo amò di più - ed io fui tra quei pochissimi ricorda anche la sua singolare pelle di un pallido giallo trasparente e la leggerezza quasi femminile dei suoi passi e lo smarrimento abituale dei suoi occhi. Era, veramente, un seminatore di spavento. La sua presenza dava un colore fantastico alle cose più semplici quando la sua mano toccava qualche oggetto sembrava che questo entrasse a far parte del mondo dei sogni. Nessuno gli chiese mai qual fosse il suo male e perché mostrasse di non curarlo. Viveva camminando sempre, senza posarsi, giorno e notte. Nessuno seppe dove fosse la sua casa; nessuno gli conobbe padre o fratelli. Apparve un giorno nella città e dopo alcuni anni un altro giorno scomparve.

La vigilia di questo giorno, di primo mattino, quando appena il cielo cominciava a farsi bianco, venne a svegliarmi nella mia camera. Sentii la soffice carezza del suo guanto sulla mia fronte e lo vidi dinanzi a me colla sua bocca che portava eternamente il ricordo di un sorriso e i suoi occhi più smarriti del solito. Mi accorsi, dal rossore delle palpebre, che aveva vegliato tutta la notte e doveva aver atteso l'alba con grande ansia perché le sue mani tremavano e tutto il suo corpo sembrava scosso dalla febbre.

"Che avete? ", gli chiesi, "il vostro male vi tormenta più degli altri giorni? "

"Voi credete dunque, come tutti, ch'io: abbia un male? Perché non dire ch'io: sono, io stesso, un male? Non c'è niente che sia mio, intendete? Non c'è niente che mi appartenga! Ma io sono di qualcuno e c'è qualcuno a cui appartengo!"

Ero abituato ai suoi bizzarri discorsi e perciò non gli risposi. Egli si accostò ancora al mio letto e mi toccò ancora la fronte col suo molle guanto.

"Non avete nessuna traccia di febbre", prosegui, "siete perfettamente sano e tranquillo, Posso dunque dirvi qualcosa che forse vi spaventerà: posso dirvi, cioè, chi sono io. Ascoltatemi con attenzione, ve ne prego, perché forse non potrò dire due volte le stesse cose, ed è pur necessario ch'io le dica almeno una volta." Dicendo questo si gettò in una poltrona accanto al mio letto e seguitò con voce più alta:

"Io non sono un uomo reale. Non sono un uomo come gli altri, un uomo di ossa e di muscoli, un uomo generato da uomini. Io sono nient'altro che la figura di un sogno. Un'immagine di Shakespeare è divenuta per me letteralmente e tragicamente esatta: io sono della stessa stoffa colla quale son fatti i vostri sogni! Esisto perché c'è uno che mi sogna; c'è uno che dorme e sogna e mi vede agire e vivere e muovere e in questo momento sogna ch'io dico tutto questo. Quando quest'uno

ha cominciato a sognarmi ho cominciato ad esistere; sono un ospite delle sue lunghe fantasie notturne. Il sogno di quest'uno è talmente duraturo ed intenso ch'io son divenuto visibile anche agli uomini che vegliano. Ma il mondo della veglia non è il mio. La mia vita vera è quella che scorre lentamente nell'anima del mio addormentato creatore... "

Non crediate ch'io parli per enigmi e per simboli. Quello che vi dico è la verità. "

L'essere attore di un sogno non è ciò che mi tormenta di più. Ci sono poeti che hanno detto esser la vita degli uomini l'ombra di un sogno e vi sono filosofi che hanno suggerito che la realtà tutta è allucinazione. Io sono invece perseguitato da un'altra idea: chi è colui che mi sogna? chi è quest'uno, che m'ha fatto sorgere e che al suo risveglio mi spegnerà ad un tratto, come una fiamma a un improvviso soffio? Quanti giorni ho pensato a questo mio padrone che dorme.

"Chi è dunque costui? Questa è la domanda che mi agita da lunghissimo tempo, fin da quando ho scoperto la materia di cui son fatto. Voi capite bene l'importanza di questo problema per me. I personaggi dei sogni godono di un'assai larga libertà e perciò la mia vita non era del tutto determinata dalla mia origine, ma per molta parte in mio arbitrio. Nei primi tempi ero spaventato dal pensiero che poteva bastare la più piccola cosa per svegliarlo, cioè per annientarmi. Perciò m'industriai di menare la più virtuosa e santa vita del mondo. "

Ma finalmente fui stanco e umiliato pensando di dover servire di spettacolo a questo padrone sconosciuto e inconoscibile; mi accorsi che questa finzione di vita non valeva tanta bassezza e tanta adulatrice viltà. Desiderai allora ardentemente ciò che prima mi faceva orrore, cioè il suo risveglio. Mi sforzai di riempire la mia vita di spettacoli tanto orridi da farlo destare per lo spavento.

