

The Dream Diary of a White Witch



14 December 1951 to 19 September 2011



The Dream Diary
of a
White Witch

isbn: 978-1-4716-8522-4

Other books by Geraldine Murfin-Shaw

Books about life as a Chef:

Fresh Out of the Pan

Sweet Chef

Four Geminis and a Jacuzzi

(Island Chef - still to come)

Cookbook:

The Curious Cook's Book

Stories of Witchcraft, Sex and Humour:

Mrs Jackson Rides Out

Poetry:

The Collected Poems of Val Kirkham

Autobiography

At Least She Never Drank Much (1941-1982)

A Walk on the Blind Side (my life with Wolfram Thomé)

CONTENTS

Preface	6
Foreword	11
Dreams 1984	13
1985	13
1986	46
1989	54
1991	61
1992	64
1993	71
1995	83
Sequel	97
2007	97
2008	98
2009	101
2010	115
2011	131
2012	141
<i>Notes on 'Flying Dinosaur' dream - an analysis by Carla Young</i>	143
Appendix I <i>Chronological List of Dreams</i>	147
Appendix II <i>Alphabetical List of Dreams</i>	150

PREFACE TO THE DREAMS : MY BACKGROUND

When I decided to publish these dreams, it occurred to me that the reader needs to know something of the Dreamer. What sort of person is she? In what ways have life experiences influenced her dreams?

I was born in 1941, of lower middle class parents whose aim was to 'better themselves'. They had good standards and encouraged their children - there were three of us, I was the eldest - in education. My mother felt she was competing against her elder sister, and we were always being compared to our two male cousins. We were offered financial inducements to do well in exams.

We lived in Liversedge, near Heckmondwike. I went to a primitive village school, passed the 11-plus and went to Grammar School. I was to some extent a loner, preferring to pair with a single 'best friend' rather than to be part of a group. I was also possessive. This could have been due to a lack of parental love. There was no warmth or love in our household. My parents did their duty by us, but did not appear to like us or enjoy our company. This may have been the spirit of the time.

My parents moved back to their native area (the other side of Bradford) in the year that I completed GCEs. I was in the A stream and always in the top five or ten students. I was expected to take A levels, and my teachers recommended I study English and Modern Languages at University.

Settled in the house in the salubrious uplands of Bingley, that summer Father sprung the bombshell, telling me bluntly over breakfast one morning that I 'could get a job and get out to work'. He claimed he had extra expense kitting the two lads out with school uniforms, and could not afford one for me. That was the reason he gave. I refused to co-operate, but was dragged to the Youth Employment Office where my future was decided by my Father and the Officer. I was put to work in Bradford City Libraries.

I was not happy at home to start with, and this new turn of events did not go down well. This and other factors decided me to leave home and live on my own. I was seventeen but I knew they could not force me to return if I lived a 'decent life'.

I found a bedsit in Bradford, and when I was told my way of life meant I was no longer welcome at the Library, I started work as a typist for a temp agency - the money was much better so it was not a bad

move. My employer encouraged me to learn shorthand, which I did in my own time, so that she could send me to a wider range of jobs.

After a while, my best friend at the Library, who had gone abroad as an au pair, wrote that she was going to try her luck in London, and asked if I would share a flat with her. Having nothing to lose, I said yes, and set off with all my belongings in two carrier bags.

I got into trouble with the woman in the next flat when I entertained her boyfriend in my room and she threatened to kill me. I rang the boyfriend, who met me after work. I said I dare not go back to the flat and he asked me to marry him. I had known him three weeks and been to bed with him once. I said yes. We took a train to Colchester that night, and stayed with his mother until we could get my parents' permission to marry.

That marriage was a nightmare that lasted six years. I thought I had to stay until I could earn my own living, so waited until my children were five and three. We lived in the house in Brook Street which is mentioned in a couple of the dreams. This was a house of ill omen, and I often dreamed when living there that the upstairs room was full of ghosts - so many, you could not get into the room for them.

I left my husband and rented a house in a village, put the youngest in a nursery and went to work. When he did not settle and I was asked to remove him, I found out there was such a thing as National Assistance. Once they were both in school, I worked in term time and got assistance from the state in the holidays. I had no problem finding jobs through a temping agency.

I met Husband No.2 eight months after leaving No.1. No.2 was a rent collector by day, and a drummer at night and weekends. He played in trad jazz bands and was a member of a local pop group. A courtship of three years was followed by a marriage that lasted six weeks. Then he left, giving as the reason that he needed to be free to sleep with other women. At least he was honest.

When the kids were 10 and 7, I went to work full time. I had a live-in boyfriend, a divorced art teacher, a lovely man, and because of the hours he worked, he was home for the kids. The first year I was assistant to the librarian at Keighley Tech. Then I went to Social Services for two years, as Personal Assistant to the Director. During my second year the boyfriend made it up with his wife and left. I began to suffer severe stress and had difficulty breathing. I changed my job and took a much easier one, P/A to a man bidding for a commercial radio fran-

chise. Though there was nothing to do my stress levels did not decrease. I saw a doctor and when he offered me vallium I decided I should quit, after four years of full time work.

I took a part time job in a green grocer's and when autumn came joined a cookery class, wanting to further a longterm interest in food. The tutor, sensing I wanted more than he could offer, sent me to enrol at Bradford College on their day-release City & Guilds course for chefs in the catering industry. After the first year I was recommended to apply to Leeds Poly for their Hotel and Catering Management course. I had only wanted to know more about food, but I ended up working as a Head Chef and catering manager in various establishments. I began at Flamingoland Zoo for some basic experience before moving into more managerial roles, but I never wanted to work in an office again, the Kitchen was my spiritual home and that was where I wanted to be, and where I stayed.

I was, among other things, sweet chef at the zoo; single-handed banqueting chef; instigator and chef/manager of a café at Ponden Mill near Haworth; third chef at Pontins Paignton, Head Chef at Brownsea Castle, Dorset; Head Chef and catering manager at Harlaxton College, Lincolnshire. There I met Husband No.3, an American marathon runner named Bob.

We returned to the house in Keighley which I had kept on and financed for my children, now both in full time work. I returned to office work as I did not think you could run a marriage where one partner spends sixteen hours a day in the kitchen! The Voices I had had all my life now became much stronger. They told me I should get rid of Bob. I asked them why? - he was young (27 and I was 40), handsome and adored me. They said, "*We have something much better for you*". He spent all his time running and had no interest in finding work. With the help of an old friend - Ken, the Jobs Adviser, we got him a job stuffing envelopes at Grattan Catalogue. He soon tired of this, and fled to America.

Now I was free to look for a job doing what I loved, but I was enjoying my freedom. My work (at Monsanto) was easy, I cycled to work (10 miles each way) and at the weekends did 100 miles around the Dales.

But Fate was waiting for me. An ad in a local paper caught my eye - a sports and leisure club being built - opportunity to come in on the ground floor - design and equip the kitchens, write the menus, engage the staff. What every chef longs for! No inheriting someone else's

mistakes. I cycled the 17 miles over the hill into Lancashire to take a look.

I entered a caravan on a building site and had the misfortune to fall in love with the biggest rogue I was ever to meet! I took him for the site foreman: actually he was the owner. Then we entered on a roller-coaster of a relationship as we fought one setback after another with building regulations, planning permission, workmen and suppliers to get the place ready and open on time. It was exhilarating and we were in love - it was the perfect relationship for two high-wired Geminis.

Once the place was open, we were working to two different agendas - I was straight as a die, wanted proper pay and training for my staff - he was out to cheat everyone he met. It was a Battle Royal and ended, as I knew it would, three months later when I walked out. This man, J♂G, figures in a lot of the dreams. Though our time together was more or less over in 1982, he hung around in my dreams for another thirteen years - quite an achievement!

During the time with J♂G, I had asked the Voices exactly what they meant by '*we have something better for you*' - since this clearly was not it! And they had replied '*Just wait*'.

When I walked out on the job, I thought I would join as many local activities as I could, and also decided to begin writing in earnest - I had always written - journals, letters and poetry, but I wanted to seriously dedicate my time to it. I wanted to work on turning the journals into books, but first I wrote the whole story of what had happened at the sports club and with J♂G, then I wrote more and more poetry, appearing as a performance poet at gigs around Manchester.

A pilgrimage through England by bike in 1983 brought me to Walsingham, where a miracle occurred that opened my eyes to spirituality that I had not believed existed. Then, on a train journey from Tain to Edinburgh I met L♂N, a French Canadian mystic who in a series of astonishing spiritual encounters and journeys further set me on that path.

At an Earth Mysteries group I met J♂D and J♀C not knowing they were witches. J♀C was a musician and singer, and also had a small recording setup in her house. She suggested we produce a tape together, of her music and my poetry, and we became close friends. At the same time a friendship developed between J♂D and me, which further advanced my mystical education. He had an extensive library and often brought me books to read.

One day he gave me a book on Earth Magic. When I read it I knew that I was and always had been a witch. With my consent, he proceeded to educate me in the craft, taking me through the three degrees of initiation necessary to be a full-fledged High Priestess of Wicca. We began working together and I was astonished at the results. Whatever we did, it worked, sometimes against all the odds. I have an open mind, and it was beyond the realms of probability that our magic would *always* work, and when it did I became fully convinced. It was the same with astrology. Under his guidance I tested it out and was amazed and fascinated and have continued ever since. The Dream Diary was begun as part of my studies in wicca.

Everything in my life has happened by chance - or Fate - nothing was planned. I believe I have been led by spiritual forces always, but until coming to Nelson did not know it.

The Dream Diary begins in 1984, I was already a witch, and was studying magical symbolism, tarot and astrology - at the same time writing and performing poetry. I was seeing Huub Janssen from the Dutch Swing College band, and George Melly the Jazz Singer. I had an affair with a jazz saxophonist from Cambridge (B♂T) and with I♂T, a performance poet. I read poetry in a jacuzzi with three other poets and shot to national fame.

In 1986 I met Wolfram Thomé, who became my husband one year later. I initiated him into wicca and from then on worked with him as High Priest, instead of J♂D. This was right and proper. We ran a coven on our allotments, and grew our own organic food. We set up and ran an organic gardening club, organising trips and talks, and I wrote a weekly column for the Nelson Leader from 1989 to 1995, when we made our epic cycle trip to Germany, which was featured in The Real Holiday Show that same year.

I studied Alexander Technique under Shirley Duckworth-Oates of Prestwich, and I ran exercise and healthy living classes for the Over-Sixties, using various alternative therapies and massage techniques.

The dreams ran alongside all this development.

FOREWORD

C.G. Jung, in his book “*Dreams*” (p77) says that dreams are a means of establishing harmony between the conscious and the unconscious life; and that working on dreams over a period of time brings an enrichment and a broadening of the mental horizon¹ . . . I paraphrase his words here as they seem to have particular relevance to this book:-

If we observe a series of dreams running perhaps into hundreds, a phenomenon emerges that is not observable in a single dream. It becomes clear that we are observing a developmental process in the personality itself. Instead of a series of meaningless incidents, a kind of plan emerges. The dreams are seen to be directed towards a common goal, they are not isolated happenings, but are SUCCESSIVE STEPS in an orderly process of development -

Jung then says:-

“I have called this unconscious process . . . the INDIVIDUATION process”

To be sure, Jung was here speaking of a ‘guided’ individuation process, with the co-operation of an analyst, but he does say (*ibid* p.78) that the same process can occur ‘*extra-analytically*’ ie without the input of the analyst, but that it will take longer.

I hope the reader will be able to see this process in action in the dreams retold here. I feel that, although when I began recording the dreams I had little idea of dream analysis, the mere fact of writing them down meant that I was paying them some attention, and perhaps ‘*when the pupil was ready the Teacher came*’ and I became aware of Jungian methods of dream analysis, and began applying them. I have not done any retrospective analysis, the dreams stand as they are, and you may apply your own methods to them. They come to you unadorned and as they came into the world - my world, which I have also attempted to describe to you in the accompanying text.

Note:

¹ *I was sitting in the garden on a lovely sunny day, making these notes from Jung’s book. As I looked at these words, a tiny scrap of blue feather fell from the sky directly onto them, in a symbolic gesture such as often happened to Jung himself*

All the dreams are reproduced as they were written down at the time. Comments in italics which follow a dream were written at the time of the original dream report.

*names and
places*

Comments which appear in text boxes to the left, under the Dream Title, have been added to aid the reader to identify dream characters and places, where this is not clear in the dream record. The ♂ & ♀ symbols have been used with initials to indicate sex but preserve anonymity

Longer text boxes

explanation

contain further explanation to help the reader understand what is going on in the dream, or in real life (where indicated).

1984

by late 1984 I am writing full time, helping in a local guest house and studying magic. I have had experiences which have enhanced and deepened my spirituality

31. Dec 84

Nuclear War Dream

Graham, my son, aged 21 at the time. Peter, a journalist friend

I was out walking with a group of friends, including Graham, and Peter's new little dog was there. We were on the moors and looking to my left I saw some peculiar clouds coming towards us, very fast. There were some ordinary clouds, high up, but lower down near the ground were some which were intensely black, like huge clouds of factory smoke, except that they were cloud-shaped and dense. I was pointing them out to the others when I realised that they were heading towards us and that when they reached us we should be unable to see anything at all. We were on open ground and would be separated as we should not even be able to see each other. I shouted to everyone to run for a farm gate nearby and to cling onto it as a point of reference.

We only just reached it when the cloud enveloped us and it was pitch dark. We clung to the bars of the gate and I shouted to everyone to check we were all there. Graham did not answer and I remembered the little dog. He was not there. I could remember our route in my mind and knew I could retrace my steps and return, once. I did not find either of them and came back, then the cloud cleared and here came Graham striding past me on his way to the others. I called to him but he did not answer nor appear to hear, though I shouted louder and louder. I wondered afterwards if I had existed in the same dream as those people, or had visited as a ghost.

1985

1 Jan 85

George Melly Dream

George is/was a jazz/blues singer, friend and occasional sexual partner

I dreamed about George Melly. He was here to do a concert in February, instead of April as it should have been. I went to see him and stood around in a group chatting. We were leaning on a long table and I was playing with his dick under the table, which he much enjoyed! Later we went to his room and I

went to get coffee for him, but kept getting lost or forgetting what I had gone for. I kept going back and he was sitting there looking sorry for himself and I knew time was getting short and he would have to go on stage and we wanted a screw, but I would keep on setting off to get this coffee!

Soon after walking out of my job in 1982, I picked up a leaflet in a pub where I was having lunch. It announced a New Life Christian preacher was coming to Nelson and would have his inaugural meeting in the Civic Theatre. I went along in a spirit of curiosity, and got to know B♂B and his wife and children. I decided to observe his methods of manipulating the public, and he set himself to save my soul from the 'Devil' as he pronounced it in his South African Dutch. I was a frequent visitor to his home, and he also visited me in mine. But I was never going to join anything that regarded women as inferior to men! I preferred the wiccan path, where women run things.

2 Jan 85

God Dream

I'd got disillusioned with B♂B and the Church and decided to give it up, but I had this dream where I couldn't really tell what was going on - it was as if I were on the other side of a wall, or in the next room to the one where the dream was taking place, and God was speaking to me, only I couldn't hear him properly, but he was telling me not to give up now after he had gone to so much trouble to get me. B♂B rang me next day - Jan 3 - and we had a talk and I'm going on.

My third husband Bob, the American marathon runner, did not make much impact on my psyche, and he features in very few dreams.

6 Jan 85

Moscow Dream

Bob: my third husband;
L♀S, a woman I used to work with.

This is one of my recurring dreams. I think I've had this one three times now. Not the same dream, but of being in Moscow. I had such a feeling of sadness while I was there, because I couldn't stay there, I loved it so much and I wanted to go back. We got off the train and wandered into the city. Bob was with me, and L♀S. Bob kept going into Sports Halls and I was conscious of time passing. We lost L♀S, but I said it would do her good. I wanted to see the Kremlin which occasionally we glimpsed, but we didn't know the way and couldn't ask as we didn't know the language. I kept looking at the men

- they were so handsome and so Russian - high cheekbones and slanted eyes - Tartar looking. Oh, how I wanted to stay!

7 Jan 85

Dirty Clothes Dream

For some reason I was pushing my clothes down the toilet and flushing them away. It was because they were dirty but I was saying, what a pity I won't get them back, and watching them go.

8 Jan 85

Kali Dream

E♀ kept an office and was a friend of B♂W, who kept the local health food store. B♂W asked me to help E♀ for a few hours now and then

E♀ was telling me about S♀ (*her daughter*) but she was called Kali (*Hindu goddess of destruction*) and I couldn't remember what her name should be. E♀ was showing me masses of newspaper reports - all about things S♀ had done. B♂W came into it in some way - E♀ said she had given him £6,000 to go and set up a business in Keighley, but it had failed and she was saying,

"You don't know all about B♂W, you see."

Diana arrived for lunch and she sat and waited at E♀'s until I realised that she had only an hour. I was peeling some potatoes for E♀, so I gave Diana the key and told her to put the kettle on. When I got home it was to our dear old house and I went up wandering about in the loft. A lot of people were all over the house, some of them in the loft. One came up to me but I knew she had a spider in her hand and I ran, but it was only small and I wondered why I was scared. To get out of the loft I had to pass some webs, but this time I wasn't scared. I got a folded newspaper and smashed them all down.

Perhaps I have overcome the spider dream at last, or perhaps I anticipated only a small problem today at the seminar* - easily surmounted, like the webs. When I went out, the house was in the middle of a sunny field, like the first house we had in East Morton.

*I did not like it when the shop began stocking violent videos and was worried about the effect these might have on E♀'s children. **Diana**, my daughter. **Our old house**, 17thc house we rented in East Morton. The loft ran over the whole house and was a tranquil, quiet place. I had to attend a *seminar when I applied for Enterprise Allowance to write a book. (As an alternative to 'signing on' every week).*

9 Jan 85

Two Lovers Dream

T♂C: my boss when I was

19. J♂G, my last lover

The Goons, my parents.

George Melly, jazz singer.

Erotic dreams. I dreamed about T♂C. My children were small again and we were young. He was in his opulent car and I was at my Mum's house. I went to his house - his daughters were there.

The wife and daughters were leaving for the day and he murmured to me that he would be along to see me. I didn't expect he would - but then there he was in bed with me - nuzzling about under the sheets and I was stroking his hair and - yes - beard! T♂C never had a beard so I guess he was really J♂G in disguise.

It all changed. Now I was at the Goons' house - everyone gone out. George Melly arrived in a car (taxi or chauffeur). We were messing around on the settee - he had his hat on and a loud check suit. Some guy rang the bell and I let him in - insurance assessor or something. He stood in the lounge making notes while George pushed me over the arm of the settee - on my back, he was lying on me and groping. I was rubbing his cock and he got it out. The man couldn't see, George had his back to him - but there was much groaning going on! The man said something and I thought we had better stand up, but George goes - "Oh, I'm coming!" and stood up and came all over the place, leaving me legs open and exposed. I grabbed a towel, the bloke just stands staring with his clipboard in his hand - George totally unperturbed!

"Well," said the man, "I should have thought the old men round here would go to London for their solical [*sic*] sobbings," which made me laugh, as George had *come* from London to be here! George loved the whole thing of course.

19 Jan 85 - First Dream

Sorting the past

Don Horsman, proprietor of

Keighley bike shop. Job: with

J♂G. Book: about job with J♂G

I was collecting my bike off Don Horsman. He was mending it in a field. He said,

"Here, what went wrong with that job of yours," and I said,

"Oh, it was him. He was a swine."

"Why, what did he do?"

"Well, it was his personality that did it. I didn't want the job, but on the strength of his personality I took it. Then when I got there, he changed. He was so different. So I walked out." This is the first time in

dreams I have renounced J♂G. I woke up with a clear plan for the Book in my head.

The Book: *when I walked out on the job and decided not to look for work for a while, I set myself to turn my journals (kept during various catering jobs) into books. But first I found I had to write the story of J♂G and the club he opened. See 'Four Geminis and a Jacuzzi'.*

19 Jan 85 - Second dream

Mystery husband

Alan, my first husband.

I was married to someone. I thought at first it was the horrible Alan but it wasn't. It was some other poor imbecile I had married. He brought me clothes home (from Marks and Spencer) I didn't want, instead of giving me money. I was ashamed of the husband and didn't want anyone to see him.

Comment: There is some denial in this dream. This is clearly the first husband as he worked at Marks&Spencer, stole clothes for our first child and never gave me money to live on.

19 Jan 85 - Third dream

Teeth Dream

I dreamed I woke up and looked in the mirror and one of my teeth was all black, and the gum above it black and rotten. But it was all right because then I saw all my other teeth were black too, but when I rubbed them it came off. It was something I'd eaten before I went to bed had turned them black.

Why is it always teeth? Teeth are a recurring dream. Is it when I'm lonely, as I was last night? Teeth represent perhaps the greatest threat to loss of beauty; advancing age. So the Spider Dream is when I face a challenge that I fear to undertake - the Teeth Dream is when I feel my image threatened - the Moscow Dream - what is that? I tend to think a memory of a previous life - just as the House Dream takes me back to a golden period in this life - so the Moscow Dream is of another life.

Feb. 1985

Rewarded for past efforts

I dreamed of J♂G and woke feeling so happy to have been with him, to have walked and talked with him. I never dream of J♂G. If I could dream at will, I would have him here every night. But would I not in

the end banish him - for how should I gain any more satisfaction from his dream self than from his real self?

In the dream I was passing the door of his place - but it wasn't his club, it was a long, low old pub - like the one in the village Diana and I walked through on our way to Castle Howard - a summer day, people sitting outside on benches, the door open. As I passed the door J♂G came out, glass in hand, and walked with me. I can't remember what he talked about (I'm writing this a few weeks after the dream) but I can remember it wasn't what I wanted to talk about, or we were at cross purposes. Afterwards I realised I had left a manuscript in the bar and went back next day to get it. I met Mick (J♂G's head barman) stacking crates in the passageway and he at once said he had it safe for me. He led me through the passage and as we passed an open door we saw J♂G sitting on a settee with three girls. He had his back to us and did not see. Mick insisted on talking to me in the toilet as the only place J♂G would not find us so we locked ourselves in the Ladies. He had a box with some rosettes and certificates and said,

"You might as well have these. You won them while you were here but HE would never have given them to you." They were awards for food. I realised the extent of J♂G's treachery and that he did not wish me to succeed, and was touched by Mick's gesture.

Later J♂G told me I made him the only profits on food he ever got from his club.

Feb 25 1985

Marriage Dream

I dreamed I got married again, just after my divorce, but I walked out on him the same day and was in bed with a very attractive, very young American (not Bob) and was saying, "Why did I do it? Now I have to wait another three years before I can get divorced again."

Comment: Again there is denial in this dream. In the dream I am married to a young American (Bob was 27, I was 40) yet it is not Bob?

Note: Peter (B) says he dreams the future - but does not know he has dreamed it until it happens. Suddenly, as he is going about his normal life, he has this awful vision where he remembers his dream of what is happening NOW. It gives him a great shock, and the first few times he passed out, but now he is learning to accept it. It seems to be of no use to him, since he is not forewarned (does not recall the dream until it is

being re-enacted) and also does not have any sense of what is going to happen next.

PAM (My ex sister-in-law) says she can dream AT WILL. Does this mean only that she chooses the SUBJECT or can she control the dream? I await reply.

Feb 26 1985

**Wedding Ring
Dream**

Dreamed I had a new wedding ring - very narrow and completely set round with small diamonds so that it glittered. It looked very nice with my engagement ring that Bob bought me - the effect was cold and silvery.

Comment: I was not married at the time, and had not yet met the fourth man I was to marry: that happened the following year so this dream was prophetic

Realised last night I have ANOTHER recurring dream - to add to the SPIDER dreams and the MOSCOW dream - it is something to do with the HCIMA course - that we were supposed to go back and take another exam, and when I turn up for it I haven't done any of the work. A sense of what? Something unfinished about that course. But what? I finished it, I did well. Was it B♂S? Or the fact that I have never applied for membership? But that doesn't bother me. I wonder what was unfinished about it?

MOSCOW: I love the sad Russian novelists and playwrights. The feeling in the dream is like the longing the Three Sisters have for Moscow. HCIMA: hotel management course at Leeds Polytechnic. B♂S - an affair at college that ended badly.

Tues 6 Mar 1985

Prophetic Dream

J♂G came to me in a dream - it was so short. His face was anguished - he came for comfort. "They took my Roller," he said. "They took my Roller because I couldn't pay."

I dismissed it as nothing because I knew he hadn't lost the Roller - he still had it. But on Friday 9 March I rang Peter (journalist) and he told me he met J♂G on Tuesday and J♂G told him he had sold the Roller. But later on Friday, J♂G came here himself and told me it was

true, and they took it back because he couldn't afford the payments. But then he said he hoped to be buying back his club (which he lost). I asked, can I come too? 'No,' he said.

13 Mar 1985

Waking in Terror

I woke suddenly at 3.30 for no reason - no terror, though my heart was pounding.

A Voice said, "If there is evil in the room, open the window and let it out." But I was sleepy, yet the insistent Voice woke me again and again until I opened the window. Then I slept.

Is it connected with the terror dreams of last year when I tried to get out of the window? Was I unconsciously obeying the Voice? I asked myself why should opening a window dispose of the Evil? Why that image? I remembered that door in a church which is never opened (except for a funeral?) which is said to let the Devil out? Am I right? In these cases it doesn't so much matter if you are right in fact, since any interpretation coming spontaneously to mind is also part of the dream.

Comment: For some reason when I record this dream I claim there was no terror - but my heart was pounding.

Terror dreams of last year: *a series of dreams in which I actually sleepwalked, though this was something I had never done before, so far as I am aware (ie no reports or evidence of it).*

The first was after the murder at Victoria House, home of A♂C. A♂C's friend who stayed in the house and ran it when A♂C was on holiday, was murdered in A♂C's bedroom. After the murder I contacted A♂C and asked if there was any way I could help. He said yes, I could come and do what his friend did, while he had a break. I need not have slept in that room, but I did. I woke in the night trying to climb out of the window, with this same sense of terror. The window was high above a stone-flagged back yard. Luckily it was a high window and only the top part opened. When I woke I was standing on the windowsill, I had opened the top window and was attempting to climb out.

The other episode was when staying with my ex sister in law Pam at her farm on the Dornoch Firth. She put me in a caravan in a field next to the farm. I woke up outside in the field, having opened the door and gone out. This happened twice with the same accompanying terror.

14 Mar 1985

Terror Dream Repeat

I rang B♂B (*the preacher*) last night and told him about the terror dream to see if he could make anything of it. He said it was the Holy Spirit speaking. Then that night I dreamed it again, woke up again as before, but remembered there had been another dream before it, which I had also dreamed in a different form the night before, but not remembered. This is recorded below:

The Ill Child

This dream was about children, and one child in particular who had to be protected. I asked one of the other children why this girl had to be protected - was she ill?

"No," the child said, "I don't really think she is, but we pretend she is. She has a special sack from her Mother, that she has to get inside to protect her, so we say she is ill. I often ask her if she is ill, and she always says yes, but she does everything we do. We just call her 'the ill one' in our games."

I knew the dream about protection and the dream about opening the window to let the Evil out were connected. I am the child who hides in the sack and I will not come out, I will not let go of what I have and leave myself open to what wants to come in.

Comment: Although in recording the dream I interpreted the Ill Child as being myself, whenever I read this I think of my Mother, who was/is a professional invalid. Her whole life revolves around doctors, though there is nothing much wrong with her, still alive at 94. She tells everyone how the doctor said she was 'dying beautifully' when she was born, and she has used sickness ever since as a weapon to get what she wants.

'I am the child who hides in the sack . . .' under the influence of B♂B, the preacher, I interpreted this as my refusal to let go and trust in The Lord. I was becoming confused with the pull of the two belief systems.

18 Mar 1985

Heart Alteration Dream

I had this dream about a week ago. I had to undergo a sort of ordeal. I had entered on it voluntarily but it was going to be very painful - so painful that it would be almost like dying. A kind of priest figure performed it, and the others who had had it done were standing around. I lay down on a sort of table or bed and the priest figure had a pen torch, sort of laser beam which cut. He was to cut through my breastbone with it, to separate the two sets of ribs.

This was bad enough, all black and burned flesh and bone as it burnt through - I wanted to say stop but couldn't - what was to follow would be worse - he would open up my ribs and plunge the point of the torch into a certain spot in my heart which was going to cut out some part of it. I understood that I would be better for having this done. Some kind of release from pain or suffering or feeling. It wasn't explained.

I think here the old gods rescued me from the Christians, they burned out the false doctrine. The dream was very like one I had at Flamingoland (1976), where they cut through my ribs and took out my heart - it was taken away, 'altered' and put back.

*I appear to have seen this dream as definitively rescuing me from the Christian message of B♂B. **Flamingoland**: the Zoo in N. Yorkshire where I worked as Sweet Chef on leaving college.*

Note: there are two dreams from my childhood which I had recurring.

1. *a high hall with tall pillars - two rows of them down the centre, forming an aisle. A high intense singing - I am dancing with other maidens - priestesses? - vestal virgins? We are dancing and whirling and we are burning - the tops of the pillars are burning and we are one with the pillars around which we dance.*
2. *a hillside, villages, lanes. I ride on a horse through countryside which I know I would recognise if I ever saw it.*

29 Mar 1985

Trapped Underground

Several dreams begin to come together: the old terror dream is back, from years ago, where I wake in a dark room and know that I am about to be sealed in for ever, now is the time that something will happen that I knew would happen, and I am trapped and cannot escape, because of my own negligence. It involves cellars, subterranean rooms.

I had not realised that the new dream, the terror from which I had to escape, had grown out of the old dream, which I had forgotten until it returned the other night. A new slant: there will be words spoken which set the whole thing in motion, I will recognise the words when I hear them; by then of course it will be too late.

Is it a premonition of death dream? When with terror I realise it is all over and no time to do what I had to do? The words could be those spoken by the parson at the funeral, before they lower me into the earth, or perhaps one hears words before one dies, perhaps from the

person sent to collect you. What was that on the road to somewhere?
“You cannot escape me, I looked for you in Samarra and you were not there.” Buddha says there is no crack in any rock anywhere on earth where a man can hide from Death.

Comment: The sealed dark room under the earth. It is horrible and I believe this is some past life experience and is the reason why I cannot go into caves or tunnels, and why I cannot stand pitch dark.

Tues 3 Apr 1985

**Premonition of Death
Dream**

I dreamed that Huub was dead of a heart attack, and George (*Melly*) rang me up and arranged to come for lunch before the concert. I suppose it only

means, oh well, Huub is gone, long live George! Who will be here Sunday. I woke up thinking of Huub and remembering he was dead.

Comment: Huub Janssen, drummer in Dutch Swing College band, did not die at this time, but Dickie Kaart, the band's trumpet player, did.

Thurs 5 Apr 1985

**Second Premonition
Dream**

Three times I woke up, dreaming of Huub. This is unusual for me, to dream of a man I am involved with - look how rarely I dream of J♂G.

I woke always to the empty room, that should have contained him. He had been there only moments before, and now was gone. The third time I sat bolt upright in bed, in a state of terror - staring at a chair (*which does not exist*) where in the dream, Huub had been stretched out sleeping. I stared and stared at the chair to be sure he was not there. I could see the imprint where his head and body had been. I almost called to him, where are you? Then I stared at the furniture, my furniture, which I could not recognise. “Is that dressing table mine? Surely those curtains, that window, are not mine?” Slowly they became mine, and slowly the chair dissolved.

I say that I ‘rarely’ dream of J♂G and do not appear to recall that I dream of him quite often! Perhaps I felt it was not often enough. Huub died on 24 Jan 2008, at 71 years of age. He was a great drummer.

Fri 6 Apr 1985

Holy Spirit Dream

I am once more in the grip of the religious dilemma in this dream.

The Holy Spirit woke me this time, in a terrible anger at what I had done. "You were the Hope of the World," it said, "and now you've spoilt it all. Why did you do it? You could have brought others to the Path, but not if you behave like this. You could have brought Joyce and instead you turn her from me. Now you want to turn S♂H away. You are damned." I was scared stiff and said, "Yes, I know I have sinned. Forgive me. I won't do it again."

Today it seems unimportant. How much longer will God go on trying with me? I still can't see anything wrong with loving people and giving them everything. I only do it when I love someone - I only enrich their lives. I ask for nothing except love, I take nothing. I never chase anyone, I only take them if they come freely, and I never seek to hold them. What harm do I do them? None. But perhaps you harm yourself. Have you thought of that?

Joyce was a friend I met at Writers' Circle. S♂H was one of the 6th-form students whose class I joined to study latin. We became friends and I initiated him into wicca. He later became a RC priest, which he says I predicted, though I do not remember. I do remember his initiation, on Fairy Hill at Downham, when a hare appeared running before us to the summit, where we found a curlew's nest with four eggs. Quite magical and obviously a lad destined for great things!

22 Apr 1985

Gypsy Dream

Graham: my son

Dreamed of J♂G - how happy it makes me when I wake from a dream of him. I wake up with no memory of it, then it returns - the image as I saw him - oh, you! I cry! I dreamed of you! He was in the background - M ♀ (*his wife*) was there. For some reason I was at her house. Me being there disturbed him - why did I dream of him? Then I remembered I had wished for him out loud yesterday - and he had to come.

The dream

I was telling Mum about the gypsy who came to the door, and that she had made J♂G come, though he didn't know why. "I wish she'd come back and make him come again," I said. Graham had been promised a new job, and the clerk at the Job Centre (*Graham isn't unemployed, the dream invented this*) said to him,

"Well, if you've the promise of a job I can give you a pass for the Supermarket", and that was how I heard that the unemployed were no longer allowed to go in supermarkets - no doubt to cut down on stealing. Thinking about it this morning, by extension they could keep us

out of the whole shopping precinct - post guards on the doors and only let in those with passes - well I don't go in there much anyway!

Gypsy - at the time of the dream gypsies were in the habit of coming to the houses selling clothes pegs and other stuff they had made, and would offer to tell your fortune on the doorstep.

Lesbian Dream

'Awful Woman' - J♂G's wife

M♀. C♀C - woman friend.

