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Scholars as People: Dreams, Idle Dreams

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## Fieldwork Planned and Begun

■ Fieldwork was planned, on behalf of the American University at Cairo, in the western desert of Egypt early in December, 1965. Under the supervision of Dr. A. Boujra of the American University and Dr. A. M. Abou-Zeid of Alexandria University, two teams were to investigate such problems as tribal organization, land tenure, customary law, modernization, and urbanization among the Bedouins, etc. The study is mainly concerned with the problems of nomadism and sedentarization and it is expected that the results will be of use to competent authorities as a guide in planning sedentarization projects.

A. M. ABOU-ZEID  
Ramleh, Egypt

■ As the outgrowth of my scepticism about theories of prehistoric culture as reconstructed from ceramic data, I propose to investigate a modern dump as a control case in archaeological interpretation. I want to determine whether a "traditional" interpretation of shards collected from a recent dump near a living community really corresponds to conditions and practices within that community as determined by ethnographic study. Although a modern, civilized community differs in many respects from an ancient or primitive one, this experiment should improve our interpretation of materials from ancient or deserted sites.

For this purpose, a small 30-50 household community with a single dump-yard in the environs of Seoul, Korea, will be selected. The focus will be on the period 1900-50, which includes the end of the Yi Dynasty, the

Japanese occupation, and the influx of U.S. culture and should reveal many interesting and complex cultural features. The archaeological data will be compared to the ethnographic data in such ways as: (1) the ratio of shards to utensils made of other materials found in the dump compared to the ratio in use in the community; (2) the ratio of unusual to common pottery types in the dump contrasted with the ratio in use in the community; (3) a theoretical reconstruction of the history and circumstances of the accumulation of the dump tested against the data obtained through community study; and (4) the significance of stratification as determined by the history of the community and reconstructed by the excavation team.

WON-YONG KIM  
Seoul, Korea

## SCHOLARS AS PEOPLE

### Dreams, Idle Dreams<sup>1</sup>

by ROBERT H. LOWIE

All my life I have been a chronic and persistent dreamer. Not only do I dream, as it appears to me at least, continually throughout every night, in addition, I often hear voices or see visions when I am lying with my eyes half-closed, just resting. It has always been so with me. From a boy I have been, in doze or sleep, a visionary. At various times in my life I have kept a "dream diary," writing down each morning those dreams that I could remember from the night before.<sup>2</sup> Since dreaming is of interest as a psychic phenomenon I shall venture presently to describe a few of my better efforts.

It is odd that I should be the one to lapse into dreaming. Awake I am a matter-of-fact person with an orderly mind and—by repute, at least—little imagination.<sup>3</sup> I know several people who are full of fanciful notions and others who are not a little fey, but their dreams are neither as frequent

nor as gaudy as mine. Since I seem to have been chosen as a dreamer *par excellence*, perhaps it is my scientific duty to put on record some of my somnic experiences.

I should first like to make a few comments about the general nature and characteristics of my dreams and about their effects upon me. Perhaps the oddest thing about them is that they almost never have an emotional accompaniment of any sort. They are dramas that unfold themselves upon a stage. Even when I am a participant, I am also a spectator. It is probably this play-like quality that robs them of emotional involvement. I do not have nightmares, I am not frightened, excited, disturbed, or upset. Even if I think in a dream that an experience is somewhat unpleasant, I have no *feeling* of revulsion or disgust. The bizarre associations which my unconscious mind presents me are merely entertaining, whatever their nature. My only feeling is one of delight at the quaint notions I have had. To me dreaming is great fun.

A second point I should like to

mention is the extreme specificity of my dreams. I do not dream that a man is going down a street looking for a house number, but that a clearly-seen, elderly man with white hair and a reddish scar on his left cheek is walking with a pronounced limp along East 78th Street in Glendon, Utah, looking for number 408. There is rarely anything vague about either the action of the plot or the *dramatis personae*.

A third point which has always intrigued me is the rather casual participation in my dreams of those to whom I am actually most devoted—my parents, my sister, and my wife. To be sure, they appear fairly often but I rarely see them; they are simply there, perhaps accompanying me, perhaps merely looking on. They may have a minor role in the drama, but they are not often important.

