

The Fictive Purpose of Dreams



Russell Arthur Lockhart, Ph.D.

THE FICTIVE PURPOSE OF DREAMS

We would do well, therefore, to think of the creative process
as a living thing implanted in the human psyche.

— C. G. Jung

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DREAMS IN THE NEWS

The Fictive Purpose of Dreams

Part One: I Fear For the Dream

Russell Arthur Lockhart, PhD

fictive, adj., creating or created by imagination
—Merriam-Webster Dictionary

For many years in these pages I have pointed to the increasing use of “dream” in corporate advertising, in the sense of aspiration or desire. It has now become so omnipresent that consciousness passes it by without notice. The father of advertising, the progenitor of “PR” and the developer of the government’s early intelligence activities, Edward L. Bernays (double nephew of Sigmund Freud), laid out the purpose of his efforts:

The conscious and intelligent manipulation of the organized habits and opinions of the masses is an important element in democratic society ... Those who manipulate this unseen mechanism of society constitute an invisible government which is the true ruling power of our country ... In almost every act of our daily lives, whether in the sphere of politics or business, in our social conduct or our ethical thinking, we are dominated by the relatively small number of persons ... who understand the mental processes and social patterns of the masses. It is they who pull the wires which control the public mind.ⁱ

That is not the ranting of some kooky conspiracy theorist, but the truth-telling of an insider, the man largely responsible for the marriage of psychology, corporate power and political deception. Such truth-telling has since been forbidden in the service of even greater hiding of the “wires” being pulled to control the public mind.

Consider some of the wires pulling at us:

The great bulk of processed food we eat is undermining the health of our bodies, producing chronic conditions that become epidemic. These conditions degrade the mechanisms

of sleep. Sleep disorders are rampant and degrade dreams to the point of losing dreams altogether. These conditions become the basis for medicating on a grand collective scale. From infancy to old age the use of medications is rising exponentially. Almost all medications disturb the quality of sleep and increasingly degrade dreams. Drugs used recreationally, including alcohol, invariably impact dreams, to their detriment. The exercise we *do not do* increases stress levels, and the chemistry of stress leads to chronic infection processes, which invariably impact dreams. Dreams disappear, are not remembered, or are disrupted and disturbed in many ways, including the effects on our brains of the bombardment of distracting entertainments. These effects are now ubiquitous through the impact of the Internet, television, smart phones, media in various forms, and all the other devices to which we have become tethered through a miasma of desire. This is the state envisioned by Walt Disney: “control through entertainment.” Beneath this seeming valorization of choice, we are witnessing and becoming ever more willing victims of the commodification of desire. A major cost of this is the loss of connection to the deeper, fictive purpose of dreams.

Even if dreams are remembered, whether in fragments or whole, the great bulk of the population dismisses dreams as nonsense or otherwise pays little attention or gives them little value. This is echoed by many scientists who see dreams as waste products, nonsensical, useless.

And when dreams are remembered and used purposefully, as in therapeutic settings, the dream itself is often abandoned in favor of interpretations, or pursuit of the dream's meaning, as if the dream's purpose is to serve the theoretical orientation of the therapeutic situation wherein the “healing” factor is located outside the dream (interpretation, transference, mutuality, etc.). That the dream might have its *own* purpose is rarely granted any standing within the confines of the consulting room. Even outside the consulting room, the dream is generally subverted to the ego's intentions and purposes and granted little if any independent value or significance.

I have argued for some time that the dream is one source of experience that is fundamentally *subversive* to this enterprise of controlling the public mind. For this reason, the dream has become an object of focus by the “unseen mechanism,” in a deliberate effort to bring the dream under the control of “the small number of persons” Bernays refers to. In contemporary parlance, this small number of persons is referred to as “the 1%” and identified as the very few who control the vast majority of wealth. It is well to keep in mind that the desire for wealth in itself is not what drives this mechanism; it is the desire for what such wealth makes possible: control and power.

I have also emphasized that all dreams have to do with the *future* and that, in particular, it is what we *do* in relation to a dream that is crucial—that Eros is not so much a feeling as an act. If we understand or interpret the dream only in terms of what is already known, the dream's *potentia* is delimited severely. One of the ways to enter more fully into the *potentia* of a dream is

through the imagination. Frank Baum understood the fundamental idea that imagination as experience was as important as the experience of everyday life, if not more so. Every artist knows this. Frank Baum did not want to see the imagination reduced to the status of “it’s only a dream.” This is why the book *The Wonderful World of Oz* is not a dream, but a real adventure that could change a life. The film, *The Wizard of Oz*, on the other hand, was cast in the form of a dream, and Dorothy ends her experience with the expression that “there’s no place like home.” This was a subversion of Baum’s recognition of the fundamental value of the imagination as embodied in story. In this sense, the purpose of story and the purpose of dream share a common parentage, *to engage the story mind, the fictions that are the heart of our possible futures.*

Rather than seeking after the dream’s meaning, we can ask ourselves instead *what we will do differently today as a result of this dream.* In this way we get closer to the inner workings of the dream. The imagination actually becomes *engaged* with the dream. Here is a clear example from the writer Margaret Atwood.

The best writing dream I ever had was in the mid-Sixties. I dreamt I’d written an opera about a nineteenth-century English emigrant called Susanna Moodie, whose account of her awful experiences, *Roughing It In The Bush*, was among my parents’ books. It was a very emphatic dream, so I researched Mrs. Moodie, and eventually wrote a poem sequence, a television play, and a novel — *Alias Grace* — all based on material found in her work.ⁱⁱ

To be sure, we are not writers of Atwood’s stature. But that is not the point. The point is that she *acted* on the dream. Notice that in the dream she writes an opera. But as a result of acting on the dream, she ends up writing a poem, a television play and a novel. She might have stopped herself from doing anything at all with the dream if she had focused on “I can’t” write an opera. So “acting on a dream” is not literally doing what the dream says, but following the hints embodied in the imagination that is prompted by the dream, which in this case, led to a poem, a TV play, and a novel. These particular things were not previously envisioned as part of Atwood’s future, but they “became” her future out of her actions in relation to the story of the dream. So when a dream is not remembered, when a dream is discounted, dismissed, or deemed “just a dream,” when a dream is used only for assuaging the ego’s wounds, the *potentia* of the dream for opening up to creating one’s future is lost. It is a costly loss, not only for oneself, but for others as well, and, perhaps, the world too.

