



# A DREAM SUITE

## JAMPA DORJE



KAPALA PRESS



quicker than a line of tiles along a wall  
it's all I remember of my morning dream.

THE ELEVENTH HOLY NIGHT (Jan. 4-5):

A box within a box, a scene within a scene, cast in the role of a detective in the year 1000 CE. Sitting on a bench meditating on the ontological situation, the paradox of watching myself move past my eyes, the events real or imagined in multiple narratives arising and dissolving from emptiness into emptiness, feeling "real."

Walking through a "dream" into an awake state called "reality," as though I am an ant walking across the face of this book ---- [ ] → and onto the table top again.

Reality like lying down and resting in the dream flow or the dream into the reality flow.

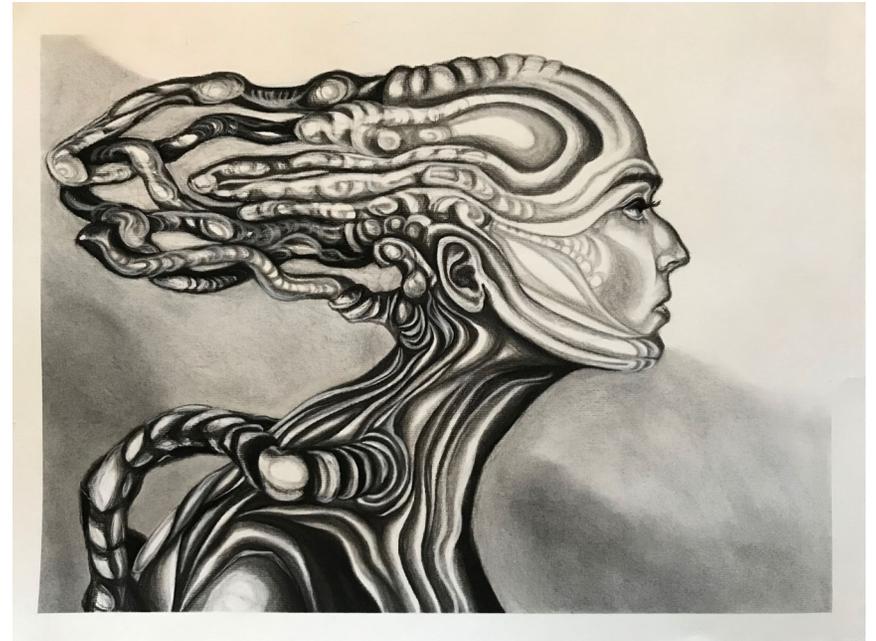
Dreams, a miniature world, getting larger in real time but more shadowy.

Writing down a dream is to chop a block into time bits - fragments of blissful thisness.

The "tension" of being "taught" that I can rest in mystic completion.

THE TWELFTH HOLY NIGHT (Jan. 5-6):

Dawn. Moving stills, motion stills, still in motion, moving pictures of still photos of mountain tops and many rivers.



## A DREAM SUITE

JAMPA DORJE

KAPALA PRESS 2019 ELLENSBURG

Cover painting and title page drawing by

Hannah Gunderson.

Watercolors by the author.



KAPALA PRESS

[www.kapalapress.net](http://www.kapalapress.net)