J♀C - woman friend.

The Awful Woman was in the dream again - it was a farm. C♀C was there, and J♀C and me. The Awful Woman wanted us all to go to bed together and I wanted so much to go to bed with J♀C - but not with them there!

And I said something like, "J and I don't go in for that kind of thing" - and next I knew, J♀C had gone off with them and I was left out!

This follows two other similar dreams, one where I kissed J♀C and one where I kissed Joyce. Was I making a choice at that stage? J♀C or Joyce?

M♀'s wish to get me into bed with another woman has a parallel. I had a strong attraction to my female assistant at the club. J♂G knew this and wanted to get us both in bed together with him and kept asking me to arrange it. I would never do that.

Undated dreams about M♀

Lover's Wife dreams

This series of dreams occurred almost nightly over a period of a week and was akin to a battle being fought on the astral plane.

Dream 1: It was a sunny day in summer. I was walking down a green lane between high hedges. Birds were singing, the air was scented and warm. I heard a car behind me and stepped aside. As it drew level, I recognised J♂G. He applied the brakes and I started to run forward. But while I was still some distance away, M♀ came into view round a bend in the road, walking swiftly towards him. He opened the door and she got in. I stopped. No need to run now. As he drove off, M♀ turned and looked straight at me.

Dream 2: It was a rainy, bleak day in autumn. I had called at the Job Centre and was now approaching the pub where I had been sent. Dining room assistant, the card said. A job I knew nothing about. I went in and up the stairs. A dark woman standing at the bar turned and it was

M♀. I took up my station further off and waited, surveying the empty room. As my gaze returned to the first table I saw a man sitting there. He had his back to me, but I would know my Lover anywhere. I started towards him, so glad to see him. I was almost at the table when M♀ stepped from behind a pillar and, with an unfriendly glance at me, went to serve him herself. I walked from the building.

Dream 3: I was coming out of the office building where I had been visiting friends, when I saw J♂G's car parked at the foot of the steps. Seeing me, he leaned over to open the door. Wary now, I looked up and down the street for signs of M♀. She was not there. I got in and J♂G shut the door. He pulled away from the kerb and as he did so we both looked up and saw M♀, sitting in an open window on the second floor. She said nothing, but motioned to him to put me out of the car. "It's no good," he said, his sad, hazel eyes meeting mine, "You'll have to go." Standing, lonely, in the street, I looked up and my eyes met her implacable stare.

The dreams continued every night for a week. I began to be ill. If this kept up I should have a breakdown. I was missing J♂G so much by day, and now had no peace at night. I considered what I could do to stop the dreams. They were all alike. J♂G appeared, I went to him, M♀ stepped in and took him. I walked away. But why did she stare at me? Perhaps she wanted me to stay. If I did, what would happen? Was she like a wraith, who cannot speak unless spoken to? I resolved to try and change the dreams.

Dream 4: I was already with J♂G, speeding down a country lane. M♀ was nowhere around. Had I attained my goal simply by resolving to face her? I had no time to enjoy my victory, for next minute J♂G swung the car off the road and into a tree-lined drive. As we swept up to the house, I saw M♀ at the foot of the steps. So I had not won after all.

M♀ held up her hand to stop the car, and J♂G slowed to a halt. If the dream had followed the pattern of the preceding ones, I would have got out and walked away. But I was determined to break the pattern and find out why she was tormenting me.

"Stay here," I said to J♂G, getting out. "I have to talk to her."

His hazel eyes were surprised. So he did not know what was going on. M♀, on the other hand, showed no surprise, but turned and led the way inside and upstairs. Into a bedroom she went, and sitting down on

the bed waited for me to speak. I was right. She had the power to summon me each night but not the power to speak first.

"What do you want with me?" I asked.

"Sit down. I want to talk to you." So it was not to be as I had imagined, a violent, physical confrontation. We were not going to fight for the man we both loved.

"What do you want to know?" I asked.

"You want my husband."

"Yes. Why don't you go away and leave him to me? You fight all the time, you're bad for him. He's much happier with me."

"I know. Well, I'll leave. If you really want him. You can have him."

"You mean that? You'll really go away this time and not come back?" I couldn't believe it was this easy.

"We'll go and tell him now." And she led the way downstairs. I followed, so happy I could hardly breathe! As we came out of the house I flung an arm round her, I loved her for giving me what I wanted most in life.

But his face grew alarmed when he saw us, the two women he'd striven to keep apart, apparently the best of friends, and he backed off down the drive.

"Come back," M♀ called, "we want to talk to you."

"Talk to me here. What have you decided?"

"I'm going away. I've told her she can have you."

Even at that distance I could see the consternation on his face.

"Oh, no!" he said, "I can't do without YOU! YOU mustn't leave me! No, no, YOU must stay with me!"

And that was when I realised that, in spite of all he had said to me about M♀, she meant as much to him as I did, and that he meant to have us both.

The dreams stopped then. I had broken the spell and knew the message M♀ had for me, that neither of us must fight this man, that to keep him happy we must co-exist.

May 1985

Past Lover Dream

Heckmondwike - childhood home.

Dreamed of J♂G because I have 'called him up'. He came but he was in a wheelchair - he came to the house at

Heckmondwike. (Something is awakening in me, to dream I am back there is something unusual.) He arrived in a van, they opened the back door and got out the wheelchair and he got in it. He could not come in our house (*was it because of the steps?*)

but went to a house about three doors down. A woman was in the kitchen, I went in to him in a large room where he lay on a settee.

There was much more to this dream - M♀ (J♂G's wife) was not there - she does not interfere now with me and J♂G, only with J♀C. But he told me: "I adore/worship that woman", (ie M♀) and I said nothing, I only thought, yes, he's telling the truth for once.

Seems that J♂G wishes to distance himself from me in some way.

'something is awakening in me'. Some years later, when my initiate N♀B was living in Liversedge, I went over to stay with her. It was the first time I had been back to my childhood home since I left at the age of 15 when my parents relocated to their place of origin. As I walked through Heckmond-wike I was accompanied by deep and haunting memories - of dreams. I had been visiting there in dreams for years - as I walked one street after another I would recall dreams in which I had been there. I went to the house we lived in and asked, "Do you ever see me here?" For it seemed I must have spent many nights in their house. 46 Cornmill Lane.

Oct 14 1985

Wakening into a Dream

*J♂D, my mentor in wicca.
Alan Godfrey, Todmorden
policeman taken up in a
space ship. Pam, ex sister-
in-law*

Today I went with J♂D to see Alan Godfrey who was taken in a flying saucer. Dreamed this last night, before going there. It was a dream in which I 'awakened' into an experience that my body was undergoing, and that I had been unaware of. Either that, or I awakened into someone else's body - but it was me, my body, so in that case the entity who woke into my body was not me.

This is the first dream recorded in which J♂D has appeared. We were constant companions from the time we met in 1983 or 4 and shared many dream experiences together.

The Dream: Here I was in a wet and windy town somewhere on my way to Scotland to see Pam. It was as if I opened my eyes and there I was - with my bike, on my way. How I got there I did not know. I wondered why on earth I had undertaken such a journey. I was in a kind of bus pull-in where there were several long-distance buses all about to depart. I was looking at the names on them and wondering if I could put my bike on one and go on my way, because it was getting dark and I did not know, either where I was, or where I was going to spend the night. The buses all left before I had time to do anything.

When I went to my bike, parked around a corner, someone had removed the back wheel - no, first I noticed the mudguard had been removed, and then that the wheel was much smaller - the back wheel and gear wheel had been replaced by a small wheel and a 3-gear block. It was longer in the body too, and had a curious box construction on top. Water was flowing in and around the bike - the sea coming in? I appealed to a youth, standing near, to help me get to the bike, but the water was too deep. I tried to find out the name of the town but it meant nothing to me - I wanted to know how far from Pam's I was - he recited the names of all the nearby towns and none of them were familiar. I would have to spend the night here - the back wheel had a puncture and the gear block was bent. I needed a bike repair shop. He did not know where one might be, nor where I could stay the night. I got to the bike, the water having gone. There was a youth hostel with people crowding in, so it must be five o'clock. But I had come without my card - so it seemed I was not prepared for this trip - I had no yha card - no maps. Luckily I had my cheque book - it was stuffed in my pocket, and it was sheer chance I was wearing that coat when I went - aha! so I had not made that journey - I had been set down there just as I was and had not gone there under my own steam.

*J&D said this was **almost** a lucid dream - I was beginning to question the sense of the dream.*

Comment: This dream seems to have disturbed me very much. It is the lack of logic that appears to worry me, the fact that 'I did not know how I got there' and yet that is a normal feature of dreams, so there was something else at work here - there was a sense of darkness, of being lost and abandoned. The bike as always is an important symbol, my bike is my lifeline, and here it was under attack, as it has been in other dreams.

Oct 1985

Catching up

Okay time to catch up. I've been very lax about recording dreams.

September 21 1985

Nuclear War Dream

Dinah and Graham, my son and my daughter

The night of the September Equinox I had a dream of nuclear disaster - very real, the sirens went and I thought some kids in the next room were blowing trumpets (I was cooking) and I told

someone to tell them to stop.

“Don’t you know,” a woman said, “those are the sirens. We’ve got 4 minutes. We all have to get out of the house.” I was annoyed. I thought it would only be a practice, though no one had told us to expect a practice. I wondered whether to turn the cooker off - we would be back in 4 mins. But I went and turned it off anyway.

We all went out and people were hurrying everywhere. On one side of us were open fields, on the other, houses. Mum and Dad appeared. I worried that I could not get to Diana and Graham but then I felt calm and knew I could send my thoughts to them, we did not need to be together. We tried to find Mum and Dad’s house. I thought, *it’s a long time, nothing’s happened, it must be a false alarm* - then planes flew over and dropped dark canisters which hit the ground in the fields and a sort of mist came out of them. This was what would kill us.

We found Mum and Dad’s house but a strange person opened the door and did not know us. I knew we were in a different time - it was no use talking to the woman - in this time it was her house not ours. We continued to walk, and I thought it was better to die out here under the stars and in the clear air than miserably shut in a house.

J♂D says this is the first stage of the initiation - a simulated death. He says time is now spent in the underworld.

Oct 1985

Guided Meditation

Reading J♂D’s book, Mindgames, I decided to try one of the exercises in it and also help along my initiation since no further dreams had occurred. I would spend the night on the Hitching Stone (*mentally that is*) where I should have been on the Equinox. So when I wanted to sleep I took myself there, floating over the houses and along the course of the roads until I was there. I lay on top of the stone and looked up at the stars. I could hear sheep moving about and munching grass. I fell asleep.

I was in a battle zone, someone shooting a sort of machine gun, but it had a soft, popping sound and the bullets travelled slowly. Two of them hit me, I felt the hard bullet penetrate my soft flesh, one in the right side of my stomach, one higher, chest or head. I fell on my back and pretended to be dead, not moving, praying that no more bullets would hit me because of the pain I already felt. I must have lost consciousness because I came to somewhere else. I was walking and realized they couldn’t have been real bullets because I had not bled and I was not dead. They must have been used to stun, or maybe they were tranquillizers. Something horrible was happening, what I don’t know, I

woke up sweating and heart pounding, but told myself to go back and face and overcome it. Fell asleep again - don't remember any more.

Comment: Hitching Stone - a rock on the moors. J♂D took me to see it and I have returned many times since, often at Midsummer Sunrise, or for other rituals. It is visible for miles around, a huge block of stone in the otherwise featureless landscape. The size of a semi-detached house, it has a hermit's cave carved in one side and a pool cut or blasted out of the rock on top. Also known as The Devil's Hitching Post. J♂D told me it marks the boundaries of four parishes. We went there first on a hot summer day and, lying in the grass, I fancied I heard and felt the sounds and sights of a mediaeval fair around me. I asked J♂D if he thought that possible, and he said yes, though I thought the place rather high on the moors for that. But I read later that it was in fact the case that fairs had been held there in the past.

Oct 1985 C♀C's dream

Vampire Dream

C♀C (woman friend) told me some months back she dreamed D♂, her husband, came back. He told her he could not stay. She said she knew he could not stay (because he was dead) but she wanted him to stay as long as he could. He said, "The only way I can stay is if you kill someone too." She said she couldn't do that. He said, "You know what I am, don't you?" She said no, and he opened his mouth. She saw his teeth. He was a vampire.

C♀C's husband took his own life.

Back to the present.

Alan Godfrey's Dream

When I met Alan Godfrey I asked him had he been revisited by the space people. He said no. I didn't think he had. What I wanted to get at were DREAMS. Did he have any strange dreams? Only that he had experienced recurrence of a dream he had in childhood - of a ball of light, far away, approaching him, getting bigger and bigger until it engulfs him and he wakes up screaming. Also, he talks in his sleep and makes the noise the aliens made - Mmnn Mmnn Mmnn. Either *he* does or they are there in the room - his wife woke up and felt there was someone else there and heard this noise. They may be communicating with him on unconscious level.

Comment: Alan Godfrey. J♂D was interested in anything mystical or unexplained, and this included ufos and extra-terrestrial life. So when he got wind of the Alan Godfrey case he contacted Alan and asked if he and Harry Harris (the researcher who put him under hypnosis) would give a talk at the Civic Theatre Nelson. This they did. J♂D and I ran the show.

Oct 15 1985

Unhelpful Friend Dream

Another of J♂D's 'underworld' dreams. He was with me. Were we looking for his lion? We saw this strange beast which was like nothing I've seen. We were walking across some fields. It was furry with a long, pointed head. It started to chase us. J♂D ran one way and I ran another. I could see the beast chasing him across the fields and I climbed on top of a ruined wall. Then it saw me and started after me. I just got on the wall in time. But it leapt at me from below. The wall was very high but it could leap up. I thought I could biff it one and knock it back down but when it made contact with me it clung on and it took a great effort to prise it off and throw it down. It didn't seem to affect it, being thrown down - it leapt back like a bouncing ball. Then I couldn't fight it off any longer and it had me on the ground. J♂D came over and it had wrapped itself round me. I tried to strangle it, but there seemed nothing to get a grip on - I squeezed and squeezed and met no resistance - everything squashed up into its head or down into its body. So I tore at it until I tore its head off - it was like a piece of fur fabric - except it didn't rip, it just tore off. It didn't stop it, though. It wasn't trying to eat me - then I realised it was squirting poison at me from different parts of its body and I was tearing bits off it and throwing them away. J♂D was standing there reading up about it in a book.

"Look out," he said, "the female's coming." And this other creature was going to jump on me and wrap me round from behind.

"Don't let it!" I was shouting to J♂D. "I can't fight it off when it's behind me!" But he only said,

"Don't worry, they're asexual."

"What's that mean?"

"They don't mate. They reproduce by splitting themselves in two." What comfort that was supposed to be I didn't know, as the furry thing pressed against me with its arms round me. I don't remember any more.

Comment: although I did not recognise the 'furry beasts' at the time, I did later, when J♂D wanted to take some photos of me - some nude and some in underwear. In one of them I am wearing nothing but a hat and my two Victorian fox furs - flat, furry beasts with long, pointed heads, things of no substance, made of fur! Jung says that the way people behave towards you in dreams is the way they really think of you, and from now on I begin to notice that J♂D puts me into difficult situations then watches - both in dreams and in life.

There was one other dream with J♂D which again showed this worrying side to his character. I do not have a date for this, and enter it from memory.

False Friend Dream

In the dream I was with J♂D, but we were in another time and not in this country. We were part of a large procession, or body of people, travelling on foot from place to place. At different places people were sacrificed. I understood that I was one of the victims, and that when the time came I too would be killed. J♂D was allowed to be with me, and he kept telling me not to worry, he would find a way to rescue me and we would both escape. I became more and more worried as time went on and he did not come up with a plan. In the end it was the night before my execution and he did not come to me. I realised he was not going to help me. Then someone came and gave me something to drink and I lost consciousness, knowing it was the end.

I did not realise the true significance of this dream at the time, but later I read a book about sacrifices to the Mountain Gods in Peru, and that it still goes on today, but in another form. People put rocks on the mountain roads so that cars will crash and the deaths are an offering to the Mountain Gods. There are also sacrifices that are arranged in the following way: a victim is selected but not told. A 'false friend' is appointed to befriend the victim and lead him or her to the appointed place at the appointed time. In the old days, children were taken to the mountain tops where they were wrapped in blankets, given psychotropic plants to eat, then left walled up in a cairn. Their mummified bodies have been found, and evidence that they had been sick, presumably from eating the plants.

Oct 16 1985 - A respite from the awful dreams.

Spiritual Friends Dream

The Dream: Out riding my bike. I pulled alongside another cyclist at some lights and it was L♂N!. It was lovely to see him. But I

worried that as he had not gone home he had not had my letter. A little further on I came up to Ron Sant also cycling - two very good companions to have with me in this underworld I am currently inhabiting.

*Comment: I met **Ron Sant** cycling through the South of England in 1983, and spent a night in Walsingham, where my eyes were opened to my spiritual side and a miracle occurred.. I later met L♂N, who had an amazing effect on my spiritual development, which went up several notches and at lightning speed. The appearance of these two 'guides' in this dream indicates they wished to aid me at this time. An account of my meeting with L♂N, and the dreams, follows after the Brass Band Dream.*

Brass Band Dream

A♂C: owner of guesthouse where I stayed when I first came to Nelson. I later looked after this house when he went on holiday

Another worrying dream followed: Looking after A♂C's house I opened the door to see this enormous band, all in uniform - red and gold - at first I was puzzled, then I remembered A♂C telling me he was fully booked with them. I searched but couldn't find a note of

where everyone was going.

"Never mind," I said, "Did he tell you if any of you were sharing?" Two couples were sharing and we set off, but I missed the turning to the upstairs and we finished up outside. They formed such a long unwieldy procession, I found it hard to navigate them. They all had heavy luggage and their instruments and we wandered about for ages, missing the turnings, until at last I got them upstairs.

L♂N Dreams and Visions

I met L♂N on a train returning from a visit to my ex-sister-in-law Pam's farm. There were four people on the opposite side of the aisle from me. They had loud American voices and I found it hard to concentrate on the book I was reading. I had bought the book on my way to Pam's, but not opened it til then. It was John Mortimer's *Clinging to the Wreckage*. He mentioned a philosopher called *Peter Kropotkin* and I looked at the notes at the foot of the page to find out who this was. At exactly this moment one of the Americans spoke the same name out loud. I was so surprised that I had to tell them about it. I held out the book to them and pointed to the name. They were as amazed as I was, and we began talking. The group consisted of a young woman, two mature ladies and L♂N. We all went to lunch together in Edinborough and later I spent a weekend with him, the girl (Erika) and her English boyfriend Paul in the Lake District, where I experienced visions,

flashbacks and other phenomena. Back home I spent two days lying on my bed in a state of exhausted delirium, half in and half out of sleep. It started with the radio. I heard the religious spot about to start and my hand went out automatically to switch it off. Then I heard the words "mystic" and "love" and left it on.

"You are wrong to think that bodily love means nothing. It is one of God's great gifts. Listen to Thomas Traherne, the 17th century mystic. He will explain to you that through love you communicate with the universe. Love is a form of worship. You do not have to lose yourself in it, you can use it to open up more contact points with the Creator. In loving what he has created you also love him."

I fell asleep and dreamed:

Spiders. Spiders. I often dream of spiders, that they are blocking the doorway with their webs. I am in a room and there is no way out except through the spider door, and I am afraid to touch the webs. This time, there was a whole house full of spiders, and I had to spend the night there. I stood inside the house, and there were webs everywhere, covering the windows so that I could not see out, festooning the doorways, hanging from the ceiling, and the evil black creatures hanging upon them everywhere. I crept gingerly among the grey sticky webs and groped my way upstairs to find the bedroom. The bed was draped with webs like a canopy. I crept in under the thready mass and shut my eyes tight, to shut the spiders out, expecting at any moment to feel them crawling over me. I thought, "I am sure to have the spider dream tonight," and fell asleep in the dream, and dreamed the spider dream, and awoke to the spider-filled room, the canopy of webs.

I must have left the house for now I was in a large and busy town. I saw the name written up and it was the town my Lover(JG) comes from. I had lost one of my children and ran through the streets dragging the other by the hand, imploring people to help me, but they all turned stony faces from me.

Now I clambered from top to bottom of a vast cylindrical building, like the inside of a gasometer, with walls painted that ghastly green that used to be popular in schools. I was alone and old and mad in the deserted building, and as I ran up and down the hollowly echoing steps, I cried someone's name – not the name of anyone I knew, just a name, to give me the illusion that someone was there to hear me, though I knew I was quite alone.

Now I was home again and N♂ (friend) came for me in his car. "Come with me," he said, "we have to escape." We drove fast

and as we went the whole town blew up behind us. We raced the wind to save ourselves and found shelter some miles away. Only then did I think of his wife and children. "They'll be all right," he said, "whoever evacuates the town will take care of them. You're the only one I care about." I looked down at my hand, at my gold wedding ring, and as I watched a blob of the hot lead that N^o uses to make bullets fell on it and it swelled with the heat, grew paper thin and then burst in a jagged hole. I drew it off and threw it away.

Now I was in a clearing in the woods and in front of me a man lay gasping on the ground. His chest was ripped open and his windpipe exposed. The end had been torn free from his throat and he was only managing to breathe by holding the end of it to his mouth. He could hardly spare the time and effort to speak but he explained to me how I must fit his windpipe properly or he would shortly die. He showed me where the clips were that would attach it at each end, "Be quick", he gasped, "I won't be able to breathe once you start."

First I had to drag his windpipe clear of his chest and his throat and thread it back through his mouth and down inside his chest. I held the metal clips in my mouth so as not to lose them and in my nervousness they slipped back into my throat and I could feel them cutting into the soft tissue. I concentrated on not swallowing and worked on, trembling and afraid that he was going to die. The clips wouldn't hold and I panicked, but at last it was all fixed together and he began to breathe. I had saved him but I had such a severe pain in my own throat where the metal had cut into me that it woke me up.

As I came awake I was aware of a voice saying, "Now you see how difficult it is to make a person breathe, yet think how easily God makes people breathe." I did not find it odd or frightening to hear a voice speaking to me, I was too intent on asking the question that had been bothering me.

"Yes, it is true that God makes people breathe, but what is it I have to do?"

"You must write. I have chosen you because you can write. You know how people think and feel, and you have the power to change people's lives. You have seen that. You see the truth and you must speak it out, not keep silent as you have done in the past. You must speak the truth and you must write. This is how I will use you."

"Do I have to go to Church?"

"Why do you need to go to Church? I am here inside you. You don't have to go to church to find Me."

I lay on my bed thinking. I had always had this Inner Voice speaking to me, but I had never thought it was God before.

Now I felt peace. I knew the meaning of my meeting with L♂N, what his purpose had been. God had come into my life and told me what I must do. I fell into a tranquil sleep.

I dreamed of green and pleasant fields and gently sloping hills. I heard L♂N calling me and knew he wanted my help. I searched for him all over the pleasant world and came upon him on a hilltop at daybreak, kneeling, facing the rising Sun, his outstretched hands palm upwards, waiting to receive. I stood in front of him like a priestess and gave him something into his hands which he ate. I was at once part of the scene and an observer, for I saw the two figures of L♂N and myself at a distance on the hilltop, priestess and suppliant, and I knew I had repaid his gift to me, had renewed his strength.

I woke and put on the radio.

"God calls all of us at some time in our lives," it said, "and it is up to us to hear him when he calls and to act on it."

Nov 12 1985

Ex-Lover does well

Started reading *Creative Dreaming*. I wanted so much to dream about J♂G and the book says you can order your dreams. Didn't order anything specific - just to see J♂G, hear him, talk to him. I didn't remember at first when I awoke, then as I lay there the dream came back to me.

The Dream: I remember him getting out of a big limousine and all these people pressing forward to interview him and - yes! he is in the government and very popular because he has done something very nice for the people and given them some extra money and in the dream I can't understand it because J♂G is always taking money away from people, but there he is, beaming, in his lovely suit, with his cigar - no, he had no cigar and I feel happy because he has made it and is successful, and although he won't come to see me, I will be able to see and hear him on the telly all the time.

Is this a dream allegory? That it was my thought that if I can't have him here, I can see and hear him in my dreams, and this is how the dream interpreted it - putting him still at a distance.

Nov 11 1985

Tiger Dream

The night before this one reported above, I had tiger dreams, which at least is a change from lions. I was in a building, like an old school, overlooking a zoo. We were putting locks and bolts on the doors and barricading ourselves in, because the tigers were going to get out. I was angry, scared and frustrated because it was all deliberate - every so often the zoo keepers would all leave the animals to their own devices and the tigers would get out. It was like a sort of fire practice equivalent - what would you do if the tigers got out? I was bloody scared of these huge tigers getting me, and was telling everyone to close the windows properly because they can get through a gap at the top. I discovered the room I was in had a door at the back of me that I'd forgotten, and told the man who was putting the bolt on the other door to get one for this one too. He didn't seem to think it mattered. No one was bothered but me. I imagined the tigers' great claws raking through the wood panels of the door and knew it was futile anyway. The atmosphere of panic was so bad that it woke me up and I lay there thinking, "Now I'm supposed to go back into that dream and face those tigers and change them or befriend them," and I knew there was no way I could ever do that. I was far too scared.

The astonishingly clever pig

The Pig Dream - which I didn't write at the time, but which so impressed me. It was like a story. A certain man bought a pig that he might rear it as an investment. As a small piglet it was so cute - but more than that. In its eyes was intelligence, you felt it knew all that you knew. It was extraordinarily clever, and taught itself all kinds of tricks. It lived in a field with a fence round and all day it would skip and sing and leap - it could talk too - in a kind of frenzy, as if proving how clever it was. It became a kind of local celebrity - crowds would gather along the fence to watch every day. The man who owned it had a problem - the pig was an investment, it was promised for bacon, sausages, pork, ham. He needed the money. He weighed the problem carefully - what a loss to the neighbourhood it would be if he killed the pig - but his family depended on the income. To the pig's great surprise, he was killed for meat. The moral was spoken at the end of the story - NO MATTER HOW GOOD AND CLEVER A PERSON IS, WE ALL COME TO THE SAME THING IN THE END.

This is the tale of 'The Astonishingly Clever Pig'.

Nov 12 1985

In a Boat

Dreamed of Brownsea Island* and the Cornthwaites. Can't remember much of it. I was in a rowboat and the sea came right up on the lawns (as it could do at times). Mrs C was walking there and I called to her from the boat and had a conversation, but as usual she was not over-friendly. I was about to go when Norman C came walking briskly along the path - his hair was white and there were lines on his face - he looked older. I called to him - he hadn't seen me, walking with his head down - and he was so pleased to see me and came and sat in the boat with me and we chatted.

*I was Head Chef at *Brownsea Castle in '79 and '80. The Cornthwaites were managers. I have dreamed many times of being back on the island. Sometimes I find my storeroom in a mess and have to clean it out, but most often I am trying to get a meal out. This was a happy place for me. There was a family feeling and I regarded Norman and Joan as friends.*

Nov 13 1985 (Weds)

Dream of living in a different time

Dream of being in a house, in olden times, as a servant. JGD in this one again and as before he was not helping me.

It started where I was a servant in a big house - I was late for my duties - I was wearing a frilly cap, long dress, etc. I hurried along. Standing outside the house some people were conversing with the head housekeeper who was leaning out of a window. I was joining in the conversation, knowing that I was playing a part, and pretending to be an ignorant young girl. I was saying really stupid things and felt uneasily that they knew I was acting. I said something about onions - someone had been poisoned by onions left too long on the stove, and I said, "Oh, har, yarss, that can give ee poisoning," and they all looked at me as if I were mad, and an old man said,

"I know your father, he is Frank Shaw, isn't he?" Then I felt such a fool and knew that they knew I wasn't young at all.

Later, some boys stopped me riding my bike. They took the chain off and immobilised me and as I was repairing it to get away, they were pulling at me and tripping me. I hit them with a stick which had a padded end and did not hurt them - I was so angry I turned the stick round and hit them with the other end and it was a carved wooden fox running, its brush straight out behind it, but then I didn't want to hurt them because I was afraid they would hurt me. (I was standing in a

ford of a river to mend this bike - funny - last time anything went wrong with the bike, in a dream, I was in water then too). They saw the fox and were laughing at it.

“What’s that?” they said, and pointed under his tail where someone had bored a new hole - sexual connotations. I tried to pretend I didn’t know what they meant. J♂D was there and DIDN’T HELP. In fact at one point his arm was round my chest from behind and A BOOK HE WAS CARRYING pressed into my back and I was saying, “You’re hurting my back,” but he did not stop. I woke up with a real pain in my back.

‘Hitting them with a stick’. Quite often in dreams I attempted to hit people who were threatening me. I would raise my arm but when I tried to bring it down something operated on me to slow it down and render the blow useless. I attribute this to my mother preventing me from punishing my brother when he had done something to me, and also her repeated assertion that when I grew up I should be hanged for my bad temper. I had problems expressing my anger all my adult life. ‘The stick that turns into a fox’ is reminiscent of the former dream with the fox-like creatures and its real life counterparts the fox furs which had sexual connotations. ‘A book he was carrying pressed into my back’ reminds me of a Freud case where a virgin girl transfers the pressure of a man’s member to pressure on her chest. J♂D and I never had a sexual relationship: the desire for it on his part was repressed, because I would not have accepted it. As he often brought me books, this was a substitute for his sexual member.

At Pam’s (ex sister in law), Scotland, Monday.

Violets

Violets - Diana (daughter) was connected. Someone gave me a huge bunch of flowers - they were all kinds and colours, and great, fat blooms. I looked for a vase and found one in the cupboard and it had little wood violets in it, amid lots of green leaves. I know why it seemed connected with Diana - I wanted to buy her a pot of violets - so I must do that when I get home, and take them over on Sunday.

Another time here (at Pam’s) I dreamed of buying a bike - I was thinking - oh no! now I have three!

This has another message when I read it now - I am too apt to be attracted by the ‘showy, gaudy’ types in life, and ignore the shy wood violets hiding in the cupboard.

Nov 22 1985 (Friday)

**Dreams recalled
during an interview**

I bought the pot of violets today. I started at the CAB (*Citizen's Advice*) this morning. While the woman in charge was briefing me I recalled three dreams from the night before. I give them in sequence as they came back to me.

**Indian child
dream**

1. As the woman was talking, a van pulled up outside the window - it had Lucozade written across it. Straight away I was back in my dream:

I stood outside a shop, looking in the window. I had an Indian child in my arms. I was looking after her, and she had deformed feet, as had her sister, who walked with one foot bent, and this was because they weren't getting an adequate diet. I was waiting for someone who was in the shop - it was full of Indian sweetmeats, and on the left at the bottom was a bottle of Lucozade, and the baby was pointing at it and asking for it. I said, "No, it is only sugar and won't do you any good."

**money for
sex**

2. A little later the woman mentioned people might try to give you money, and I recalled another dream:

A man had asked me for money and I was shouting at him - we were in a kitchen making coffee - I was saying I didn't need to buy sex - and telling him to ask a friend to lend him money, not me.

3. Still another dream came back :

**no power
in voice**

I was sitting in a reclining chair. But on my right, we were reading scripts for a play and I was trying to shout and make my voice very loud and carrying and I couldn't get the power into it. It's only like a window on the dream - just a flash of it. But the Lucozade seems to be an omen - that I am in the right place, on the right track. The child pointed at it.

23 Nov 1985

Childhood Home

Dreamed about J♂G. Was in the kitchen at Heckmondwike. M (*J♂G's wife*) was there but J♂G tried to send her upstairs to fetch something. I was washing up in the sink which looked over the garden, and at the back of me a cooker so that it was a narrow gap between the two, and I stood on slatted boards. I was upset because I wanted J♂G and he felt sad because I couldn't talk to him. I only wanted him back.

B♂T, lover, science teacher, hypochondriac Another dream in a school and B♂T was there, and in another dream a girl was hypnotised and stood on a stage looking bewildered and upset and a hypnotist was going to tell her to do things.

During this time I was not working. I had many friends, got about a lot, had places where I dropped in and talked to people. I was learning latin, writing poetry and studying witchcraft with J♂D. I met B♂T at a jazz concert. He lived in the South and I went to stay with him and sometimes he stayed with me. J♂G was still on the scene and he was the one I was in love with. I found B♂T irritating. He was an ineffective intellectual - goodlooking, single, but without charisma. In any crisis he went to pieces and I was the one had to deal with it. Much like the hypnotised 'girl'.

2 Dec 1985

Erotic ex-lover dream

B♂S : a lecturer at my catering college, we had a passionate affair which ended badly

What a treat! A dream about B♂S! Arrived back from Hong Kong. He wasn't at all sunburned - still pale - and his cheeks so smooth and clean, with great deep clefts running verti-

cally down them. It wasn't until I woke and remembered these that I realised he had no beard! He can't have been masquerading as any other of my men since there aren't any clean-shaven ones. We were trying to get to bed and the Goons were there - B♂T too. B♂T went off and I managed to bed down with B♂S - he was so big and hard and it was so good! But Graham (*son*) saw us together, leaving the bedroom - he was just a little boy - and I hoped he wouldn't tell B♂T.

I went back into college in the afternoon and there were Terry, Bunty, et al (*lecturers*) sitting in a row behind some tables, saying, "Where's your B- then? - Oh, it's, me and B- this, and me and B- that, where is he then?" I sat on Terry's knee and put my arms round his neck - then in came B♂S and swept me up in his arms and it was all so glorious. What a nice bonus after a very sad Saturday!

Note: I've practically stopped writing dreams because all I could remember were fragments. But last night there were two full length dreams - but I reslept after the first so I don't remember it now!

Ancient Egypt Dream

The only other recent dream was one of being dead and in a stone, dimly lit chamber. I was being told to pack my body into a narrow stone box shaped like a drawer, and to pack it in salt. The salt was crisp and

white and I looked at my body there and asked what would I do now without my body and the person looked at its watch and said, "Well you can go off and do what you want to do, but don't be too long because after a while, if you don't come back, your brain will start to deteriorate."

I asked why I had to put the salt in and they said, to soak up bodily moisture, and I thought, oh yes like courgettes - draw off the moisture.