E tutto ho tentato per giungere al riposo dell'annientamento. Ma sembra che colui che mi sogna non s'impaurisca di quello che fa tremare voialtri uomini. O gode alla vista di ciò che v'è di più orribile, oppure non se ne cura e non se ne spaventa. Fino a questo giorno non son riuscito a svegliarlo e debbo ancor trascinare questa ignobile vita, servile e irreale. "Attendo con tanto desiderio la fine di questo sciocco sogno nel quale fo una parte cosi monotona! "

Quello ch'io faccio in questo momento è l'ultimo tentativo. Io dico al mio sognatore ch'io sono un sogno; voglio ch'egli sogni di sognare. È una cosa che accade anche agli uomini, non è vero? E accade allora che si sveglino quando si accorgono di sognare? Credete che riuscirò?" E pronunciando queste parole il Gentiluomo Malato si agitava sulla poltrona, si toglieva e si rimetteva il guanto della mano sinistra e mi guardava con occhi sempre più smarriti. Pareva che attendesse da un momento all'altro qualcosa di meraviglioso e di pauroso. "

Voi credete tutto questo non è vero?", riprese, "sentite che non mentisco? Ma perché non poter sparire? Consolatemi un poco; suggeritemi qualche stratagemma, qualche intrigo, qualche frode che mi sopprima! Non avete dunque pietà di questo annoiato spettro?"

E siccome continuavo a tacere egli mi guardò ancora una volta e s'alzò in piedi. Mi sembrò allora assai più alto di prima e osservai ancora una volta la sua pelle un poco diafana. Mormorando qualcosa a bassa voce egli uscì dalla mia camera e uno solo l'ha visto dopo quell'ora.

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Huch: The Poem – Dream Creature – The Second Head

For Huch, see page 81 [in this electronic version, see Huch: The Bowl - Swapping heads]

The Poem

K. reads out a poem to me. I like it, but I say: that kind of thing isn't a poem; I'll show you a poem. And with that I reach into my waistcoat-pocket and bring out some broad, brownish-gold gently tapered sunbeams that I gathered in the early morning from off the floor in front of my bedroom window.

[This translation by M. Hollington is used again in this electronic version with his permission]

Dream Creature

It seemed as if I was about to wake up. Then I became aware of something rustling right by my ear, and I knew it was the dream creature, about to escape as the dream evaporated; I made a quick grab for it and held it in my hand. But it got thinner and thinner; I feared it would vanish altogether. Yet I had it in a firm grip, and it could not escape. I filled a goldfish-bowl shaped glass vessel with water, and put it in there. Silky, diaphanous, golden-brown, it slid in slender, delicate movements into the bowl.

[This translation by M. Hollington is used again in this electronic version with his permission]

The Second Head

I am at a dentist's, sitting in the patients' chair. The dentist says to me: you've still got quite some pain to go through today! This alarms me, but I suddenly think of a way out of it. I say to the dentist: Yes, but the head I have on isn't my own at all. You know of course that my head is that one on the table beside us, and this one here is only an artificial one, and I won't feel a thing! Gently I use both hands to turn my head to the left: it feels as if it were turning on a screw. And I am overcome with the most terrifying and chilling anxiety at the thought that at one point during all the procedures I shall have to undergo to get my real head back on again I shan't have a head at all.

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Valéry: Let me, dream, look you in the eye

This text and the following ones by Valéry were written between 1908 and 1919. Some of them appeared in the *Nouvelle Revue Française*, but most were published for the first time under the editorship of J. Levaillant in the *Cahiers Paul Valéry*, No. 3, 1979, under the title *Questions du rêve*.

Translated by J. Romney [the translation will be inserted if/when permission is given]

Desnos: Dreams II

For the note on Robert Desnos, see page 198 [in this electronic version, see Desnos: Dreams I].

Translated by J. Romney [the translation will be inserted if/when permission is given]

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West: The Trojan Horse

> This is from the opening pages of *The Dream Life of Balso Snell*, the first novel by Nathanael West first published in 1931.

While walking in the tall grass that has sprung up around the city of Troy, Balso Snell came upon the famous wooden horse of the Greeks. A poet, he remembered Homer's ancient song and decided to find a way in.