No one will pay for a dream. I like this. The dream itself is not easily commodified. I like this as well. Sure, we can pay good money to others to seek out the meaning of the dream, but in this the dream falls under the sway not only of money, but what money is becoming. The increasing valorization of money should be clear to all. God may be dead, as Nietzsche claimed, but money is not. Money is alive and well and proliferating madly while concentrating intensely

(that is how the rich get richer and the poor get poorer). Money has become god. This god's church is everywhere. This god's parishioners include everyone. This god's only commandment is "Thou shall want (desire); thou shall buy (pay up)." All else follows from this singularity of our condition. But money is not fictive. Dreams, like stories, are fictive and are meant to be passed from one to another and then another. Money does not work that way. Money does not come freely nor does it depart freely. Dreams, like stories, come freely, and can be given freely. In this there is a deep secret. To give freely to one another can be expressed in a singular word: *community*.ⁱⁱⁱ Money does not make for community, but for exclusion, or frantic desire for inclusion. But not community. Dreams and stories and their fictive purpose—that is the secret we need now, because out of this secret may come what we need to save ourselves from what seems like an ever-increasing likelihood of a bad end. Do not let yourselves be entertained to inaction. Tell a story. Write a poem and give it to a stranger. Ask the beggar on the street if she's had a dream and give her one in return. Try it.

ⁱQuoted from John Fraim's *Battle of Symbols: Global Dynamics of Advertising, Entertainment and Media*. Einsiedeln: Daimon Verlag, 2003.

ⁱⁱQuoted from Alison Nastasi's *A Selection of Writers Inspired By Dreams*. <http://flavorwire.com>, May 11, 2013.

ⁱⁱⁱCommunity is composed of *com* meaning "together" and *munis* meaning "gift." So the essential core of community is "gifting together." Try giving a dream, or a story and see what comes.

DREAMS IN THE NEWS

The Fictive Purpose of Dreams

Part Two: A Dream's Gravity

Russell Arthur Lockhart, Ph.D.

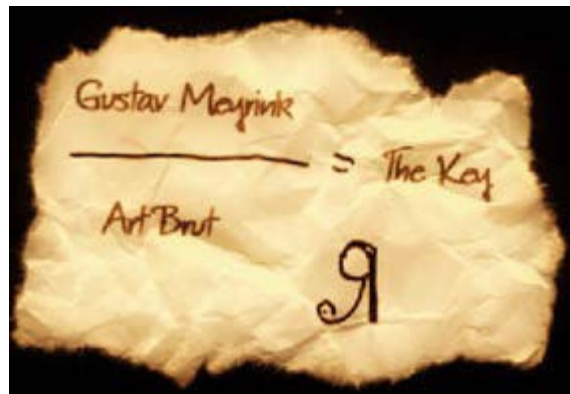
gravity, n., weight, influence, authority (*obs*)

—The Oxford English Dictionary

In the dim light of an uncertain setting, I leaned down and picked up a crumpled piece of paper from the floor. It was as if someone had dropped it or discarded it. I uncrumpled it and smoothed it out. On it was written an equation: "Gustav Meyrink" divided by "Art Brut" equals "The Key." Below the equation was a reversed capital letter R, as one might see in mirror writing.

Unless I tell you, you will not know whether this textual fragment is a dream, or a story, or even something else—perhaps a poem, an essay, an advertisement. This uncertainty has a certain gravity, a weight, an authority, an influence, as the dictionary tells us (obsolete as those meanings may be).

Whatever this "piece of narrative," it has a *fictive* pull. By this I mean it wants to become a story; or, when faced with it, something in



us wants to make a story of it. I'll come back to this distinction between the text's desire and our desire *for* the text a bit further on. For now, recognize that you are *audience* to this

text. "Audience" derives from a Latin word (*audire*) meaning "to hear," and from an Indo-European root (*au-*) meaning "to perceive." Our English words "aesthetic" and "obey" derive from this nest as well. "Aesthetic" refers to beauty and "obey" refers to carrying out commands. Rephrasing these etymological hints suggests that audience is "perceiving and carrying out the commands of beauty." In this sense, beauty instructs, and if we believe the dictionary, what it instructs us in, what we should be prepared for is harmony of form or color, excellence of artistry, truthfulness, and originality.

I'll tell you now that the textual fragment is a dream. I think you will know what I mean when I say that the *fictive* pull of a dream is weaker than the pull of *meaning*. To the extent that people pay attention to dreams at all, attention focuses most on seeking a dream's meaning, or insisting that a dream has no meaning. To "analyze" a dream means taking it apart in various ways to reveal its otherwise hidden meaning. Meaning analysis always begins with some type of "signification" analysis. In the same way that a red light means "to stop," such equations are sought after for the different elements of the dream. In this way, the dream's imagery is turned into a series of statements of signification and these together form a mini-theory of the dream's meaning. The resulting meaning statement is conceptual and is lacking the *imagery* of the dream.

This is a far cry from the fictive pull of the dream, unrelated to the aesthetic of the dream, and disconnected from beauty's command to relate to the harmony, the artistry, the truthfulness, and the originality of the dream. When was the last time you related to a dream in these ways?

Of course, you are audience not just to another's dream text as above, but even more intensely to your own dreams. Beauty? Artistry? Harmony? Truthfulness? Originality? How does one proceed? What does one do? It remains significant that Freud rejected Havelock Ellis' assertion that free association was really the artist's method and that Jung rejected his anima's assertion that what he was doing was art. Teddy Roosevelt rejected the Armory show by declaring, "It's not art." The president couldn't find any meaning in what he saw in this iconic display of the birth of modern art.

I do not side with these rejections.

A woman tells me a dream. "Just an image," she says, "that's all there was." The image was of her old ice skates, white leather, all scuffed up, setting on an attic shelf, buried in dust. "What's that all about?" she asks. "Haven't thought of those old skates in years." "Well, let's be audience," I say. "Let's really look at the image." "Nothing. Nothing's happening. No, wait. They're moving—not a lot, but definitely moving, moving forward like they might come off the shelf. That's pretty weird, skates moving by themselves." Let's watch some more. She closed her eyes again. Took her time. She was clearly audience to something she was seeing. "It's red," she said. "Another boot, a red one, was behind my skates. But I never had red skates. And there was no blade, just the boot. No laces either."

Now, I am also audience to this dream and I am audience to what happens in my experience as I also continue to intensify the "looking." Before going into that, let's consider something based on what happened in this scenario so far. There is "sequence" as follows:

Dream image as presented mirrors "reality." The skates are in her dream just as they are in her attic.



The dreamer's "gaze" upon the image is followed by a "change" in the image; it begins to move, becomes animated.



The dreamer's continued gaze is followed by the appearance of something that does not exist in her attic, has not existed in her life; a red boot without the blade, without laces.



?

I have left the fourth box blank because I want to focus on the underlying *fictive* dimension that is emerging in the dreamer's "gazing" upon the dream image. I think anyone who gazes upon a dream image will experience something of this sequence: the original dream image will *change* in some way (the skates move), and then "something else" comes into the imaginative picture (the bladeless red boot without laces) that was not in the original image in any way. I think it is fair to say that if one were focused entirely on trying to find the meaning of the dream that this bladeless red boot without laces would not appear. So, where does this red boot come from? The dreamer did not have any "ideas" in her head about a red boot. Even if she was struggling to follow my instructions to gaze, she was still trying to grasp the meaning of the dream and now frustrated that there was a whole new element in what had been a simple picture. "What the hell's that about?" she asked.