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

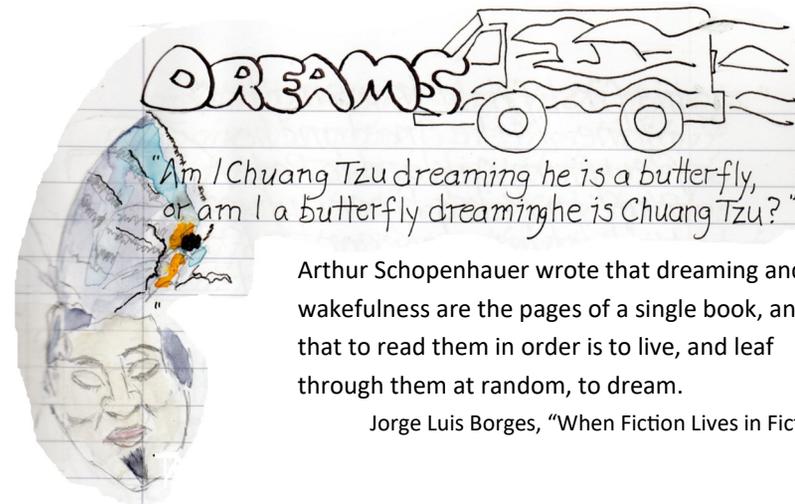
that is held by the Vietnamese Army. The Head of Intelligence is my friend. He is in control of operations. I have been in prison—tortured—and have been just released for lunch. My friend and I sit side by side at school desks, watching people come and go, some on foot and some on bikes or in cars. We are at the entrance of a park. The atmosphere is very soothing. We have a mysterious connection to this park and discuss ways it can be preserved. We board a helio copter and fly over an area devastated by war, on the outskirts of Paris. Along the River Thames (which should be running through London) there are piles of rubble, then our park. I see my son, Theo, on an inner tube on the river. My friend, General Giap, says that he respects Theo because he hasn't collaborated in the war but "kept on cooking," although he is a heavy drinker, and although he disapproves of that, he understands. While flying over this wasteland I tell my friend that the government should invest (divert) funds to improve the edges of the East Bank because our park is the entrance to the city and it seems important to give good first impressions.

A pan of oil named "Mike"  seems like it should be able to get somewhere.

out in pain, backs up, takes the baby from its mother's arms and smashes its head against the fender of a car parked outside the cabin. The two white men flee, but one is shot by an Indian riding by on a horse and the other is shot by an Indian on foot from a long distance. That Indian is wearing a white trenchcoat and is engulfed in blazing light. The black man, his wife & child move into a field of ice. I'm on iceskates, and the tracks my skates make are Tibetan seed syllables འཕྲེལ་མེད་

THE TENTH HOLY NIGHT (Jan. 3-4): We are preparing for a "log ride" - children on a log. The log is tied back, and the rope is tightly drawn, holding the log. There are places for a few children at the front of the log. The leader (teacher) is pulling the rest of the "roap" (this seems the right spelling) through some weeds, looking for a watermark  from an earlier flooding of the river. The end of the roap is frayed. There are old stains on the weeds (reeds) where the water had been. These marks indicate the direction the roap must be pulled, so the log will go in the right direction in this relay race.

There is a patch of ground at the bottom of a hill at the edge of a town



Arthur Schopenhauer wrote that dreaming and wakefulness are the pages of a single book, and that to read them in order is to live, and leaf through them at random, to dream.

Jorge Luis Borges, "When Fiction Lives in Fiction"

Last night's dream: "A face goes through transformations, from fair to fierce and crumbles into a landscape, leaving only a box of matches, that were on my lap and contains rainbow particles, which upon inspection are tiny words." This dream fragment lasted only a few seconds, and a section, the face crumbling into a landscape, was a continuation of part of my dream from the night before.

To give dreaming a name, of course, limits the array of contortions that imaging can take, but the Tibetans call it the Bardo of Sleep. A *bardo* is a gap or an interruption between moments of consciousness. The nature of this gap is the basic ground of mind. Trungpa Rinpoche calls this "the open space belonging to no one"...and... "our most fundamental state of mind, before the creation of ego." (Reginald A. Ray, *Secrets of the Vajra World*, Shambhala, 2001, page 331.) Within the six bardos of consciousness, we come into contact with the various dimensions of the Buddha's emanation that are beyond the ordinary world.

Dreams have been used to talk to one's ancestors, to divine the future, to interpret behavior, and as a means to enhance the creative process. Anaïs Nin saw a houseboat in a dream. She was undergoing psychoanalysis by Dr. Otto Rank. He told her to pro-