J♂D was so annoyed when I told him this dream. He said I was being given permission to astral travel, and could have gone anywhere I wanted. He also told me that the Egyptians packed the bodies into a kind of salt as part of the mummification process - it was to dry them out. This was something I did not know. So he said it was a past life dream of Ancient Egypt. Though there must have been a time traveller there, as he had a watch!

Lesbian Dream

J♀C - woman friend

Dreamed J♀C had me in bed. In a house a bit like Heckmondwike, and she said, "Get your clothes off and get into bed." She was all bossy like she is and just ordered me about and I didn't want to at all. She said - "Put your hand here" - on her breast, and elsewhere! And then she sort of humped herself off on me.

Spiders

Morgan, my nephew

Spiders for after - running down a stair festooned with webs and Morgan throwing cupfuls of spiders at me. The door was locked and I couldn't get out. (The door Death came through that time).

Biggest Spider Dream

Another, biggest spider dream. Going up attic stairs like at Morton, webs at the top. I said, "I'm going back." An Indian gentleman was with me (the little Indian girl in another dream too). We turned, and there across the steps was the hugest web I've ever seen and the hugest, blackest spider (as tall as a man) and I screamed and screamed and the man just eased past it and went down and left me and the spider looking at each other. O God!

18 Dec 1985

Feelings of having killed someone

Bob, husband no 3

Woke up with an awful feeling of GUILT. I knew I had done something really bad and had been found out. The bad thing was in the past and I knew

there was ANOTHER dream another time and I was in awful danger but didn't know why. I had killed someone. Was it Bob? I told everyone he had gone away, but had I really killed him?

Note: these next dreams appear to be out of sequence. These October dreams follow the December ones. They may have been copied from another book - though that seems unlikely. Anyway this is where they appear so I have stuck to the original layout.

October 85 - Dreams and Omens

Dreams within Dreams

Told in a dream that you can take things with you into dreams if you take them into bed with you - you can use them in the dream. Parallel with death - you can take things into death with you.

Omens

Joyce has had OMENS - outside her house at the back - a severed cloven hoof, at the front, the rotting thigh of a cat. **P♂R** (*Latin teacher*)'s office looks out on a wide expanse of playing field where he can observe the flights of **birds**.

Telephone Dream

B♂T: the ineffectual lover in South. Dinah: daughter

The **telephone dream** - in a dream, the phone woke me. It was B♂T. I told him I must get back in my dream because I had lost Diana and had to go back to find her.

I got back in my bed (in the dream) and re-entered the dream and found her.

Night of Oct 4-5.

Dream Series with Bad People

Characters: J♂G and his wife M♀, Diana's baby - a horse that reminded me of Brook Street - and Heckmondwike.

M♀ was holding the baby all the time but J♂G stood around big and awkward - it's always bad when M♀ is in the dream. When they had gone, the baby had gone too.

It's funny that J♂G is never to blame - he seems to have to come with M♀ unwillingly. He often apologises to me in dreams but has to be there and cannot influence M♀'s behaviour!

*Dinah had no baby at this time. **Brook Street:** where I lived with first husband. Nightmare house. Maybe the 'horse' is the night 'mare'.*

Bad Feelings Dream

Later - B♂T's Pa and his second wife A♀ came to see me and B♂T, on a train we had got on in the middle of the night.

I didn't like the train, it felt claustrophobic. One side completely walled off and no windows. Made a mental note to tell B♂T to find another carriage. Always bad if A♀ there Couldn't see her though. Pa very excited, happy, talking away.

I went with B♂T to visit his family in Holland. His father's new wife had all the family in thrall and I found she was a powerful witch. We had a battle on the astral plain in which I defeated her. She was a gibbering wreck the day we left. I think I did that family a favour.

Poet lover dream

Later - I♂T - he is bad too - and a small Graham (my son). I♂T suddenly seized me and kissed me and I smashed his face very hard. Said, "Don't you do that, and don't try anything on when we get home - not with Graham there."

Characters - M♀, A♀, I♂T. Must be bad. What does it mean? Old enemies, new enemies. I am threatened by I♂T, I know, but more by my own sexuality - hence embrace and slap. Duality of nature - I crave his body but have told myself I must not succumb - it is just too humiliating and he turns everything to his advantage. He has no humanity and uses every situation to his own ends.

I became involved with the poet I♂T during 1985. It was intense and I felt suicidal at times. Our Venuses were in the same degree - 7 Cancer. I think this must have made it too much to handle.

Another Telephone Dream

I met A♂L when I first came to Nelson, and later initiated him. J♀C, musician friend

The night before, I dreamed that A♂L telephoned me - always in my dreams the telephone is used to symbolise communication of minds - the other person is sending a message on the astral - or a spiritual message - this is the symbol that is used in my dreams to denote this type

of communication. In Holland, J♀C telephoned me in my dream to give me a message. She knew what the message was when I came home and told her.

Dream: A♂L phoned and said he would come round one night next week and would stay the night - "I can sleep on your floor" - he said. All along I have known that 'A' is not his name - I have difficulty remembering it, and when I say it to him I always have the thought - oh I've made a blunder, that's not his name - only it is.

Does it mean I have known A♂L by another name in a previous life? I felt so happy when I realised that in his second initiation he will have to choose a new name - his witch name - and I know that this will be his true name. I forgot to tell him to choose one, but perhaps this will ensure it is more spontaneous. Does the easy acquisition of a witch name denote a true witch? J♂D has never had a witch name. We will see how A♂L tackles that problem.

I still can't understand why the Goddess gave I♂T such good signs at the start when he has turned out to be such a SHIT. But having read the Greeks, I know that the gods and goddesses play tricks on us. What had I done to annoy Her? Or perhaps it was good but I♂T refused to live up to it - and there was the business of the Cords. So he has angered them and this is the result.

'Such good signs' - I took I♂T to the Hitching Stone and on the way a sheep's bleached skull was laid across the path - taken to be good omen. I♂T disrespected the cords - used for magic-making - and the Gods. He showed no proper respect and joked about them.

1986

January 1986.

Devil Dream

I dreamed the Devil was outside the house. I saw him out of the upstairs windows, he was hovering in the air, bobbing up and down, sometimes in view, sometimes not. I rushed to the window to see him. He had been wearing a close-fitting red suit but now he had gone. I shouted out of the window -

"Devil, Devil, come back, I want you! Devil, I want you to come here, Devil, I love you!" I think he was I♂T and it was in connection with the damning and the vows and all that.

***Devil** - B♂B's pronunciation. 'The damning': during the course of the affair with I♂T, I worked magic against him. This is the one and only time I have ever taken this step, and I wish to claim in mitigation, the extreme provocation and distress I experienced from this entity.*

24 Jan 1986

Roy Fisher's Dream About Me

"I was in a very formal city park, loads of office workers and so on around. I saw you sat alone on a park bench, evidently engrossed in a book. You were wearing a 'detective' style cream raincoat and had your hair pinned back in a bun. So far as I could tell from your photographs I was pretty sure this woman was you. But I was conscious that these are not days to approach a lone woman in a park (causing fear at least, arrest at worst). So I went off without having spoken to you, feeling ashamed that I didn't have the guts to approach you/the woman."

Roy Fisher: a fan of my poetry: we corresponded for a long time but never met. This is his dream about me which he sent me. He appears to have found me intimidating - to be observed but not approached without dire consequences.

Reincarnation Dream; Dream of the Temple

J♂, son of J♂D. B♂T: lover

Climbed up a mountain and hauled myself up by my arms over the top ledge to find myself on a wide plateau. Another girl with me - K♀ - J♂'s girlfriend. B♂T was there too - had to be helped up the mountain but then he went away. A river ran lazily across the plain - very deserted - open aspects. The river attracted me - it wound about and there were sandy coves in the bends. Went to sit in one with K♀*.

Looking right (river flowing right to left across picture as we looked at it) I saw a school of seals swimming towards us. Excitement. Never seen seals, always wanted to. Watched them swim to us, but when they came near they weren't seals at all, but birds with large heads bobbing in the waves. Disappointment. Looked right again, and this time real seals were coming. Saw their whiskered faces looking at me. Pleasure. Then noticed on opposite bank of river an Iron Age settlement - walls, huts. Had impression had gone back in time - said to K♀, "That wasn't there when we came, we would have noticed it."

Looked right again. Saw Iron Age man in a cove of the river further down. Dressed in skins. Was fiddling with something - a weapon. It was a blowpipe and he had poisoned darts tucked into fur strips binding his calves. Looked left and saw another man, dressed the same, standing looking away from us, in the direction of the river flow. Felt

that there was a chance that we were not part of this world and if we kept still they would not know we were there. Warned K♀ to be still.

Watched as First Man put blowpipe to lips and shot Second Man in calf. Another dart hit him and he fell dead. Watched as First Man fitted another dart - didn't like the way he was looking at me - but kept hoping we were not part of his world. He aimed. The dart penetrated my calf. I said to K♀,

“Well, this is it for this life. Hold tight to me and look for me in the next life.” Another two darts hit me and all went black, but I was not dead, only encased in this blackness.

After a while I felt that someone picked me up, and by the pain I thought he was cutting off my leg. Then I did die. As I surfaced into waking, a Voice said:

“THE TEMPLE OF THE SHIMMERING UNIVERSE.”

I had asked before I slept to be given a name for the temple and this was it.

The Temple - I had dedicated my sitting room to the Goddess Nephthys.

**When I woke up and was writing this dream, I realised that the K♀ in the dream was not J♂'s girlfriend, but the K♀ who was my assistant chef at the Sports Club.*

I had a strong sexual attachment to the K♀ I worked with, which I repressed in life, and also in the dream, replacing her with J♂'s girlfriend who had the same name. This would be done by the unconscious to make sure I remained calm and allowed the dream to progress. I believe this dream to be an indication that K♀ and I had been together in a previous life, indeed it may even have been a true recall of it. It was one of those dreams that 'feel' very real.

Dreams concerning Temple. The Phone that goes for a walk

The phone. I received the message that 'They' do not want the phone in the Temple. Phone as symbol of message on psychic plane: found that I could take the phone wherever I went. I put it in my basket and went for a walk with B♂T. Phone rang twice: first time don't know who (*possible parallel with first dream with seals and birds - false alarm*). Second time a woman rang me. She seemed to think I worked for her company. Assured her she had the wrong per-

son as I did not work for anyone, and when I did I was a chef. She said there was no mistake, and that whatever I might think, I worked for them and would find out she was right.

(I interpret this as meaning - phone - psychic plane - work to be done of which I am yet unaware - they will use me in some way and I must obey.)

At the time, there were no mobile phones, so to take a phone out in a basket was impossible. Phones in my dreams always manifest as spirit communication, or if from people who are alive, communication on the astral plane. Therefore a message coming via a phone call in a dream is always an important one.

Dead Wife Dream *B♂T was having more trouble with his stepmother A♀ and asked for my help to defeat her. He was staying with me at my house at the time, but the dream was set in his house in Cambridge where I often stayed. B♀ was B♂T's wife. She took her own life 8 months before I met him..*

The Dream:

B♂T and I in bed at his house. We were sitting up chatting and each had a glass in hand.

B♀ appeared, sitting on my side of the bed. (I was at B♂T's side of the bed, so she sat next to where he would normally be). I couldn't see her face - she was chatting to me. She was wearing green and yellow, and her hair was short and brown with a copper tinge. She talked about some window blinds which she called 'meadow blinds'.

B♂T said, in an aside, that these were in his mother's house.

B♀ talked about the quality of the light in Dusseldorf, and I thought, oh no, she'll say "don't you agree?" like people say when they want to make you feel bad that you haven't been where they have - but she didn't.

Then she stood up and looked at me and I was struck by her face. I thought, oh, she's really nice! She was facing me now and I knew she was going and I wanted to keep her. I moved my glass from my L to R hand and grasped her hand. But she only looked at me and didn't say anything.

I said to B♂T, "For Chrissake take this glass," and I held onto her with both hands. What was odd was that her hand and arm felt so solid and real, as though there were a real arm there. I've never had that experience in a dream before - usually if you try to hold anything it isn't

there or you go through it - one of the tests for lucid dreamers is to grasp a solid object, and if their hand goes through it they know it is a dream - there is no solidity in dreams.

Still she did not speak, only looked at me. I felt I must speak to her to make her stay, but I could not make my lips move - I tried to cry her name, but could not open my mouth - I made a tremendous effort and cried "SPEAK!" and woke up and woke B♂T up and he had heard me say "Speak!"

I thought perhaps B♀ had come to say that she will sort out A♀. I had been thinking before I went to sleep that I should send a thought-form to her. B♀ could be it.

I believe that in this dream I was an intermediary for communication between B♂T and his dead wife. B♀ had been a big factor in our relationship and I felt her presence strongly, as there was a room in his house entirely full of her stuff which he had been unable to sort out. Her suicide 8 months before I met him had been a great shock and he was still working through it. I helped by listening. We had big problems with B♂T's step-mother A♀ who was a strong source of negative energy. We were sorely in need of help to deal with/combat her. B♀ came in answer to this.
Green/yellow: Brigid's colours.

J♂D - the Snake Dream

Walking into town with J♂D and J♂ (his son). J♂D had a snake - a big one - which he put in his mouth - tail first - like a sword-swallower. The snake was all coiled up in his mouth and the head pointing outward. When he closed his mouth you could not see it, then when anyone spoke to him he opened his mouth and the head popped out. It was supposed to be a great joke.

I've discovered now I don't need J♂D for the magic - I get better results without him there. I meditated the other night and got several messages. Nothing happens with him any more. Sex gets between us.

The snake appears to be a subliminal message that what comes out of J♂D's mouth is falsehood, given the snake's connection with treachery. There was no sex in our relationship but J♂D kept saying he desired it.

A Dream Repeated Twice

Night of May 31 had dream. Night of June 1 told it to someone in a dream. Now June 2 writing it down.

Dream: I lived in a flat - in a block of flats. Had the impression of high, tall building, endless corridors (*had this dream before, of entering this building looking for a flat*).

Sirius, my dog, a red setter. Cottage at Fence, where B♂B the preacher lived. Pendle is our local hill

Now I was in the flat - alone. I think Sirius lived with me, because I was thinking which room would be best for him. I felt secluded but not lonely. I had the phone.

Moving through this spartan green-painted neat flat, noticed a door I had not seen before. Funny - a room I had not seen. Opened it (*this must be important if it is key to subconscious*). Window with view of Pendle, but extremely cramped - couldn't get near window, ceiling very close to head, bumping it.

Thought what a nice room to write in, but couldn't stand the closed-in feeling (*think it is the cottage at Fence - it is restricted, narrow rooms, low, small windows. Can't see Pendle from there.*) Tried to get near Pendle window and could not with any comfort. Opened drawers of desk, found all kinds of nice necklets. No clothes. Only ornaments. On waking thought of B♀'s trinkets that I wanted but did not like to ask, and which B♂T never offered.

Next night felt impelled to examine dream in light of its relation to subconscious wishes. So re-dreamed that I was telling the dream to someone.

Note: part of this dream proved prophetic, as some time later, E♀, who kept the shop (already mentioned) took me upstairs to show me a room she had refurbished for her daughter. The room was at the top of the tall, high building, but being in the middle of town and in a built-up area, I was surprised when she told me that you could see Pendle from the window. The window was in a kind of alcove, in a gable - it was very difficult to get to the window and I had to crouch and bend my head - which was when I remembered the dream!

August 6 night.

Book Dream

B♂A, editor of Lancashire Life Encouraged my writing and came up with idea for a book, which he edited

I was with B♂A in a large room at a publishers where they were making up a sample copy of my book. It was late at night and no one was there except one woman. She was talking to B♂A while she assembled it. I watched while she took the sheets and folded them - it made quite a small shape - thinner than I expected. The edges were uncut. She went along the seam edge

with a small hand stapler, then fitted the wedge of paper into a hard back. I was feeling tremendously excited that here was MY BOOK - I wanted to touch it, handle it, but no one took any notice of me. I might as well have been a ghost. It was an everyday task to them, while to me it was tremendous. In the end she handed the book to B♂A, not me, and he advised her to 'dip into it' and if she found bits that were 'tedious or repetitious' to let him know. She seemed unenthusiastic to read it at all. I could see the words on the page as they opened it and discussed it - the usual feeling of panic that anyone was reading my work surfaced. But they did not talk about it for long, they were soon back on other topics as though it was not important. Then B♂A put the book in his pocket - no one ever even spoke to me - I wonder if I was dead?

B♂A once said I should write a book called 'Don't Read it Til I'm Gone' since I had such a phobia of anyone reading my work in my presence. I am over that now, but know where it came from. I once came home from school as a young teenager, and found my Mum and my Aunt Edith in my room reading my diaries and laughing over them.

12 Aug 1986 night.

Looking for Briggs

Looking for Briggs - did not want him in kitchen but had to have him - no Tony. Floor filthy. Went to look for him. Found block where his room was. Full of girls who would not say where he was and which was his room. They said, "Aren't you afraid?" I was furious.

"I'll make him afraid of me," I said.

Briggs was my 2nd chef on Brownsea Island, bane of my life. Tony, 3rd chef, was my right hand

Sep 3 1986 - 2 consecutive dreams

Payment for work done

B♂A. He was writing cheques for me - about £200 - he had sold a story for me - or more than one. We walked together. He was telling me he hadn't been quite fair to me. The dream seemed to go on for a long time. He told me he was going to look after me.

The dreams about the book foretell the problems B♂A and I were to have with it. Though he had promised to find a publisher, we fell out over the final editing and nothing came of it.

Dead Men's Clothes

T♂F: close friend of my son Graham

T♂F and Graham. T♂F was dying - he had had an accident and was badly hurt. Lying on a bed on the floor. B♂A asked why he was not at home. I said he lived up on the moors and his mother was away and if he was up there no one could visit him.

Graham asked if he could have T♂F's jacket - the one he wore at the accident. T♂F nodded. Graham very pleased, said, "Great," and put it on. I thought how insensitive when T♂F was dying. Graham said, "Can I have your underpants too?" and T♂F pulled them off. No one seemed to care that he was dying. I thought how beautiful he used to be and how he grew ugly lately and thought perhaps that is why he has to die, because he got ugly.

Some time in September 1986, I met Wolfram Thomé, the man I was to marry. *Wolfram was the one who finally put J♂G to rest. I had almost married B♂T, but when I told J♂G he said "You can't marry him" Asked why not, he said, "Because you're still in love with me." And it was true. But when I told him about Wolfram, he said "Tell him he's a very lucky man."*
On our first proper date, October 10 1986, we saw a shooting star. We married exactly one year later. It was literally a marriage made in heaven. His Sun and my Moon in the same degree - 23 Aquarius. This was called by the ancients, The Hermetic Marriage, the marriage of Gold and Silver.

Oct 22 1986

Lost Children Dream

Went to Asda along road here with kids. They were little like they always are in my dreams. After I set off to go home - down a long, steep hill from Asda - very rough going - lots of other people all streaming out too - walking. At the bottom of the hill I realised I had forgotten about the kids as I came out of the store - in other words, lost them again. I didn't want to go back, I was so tired, but I made myself climb all the way back. I didn't see them and when I got to the store they were locking the doors. I told someone they were lost. They said, how old are they? I couldn't remember and started trying to work it out.

"Diana was born in 1960", I said, "and it's now 1986 - that means she is - 26 - no, that can't be right - I must have got it wrong - let's see" - so in my mind I tried to juggle the maths to make her small - it was so confusing. In the dream she was small yet the figures said she must be 26 and I couldn't see her as a woman.

"That would make her a woman," I kept saying, "and she's only a little girl." They all thought I was ridiculous. A woman who had lost a small child who was 26.

Dec 26 1986

Diana's Dream

Diana phoned me to tell me of this dream. She saw me - and described me as 'radiantly beautiful' looking about eighteen, with long, thick, golden hair, a fringe, wearing a little crown, leading by the hand a little girl with long, blonde hair and blue eyes. And I was offering her - Diana - chicken hearts.

I knew D had a problem with her self-image as a child. Her colouring was different to mine, and because everyone admired and talked about me, she did not appear to think she was attractive. She was extremely pretty, and though I kept telling her this, I knew she did not believe it. I feel this dream, dreamed as an adult, illustrates the way she must have felt. That the child I wanted was blonde and blue-eyed like me. And that I gave her 'chicken hearts' - ie my affection for her was not real.

1989

There are no dreams recorded for 1987 and 1988. I put this down to the fact that I was settling into my new relationship and everything about my life was changing. From being a much-desired female with male friends as well as lovers, able to dress up and be taken out in cars, I was now grounded with a blind husband, no car and a low income. I went through a difficult time while I wondered if I had done the right thing. At one point I wanted to undo it and return to what I was. But I reasoned that in time I would see the pluses and not the minuses. And that was the case.

Jan 1989

Some strange dreams while reading Jung - Man and his Symbols. Women figure strangely in my dreams as SEX OBJECTS - if they are the SHADOW this is my repressed side which is always having liaisons with other women.

**Descending into
Darkness Dream**

A very telling dream at this time had the DESCENDING INTO DARKNESS - a ladies' powder room - alone and glad to get away from crowds. A gaggle of other women came in. One was always looking at me. I was trying to see myself in a mirror which was dim and obscured by coats and other clothes - an oldfashioned kind of thing we used to have standing in our

hall at home - but darker. I wanted to go to the toilet and had to pass the woman - close - who looked at me. The passage was narrow and she had bared her breasts. It was as if she implored me to touch her. I didn't, though I wanted to. Afterwards her friends took her away and I heard them saying she always had to be carefully watched, or she would make love to women. I felt I had let part of myself go. I wanted to find her again but knew it wasn't possible.

I sat alone by the side of the toilet door and a mirror was held up to my left profile - clear this time. Although I must have been looking ahead for my profile to appear, I saw myself clearly and was SHOCKED. A voice said, "You are an old middle-aged woman, heavy round the jowls. You are ugly and ridiculous." I was shocked because the image was not my self-image - young, slim, attractive.

Tue 24 Jan 1989

ex-lover dream

Dreamed of J♂G last night. Third dream but more significant than previous. He came to find me because he is finished. He looked terrible. He has lost everything.

Wed 4 Jan 1989

I had found my 'power stones' before meeting Wolfram, and was already working with them. I began working with astrology just before I met Wolfram in 1986, and shortly before our marriage in 1987 I began reading tarot. So I began using my skills to help friends and neighbours. I needed to work on as many natal charts as possible in order to learn and develop, and the same went for tarot. The stones came first as a divinatory tool, and when I mastered the cards they and the stones worked together. As they still do today.

*A woman called **Patti** came for a tarot reading, recommended by L♀, who regularly consulted me on astrology. During the reading some very dark stuff came out - it was a case of spirit possession. I undertook to deal with the spirit on her behalf. That night I had the following dream:*

Fighting with Evil Spirit

Walking down wooden steps into a dark Hall. Wolfram behind me, though I didn't see him. At foot of stairs felt fear - terror - something evil in the dark. Wolfram crossing to OUTER DOOR

- huge, large door to outside, but I was frightened and wanted LIGHT on. Couldn't find switch by door - never saw Wolfram - crossed back to stair foot to find light - heard door open and shut, and Wolfram gone.

Then IT got me. I was half sitting, half lying against wooden panelled walls on wooden floorboards. Shaking all over as SPIRIT tried to get in me. This was psychic takeover - a struggle for life and death. Usually in bad dreams I can wake up by SHOUTING - forcing the conscious body to move its lips and vocalise. But the sinister thing was, every time I was going to shout, a Voice whispered in my ear - "Don't shout, you'll wake him" - which was, of course, the object. Thus the spirit tried to take over my UNCONSCIOUS and at the same time suppressed my CONSCIOUS mind.

Wolfram to the Rescue

MEANWHILE Wolfram was dreaming he was doing woodwork downstairs and I was upstairs. In his dream, he heard me call and came up to me. He then heard my moans and woke me. Thus I bypassed the spirit, contacted Wolf on astral level, and he saved me. Terrified on waking, couldn't speak.*

Dream 2: Walsingham

A holy shrine to the Virgin

When I fell asleep again, I was at Walsingham, being taken to Inner Sanctum where nuns continually pray. So I knew I had won.

** When Wolfram woke me, I realised what I was trying to shout was "DAVID" - why? I don't know anyone called David. I thought maybe this was someone connected with Patti. I phoned L♀ next day and told her and asked, "Who's David?" She gasped. David is the nephew of Patti - the only person she really cares about. She often talks about him.*

Tues 1 Feb 1989.

Last night - a phrase - "*Often faithfuller than most others*" - at foot of a letter. *Ultimate in equivocation.*

Wolfram's Castle Dream

Wolfram dreamed we visited a Castle where a man and woman, famous for having the most perfect marriage, were pretending to have a perfect marriage. Does he feel it is all a bit of a sham, an act, and he is not his true self?

& Swimming Pool dream

Frequently recently he has dreamed of leading a group of children to a swimming pool only to find it has been drained. On one occasion he gave orders for it to be refilled, but it was leaking away as fast as it was filling, and they were struggling to swim in a very small amount of water.

Leg paralysis dreams

These have worried me for years now. I feared at one time that they were pre-monitory - in the dreams I cannot function from the waist down - there is a feeling of embarrassment, as though I were not entitled to be crippled and ought to walk upright. My method of locomotion is to sit on the floor and, pushing down with my arms, to swing my lower body between them, rest on my bum, and push off again. I try to disguise the fact that this is the only way I can move about. Reading Jung - or no, I think in a dream, but as if I had half-remembered reading somewhere (not recently) that the upper half of the body represents the thinking personality and the lower half - especially below the waist - the animal self.

Neglected animals

Also then it came to me that on reading about Women's Dreams, they often dream of a little girl they have neglected - themselves - and I thought as I never did, I had managed to fulfil myself. But I dream of little ANIMALS who die because I have forgotten to feed them. This seems obvious enough - a neglect of the purely animal pleasure-sensation side. Never enjoyed making love - the idea of it but not the act - always somewhere else. In my head not my body.

Perhaps the dreadful paralysis dreams are a warning that I am becoming severely crippled as a result of neglect of animal nature.

Feb 12 - writing Saturday 11th dream

Thinking about my lack of animus when I went to bed, I had this dream:

Gorilla Animus dream

There was this gorilla which I had taken some kind of responsibility for. It came out from its cage or captivity and spent some time with me. It had (of course) a very simple level of understanding, and being such a powerful animal it was important that the right level of trust was maintained. I could come to no harm so long as IT believed I meant IT no harm. (It was male).

One day I discovered it could talk. I was amazed and said so. The Gorilla was very defensive; made me feel patronising for assuming it could not. "We can ALL talk," (all animals) it said. "It is only you who do not take the trouble to understand."

This gorilla had been in some kind of servitude, badly treated, and not paid fairly (if at all - probably the latter). It now told me that it had agreed to go back for a week to help as the people were so short-staffed, or it was needed, or whatever. My first feeling was one of relief because the time I spent with the gorilla - on his level, as it were - was a considerable strain - but under a MASK OF CONCERN I said,

"But why would you go back? You hated it and they treated you badly." He said,

"They need me and I agreed to go."

"Even though you don't want to?"

"I do want to. If I didn't, I wouldn't go."

"You're different from me, then. I tend to try and do what people ask me, even when I don't want to. I'll miss you," I lied. He then told me I needn't worry, as he had asked permission to take me with him. In fact it had been agreed that I would spend even more time with him than now. He was proud of me and wanted to show me off.

It appeared that WOLFRAM had agreed this, and after the Gorilla had gone back I rowed with him -

"Between you you've divided up my life and left me with nothing," I said. "And you've put me in a very dangerous position. And jeopardised your own. You don't think you can reason with that gorilla, do you? If you tell him, look, I'm her husband and I need more time with her, he'll react by kidnapping me - he won't see my reasonableness - he thinks I'm his mate - and anyone who threatens that, threatens him."

But mainly there was the ANGER that I was nothing, nowhere. I had been divided between two people and denied my own individuality.

In some ways Wolfram could have been the gorilla as he was very physical and difficult to control or handle. He would always behave the way he wanted to and would not compromise or change when asked. His attitude to and treatment of people he did not like was very unsocial and this often upset me.

Feb 12 night

Animus II

Just when I had thought my animus was a gorilla - very gentle and loving, but possessive - I dreamed I

was in bed with a tremendously handsome man - tall, dark, young, clean-shaven. I fancied him tremendously but wouldn't make love to him because I had to return to Wolfram next day. In fact there were two of them in the bed - me in the middle, but the other one, on my right side, had his back turned and was curled up asleep, or he could have been dead, as the feeling was he had no part in it.

The one on my left fancied me as much as I did him and the urge was very strong. I told him it was nothing to do with HIM, it was only the way he looked, and that he was one in a long series, but that my life was different now and I could not fuck with him.

He drove me to the Station in the morning so I could return home. He seemed to be in the American Army and drove a large estate car and lots of other men came along for the ride. The Sleeper never reappeared.

In contrast this dream showed the other side to Wolfram - he had great personal beauty and a great body. When we met I fell in love immediately and went to bed with him the same night - there was an animal attraction which lasted a long time, eventually maturing into friendship.

1990

On Christmas Day 1989 we took on our first allotment, and one year on we were about to be offered another. This marked a new development in our relationship. The animal lust over, we had become best friends and companions. We entered into total absorption with our piece of land, growing our own food. And we held our full moon gatherings on the allotment, waiting til everyone else had gone home before we started. It was truly a magical time. I wrote a gardening column in the paper and we had many visitors. We began a gardening club, arranging visits and lectures and offering advice and help. I think the old man in the next dream foreshadowed all this. I never forgot the dream. Perhaps the fact that there are no further dreams for 12 months shows we are working on this.

23 Nov 1990: Reading MINDGAMES suggestion that I should dream.

The Old Man and his Garden

Beautiful dream about a new HOUSE.
Can't recall that ever before - usually I return to houses of the past. Wolfram and I moved to this new house. It was not far

from here, but in a place where people owned their own houses - and we had bought this one. It had three bedrooms, more spacious living area - full of nooks and crannies, alcoves, many windows. I explored

it, deciding to put small sofas in alcoves. But there was furniture already in - it appeared to be fully furnished. The new stuff got in the way, but I didn't feel it ought not to be there. I only saw the living room and one bedroom where I would work - small, it had a white painted iron spiral stair ascending to a loft which had two rooms - it was light, warm, airy.

We opened the front door to go in the garden, which was charming. It was this time of year, but many flowers of different colours were blooming. At first I thought it was a rockery, but then it was like strange sculptures shaped like gnarled tree trunks which held cup shapes for filling with compost and flowers. The garden was on three sides of the house. The neighbours were quiet and respectable and there was never any noise in that neighbourhood.

An old man with silver hair came up the path and told Wolfram all about the garden. It had been his house and he said he had gone to live at WYKE because he thought it would be like WINDHILL. I asked if he came from Windhill and he said yes. I told him both my parents came from there and wondered if he knew them but he only smiled and continued to talk to Wolfram.

Wyke (sounds like Heckmondwike where I come from) is a district of Bradford. It has no meaning for me.

Although the house was clean, warm and full of furniture, I was upset when I discovered that Wolfram had brought almost NOTHING from the old house. None of our clothes, no pans, no cutlery, no kitchen machinery. He had hired a van to move us but sent it away. It was past the deadline - noon on Sunday, and we no longer owned the house, but it was full of our stuff! I went back to try and get some. Margery and Lily were in here, and Margery, bossy as usual, said I must not SIT DOWN - it was bad luck to sit down in a house you'd left. I never managed to bring anything away from the old house though I kept trying.

Back in the new house and WRITING A DIARY, I realised I didn't know the NUMBER of the house. This seemed important so I went downstairs to look. NUMBER NINE. Pondering on this, I woke up.

Comment: owning house - becoming mistress of own destiny, instead of living in other people's ideas - clinging to past wrong - leaving lumber of past behind. Wolfram as usual knows best but says nothing, leaving me to find out the hard way. The man may have been my father

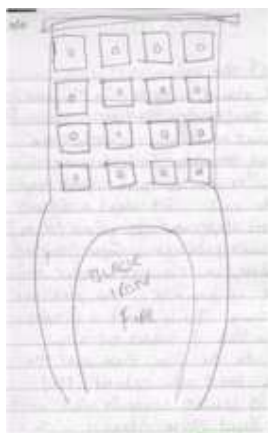
who moved to Heckmondwike from Windhill. I didn't recognise him as such.

Number Nine - finality - last stage of development. Power associated with occult. Triple synthesis - living simultaneously on three planes - spirit, intellect, physical body. Completeness. Pinnacle of mental/spiritual attainment. Consciousness. 8 steps around cycle of life plus the One at the Centre. Ra, Lord and Ruler of 9 Gods. 9 Muses. 9 white winged horses of Helios. 9 as Future - end of a cycle. Time to tidy up affairs in preparation for next phase.

1991

Thurs 5 Dec 1991 (original drawings included)

A Special House



Dreamed about a house. In this one I only saw the ground floor. Wolfram and I went to see it - out in the country, somewhere up a long, tree-lined lane. It was autumn - wet leaves on the road. It was a big house, isolated. Wolfram was getting it for me. We looked round it. Some furniture still there, we discussed whether to keep it or dump it. One piece was really strange. Built around a fireplace - making a kind of tunnel before you would see the fire, then over the chimney breast the cabinet itself. Instead of drawers running the whole width, it had small, square drawers with a knob in the centre of each square - like an apothecary's cabinet.

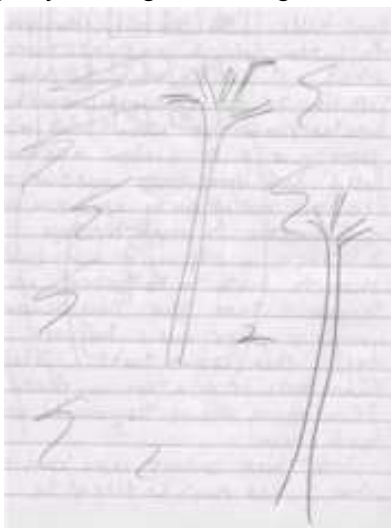
We looked out of the windows and saw hills. At the back, through the kitchen, which was long and narrow, and had a Victorian black lead range, just like the one in my childhood home, was another room we hadn't noticed before - out of its window a garden full of dark trees. We went out and discussed moving earth against a wall in the corner, to create a slope.