On examining the horse, Balso found that there were but three openings: the mouth, the navel, and the posterior opening of the alimentary canal. The mouth was beyond his reach, the navel proved a cul-de-sac, and so, forgetting his dignity, he approached the last. O Anus Mirabilis!

Along the lips of the mystic portal he discovered writings which after a little study he was able to decipher. Engraved in a heart pierced by an arrow and surmounted by the initial N, he read, 'Ah! Qualis ... Artifex ... Pereo!' Not to be outdone by the actor-emperor, Balso carved with his penknife another heart and the words 'O Byss! O Abyss! O Anon! O Anan!' omitting, however, the arrow and his initial.

Before entering he prayed:

'O Beer! O Meyerbeer! O Bach! O Offenbach! Stand me now as ever in good stead.'

Balso immediately felt like the One at the Bridge, the Two in the Bed, the Three in the Boat, the Four on Horseback, the Seven Against Thebes. And with a high heart he entered the gloom of the foyer-like lower intestine.

After a little while, seeing no one and hearing nothing, Balso began to feel depressed. To keep his heart high and yet out of his throat, he made a song.

Round as the Anus

Of a Bronze Horse

Or the Tender Buttons

Used by Horses for Ani

On the Wheels of His Car

Ringed Round with Brass

Clamour the Seraphim

Tongues of Our Lord

Full Ringing Round

As the Belly of Silenus

Giotto Painter of Perfect Circles

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Goes ... One Motion Round

Round and Full

Round and Full as

A Brimming Goblet

The Dew-Loaded Navel

Of Mary

Of Mary Our Mother

Round and Ringing Full

As the Mouth of a Brimming Goblet

The Rust-Laden Holes

In Our Lord's Feet

Entertain the Jew-Driven Nails.

He later gave this song various names, the most successful of which were: *Anywhere Out of the World, or a Voyage Through the Hole in the Mundane Millstone* and *At Hoops with the Ani of bronze Horses, or Toe Holes for a Flight of Fancy.*

But despite the gaiety of his song, Balso did not feel sure of himself. He thought of the Phoenix Excrementi, a race of men he had invented one Sunday afternoon while in bed, and trembled, thinking he might well meet one in this place. And he had good cause to tremble, for the Phoenix Excrementi eat themselves, digest themselves, and give birth to themselves by evacuating their bowels.

Hoping to attract the attention of an inhabitant, Balso shouted as though overwhelmed by the magnificence of his surroundings:

'O the Rose Gate! O the Moist Garden! O Well! O Fountain! O Sticky Flower! O Mucous Membrane!'

A man with 'Tours' embroidered on his cap stalked out of the shadow. In order to prove a poet's right to trespass, Balso quoted from his own works:

'If you desire to have two parallel lines meet at once or even in the near future,' he said, 'it is important to make all the necessary arrangements beforehand, preferably by wireless.'

The man ignored his little speech. 'Sir,' he said, 'you are an ambassador from that ingenious people, the inventors and perfectors of the automatic water-closet, to my people who are the heirs of Greece and Rome. As your own poet has so well put it, The Grandeur that was Greece and the Glory that was Rome' . . . I offer you my services as guide. First you will please look to the right where you will see a beautiful Dodc prostate gland swollen with gladness and an overabundance of good cheer.'

This speech made Balso very angry. 'Inventors of the automatic water-closet, are we?' he shouted. 'Oh, you stinker! Doric, bah! It's Baptist '68, that's what it is. And no prostate gland either, simply an atrophied pile. You call this dump grand and glorious, do you? Have you ever seen the Grand Central Station, or the Yale Bowl, or the Holland Tunnel, or the New Madison Square Garden? Exposed plumbing, stinker, that's all I see - and at this late date. It's criminally backward, do you

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hear me?'

The guide gave ground before Balso's rage. 'Please sir,' he said, 'please ... After all, the ages have sanctified this ground, great men have hallowed it. In Rome do as the Romans do.'

'Stinker,' Balso repeated, but less ferociously this time.

The guide took heart. 'Mind your manners, foreigner. If you don't like it here, why don't you go back where you came from? But before you go let me tell you a story - an old tale of my people, rich in local colour. And, you force me to say it, apropos, timely. However, let me assure you that I mean no offence. The title of the story is 'Visitors':

'A traveller in Tyana, who was looking for the sage Appolonius, saw a snake enter the lower part of a man's body. Approaching the man, he said:

'"Pardon me, my good fellow, but a snake just entered your ...' He finished by pointing.