“It’s about art,” I said. “Your dream wants to become a story.”

I quoted Robert Olen Butler: “Art does not come from ideas. Art does not come from the mind, Art comes from the place where you dream. Art comes from your unconscious, from the white hot center of you.”ⁱ

“I’m not a writer. I don’t write stories. I can’t write stories. And what has that got to do with the meaning of my dream anyway?” She was in push back mode. So I pushed her more. “You have not gazed enough,” I said, and set her back to the task. On the verge of anger, her body stiffening up, she nonetheless complied. As I watched her gazing on her inner drama—yes, *drama*—I saw that she had gone further. Her breathing began to break up, tears began to fall. No reaching for Kleenex. Her rigid posture collapsed as she sunk into herself.

I did not ask what happened. Stories are meant to be told spontaneously and not pulled from one by forceps-like effort. I waited. “The white skates fell to the floor and without hesitation began skating in circles, then in figure eights, then axels, double axels, then axels that were impossible. I was mesmerized. Then I looked up at the red boot, still on the shelf. It was crying. Its tears were falling over the edge. I watched one teardrop as it fell from the shelf to the floor in slow motion. When it hit the floor, the white skates stopped in a mid-air jump and dropped to the floor, unmoving.”

This is the content of the fourth box, where the imaginal response to the dream has now moved into an entirely fictive realm. This is the realm of the storymind. This is what came from the white hot center of her. The crying red boot without blade, without laces, had a healing effect on her by her own admission.

Stories heal in ways that concepts cannot. When the storymind becomes engaged it brings the potential for healing in its wake. The story mind is ever present even when we are wide awake but its subtle promptings can easily be brushed aside in favor of the ego's yearning for meaning. One's encounter with the deepest, most healing experiences, do not come from seeking after meaning, but opening oneself to the deeper reaches of psyche's storymind.

When we sleep, when we dream, our body becomes paralyzed. Similarly, our mind lets go of the search for meaning, and instead becomes audience in the theater of dreams where storymind is no longer encumbered by the demands for sense, understanding, and meaning.

Storymind *desires* to tell stories in words and images. When we write out a dream text, ostensibly so we will not forget it, this desire becomes embodied there, distilled there waiting for release. As in the example above, all that is required is the warmth of one's gaze.

I was gazing on her image too. What happened in my experience? When I imagined the old skates on the shelf, what happened next was a quality of movement. It was like that "mirage" one experiences on a hot highway, where the road shimmers in an impossible way. What happened next in my experience was that the skates melted and became a puddle of liquid leather that spilled over the shelf and onto the floor. I fought to stay with the image as ideas and intuitions were now roused up in a flurry. I will just say this much here and tackle this aspect of the relation between imaginal experiences in part three.

I'm aware that I've left the original dream text hanging in the air. Every dream occurs within some context of one's life. Sometimes it's clear the dream is in some way

related to the context, other times the dream seems entirely *sui generis*. One does not always know what aspect of the context is important or relevant. But staying with the *fictive* purpose of dreams, I want to say that context does not in any way “explain” a dream, or even a basis for the dream’s occurrence. More accurately, one might say that context is *backstory* to the dream.

In the day before the dream, I was reading something Jorge Luis Borges was saying about Virgil’s *Inferno*. As I was reading this, I received a phone call from the library, letting me know that Dan Brown’s *Inferno* was now in and I could pick it up. I was also in the midst of re-reading Gustav Meyrink’s *The Golem*. I was writing an essay called, *Her One Painting*. This was a paper on my mother’s one painting that she had signed with a reversed signature. I had written that the image was not unlike those that are called “outsider art,” or to use Dubuffet’s term, “art brut,” referring to art created outside the official boundaries of the “art world.”

You can see at once the *originality* of the dream by taking these backstory elements and framing them in an incredible equation: Gustav Meyrink divided by Art Brut equals The Key. As if the equation were not mystery enough, the equation was signed by “R” in reversed form. Who is this R?

The dream is impossible to wrap one’s mind around in terms of “what does it mean.” So, instead, I took my own medicine and began working with the dream’s *fictive* purpose. That story, I’ll tell in part three, which I will entitle, “Dream Brut.”

ⁱ Robert Olen Butler. *From Where You Dream: The Process of Writing Fiction*. New York: Grove Press, 2005.

DREAMS IN THE NEWS

The Fictive Purpose of Dreams

Part Three: “Dream Brut”

Russell Arthur Lockhart, Ph.D.

brut, adj. (Fr.) rough, raw, uncivilized

—*The American Heritage Dictionary*

Art brut. Literally, “raw,” “rough,” “uncivilized” art. Art produced by people *outside* the history, traditions and institutions of the cultural art world. In the words of the artist who coined this term, Jean Dubuffet, *art brut* consists of:

Those works created from solitude and from pure and authentic creative impulses—where the worries of competition, acclaim and social promotion do not interfere—are, because of these very facts, more precious than the productions of professionals.

Dubuffet’s characterization of the cultural art world was brutal:

After a certain familiarity with these flourishings of an exalted feverishness, lived so fully and so intensely by their authors, we cannot avoid the feeling that in relation to these works, cultural art in its entirety appears to be the game of a futile society, a fallacious parade.

Dubuffet claimed the cultural art world would always “absorb” any new development. He felt *art brut* would never be assimilated. The outsider artists would simply be ignored. For this reason, the outsider artists would be the source of the truly “new.” *Art brut* was thus “immune” from the suffocating atmosphere of the cultural art world.

Dubuffet’s optimism was short-lived, as *art brut* has become commodified and brought under the “safe” wing of the traditional art world and its moneyed values. “*Art brut* joins the market frenzy,” screams one recent headline. Another: “Flippers Chase Fresh Stars in Art Market as Doodles Soar From \$7,000 to \$401,000.” Note the emphasis on money value and not on any deeper value, not on anything related to what Robert Henri so pointedly called “the art spirit.”

Art brut has been absorbed. *Art brut* has been assimilated. *Art brut* is no more.

Dreams too may be thought of as raw, rough, uncivilized. So I’ll appropriate Dubuffet’s term and speak of *dreams brut*. But let’s face it. What gets enshrined in the cultural dream world are *not* dreams, but *theories* of dreams; not the raw, rough, uncivilized dream itself, but the *interpreters* of dreams. That’s the content, that’s the canon. Dreams themselves remain outsiders, marginalized, hidden away, or seen by much of the scientific community as nonsense,

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meaningless, or worse. Certainly not something for public discourse; not something for political, or economic arenas; not something to inform, teach and guide society. Not something to sound the alarm as the culture makes its sad, but now seemingly inevitable way to the cliff.