Wolfram and I kept birds in our kitchen and they bred so there were babies too

I brought a big cage of baby birds through the house to the garden. As I carried them there they became younger and younger until they were eggs, and then brown seeds. I left them outside on a ta-

ble in front of the window, knowing they would grow back again.

We went away and came back, and when I went round the side of the house I saw there had been a fire. Two trees (*right*) were blackened, scorched, branches burnt. The birds were okay. I took them in. Before we left, looked out of another window on another side and saw we were on the side of a lake. Very beautiful. As we walked away across a little, rickety wooden bridge I looked back and saw the water came up to the walls of the house. I couldn't believe we were to have this wonderful house. It was all down to Wolfram.



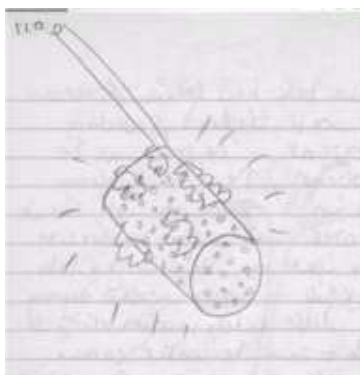
The Burning Brazier Dream

for a bus. A dark atmosphere. Wolfram had appeared behind me. He was holding something that looked like the perforated drum of a washing machine - or a brazier - it was glowing and burning with red hot coals. He had it on the end of a stick, or pole, and held it out towards me. He fitted it over my head. It did not burn, I was not afraid, and he could not have done it had I not put my head down so he could. He was not really conscious, like a somnambulist, no expression, said nothing, though I asked -

“Why are you doing this?”

Woke up. Realised all four elements were in the dream. Slept again.

Lots of small, trivial things, but at the end, standing on an isolated road waiting



These dreams led up to the Key Dream of 1991 which appears next. The image of being 'crowned with fire' is a powerful one.

December 12 1991

**Shadow Dream
(The Aztec)**

No Wolfram - most unusual. As the dream began I was part of a crowd somewhere in America. All of the crowd were women. A man, a murderer, was being tried. Although it was given me to know that there was no doubt he was a murderer, we all had a part to play in getting him off. Far away at the edge of the crowd - which stretched out across a plain - was a construction like a kind of stage, with men in naval uniform. At the sides of the stage were round red seals, like wax, stuck to the uprights. These meant he was guilty.

We had to go over a bridge where we pulled off a green ticket. We waited in line - hundreds, perhaps thousands of us - until we could get to the front where the man was and we had to moisten the green square ticket and stick it to his shirt. If enough of us did this he would be freed. There was great tension.

When we got near I saw he was not on a stage but on a ship - on the bridge with a lot of naval men, and there was a bridge between me and him, and whereas I had thought I would personally stick the green ticket on him, they were being given to an officer to do it. I said I wanted to do this myself. They let me on. As I started across the bridge to him, he walked towards me and we met in the middle.

Then I clasped my arms right round him and I said the words of the Second Initiation - "I will all my powers into you." - or - "I give you all my power".

Now he said he knew he would get off.

He did. Afterwards he was sitting behind a primitive kind of stall serving food, so that the stall was between us. He was not serving, someone else did that, he only sat there. He told me he was an Aztec and that he didn't do things the way we did. He might stumble, or be clumsy, but it didn't mean he couldn't do things. He said, "we get it right in the end."

I asked for his address in America, and he wrote it on a piece of paper which he folded over so I couldn't see, before he passed it to me. The paper was unusually thick and solid. Perhaps a primitive paper. He then asked for my address in England, and said he was coming to see me.

Comment

I thought he was the Shadow, since murder was the worst thing I can think of, and I was being asked to condone it - ie free a murderer - there was no suggestion he was innocent, and as we had some trouble

that day with the neighbours who are violent people I thought this was me releasing the suppressed Shadow who is capable of violence.

Today as I am writing this the man neighbour who was violent yesterday came to say he has tidied up the rubbish to which we objected and did I mind if he lit a fire! He was so mild! I had to smile, and he smiled back!

I resolved to go to the Library and look up Aztecs in the encyclopaedia. It was July 1992 before I did anything about it!

This is a dream I have never forgotten, it has stayed in my consciousness ever since, but the true significance of it did not begin to dawn until I went to the Library and began my research. At that time we had no internet, so the Encyclopaedia Britannica was where I began . .

1992

Working with Dreams

July 9 1992: Now working with the Aztec of my dream. I went to Library to research and found they were from Mexico and that they were led into the Mexico basin by an astrologer/priest

/magician. I was surprised and shaken by this revelation - as that exactly described what I was - an astrologer/priestess/witch. No wonder he had come to me! In my research I found the following correspondences:

HUEHUETEOTL

HUEHUETEOTL - (*way-way-tay-otl*) the old, old god at the centre wears a burning brazier on his head. (*Burning Brazier dream*).

JAGUAR

JAGUAR (*seen in a waking dream/meditation undertaken to encounter my animal guide some years back*) is a frequent disguise of TETZCATLIPOCA - (*tets-catly-poker*) God of the Smoking Mirror.

PRIESTS

PRIESTS of Tetzcatlipoca wore a brass, concave mirror round their necks in which they looked to predict the future. J♂D once made me a 'black mirror' - it was a clock glass which he painted black and he told me to gaze in it to see visions.

Began researching the calendar. The Aztecs had three calendars, a Solar calendar like ours, of 365 days, and a Sacred Calendar of 260 days, which repeats. Every 52 years the two calendars begin on the same day. The third calendar is the Venus Calendar, but there was no information to be had on it. Every book said . . . *and then there is the Venus Calendar*. In the end left it to get some work done.

Venus Calendar dream

That night the Aztec appeared to me. He was hovering over the bed, a great, shadowy figure, holding an open book. He was showing me the pages - and he was saying : *"This is the Venus calendar, and it is the same now as it always was, and as it will be in the future."*

I sat looking at the figures and saw same positions for 1507, or 1591, or whatever, as today - and realised Venus has a fixed orbit round the Sun which never varies over 584 days, I presume - haven't checked yet.

Later, when I had finished all my research and created my own Tonalamatl I did not know whether to include leap days or not. I called on the Aztec to help me. He came that night: half sleeping half waking I heard him singing at my bedside all night - most of it I do not remember, but I heard him singing "The Venus Calendar goes on - and on - and on" so I knew leap days were not important, and that the Aztecs dealt in such huge swathes of time, they could afford to wait until the calendars came back into synch. There were two further heart-stopping moments for me in the research: I accessed an old book by Lewis Spence: The Gods of Mexico; and when I opened it, on the first page I read "If the ghost of an Aztec priest were to appear to us today . . ." I felt that Spence had had the same experience. Then when, after a long search and application to academic bodies, I finally found the Venus Calendar, that too began with a similar explanation to the one the Aztec had used in the dream: 'the Venus Calendar consists of five pages: the first four give the method, and the fifth gives instructions so it can be used at any date in the future'

Woke up 2am Monday August 3 1992

Lost in the Underworld

Iris, friend, astrologer, hypnotherapist

Woke with a shock, feeling tense and ill. Got up to go to toilet, Wolfram woke up and then talking to him realised I had been dreaming - did not recall on first waking. Told him about it, remembered Iris telling me that if you know the time of a dream you can analyse it from the chart. Remembered a programme had just been starting on World Service

when I woke, went into office to look at time, 2.15, so it was probably 2.05 when I woke up, so you might guess dream at 2am.

It was a futuristic dream, in an underground city, or at least all the transport was underground, and people moved about underground all of the time. I never saw the outside or any upper world in this dream.

It started in the underground transport, or tube trains of this world. I don't think I would call it a city, I think there were no discernible cities any more, just a huge interconnecting mass, vast in size and densely populated. I was waiting on a platform to get on a train, the only way of getting about. Someone (another woman) was with me on the journey out (from home to wherever) but I had to find my own way back as she did not come with me. I felt I wouldn't be able to do it, confused by the maze of tunnels and with no sense of direction, or numbers.

You were okay if you remembered your number, of your stop or station. I thought this was 22B, but when I got on the train to come back I thought it was 122B and this was the number I told the guard (in uniform).

After a short while (and it had only been a short journey out) I recognised some of the platforms and saw that we were nearing number 22. I told the guard I thought I had made a mistake, but apparently if you told the guard a number you were not allowed to change it, and I had to go on to 122 whether I liked it or not. By the time we got there I knew I was hopelessly lost and would never remember the route back.

I had a place (a single-roomed cell, everyone lived in these small spaces) to spend the night, but my woman 'guide' was there again, and she had another room, not near mine, and I wanted to spend the night with her, as I felt if I could not even find her then I was doomed. I knew it was important to hang onto the number 22B but I was terrified that after being asleep I would have forgotten it.

I didn't really want to spend the night with this woman (we would have to sleep in the same bed) as she was behaving in a really weird manner. You couldn't get any sense out of her and she seemed violent and disturbed. She was thrashing about on the bed and pulling the blankets about over her and throwing them around, like someone demented. I felt a bit frightened of being alone with her, but she was my only hope of getting back.

At some point I had spoken on the phone to Wolfram who was at home waiting for me, and telling him what had happened. This was before the woman turned up again. *(I didn't like remembering that I had spoken to him on the phone when I woke up, as telephones in*

dreams always bring me messages from the 'other side', someone trying to get through from another time or world. Telling him about it made me think I might lose him, which upset me dreadfully). I had the feeling in the dream I would probably never find him again, and that this often happened in this world, where it was very important to stay together, as once separated you might never find each other again.

The woman in the bed eventually spoke, but it was only to tell me that she had peed the bed last night, and there was a dreadful smell of pee from the mattress, so this was not going to be a very pleasant night. I remember opening the window and throwing something out, like a teddy soaked with pee, so this does not fit with the underground image.

There was another sequence which was outside the underground city, I remember standing under some trees, my back to a tree, and alongside me was another woman, with her back to the tree next to mine, but very close, touching, and I felt such a yearning love for her and a need to be one with her, but could not look at her or say anything. I don't know what she looked like.

End of dream or can't remember any more. Never got back!.

Time 5.40am Thurs 6 Aug 1992

Fear of blind people

Wolfram was blind, but with peripheral vision was able to get about unaided

Another underground dream, except this time we were walking through the tunnels and it was not so dark, in fact there was a lot of light. There were many people as before, and it was a dangerous atmosphere. You had to keep together in groups and be careful as people would try to steal your money and goods. Someone tried to steal mine but I beat them off. There was something about blind people who would get you in the dark. They would tunnel towards you under the ground, I watched the progress of one of them towards me, it was like the movement of an arm under the blankets. I hit at it when it came near, and as it retreated I kept hitting it, but the hand tried to grab me from under the ground, and got hold of me and I was being dragged off. I shouted to someone - not Wolfram, but another man's name, to save me. I broke free on my own.

Lost in Scotland

Pam, ex sister in law

I went to sleep and when I woke up at 9.16 had been dreaming about trains again. I would time this for perhaps 9am. I was trying to get home by train and couldn't. I got stuck at Glasgow. I had come from a small island off the north coast, very far out, as far away as you

could get, Orkney it was. The people there were very friendly, and my friend Pam was there. She lives about 100mile south of John o Groats, on the Dornoch Firth. She was seeing me off. The bus waited till I was ready. In Glasgow I had to change stations and a small boy offered to guide me. It was a very long way. I left the station at 2.20 and it was 6.10 when we arrived at the other place. He left me behind, and the way consisted of climbing some very steep ramps, each of which led to a bedroom - so it was a series of interconnecting beds (hardly bedrooms since the surroundings were very rough, like packing cases, with rags hanging over entrances). When I arrived at the top it was a small café, not a station at all. I was very angry, and no one knew anything about a station. The boy had stolen most of my money and a lot of personal things out of my bag, at various times when I wasn't looking. But he was all I had to find my way once more to the station, where I arrived about 8pm. I was worried about getting home to Keighley, not just the time to get there, but having to get a bus to Nelson afterwards.

In another bit of dream I was staying with Wolfram in a guest-house of some kind, and he had another man with him, who was blond. Wolfram and I slept in one bed, this man in another. On the last night the idea was I would have sex with this man as well as Wolfram. I spent the time deciding which way round would be better, to have Wolfram first, or the other man. This seemed the only issue in question.

8 August 4.50am. 1992

Dream Lover

Dreamed I had the hots for another man. I didn't want to be attracted to him but I couldn't help it. Every time he came near me I wanted to make love with him.

He asked me if I would help him with decorating his house one evening - I was to spend the night there. I went off with him and of course no decorating got done, there was this double bed, I was in it with him but although I desired him so madly I couldn't square it with my conscience. Halfway through the night I came to my senses (which previously had been cancelled out by lust) and started worrying about Wolfram and the position I had put myself in, that it might mean I would lose him and I started to panic and wanted to get back. I woke at ten to eight (in the dream) and wanted to leave immediately. The other man said, why hurry, any time would do, and why not stay till noon, but I insisted on going. The house he lived in turned out to be near our own and I wanted to go home alone. It seemed at this point that Wolfram and I were living in the house I grew up in at

Heckmondwike. (*The land at the top of our garden was owned by the people who lived next door, and they had built a bungalow on this land for their son and his wife - this was where I was with the man*).

Anyway, the man insisted on coming with me and as we neared the house he was shouting,

“Hello there, Wolfram, old chap!” and being deliberately provocative, while I was worried. I went inside and realised I had to come up with a story of how we had spent the evening, and it would be no good saying we watched television, as Wolfram would be sure to know about all the programmes to catch me out.

Wolfram was sitting on the settee looking small and hunched up and miserable (a bit like PJ Proby in the pub), surrounded by old newspaper wrappings. I immediately accused him of eating fish and chips, as he will never let us have them for a meal.

PJ Proby was at that time living in J&D's front room and had been to our house

Then I woke up and thought how awful that I had been with another man, and started wondering who on earth it was, as I had absolutely no idea - then it came to me it was none other than Wolfram himself! The image of him bringing me home and taunting the other man was clearly Wolfram, and I remembered him kissing me in the dream which was exactly like Wolfram.

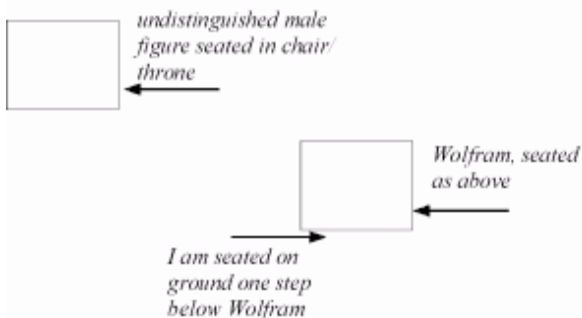
The connection with the house of my childhood seemed to be that in the house at the top of the garden lived two boys, the elder of whom was dark and quite a lot older than me, and he promised to marry me when I grew up. I remember feeling upset and shocked when my mother told me the Mortons were building another bungalow further up the road for Dick and his wife - but he was supposed to be marrying me. I had taken him seriously.

The reason for the dream lover being Wolfram I think is that after I told him of the previous dream with the other man in our bed he asked what did I put that down to, and I replied sexual frustration. He seemed to take this to heart and was quite passionate that night, insisting on dragging me off to bed about ten o'clock. He seemed very different - as if he really desired me, instead of us being like we usually are, two happy children not too bothered about sex! We talked about this and perhaps it's that marriage takes the passion out of things - a joke of the gods - “I'll give you what you want, but you won't like it!”

Written Dec 30 1992 - dreamed a few weeks before.

The Three Seated Figures

The undistinguished male figure seated in chair/throne has a feeling of being a kind of god-figure. Wolfram is seated much the same way and to the left of the figure. I am sitting on a step made out of the earth, below Wolfram. We are in a bleak landscape - nothing there.



Wolfram has a book. He is looking something up. Something is giving me trouble and he tells me the cause of it is in one of 3 places - where 3 bodies are buried in

the ground. He says if we can locate them and dig them up we will find which one it is. He starts to tell me of the first one, and it is buried right here under his throne/chair. As he tells me, arms start to reach towards me out of the earth-step against which I have my back. I wake up, terrified.

The other shadowy male figure never moves and is indistinguishable, vague.

This is another instance of things 'coming up out of the earth' to get me - like the 'hands under the blanket' in the 'Fear of Blind People' dream - and also associated with Wolfram.

Another dream from weeks ago, remembered 30 Dec 1992

Australia dream

Went to Australia with Wolfram by air. Loved it. Warm. Didn't want to go home. Funny pub - bare room, primitive. Outside in municipal gardens, strange flowers and colours I hadn't seen before. Asked to go to toilet. Outside pub, had to enter a small door in a big expanse of boarding, like they put up to enclose building sites. But inside was a deserted shopping mall. Dark, gloomy, all locked up. The path we walked (I had another woman as guide) sloped ever down. Shadowy figures lurked in deserted doorways. Didn't feel safe.

We had to go the full length, to the very bottom, and the boarding at the far end. Then alone I had to descend a further slope between sloping walls, like the entrance to an underpass.

When I came out the woman had left and I had to return alone. Some way up, I looked down at myself and saw a huge clot of menstrual blood on my right side just about but above the waist. I was afraid it would mark the white shirt I was wearing. I had to return and clean it off.

Later, I was looking at a strange book which was supposed to be mine, containing things I had written, but I had no recollection of them. Some were in strange languages and writing. At the end, a marvellous picture like the Holy Trinity in strange, translucent colours, like light and shade projected onto the page. It was very wonderful and miraculous. Over the top of this - round-shaped - picture was written in a curve -

“And the Ghost shall be Nameless”

Another ‘Descent into the Underworld’ dream. The blood seems to indicate some form of sacrifice, or maybe rite of passage, as it is menstrual blood.

1993

Jan 15 1993.

Last night two dreams - the second may explain the first.

Spiral of Time dream

I also had a personal relationship with Caroline through an organic gardening class

First Dream: I went to see Caroline, who is my doctor, a big, hearty young woman. She kept saying “after all, you are nearly seventy.” This seemed to me a strange way of describing someone who is between 51 and 52, but she was so insistent I began to believe her and to wonder where the intervening years had gone?

Second Dream: I was having something explained to me. This was a purely abstract dream, I did not see the person explaining, or anything else, except patterns, blocks of time. As far as I can remember, I was told that there are different ways of working with Time. As we have on earth the Buddhist reckoning, the Chinese, the whatever else - we sometimes read that it is Year so and so in another Era, or Way of Reckoning. Everything is arranged in blocks, cycles, patterns. The Aztec, or whoever explained this to me, said when you come to the end of a cycle in one Era of Reckoning, it is possible to make a change, to

jump from one method of reckoning to another, like as if the Cycle or Circle you were on had turned into a Spiral, so you could at a certain point only, move Upward to the next level, and be on a different Path, or Way of Reckoning Time. But, he explained at the end, by doing this you would lose some years of life, but that this was worth it for the increased Quality of Understanding, or Spirit, or whatever, you would have.

So maybe I go straight to almost 70 by reason of Increased Wisdom?

Alexander Technique: at this time I was running classes for the over-60s. The main purpose of the class was relaxation, but we also looked at healthy living and alternative health therapies. It was an informal group and a friendly atmosphere. When we looked at Alexander Therapy we learned that this was something we could not teach ourselves, it was necessary to have a teacher. They raised the money to send me on a weekend course so I could come back and teach them. I became interested and started seeing an Alexander teacher twice a week. Alexander changes body posture, and the release of old tensions also released old memories. The body begins to change, and this brought some rich and strange dreams.

Night Fri 10-Sat 11 Sep 1993. Time of dream 5am

Note: at the time of the following dream, I had just begun studying Alexander Technique.

Past Lover Dream

I went to a house where my former lover (J♂G) - was living. For a time my destiny had been linked with this man - we more or less lived and worked together and went through many trying experiences. As a result I felt very close to him. From the way it ended, I don't know if he felt the same about me, but I have dreamed about him before, when he has been in trouble, as though he sends out some sort of signal.

In the dream I went to his house to do some kind of cleaning job but really it was just to have a look at him after the passing of several years and see how he was. His wife was there, she is a small, dark woman, and looked just the same as I remembered her. She was ironing and doing household tasks and it seemed as though she was looking after him. He was sitting in an armchair and didn't seem as though he could move about very much - most unusual for him, as he is a Gemini like me and hardly ever sits down or stops running from one project to another. He looked very pale and when he wanted to be closer to me, in order to talk, he pushed himself along with his feet, without getting out of the chair. When I was in the room at first, before

he recognised me, he was just sitting vacantly as though he had nothing to do and had lost all his vigour. I deliberately walked behind and then past him, and I could see him start, and I kept my back to him, smiling, as long as I could before turning and letting him recognise me. He said,

“It is you!” and was overwhelmingly pleased to see me. We talked a bit, then I went. On my way out I went into a kind of public wash-room and looked at myself in the mirror, and was very self-critical, saying,

“What must you have looked like, trying to mince about sexily, when really you’re just a big, fat blob. He must have thought you were absolutely ludicrous.” Then I woke up and Wolfram said I was crying. I didn’t think I was, but my voice was husky, my nose was sniffy and my eyes had water coming out of them! But I wasn’t crying. Maybe I was in the dream, or my other self was crying, and I didn’t know. It was 5am when I finished telling about the dream and went in the other room to look at the clock.

Thurs 16 Sep 1993

Repulsive Old Man

I was walking down a lonely dark street, no one else was about. Then walking towards me came the hunched-up figure of an old man. He was looking down at the ground and wore an old raincoat and hat. Suddenly, just as I was about to draw level with him, he jumped sideways to stand in front of me. (He was on my left as I was walking on the right side of the street). Now he looked me in the face and he was hideous. I did not know him or anyone like him. He grabbed hold of me. I wasn’t afraid, since knowing Wolfram I haven’t been afraid of people in my dreams. I just deal with them. So I thought this man would be no challenge at all. I relaxed into the hold while I thought what to do. I decided I would bite him. When I bit his arm, it was into bare flesh, though he had been fully clothed. When my teeth made contact I smelt the sweet smell of firm young muscles, and a feeling of sexual arousal came over me. I could not bite. I could hear a nasty laugh and the man’s grip became tighter, so I tried to bite his shoulder. The same thing happened. When I smelt and felt the flesh I was incapable of fighting. The body I held in the dream was Wolfram’s, but it was still the horrid man.

Interpretation:

- *Subjects of the dream: unlooked for attack; aggression; violence.*
- Darkness: the contents of the unconscious -

- “some aspect of the dreamer’s life is being menaced by the aggressor, who, once he is identified, may turn out to be the last person the dreamer would have identified as a threat in waking life”
- “fighting with a stranger - inner conflict with the figure he represents”
- “dark places, especially at night - the unconscious realm is activated.
- unknown man - animus

During this year (1993) Wolf and I had some difficulties in our marriage. I was unhappy for most of the summer, as he spent most of his time round at another woman’s house. He insisted that there was nothing going on, and he was merely helping her with her house and garden, but he was there all the time and I had the three allotments to run all on my own - as well as missing his company.

Comment on my Alexander lesson, Friday 24 Sep 1993

I had been getting on very well in the previous two lessons, felt happier in my normal life, actually caught myself singing as I went shopping round town on Wednesday, though the constant attempts to unlock knees and thighs were getting very tiring. I found I could manage walking well enough, but when standing still I would unlock one thing only to find another had tightened up, and I telephoned Shirley (*Alexander teacher*) to ask her to help me stand when I came for the lesson. During the week I had two further onsets of severe stomach pain which had appeared for the first time the previous week when it lasted 8 hours. But my dream of the dark figure had told me where the aggression was coming from, and by recognising what was happening, I was able to stop the pain.

Night of Sat 25-Sun 26 Sep 1993

Elementals Dream

In the dream I was in a strange country, where things were very different from the way they are here, though everything looked just the same physically. Another woman was there at the beginning of the dream, though I didn’t see her clearly, she was only a suggestion or a shape. A small creature was in the dream, very small, only about a foot high, like a small man but not at all human in appearance. You could imagine that this figure was made out of bendy rubber, he was a caricature of a man. I suppose he was a bit like a fairy or elf in dress, and he certainly had a pointy cap. I thought he was cute, and bent down to look, but the woman guide said you must not

let these creatures near you, they are head-hunters. I knew the inference was he would eat me, and wondered why she didn't just say cannibals, but head-hunter was the word she used. She said they were very dangerous beings, and while she was away I must tie him up. I put round him a length of rubber with a hook on either end, one I use for fixing things to the bike. He stood quite still while I did this. I made him very secure, and tied the other end to a strong iron doorpost, fixed to a heavy iron door. The door was about the size of a barn door, and was fixed across the entrance to a tunnel that ran between houses - the houses were built in a long row, and the tunnel provided the only entrance to the gardens at the back. We were in the garden end, which was sunny.

When the little manikin was tied, he began to heave and strain at his bindings, and I could see how very strong he was. His strength was many times more than mine would ever be. The woman left and I didn't see her again. I worried about the little man, and made things as easy for him as I could. I kept pulling the iron door more and more open, and this gave him a longer run on his leash. Twice I was tempted to untie him - I was sure he meant me no harm, but I remembered I was in an unknown country, and knew I couldn't restrain him if I was wrong, so didn't. Eventually he was on a very long rein, and could do most of the things he wanted - he kept himself busy. So eventually I thought it was safe to leave for a while, and started to walk down the dark tunnel towards the street end of the building.

As I was walking, I became aware of something behind me, and looked round and saw another creature, bearing some resemblance to a black dog, but more like a cartoonist's impression than any dog I knew. It was round and hairy in the middle, with two sharp jaws open in a V at one end, a tail at the other. I thought it wasn't dangerous, so I patted it. It seemed to like this, wagged its tail and showed its sharp teeth. I walked on, then felt it snuffling at my side. I knew it was smelling me to see if I was good to eat, and felt nervous. I turned round and it had changed into a pink pig, though again this was a cartoon pig. It had a very flexible snouty nose, longer than a pig normally has, and was using this like a sensor or probe to sniff me. It was when it smelt my breasts it got excited, as if this had confirmed something to it, and it changed back into the black dog with sharp teeth. Now I knew I had to scare it off, and wagged my finger at it and said, "No!", sternly, as one would to a dog. It snarled back in a cowed kind of way, but I knew that this wasn't going to work, and to convince it I meant business I had to descend to its level, to the level of an animal, one of its own kind, and convince it in language it could understand.

I went into a crouched position, more like the squatting I have been practising, and menaced, snarled and snapped at it. It was impressed by this, and I knew I had almost won. But I had to make sure that it wouldn't immediately try again when I turned my back, so as I moved away I did so in a stomping, snarling way, still squatting, and stamping my feet as I went, as though very angry and determined. Then the dog was happy and followed me, and didn't turn into a pig again and didn't menace me. It was my friend and companion.

We emerged into the street out of the tunnel. The dog is, and has been from the start, on my right, which is a change. My human figures tend to appear on the left - the woman did this. The little man, though, also kept to the right. The dog and I wandered down a long, tarmaced lane with a wall on our left. Suddenly, over the houses, came skimming and whirling the figure of the little man, who had broken free from the restraint. I got the impression the elastic had snapped and flung him into the air. He was whirling everywhere for quite a time, then he seemed to get caught in some overhead wires, and was showering sparks of fire down and around us. I was scared he was being burned up, and wanted to do something, but the dog acted like a guardian, gently pushing me back to a safe distance.

Then it began to rain, and I thought this would make things very much worse for the manikin, with water and electricity combined. I was very sorry for him, but didn't know what I could do, and anyway, the dog wouldn't let me near. The manikin, still sparking, dancing, and fusing on the wire, ended up further down the hill, brought up short against one of the posts and its connectors, sparking away, the dog and I looking up at him. It was still coming down in sheets, I could clearly see the streaks of rain mingling with the sparks of fire. I was very wet. I sat on the wall to watch. Then the man came down from the wires, unharmed, carrying in his hands a piece of toast he had cooked up there. He walked towards me, he was offering me the toast. It was the crust end from a white cut loaf, the sort of bread I ate as a child.

Next dream

New Clothes Dream

Trying on new clothes in a large very swish department store. I was on the top floor of the building, but had brought the clothes from several floors down. Apparently, there were changing facilities on each floor, but if you came to the top floor the whole floor was a changing room, full of specially angled mirrors, with washbasins and makeup mirrors and good lighting.

I was trying on a black velvet ball gown, very low cut, and I was aware of my breasts looking very full, white and round, and attractive. The bodice showed them off. I thought I would go back down to the clothes floor and fetch up a larger size dress, as I wanted to wear a special bra I had seen and I thought this would fill out the bodice more and a larger size might be needed. The bra I was thinking of was also black, and it was covered in red and other coloured glass imitation jewels - it was a bustière really and not suitable, when I think of it, for wearing under the black ball gown.

There were other clothes I was trying on as well - a stylish kind of cap in white wool, and a cape-like, light-coloured coat. I thought I would have to take all the clothes off and put them back in the store's bag, to walk through the store, as it would look odd to be wandering about in a ball gown. As I was about to take the dress off, I looked down and saw there was a split between the bodice and the skirt, they did not meet, and had to be fastened together with a black ribbon tie. I saw that the waist and lower part of the body were quite small, and the waist needed to be pulled in tighter, and wondered about the advisability of getting the larger size, but the top half of my body seemed to need it.

At the end of this dream I seemed to have lost my way, be outside the department store and on a bus, which was taking me back to the entrance. As I neared the stop and got up with the clothes in a bag, a thin strap caught under the leg of the seat, and took some time to free. Then I saw that as I got on I had dropped lots of loose change on to the next seat, and this must now all be picked up and shovelled back into my bag, as I couldn't afford to leave it, I didn't know if I would need this money. Consequently, I heard the driver sigh and start up the bus. I missed my stop, but hoped to find my way back.

I got off and couldn't recognise any of my surroundings. This was London, so very vast, and I didn't know which way to go. It occurred to me that I had left the store with the clothes, no one had stopped me, I had got away, so I didn't really need to go back and pay for them. I was sorry about the bra, but reasoned I could go back next day and buy it.

Analysis: Dream 1:

- “in a strange place which looks the same but where things are different”. You are still in the same place but what defines it is changing.

- *“the other woman giving advice”* - perhaps the higher part of the self has agreed to help me change, so long as I co-operate and do what she says. She sets me a challenge or a task and then leaves.
- *the small creature and the caricature black dog* - these are linked and are either what are called ‘elementals’ - creatures of earth fire and air - or represent mind and body. The manikin is clearly fire/air and equates to the power of mind. The dog the guide to the unconscious and the physical part of the body. Both wanted to ‘eat’ me - the manikin wanted to eat my head, the dog/pig my body.
- *tying up the manikin* - the power of the mind must be restrained. It has too much power and can destroy if uncontrolled. Although you think the mind is ‘no threat’ you are made aware of its strength and warned to keep it locked up.
- *gradually opening the door to the tunnel* - this happened as the ‘mind’ got more freedom but under control. The longer his leash the further the door opened, until it was wide open and I could walk through. There I encountered the second figure, representing the physical side. This too would ‘eat’ me, and reminded me specifically of my feminine side (breasts). In order to defeat it I had to descend to its own level, become animal myself. Only then did it accept me.
- *the manikin set free* - he burned, he was rained on. He was out of control until he ‘connected’ to earth. He fetched up against the post which connected the wires to the ground, but more than this, it held ‘connectors’ for the wiring. Only when he was in contact with the earth did he prepare the food - the nourishment, which he offered me.

Analysis: Dream 2

Bringing ‘new clothes’ from the unconscious to the surface

- *the changing room* - there were ‘facilities for changing’ on the spot, but it was better to go to a large area, at the top of the building, specifically designed for ‘changing’ - couldn’t be clearer! It is good to go to a specific place for changing - Shirley’s home - where there are no interruptions and plenty of space. Change comes through the mind (top of the body). I am wearing glamorous clothes, so becoming ‘special’. My breasts are emphasized, wakening femininity. I look beautiful in the mirror. But I am reminded that change is not complete - the dress is split in the middle, between upper and lower halves, and I see the lower half is wasted and not so big as I think, while the top half needs a larger size - the lower, animal side has some catching up to do.
- *the dress was black* - colour of unconsciousness, in which I am clothed, but the ‘protective outer layer’ including the cap, is the

white of consciousness. However, it is the black I want to wear, it is more important than the outer covering. I want to wear an extra garment, which, though also black, emphasizes the breasts and is covered in jewellery, specifically red. Red and black are colours of earth mother, costume jewellery represents sexuality on display.

Conclusions:

I am being made aware of sex and the physical body on one level. On another the elementals are pleased with me as they are now my friends and have given me toast - bread which has been through the alchemical process of transformation by fire. Note that at the end of the dream, after 'integration' instead of wanting to 'eat' me, the elementals now want to 'feed' me.

Night of Fri 1 Oct and Sat 2 Oct 1993 - around 6am.

Candle Ceremony Dream

There was no Alexander lesson this week, but the dream came of its own accord. Must be scheduled a dream a week, regardless!

In the dream, I went to Shirley's house for a lesson, but instead of being where it is, it was out in the country. I had walked there quite a long way across fields, and an impression of hills remains, but I had come down the hills into a valley, rather than climbed up.

I was late, which bothered me, as I like to be on time. I looked at the clock as I went in, and saw it was 3.15pm. I should have been there at 3pm. Shirley did not mind, but I feel it gives a bad impression. I could hear her chatting to someone, and imagined it would be the

D♂W is a patient of Shirley's, whom she passed onto me for tarot. He had a horrible creepy aura and there was always the feeling he wanted more. Eventually he began asking for sexual talismans.

woman I sometimes see who comes before me. I was in the bathroom when the person left. Framed in the doorway was D♂W with his stick. A most unpleasant person. He stopped and chatted for some time.