By contrast there is the frequent intrusion into my dreams of completely unknown individuals, whose features are clear and unmistakable. I would recognize them should I see them again. If I were an artist, I could draw them in complete detail. Yet to the best of my knowledge and belief I have never seen them before. I have always wondered why, when I already know hundreds of people, I go to the trouble of inventing new ones. Even when I dream of an authentic historical character or of a real acquaintance I am as likely as not to clothe him in

<sup>1</sup> This article was written in 1957, about 6 months before my husband died. I added only the last dream. Luella Cole Lowie.

<sup>2</sup> One notebook containing recorded dreams is in the Archives of the University of California Library.

<sup>3</sup> This reputation was without foundation. My husband had plenty of imagination, but it was of an unusual type and he rarely gave it free rein. L.C.L.

flesh that is utterly unlike any picture or waking remembrance of his actual appearance.

The effects of my dreams upon me may also be of interest—and they have always had effects. At an age when my friends were all violently opposed to religion in all forms and I too was inclined to be an atheist on strictly logical and scientific grounds, I could never quite believe that there were no psychic forces in the world because I could not shake free from the inexplicable in my own dreaming. Although I often gave lip-service to the opinions of my friends, I could not become the hardboiled rationalist that I certainly wanted to be when I was young, largely because my eerie nocturnal experiences did not seem to my logical waking mind to belong to a wholly mechanical world. In later years my dreams helped me greatly in understanding visionary experiences of primitive peoples. I too hear voices and see visions. For instance, as I sit dozing over a book, I catch sight of the brilliant-eyed head of a woman, no larger than a penny; or I hear a fellow-student's wife speaking French, which, even in the dream, I am aware that she cannot speak; or I hear words strung together in defiance of common sense, as when an elderly, clearly-seen Viennese explains in slightly accented German how his son migrated to America: "My son came over as a one-hundred-and-twenty-year-old boy." The difference between me and an Eskimo shaman who has heard a meaningless jumble of sounds or a Crow visionary who has seen a strange apparition is that I do not regard such experiences as mystic revelations, whereas they do. But I can understand the underlying mental and emotional experiences a good deal better than most other ethnologists can, because I have identical episodes every night and almost every day of my life.

I have tried at various times to classify my dreams, but I have never been successful, although certain common types may be mentioned briefly and then dismissed. Like most other people I have had many dreams that resulted from physical stimuli. When I was a young man, erotic fancies thrust themselves forwards; at various ages, digestive difficulties brought about disturbed and confused dreams; just before my prostate operation, I had frequent dreams about searching for a toilet. On one occasion I dreamt that I was winning a foot-race but was cheated of victory because my left foot went to sleep—whereat I woke up, and my left foot *was* asleep.

Another large group of my dreams centers around my occupation. As a very young man I tried teaching in elementary school and proved a dismal failure. The experience evidently

went deep, for decades later I was still fairly often haunted by somnic images of myself vainly trying to stay the din of unruly youngsters in a classroom. Pleasanter and even more enduring in their influence were my 14 years at the American Museum of Natural History in New York. Periodically I still wander at night through its endless corridors, go up and down its elevators, talk with its personnel, or slink out by its rear exit.

Typical anxiety dreams—but without the feeling of anxiety—disturbed me before my oral examinations for the doctorate. One night I passed through a hall where my major professor, Franz Boas, was talking to a tall, cadaverous-looking individual who was entirely strange to me, and I overheard their conversation: "Will you let him (me) pass?" asked the unidentified stranger, and Boas answered, "No, he's too blond." This remark did not in the least upset me in the dream, although at the time I felt during my waking hours the usual anxiety and uncertainty of a doctoral candidate whose hour of doom is approaching. A few nights later I had a typical anxiety dream of so vivid a nature that I still recall it much as I recorded it the following morning. The setting was essentially realistic—the west side of Schermerhorn Hall on the Columbia campus, where a flight of steps leads down to the level of Amsterdam Avenue. Only the dream staircase was immensely high, and several moving vans were poised at the top, about to drive down the stairs. I asked the drivers in my most polite Austrian manner to allow me to go down first and, taking their permission for granted, I began walking down, holding on to the handrail. When I was about halfway down, however, the handrail came to an end; so did the steps, and I stood on the edge looking down into an abyss and thinking to myself. "If this keeps up I shall certainly get dizzy." Uncertain what to do I sat down on the last step, where I had to hang on to my gray Fedora hat because the wind was blowing so hard. At this juncture I noticed that the vans had already begun to clatter down behind me. The line of vans filled the entire width of the steps, so there was no avoiding them. But I awoke before I could discover my fate. I do not recall that I was in the least frightened; I merely wondered just what was going to happen to me, but there was no nightmarish quality to the experience.