Dreams may be one of the last experiential frontiers that is *not* subject to commodification. No one will buy a dream and I know of no one selling dreams. One might be tempted to take heart from this, but I fear that is a naïve hope in the face of the march of science. New research into sleep promises that it will soon be possible to develop a pill to eliminate sleep and therefore dreams entirely. Sounds like a new multi-billion dollar industry on the horizon.

Then, in the not too distant future, dreams will be forgotten. Then, dreams will not even be experienced. Will they be missed?

Until such time, I want to champion the importance of sleep and dreaming as a primary source of what *cannot* be gleaned from any other source. A case in point is the dream I described in the last issue. In that dream, I find a crumpled piece of paper. Unfolding it, I saw a strange equation: Gustav Meyrink divided by *Art Brut* equals The Key. It was signed with a backward capital R.

The dream occurred within a context. I had been reading Meyrink's *The Golem*. I had been studying the history of *art brut* for an essay I was writing on my mother's one painting, which she signed with her name—*backwards*. I was reading Dante's *Inferno*, when I received a call from the library that my request for Dan Brown's *Inferno*, was in. The Key plays a prominent part in these and other things that might be brought into this contextual mix.

I think it is fair to say that the dream has mixed these various elements together in a way that I never would have come up with by any conscious intention or machination. Even though I have experienced in one way or another all aspects of this dream in other contexts, something I cannot quite wrap my mind around is presented by the dream in the form of this formula. As I stewed with the dream, I found myself trying to “solve” the equation. This gave way to the realization that it was not an equation to be solved, unless I think of “The Key” as an unknown. But as I mulled the equation it did not feel like an unknown, but more like a *fact*: that The Key is Meyrink divided by *art brut*. It was clear that it was Meyrink that was to be “divided,” not *The Golem*. But how was I to understand *art brut* as a divisor? I was convinced this was not a mathematical issue, but a psychological issue. When we say, for example, that “I am of two minds,” or something like, “it is partisan politics that divides us,” we are always thinking of some

“whole” that is “divided” into parts that may not function well in this split, divided, condition.

But how does *art brut* divide?

How would it divide Gustav Meyrink? Meyrink is the greatest German writer of supernatural fiction. Even Jung refers to Meyrink's *The Golem* when he begins to analyze Wolfgang Pauli's dreams in *Psychology and Alchemy*. Meyrink got into studying the supernatural when his attempted suicide was interrupted by a booklet called *Afterlife* pushed under his door just as he was about to pull the trigger.

That was a dividing line in Meyrink's life. Another was when he was sent to prison for fraud in attempting to use spiritualism for gains in his banking business. Out of that dividing line, came *The Golem*. *Art brut* is sometimes referred to as “outsider art,” emphasizing how much *art brut* artists are “outside” the cultural art world. Here we see Meyrink being thrust into the outsider position, separated, divided from more conventional and bourgeois status, by some “outsider” machinations (who pushed that booklet under Meyrink's door at just the crucial moment?), and out of this division comes his greatest fictive work.

As you can see, these reflections begin to gain some traction on understanding the dream, that is, that *art brut* functions as a dividing force, separating in fateful ways, one way of life from another, and that *this* is The Key. The Key becomes the way to unlock the future.

But these interpretive moves left me unmoved, a bit high and dry in relation to “something else.” This something else is the *fictive* pull of this dream. Not to understand it, but to participate in it, to be in the presence of its unfolding, as the dream story “unfolds” its mysterious wrinkles.

In short, what’s next?

So, I faced the blank page and began falling into a state of receptivity to what presented itself. I let go of intentionality to open more the potential of the dream story. A kind of “mist” developed. Sometimes in this state, an image presents itself, sometimes a sound, sometimes words. I wait for the mist to be penetrated by “something.” At some point, the “flow” begins. I write what comes.

Trying to relax before my lecture, I had gone off to be alone. I can’t take in all that small chatter when I’m about to speak to an audience, the distraction muddles me. As I walked slowly down the pristine hallway practicing the calming effect of deep breathing, an out of place piece of crumpled paper catches my eye. I stoop down, pick it up,

and unfold it. *Odd*. The words I see are in the form of an equation: Gustav Meyrink divided by *Art Brut* equals The Key. There is also a reversed capital R as if signed by the writer of the note.

I stand and look around, seeing no one. I stare at the equation. My mind goes every which way, like horses escaping confinement. I know about Meyrink. I know *art brut*. But how is that The Key? The key to what? And who is R?

As I'm chasing these wild thought-horses, I hear some one's shoes click clacking on the tiles. I crumple the note in my hand and turn to see Professor George fast approaching.

"Ah! There you are, Hanley, glad I've caught you before the lecture. What's the matter man? Look at your hands shaking—vibrating more like it. Jesus, calm down man. Lecture nerves got you I imagine. Listen, there's been a change in plans. Professor Godwin has taken sick and won't be here. The Lecture Committee has appointed Professor Renato to take his place and discuss your work. Don't know the man myself but I didn't want you to be surprised. Good luck, then. I'll catch up later."

This bit of narrative is sufficient to illustrate a number of points. I made no attempt to "make up" a story. I did concentrate on getting myself into an "empty mind" state of receptivity. The best description I can make of the experience from then on is that I became *scribe* to what was coming from what I have called elsewhere the "presentational"

psyche. This is the “speech” of what Butler calls “the white hot center of you.” It is the place, as he titled his book, “from where you dream.” The story mind takes the dream and begins to weave. At this point one does not stop and ask, “What does this mean?”

Instead, one asks, “What comes *next*?” As you take in the above narrative that is likely your question as well.

In my experience, there are two nexts. One is the next in the narrative. I won’t go into that now, but will save it for next time. The other, is what is the next dream or experience that *follows* from this fictive step?

The next dream was this. I am presenting this essay as a lecture to an audience. At a certain point I stop and ask for comments. Eager hands shoot up all around. Then, in the back of the room, a tall, slender and older man with a goatee, a somewhat ominous figure stands up, approaches about half way down the aisle and shouts out, “Indolence!”

I wake with this word resounding in my ears. The dream occurred before I finished this essay. I was seeking some comments from the audience to help me finish it. Instead, the stern professorial figure announces a stinging judgment: “Indolence!” That is, *laziness*,

sloth, acedia. One of the things I cherish about dreams is that they continually *surprise* with images or scenarios I never would have come up with on my own. Indolence is one of the seven deadly sins—something I or anyone who knows me never would accuse me of. I am not a lazy fellow.

Note how the dream takes up the lecture and audience theme from the narrative. What I have noticed in doing more and more *fictive* work with dreams is that subsequent dreams become “participants” in the narrative process, as if adding to the narrative with new developments, plot twists as it were. In this case, an entirely new figure is pictured, not likely the discussant Professor Renato (is he the mysterious R?), but an inquisitorial figure accusing me of indolence. In the dream, I felt I was being accused of heresy.

Something about my work on the fictive purpose of dreams does not sit well with this figure. Why this is so I will take up in part four, which I have titled, “Conversation with the Institutional Inquisitor.”