I was in the bathroom because I was hot and sweaty from the walking and was getting cleaned up. Shirley wandered in and out during this process, even when I was sitting on the toilet. Strangely, this did not seem to matter. Then she was waiting in the other room. I looked at myself in the mirror - the bathroom was lovely and warm, I was in no hurry to leave it. I saw that I had no clothes on, and again, it seemed perfectly natural. I had feelings of pleasure on looking at my body, only I thought I should wear some knickers! I had a pair with me, but they seemed to be in sections and

had to be fastened together, and I found it very difficult to come to terms with them. While I was struggling I saw some of Shirley's lying in a neat pile. They looked easy to get on, not like the ones I had. I was tempted but it didn't seem right to wear hers. In the end I gave up fighting the knickers and went without.

I went into the other room and Shirley went out to go to the bathroom herself, but said I should lie down. There wasn't much space in the room but I found just enough to lie in. Next I found myself lying on a bed, or was it a mattress on the floor? No I think a low bed, warmly tucked into a pink candlewick bedspread. There was a roaring fire in a square opening in the wall opposite the foot of the bed. Some men who were a bit odd were in the room - they were not sexual males, but were a bit New Age, airy-fairy, involved in their own theories and practices. I thought they were friends of Shirley's. One is sitting beside me on the edge of the bed, but he has his back turned. He is on my right side. He is putting candles on the bed, which I suppose he intends to light. He leans down to the foot of the bed and puts a row of candles across the foot. They don't have any stands or holders, but he pushes them into the loose weave of the candlewick bedspread. Then he starts to push more in down the right hand side, working his way to the top. Then he puts one in the middle at the top, where I am lying, on my chest. It is when he reaches across me and pushes one in on my left that I ask him what he thinks he is doing.

He seems surprised that I object, and tells me it is an accepted method. I say I don't care what it is, it is downright dangerous and he is not doing it to me. Then I notice for the first time that Shirley is in the bed with me, lying on my left side, which I have been unaware of until now, as I was watching the man on my right. She is a bit upset that I have spoken like this to the man, and she tells me it is all right, everyone does it. She tells me names of famous people who have gone through this. I have heard of none of them. Since I do not give in, the man goes to fetch an older woman who is in the next room. (The door to this room is on Shirley's side, the left). The woman enters. She is the inventor of the method, and is very indignant. I am a bit overwhelmed that I am challenging what appears to be a great authority. She shows me a book, holding it open above the bed where I am still lying (I don't feel threatened or intimidated so I haven't found it necessary to get up. I am lying quite cosily and feeling safe, knowing my willpower is strong enough to defeat them all.) The book is something like an illuminated manuscript, something like a child's book, in that it is simple and in large letters, and colourful. It consists of lines in

which are written the names of famous people, and opposite each name a comment, such as “excellent”, “well done”, and so on.

I am unimpressed. I say, “Well, you’ll just have to find an empty space and write, ‘*Valerie says Absolute Rubbish*’.” This seems to be an end to the dream.

Interpretation:

The dream worried me a bit, because one interpretation of the way I felt in the dream was a kind of hypnosis, although as with hypnosis my conscious mind summoned me back when it felt there was a threat. Also worrying was the connections with a kind of magical ceremony, and the other participants. Was I being bewitched? If so, there doesn’t seem any cause for alarm.

The connection with the last dream (changing room) struck me in that here I was feeling happy in a bathroom (same image, cleaning, changing) and the progression from the last dream, where I got my new clothes, was that I saw my naked body and was pleased with it. I don’t remember having such a feeling of warmth, safety, security, in any dream before. The roaring fire, the pink bedspread, the hypnotic, dreamy feeling were all very soothing.

Maybe it is a warning of some kind, in that it says I don’t have to accept everything Shirley says, just because she is teaching me such important things - I still have free will and the right to choose. There is also the feeling that Shirley, whatever may have been going on, was there naked also beside me in the bed, so whatever she puts across she is completely trusting of its validity. She also might be a bit upset if I am more questioning than she is of certain things.

Maybe the reaching across to the left (right brain unconscious mind) was a warning that Shirley and the people she knows and who I may meet through her, are only allowed to mess with the right hand side (left brain conscious mind) without question, but that when they get into subconscious realms there is need to question and caution.

This doesn’t seem totally right, as the Alexander method has of necessity to affect right brain thinking. However, perhaps the inference is that it is Shirley’s job to teach, convince the left brain, and the right brain should come up with its own stuff, and not be told what to think.

I thought the knicker incident interesting - Shirley’s knickers were ‘easy to wear’ but it wasn’t yet right that I put them on. Mine were ‘difficult’ but had to be persevered with. I think this means that when I am as good at the Alexander method as Shirley is, I too can wear knickers that are ‘easy’ but I know that I cannot wear them yet.

Key Symbols of the Dream

- *Candles* - found nothing on candles
- *Knickers* - *clothes that belong to someone else being passed to the dreamer* - wanting to play the role that person plays
- *to change clothes* - attempt to change oneself
- *clothes belonging to a particular person* - symbolise that person.

Hence, I cannot wear Shirley's clothes - I cannot become her

- *underclothes* - attitudes to sex
- *getting undressed* - shedding moral inhibitions
- *pink bedspread* - pink - the emotions - pleasant occasions
- *fire* - warm emotions, passion, desire
- *fireplace* - the home
- *flames* - the enlightened spirit
- *reinterpret 'candles' as 'potential flames'* - The people, Shirley and her friends, had made me warm and cosy. Now they wanted to light the flames - I would let them go so far, but stopped them. Now it seems they were helping, they want to light the flames of passion which certainly need lighting, but I will not let them. I knew that if the candles were lit the whole place would go up in flames. It is interesting I only allow the candles to be placed (potential danger, unlit flames) on the right, or consciously controlled side. When they start to monkey with the left, unconscious side I dare not even let them put the unlit candles there. I had to stop them at that point. I am now impressed that they have not pushed the point. They have told me that it must happen but they are prepared to leave it to happen in my own time. I see now that a flame must be lit in my life in order to make me whole. In one of the first dreams of my life, I was very small, I dreamed that I was burning like a pillar set on fire. I was one of a group of women who were dancing and burning at the same time. We were dancing among a column of high pillars whose tops were burning, and we were burning, and I was turning into one of the pillars, and there was a high singing. We were singing, dancing and burning. Perhaps I need to burn again to return to the beginning of the circle.
- *going downhill* - 'the dreamer is letting go and may be in danger of losing control - the rest of the dream indicates in relation to what. The dreamer's unconscious view of his destiny may differ drastically from his conscious view, and this could be a cause of conflict and needless waste of energy' - well that figures. Control is always very important to me, also very nonproductive in terms of sex. If I am letting go it is because I must. In the Alexander technique one has to let go of the past as well as let go of one's body with its inbuilt tensions

and inhibitions. No doubt my unconscious mind is worried by my intention to let go. Or should that be the conscious? One or the other, anyway. Conflict is probably right. Am I right to be worried?

1995

Sat night 25 Feb 1995

Three Changing Dreams

A new dream in an ongoing series which is showing development.

I have a recurring dream that I go back to Brownsea Castle where I was Head Chef for two years, and am filled with a great feeling of happiness as I walk into the kitchen - I have always had that sense of 'coming home' when I enter the professional kitchen, no matter where it is, but Brownsea represents the happiest time I had while working away.

We start work, and there is the ever-present sense of 'time passing' - lunch hour looms and there is the meal to prepare. Inevitably, at some point in the dream I have to leave the kitchen to fetch something and that's always where the dream goes wrong - I can't get back and worry as the time moves on towards the inexorable limit.

This dream in the past usually brought in my other type of recurring dream, the one where my legs are paralysed so I can only get about by sitting on the ground, kind of 'rowing' along with my arms, dragging my useless legs behind me. There are usually lots of people around, all walking normally upright, so there is an added sense of frustration in not being able to 'get on'.

(I identified this problem as being one of being 'out of touch' with the animal part of the body - only the upper, intellectual half functioning. Now that Shirley has 'reconnected' me, I do not have this dream any more).

Right. So that was the situation before the Kitchen Dream began to change, along with my 'changing'.

First Changing Dream

The first step was when I was back at Brownsea once more, went off to fetch something and met Norman, who was our boss there, and someone I got on really well with. I was so pleased to see him, and knew in the dream that his wife, Joan, was now dead, and I wanted to spend some time with him. When the time factor came in and I tried to get back and couldn't, I was able to say "It doesn't mat-

ter if I don't get back. I've trained the staff well, they know what to do, and should be perfectly capable of carrying on without me."

I felt this was a very positive development, more in control of my thinking, and able to stop worrying, which is one thing I feel Alexander lets you do.

Second Changing Dream

The next development, which was just before Wolfram's birthday (12 Feb). I went back to Brownsea again, and found that now

I wasn't in charge any more! There was a new Head Chef, and I was expected to be his assistant, which I must say I didn't like very much. Again I had to leave the kitchen to fetch something, and couldn't get back, but my thought that time was, "Anyway, I'm not in charge any more, so it isn't my problem".

I was a little amused at the thought that I'd been demoted because of my lack of application, and I certainly didn't like not being in charge, though in the dream I accepted it.

Third Changing Dream

Anyway, now there's been another dream, and it's getting worse. This time I go back, I seem to be in charge, they've got rid of the other fellow, but I just don't seem interested any more! I went off on my own and *didn't care* whether I got back or not. At one point, I realised I was going to pass by the kitchen, and I actually tried to detour so they wouldn't see me, but I went the wrong way and I could see they were in a real mess, they hadn't done anything I'd told them, they weren't halfway ready, and the clock was ever so close to lunch time! I was a bit of help to them, in that I was able to tell them that the clocks had been put back that night and they hadn't realised, so that gave them an extra hour. I left them to it, with a feeling that I had retired anyway, and what was I doing thinking I could go back? I really didn't care whether the lunch was on time or not, whether they sacked me or not, I just didn't want to know.

The dreams may have something to do with the Alexander process, but may also have something to do with the ageing/death process. Realising your time is over.

25 Feb 1995.

The Constellations Dream

I was walking down a long, sloping road, the road built on a hillside so that there was an open view to the left. As I was

walking I was looking at the sky and the stars, which were clearly visible.

Suddenly the whole sky changed, and I was reminded that this happened before (presumably in another dream which maybe I did not remember until now - this sometimes happens with me). Instead of just stars, which are very difficult to sort into constellations, the sky was now full of engravings of the beasts and animals that make up the constellations - not just the zodiac I must stress, but all the constellations were there. There was a changed atmosphere too, and a kind of celestial singing, or perhaps it was 'music of the spheres' - high-pitched, ringing tones.

The whole thing was breath-taking, as if the world stood still. I knew this would not last forever, and I must stand and drink it in. There was a tremendous feeling of awe, overcome with emotion at the tremendous beauty of it all. There was a Voice too, telling me that this was what the people of old saw in the sky, that they didn't just make up the names of the constellations according to seasons on earth, or the times that things were happening when these constellations were prominent, or it wasn't just fanciful imagining - the Voice told me this was what they saw in the sky, and that they were simply recording what they saw. They didn't make it up.

I saw the constellation of the 'Hunting Dogs' - two greyhound-like beasts on a leash, and the Voice specifically mentioned them. I saw the constellation of Taurus and the other zodiac animals stretched in a curve across the sky, but Taurus was the only one named to me.

part Two of the dream

was in an underground city where the people were cut off, without communication. I think they were all women, I don't remember seeing a man. One woman had collapsed and was bleeding from the throat. Apparently she had been very ill for some time, and I asked why no one had told me she was so ill. I was upset. I said they should phone for an ambulance but they told me none of the phones worked and I had to go and phone from the upper world. There was the usual problem about getting anywhere. I knew it was taking hours but by now I am getting used to this in dreams and it didn't worry me that much, I knew I was doing the best I could, and I knew it was all mystical anyway. The first place I got to wouldn't let me in to use the phone, apparently I looked odd or badly dressed or something. When I finally got the message through they said they already knew, someone else had let them know.

Interpretation:

The sky dream was the one that held my attention. It was so awesome and I knew I'd seen something like it before, when the sky had changed for a time and I'd seen wonderful pictures in the sky. I wondered why the constellation of the Hunting Dogs had been brought to my attention. In the dream it was low down in the sky, due South (straight in front, central). Its Latin name is Canes Venatici, and I thought its mythical connotations might hold a message for me, but it was only formed and named in 1690 so it doesn't have a long mythic history!

Astronomical (Vivian Robson)

Canes are visible in June and July in the morning sky. They are two greyhounds, as in the dream, the northern one called Asterion, the southern Chara. They are held on a leash by the huntsman Bootes (another constellation) who is in pursuit of the Bear (our Plough).

Influence: love of hunting, penetrating mind, faithful, keen, clever, fond of speculation.

Astronomical (Eric Morse)

The dogs are named for Diana's two hunting dogs. Canes are at 18-24 Virgo (trop) 23 Leo-1 Vir (sid)². Robson's starlist has Copula in Canes at 24 Virgo - my Neptune is there. That's all I have in that part of the sky. Copula is the Whirlpool Nebula (jacuzzi!) under the Bear's Tail. Its nature is Moon/Venus, causing blindness, defective eyesight, strong passion, hindrances, disappointments.

Morse lists Asterion and Chara as brighter than Copula, but Robson does not have 'natures' for them. Morse says Copula was so-named from ancient times, and meant a thong or a leash, even before the Canes came into being! Robson sees Moon/Venus as being peaceable, feminine, so gives the dogs to Diana. Copula gives potential for taking public office, with consequent misfortune if mis-used.

Having failed to feel anything of significance from the constellation, I turned to the hunting dogs symbolism in the Dreamers Dictionary, Dictionary of Sacred Myth and Dictionary of Symbols (all by Tom Chetwynd).

Dogs/Wolves/Jackals

the animal instincts as helpful intermediaries between man and nature, or as negative aggression. Good nose for scenting unseen prey: awareness of people's inner nature, sensing when something is wrong, not

² 'trop' and 'sid' - tropical and sidereal, the two ways of reckoning the zodiac

easily deceived. (*All this could equally apply to the dog creature in the 'elementals' dream*).

Hunting dogs - male aggression, animus in women

Associations with underworld and death: the forces which hunt and hound the conscious Ego and tear it to pieces from the depths of the unconscious. Then devour it.

Artemis the huntress, Hecate with her hounds of death and war, the witch with her familiar: - the dark destructive force of women, when their unconscious male animus is unleashed. (still held in check by the leash, but under control of the conscious mind to be released when necessary).

Related symbolism: on the cosmic level, the planets course across the field of fixed stars as if combing the celestial sphere for heavenly quarry, on behalf of the Moon Goddess: the night sky, like the underworld (I had both!) is symbolic of the unconscious realm where the light of the conscious Ego must be hunted down, so that the individual may plunge deeper into the abyss of nature which is feminine.

Zodiac - the Age of Taurus is from before 4,000bc to 2,000bc and marked the emergence of the river cultures between the Tigris and Euphrates (Mesopotamia) and on the Nile, regarded as the foundation of civilisation. Its end was marked by considerable upheaval and horrors.

Zodiac represents the whole pattern of the psyche and the potential sequence of man's life: most magnificent of the Wheels of Time: links the pattern of the cosmos with man, and the cycle of the year with his destiny.

The whole zodiac: universal or cosmic man, to which the individual is related by his birth chart.

STARS: the lights in the unconscious: the myriad or legions of figures who inhabit the collective unconscious.

THE GREAT BEAR OF SEVEN STARS: (*did not figure in the Dream, but the Dogs are near it*): the Mother of the Pole Star (who is Lord of Everything) Artemis/Diana/Neith/Anath are associated with these 7 stars, which represent the Anima, the Guide of the Unconscious. Shamans dressed as bears in order to contact their inspiration.

THE NIGHT SKY AFTER THE SUN HAS SET: reveals a much more extensive Universe, as does the unconscious, when the conscious Ego is dissolved (see Disintegration). Jung saw the night sky as the most

suitable region for man's projection of unconscious content, which is neither inside the psyche nor unrelated to the psyche. The complex individual SELF is like one star, related harmoniously to the Archetypal Self, the Whole Universe.

THE BULL (Taurus): power, the creative power of Spring, the power of sun, moon and stars which roars like a bull.

THE LAST PART OF THE DREAM - THE UNDERWORLD

The Unconscious. Unlived fragments of our own lives.

The Descent and Return: for the extravert, the difficulty is in getting into the unconscious; for the introvert the difficulty is in getting out. (I certainly have no problem getting in, I just find myself there. And I experience no particular difficulty in getting out, getting lost along the way is part of outerworld dreams as well, and there is no feeling I can't get out. This looks good, as though I come and go at will, which I suppose I should considering the nature of my work.)

The return, especially if with something of inestimable value, is symbolically related to new growth (of crops).

There was no help in any of the books on the plight of the female figure in the Underworld - she was deathly pale, lying face down over a table or bench, so that I could not see her face. I had no clear idea of her identity or who she was at all. She did not appear to mean anything to me, and my concern was for her as a human being in need of help. There may be a vague suggestion that she had been a troublesome or aggressive person, as in my remark "Why did no one tell me she was ill?" She was haemorrhaging from the throat. So her lifeblood was draining away. If we think that a creature in the underworld is an aspect of the Self, this must be what she was, and in danger of dying away through lack of care and help.

Night of Tuesday 14 March 1995.

The Filth behind the Façade

This dream, although short, was very powerful. I remembered the last part of the dream first, after I woke up, and only have an impression of what came before, but the ending is firmly etched on my mind.

The first part had something to do with passion, as if I was being shown again the way it could feel to be possessed with an overwhelming desire to be with someone, to be so consumed that you have no

free will and cannot escape the strong compulsion to throw everything away for passion. I seemed to be told, or reminded, for I think I don't need to be told, that it is not worth throwing away what I have for this kind of emotion. I was also given to understand that it is a kind of mental aberration, and that perhaps people who feel like that do so because of some uncompensated longing, stemming from an unhappy childhood - in other words, rational people don't throw everything over for love. This is a new light on the problem, and could well be right.

The last scene, which I remember vividly, had me and Wolfram lying side by side in a large bed, facing a wall. The room was unfamiliar, a large one with high walls. A shadowy female figure, unseen because behind me, was leaning over my right shoulder (I lay on my left side) and stripping away the white wallpaper to show me that only that thin layer lay between me and the horror that was behind it. Behind the white paper, and it could have been paper that had been painted or whitewashed over, which peeled away easily, was filth, darkness and cobwebs - spiders too I am sure. I screamed for the figure to stop, to stop tearing away the paper and exposing the horror, and dreading the moment when she would pull it so far down that the filth would start to fall on me. She wasn't threatening, but she was determined, and wouldn't stop. Then she stood before me, bundling up all the filth and cobwebs in her hands, making them into bundles as if they were rags, and I didn't want her to thrust them at me or throw them over me.

She wanted me to understand the thin line there is between me and utter disaster, as though Wolfram and I aren't safe at all, the nice whitewashed paper is only a skin, and no kind of protection at all from the true horror that lies in wait.

Interpretation:

Haven't looked anything up, don't feel I need to. Although I feel I don't need this kind of warning, perhaps she comes to warn me because something bigger than I've ever experienced is about to come up. Wolfram laughed and said he could just see Phil Smith³, who rang that day, as the spider behind the wallpaper, inviting you in with his 'smarmy' voice!

Not a very kind comment of Wolf's about Phil, for whom I have great respect. I did some radio programmes with him and we all got on extremely well. His birthday 10 days after mine and he shares my T-cross (2 planets in opposition with a third at midpoint, forming a right angled triangle - in our case, Mars opposite Neptune with Sun at midpoint).

³ Phil Smith, radio broadcaster - I did many interviews with him for Radio Lancs and Radio 4 and was featured in his book *'The Century Speaks'*

Night of Fri/Sat 17/18 Mar 95.

Past Lover Dream

Richard: D's husband

I dreamed I saw J♂G. Diana was there, with another man not Richard, and I was glad she seemed to have left him, though the idea was she was in two places at once,

at home in Scotland yet here as well.

J♂G came, and I felt the old passion and longing, and we went to a house together. I was telling him all about my dream of the other night, the warning it contained against giving way to passion, and the thin white wallpaper being peeled away to show the horror underneath. He was holding me in his arms and as I was telling him about the passion and how it felt. He was agreeing - "Oh yes, oh yes!" very heart-felt. It all sounded very hollow to me, telling him all the sensible stuff, because of the way I felt about him.

I think we must have made love, because afterwards I kept thinking I must have a bath. I went to Diana's house in this town, but she had her man there, and she said, "Don't come in for half an hour."

I felt guilty about Wolfram and hoped he wouldn't find out I had made love with J♂G.

I haven't told Wolfram this dream because how can I?. It will only worry him, it would certainly worry me if he had this kind of dream which indicates that someone in his past still means something to him.

Dream: 3.40am Friday 7 April 95

Foreword: Shirley's friend G♂rang Thurs 6th (2nd time he's rung) to ask how we can help his mother who is apparently being blighted by an evil woman on the Fylde coast! The first time I took the details and told him I'd think over what to do. Talking to him now made me decide to do the Egyptian Master Ritual (sunset) to consign the woman to the Darkness under the Earth.

First I considered when (ie what day) to do it. It seemed appropriate to act under the auspices of Saturn as he is the stern judge and last resort when life's burdens get too hard. Saturn's day is of course Satur'day, which is good, as G♂ wants action quickly - the mother's situation worsens and he is also under attack from evil influences.

I set the chart for the time of sunset, when the ceremony has to culminate, and noticed that Saturn was already under the earth. I wondered what a chart for the moment of Saturn's setting would look like, and drew this up. As it turned out, this chart was the most appropriate to work with: Virgo rising was the same as in both G♂'s and the mother's charts.

I decided we would perform two ceremonies: one for Saturn setting and the other for the Sun, to be conducted at 4.58pm and 7.50pm. I quickly rushed off a tape to G♂ so he could be in the picture and with suggestions as to what he could do to help. He got this Friday morning as hoped. Dream follows:

Saturn Dream

*Fasal: our Pakistani friend
on the allotments*

Wolfram and I were present in a large hall, a kind of public gathering, the hall seemed dingy and only our part of it was clearly defined. There were some people (men) near us, of shady appearance, trying to get close to us and look as though they were with us. Wolfram sat on a high seat, like a bar stool, and one of the men quickly sat next to him so I had to take the next seat. These were like the chair Fasal gave us, but several of them piled on top of each other, so that when I sat on top they began to sway and were unsafe. I got down and so did Wolfram and he said to me, as though he had had inner vision, that the men were unsafe, there was evil to be done in that place that night, and we should distance ourselves from them.

We must have gone outside then, and Wolfram pointed to a heavy looking metal or stone urn in an alcove or window space, saying “that will go tonight”. We looked through the windows of a school and it was my old school and I watched the children filing in for Assembly. I wondered if they would behave as well as we used to, and they seemed to, until I noticed a girl openly smoking, right next to a teacher, who was saying nothing.

We were standing at the top of a flight of steps outside the building, in gardens, and the shady men were removing the urn from its place, and dragging it across the flags. Wolfram said we should pretend we had not seen them (in case I supposed they might attack us) and we turned our backs on them, and could hear the scraping getting nearer, then they stopped, whispered, and dragged the urn behind a wall next to us.

I turned and said jokingly, “Why are you making so much noise moving those dustbins about?” so they would think I didn’t know what they were up to.

Then they were dragging the urn and other heavy, dull objects, down the steps and disappearing. The steps did not seem to go very far, but the men were never seen again when they reached the bottom.

Same dream, another scene

Brook Street, Crossflatts, now demolished, where I lived with my first Husband. George, allotment secretary, an enemy

Wolfram had gone somewhere and I was in the Brook Street house (ill-omened, haunted, bad) but I was lighting a fire and burning logs. This is unusual for me in a dream, I simply don't make fires (no fire in my chart) but this was a real cheerful log fire. Suddenly an alarm started to go off, and I ran to a keypad on the wall to punch our number in, knowing at the same time that this was the number for 'the other house' and it wouldn't work here, but what else to do? There was no response when I pressed the keys. I went outside, and looked at the exterior of the house but there was no alarm there, so I concluded it must be in another house.

But then a fair-haired young man (very blond) came running over the street and into the house to switch it off. I have no idea who he was. Then Wolfram was there, and the young man talked to him. The youth pointed to a dog running about at the other side of the road, a Jack Russell like George's and said something like,

"I bet your dog is always dirty".

Wolfram asked why, and he said, "Because of his short legs, he will be always in the dirt." Wolfram laughed and agreed, but I looked at the dog thinking, "so that is our dog," knowing it to be strange because we haven't got one.

Symbolism:

absolutely loaded with Saturn images: the darkness of night, the murkiness of the surroundings, the shadiness of the characters (underworld types) and the two references to 'soilmen' - Fasal (the chairs) who is a 'black' man and always digging pits in his soil to bury things; George who is a chimney sweep, plus the reference to the dog being 'dirty'. The shady characters are taking away the 'dull, heavy objects' ie burdens, and they are dragging them down the steps into the underworld.

*In the **Brook** (brook=river, of sleep, barrier to the underworld) **Street** house, the log fire must represent the heat of the Sun, and the young blond man the Sun God. The alarm is I think the alarm being raised on whatever levels are needed - to alert the enemy she is being dealt with, to alert the gods of the underworld that we ask their help. The Sunboy and the Dog both crossed the "brook" street to get to us, so they are on the other side to help us when we cross. The dog was pointed out to me so I would know him for what he is - the Guide to the Underworld, no one can enter there without a dog.*

Night of Tues 11 Apr 1995

We did the magic for G♂ Saturday 8 April, and there were no dreams until the night of Tues 11th, three nights later, or the fourth night including the night of the magic (Aztec symbolism, four nights/years in the underworld.)

11 April night.

The White Dove Dream

I dreamed I was standing on a steep bank over some water, which later turned out to be the sea, though this was not apparent at first. I was alone. I saw a white dove fluttering down from the sky. She was exhausted and I knew if she fell into the water she would drown. The wind was blowing her towards me, and several times I thought I would be able to catch her, but every time she drifted out over the water again.

Then a baby dove fell from the sky in a basket - it was the dove's baby, and it became apparent that she had only been keeping herself out of the water to wait for him, so they could drown together, which they now proceeded to do, the baby in his basket hit the water and his mother fell into the water too. The baby squawked as the water started to fill his basket.

Watching them, I realised that I could save them. I looked at the water which had a kind of oily swell on it. I could not see what was beneath the surface as it was covered with seaweed, the kind I used to find on the beach as a child, with the swim bladders in it.

I dived in anyway, and easily saved them both, putting them together in the basket. They kept trying to get out so I had to cover them with an old coat. I took them home and showed them to Wolfram.

Interpretation: This was obviously an answer to the magic - the dove meaning peace, and possibly the two of them, G♂ and his mother - that she will wait for him and not die. I had the power to save them and did so. Dove also represents the anima, or feminine psyche.

The basket: all hollow or circular objects, containers or vessels are representative of the feminine principle especially the mother (womb-like), and especially objects which are themselves associated with women (this was like a workbasket).

Coat: warmth, therefore love, so I saved the doves out of love. Coat as protection: the protection of God, who looks after all animals.

Water: mothers, as the waters in the womb which protect the child; mysterious realm of the feminine and the unconscious.

Sea: mystical power of the psyche, original chaos, unconscious.

Seaweed, obscured water: I didn't know what was beneath the surface, but I had trust that no harm would come to me, and it didn't.

undated final dream

Dream of Five Women

five women brought together for a purpose - but a deeper purpose discovered

The place was somewhere like a town hall meeting room. There were others present but not many people overall. All five women (I am one of them) are *ordinary* women - unaware of their *power* to influence. Alone they can accomplish nothing. All have wide-ranging knowledge and skill - not formally taught but acquired. I am realising the *tremendous potential* of these five women *if they come together*.

They have never met before. I want to achieve this (togetherness) but sit apart only thinking. One approaches me and says they have elected to ask me to be their spokesperson. I do not know what they will achieve, or how to arrange it, but am aware I must. (A CARE committee).

Interpretation

- *The four women interacted with their environment while I was apart, cut off - though constantly aware that I was "one of five".*
- *The five must be "brought together".*
- *They were "previously unknown to each other" as they were separate phases of my life or parts of my personality not integrated with each other.*
- *They "met together" and asked ME to "represent them" - we were to keep in touch.*

Four aspects of Woman's Self:

Self becomes Whole when all different aspects are separately developed and then finally integrated within one Individual. Each of the four aspects is one of the four Functions of Mind.

- | | | |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------|-------|
| 1. Mother | Sensation | Earth |
| 2. Amazon (Huntress) | Intellect | Air |
| 3. Priestess | Intuition | Fire |
| 4. Seductress (Princess) | Emotion | Water |
| 5. Wholeness of the Great Mother. Five is the Number of Man(kind) | | |

<i>Mother - maternal - protective - nourishing</i>	- <i>Caring Woman</i>
<i>Amazon - career woman competing with men</i>	- <i>Ambitious Woman</i>
<i>Princess - sexual - flirting - seducing</i>	- <i>Riotous Woman</i>
<i>Priestess - intuitive</i>	- <i>Empathy Woman</i>
<i>C-A-R-E Woman</i>	

I see that I have been all these women and must now bring them all together and integrate them into the Whole.

This brings to an end the sequence of dreams recorded in the Dream Book.

In July/August 1995 Wolfram and I made a mammoth and mind-changing journey by bicycle to the Black Forest in South Germany. Wolfram's mother had invited us. She issued this invitation the previous September, and it was Wolfram's idea to go on the bikes. We had no plans other than to do it, and did not know how long we would be away. We had spent six years working on the allotments, and they were in full swing. So we looked on this as a sabbatical. Before we left, one evening I was sitting looking out over the gardens, when the Aztec appeared, standing among the bean plants. He told me,

"You are going on a Vision Quest." My response was,

"Oh, good!" not truly realising what a test this would be.

He was right, and it was. The Quest itself took place on the return, ten days cycling through France. The story of it will be told in the second part of my autobiography,

"A Walk on the Blind Side".

When we returned from the Quest, I did not dream for many years. We had then been together nine years, and were to enjoy another eight before disaster struck our marriage. In those years we grew and developed spiritually and were able to help many people who were drawn to us and our organic allotments, and also through our work in the community. I ran voluntary classes in health and wellbeing, and Wolfram helped many aspiring singers and musicians, recording demonstration tapes (later cds) in his small home studio.

From February 2003 I had to make a life alone, though we remained in regular contact, and on February 3 2006 he died in Killarney, Ireland, where he had gone to begin a new life, and where I hoped to join him.

In 2007 I began a new dream diary. I add these dreams as a sequel.

Sequel: Dream Diary 2007-2012

In the first dreams, Wolf has been dead one year. I arranged a memorial service for him on the first anniversary of his death, February 3rd 2007.

31st January 2007

Friend in America

I dreamed I was in America and went to see Beth. Someone else was with me, a woman companion, someone I knew well and who was my best friend. When I woke up I seemed to know who this was – it was a mixture of Rita and someone else.

Anyway Beth was in a flat in a tall building. She had a friend with her too but this Beth was nothing like the real Beth and she was totally crazy as far as I could tell and I wanted to leave but could not find my stuff, which kept disappearing again as fast as I collected it. In the end I left with half of it missing.

*Beth: an email correspondent connected with crystal skulls.
Rita: my childhood friend.*

31st January 2007

Horses dream

I dreamed I was riding my bike and part of the path went through a field. I was looking at something on my left as I came round a bend – I did not see the horses, suddenly there were a great many horses on my right. The day was nice and sunny and warm. The strange thing was that as soon as I saw the horses I could also HEAR them talking. They were saying,

“Did you see her, she came right round that corner without looking and almost ran into us”.

I found this so amazing that I could hear these loud clear voices that I fell off the bike and slid to the ground. I was lying on my back in the grass and I looked and saw a very large horse’s leg close by me. By the way, the horses were all the same colour, a rich deep brown. I could feel the warmth from them. There were also some calves, the same colour. Yes, calves, I don’t mean foals.

Now I felt in danger that the horses, who were a great many, might step on me, and at the same time I knew they would not, as they would be tender and careful. But then I knew that if anything startled them and they were to run, the ones behind would not know I was there and would not see me and would probably trample me to death. So I tried

to move. There was a tree near me on my left and I tried to use it to pull myself out from under the horses.

I found that moving disturbed the horse nearest to me and it then put its head down and planted its lips on my cheek and gave me a great sucking kiss. My instinctive reaction was to push its head away, but this had no effect so I had to lie there. It was not unpleasant, but I wished it would stop! It did this three times.

I do not know what happened then, it may have been that I fell asleep, because when I woke I could only see a solid line of brown fur to my right, but when I again tried to move I perceived that the large horse was now lying down on top of me and I could not move at all. Then I became very scared as if it moved any further over me my head would be covered and I would suffocate. At this point I woke up with my heart pounding.

Note to dream:

On 3 February we held the Memorial Service for Wolf, being one year after his death. I thought how wonderful of him to have so arranged things that it would be full moon this night. It was a Saturday.

I had a service at the Methodist Church in Higherford, followed by a tree planting in the windswept hilltop cemetery in Barrowford, where Wolf lived when I met him. I asked my friend Nao, who is a Druid, to officiate at the tree ceremony. My two brothers were there and a handful of friends. The Methodist preacher, whom I regarded as a friend, refused to come on the grounds if it got in the papers, it was 'unchristian' etc. No one missed him.

As Nao was very movingly conducting the ceremony I looked up. Ranged along the fence at the back of the cemetery was a multitude of brown horses, as in my dream, all looking over at us. I have never seen horses in that field much, and certainly not in that number, the odd one, at the most two, and usually not in this field but in the one farther off. Nao has associations with horses in her shamanic life, and she is a Sagittarian, half human half horse. I know it was a sign from the Other Side, from Wolf himself that he was pleased with Naomi being there, for they had had many arguments in the past - though both said they enjoyed the verbal sparring.

<i>Nao: longterm friend, initiate and fellow High-Priestess. She trained as a druid and came to bless the tree we planted for Wolf.</i>

10th October 2008

**Margaret and Fergus
Wedding Dream**

I was in Margaret and Fergus' house in Ireland, though it was not the new house they have now, nor the one they

had before. This was an ideal house - it was so big, spacious and surrounded by beautiful gardens like parkland - I only got to see the entrance hall of the house, and there were people coming and going, and a white-coated nurse was showing patients to Fergus' consulting room.