Travel, always a favorite pastime, often a professional duty, has made me cover considerable ground in reality, but much less than in sleep. There have been many accompanying tribulations, but also rewarding episodes. Once, upon landing in a strange city, I took

a cab, but had to get into the seat by swinging my legs over the driver's body,—a very troublesome business. I chose the shorter, cheaper route to my destination, for I had only \$2.00 in my pocket. At the end of the trip the driver demanded \$7.00! We started wrangling, with results unrevealed. Repeatedly I have missed railroad connections or worried over relatives left behind at a station or lost my ticket or vainly fumbled for the wherewithal to pay my fare. (Let Freudians make the most of it!) On the other hand, it was gratifying one night to find in my wallet two \$75.00 bills (*sic*) for a trip to Calgary. There is also the zest of discovering places not yet on our maps, as when my sister and I were bound for Cigaretteville or when our train arrived at Arkins, Montana, where she got off to distribute hymn books, insisting petulantly that people accept her gift. While my sister might conceivably distribute hymnals, it is most assuredly not in her to insist upon their acceptance by strangers.

Though never in Russia in the flesh, I made a nocturnal journey there, recognizing the bulging cupolas of Muscovy as our train pulled in. In Italy, too, I traveled before I had been there. Arriving at a city, I found the crowd cheering a swarthy little general named Sergi (incidentally the name of a well-known anthropologist) whom I recalled having seen previously in the same country. "Where could it have been?" I pondered. "It couldn't have been Venice, for that unique place I'd never have forgotten; it must have been at Turin or Genoa or Milan."

But there is no need to go abroad to experience interesting things in sleep. Once the librarian of the American Museum conferred on me the title of Civil Engineer and promised me a Ph.D. the same afternoon. Then there was the episode of the barbershop at a time when I was affecting a Vandyke beard. Without receiving any instructions, the barber shaved my face clean. His anteroom was crowded with Italians, whom he tried to eject, waving a revolver in his left hand. When some of the intruders continued to linger, he scared them off with an immensely long arquebus. Oddly enough, I bought a railroad ticket at the very same shop—and odder still, I bought it without knowing what place I was headed for. When I examined the ticket it was, much to my surprise, marked "Niagara Falls." Quite recently, in one night, I witnessed a series of peculiar occurrences, all of which seemed to take place in Walla Walla. First, at a Shakespearean performance two ladies in the audience began suddenly to sing so loudly that they drowned out the actors entirely. Next, I entered a large hall, in one section of which about a dozen little Indian

children were lying on classroom benches set in solid rows. Then, situated upon a beautiful boulevard, I found a never-never restaurant; memory of a divine meal there still lures me thither, but I shall never again find it.

In my dreams I often meet people whom I know only by reputation or historical characters long since dead. In my student days I read Karl Pearson's *The Grammar of Science*; one night the great biometrician appeared to me, and we engaged in a wholly rational talk about statistics. Curiously enough, however, he was trying to retrieve some object that had fallen into a chink, while I was recovering fragments of a soft hat and a derby. On one of my nocturnal railroad jaunts a Mrs. Vanderbilt was a fellow-passenger. She got off at a station and walked bareheaded down the middle of the street. I followed her until she suddenly halted before a medieval-looking structure. There she exchanged greetings with a tall, thin female wearing a coronet and a cross on her head, while a man in period dress was standing nearby.