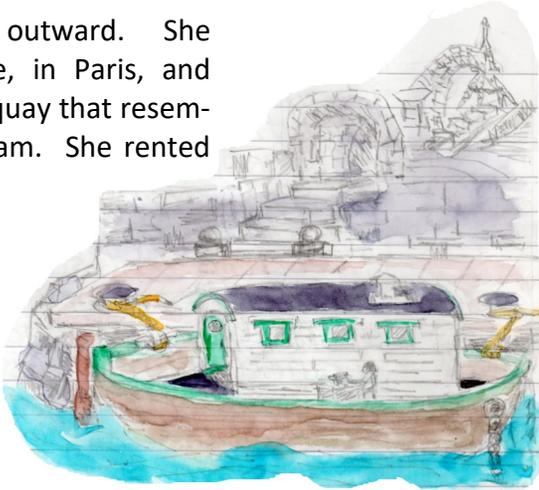
ceed from the dream outward. She walked along the Seine, in Paris, and found a houseboat at a quay that resembled the one in her dream. She rented this boat and proceeded to write a novel (*Diaries of Anaïs Nin, Vol.1:1931-34*).

There are different theories about the causes and usefulness of dreams. A quick check of "Dreams" in Wikipedia shows a range of

neurological and psychological theories of dreams—Dreams as defensive immobilization; Dreams as excitations of long-term memory; Dreams for strengthening of semantic memories; Dreams for removing excess sensory information—as well as psychological theories of dreams—Dreams for testing and selecting mental schemas; Dreams as epiphenomena that have no particular usefulness.

Great yogins have received transmission of high tantric secrets in their dreams. The experience of being in a spacious palace surrounded by a charnel ground and invited to a *ganapuja*, a feast, where one receives profound instructions is not uncommon, after the yogin has been diligently practicing.

In the western tradition, there is the Grail Legend. A knight meets the Fisher King and is invited to the Grail Castle. He passes through a perilous forest and enters a chamber with a high, vaulted ceiling. There is the dance of the Grail Maidens, and like pulses of energy, they appear and disappear. To win the Grail, the knight must have the right answers to a set of questions. It is recorded that Gwain, being pure of heart, made it into the castle but failed to win the Grail. Percival had the right answer for one of the questions, but failed to answer the other. The Grail is lost in legend.



though the rain gives no evidence of letting up.

The mood becomes romantic, a dance of intimacy, touches & maneuvers, until Sharon Sheri lets me put my hand under her shirt. With a pen I write my name above her belly button. I don't want to poke her with the pen to dot the "i" in my name, so I spell my name, all in a flowing line, with a "y,"

*Richard*

THE NINTH HOLY NIGHT (Dec. 2-3): There is a treaty violation by Whites causing an Indian uprising—a long, bloody battle ensues. Finally, a black man, his wife, and their two children crawl along the interior of a log cabin. The littlest child lags behind and the woman goes back for it. The man orders the other child to stay. He is armed with a pitchfork. Hearing a noise outside, he jabs the fork through the slats of the wooden door. The door opens, and two large white men dressed in rubber cloaks, appear with the woman & child in tow. They had plans to help the family escape the Indians until they discovered they are black. One of the white men starts to strangle the black man, but in defense he drives his thumb into the white man's side. The man cries

end of the line, where I'm handed a brochure with a pocket that contains another disc. I feel like I've made a move to a better company, upgraded, and there is a fresh smell to the upholstery. We are moving backward on another road, parallel to the one we came on, and new tracks appear as the wheels move along. The tracks look like they are made out of rubber with twisted wire in them. It is Y2K—my computer's time is right, but the date reads January 4, 1980, not Jan. 1, 2000.

**THE EIGHTH HOLY DAY (Jan. 1-2):** The slow seduction of Sharon Sheri, a beautiful and amiable girl, who is a new crew member on a ditch digging work gang. We have a contract to dig a ditch down the middle of a road along the Uptanum Ridge. It is slow going. Rain and poor morale. I tell the crew to be of good cheer, to focus on getting the work done and accomplishing our goal. We camp in sheds. I have been training the new girl. There has developed a rival for her affections with a boy named Jeffrey. We wrestle, trying to reach an ax. The ax blade becomes a photograph that I set by the corner of the wall near the base board. Standing, now, with Sharon Sheri, looking across open fields, I tell her she can do this work and not to leave. I am, at the same time, convincing myself we can make it, even

I took Tamara Slayton's *Holy Night's Workshop*, in 1999, in Sebastopol, where I was instructed to record one dream each night between December 24<sup>th</sup> and the morning of January 6<sup>th</sup>— each dream to reveal something about the events to occur in the upcoming twelve months.

