



AWAKENING (a dream I had in 1966)

I find myself entering a enormous museum, a girl by my side. The central atrium is vast in size, with corridors of exhibits leading off in various directions. A lone pillar stands in the center of the hall, with a life-size sculpture of a human skull on its top and the name of the artist engraved on the front. Approaching, we each place our foreheads against the skull's forehead in order to look into its eye sockets; the resulting view is out from the same skull into the workshop of the artist, where it rests as a paperweight on his desk. The artist himself is seated directly facing. Turning then from the pillar, we cross the hall to enter one of the side galleries, which holds an exhibit of American Indian artifacts. Other visitors in small groups are strolling about, examining the various relics and conversing in subdued tones. Suddenly, a lone Indian girl in traditional dress enters and, approaching a ceremonial drum on the wall, reaches out one finger to begin on it a rhythmic tapping. Its resonance fills the entire museum, causing everyone including ourselves to go into a trance. As she starts a plaintive song in her native language, everyone begins to chant perfectly along with her in a tongue none of us understand. When she ceases, the spell is broken and everyone carries on as if nothing had happened. My companion and I then turn and re-enter the central hall, where we notice a huge painting filling the entire opposite wall. It is completely filled with obscure hues, midnight blues and deep purples, except for a few tiny bright golden figures in the very center. As we begin to cross the hall to approach the canvas, the figures begin to move about. We stop, and the figures stop; we move again, and the figures move. So we position ourselves well apart, in a triangulation from the center of the painting, and begin a elaborate dance converging toward the center of the canvas. The tiny figures thereupon resolve into bright human forms dancing in rhythm with ourselves. The girl and I finally meet at the center of the painting, enter it, and ourselves become the golden figures.