It sometimes happens that distinguished acquaintances turn up at night in atypical situations. In 1930 I had attended a scientific gathering at the Ethnographic Museum of Hamburg and made the acquaintance of its director, Professor Thilenius. A year or two later I met him in a dream, standing at the side of his horse, within a stone's throw of the since demolished McCown's Tavern in upper Central Park, New York City. He was holding a volume of Edgar Allen Poe's tales, as he told me one of the plots, that of the nonexistent "Daughter of Calixtus"—a title which seemed so probable to me that I could not be sure it really was nonexistent until I had looked up Poe's writings. The central point of the plot was that the daughter made her father promise to give her eleven-hundred-and-twenty-four times as much money as he made. After his summary of the story Thilenius swung himself up onto his mount and rode off. I told my wife about this dream at breakfast the next morning and asked her if she had ever heard of anyone named Calixtus. She replied that there were at least two popes of that name and that they lived in the 12th century. Upon consulting Brockhaus I discovered that the most important pope by that name was pontiff from A.D. 119-1124. The coincidence in the numbers is obvious, but I am at a loss as to how it can be explained.

But most exciting are those somnific sallies into the past, when I rub shoulders with the illustrious dead. Only a year or so ago Prince Maximilian of Wied-Neuwied, the renown-

ed traveler who visited my favorite Indian tribes a hundred and twenty years ago, welcomed me to his home. Unfortunately I recall nothing else about him except that he was a large, round-faced man—which incidentally clashes with other descriptions of him as a person of cadaverous leanness. About the same time I ran into Alexander von Humboldt, who asked me to meet him in a park nearby. There the Dean of the Graduate Division of the University of California was waiting for us in a small, antiquated auto. On the ground was a large and clumsy-looking saddle that the Dean intended somehow to stuff into the small luggage compartment. He wanted us to help him, but I refused upon the grounds that my companion was a foreigner. The Dean finally put the saddle on top of the vintage-1920 Ford and drove off in a huff. Von Humboldt and I decided to take a walk. I was wondering just what would be the proper mode of address for me to use in speaking to him and finally decided upon "Herr Baröchen," which seems hardly felicitous. I asked him how he felt towards the several languages in his polygot repertory, but Morpheus would not tarry for an answer. Very casual were my contacts with Dr. Samuel Johnson years ago. I ran into him at a bookshop resembling Bretano's in New York, but he soon disappeared without a word through a swinging door. Oddly enough, the meeting at the time left me with a sense of gaining a much better understanding of the sanitary arrangements in 18th-century England. His French contemporary Voltaire was slightly more articulate, although his question was hardly to have been foreseen: he pointedly asked me just why American anthropologists felt as they did about Paul Radin, at the time one of my fellow-students at Columbia. With Friedrich Schiller, the German poet and dramatist, I became really chummy—in fact, I took him under my wing. It seems that he was greatly smitten with a young lady of quality, whose haughty mother discouraged his attentions. I infused spirit into the shy lover, and we jointly crashed a party at the dowager's house. By way of recommendation I told her that Schiller had invented a German system of shorthand. Notwithstanding these credentials she snubbed both of us and prevented the poet from dancing with her daughter. But when she heard me speak English, my mastery of the language mysteriously raised her notions of our social status. Relenting, she asked me to dance with her. This precipitated a quandary that ended the dream. "What kind of step shall I dance with her?" I asked myself: "I'd like to waltz, but I can't because

the waltz has not yet been invented!" Apparently my critical faculties do not slumber altogether.

For whatever use they may be to those who are interested in the nature and structure of dreams I will present a few culled from my notebooks. They are in order, but they are not of any particular type. They have been selected merely as representative of what might be called my run-of-the-mill dreaming. Some psychologist may be able to use the material to prove or disprove something, and even the casual reader may find some of the experiences of interest and very likely similar to incidents in his own dreams.

1908. I was standing with Professor Edmund B. Wilson in a classroom. He was examining me on what purported to be a red cedar. He asked me why certain leaves were differently shaped from others, also whether or not a member of the genus was to be found in my part of the country. In the meantime the class was having a written examination. Some pupils tried to exchange inkwells, but I made them put them back again. Suddenly a Dr. Tower came in, leading a strange-faced man whom he introduced as Prof. Xerxes. This stranger was to address the class on *Macacus, Tinamus major*, while the class was still writing the examination. I protested that the pupils would be too disturbed by the lecture to do their best work. Dr. Xerxes then sent for what appeared to be a navy officer, named Dulouhosch, who made me stand in a corner for incompetence.