I went outside onto a broad terrace - there were gardens full of flowers, and I noticed that they were predominantly white - I remember thinking, Margaret must have wanted a white theme. I walked along the terrace to the far right and found myself overlooking an outdoor restaurant like the ones in Germany - tables with sunshades - waiters serving coffee - they were friendly, waving me to come down and join them. I thought how wonderful to be able to walk on there and have breakfast every morning. I turned to go back and looked out over the vista, as far as the eye could see. In the far distance there were fine old mature trees, extending the garden into infinity.

I seemed to be confused as to why I was there. I had brought Benji, and it seemed I intended to leave him with them while I went to meet Maud somewhere - sometimes I thought Brighton, sometimes London, and I wondered why on earth I had gone to Killarney and how I had thought it would be convenient! Then it seemed that I had to go back to take Mother shopping, and Margaret said, "you can't travel 200 miles to take her shopping!"

Then Margaret and I were talking, and I said maybe I could find a place I could afford that would take Benji and then I would stay. And then I wondered if I wanted to do that! I was walking around Killarney, then I went back to their house and saw Benji having a happy time in the garden playing with the children. I walked back in the house and there was a kind of flooded basement with huge fish gliding about in shallow water. I noticed how if anything fell in they immediately snapped it up, and I wondered if they would harm the children, but next minute I saw a fish lying in shallow water and a green budgie was perched on its head and pecking at it, so I thought if the budgie was safe it was all right!

I went outside again into the gardens with their white flowers and was talking to a woman who said how wonderful it was that Margaret and Fergus had found the perfect house, but it wasn't just the house, it was what they had done to it.

*This dream came on 10th October, mine and Wolf's 21st wedding anniversary. **Fergus and Margaret** were Wolf's best friends in Killarney, and shortly after this dream I heard that they had gone to Cork without telling anyone and got married there. They have been together a long time, but Margaret could not get a divorce until then. Fergus is a masseuse. **Maud** (not her real name): my best friend here. **Benji**: my dog*

31st Oct-1st Nov 2008

**Wolfram's
Wonderful Machine**

I woke up this morning (1 Nov) and knew that Wolfram had been sleeping beside me, and that he had just got up and gone out. Yes I know the dog was there, laid against me, but this was different, I had the distinct sense of his head being on that pillow, and his body lying in that bed. Then I remembered, in a little while, that he had been with me in dreams. I only realised just now that it was Halloween, and of course he would come on that night wouldn't he.

I don't think I remember the whole dream, only parts of it. He was there sitting beside me, he was holding my hand, I can still remember the feel of his hand, and we were preparing to go on holiday, we were on holiday. I remember seeing a tandem standing under some trees, then we had been in a pub and Sheila* was there and she was crying, and Wolf was crying and they were holding each other, but it did not matter at all and I had no idea what they were upset about. I thought he was just being silly and sentimental. Then she came and sat with me and said that Wolf was worried about going away and not being safe, and that we should take a normal kind of holiday with hotels, and I said that was silly as we always did our own kind of holiday and we were always okay. Then I took his hand and said, come on, we're going.

Halfway back to the tandem I realised we had left a couple of bags of shopping and other stuff in the pub, but not worried as all the people there were our friends and it would be okay. I said he should go back for it, and I would go get the bike and push it up the road to the pub and meet him coming down.

Well this tandem idea seemed to be abandoned, as suddenly I had this big, white van and was driving it. Wolf came and got in it and we stacked the stuff in it.

Then he was in a shop and I saw he had just bought something, he was putting a credit card in a machine to pay for it, of course I thought oh no what piece of equipment has he bought now, but it was a sort of electronic machine. I asked him what it was and he said it would help him go anywhere and understand what was going on, it was a kind of aid for people who could not see. He thought it was so marvellous and I hoped it would be and that he had not been sold something that was no good, because you know he cannot see and I was afraid of him being taken advantage of. But he was so pleased with his purchase I did not say anything.

I can't remember any more only the feel of his hand and arm and him being so real and solid.

**a woman Wolfram was seeing when he left me*

17th Dec 2008

Bat Dream

I dreamed I was in a darkened room. I may have been on a bed as in the dream I was reclining on my back, and propped up as if on pillows. I was aware of some figures behind me whom I could not see, and somewhere to the right and in front, facing me and the others, a figure was reading something aloud. I was looking up at a light in a lampshade, when I saw this small, furry creature sitting on it. It was like a mouse, and I realised that it was a bat, but not horrible as bats can be. It did not have those long leathery wings, it had wings like a butterfly, or an angel, or a fairy, they were made of something that looked like frilly lace. The bat looked pregnant, its tummy was distended and shiny pink. Then it took off and flew at me, and landed on me. Though I was not frightened by it, I did not want it so near and pushed it to the right side of me. Then a voice spoke, and there was another woman in the bed beside me. She said I should not have pushed the bat and hurt it. I said I did not hurt it, and I would not, and I told her these bats must have been what people saw when they thought they saw fairies. Then lots more of the furry things appeared, all around the lampshade, and began flying towards the people in the room. The dream had a beautiful feeling, like something wonderful happening.

6th January 2009

Told to me by Maud

Maud's

Buddha Dream

She was walking down a narrow track which was in the countryside. It may have been a canal towpath (but she did not mention water) or a disused railway track. There was an unseen presence at her side, probably female. This was the right side. As she walked down this narrow track she saw a small buddha (I think on the left side of the path). This was of a black stone with grey bits mixed in. She continued along the path which began to open out into a clearing. She said this open space reminded her of the approach to the Taj Mahal. Just before she came into the open space she looked down at the ground and saw coins in the path - 5p, 10p, 50p - she was not sure but there may have been a gold coin. She also recalled later that there was an old threepenny piece (many-sided coin). As she came into the open space she gasped with amazement. There before her was a HUGE golden Buddha with flames coming out of the top of its head. She later realised that she only saw the head of this buddha. It so astonished her that she wanted to photograph it, but was told that this was not permitted.

I asked her to describe the stone that the first buddha was made of, and identified it as snowflake obsidian. I showed her a skull made of this stone. She said it was like it but the grey colour was more mixed.

Downstairs I showed her two small buddhas made of snowflake obsidian where the grey is much more mixed with the black. She immediately identified one of them as being EXACTLY like the stone of the buddha she saw. I gave her the buddha.

Analysing the elements of the dream for Maud

Path represents the path of life - destiny. Behind her is the past, in front is the future. In her dream she was walking towards the future and did not look back. Her description of the path as a 'towpath' or 'railway track' is significant in that these are 'straight and narrow' routes where no deviation from the route is possible. This may represent strictures and limitations which she herself has imposed on her life so far - she cannot deviate from the path which has been laid down for her - but this is only a belief, it is not so. The fact that she came out into a vast and impressive opening which had a foreign feel about it means that she CAN experience freedom in her own life, and that her life may be about to open up.

Unseen companion - a spirit guide - on the right side - literally, this spirit is "on the right side" as far as you are concerned, ie Maud can trust her. Maud's guide, or guardian angel, walks beside her on her life path.

The setting of the dream - countryside. Maud had the feeling she may have been somewhere unfamiliar - this relates to an unfamiliar part of her mind, it is telling her that there are other layers of consciousness, depths which she may begin to access and which will enrich her life.

Buddha - a spiritual figure that people follow. Indicates the value of a spiritual path.

Open spaces - freedom

Taj Mahal (impression of). Stands as a symbol of whatever it represents in Maud's mind - obviously it is impressive and very very beautiful - so I think the dream is bringing Maud a sense of beauty and art, and maybe this is missing in her life and needs to be encouraged. It could be a symbol of foreign cultures and these may hold an interest for her, it could be that she yearns to travel. It could be a religious symbol and signify her need for a belief system to follow.

Coins - a symbol of 'value' - the value Maud places on things - time, energy, love. If she knew the sum total, that figure could represent a period of time - days, months, years. My own feeling about the coins is - 1) they increased in value, indicating Maud's life becoming richer in the future. They included a gold coin and a threepenny piece - these

are both old currency, indicating that she values old things, the past, history, architecture and so on - I also think the threepenny piece has a special significance, in that it is 'many-sided' - contrasting this with the 'railway track' of her life, it could be telling her that she needs many more sides to her, and that there are many more sides now hidden or neglected which need bringing out.

Golden buddha - gold as itself, the metal, stands for something precious and valuable. As a colour it stands for the sun, truth, the conscious mind and the masculine principle. In other words, standing up for what she believes in, defining a purpose and steadfastly and single-mindedly following it - 'coming out into the open' about her beliefs, wants and desires.

Flames - represent life, power and energy. Flames breaking through the top of the head - enlightenment - inner spirit breaking free

Camera - stands for her wish to record this dream, make it into a permanent record, because of its importance.

Maud tragically died after a short illness in September 2011. This was the first dream she told to me, and I was so impressed I made it into a small card for her, with the interpretations given here. Her dreams were always rich and interesting: I urged her to write them down, but she never did, and the only ones I have were the ones I recorded. She worked out a lot of the trauma of the past in her dreams, and shortly before she learned that she had cancer, she had a dream that showed her work with me was finished. She not only dreamed her own dreams, but dreamed for her friends, about their problems and possible solutions, which we dissected and analysed together. A true friend in this world and the next. I include more dreams from Maud in this sequel.

Night Fri 24th July - Sat 25th July 2009

Grizzly Bear Dream

I dreamed I was accompanied everywhere by a large, brown grizzly bear. He was full size, bigger than me. He was not tethered in any way (no one could have restrained him) and he walked with me or sat with me. In the dream I was looking at him and myself. I was opposite so I had like a mirror image of myself and bear - as if I was looking at a picture, or a mirror. The bear was on the left and me on the right.

The landscape was open and appeared to be on a slope, as of a long, open hill. It was populated and there were people moving about. There were buildings, streets and walls.

The message was "The bear must be kept very calm". I had to be careful that nothing annoyed or disturbed him, that no one ran up to

him or flapped their arms around him. In fact, everyone seemed a little afraid of him and certainly they were all careful.

Interpretation. The bear was my externalised anger - it is I who must be kept very calm. My mother had phoned that day and asked me to go round. I did not go. I had been looking after her, in a bungalow down the road, for eight years. I had reached the end of my endurance and knew I must protect myself from her.

Night Sun 26th Jul to Mon 27th 2009

Carrying a Fish

There were two dreams. One before 8am, one after.

I was following a small group of women and we were making our way through an old mill/warehouse that had been turned into a retail centre. I was holding a large, long, slippery fish with a large, broad, flat head and a long, tapering body. It was difficult to hold onto. It did not appear to be dying, for which I was glad. It appeared to be able to breathe perfectly well in the air, but of course it was not happy - out of its element.

The women were going for a coffee and I should be with them. When we arrived on an upper floor and found the coffee tables (not actually a coffee shop) I felt I should go outside with the fish to dispose of it - store it, whatever. But I did not want to leave the group. I wanted to be part of the company, closeness and conversation. I looked at the fish and found I had eaten it bit by bit - raw - without being aware of it. Only half its head was left and now this appeared to be half a peeled onion, bitten.

Dream 2 - after 8am

Youth Hostel Dream

I set off to go on a Youth Hostel trip. I was on my bike, with dog, and set off from home. I went to the Yorkshire Dales. I arrived at a hostel where they grew their own food, very rustic and wholesome. The dog was put in kennels. I went to the info desk in a corner of a large, welcoming room with tables. There was a man at the desk - 40ish. I asked to renew my membership of the YHA, then realised that my credit cards were in my other purse. But then I found them. He was preparing to take the money. I asked could I stay there that night. He said no, they were full. Anyway, I got a meal.

I was sitting at a large table with other people. It was like a refectory table. I put my purse and camera and glasses on the table in front of me. A strange, very tall black man sat on my left. He had very strange hair. Dreadlocks down his back, but piled on the top and back of his head was more hair, and something was perched on top of the

hair. I asked what it was. It was a Ban the Bomb symbol. As I was talking to this man and joking with him, my money, camera and glasses disappeared. I was very upset and thought the youngish lad on my right must have taken it. There was another youth next to him also. I tried to be jokey about it, pretending they had done this as a joke - I even 'frisked' the one on my right, but he was so skinny - all bones. He did not have the things.

Then it appeared the black man had done it. I suddenly saw cut-up pieces of ten pound notes - I had had £30 in my purse, but this looked more like thirty ten-pound notes. I was picking up these cut-up bits, I also found my blue bank card cut in pieces. I was so mad! I could not spend this money, nor could I use the card. Instead of being in the room, now I was in a sort of field where my money was. Then I got really mad and shouted I wanted someone to call the police. There was a woman on the desk now - stupid, fat, young, with glasses - she did not answer.

While following this paper trail of money, I found a carrier bag - it was full of rubbish, but under the rubbish there were packs of ten pound notes, much more than I had lost. I thanked the black man. I asked him where my glasses were. I knew I could not see anything without them. He looked shifty, ashamed and said I could not have them. I felt that he had smashed them and was sorry.

I saw the woman at the desk and asked her about a bed for the night. She said they were full, but I could go to DEWSBURY - the next place with a bed free. It was then 6.30pm. I was in the Dales - too far. I thought of going to HULL then realised I have to pick up Benji in the morning and must GO BACK. I said I would look for a b&b and return in the morning to where I had left him. Then I thought of the black man and said,

"We should ring the police as he is dangerous and could harm someone". She said it would be all right if I APOLOGISE. I said, "What!! I never saw him before and it was an unprovoked attack."

Dewsbury: my birthplace. Hull: Wolfram and I arrived back in Hull after our epic trip to Germany in 1995. Benji: my dog

Sat night/Sun am 16th August 2009 - 7.45am

Wolf in Bed Dream

Dreamed Wolf was here with me in the bed. He was so real and tangible - I felt his arms - he had no clothes on but I only saw his top half as he was under the blankets. He was lying on his front but was raised up on one elbow and looking towards me. He was in the bed as it is now. He was on the side nearest the door. We were

talking. He was absolutely real, solid flesh blood and bone. I knew he was dead but that he did not know it. I wanted to tell him how much I loved him. He saw my serious face and said,

“What’s up with you?” as he always did if I got serious.

But I needed to tell him how much I loved him so he would know it when he had to go back. I said that I loved him forever - through all the ages - through all eternity.

There was also a feeling that he was always here but that I didn’t usually get to remember. I believe that.

Night Weds 9 Sep–Thu 10 2009

Wolf’s Mother and the Painting

Most vivid image of being in my room downstairs in this house. On a wall to the right of the door (the one that leads to the stairs) is a painting. I could not make out the detail though I knew it to be a perfectly natural painting of a man, but all the colours and shapes were swimming around and it was a blur, so it looked like Modern Art.

Wolf’s mother had come here and her eyes went straight to the painting and she asked me to take it off the wall and show her. She said it was a famous masterpiece - possibly it was German, I don’t know. She had a book in which she looked it up and showed me, but I could not see that either.

I told her Wolfram had sent the picture to me and it arrived two days before his death. Maud was in the room (like a silent witness) but looked dumb like she could not remember. I dismissed that as not important.

Maria (I called her by her name) was kindly towards me, for which I was glad. We talked of Wolfram, I said I was amazed that he knew so much about Art, and said to her,

“He knew far more about everything than he ever told.” I told her how much I loved him and how happy we had been in this house for seventeen years.

I had a memory that Wolfram had been here, too - earlier - but had no memory of the dreams. It is as I say - I am convinced that I am dreaming with him every night now. Perhaps he is preparing me so I can join him in his work when I pass over - and no separation of us - ever - and no time wasted.

***Wolf’s Mother:** only 6yrs older than me, we met in 1995 when Wolf and I cycled to Germany. The relationship with her had not been good, though this dream seems to foreshadow our next meeting, which was the following year, 2010, when she welcomed me with open arms and we got on very well indeed. (See my Holiday 2010 book - ‘The Open Road’).*

Friday night/Sat am - 11th-12th Sep 09

Wolf plays tricks

Wolfram was here. My feeling is that he is here with me every night, only I don't get to remember most of it. I think we are working together on the spiritual level, as we worked together in my dreams on earth. We were told through Spirit (while he was alive) that we were being put through a series of tests - and I feel that this is another of the tests we are working through now.

The Dream

We were sitting round a table in an old-fashioned kind of cafe - brown predominantly. Three of us were round the table - as usual, one shadowy one, me and Wolf.

I had to leave for a while and when I came back I found that Wolf had used my mobile to play a trick on people - sending messages under a false name "Secret Candle". He had phoned (or messaged) Janet, his first wife, and she was phoning back - intrigued. I felt bad that he was playing tricks (but in a good way, not malicious at all) and embarrassed and could not manage to tell her the truth. In the end she came to see me and I still could not tell her.

Sun and Moon

In another dream alongside this one (maybe when I left the cafe) I was in a market-place, overhearing (eavesdropping) two women talking. I was a dream figure in this, not there in body. After a while the two women separated and went off in different directions - but not diametrically opposite - at an angle - not as sharp as a Yod, more like a Grand Trine.¹

I knew that one of these women was the Sun and one the Moon. I had a line - like a rope or a silken cord - attached to the waist of each one, and I rode dreamily on a sled, floating over (just above the surface of) a field of grass, silvered by moonlight.

I woke at 3am as if I had been forced awake. I was sleepy and did not want to wake up. But then I remembered the dream.

The rose that grew too tall

Last thing before I woke in the morning, I had another dream. I was with Wolf in the house and garden. I went to an upper room (my office) and looked out of the window onto the garden. It was not the same garden I see from my office window. I noticed a

¹ Yod - 2 planets 60deg apart, with a third at 150deg from each - called Finger of God. Grand Trine: 3 planets equidistant at 120deg intervals

huge (tall, thin) rose tree that had grown so high that we had not noticed it from ground level. A person (shadowy) was on my left, squeezed between me and the wall. The stems of the rose tree were stark, brown, dry and bare. But right at the top, so high we had not seen them from below, was a marvellous flush of roses just opening. I said,

“I expect when that has flowered” - ie when the flowers have died - “Wolfram will cut it down.” I expressed surprise it could have grown so tall without either of us noticing and pruning it. I looked again at the flowers and saw they were not like any roses I had seen - more like tulips. A beautiful, pale, rose-pink. Maybe they were tulip magnolias. But the stem most definitely was a rose stem.

As I came into waking, there was one tremendous “Caw!” The loudest I have ever heard - right up against the window, if it was in this world (the roof is being done and there is scaffolding all around the house so it is possible) - or if not, in the Next.

I thought it a death-omen. But Maud says, crows are the souls of the dead. As maybe.

14th September 2009

Maud’s dream of me on a motorbike

Email from Maud:

“You were on a motorbike going up and down on canal path - you had short blonde hair, the bike was very small and you over-powered it.”

Next day I saw Maud in person and she gave a verbal version of her dream,

“You were bombing up and down the canal on a mini-bike but looking so important as though it was a really powerful bike.”

Interpretation

This leads me to think she feels I am self-important and deluded - sort of puffed-up, full of my own importance, without just cause.

The canal connection may have two meanings:

- 1) not only is the bike not real, but the canal towpath is not even a real road
- 2) going to see Libby and Wayne - up and down - feeling important in their lives without just cause

Libby and Wayne: young couple who live on a canal barge with their seven children - they bought a piece of land to grow their own food, and I was helping with the gardening.

16th September 2009

Polish bus driver

When I woke around 9.30 I had been dreaming of the couple in Ireland, Fergus and Margaret.

In the dream I had been at a bus stop with Wolf and Benji and some shopping. The bus came and I got on with Benji, and the bus set off without Wolf. I kept telling the driver to stop, and then to go back and pick him up, but he was an ignorant Polish² driver and would not listen. I ended up far away, and in trying to get off, kept picking up bags of shopping that were not mine. While I was trying to sort my bags out, I did not notice that Benji got off the bus, then the bloody Polish driver set off again and would not stop, though I was telling him Benji would be running around in the road and in danger.

I ended up in Ireland in Killarney and in Margaret and Fergus' house. I asked Margaret if I could phone Wolf, as I could not find a way back. She had this phone, like an oldfashioned one where you used to spin the dial, but there were no numbers on it. I kept asking her, where are the numbers? and she said she did not know what I meant. I left there, and asked to use the phone in a pub, something went wrong with their phone too, cant remember what. I was pretty desperate by this time, but decided to go back to Fergus' house - he was there this time and I asked could I use the phone and he said, 'if it is for Wolfram, yes you can'. Then I realised Wolf was not at home and I did not know the number of the place where he was.

Night of 6-7 Oct 09

**Spirits of the
Ancestors: Bats**

Preliminary Note: Before I went to bed I was thinking about the ceremony I am going to do on Wayne and Libby's land at the 'Cutting of the First Sod'. I was researching it in various magic books. I came upon the phrase "when the first sod is cut, the spirits of the ancestors are released". This struck me so powerfully and stayed with me, so I was thinking of it when I went to bed.

The Dream

I was covered in bats - but it was lovely, they were so silky, warm and friendly. This is how it happened.

I was in a building which appeared to be my home, and Wolf-ram's, though he did not appear in the dream. It was like a big empty warehouse kind of place. I was sitting in the sunshine on the outside of the building, quite high up, on a kind of platform running round the

² Maud and I had several experiences with Polish men when we visited Killarney together in 2008, and they were very sexist

building. Near me was an open door leading to the inside, and the platform I was on (rather like scaffolding) extended through the door and over the empty space inside. At the end of the planks could be seen metal steps going down to the floor. I think Sara's children were with me.

A Voice in my head said, "Are you sure that platform is safe?" Then I looked again and saw the planks were broken off after a short distance, and had fallen to the ground, along with the metal steps. Just as I saw this, a bigish bat landed on my forehead, and I was laughing about it. Then came another, and then clouds and clouds of very tiny bats, a lovely shiny black, like silk. They felt silky too. They all clung round me. Then I knew they had been living under the planking which had collapsed, and they had lost their homes. So I wanted to find a large box they could all shelter in.

Diana was somewhere around and I shouted for her to get me a box, but she did nothing. I ended up with lots of them clinging to my sweater, swinging about as I walked, all in the roosting position, upside down, and I knew they were happy to stay there.

Comment:

Now the point of this is, next morning I did not remember this dream at all. Then about 1.30pm I went outside, it was sunny, to do a bit more work at the side of the house, where I am digging over the soil to do some new planting. As soon as my digging tool struck the earth, the dream came flooding back, and I had to go upstairs and write it down.

Later in the afternoon, out cycling, I realised that this dream relates to the cutting of the first sod on Wayne and Libby's land, that the bats were the 'spirits of the ancestors' and the thought came into my head that I should make this part of the ceremony, and that I should construct a box or cage from willow, and that one of them should hold it over me while I cut the sod, so that the spirits of the ancestors can have somewhere to go, and that we should then hang it in the big tree.

This has to be so, as there was no digging in the dream, so that could not be what reminded me. This was a direct connection, through the tool which I shall use on the land, to the dream.

I regard this as a very good omen for the land, it shows we have been heard in the spirit world, and the spirits are co-operating.

<p>Sara: young woman of my acquaintance. She has two young children. We met on the allotments where she had a garden with her partner. Diana: my daughter.</p>

Night of Monday 19 Oct/Tues am 20 Oct 2009

**Clock that turns into
a book**

*Dreams come back in images sometimes -
write those images down and more comes.*

A clock that turned into a book - a small
child - a sturdy boy of about 3yrs old - I

was sitting on a stool looking at the book and the child was standing
on my left. We were in the room downstairs. I said to the child,

“Your Daddy used to look at this book when he was a boy”, Wolfram was his Daddy and he was in the dream.³

Wolfram had come up to me and put in my hands the clock -
Melanie (his sister) had given it to him. He was very excited and
thrilled about the clock, and at first I thought that he thought it was
new, and said Melanie had bought it for him. Yet I could see it was not
new, it was very old and the metal was worn. It had a very large plain
face and did not look anything special. I felt at first that Melanie had
tricked him, because he could not see, and did not know what to say to
him as I did not want to upset him. Then Wolf said he knew it was not
new, but that it was very valuable, and had great sentimental value. As
I was holding it, it turned into the book.

The book was also very special and valuable, (*see earlier dream -
9 Sep - where there was also a very special and valuable book con-
nected with Wolfram - in that dream his mother was there and Wolf
was dead - but in this dream he was alive*) and it had coloured plates
which had particularly rich, glowing colours. I was marvelling at them
and showing them to the child, who was very solemn.

There was much more to the dream and we seemed to spend a lot
of time together - he went off to see Melanie twice during the dream -
the second time I found myself standing at a gate watching him walk
away from me - I saw his back view so clearly. I wondered why I was
not going with him to see Melanie, but then I reflected he probably
needed time on his own with her, and it also seemed he had inherited
quite a lot of money, and I thought that he would want to give her
something, or maybe some of the money, and it would be better to let
them be together.

Then he was back and he had gone to bed, he was sitting propped
up in a single bed and I was thinking, he does not know yet the mar-
vellous double bed I have got and how pleased he was going to be
when I showed him. I went in the room to see him and he asked me,

“Do I have a table? In my room - somewhere to put things?”

It turned out he had not been to bed all night and I thought he must
have been drinking. That was the end of the dream with Wolfram.

³ Wolfram had a son, Jamie, whom he had not seen since the child was 5. I
think Jamie may have been 3 when the marriage split up.

Comment: *Tuesday I had an email from Jeanne LeMieux (witch in America) and she recommended me to read Book of the Hopi by Frank Waters and commented on the strange glowing quality of some of the illustrations in it. I had not told her about this dream, but her comments seemed to echo the book in my dream.*

Burnt images of people

There was another dream which was quite horrible. It was a disaster scene or even may have been a war scene. There had been a big fire and there were lots of St John's Ambulance people and regular ambulance men and firefighters. They had all gone off duty and I was there on my own with one man. I had this big bucket of black cindery ash and as I looked in it I thought that I could see the outlines of two men against the side of the bucket - now this was a normal size bucket so these were tiny figures yet in the dream they were real men. I asked the other man what I should do, and he said that I should hold the bucket over the fire and this would help me see the shapes of the men. I did so and I saw the two figures quite clearly, glowing with golden outlines like the sun. Now I could pick them out from among the ash. I gave the first one to the man to clean up, and when I went back to get the second, aware that every minute was vital for their survival, I found another man was keeping this figure warm in a pan on the stove - only he had turned the heat up too high and the man's naked flesh was burning. I was very upset and screaming at the man and trying to rescue the little figure but he kept slipping from my hands and rolling back in the pan onto a new surface of his skin and I could hear the skin sizzling. It was awful. All the rest of the firemen and ambulancemen were in a room upstairs playing cards and did not care what was going on.

night of Mon Nov 1- Tue Nov 2 2009 (full moon)

Argentina and Ireland - astral travel

Went to Argentina to see the Cuban and her friend. Was in a weird, really slummy flat - remember looking at the kitchen and thinking how terrible I would feel if I had to cook in that. Old sink, prehistoric cooker, vile woodwork - dirty, rotting. Dark - and they had painted all the walls in terrible dark plum and purple colours. I asked whose idea the colour scheme was and it was the other girl - Andrea's. I had gone there by plane and they more or less ignored me, just getting on with their normal lives and not putting themselves out to entertain me. I was dying to go out and taste the local food but they were cooking something at home and it was just boring ordinary food, whereas I wanted spicy things. I wanted to say, can I go

out on the streets and find some local food? I looked out of the windows, they did not seem to be in the busy part of town and I was afraid of getting lost.

Then we were sitting in another room, their sitting room. There were some strange heads in a glass cabinet at one end of the room, like porcelain or wax, and they were posed in kind of scenes - I can't explain, how it was that the head was the important thing - yet I seemed to see one of the items was a woman and a boy, kissing, so there must have been bodies, so maybe they were limp cloth and not modelled. Anyway, looking at this, thinking it strange for lesbians to have a girl and boy kissing, suddenly the head of the woman on this piece came alive, swivelled round and looked at me and started talking, with its eyes opening and closing and its lips moving. I can't remember what it said, but this girl Andrea was impressed and said to me,

"Now I like you, because she has accepted you. You are really a lesbian and you are one of us". And I said,

"Has that happened before then," and she said yes, the head would only react if it was a lesbian in the room. I felt a bit happier that they accepted me.

Then we went, all of us, to Ireland. We were in a car and I was telling them about Fergus and Margaret and saying we should go and see them. Then I was totally surprised, as I was not in the car any longer and I was in Fergus and Margaret's hallway, I recognised it, and a door opened and Fergus came out and hugged me. I was telling him I did not know how I got there, how I was only talking about him and then I was there.

So that was an astral travel dream!

The Cuban: on 1 May 1998 an email friend, a Cuban woman living in Miami, nicknamed Sugar, came to stay for 2 weeks. In Aug 98 she returned and lived in our back room for ten months, until she got her own house. She lived in the UK 6 years in total, leaving to go and live in Argentina with a woman she met on the internet.

Fri 27 Nov 2009 around 1pm

Wolfram's kiss

I dreamed that I went outside my back door and saw Michael, my next-door-neighbour Brenda's son, holding out a brown paper package towards me. He said,

"I think this is for you, Geraldine," and I said,

"Oh, why do they always leave things with you? Why don't they leave them here?" I was not rude to Michael, but was a little exasperated as I knew I had been in. I tried to remember what I had ordered - it was two of something - I was not sure what, I said to Michael,

“Oh I think I ordered a couple of videos.” But I knew that was not right.

I took the parcel and was chatting to him, when suddenly, Wolfram appeared. He was standing further down the path, at the corner of the house, with his back to me, probably smoking, don’t remember, but he would have been in life, and looking out onto the front garden. He was wearing what he usually wore, a tee shirt and track pants. His hair was curly and greyish.

In this dream I knew he was dead, and my heart leapt to see him here. I wanted him to stay, and did not want to alarm him in any way so he would disappear. I think the surprise registered on my face, and I was gesturing to Michael, pointing to Wolfram, putting my finger to my lips to warn him not to make a sudden sound.

I began to walk down the path towards Wolfram, quietly, and called out, trying to sound casual,

“Oh hullo, Wolfram, have you had your coffee?”

He turned and looked at me over his shoulder. This was the shoulder that was away from the house, he still had his back to me, so this was his right shoulder. The one that was always a bit hunched, because he broke his collar bone not long before I met him.

I leaned over to kiss him, and he leaned back and our lips met. Then he turned round and I felt his lips full on me, very real and warm, a beautiful kiss.

end of dream

I woke up and it was 1pm. It had been another bad night, unable to sleep, too much excitement, Sara coming to dinner, trying out recipes for the cookbook. I lay listening to the news for a bit, put some clothes on, wet my hair to make it lie down, went downstairs, noticed it was around 1.20pm and, as I always do, opened the back door to test the air, let the world in. I picked up the wine bottle from last night and went to put it in the recycle bin, which meant I was walking towards the back of the house.

Suddenly there was Brenda, in exactly the same position as Michael in the dream, holding out a brown paper package, saying something like,

“Geraldine, the postman left this for you,” I don’t remember her words, as I was so shocked to see my dream coming true right in front of my eyes! I said,

“Oh my God, Brenda, you have broken my dream,” and started to tell her about it. She was not listening as much as she normally does, she seemed agitated about something, it turned out she was looking for the recycle bin as the binmen had left it further down the street.

I was wondering what I had ordered, just as in the dream, then I remembered what it was - it was two of something - it was two Lights - full spectrum daylight bulbs I had ordered.

BUT - TWO - LIGHTS
WOLFRAM AND I ARE THE TWO LIGHTS
SUN AND MOON
HIS SUN MY MOON 23 AQUARIUS
THE HERMETIC MARRIAGE.

What a wow of a dream that was! And to have it immediately confirmed on waking.

Aprox 19 Nov 2009

Threading needles

I dreamed my mother was standing in front of me in a threatening kind of pose. Like a kind of squatting stance with legs spread and arms wide apart and a horrible 'determined' look on her face.

She had a sewing needle in each hand, and she wanted them filling with thread - one white, one black. She had other needles also that she wanted filling with thread. I asked her what she had done with all the needles I had threaded for her previously. She said she had pulled the threads out and thrown them away. I was angry at her but knew I had to do it all the same. It was not pleasant to be dreaming of her.

either night of 15 or 16 Jan 2010

**Dreams
when ill**

I was ill and I had two dreams.

In the first I was walking down a long corridor which was also like a tube - it was round. It could have been a corridor on a train or on a ship. It was upholstered and warm but dimly lit. I was aware of myself standing still. I was outside of myself and behind, so I could not see what I looked like. A woman was coming towards me down the corridor. I could not see her face due to the dim lighting. She was wearing a blue dress. When she saw me she stopped, and something about me terrified her. She turned and began to run away. She ran into a man coming towards her.

In the other dream I was in bed and heard someone knocking on my front door. I ran downstairs and could see two figures through the glass. One was normal size, on the left (my left) and the other was twice normal size, about ten feet, with flapping clothes like rags. I realised the second figure was on stilts. I did not open the door as I felt them to be sinister. I went upstairs thinking I will look at them out of the window, and that one is so high he will probably be level with me.

29 Jan 2010 - dreamed by Maud - received by email Sat 30 Jan

Pluto Boy dream

Wacky - Maud's cat

"I had another dream last night, well night-mare actually. I felt something running at the back of me and thought it was Wacky. I turned and saw it was a doll, a boy doll. It climbed on top of the display cabinet and slid down onto the window-sill. It stood up on the windowsill, legs astride, smirking. It had jet black hair and a very pale complexion - it was dressed in a lambswool zipper jacket with black plain tie and white shirt. On its legs it had black satin looking drainpipe jeans & black boots. I demanded it to go and pointed to it saying go! It did not, so I knocked it to the floor and it lay there, legs astride, still smirking. I went to prod it or kick it - can't recall which - and at that point it grabbed my pubic hair round my private bits and I awakened. When I awoke the hot water bottle was between my legs."

Maud and I discussed this dream, as we did all her dreams, but we never understood it. From the description, I thought it might be N♂, a man she had a previous relationship with, and who was controlling and sinister. But she did not feel it was him. The Boy, she felt, came from the underworld and she nicknamed him 'Pluto Boy'. Pluto Boy reappeared several times more and she found him quite horrible.