DREAMS IN THE NEWS

The Fictive Purpose of Dreams

Part Four: Encounter with the Inquisitor

Russell Arthur Lockhart, Ph.D.

Inquisition (n.) an institution designed to suppress heresy

—*The American Heritage Dictionary*

In the dream I described at the end of my last column,¹ an ominous figure interrupted my lecture on “the fictive purpose of dreams” with a shout of “indolence.” With this accusation still ringing in my ears, I entered fictive space, ritually facing the empty page, listening deeper and deeper. *Waiting*. The auditory reverberations of the word “indolence” prompted me to leave the page, leave writing, and to speak. I took up my little recorder. What follows is a transcription² of what transpired.

“Indolence! Yes, indolence, I say. Sloth, too, if truth be known.”

The interloper was in full rant.

“What you are doing, what you are suggesting is dangerous, not only because you discard the monumental achievements of your betters who have come before you, but you downplay the effort, the hard work of extracting meaning from a dream. It is blood, sweat, and tears, not the shallowness of the play you propose. What you are suggesting is ludicrous. Fiction? Fantasy? It’s nothing but nonsense. That’s the path you would lead your audience down. You should be ashamed. You should apologize, step away from the podium, and let someone serious take your place.”

The audience was stunned to silence, all eyes on me, awaiting my reply.

“Have you ever noticed, dear audience, that whenever you attempt something new, begin to create, or take up wrestling the thicket of a dream—*anything* that has a quality of something *new*—you are visited by someone similar to the character who has spoken here. The Inquisition is not just an historical institution of a church. It is an institution of the psyche. Its purpose is to disable and disarm and defeat anything that challenges the hegemony of the *old*, the *established*, and the so-called *true*. The Inquisitor always beguiles by speaking a *semblance* of truth, enough to throw one off track.

But looked at closely, these judgmental pronouncements are off the mark, misleading, and misdirecting. Their purpose is to *stop* any *new* development, to circle things back to known habitual realms. The Inquisitor always articulates the old, repeats endlessly the claims of the old as it preserves the past and blocks the new. In this, the Inquisitor is always the *voice* of the “should,” and it speaks an intolerant hybrid voice compounded of logic and affect that is hard to deal with. Whether the Inquisitor is male or female makes no difference. The aim is always the same.”

The Inquisitor interrupted.

“You will not accomplish anything by laying more of your fuzzy thinking on the pile you’ve already laid down. Do you want to humiliate yourself completely?”

With this he stepped to the door, opened it wide, and with a shoveling gesture showed me the way out.

I was not leaving.

“The irony is that the Inquisitor has so much energy, is so commanding, so certain. Sometimes, I envy this intensity, this surety, this brazen power. Ultimately, I know that one must *befriend* the Inquisitor and find that *third* thing which will lead the way to change. Here, I find it in the word *ludicrous*. We all know what it means because the dictionary tells us: “laughable or hilarious because of obvious absurdity or incongruity.” When this is thrown at you as criticism, there is no escape, one simply melts, abandons one’s impulse and gives up, a heretic exposed. There is not much laughable or hilarious about the pain of this. In the rubble created by such attacks, how can one find the “third” thing? First, one must never forget there is a transformational potential in these “trials of the heretic.” Second, it lies always in something that is *indirect*. Confronting the Inquisitor directly never works but adds only its power. The indirect third thing in this situation lies in the root of his word *ludicrous*. The root is the Latin *ludus*, meaning “to play.” So his accusation of “ludicrous” becomes the thing necessary to begin a process of connecting with this Inquisitor in a new way: *to play*. Note: this is the very thing he railed against. Because of this one now knows the soft spot in the otherwise seemingly impenetrable armor of the Inquisitor.”

The door is closed. The Inquisitor is nowhere to be seen.

“So why has he left? You may note that I never addressed him directly. This must be learned. Early on one is easily caught in the trap of reacting to the inflammatory accusations thrown in one’s face by the Inquisitor, or collapsing in the face of withering attacks. Instead, I *narrated* what was happening, approaching not only the dream but working with the dream in a *fictive* way. In this, the Inquisitor becomes a *character* in the drama, and the realization of this, the narrating of this, provides the necessary

distance by which and through which the sense of the “third” can be discerned.”

This narrative is excerpted from a longer piece, but is sufficient to illustrate several important points. When one enters fictive space what occurs there can be as surprising as a dream. Except for the stentorian sounds of the inquisitor’s voicing “indolence,” I was without intention as to what would happen. Speaking these lines *out loud* was spontaneous and without planning or thought in the sense of trying to figure out what to say. I was saying what was presenting itself to me.

In addition to surprising elements, embodiment in fictive space is characterized by the loss of any sense of “ego time.” One begins to feel “odd” body experiences as if a fluid of electrical current is coursing through the body setting off sparks, shivers, and quirky feelings. These are some of the symptoms of being *in* fictive space and being present to what the *imagination* engenders there. Coming out of fictive space is a shock. One can feel exhausted—or exhilarated.

Getting *into* fictive space is not easy. The “entrance” can be blocked by figures such as the inquisitor and other “no sayers.” A more subtle blocking is the “lure” of trying to find meaning.³ As the inquisitor says above, extracting the meaning of a dream is hard work: blood, sweat and tears. And so full of intention. How true! But part of my point is that this “extraction” of meaning is not the main point after all because all too often we forever work the same ground, the same old story, while the fictive is laden with potential, futurity, and the novel. When you open fully to this, it is more accurate to say that *meaning will find you*.

Every dream is a story yearning to be told. Yet, if we use the dream only for ego’s purposes no matter how justified this may seem, the story will be left untold. As Maya Angelou

has said, “There is no agony like bearing an untold story inside of you.” We all think “the story” is our ego’s story, which may also be untold. For this we search until we find someone to listen, sometimes a partner, sometimes a therapist, sometimes a stranger. Still, this is *not* the story that most needs telling. Jung gives a hint as to just what this might be when he observes that “. . . there is in the psyche a process that seeks its own goal independently of external factors. . .”⁴ The fictive purpose of dreams aims toward revealing this process. How we can more fully be in concert with this aim will be the subject of part five, which I am calling, “Revisiting the Pentralium of Mysteries.”⁵

¹ Russell A. Lockhart, "Dreams in the News: The Fictive Purpose of Dreams Part 3 – Dream Brut," *Dream Network Journal*, Vol. , No. , Spring 2014, p.

² Edited for readability without substantial change in content.

³ I am not devaluing the search for meaning. I am suggesting the *fictive* as a complementary activity that yields its value that is unlikely to be gained from the usual approaches to meaning.

⁴ C. G. Jung. *Psychology and Alchemy*. CW: Vol. 12, p.5, para. 4. (New York: Pantheon Books, 1953).

⁵ The reader may be wondering if there are differences between "fictive space" and Jung's "active imagination" or Bion's "reverie" (or similar notions of others). This question will be taken up in part six.