March 18, 1908. Mamma, Risa (my sister, and I were entering a strange city in an open vehicle that seemed to be a kind of toboggan. It slid down a track which was on an inclined plane, and on the way down we nearly ran over an oldish man with bright red hair and spectacles; also, he carried the white cane used by blind people. Mamma and Risa started for the ladies' room, but on the way Risa fell into a hole in the floor, and I had to pull her out. Suddenly I discovered that I was wearing only an undershirt, which I pulled down as far as I could when I saw a woman descending from the upper floor. I wanted to buy both clothes and a ticket at the ticket-office, but of course had no money, having left it in my coat and trouser pockets. However, the ticket seller gave me a handful of coins amounting to \$.37, among which was a Canadian five-cent piece, which I identified because it had a squarish hole in the middle! With this money I stepped into the men's room and bought an entire outfit of clothes—with \$.37.

May 25, 1908. I dreamt that I was standing by watching a Paiute medicine man examining Abraham Lincoln, who appeared to be ill. The comparison in height between Lincoln's 6 feet and 4 inches and the Paiute's 4 feet and 1 inch was ludicrous. Lincoln finally had to kneel so that the medicine man could listen to his heart. The Indian was explaining the merits of his race, emphasizing their use of a certain zigzag ornamentation, which I saw distinctly in the dream. Then I overheard someone behind me saying that Lincoln was really a coward and had jumped through the window of an L-train during a railroad accident at 8th

Avenue and 116th Street in New York. Suddenly I found myself in the elevator of the same station. I seemed still to have the Paiute with me. On the way down, the elevator began to fall; so the Paiute built a fire on the floor, made incense from sagebrush, and by this means brought the elevator to an orderly stop at the usual place.

April 17, 1946. I dreamt last night that I was at a banquet table and had to deliver two speeches. For the first one I raised my glass and said, "Skol." For the second I again raised my glass and said, "Tak." The queer thing about this dream was that these "speeches" gave me an inordinate sense of satisfaction with myself, plus a feeling that I had at last mastered Hungarian!

May 8, 1911. Last night I dreamt that I was in a hospital but without being ill. I wandered upstairs, very lightly-clad, when a physician approached me, so I fled back to my own room, where I found two women patients, one with a child into whose mouth a doctor was putting medicine. One asked me if I knew Louise Cobb (a member of the women's athletic department), Marie Henze (another member), and the latter's husband, Everett Glass. I started to tell them my experience in Seville, where a vice-consul asked me if I knew Everett Glass, who was at that time living in the next room to me at the Faculty Club, but no one would listen to me. Annoyed by this indifference I decided to leave the hospital in a clandestine manner. I got dressed—I have a vivid recollection of exactly how I knotted my four-in-hand tie—picked up some books from the hospital library and, holding them in my left arm, sneaked downstairs. At one point I had to dodge into a room because I saw a doctor coming up the stairs. Eventually I walked outdoors and away from the hospital, but then I began to wonder how I was ever going to return the books to the library—evidently my academic conscience does not sleep. Then I decided that I would come back with my Father to the opposite side of the street from the hospital and let *him* go in and return them.

June 3, 1946. Two nights ago I dreamt that Father, Mother, Risa, and I sat down to a party dinner in a restaurant with Dorothy Klein (a girl who was a family friend) and two completely strange ladies. For some reason we shifted tables and had to take our cutlery along with us. I dropped practically the whole works, breaking a valuable porcelain plate. The accident produced a terrific noise, almost exactly like that made a few nights before by a young roomer who was trying to tiptoe into the house at 3 A.M. loaded with skis, ski-poles, ski-boots, and sundry other paraphernalia, missed his footing in the dark, and dropped everything, including himself, down the stairs with a horrendous clatter. After the meal Father and I walked ahead of the ladies, but presently failed to see them any longer, inferring that they had turned off on a side street. We met two Germans, one tall and broad and wearing a huge Stetson hat, the other shortish and slim, with a hatchet face and a goatee. As we walked along, a German city on a broad river floated into our vision. I thought at first it was Weimar but reflected that the river was much too wide; then I thought perhaps it was Ulm, although I could not seem to see any cathedral spire. I asked one of the Germans