15 Feb 2010 - dreamed by Maud

Geraldine's House

Maud rang me to say she had had another of her dreams - she dreams all the time. She said in the dream a voice was shouting at her - really loud, she says. It was saying :

"Hey, you! Hey, you!" and she looked all around and saw no one, and said,

What? What do you want with me?" and she was shouting too.

Then the voice shouted, in a kind of excited way -

"You know where Geraldine's house is?" she answered,

"Yes."

"Well it used to belong to an ancient astrologer, psychic and mystic."

She says she replied, "Wow! Oh Wow!" and woke herself up repeating "Wow!"

Strange one, eh?

We researched this afterwards, to see if we could find who had lived - not in my house, but on the land it is built on, because I have a strong connection with the 17thC. We found that where I live was a small settlement called Lee (sometimes Lea) comprising of a farm house and a few cottages. Lee Road once ran right past my house, since blocked off.

17 Feb 2010

Getting off a train

It was dark, it was night, and the train had stopped in the middle of some countryside. There were no lights. It seemed that earlier the guard had come down the train complaining of its stuffiness, and now that it stopped, he came along and flung open all the doors, saying he needed to let the air in. It was cold, but I said to Benji, who was there,

"Come on, we'll go get some air," and we stepped to the door. Then I looked down and thought, why don't I stand outside? As I stepped out, I realised it was a longer drop than I thought, and then once I was in the air, even further! I dropped a hell of a way down, and Benji was down there too. I looked back up at the train and it was so far above me I knew I could not get back and I was worried about it going on without me.

Then it seemed there was a large station nearby, but it was all in darkness and deserted. I went to find someone and asked him if he could get a ladder so I could climb back in the train. He said,

"Oh now, I don't think we have a ladder, but you are right, we should have such things," I think he went to look.

In the meantime I found a small battered canvas chair. It was the same chairs that we had in the meeting room in the allotment, Stanley got a set of them being thrown out from somewhere, the canvas was red and very faded. So it was one of these chairs that appeared. I took it to the side of the train (my main worry was getting Benji up there) and then I found that if I did not stand directly facing the train, but side on (moving to my right) the height was not so great. There was also a wooden rail jutting out from the train that now I was on the chair I could reach. I hitched my scarf to the rail so I could help pull myself up (it was like the wooden rail which Stanley and his son built at the meeting hut on the allotment, which has steep steps up to it that are not very stable). Now I could put Benji under my arm, climb up, push him through the door and get myself in.

When I got inside there was a guard pushing a long, thin, yellow piece of plastic through the opposite window. It was smoking and I understood that it was all that was left of my memory foam mattress, which had burnt. The carriage was full of smoke. Then I saw an empty bedroom, and my wardrobe was standing there and I asked about my clothes.

That is all I remember.

Interpretation: Maybe it is symbolic of the allotment - I 'got off the train' - left the allotments, and it was too hard to go back. But with

determination and planning I can 'climb back on' - have a garden again.

17 Feb 2010

hsw

I dreamed this one at the same time as 'Getting Off a Train' but did not think it so significant, until the next day when I thought about it again and got the follow-

ing insights.

Dream

I dreamed I saw my entry in Plenty Offish (online dating site). People put some catchy thing next to their name - mine had letters - **hsw**. I asked, what does that mean? The answer was, health, strength and wits. I was not sure whether that was supposed to mean what I was looking for, or did it describe me. I decided it would fit either. I did not think much of this dream at the time.

This dream became conscious at the time of waking on 17 Feb.

18 Feb 2010

Next day when I woke I was thinking about the letters **hsw**, and thinking, 'there is something missing. It is too short'. Then I thought, 'how about putting the 'a' in then - health, strength and wits - **hsaw**.'

As soon as I did that, seeing the letters in front of me as on a screen, I knew at once that these were the letters of my name, **shaw**. And that it must be a label for me, or a message to think of myself in this way -

strong, healthy and witty - pretty damn good performance for a dream, eh?

Weds Mar 3 2010

Told to me by Maud; dreamed by her friend J♀.

**Attack with
chip pan dream**

J♀ has had this dream on several consecutive nights. In it, the woman who accused her at work comes to her back door and starts accusing her again. J♀ is so angry that the woman dares

come to her door that she picks up a pan of hot chip fat, whirls around three times and throws it over the woman. On top of a shelf, or on some sort of a platform high on the wall, are the forms of three or more friends of J♀ who have all passed away. When J♀ wakes she is very upset to think she could do this kind of act.

It is not difficult to analyse - all the suppressed anger of J♀'s life so far, where she has been used and abused and insulted by men (low self esteem) and which she is also undergoing in her current relationship, have 'boiled over' resulting in the attack on the woman who has falsely

accused her. I see in it that J♀ has put up with much in her life and has never hit back, she has tried to behave in an exemplary way, and this accusation (she is still suspended from work) is 'the last straw'. I think the souls of the dead friends are watching over her, wanting her to know that they are supporting and helping. The back door is the door into the unconscious, the 'unguarded portal' - it is where the 'assassin' strikes. She is being attacked on the deepest level. I also felt, with this being a medieval form of defence (the inhabitants of the besieged castle pouring boiling oil from the ramparts onto the attackers) that she might actually have done this to someone in a previous life, and that it was justified, as she was at that time also being attacked.

Weds Mar 3 2010

Told to me by Maud

Dirty water dream

Maud also had a dream, that she was living in an apartment high up in a block of flats.

She was trying on clothes to go out. She felt filthy and dirty, and nothing looked right on her. She looked out of her window, and saw, through another window, a sink full of dirty water. This was water she had just washed herself in. She thought "how could I be so dirty as that water looks?" And she thought, "why did I not pull the plug? The water should have gone away."

I told her she had begun her process of 'cleansing' or of changing her life, but that the dream was telling her she still had not 'pulled the plug', she may think she has got rid of the past, but she has not yet thoroughly disposed of it - she has not 'let it go' - perhaps not yet let go of bad things that are spoiling her life.

recorded 14 April 2010

Carrying

Mother's coffin

Last night I dreamed I was carrying my mother's coffin into church.

- when my father died in 1997, I was living here with Wolf, and very busy, and the two brothers and mother arranged everything. But can you believe the shock I felt when my two brothers came in carrying my father's coffin and no one had asked me? I had as much right to bear my father on his last journey as they had. The church is so sexist. When my mother dies, I will carry her.

In my dream, she was light as a feather. I was on her left, at the head end, the first bearer. I had a sense of her inside the coffin, and was talking with her in my mind. I did not have a vision of whoever else was carrying with me. Everything was dark, I could see nothing at all, but I trusted to my feet, and I was also aware of someone behind who

was guiding the direction and I trusted that person too. We arrived at the church entrance and went inside, and I expected that the coffin would be set down there, but a Voice said no, we will take her to her final destination. Now I was aware it was not dark anymore, but that my eyes were shut, so again I had no idea of my surroundings, but we were descending some steps which were narrow. It was a long journey before we were allowed to stop and put her down. I opened my eyes to a blaze of light, and sunlight pouring in through an open door, with summer all around. We were at the front of the church, near the altar, and the church was full of happy faces exploding into song. I felt happy.

Written Monday 24 May 2010 - *Had some strange dreams.*

In a strange country dream;

Geoff's money dream;

Graham reconciliation dream

1. I was in this strange place, like a kind of wooden shed or building, with an earth floor, and there were a lot of people in there, sitting on two long

benches that ran down the sides. I did not know any of the people except later I saw my son's face far down on one side. One elderly couple were Jews, though they had a kind of feeling about them as though they were Fasal and Sayeed. The old man was scrabbling into the earth and kissing it, as though he had found his promised land. It was dark in the shed and we appeared to be in some kind of captivity. Then everyone was crying at the intense emotion of the Jews, and I saw my son looking at me and he came over and put his arms round me and cried and said life is too short for this cutting ourselves off - the reality of what the Jews had been through had made him see sense.

***Fasal and Sayeed:** an elderly Pakistani couple, our friends on the allotments for many years. **Graham:** my son, has not spoken to me since 2004. **Geoff:** my younger brother.*

2. Then I seemed to be in a foreign country, kind of either arab or eastern european place, where there was a dictatorship. Every morning they rounded up people on the streets and tied them up and left them in front of a building and then set fire to the building. You would think the people would be burned but the fire just burned their bonds and they walked away. This had happened to me and Wolf and we had got out but now we were inside this building and could not find a way to leave. You had to go to see officials and tell them why they should let you go and everything you said they did not believe, and you felt they might have you killed. Then out of the crowd my brother (Geoff) came up. He had been to see the officials and I had somehow 'seen' what

was happening though I was not there, I was watching it as though looking down on it from higher up, and the official had said to him,

"I do not believe your story, you are obviously a lecturer of some kind". Which apparently made them suspicious.

Geoff said to me, "look, I have a problem, I can't get hold of any cash and I need money for a week's groceries." And I knew he wanted me to give him this money and I also knew it was a trick, that he wanted to get money off me and would not pay it back, he wanted to punish me for the money mother gave me for my debts when I went to Ireland, and I also knew that Wolf and I had only enough money to live on and although I could not refuse my brother if he was in need, I also knew he was not. So I said to him,

"Of course I will give you the money but you must realise that you will have to pay me back". Then he looked really angry and walked off.

Then later he was there again, or maybe this happened first, everything about this dream is really mixed up, and he told me some news about Diana, that she had met this rich and powerful man (who was a member of the ruling class in the country we were in, which was also the man's country) and that she was going to marry him and wasn't everything wonderful as now she would have everything she wanted, and that she was going to become a muslim, and that she would wear beautiful clothes and have servants to do everything and never have to lift a finger again. And although I would be happy for my daughter any way she found happiness, I was not happy with the way he was telling me, with his smug face, and the feeling that he thought all that mattered was money and that now Diana had met someone with money she had somehow exalted herself and we should all admire her, and this was not my way of thinking about it at all so I was annoyed.

Saturday 29 May 2010

A Bit on the Blind Side

*This was not a dream, as such, but I woke up 'knowing' so it may have been a message received in a dream.*⁴

The background to this concerns writing my book *At Least She Never Drank Much*. This began life as *My Life Up to 1984* (working title) which was meant as an introduction to this book (*Dream Diary of a White Witch*), but as it got too lengthy and detailed, hived itself off into a separate book.

In writing this, as I get closer to the period where I meet Wolfram, I start to get more concerned - there are aspects of our life together

⁴ title later changed to 'A Walk on the Blind Side'

which are going to be difficult to write about, and I feel more and more unsure of how I am going to deal with them. I could of course leave them out, but it is always my wish to be truthful, and that would not be truthful. The things I will find it difficult to write about are not things about me, but about him, and therefore also I am writing unpleasant things about another person, and do I have the right to do that? (haha never bothered you before!)

So the idea kind of started to emerge over recent days that perhaps it would be better to finish *Drank Much* when I get to 1984 - other autobiographies also sometimes have an earlier finishing point, and then go into sequel, and this book is long enough already, well over 100,000 words. If I did that, the thought was, I could knock off the synopsis and return to *Dream Diary*..

But last night, I was shown in a dream (yes now I remember seeing it) the cover of the book I designed to be a story of Wolfram's life in his own words *A Bit on the Blind Side* - which was how he used to describe himself, and which I did not feel sure I was going to be able to do - in that format, ie supposedly written by him.

So I was shown the cover and told, this can be a book about your love story with him - which will be the most wonderful love story, as Steve Humphries, of Testimony Films, always says.

So now I want to write this. And I know it will be good. And I can put everything into it, in a feeling and understanding way.

Steve Humphries filmed me and Wolfram for a series he did for BBC2 called 'Married Love'. Steve remained a good friend and has used me in several of his documentaries since, not all made their way to the screen. He was also a great help at the time Wolf left me in 2003.

9 July 2010

A dream of owls *told to me by email.
A dream sent by a friend, concerning her
friend's dream.*

"I wonder if you have come across any significance to do with dreaming of two owls. My friend L♀ has been looking after the affairs and welfare of an old uncle for two years. He recently died and left her a legacy that meant she could retire early. Last Wednesday was to be her last day at work. That night she dreamt about two owls lying side by side and woke up distressed. As she often has nightmares, she thought nothing of it.

"On the Tuesday evening her son, D♂, was killed on his motor bike, by a woman driving while using a mobile phone. He was with four other motor cyclists and only one escaped injury when this woman veered across the road. The day after the dreadful news, as her

two daughters and husband were with her, she suddenly broke down and screamed '*get the owls out of here.*' Strangely, there were two owls on her mantelpiece, from her uncle's effects.

"Later, the daughters were visiting D♂'s wife's family and found the mother in tears, screaming '*Get the owls out*' and there on the floor were another two broken owls that had been on her shelf and had inexplicably fallen off! One of the daughters decided there was something very strange going on, looked up on the internet, and said that two owls have something to do with death in North American mythology. I wondered if you had come across it?"

"ps someone gave me two little owls a few years ago! Should I get rid of them?"

Further information in second email

"I forgot to mention that L♀ had felt the presence of her mother, who died many years ago, on the same day of the accident, but as she was very busy at work couldn't focus on it. She wonders now whether, if she had taken notice of the signs, she could have prevented D♂ going out on his motor bike."

written 10 Jul 2010

Council house dream

Last night dreamed that Pat (next door neighbour) came to me crying and said she had to move out of her house. She said everyone had to move out, they were moving all of us and then re-allocating us to different housing. I said I had not had a letter about it, she had, I thought mine would probably come later, they were probably doing them in batches, being elderly, mine would be in another section to hers.

She said first that she had to move to another house, and then later to one in 'Bradford Road'. Bradford is a place in Yorkshire where I used to live, many miles from here, so I said

"Not Bradford? You don't have to move there?" and she said no, it was in this town, but the name was Bradford Road.

Then it got worse. She had an interview and they said that as she was able-bodied and young enough, she could not expect council housing and must find herself somewhere in the private sector, only they would not give her any help or support with the rent, and to get that she must 'return to her place of origin'. I said

"My God, it's the old Poor Laws back again, under another name" - under the Poor Laws, hundreds of years ago, if you became destitute in another parish, they would not help you or give you shelter in the poor

house, you had to 'return to your place of origin' your native village and they had to help and support you. I said to Pat,

"They will put me in the old folks bungalows". Then I said to her that she should refuse to go. I said, "Barricade your door and refuse to leave. Contact the national press and let them know what is going on."

But she was weeping and had no power in her. Not nice.

Note: on 5th August, David Cameron announced that people should not expect "a council house for life" and that circumstances should be examined, and if people were not in need of public housing, they should have to give up their house and seek somewhere in the public sector. No poor law as yet!

Note: there is no Bradford Road in Nelson, though there is a Leeds Road.

written 20 Aug 2010

With Father in the garden

I dreamed of my father last night. We were discussing something in a garden, looking at plants and caring for them. As we walked away together I said to him,

"When you move to your new house, make sure it has a big garden!" and he said,

"Yes we will work in it together, it needs to be big enough for you as well".

I see this as a lovely promise for the next life - that he and I have resolved our differences and will be working together in a garden!

Floating dream

This goes along with a dream I had a couple of weeks back, I dreamed I was floating, I think it was a leaving the body experience. I was in a building a bit like a department store, it was all carpeted and furnished, but a bit dark. I saw some stairs and decided to run up them for exercise. Some people were sitting dining as I passed one of the floors, and they remarked on how well I was running! I got to the top of the building, then went to go back down the stairs. At this stage I remembered that I always float down stairs in my dreams, so that I only needed to put my hand on the rail and I would glide down. But then suddenly I was floating, lying perfectly straight out, on my back, like when you float in water. I found there were air currents coming up the stairwell and I was floating and turning in these currents, it felt wonderful. Then I thought, or a voice inside me said,

"Do not go near the window, or you will float out and get lost".

I feel these dreams are preparing me to leave, and it is all so nice and peaceful and promising.

written 1 Sep 2010

Neglected child

I had a dream just before I woke up which was really a nightmare and I lay pondering what it could mean. In the dream, I had been entrusted with the care of a child, and because I was offered a well paid piece of work, I put it with a child minder. Then I was told the child was not thriving, and that it was becoming depressed. Seemingly, at this stage the child could not speak, and when I picked it up it was a small wrapped up bundle, so it must have been a baby. I noticed that its eyes were red and inflamed and that it showed no signs of interest in anything. I was very concerned but I can't remember that I took it back home with me.

The next time I saw this child I was walking in the street, and it was a girl of about three or four, very vocal. She was skinny, dressed in a summer frock, and had a mop of blond curls, but they were wiry curls. She was with what appeared to be a family, a woman and some more children. They were walking towards the left and I was walking towards the right. The child stopped, one hand on its hip, in a defiant pose, and said "when I was with you" - then she named some complaint, that something or other had happened to her, I can't remember what this was, but she finished with "and I got a burn on my arm," and showed me the scar. I was appalled at what I was being accused of, and tried to say to her that she knew very well that I had done nothing to her, but she kept shouting and overriding me and I thought it best to walk away.

When I woke I was still in the dream and became very agitated and thought I should be arrested and put in prison for harming this child. Then I realised it was a dream. When I thought about it, it seemed to me that 'the child' I was asked to care for was Benji, and the task I took on for money was caring for Minnie. Benji became very depressed and withdrawn while Minnie was here, and I was glad it did not go on for longer, for his sake. And I think the 'dire consequences' were to tell me I was failing in my duty to Benji and should not do this.

Maybe I will have other thoughts on this later. The 'red eyes' were like my eyes when I had them poked with the reed at the pond.

Benji: my dog. **Minnie:** a dog I was asked to look after for a few days.

told to me Thurs 2 Sep 2010

Maud's transition dream

A dream in three parts

Part 1

Maud dreamed that she and I were 'going away together somewhere' and that

I 'had sorted her house out'. Then she

and I were in my house together and we could see her house which in the dream was opposite, across the road, and she saw in an upstairs window two model ships. One was a clipper and the other a Viking longboat. She said,

"Oh we have forgotten the ships," and she wanted to go get them, but I said to her,

"You don't want those old things." Then she was indignant and said that she did want them and was going to get them.

We both went across to the other house. Maud picked up the two ships and inside one of them (the Clipper) she found two folded parchments. I asked her what they were. She opened them and the first one was her birth certificate. The second one was in the name of 'Louisa Mary Rose Ray'. I asked her what that meant, and she said,

"That's my new identity"

Part 2

Louis: Maud's dog;

The Professor: Maud's friend, an ex-lover.

Maud dreamed that she and I were on a railway station platform. I was wearing a coat made of some kind of animal fur, she thinks bear, and she noticed that it had indigo

stripes across the arm. The Professor was also there but was not apparently coming with us. He was going to take Louis to a house in Valley Mills, where he would be staying during the week, and he would presumably be with The Professor at weekends. The train when it came was very foreign-looking, she thought French or Russian, and was not an English train. We boarded the train which had a large empty open compartment.

Maud then woke up and remembered the dreams. She went downstairs to have a cup of tea, went back to bed and resumed the dream from the Railway station, but a different one this time.

Part 3

Ivan: also

Maud's friend, another ex-lover.

Maud and I were waiting on the platform and Ivan was with us. He was wearing some old-fashioned kind of suit, she feels like German influence from 1st WW. It was grey.

The train arrived and again it was a foreign looking train. As Maud was going to get on she said goodbye to Ivan then suddenly turned

back and grabbed him by the balls. She has no idea what made her do this.

The doors opened and Maud did not see the usual kind of train interior, it was more like looking into a guard's van. Hundreds of cans of beer were stacked up, but they filled her with a feeling of revulsion - in her words - "They were not any cans that I would want to drink from". I questioned her about this and she said they were 'an inferior kind of cheap drink'. She then said the train reminded her of the train in *Dr Zhivago*.

Interpretation

I feel this is a 'big' dream for Maud. First of all, 'I have sorted her house out' - means I have sorted **her** out! So all the work that needed to be done on her is done. This is later confirmed when she disagrees with me in the dream and 'disobeys' or 'goes against' the teacher. This is a sign that she has outgrown me, she does not need me to tell her what to do and can make her own decisions.

Now the ships are symbols of 'faraway places' and adventures that she will have from this point on. They probably represent her interests - the clipper is part of our history, she is interested in the past, but particularly in the maritime aspects of it - hence her previous dreams of Liverpool, our major port. Clippers were also renowned for going fast - this makes me think of the Sagittarius mentality - go fast and go far. She can travel far in the mind and perhaps also upon the face of the earth.

The second ship, the Viking longboat, I feel represents the spirit of adventure, but it may be saying something about Maud's ancestry, maybe she had Viking ancestors - her father's family lived near Whitehaven in Cumbria, and that part of the country has many Norwegian placenames.

Another link with 'ships' is Maud's current desire to live on a canal boat when she retires (or sooner if she can manage!)

But the ships hold a secret which concerns Maud's future - in the hold of the Clipper are two certificates - one of which represents her 'new identity'. This is a sure sign that she is 'moving on' - developing and growing. I said she should make herself a certificate in this name, whether she intended changing her name or not, and that she should also look into the numerology of her present name, and of this one.

There is more symbolism in the names. 'Louisa Mary' is her mother's name. There was a difficult relationship with the mother, who is now dead. 'Rose' was Maud's name as a child - she was christened Rose but disliked the sound 'Rose' made with her surname, and decided of herself to change to using her second Christian name. She had been ashamed of her first name, and had been teased about it at

school. So perhaps the dream was saying, time to stop being ashamed about who you are, be proud of your name. The two names in the middle, Mary Rose, when taken together make the name of a famous boat which was discovered sunk in the Thames - it had belonged to Henry VIII and has been a source of great interest - so again we see the historical element. Ray was her mother's maiden name.

The train which is 'foreign' speaks of going to faraway exotic places - these can be regions of the mind. At the end the 'Dr Zhivago' connection reinforces the sense of the exotic. This is a film that has sunk into the consciousness of the nation - for its themes of a Great Love, the great empty spaces of the Russian steppes, and the sorrow and longing of the Russian soul.

Railway stations of course represent 'points of departure' - setting out for a new life.

My role as I see it:

I have been present in a lot of Maud's dreams as her development has been working itself out. In this dream I appear in the guise of a shaman - the bear is a shamanic symbol, and also represents the Great Mother, and I am Mother of a Coven. The indigo stripes seem to be primitive tribal markings, or maybe of rank, since she looked up to me and respected my advice. Maybe there is also a link with the 'Russian Bear' - symbol of Russia - this would mean that I am her 'conduit' to the new life.

In the third dream Ivan (a mystical person, a Wiccan, friend and former lover of Maud) appears. In Dream 2 she has left the Professor (another former lover) and now she leaves Ivan. He is dressed as someone from the past, so he has no part in her life at all now. The costume he chooses is somewhat dramatic, and this is his nature. As a lover, he tried to manipulate her - her gesture of grabbing him by the balls probably demonstrates that she is now the one who has the power, not him. (She also said that after having this dream she felt a great sense of power that day, in dealing with people at the Town Hall, a place that might normally intimidate her).

When the doors of the train open in Dream 3, she sees 'hundreds of cans of inferior beer' - this demonstrates that she feels she has 'moved up' the social scale and that the lower pleasures that might formerly have tempted her have no attraction - she is destined for better things!

footnote: in September 2011, one year after this dream, in which Maud 'moved on' from me and found a new identity, we lost her to the cancer which had only been diagnosed six months earlier. In view of the promise of adventure and new beginnings in this dream, we can all find comfort in the belief that death is only a gateway to a richer, fuller life. I used part 1 of the dream as an example of this when I spoke at her funeral.

written 5 Sep 2010

Baby Elephant dream

I was out walking and met a group of gypsies who were leading a baby elephant. They were discussing that they needed to find water for it. We were in a town and near an old-fashioned kind of market - narrow streets between stalls, very winding. I offered to go into the market and find someone to give water, and then come back and fetch them with their elephant. The gypsy who was holding the elephant said to offer them a shilling for the water. I said it would not be necessary, they will give it for free. I knew that if I asked for water, it would be given, but that if the gypsies asked, people might turn them away.

I had to go further than I wanted before I found someone who would oblige, and then I turned back to fetch the elephant. On the way I passed by a river, and wondered why I had not seen this on the way in, and said to my companion (whoever that was) that we should remember the way to the river, and bring the elephant there.

I returned to the gypsies and for some reason they gave me the elephant and did not come with me. I found the river, but there was also some kind of danger and the elephant was afraid and I had to protect it. It was just the elephant and me now, and I was responsible for it. Night was coming on, we were away from home and with nowhere to stay, but that made me feel excited!

What happened next is hazy, but the elephant had disappeared and overhearing a group of people at a table outside on the pavement, a horrible man had taken him away and left him somewhere. I was concerned and wanted to go get him back. The man said he left him in Scotland, I wanted the name of the place, he said it was Carrickfergus (which is in Ireland). I decided to ring the editor of the local paper to ask if the elephant was there. He said it was, and I asked him to keep it for me and I would go up on the train. Then I would walk back with the elephant, camping at night. I was excited and looking forward to the adventure.

September 7 2010

Wolfram, and moving into a new flat

I dreamed of Wolfram and of moving into a new flat. It was not a very nice flat - I think the sitting area might have been, and I never saw the bedroom. It was the kitchen that was bothering me. There was not enough room for all my equipment. There was a small area and leading off it another area which had a stupid ramp laid over most of the floor - it sloped from left (highest) to right, like a wedge. Then Wolf was there, sitting at a small desk on the right. I said to him that this space would be usable

were it not for that - pointing at the ramp. Then I saw it was detachable, like a big cushion and could be picked up. I was very pleased at that and said that all would be fine now! I looked round for somewhere to put it - the place was very small and cramped - turned round and behind me (to the left of the ramp) was a kind of corridor-shaped alcove opening off. I said,

“Oh is this ours as well,” and went to stash the cushion/ramp and as I did so the opening elongated, become twice or more as long and therefore deep. I put the cushion in a space at the end and then I saw that doors opened off each side of the corridor - but in a kind of shanty way, like a seaside chalet almost, or one of those wardrobes made out of paper and canvas instead of wood, but perfectly serviceable. On one side were wardrobes (I had turned round now and was walking back the way I came, so these wardrobes were now on my right) with hanging spaces and storage, and on the other side a set of bathrooms - at least one bathroom and three shower rooms. I was overjoyed at this extra space and I said to Wolf -

“You know I am not a tidy person by nature, but I HATE untidiness. I always need places to organise and put stuff away.” He was still at the desk. I started looking under some fittings and there was all kinds of dark and decaying rubbish and old kitchen stuff - utensils and so on - nasty stuff - which I started pulling out and thinking, the rest of the flat was cleaned but only on the surface, they did not clean under here. I asked Wolf should I throw it away, but knew the answer was yes. But where would I throw it? I did not see a bin, and how would I know what day the binmen came? I said to Wolf,

“You would think that woman (council officer) would have told us these things, or at least left some instructions.” Then he said,

“Here are the instructions,” and he was fiddling in a cup where there were folded pieces of paper. I wondered how he knew what they were when he could not see. Then I ‘missed’ him and wanted him to hug me. I did not have to tell him, he knew how I felt and got up from the desk and came over to me. He was wearing a nice dark blue sweater of a fine knit and when I put my arms round him it felt so soft! I laughed and said, still holding him,

“It’s like an advert I saw. She goes ‘darling!’ and goes to hug her man. As she gets near she goes ‘oh what is that wonderful smell?’ - it is his sweater - then she hugs him and goes - ‘how soft your sweater is!’”

Wolf was holding me in his arms, but he felt distant somehow, and more ‘important’ as though he had a serious job to do and it was on his mind.

10 Sep 2010

**Going on a bus
to Preston**

Walking through a sunny town with open boulevards (a bit like Nancy) with Barbara and Ronnie (friends who moved to Mayo). Wolf and I were getting the bus to a special place we liked to go at Preston (which does not exist in real life). B♀ and R♂ were staying with us apparently, as when I was talking to them I asked them would they like to come with us on the bus, then I said,

“Oh but it is past where you live - unless you want to get your stuff and go home after?” - I did not know how long they intended staying; it was not that I wanted to get rid of them.

I asked Wolf what time it was, and it was time for the bus to leave, but I said,

“These things are not always on time, we will go to the stop anyway”. Barbara and Ronnie were still talking about what to do - if they wanted to get their things we were going to have to miss this bus and get a later one. The bus came and I was not sure if Wolf had got on or not - he had disappeared and I could not see him. I got on to go and look for him. He was not downstairs. I went upstairs and as I went up the stairs everything went black and I could see nothing. So I called his name, several times. People were laughing quietly, as though they thought it ridiculous that I was calling, and should be able to see him. I wondered if I had gone blind. The darkness was thick and complete. As he did not answer I wanted to get off, but the bus started. I still could not see anything. I did not get off straight away at the next stop, but somehow I knew when I got to a small town where I should be able to get back. So I got off but then remembered I had been in this town before (in another dream) and that they had told me at the bus station that the only way back to Nelson was via Huddersfield. A long way round. I felt a bit hopeless but thought, never mind. I thought to check the bus windows to see if Wolf had been downstairs (I had got my sight back) and did not see him. I turned away from the bus, feeling thankful that at least Wolf was at home and I was the one lost, as I could cope with it better.

Then I kept asking people if they had seen him, and they looked strangely at me - and suddenly I realised - Wolf is dead! He cannot, could not be on the bus. I felt devastated and empty. When I woke up I had an overwhelming sense of grief that “Wolf never came home”. I left him in Ireland, when he wanted so much to come back with me.

dreamed during Dec 2010 & Jan 2011

**Recent dreams
about Death**

1. The first dream was about my brother Geoff and made me think of death when I woke up. I had been making him a bed, but it was in an

alcove in my bedroom, and rather like a shaft. I had built this platform across and put a mattress on it, but he said he was cold. I felt the wall at the back of him and it was cold, so I said I would insulate it for him.

2. Maud dreamed that I turned up at her house with my bike packed up and said I was going away. But we did not know what date I was going and she had to work out when it would be Christmas. Well I did not die at Christmas!

3. *Night of Thu 13-Fri 14 Jan 2011*

Then it was the worst one when I woke up on morning of Friday 14 Jan. I woke at 6am from a terrible dream. I could not sleep so got up, but went back to bed at 10am and dreamed again of death. All that day Friday 14 I felt totally wrecked.

4. I was in a rather bleak room like a hospital waiting room and there were three willow coffins on tables. I understood there were bodies in these coffins and that mine was one of them. Although my body was in the coffin, I was sitting at a round table in a corner with Janet McLardy and there was also a man there. It appeared he was T♂C, my boss when I was 19 and remained a friend up til the time I came to Nelson. He was about 20 years older than me. He did not appear to know what was going on. He had a piece of paper on which the date of his departure was written. I said to him,

“What day are you travelling?” and he told me and I said it was the same day I was going, so we could travel together. He asked where were we going, were we going to the seaside? He did not appear to know he was dead, though Janet and I knew.

Then there was some holdup with one of the bodies, I thought it was mine and I went to see what was wrong. They told me ‘the body is too bad to be seen, but don’t worry we will be bringing it later’. I caught a kind of a glimpse of it and it appeared to have no legs. A bit worrying!

We sat around drinking the coffee because we were waiting to see the bodies given a sendoff.

Then the most amazing thing happened, and it was just so real. Wolfram was on the phone, or was talking to me somehow in my head. But it was the quality of his voice, it was so lifelike and just as though he was there with me. I told him Janet was with me and that we were coming together and he said to say hello to her. I did this, and I was telling her how remarkable it was hearing his voice and how real it sounded. He went on talking to me for some time and then as we did other things his voice was always in the background, though I did not know what it was he said.

I woke up out of this dream with the most horrible feelings about death, and its reality, and how awful it really was.

5. I went back to bed and slept again about 10am, and had another dream. This time Mum was telling me that Dad (*who is dead*) had been in touch and wanted to come for the weekend. I said this was wonderful, but she said she did not want him to come. I asked why not, and she said,

“What if he does not want to go back? What if he stays?” I said that then we would be very glad to have him.

And then he came through the front door of our old house at Heckmondwike, And it was not Dad. It was a tall man with fair hair, bundled up in a big fur coat with a white fur collar. I thought he might be some film star whose name I could not remember.

I think it was G♂B, He was a tall man with fair hair and the last time I saw him he was bundled up in a sheepskin coat.

I felt ill all that day (Jan 14) and on 15th his wife J♀ texted me at 7.45am to say G♂B had died.

G♂B died Jan 10, 2011. I met him and his wife J♀ when I began looking after their dog while they were away. I had no idea G♂B was dying, they never told me. Janet McLardy is a friend whose driving is so manic that I in the end refused ever to set foot in her car again. So if we are ‘going together’ that means one day I will be mad enough to get in her car. I am sure I won’t! Her appearance in the dream may also be as a ‘standin’ for the other J♀ - G♂B’s wife. Dreams play tricks like that.

30 Jan 2011

Stephen Holbrook dream

I dreamed I was with Stephen Holbrook (*Spirit Medium*). We were at one of his gatherings. He put his arm round me and said,

“We would like you to stay over Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday nights.” I thought he wanted me to give tarot readings, but when I spoke to him again he said, “No, we are having a Spirit Development Circle and we want you to join us.” Naturally, I felt very honoured. Then it appeared we were in his kitchen, it was in an old-fashioned kitchen, very big, like in the olden times with a big wooden table in the middle and an old black range at one end, and chintzy curtains. He mentioned his dog, and I asked if I could bring Benji, but he did not want this, and I realised that we would not want any distractions. He was wanting me to sleep over, but I was thinking it was not too far

away and it would be worth it for me to get a taxi home each night, but then I thought, no he wants me there for the whole shared experience with the other people, and I must not miss that.

Friday 4 Feb 2011

More death dreams

Dreamed I was in a kind of reception centre place, I was not a refugee, but all I had was a suitcase. I did not feel deprived or that I was lost or distressed, but knew I was 'in transit'. I remember sleeping in a large communal bed but this did not worry me either, though I felt I wanted to get up in the night and walk about but thought it was not allowed.