"Yes sir, he lives there," was the astounding rejoinder.

"Ah, then you must be the man I'm looking for, the philosopher-saint, Appolonius of Tyana. Here is a letter of introduction from my brother George. May I see the snake please? Now the opening. Perfect!"'

Balso echoed the last word of the story. 'Perfect! Perfect! A real old-world fable. You may consider yourself hired.'

'I have other stories to tell,' the guide said, 'and I shall tell them as we go along. By the way, have you heard the one about Moses and the Burning Bush? How the prophet rebuked the Bush for speaking by quoting the proverb, "Good wine needs no bush"; and how the Bush insolently replied, "A hand in the Bush is worth two in the pocket."'

Balso did not consider this story nearly as good as the other; in fact he thought it very bad, yet he was determined to make no more breaks and entered the large intestine on the arm of his guide. He let the guide do all the talking and they made great headway up the tube. But, unfortunately, coming suddenly upon a place where the intestine had burst through the stomach wall, Balso cried out in amazement.

'What a hernia! What a hernia!'

The guide began to splutter with rage and Balso tried to pacify him by making believe he had not meant the scenery. 'Hernia,' he said, rolling the word on his tongue. 'What a pity childish associations cling to beautiful words such as hernia, making their use as names impossible. Hernia! What a beautiful name for a girl! Hernia Hornstein! Paresis Pearlberg! Paranoia Puntz! How much more pleasing to the ear (and what other sense should a name please?) than Faith Rabinowitz or Hope Hilkowitz...'

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Borges: The Circular Ruins

For the notice about the author, see page 219 [in this electronic version, see Borges: Prologue – The Episode of the Enemy]. 'The Circular Ruins' belongs to the volume *Ficciones*, first published in 1944.

Translated by N. T Di Giovanni [the text will be inserted if/when permission is given both for the original and for the translation].

Leiris: Death

For Michel Leiris' *Nights without Night and Some Days without Day*, see page 98 [in this electronic version, see Leiris: The Address].

Translated by J. Romney [the text will be inserted if/when permission is given both for the original and for the translation]

Montale: The Prisoner's Dream

This is one of the rare 'political'poems by the Italian poet Eugenio Montale. It belongs to his third collection of poems, *La bufera e altro*, published in 1956.

Translated by G. Kay [the text will be inserted if/when permission is given both for the original and for the translation]

Handke: The Inverted World

For Peter Handke, see also page 111[in this electronic version, see]. This poem was written in 1967 and first published in German in the collection *Die innere Welt der äusseren Welt der inneren Welt* ('The Inner World of the Outer World of the Inner World') in 1969.

Translated by M. Roloff [the text will be inserted if/when permission is given both for the original and for the translation]

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Perec: Balls and Masks

For the note on Perec's *La Boutique Obscure*, from which this text is taken, see page 107 [in this electronic version, see Perec: The Arrest].

Translated by J. Romney [the text will be inserted if/when permission is given both for the original and for the translation]

Michaux: The Mother

This text is taken from Henri Michaux's *Poteaux d'angle*, ('Main stays' - but the title is untranslatable), published first in *Les Cahiers de l'Herne* (1971). It was reprinted in 1978 and 1981. *Poteaux d'angle* is a kind of elaborate scrap-book, with brief thoughts and longer narrative texts intermingling.

Translated by J. Romney [the text will be inserted if/when permission is given both for the original and for the translation].

Calvino: Zobeide

This text is taken from Italo Calvino's *Invisible Cities*, first published in Italian in 1972 and translated into English in 1974. Kubla Khan listens to the description of imaginary cities visited by Marco Polo, or invented by him to relieve the Emperor from his melancholy.

Translated by W Weaver [the text will be inserted if/when permission is given both for the original and for the translation].

Goytosolo: The Good Little Woolf

This poem by José Agustin Goytisolo belongs to the collection *Palabras para Julia y otras canciones*. Goytisolo has often collaborated with the Spanish singer Paco Ibaiiez, who has set this poem to music.

Translated by G. Almansi [the text will be inserted if/when permission for the original is given]

Dahl: The BFG

This passage comes from *The BFG*, one of the many children's books by that most prolific author, Roald Dahl. The BFG, i.e. the Big Friendly Giant, catches dreams floating in the air with a butterfly net and blows the most pleasant ones with a trumpet into children's bedrooms.

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[The text will be inserted if/when permission is given].

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