where he lived and he answered, "Nuremberg." Then all of us were walking toward one of the exits in Central Park but found ourselves separated from the street, which lay at a depth of perhaps one hundred feet below, by an immense pile of luggage, some of which belonged to the Nuremberger. This pile we would have to clamber down. Father, who was a small, deft man, solved the problem neatly by greasing the underside of a suitcase, sitting down upon it, and sliding à la toboggan down to the street, but I felt that I was much too big and too clumsy to use this method effectively. I finally managed to climb halfway down, but with a good deal of slipping and stumbling. At that point I discovered to my joy a sort of chute such as one sees in children's playgrounds, seated myself upon it, and was down in a twinkling, where I found Mother and Risa, who applauded me.

July 16, 1946. I was traveling across Mexico with various people, including Samuel Clemens (Mark Twain) who did not look in the least like his pictures and was very fussy. He wanted me to open the window for him, but I told him I was no mechanic. Later on, I discovered that the straps which were supposed to go around my huge suitcase were far too short, so I asked him what I should do about the matter. He answered, "No window, no straps." At which, he walked out of the car and completely off the train, although I estimated the speed (in the dream) as being about sixty miles an hour. As my car went past the next station platform I was surprised to see him standing there unhurt and smoking an enormously long cigar, which was, however, bright blue instead of brown in color.

July 12, 1946; August 30, 1946. I was in a room at the American Museum of Natural History in New York. Bella Weitzner and two men were there, all of us ready to start for a party. As we proceeded down the corridor, we met a complete stranger, who, however, immediately left us to enter one of the offices, but he was baulked in this intent because the knob was off the door, and the mechanic who was fixing it said the room couldn't be entered till a week from Tuesday. Miss Weitzner explained that the stranger was a foreigner and spoke only English! This remark prompted me to tell her that I had invented an imaginary phrase in Spanish and should use it in a Spanish speech that I was presently to deliver. The phrase turned out to be "igualmente hermana," which so far as I know is no invention. As we approached the elevator we were joined by Nelson, who has his own method of riding in an elevator: he climbed up and sat on the roof.

August 7, 1953. Risa, Mary Haas, and I were together, wandering through a university building and peeping into classrooms and laboratories. Mary talked of going to Chicago to meet someone named Lukas Longkorn, a person whom she described as having a face that was "unangenehm und fein" (unpleasant and refined). For some reason I was expecting that Risa would join Mary Haas in Chicago. Suddenly Risa and I were walking along in front of a large estate. Coming towards us was a little boy. I explained to Risa that he was extremely mischievous. He was crying and told us that his teacher had spanked him, whereat I also

spanked him. Outside the grounds we met what I considered to be a U.S. army officer, but he wore the kind of gaudy uniform that was familiar to me in my Viennese childhood. We walked on to the rear entrance to a little park in Vienna (it was a park that really exists there, in which I have often walked). We both thought the scene indescribably beautiful. At the far end of the park was a low monument that extended horizontally much further than any monument I can remember seeing. I said to Risa, "Unless my memory fails, that is the Grillparzer Monument." (There is such a monument in Vienna, but it does not stand in this park, nor is it of this shape.) I might add that this entire dream was carried on in German; I dream impartially in either language, German or English, but never in a mixture of the two.

August 31, 1946. I dreamt that I had been appointed as head of the Anthropology Department at Columbia (where I had been teaching during summer school) with Bogoras, Strong, Essene, and an unknown Diamond under me. The entrance to my office was on the east side of Broadway, and one went up an interminable flight of stairs to reach it, but upon arrival found a fine lavatory just inside the entrance. I complained to Kroeber that I could easily bawl out the younger men if I needed to, but that it would be embarrassing to call down anyone with the age and fame of Bogoras. I seemed to be quite certain that there would be frequent need for discipline and that I would be incapable of administering it.