DREAMS IN THE NEWS

The Fictive Purpose of Dreams

Part Five: Revisiting the Penetralium of Mysteries

Russell Arthur Lockhart, Ph.D.

Penetralium (n.) the innermost secret sanctuary

—*The American Heritage Dictionary*

It was forty-four years ago that Charles Olson penned his stunning analysis of Keats' concept of negative capability. Of Keats' formulation in a letter to his brothers in 1817, Olson concluded that no one had yet caught up with the 22-year-old's insight into what characterized the "Man of Achievement."¹ Olson's perception is even truer today. Modern culture is moving further and further away from the astonishing edge Keats' singular brilliance had led him to. In his brashness, Keats took even Samuel Taylor Coleridge to task (an accomplished poet twice Keats' age) for failing this "Man of Achievement" test. I wonder how Keats would look upon today's scene, where not only has his negative capability found little or no home, but his penetralium of mystery seems to have found no place at all in the popular culture. I can only imagine his sense of defeat and his writing an *Ode to Defeat*, desperate to wake us up.

I have referred to *Negative Capability* many times through the years in these pages. But now, the times are such that I feel a need to focus on it more intently, more urgently, not to "catch up" with Keats, but to point out for our modern eyes and ears *why* we must begin to heed the warning hidden in Keats' revelation. That warning in its deepest sense is that power will suffocate love; that "lies and image" will replace truth and beauty; that the "spirit of malignant

narcissism” will win over all else (to use Walter Wink’s trenchant phrase²), and that we will never realize what Shakespeare did: “Both truth and beauty on my love depends.”³

Keats characterized a “Man of Achievement” (referring to Shakespeare as exemplar) as having the quality of *Negative Capability*, by which he meant, “...when man is capable of being in uncertainties, Mysteries, doubts, without any irritable reaching after fact & reason...”⁴

I want to dwell on this line. Keats uses the word “capable.” It is not clear whether he is thinking of an inborn capacity or one that could be developed. Being the Romantic idealist he was, I believe Keats would see the capacity as inborn but *neglected* by most until it withers to a mere nubbin, a fruit undeveloped. There would be *tragedy* in that—always attractive to the sensitivities of the Romantic mind.

Next Keats uses the phrase “being in.” In this I believe Keats antedated Heidegger’s concept of “dwell.” The word dwell is rooted in the Gothic *wunian*, with the sense of “being in peace.” I think this is the sense Keats was expressing. His idea of “being in” was not just “tolerating,” not just “enduring,” not just “suffering,” but rather entering into, guest-like, a being-at-home sense of peace.

Yet, how often do we achieve such an at-homeness, such a peace, with uncertainties, mysteries, and doubts? Rarely, I think. And if the tenor of public discourse is any guide—*never*, in the halls of power, *never* in the machinations of the “Powers that Be,”⁵ *never* where it counts on the collective stage. Nor are we ever taught to tolerate, endure, or suffer uncertainties, mysteries, or doubts, let alone welcome them, achieve peace in them, hold them dear.

Instead, in all manner of ways, we irritably reach after fact and reason (and all other qualities of this train, such as meaning, interpretation, understanding, information, etc.). Think of

how you regard a dream. Do you welcome the uncertainties, the mystery, and the doubt? Are you “at home” with not knowing its meaning? Can you invite the dream in as *guest* with all its uncertainty, mystery, and doubt? Can you let it *be*? Can you dwell *with* it as it presents itself?

Irritable. If we *irritably* reach after fact and reason, we are in a mood, and this mood is a signature not of relationship *with*, but of power *over*—in short, dominion. There is no love in that. Hence, what comes from the reaching after fact and reason bears all the earmarks of what Keats would call the “Man of Power.” There is no shortage of this sense of power. It is rampant and at work at all levels. It is impacting everyone. There has never been such a density, such a hegemony, such pervasiveness of this corrosive quality of power. It seems only to escalate as we face yet another financial calamity, climatic disaster, a quality of apocalypse at every turn. We need something else.

While Keats was addressing his concern to poetry and poets, it is but a small leap to see that his insight calls to and for much more. Literally, it may apply everywhere, to everyone, in relation to everything.

But *why*?

Negative Capability is not an end state in itself. If it were, it might just be another form of meditation or musing or mulling. What then is it for? It is for something hardly on the radar of contemporary consciousness. It is a means, a state of mind, a peculiar but particular form of consciousness that when held for a period of time *without* reaching after fact and reason, becomes a “receptive field” within which a *portal* to the Penetralium of Mysteries presents itself. It is what I have called the *presentational* psyche.⁶

Penetralium, for Keats, is the innermost sanctuary, an inner world with a definite geography, a place where we might experience a river of ever-deeper cascading mysteries. To be fully *in* the state of negative capability opens one to this flow of mystery, of what Keats would come to call the “vale of soul making.”⁷

What one receives, what is presented, is not predictable, not subject to one’s intention, is not of one’s doing, but is the creation of something “other.” Often what comes is totally outside of one’s prior experience, memory, or knowledge. Listen to this description of such an experience (in 1884) by another young man who would become a great poet:

By the time I was seventeen or eighteen my brain began to flicker with vivid images. I tried to paint these.... Something ancient and eternal seemed to breathe through my fancies...I asked myself what legend I would write under the picture. Something beyond reason held me, and I felt like one who is in a dark room and hears the breathing of another creature, and himself waits breathless for its utterance, and I struggled to understand what wished to be said, and at last...and intent, something whispered to me, “Call it the birth of Aeon.”

These are the words of George William Russell (more familiarly known as *Æ*) who, with poet William Butler Yeats, led the Irish Renaissance. At the time, he had had no exposure to anything wherein he would have encountered “Aeon.” You can see the otherness from some deep interiority, beyond reason.⁸

When Jung fully embraced negative capability, having no choice but to let go of his scientific certainties in order to deal directly with the “mysteries” pressuring him, he “fell” into the chambers of the penetralium of mysteries, and was swept along in the myriad currents he would experience there. His writing out and picturing his encounters with “others” there over several years would become what we now know as his *Red Book*.⁹ And, they would become something else. As is described in *Memories, Dreams, Reflections*,¹⁰ in referring to these experiences, Jung is quoted as saying, “All my works, all my creative activity, has come from those initial fantasies and dreams which began in 1912...Everything that I accomplished in later life was already contained in them....” Thus, not unlike Kekulé’s vision of the hexagonal snake swallowing its tail that gave him the foundation of organic chemistry, Jung’s dreams and visions and mysterious encounters gave him the foundations of the psyche.

Robert Olen Butler tells us that “Art does not come from ideas. Art does not come from the mind. Art comes from where you dream.”¹¹ This is what I am referring to as the “fictive purpose of dreams.” Thus, we may take dreams and visions and fictions as visitations from the penetralium of mysteries that Keats pointed to as “the source.” It is up to us to embrace these visitations with negative capability, to hold the uncertainty, to tend the mysteries, to eschew the sweeping away of doubt and to do so without irritably reaching after fact and reason.