In the morning one of the workers was telling someone off for expecting to be waited on (or looked after) saying,

"You do everything for yourself here, you are free to come and go." I was very pleased to hear this, knowing that I had total freedom, I could wander about in the night if I wanted, and come and go. I was talking to a woman behind the desk who was a bit abrupt but polite and I was very courteous, though her manner annoyed me. As I turned to go I asked her name 'as it is rude to speak to you without using your name'. She said,

"My name is Miss Miss," and I looked at her. It sounded like when we were kids in infant school, holding up our hands and going "Miss! Miss!" Then she leaned over and took my hand. She said,

"My name is Chichen Wych," but she pronounced it "Shee-sheen Weesh." It sounded so strange, I repeated it after her. She said, "And I will personally kill you if you tell anyone."

Then I was on my bike, travelling somewhere. My whole belongings were in my pannier bags. As I came to a stile like those we have on the canal, a metal 'A' shape, some rough looking men were also approaching from the other side. I was already about to go through, but instead of holding back, the front one pushed his bike right through and into me. He was holding something like a garden fork, but it only had two prongs, and he pushed this into the centre of my spokes and twisted them. He was laughing. He then came round and did the same to the back wheel.

Back in the reception centre, a printed paper lay on a table. It had a drawing of a black object, and it said, "the black ones which itch are the worst" and then there was a music hall song about a woman who had one of these black spots on her body. The last line was, "and it didn't trouble her long." Someone explained that it meant she had it removed and it was not cancerous, but I thought it meant it didn't trouble her long because she died.

approx 6 Feb 2011

**Baby donkey
dream**

I was in a street in a town. It was sunny. The houses and shops opened directly onto the pavement, and there were plenty of people about. The buildings were colourwashed in pastel colours, so it could have been a town in Ireland. The street was not a broad one, I was walking up the right hand side in front of the shops, and opposite on the other side was a green space, where there were donkeys running about. I crossed the road and one of the donkeys came running up to me and was very friendly. It wanted to go with me, so I picked it up and tucked it under my arm, it had a round fat tummy so I knew it was a baby. I carried it with me the rest of the dream.

I was looking for a particular house which I had booked to stay in for a holiday, but I had to search very carefully among the buildings - I had been there before but knew it was difficult to spot. There were other people with me but I do not know who they were. We got to the end of the street so I knew we had missed the house somehow. There were some builders working in a yard and I was asking them where the house was but they did not understand me at all. We returned carefully down the street searching again. I don't remember now (some time later) if we found it, but I do not think so.

12 February 2011 - Wolf's 56th birthday

**Old-fashioned
market dream**

I dreamed last night I was in an open place where there were a lot of people. I was sitting on a wooden bench and I had my new little (*netbook*) computer with me and was trying to fit some extra memory into it. Someone had brought me a card with all little bits attached, they were very fiddly and each one had to be fitted to the machine. They kept falling off the card and I was worried I would lose them. So I got up to go and see if someone would give me a paper bag to put the bits in.

When I stood up I saw that I was surrounded by a lively, old-fashioned kind of market, with canvas stalls. I wandered around, fascinated, then wandered into this large stall with beautiful clothes hanging all around. There was an assistant there, a tall girl with reddish hair. She was well spoken and was treating me respectfully and talking to me as if I were someone important. Then another assistant brought out this beautiful ethnic gown and spread it out for me to look at. It was natural cotton, unbleached, with small bright designs painted all over it. It took my breath away. it was very full with long sleeves. Then they presented me with it. I felt so special!

I felt this was Wolf's birthday gift to me, and when I later saw something similar on ebay, I bought it.

5 March 2011

**Old friend
dream**

I dreamed last night of J♂D. I was walking down a darkened street with Diana, and there were a group of people coming towards us. A man, a woman, I think there was someone pushing a pram, and some younger people. We joined up with them and Diana was talking to one of the women who was apparently her friend. Then I realised the older man was J♂D, but much changed. I did not acknowledge him, as he has never been in touch since he married his second wife, who I believe objected to his friendship with me. I did not know if he would want me to acknowledge him. I wanted to ask if he was still with the wife. Then later as we were all still walking along I heard him talking behind me, and thought, now that is the old J♂D I recognise, I love his voice (and he is a lovely singer). Then I was aware he was pushing a wheelchair, which he brought behind me and pushed it against the back of my legs and I sat in it. He then laid his cheek on my hair and sang some song which said "I love you". I knew I never 'loved' him, not in that way, and could not say that to him. Instead, I said,

"I miss you. You were the best friend I ever had"

J♂D figures in a lot of the dreams in the first part of this Dream Diary. He was the chap who initiated me into wicca and one of the best friends I ever had - in spite of being a trickster figure. He may have passed, but it may also be to do with the girl I saw in the pet shop yesterday. I was convinced she was one of his offspring, though by her age she would have to be a granddaughter. She had the trademark red, wild hair which his original wife had. I never dreamed of J♂D in the years he has been gone from my life, so I don't know what may have happened. Dinah/Diana is my daughter.

12 March Sat 2011

Sugar dream

Night of Friday 11 (! - 11 was always significant to her!) I dreamed of Sugar. She phoned me. I heard an American voice on the phone so I said, "Is it Sugar?" I could not hear her properly though her voice was loud and strong. I turned one radio off and then found another was on. I got no message from her.

Saturday morning on radio there were two references to Sugar on the Sandy Toksvig travel programme:

1. "Sugar Loaf Mountain".
2. "Sugar Ray Robinson".

V strange. Wonder what her problem is?

Sugar: the Cuban woman from Miami who lived with us for ten months.

night of 30 April 2011

Louis dream

*Louis: Maud's dog;
Crossflatts, where I lived
in the Brook St house*

There were two dreams, or one dream was crossing into the other. Didn't remember the other until speaking to my mother this morning on phone and she mentioned her sister - and I remembered that in the dream Auntie Edith was trying to reach me by phone. Three times I was told, "your Auntie Edith phoned wanting to speak to you". The third time I went to the phone to talk to her, then I stood looking at the woman holding the phone and said, "But my Auntie Edith is dead."

The main dream was about Louis. In the dream he did not belong to Maud, but to Y♀ (lives at the back of my old allotment). I watched Y♀ getting off a bus at Crossflatts, and she called to Louis to follow her, but she called him "Pally". I saw her do this twice, she did not take care of him or pay any attention to him. The second time Louis almost did not get off the bus in time. Although I was on the other side of the road, so could not possibly have seen what I did, I saw that he had run to the front of the bus and was sniffing something. At this point he had turned into Lady. I called sharply to him, "Louis, come on!" as the bus driver was about to drive away. He only just got off in time.

*Lady: dog belonging
to J♀B and G♂B*

Then it appeared Y♀ had lost him. I went to her house and asked did she report it to the police, no she had not. I got a pen and paper and wrote a description of Louis. I then asked her for her last name, and she did not want to give it. She kept wandering off and seemed distracted and not at all interested in finding Louis. I was getting frantic about it. Then the door opened and a small white dog ran in - at first I was so relieved as I thought it was Louis, but it was another dog with a tail that curled around onto its back - a Pomeranian was suggested. The damn woman had simply gone and got another dog! I said to her we must still find Louis and that if she did not want to keep both dogs I would help look after him, or take him off her hands.

It came to no firm conclusion. I wonder if in the dream I was substituting Louis for Maud, as she told me two days ago that the swelling on her neck is cancer, and I am worried about losing her.

May2 - last night I dreamed I was back from Walsingham and I had been nowhere except to go walking and had not been to any of the shrines or holy places.

*There would be worry about Maud's condition and what would happen to her dog. For Crossflatts to come in a dream is always a bad sign - see next dream. **Walsingham:** the day I met Maud on the canal and she told me it was C, I had just booked to go for a quick visit to Walsingham. I had also booked my 'journey down the Rhine' tickets. I remember thinking I was glad I had booked this, as given the circumstances, I would never have done so after hearing the news.*

14 May 2011

**Brook Street
dream**

Should have known when it was the house in Brook Street that it would be bad, but seemingly in the dream didn't realise this. Wolf and I went to the house, we needed somewhere to go and though it was not good, it belonged to me and it was a refuge. We moved in and got it cleaned up real nice. I was saying to him there was not room for all our things. Then when we were straight I said to him that we would have to buy a carpet for downstairs, "and possibly," I said, "for upstairs." I then went upstairs to check it out. So far we had not been above the ground floor. When I got upstairs I was shocked. There were all sorts of people living up there. Logically, the space was too small for all those people to fit in, but it had opened out and was vaster. I thought that someone had taken down all the upstairs walls that separated all the houses in the street, and turned it into one big space. These people were not nice, they were kind of down and out, but in a louche, Sedan café kind of way, so that they had a glamour about them. So I was both drawn to them, but also did not want them there. There was even a restaurant up there! The first thing I had seen on going up the stairs was that there were a series of 'bedrooms' but they were makeshift and had only curtains between them.

I went back down to Wolfram and told him to come up and see what I had seen. It was incredible. While we were up there (and he was joining in with the people, as he would) I realised how very unsafe our possessions were - these people had nothing, they were thieves and criminals, living on the edges of society, and they would go through our stuff and pilfer what they wanted. Our door was at the bottom of the stairs, so they must all pass it on the way out, and it had no separate lock. I said to Wolfram that we must get one.

Then somehow we were sitting outside in a big garden with picnic benches, and it was getting dusk. Then I realised we had left our stuff unguarded, full of anxiety I wanted to go back. We went in our room and I was checking all my important stuff - and now instead of the neat room we had, everything was in boxes and suitcases and in a mess. I looked for my new netbook and it was gone. I felt so upset and so powerless. But I went storming upstairs. They were all in the café

and as well as the café there was now also a pub. I shouted out to them and said that I wanted my netbook back. I knew they had taken it and I wanted it back. There was no response to this so I thought what can I threaten them with. I then shouted that I owned this house and that if my netbook was not returned I would turn everyone out and close the place down. Still it was not returned, and then I came to a scene where the place had been emptied, and I was so upset and sad to see all the beautiful life of these people gone. And I had done it.

As they were leaving, I tried to explain to one of them how much my netbook meant to me, how I had no money, had never had money, and it was very difficult for me to get things like that, and I never got anything without really thinking about it and being convinced that it was necessary. At first he did not want to listen to me, I had said I owned the house, hadn't I, so I must be rich. I did feel after a while that I was getting through to him, he said he would listen, though he had an air of not wanting to believe.

Anyway, I did not get my stuff back and they all lost their homes.

I suppose the moral of that is, you can't get what you want by getting on your high horse and threatening people. You have to get their co-operation some other way.

Brook Street: where I lived with my first husband - a cursed place.

Sedan Café: on my first attempt at solo bicycle ride on continent in 2009, I discovered a wonderful café in Sedan, full of louche but exciting characters. It had an extraordinary effect on me, I wanted to be part of them, to stay there and share their lives. There was one man who looked like Alexei Sayle, who danced like a dream in spite of his weight, and who kept looking at me. I felt sexual attraction and wanted to be with him. It was mad, and I knew it.

6th August 2011

Flying dinosaur dream

see notes at end of section for more information

Weird dream last night. I was standing in my house with Wolfram: it was not this house but the room we were in was this one (office). We were standing at the window and we saw a flying dinosaur - about the size of a pelican - the name given me in the dream was velociraptor, but I looked that up and it doesn't have wings. This had a big head and a very long sharp beak. Wolfram was intrigued with it and began making faces at it and waving his arms to annoy it (he was like that) and it turned and flew towards us. This did not make him give up. It flew straight at the window and its beak pierced the glass, making a hole. It made about three of these holes. Then it saw a small bird sitting on a bush and it speared the poor bird with its beak. Then it sat back on its haunches - it had

turned into a cheetah-like creature and was holding the bird in its paws and had a grinning mouth full of teeth. It seemed able to change back and forth between these two creatures at will. I felt it was extremely dangerous and could get in the house through the holes it had made, so I persuaded Wolfram we should leave the room and shut the room door behind us.

Then we went downstairs and opened the door and I saw the house was in a field with open space around. People were coming towards us and I was supposed to have made food for them, but hadn't. Then Libby came and she was carrying trayfuls of beautiful food and cakes, which she had made for us and the people. There was more but I only remember fragments - A♂L, a friend I haven't seen for a long time, was holding a pane of glass and saying he was going to repair the window. I felt I had to warn all these people about the velociraptor, but I could not get them to listen. I kept lining them up outside the house and saying they had to listen to me before they went in. But they were too busy talking to each other. If any of them did listen, they dismissed it as imagination.

Libby: friend who lives on a canal boat. A♂L: initiated by me, now organises pagan festivals. Some days afterwards, I was thinking about this dream, and how Wolfram is so often with me in dreams, and I felt sure that he is always there, even when I don't know it, and then I received the message that this is so, and it is because we are now merged. We don't have to wait until after my death. And maybe this was why he 'wasn't there' on the holiday this year, when he had been so vividly present the year before - because he had been present in me.

Night of 3 October 2011

Wolf dead dream

I dreamed this the night before going to see Stephen Holbrook at Keighley on Oct 4.

I dreamed that I had been given a new allotment and was very excited about it. It was not on Swinden, our regular allotment site, but on another site, which already existed in an earlier dream I had, when we were granted an extra allotment there. I went to see it, and was pleased to see it was in a better part of the site than the other had been - the former was higher up, more exposed. This one was near the main entrance, there were tree-lined paths, so there was shelter and shade. There was a 'shed' on the plot, but it was more like a fancy summer house than a true shed. I remember sitting in it, and something occurred there, which I cannot remember now as I am very late in writing up this dream and it is now 31 October.

Wolf was not at home, he was out doing a job somewhere with Steve Laycock, and I went to where they were to tell him about it. He

was delighted we got this plot, and I told him the lower part was on a slope, and would need some of the soil digging away, moving and then terracing. I asked would he be able to do that. He said yes he would and I went home feeling happy.

I was getting a meal ready and waiting for him to come home. He did not come. I decided to ring him and ask him to hurry up as dinner was going to be ready. The phone kept ringing and he did not answer.

Then I heard a voice inside me saying, "No, he cannot come because he is not there - he is dead."

This was a horrible shock. I had never had this sense of him being dead in a dream before. He is always alive. I woke up with a terrible sense of loss.

Stephen Holbrook: spirit medium. Steve Laycock, close friend of Wolfram.

13 Feb 2012

Chinese nightmare

I had such strange dreams last night.

I woke up out of a nightmare at 4.40am. Simply terrible. It was a Chinese Army and in the middle of a town or city, like in a shopping centre. The Chinese were all in black uniforms and were drawn up in formations like an attacking force. There were people (English) running everywhere and panicking. Then the Chinese were picking out people at random, those whom they noticed had 'stepped out of line' in some way, and were beheading them. The people doing the beheading were dressed in ancient Chinese clothes, and had curved axes on long poles, whereas the rest were in military dress. Then in another scene they were seizing workmen and 'testing' their tools - they must contain only metal - if their equipment detected any plastic the workman was beheaded. I heard the screams and saw the people dragged off. I knew their heads were cut off because I saw the blood gushing across the stone flags, though I would not look. I was terrified. There was even joking about the beheadings from a 'panel' of judges sitting on the right of the picture. I heard the Chinese 'tester' say 'three screwdrivers with plastic handles' and as the executioners began dragging away the screaming prisoner, one of the panel said 'Get ahead!'.

Then I was lying on the floor among a huge crush of people. We all had guns, small pistols and had to hold them high above us and at arms' length, though we must not press the trigger. The Chinese were haranguing us and this pointing of the pistols was some sort of tribute to some general, though I could see nothing, being flat on the ground on my stomach. A man was on my left side, slightly ahead of me, and I was leaning on him and he was whispering to me to keep the gun

held high as they were looking for signs of anyone not being totally devout. I was tired and wanted to fall asleep. That was the end.

When I woke in terror and thought about it, there had been another dream first. This was about plants, gardening and planting. I had a lot of small plants and cuttings which needed attention. I had a list in my hand and I was saying what needed to be done. Then I said, "I must do nothing else tomorrow except gardening". Then I said, "There is no time for anything else, it might take three days to get through all this."

Explanation

I can see the connections. I was upset two days ago by seeing (for the second time) strange people walking in my old allotment, which I gave to H♀. All winter I have not seen H♀. I felt such pain in my heart at seeing strangers on 'my land'. Wolf and I tended that land for almost 20 years, and I built up every scrap of that fertile soil, and I barrowed in seven tons of old brick to build the raised beds. I never asked H♀ for a penny. I could not put a price on all that love and care. I could not believe that H♀ would let my land go to another person without first asking me if I wanted it back.

Re the Chinese, I was disturbed to hear yesterday that our Gov, or the European Union, has asked the Chinese to help with the European financial crisis. I simply cannot believe that they would do this. It is incalculable what the Chinese will ask in return. What will be the position of the Dalai Lama? Then a later news bulletin said the Chinese people were angry that their Gov would consider helping us - we are the 'rich' west - while they have nothing. I was afraid of their anger. The dream obviously had echoes of Tienanmen Square. The Chinese are ruthless. We cannot place ourselves in a position of dependence on them.

The pistols came from the video a friend sent yesterday, about a Dad shooting his teenage daughter's laptop. I found this man and his demeanour sinister, and wrote my friend that I did not like him. The pistols we all held were the same as he had. Colt 45.

post script: H♀ has not left allotments at time of writing!

Notes on 'Flying Dinosaur' dream

I submitted this dream to Carla Young (pseudonym) through her website 'The Daily Dreamer' - <http://youngandjung.blogspot.co.uk/>.

Below I give her analysis and my response.

In this guest dream, Firequeen faces grief at the loss of her husband. Death appears as a swift raptor, a cheetah that cheats her of her beloved. The dream triggers a powerful transformation: By facing her pain in the dream, healing can begin.

Carla's interpretation: The dreamer has shared some facts from her life that I take into account as I interpret her dream as if it were my own. I am standing in my house (my self) with my husband Wolfram, who in waking life died unexpectedly in 2006. We are in the office, which is the dream's way of telling me that I have some work to do. The window I look through represents my view of things, and the creature that I see tells me what I need to work on. I see a dinosaur, which has mythic elements for me, reminding me of a fairytale dragon (something to be conquered), but this dinosaur is very particular—it's a velociraptor, a word that literally means *swift seizer*. My husband was swiftly seized by death, and the dream is helping me deal with my feelings around this tragedy. The dinosaur breaks the glass: my husband's death has been a shattering experience. My soul (the bird) is held in this fearsome event, and I feel cheated (the Cheetah). I have tried not to look at this painful reality. (I persuade Wolfram we should leave the room and shut the door behind us.)

Yet having experienced the pain and fear of my loss in the dream space, I begin to heal. I go to the door (a threshold, the demarcation between one state and another), leaving the painful part of my inner world to enter the open space of a field. My world view is opening up. Because of my suffering I hadn't been able to nourish my friendships (make food for my friends), but my friend Libby (the part of me that is now ready to interact and give to others) has provided enough for all. The Adrian part of me (a part that has been gone for a while) will repair my shattered heart (the glass pane "pain").

My dream shows me how I have progressed through my grief, but also warns me not to forget the life lessons I have learned, even though there are parts of me that don't want to know as well as people in waking life who refuse to accept the difficulty of dealing with death (the people who ignore my warnings about the swift seizer). As I can see from my thoughts a few days later, my spiritual beliefs were activated by the dream and console me with the realization that my love and I

have merged: he lives on through me—in real time. Wolfram is not lost to me.

My online response to Carla's analysis:

This dream had been a complete mystery to me. When Carla told me she had posted it, I thought, how exciting! But I was unprepared for the profound effect her interpretation was to have on me. It was like a rock collector who comes upon a fossil accretion - first it is a sealed, round entity, giving nothing away. When he cracks it open, all sorts of mysteries are revealed.

First, I had no idea that this dream was dealing with the physical death of my husband, which I had indeed sealed off. I was blown away by Carla's description of the velociraptor as swift seizer. Wolfram was taken suddenly, without warning. But it puzzled me why such a primitive creature should appear in my dream - I have no history of interest in dinosaurs, or dragons. I think now it signified the deep primeval quality of our love - which for all I know has stretched back to the dawn of time - in various incarnations.

The three piercings of the window I see now as the three years of pain I endured when he left me, followed by his death - the spearing of the bird which Carla identifies as my soul. And the cheetah has cheated me of his presence. Although parted, we were working on getting back together, and we were almost there. I think of the office (which Carla sees as 'work to be done') as our enclosed space where we shared our thoughts and information, and it could be operating now as a 'communications centre' between this world and the next.

I was also puzzled as to why (in the dream) I thought shutting the door on the room would prevent the velociraptor getting into the house - and yet opened the back door. Conscious thought says it could have flown around the house, but in the dream this did not appear to be a problem. As Carla says, these are two parts of the whole, and not connected. My loss of Wolfram is sealed and confined to that one room, while the opening of the door on the sunny field represents my wish to continue living in the light.

At the news of his death - which came by telephone - he had gone the previous year to make a fresh start in Killarney, where I had visited him some months before - I felt a giant clamp descend from the sky, it went down through my head and straight to my gut, where it firmly clamped everything up tight. I never expressed pain or grief - I had

grieved enough during those three painful years. And at his funeral in that wonderful Irish town, packed with friends he had made during his short time there, everyone came up to me and said, "Your husband told me that his one regret in life was leaving you, and that all he wanted was for you to be together again". So in his death I received great healing, and I had already learnt to live without him.

The two people in the dream - Libby is a symbol of the Earth Mother - she lives on a boat with her partner and seven children, and is a supremely happy Being - she lifts my spirits every time I see her. Adrian is part of my pagan heritage - I have known him from a young man, and initiated him in the craft. Libby came to feed and nurture my wounded spirit, and Adrian came to 'heal the pain' - he carried the pane of glass to mend the window. In the real world, he was a help to me after Wolfram left, as he asked me to help him with some work which occupied me at a crucial time.

I can't thank Carla enough for cracking open the secrets of this dream. I was deeply, profoundly moved on reading what she had written, and tears were in my eyes as I wrote her a preliminary note of thanks. It has taken me all this time to collect my thoughts enough to write a coherent response. She is a truly remarkable woman.

Comment

It impresses me that Carla, who knew nothing about me, could get such insights into the meaning of the dream. When I think of all the dreams in this book, how wonderful it would be to receive similar insights and understanding into all of them!

THE END

APPENDIX I - Chronological list of dreams

1984

Nuclear war 13

1985

George Melly 13

God 14

Moscow 14

Dirty clothes 15

Kali 15

Two lovers 16

Sorting the past 16

Mystery husband 17

Teeth 17

Reward for past effort 17

Marriage 18

Wedding ring 19

Prophetic 19

Waking in terror 20

Terror dream repeat 21

Ill child 21

Heart alteration 21

Trapped underground 22

Premonition of death 23

Second premonition 23

Holy Spirit 23

Gypsy 24

Lesbian 25

Lover's wife 25

Past lover 27

Waking into a dream 28

Nuclear war 29

Guided meditation 30

Vampire 31

Alan Godfrey's dream 31

Unhelpful friend 32

False friend 33

Spiritual friends 33

Brass band 34

Spirit dream sequence 34

Ex-lover does well 37

Tiger 38

Astonishingly clever pig 38

In a boat 39

Living in different time 39

Violets 40

Dream Recall 41

Indian child 41

Money for sex 41

No power in voice 41

Childhood home 41

Erotic ex-lover 42

Ancient Egypt 42

Lesbian 43

Spiders 43

Biggest Spider 43

Feelings of having killed

someone 43

Dream within a dream 44

Omens 44

Telephone in dream 44

Bad people 44

Bad feelings 45

Poet lover 45

Telephone dream 45

1986

Devil 46

Roy Fisher's dream 47

Reincarnation 47

Temple naming 48

Temple 48

Phone goes for a walk 48

Dead wife 49

Snake 50

Dream repeated twice 50

Book 51

Looking for Briggs 52

Payment for work done 52

Dead men's clothes 53

Lost children 53

Diana's dream 54

1989

Descent into darkness 54

Ex-lover 55

Fighting evil spirit 55

Wolfram to the rescue 56

<i>Walsingham</i>	56	<i>Horses</i>	97
<i>Wolfram's castle</i>	56	2008	
<i>Swimming pool</i>	57	<i>Margaret & Fergus</i>	
<i>Leg paralysis</i>	57	<i>wedding</i>	98
<i>Neglected animals</i>	57	<i>Wolfram's wonderful</i>	
<i>Gorilla animus</i>	57	<i>machine</i>	100
<i>Animus II</i>	58	<i>Bat</i>	101
<i>Old Man & his garden</i>	59	2009	
1991		<i>Buddha</i>	101
<i>A special house</i>	61	<i>Grizzly bear</i>	103
<i>Burning brazier</i>	62	<i>Carrying a fish</i>	104
<i>Shadow (Aztec)</i>	63	<i>Youth hostel</i>	104
1992		<i>Wolfram in bed</i>	105
<i>Working with Aztec</i>	64	<i>Wolfram's mother and the</i>	
<i>Huehuetotl</i>	64	<i>painting</i>	106
<i>Jaguar</i>	64	<i>Wolfram plays tricks</i>	107
<i>Priests</i>	64	<i>Sun and Moon</i>	107
<i>Venus calendar</i>	65	<i>Rose that grew too tall</i>	
<i>Lost in the underworld</i>	65		107
<i>Fear of blind people</i>	67	<i>Me on a motorbike</i>	108
<i>Lost in Scotland</i>	67	<i>Polish bus driver</i>	109
<i>Dream lover</i>	68	<i>Spirits of the Ancestors/</i>	
<i>Three seated figures</i>	70	<i>Bats</i>	109
<i>Australia</i>	70	<i>Clock that turns into a</i>	
1993		<i>book</i>	111
<i>Spiral of time</i>	71	<i>Burnt images of people</i>	
<i>Past lover</i>	72		112
<i>Repulsive old man</i>	73	<i>Argentina & Ireland</i>	112
<i>Elementals</i>	74	<i>Wolfram's kiss</i>	113
<i>New clothes</i>	76	<i>Threading needles</i>	115
<i>Candle ceremony</i>	79	2010	
1995		<i>Dreams when ill</i>	115
<i>Three changing dreams</i>	83	<i>Pluto boy</i>	116
<i>Constellations</i>	84	<i>Geraldine's house</i>	116
<i>Underworld</i>	85	<i>Getting off a train</i>	117
<i>Filth behind the facade</i>	88	<i>hsw</i>	118
<i>Past lover</i>	90	<i>Attack with chip pan</i>	118
<i>Saturn</i>	91	<i>Dirty water</i>	119
<i>Brook Street</i>	92	<i>Carrying mother's coffin</i>	
<i>White Dove</i>	93		119
<i>Five women</i>	94	<i>In a strange country</i>	120
2007		<i>A bit on the blind side</i>	121
<i>Friend in America</i>	97	<i>Owls of ill omen</i>	122
		<i>Council house</i>	123

<i>With father in garden</i>	124
<i>Floating</i>	124
<i>Neglected child</i>	125
<i>Transition</i>	126
<i>Baby elephant</i>	129
<i>Wolfram and a new flat</i>	129
<i>On a bus to Preston</i>	131

2011

<i>Dreams about death</i>	131
<i>Stephen Holbrook</i>	133
<i>More death dreams</i>	134
<i>Baby donkey</i>	135
<i>Oldfashioned market</i>	135
<i>Old friend</i>	136
<i>Sugar</i>	136
<i>Louis</i>	137
<i>Brook Street</i>	138
<i>Flying dinosaur</i>	139
<i>Wolfram dead</i>	140
<i>Chinese nightmare</i>	141
<i>Carla Young's analysis of Flying</i>	
<i>Dinosaur dream</i>	143

APPENDIX II - Alphabetical list of dreams

A

<i>A bit on the blind side</i>	121
<i>A special house</i>	61
<i>Alan Godfrey's dream</i>	31
<i>Analysis</i>	143
<i>Ancient Egypt</i>	42
<i>Animus II</i>	58
<i>Argentina & Ireland</i>	112
<i>Astonishingly clever pig</i>	38
<i>Attack with chip pan</i>	118
<i>Australia</i>	70
<i>Aztec</i>	63

B

<i>Baby donkey</i>	135
<i>Baby elephant</i>	129
<i>Bad people</i>	44
<i>Bad feelings</i>	45
<i>Bat</i>	101
<i>Bats</i>	109
<i>Biggest Spider</i>	43
<i>Book</i>	51
<i>Brass band</i>	34
<i>Brook Street I</i>	92
<i>Brook Street II</i>	138
<i>Buddha</i>	101
<i>Burning brazier</i>	62
<i>Burnt images</i>	112

C

<i>Candle ceremony</i>	79
<i>Carrying a coffin</i>	119
<i>Carrying a fish</i>	104
<i>Changing dreams</i>	83
<i>Childhood home</i>	41
<i>Chinese nightmare</i>	141
<i>Clock turns into book</i>	111
<i>Constellations</i>	84
<i>Council house</i>	123

D

<i>Dead men's clothes</i>	53
<i>Dead wife</i>	49

<i>Descent into darkness</i>	54
<i>Devil</i>	46
<i>Diana's dream</i>	54
<i>Dirty clothes</i>	15
<i>Dirty water</i>	119
<i>Dream lover</i>	68
<i>Dream Recall</i>	41
<i>Dream repeated twice</i>	50
<i>Dream within a dream</i>	44
<i>Dreams about death I</i>	131
<i>Dreams about death II</i>	134
<i>Dreams when ill</i>	115

E

<i>Elementals</i>	74
<i>Erotic ex-lover</i>	42
<i>Ex-lover</i>	55
<i>Ex-lover does well</i>	37

F

<i>False friend</i>	33
<i>Fear of blind people</i>	67
<i>Feelings of having killed someone</i>	43
<i>Fighting evil spirit</i>	55
<i>Filth behind the facade</i>	88
<i>Five women</i>	94
<i>Floating</i>	124
<i>Flying dinosaur</i>	139
<i>Flying d. analysis</i>	143
<i>Friend in America</i>	97

G

<i>George Melly</i>	13
<i>Geraldine's house</i>	116
<i>Getting off a train</i>	117
<i>God</i>	14
<i>Gorilla animus</i>	57
<i>Grizzly bear</i>	103
<i>Guided meditation</i>	30

H

<i>Heart alteration</i>	21
<i>Holy Spirit</i>	23
<i>Horses</i>	97
<i>hsw</i>	118
<i>Huehueteotl</i>	64

I			P	
<i>Ill child</i>	21		<i>Past lover I</i>	27
<i>In a boat</i>	39		<i>Past lover II</i>	72
<i>In a strange country</i>	120		<i>Past lover III</i>	90
<i>Indian child</i>	41		<i>Payment for work done</i>	52
J			<i>Phone goes for a walk</i>	48
<i>Jaguar</i>	64		<i>Pluto boy</i>	116
K			<i>Poet lover</i>	45
<i>Kali</i>	15		<i>Polish bus driver</i>	109
L			<i>Premonition of death</i>	23
<i>Leg paralysis</i>	57		<i>Priests</i>	64
<i>Lesbian I</i>	25		<i>Prophetic</i>	19
<i>Lesbian II</i>	43		R	
<i>Living in different time</i>	39		<i>Reincarnation</i>	47
<i>Looking for Briggs</i>	52		<i>Repulsive old man</i>	73
<i>Lost children</i>	53		<i>Rose that grew too tall</i>	107
<i>Lost in Scotland</i>	67		<i>Roy Fisher's dream</i>	47
<i>Lost in the underworld</i>	65		<i>Reward for past effort</i>	17
<i>Louis (dog)</i>	137		S	
<i>Lover's wife</i>	25		<i>Saturn</i>	91
M			<i>Second premonition</i>	23
<i>Margaret & Fergus</i>			<i>Shadow (Aztec)</i>	63
<i>wedding</i>	98		<i>Snake</i>	50
<i>Marriage</i>	18		<i>Sorting the past</i>	16
<i>Me on a motorbike</i>	108		<i>Special house</i>	61
<i>Money for sex</i>	41		<i>Spiders</i>	43
<i>More death dreams</i>	134		<i>Spiral of time</i>	71
<i>Moscow</i>	14		<i>Spirit dream sequence</i>	34
<i>Mystery husband</i>	17		<i>Spirits of the Ancestors</i>	109
N			<i>Spiritual friends</i>	33
<i>Neglected animals</i>	57		<i>Stephen Holbrook</i>	133
<i>Neglected child</i>	125		<i>Sugar</i>	136
<i>New clothes</i>	76		<i>Sun and Moon</i>	107
<i>No power in voice</i>	41		<i>Swimming pool</i>	57
<i>Nuclear war I</i>	13		T	
<i>Nuclear war II</i>	29		<i>Teeth</i>	17
O			<i>Telephone dream</i>	45
<i>Old friend</i>	136		<i>Telephone in dream</i>	44
<i>Old Man & his garden</i>	59		<i>Temple</i>	48
<i>Oldfashioned market</i>	135		<i>Temple naming</i>	48
<i>Omens</i>	44		<i>Terror dream repeat</i>	21
<i>On a bus to Preston</i>	131		<i>Threading needles</i>	115
<i>Owls of ill omen</i>	122		<i>Three changing dreams</i>	83
			<i>Three seated figures</i>	70

<i>Tiger</i>	38
<i>Transition</i>	126
<i>Trapped underground</i>	22
<i>Two lovers</i>	16
U	
<i>Underworld</i>	85
<i>Unhelpful friend</i>	32
V	
<i>Vampire</i>	31
<i>Venus calendar</i>	65
<i>Violets</i>	40
W	
<i>Waking in terror</i>	20
<i>Waking into a dream</i>	28
<i>Walsingham</i>	56
<i>Wedding</i>	97
<i>Wedding ring</i>	19
<i>White Dove</i>	93
<i>With father in garden</i>	124
<i>Wolfram and new flat</i>	129
<i>Wolfram dead</i>	140
<i>Wolfram in bed</i>	105
<i>Wolfram plays tricks</i>	107
<i>Wolfram to the rescue</i>	56
<i>Wolfram's castle</i>	56
<i>Wolfram's kiss</i>	113
<i>Wolfram's mother and the painting</i>	106
<i>Wolfram's wonderful machine</i>	100
<i>Working with Aztec</i>	64
<i>Youth hostel</i>	104