September 27, 1946. I dreamt that Cora DuBois—who did not look in the least like herself but was a round, roly-poly, red-faced, and rather noisy woman—had challenged a male author to a boxing contest. A large crowd assembled, including the people with whom Cora usually stayed when she visited in Berkeley. There was much excitement. I bought a ticket, after an argument with the ticket-seller as to whether the cost was \$2.30 or \$3.40. Cora disappeared to make herself ready for the bout. When she came back the whole matter reduced itself to the reading of a scene from a play written by her adversary, in which there were remarks supposedly detrimental to his reputation. Apparently, even my subconscious mind would not accept Cora as a boxer.

April 25, 1953. Several nights ago I dreamt that I was in New York City at probably the 59th Street Station, not the subway. A spiral staircase led into it, and there was sumptuous decoration inside, suggesting an opera house. The passengers were seated in something like a theatre lobby, where an elderly Irish woman had laid out numerous crackers with caviar and the like, also pieces of cake. I had to content myself with the latter because, the caviar was all gone, much to my annoyance—although when awake I don't even like caviar.

April 27, 1953. I was walking in a Coronation Parade alongside of Winston Churchill, who looked like his picture. I told him that the pageantry was far superior to that of a Fourth of July Parade in New York City. I had an uneasy feeling that at some point in the ceremonies he would have to take a special position and would therefore leave me without a partner, something that once happened to me at a Uni-

versity Commencement. Churchill seemed disgruntled about some of the people in line ahead of us and thought we should have been nearer the front of the procession. I had some dates in a little pouch, similar to the one in which I carry my Zurich knife, and offered them to Churchill, requesting him to return the pouch, but I had a pre-emptive sentiment that he would not do so.

**May 5, 1953.** I was a captive in the home of an elderly, bewhiskered enemy. His face was entirely clear to me but completely unknown. First, he subjected me to a written examination and then hinted that he would soon do away with me. An apparently friendly and sympathetic man, of short stature and with a saturnine face, arrived and told me that I should escape. I replied that the same notion had already occurred to me. Then Clark Wissler, looking exactly like himself, appeared and said he had a plan for my rescue. The two men then engaged in a sort of debate as to what would be the best plan, but I developed one of my own, leaped upon my enemy, grasped him by the throat, and threw him down on a sofa. Then I walked out of the house. I do not recall that I had the slightest feeling of nightmare or fright.

**May 16, 1953.** I was in London, walking along a rugged path in a park and thinking of Darwin. Suddenly I came upon a group of Bohemian intellectuals—all strangers—and sat down beside a young lady, selecting her because she was so ugly that I thought she would expect no amorous advances from me. I told the group that when I had to give a public lecture I always first looked into Voltaire's *Dictionnaire Philosophique* for a proper climatic sentence to close my speech with, and then worked my speech backward from there (a method I do not use in my waking hours). I was also going to quote from Voltaire's article on Cromwell, "Parai tant de fois it cessa de l'être," but my partner kept interrupting me so that I was never able to say it. The host said that hot soup was about to be served, and I was very thankful because I was hungry, but actually all I got was a dish of soupy ice cream, and I was unable to finish even that because the whole party packed up and left. I walked away, accompanied by my host, a little, agile, Jewish-looking man with a monocle in his left eye. I explained to him that I was "an unalterable Anglophile." We walked along through the park crowded with people with the sun shining brightly, and I said to myself that this was the very sight I most enjoyed. Presently I asked my host what was the cause of the tensions I had felt in the group we had left, but he made no reply. Instead he invited me to a *Jaune*. I asked him how he knew the word telling him it was specifically Viennese. He said he had been frequently in Vienna and seemed to like the city, although he made a few derogatory remarks about it. Suddenly he began to execute the Russian knee dance in the park, a performance that promptly collected a great throng of people.

**June 10, 1953.** Last night S. A. Barrett (who was here only a week ago) wanted me

to send him a package of my dirty laundry. He was at the time in Milwaukee. He at once sent it back to me, writing on the outside of the more or less cylindrical package that he did not want it. I felt quite irritated that I had troubled to send the package to him in the first place. With it under my arm I went into a large meeting in a restaurant, where I sat next to Professor Fischel of our Semitics Department. After a while the whole company sang "Die zwei Grenadiere" in part quite incorrectly, it seemed to me.