Hard to do. But we must. We must because it seems not only are all our problems but all our solutions, all our efforts based on “outer” sources, are falling into the maw of the machinations of power, the sway of money, and the enchantment of entertainment provided by our ever-increasing entrainment to the “web.” We are trapping ourselves in our own devices, another version of despoiling our nest. Don’t wait for the “app” to solve this.

Something else is needed. I believe Keats shows us the way to something else, as did Æ, as did Jung and others, of course. But there is something standing in the way in all of us. It is the Inquisitor. The truly destructive aspect of the Inquisitor is that it is *not* involved in the tension of uncertainty that must be held; has no truck with mystery, has no doubt of its own correctness. The Inquisitor pushes relentlessly toward resolution and is the embodiment of the “Man of Power.” The Inquisitor is not always bold and out loud but can be subtle and operate in whispers. When we force our dreams, visions and fictions into the straightjacket of what we (or others) already know, the dream loses its capacity to draw us into negative capability and the penetralium of mystery. When the dream is seen as only having to do with various formulations of “the past,” the potential of the dream for providing hints of possible futures is diminished. In one way or another, whether we know it or not, this is the work of the Inquisitor. It is pervasive on both the inner and outer planes. It is life-denying, soul-depriving and fears love most of all.

Keats knew this. He ends his *Ode to Psyche* written in 1820 with these lines:

A bright torch, and a casement ope at night,
To let the warm Love in!

To me, Keats is here anticipating Æ’s “Pilgrim of Eternity,” and Jung’s “The Coming Guest.”¹² This is the future and the promise of negative capability as entryway to what is brewing in the penetralium of mystery. It is this future and promise I will focus on in Part 6 and conclusion of “The Fictive Purpose of Dreams.”

¹ Charles Olson. *The Special View of History*. Berkeley: Oyez, 1970, 15-16. For the complete letter wherein Keat’s fist speaks of “Negative Capability” and “the Penetralium of mystery,” see Adrés Rodríguez. *Book of the Heart: The Poetics. Letters and Life of John Keats*. New York. Lindesfarne Press, 1993, 39-40.

² Walter Wink. *Collected Readings* (Ed. Henry French). Minneapolis: Fortress Press, 2013, 88.

³ William Shakespeare. Sonnet CI. *The Complete Works of William Shakespeare* (Ed. William Aldis Wright). Garden City: Doubleday & Company, Inc. 1936, 1,416. Note that “my love” itself embodies negative capability.

⁴ Keat's meaning of negative capability has been the subject of many treatments, most notably in the book, *Negative Capability: The Intuitive Approach in Keats*. Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1939.

⁵ Here I borrow and mean this phrase in the way used by Walter Wink. *The Powers That Be: Theology for a New Millennium*. New York: Doubleday, 1998.

⁶ Russell Arthur Lockhart. *Psyche Speaks: A Jungian Approach to Self and World*. Wilmette: Chiron Publications, 1987, 6-7.

⁷ For the letter in which this phrase occurs, its context and elaboration, see Rodríguez (above), p. 167. Keats used this expression in a letter written in 1819. James Hillman opened his ground-breaking re-visioning of psychology by reference to Keat's iconic phrase. See James Hillman. *Re-Visioning Psychology*. New York: Harper & Row, 1975.

⁸ Æ. George William Russell. *The Candle of Vision*. Wheaton: The Theosophical Publishing House, 1974, 71-72.

⁹ C. G. Jung. *The Red Book Liber Novus*. (Ed. Sonu Shamdasani). New York: W. W. Norton & Company, 2009.

¹⁰ C. G. Jung. *Memories, Dreams, Reflections*. New York: Random House, 1961

¹¹ Robert Olen Butler. *From Where You Dream: The Process of Writing Fiction*. (Ed. Janet Burroway). New York: Grove Press, 2005, 13.

¹² For the "Pilgrim of Eternity" see Æ above. For the "Coming Guest," see Jung's letter to Herbert Read, C. G. Jung. *Letters*. (Vol. 2). Princeton. Princeton University Press, 1975. September 2, 1960. Although Æ's pilgrim of eternity affected Jung "profoundly" (according to Gerhard Adler), Jung never referred to Æ in his published writings or letters.

DREAMS IN THE NEWS

The Fictive Purpose of Dreams

Part Six: The Pilgrim of Eternity and the Coming Guest

Russell Arthur Lockhart, Ph.D.

Even as a teenager growing up in Dublin, Æⁱ experienced a steady stream of vivid images that bore no relation whatever to his “real” world. At 17, he attended the Metropolitan School of Art, and rather than follow the “real world” curriculum, he would draw and paint his images. It was during this period that he met W. B. Yeats, and together they would give birth to the Irish Renaissance. The images that broke in on Æ’s consciousness, which he called “waking dreams,” I call the “presentational psyche,” to emphasize that these experiences are *presented* to our consciousness fully formed, fully articulate, full of mystery. Such images, like dreams, are not manufactured by consciousness, but are, as Jung would later say, “just so.” The presentational psyche has multiple sources by no means limited to visual images. They may be auditory; they may be bodily sensations; they may be experienced in myriad forms. What distinguishes these experiences is the strong sense of something “other,” something not produced by conscious will. Earlier, in relation to such visitations, Keats concluded, “there is an ancestral wisdom in man and we can if we wish drink that old wine of heaven.”

Note that Keats says, “if we wish.” Yet, more often than not, presentational experiences of any sort are ignored, devalued, dismissed, or feared as an indication of instability or worse. Where is the encouragement to tend such experiences? As the tethering of young and old alike to the allure of the Internet and its ubiquitous social media increases exponentially, the engagement with the presentational psyche approaches a vanishing point. Wordsworth’s admonition that “the world is too much with us”ⁱⁱ is ever truer. We are drowning in a sea of frenzied distraction making the “call of the center” recede ever further. Although written in response to the horrors of World War I, Yeats’ “Second Coming” is even more applicable to today’s world on the brink: *Things fall apart; the centre cannot hold... The best lack all conviction, while the worst are full of passionate intensity.* As he says, the stabbing truth of this means: *the ceremony of innocence is drowned....*ⁱⁱⁱ To get the full sense of what Yeats is referring to one must remember that the word “innocence” derives from the Latin *innosens*, literally, “not dead.” It is this “not dead” quality that is essential to Æ’s painting his images and listening to the inner voices, Jung’s “letting go,” and plummeting into those encounters with inner figures he illustrated in his *Red Book*, to any artist’s openness to what Robert Henri called,

“signposts on the way to what may be.” Yeats says that such innocence is drowning if not already drowned, and if Henri is right to connect this with the future, then, as Leonard Cohen warns, “Get ready for the future: it is murder.” Whether it is the environment, or one another; whether the spirit of freedom, or freedom from the oppressive grip of others, or money, or governments, all is being murdered.

Recall Bernay’s reference to the hidden strings of power of the few controlling the vast populace. As we look upon the world stage, is there any doubting this now? What we need to realize is that human *collectives* of any nature are subject to this same dynamic. Humans have a “social” brain,^{iv} hard wired to form herds. No matter the overt intentionality of the group, no matter how small or large, group dynamics invariably form hierarchical power structures.^v These structures operate to value what Keats called “Men of Power,” while rejecting those immersed in the prodigious demands of negative capability.

The internal voice instructed the young Æ to call his painting, “The Birth of Aeon.” The futurity emphasized in this command would later be formulated by the more mature Æ as the *Pilgrim of Eternity*,^{vi} the spirit of a coming age. Lest we think of this as some magnificent conscious desire, eagerly awaited, confident that we know what the future *should* be, it is well to remember that the word “pilgrim” has its roots in the Latin *perigee*, meaning “foreign, alien, and other.” Thus the eternal pilgrim is not likely to come into our consciousness or our world as we expect. We can no more predict its nature than we can predict our next dream.

Æ’s *Candle of Vision*, the finest expression of his mystical revelations, was well known to Jung, and according to Gerhard Adler, had a profound effect on him.^{vii} Oddly, Jung never refers to Æ in his letters or in his published writings, or in the privacy of the *Red Book*. How profoundly Jung was affected may be gleaned from what I consider to be Jung’s most important letter and perhaps the most important message of his work. In this letter, written to Sir Herbert Read, the great art and cultural critic, in September, 1960, Jung thanks Sir Herbert for his essay written in honor of Jung’s 85th birthday, and thanks him for rescuing him from “...a dark and sluggish swamp in which I felt buried.” Jung was here taking note that few could see his work as “a genuine concern for my fellow beings.” Even at this late date, not long before he died, Jung was still complaining about “receiving no encouragement,” and was feeling “ignored and misunderstood.” Then Jung writes one of his most compelling and searching paragraphs:

The great problem of our time is that we don’t understand what is happening to the world. We are confronted with the darkness of our soul, the unconscious. It sends up its dark and unrecognizable urges. It hollows out and

hacks up the shapes of our culture and its historical dominants. We have no dominants any more, they are in the future. Our values are shifting, everything loses its certainty; even *sanctissima causalitas* has descended from the throne of axioma and has become a mere field of probability. Who is the awe-inspiring guest who knocks at our door portentously?^{viii}

Who indeed? Jung answers in the same letter with what to me is the core of Jung's message to us, as it was then, as it is now, fifty-five years later.

We have simply got to listen to what the psyche spontaneously says to us. What the dream, which is not manufactured by us, says is *just so*. Say it again as well as you can: *Quod Natura relinquit imperfectum, Ars perficit*. [What Nature left imperfect, the Art perfect.] It is the great dream which has always spoken through the artist as mouthpiece. All his love and passion (his "values") flow towards the coming guest to proclaim his arrival.

Again, in the same letter he comes to his final point:

What is the great Dream? It consists in the many small dreams and the many acts of humility and submission to their hints. It is the future and the picture of the new world, which we do not understand yet. We cannot know better than the unconscious and its intimations. *There* is a fair chance of finding what we seek in vain in our conscious world. Where else could it be?

Æ and Jung cannot be speaking more clearly to the urgencies and pathologies of our time. Both are saying that turning toward the innermost sanctum, the source of the dream—this is where we need to be looking, listening, learning.

Why then are we failing? It is, I believe, because most remain umbilically attached to those hidden strings of power, like puppets dancing always to others' tunes. Fear keeps us attached either to the crowds content with the status quo, or to the crowds pushing for change. Always crowds. Always the social brain in control. Æ's augury, Jung's odyssey, Dick's exegesis, and others, point elsewhere and to "something else." These are not *group* efforts. They are exemplars of the individual taking up the task of relating to what is presented to them, not from outside, but from inside. I see little recognition of this and certainly not much yet realizing of what Harold Rosenberg described so clearly forty years ago:

Art consists of one-person creeds, one-psyche cultures. Its directions toward a society in which experiences of each will be the ground of a unique, inimitable form—in short, a society in which everyone will be an artist. Art in our time can have no other social aim—an Aim dreamed of by modern poets, from Lautremont to Whitman, Joyce, and the Surrealists, and which is embodied the essence of the Continuing revolt against domination by tradition.^{ix}

The tie that now binds us so tightly to the puppetry that keeps us from realizing this dream of the Aquarian Age, is, of course, *money*. The vast populace is enslaved to this modern god just as are those

controlling the strings. How do we cut the strings and not only survive but engender what Rosenberg sees as a possible future? There are hints of what is required scattered through the pages of this work on the fictive purpose of dreams. I will take up this question in detail and at length in the next series, which will complete the trilogy comprised of *Dreams as Angels*, *The Fictive Purpose of Dreams*, and *The Commodification of Everything*.

ⁱ Æ is the pseudonym of George William Russell. He took this name from an accidental error by his printer who did not understand the word AEON, which Russell had decided to use as his pseudonym in honor of his early experience of a voice instructing him to call his painting “The Birth of Aeon.” The printer sent the draft back with the marking AE??. Russell liked this and adopted the initials from then on.

ⁱⁱ As cited by Saul Bellow, “A World Too Much With Us,” *Critical Inquiry*, 1, 1975, p. 1-9

ⁱⁱⁱ Yeat’s much celebrated poem was published in his 1921 book, *Michael Robartes and the Dancer*. There is much in Yeat’s notes that concerns what I now refer to as the fictive purpose of dreams. The poem itself, quoted here, is from W. B. Yeats: *The Poems—A New Edition*. Richard J. Finneran (Ed.). New York: Macmillan Publishing Company, 1985.

^{iv} Recent research in neurophysiology emphasizes the social dimension of the human brain as it has evolved. A good review may be found in *The Neuroscience of Psychotherapy: Healing the Social Brain (2nd edition)*. Louis Cozolino. New York: W. W. Norton & Co, 2010.

^v The seminal work on this theme remains Elias Canetti’s *Crowds and Power*. New York: Farrar, Straus and Giroux, 1984.

^{vi} Æ’s *The Candle of Vision* was first published in 1920, and in the view of Leslie Shepard, “is one of the most important records of the mystic life ever written.” Quoted from her “Introduction” in *The Candle of Vision*. Wheaton: The Theosophical Publishing House, 1974.

^{vii} See Gerhard Adler’s note 6, p. 590, in C. G. Jung, *Letters*. Vol. 2. Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1975.

^{viii} C. G. Jung. *Letters*. Vol. 2. Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1975. Letter to Sir Herbert Read, September 2, 1960, pp. 586-592.

^{ix} Harold Rosenberg. “Metaphysical Feelings in Modern Art.” *Critical Inquiry*. Vol. 2, 1975, p. 232.