**August 10, 1956.** Night before last I had the only prophetic dream of my life to date (1956). Two days ago in Copenhagen I received a telephone call from a Danish student who hoped to enter the University of California and wanted to talk to me. I explained to him that I was leaving Copenhagen on an early train the next morning, whereat he countered by proposing to meet me on the ferry, since he lived near the Danish end of it, and to talk to me during the crossing. I had never seen him, and he had never seen me, but he felt sure that he would be able to find me, so we did not bother with descriptions. During the night after this telephone conversation I dreamt that I saw a young man about to cross a railroad bridge where there was only one track. The bridge was much like that at Poughkeepsie, New York. I warned him that a train was about due. Disregarding my advice he walked out onto the bridge but had to jump over the side and hang from the ties beneath it, while a train thundered over his head. I saw the man very clearly, both before he went onto the bridge and as he was hanging from it. At this point I woke up. About six hours later I saw a young man approaching me on the ferry and recognized him instantly as the character of my dream. The resemblance was not one hundred per cent, but it was sufficient for identification.

**September, 1956.** Radcliffe-Brown and I were both going to take a train from Grand Central Station and were waiting on an elevated platform for transportation to the Station. He told me that a certain Muenter had been "mitrioteered." I didn't understand the word and asked him to repeat it, which he did, but I didn't understand it any better the second time. I also wondered whether or not Muenter lived in Muenchen. At that moment Paul Radin arrived, having evidently planned to meet me there, although I had not been aware of his intention. He looked at the clock and saw that it was only a little after nine, but whether night or morning I do not know. I said there would be plenty of time to eat. Then it occurred to me that I didn't know what train I was going to take, so I asked Radcliffe-Brown who said his was the Owl. I suggested eating somewhere nearby, but suddenly Paul appeared balancing several bowls of soup, so the three of us sat down in the middle of the elevated platform and had our meal there.

**October, 1956.** Yesterday morning I awoke about six o'clock after a magnificent

meal of juicy steak, a curiously shaped sort of potato puff, a preparation of green beans known in Vienna as *Fiesolen*, and a stunning fruit salad. I told my wife I was going back to sleep and see what kind of dessert would be forthcoming. But in vain! I merely got onto a train with two dwarfs—one named Banning—and set off to collect myths among the Blackfoot, as I once actually did but minus dwarfs of whatever name.

**September 19, 1957.** I was leaning out of the third or fourth story window of an apartment in New York when I saw Paul Radin walking below me on the street. I ran down the stairs and overtook him. I asked him if he knew I had been sick; he evidently did but made very little of it. He was headed for a secondhand bookstore, whither I accompanied him. He went through several rows of books and then called my attention to an autobiographical book in German by Jacques Loeb and his wife. As frontispiece for the volume there was a picture showing both of them before a class. I asked the shopkeeper how much the book cost and understood him to say \$4.00. I then showed him that the back cover was almost torn off and said that I thought the price excessive. I complained also that the binding was red instead of blue. The dealer replied that I could have the book for \$.86, so I bought it. While I waited for Paul to finish his purchases, I dipped into my new possession and read a passage in which a student was described as being very *stramm* (robust) and as having made a disturbance in class. Paul wanted to linger on—he was still searching for a copy of "The Gospel According to St. Jerome" (*sic*)—but presently I left in order to go to a place called Grafton, a name I have seen on a map but have no personal knowledge of. To begin my travel I had to take the elevated. However, my method of ascending to the platform was unusual. I kicked a lever, was seized by someone who strapped a sort of harness under my armpits, and was wafted upwards by power supplied by what appeared to be the hind end of a hook-and-ladder. A large, burly man with a bulbous nose and a raucous voice untied me from the straps that had raised me, threw the harness on the ground, said, "Grüss Gott"—the usual Viennese greeting—and took off in a beautiful and prolonged swan dive that was still in progress when I awoke.

It is adventures such as I have related above that make dreams a joy. One shakes off the fetters of probability and glides through the centuries as though astride a Wellsian time machine. Events of the highest incredibility become commonplaces, and there seems to be no limit to the bizarre juxtaposition of normally unrelated ideas. It is no wonder that when I turn in at night I feel that I may be launched upon the most exciting part of my septuagenarian existence.

*Submitted, 1965, by L. C. L.*