**The First Holy Night:** The virtue of this night is to contemplate arising out of the stellar community of Aries. Devotion becomes the force of Sacrifice. Challenges to virtue are malice and defenselessness.

**THE SCENE:** Valley Café, in Ellensburg. I'm an old employee. A friend of mine, Donna, although her name in my dream is Debbie, is a new worker, who I watch. She doesn't seem to be doing her job, or at least I'm not sure what job she is supposed to be doing. Looks to me like she's doing things between other peoples' jobs. "Filling in" doesn't quite explain it. Greg, the owner of the café, says she's working in the cracks where jobs overlap and where no one seems to work, like taking out the trash. We are in a passageway between the café and the deli, between the kitchen and the street. Debbie shapes a large square of tinfoil, made from short pieces, and then she twists them into a symbolic form, like an Egyptian Eye of Horus and places this sun-like figure on a cube of foil, which I understand to be the Black Stone in the Grand Mosque in Mecca. There is an energy directing us to move the "stone" out on the street, 3<sup>rd</sup> Street, but this street looks more like a wide boulevard in Europe with an Arch of Triumph-like structure at one end. When we reach the end of the boulevard, we go under a low over-hang into a room like a Lodge at Lake Tahoe. A small boy asks why he (President Clinton) had an affair—or, more precisely, why his affair meant an Oedipal Complex. "WHY!?" I shout. Debbie is standing behind me, and a man, in

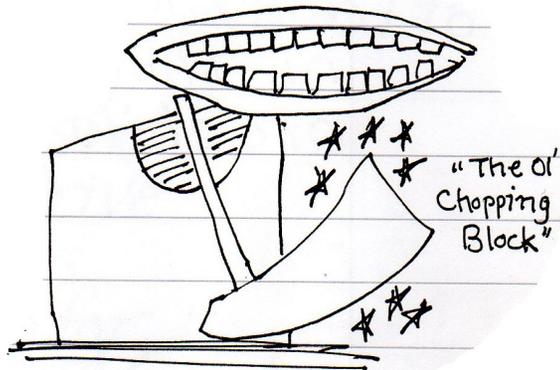


the shadows to her right, fumbles around inside a narrow closet, looking for a book to explain Clinton's condition. He says he can't find his copy of Freud, so I tell the boy that there are different ways to portray the main characters in the story, but that the underlying story is one of Fate and the inevitable consequences of your actions—the Sphinx on the pedestal asking questions, the flirtations of Jocasta, Oedipus putting out his eyes are about to be discussed, but I awake.



#### THE LAST LAUGH.

Freedom from negative karma through HUMOR.



THE SECOND HOLY NIGHT (Dec. 25-26): A room with closets at the far end becomes a farmyard with sheds. I'm between a John Deere tractor on the left and a bale of hay to my right. There has been an episode where an indeterminate creature

technology. I am a computer-illiterate person, but I am given an opportunity to resubmit a resume. My girlfriend says I should hype myself, but I don't want to lie. However, at the bottom of the page, I write in large letters, "I CAN'T BE BEAT!" My boss is unimpressed. The building I'm in is being redecorated. In the foyer where I am, all the furniture has been removed. There are cigarette butts on the floor. Where my desk had been, there is now a flight of stairs. My boss enters and says, "OK, you can work." He has me sit in a workspace with a computer that looks like a wooden box. He flips open the lid of the box to insert a floppy disk, but inside the box are bread crumbs. He wisks them up with a look of disgust. We begin to move around a warehouse erratically, as though we are in bumper cars at the fair. We move across town towards an unspecified location, our destination being where I am going to work. I am beginning to wonder if I'll like my job. Everything is sleezy, like when I worked for Idea Research & Development Corp. and sent out C.V. Bingo cards, in Santa Rosa.

We begin to literally lay down tracks for a rail line, and the discussion concerns which consortium (Baby Bell or Microsoft) is better equipped with quality and size of track. I transfer to another car at the

is Frank's daughter, is wearing a white taffeta party dress with a red sash. She tells me about her connection to Oneida and their belief in human perfection. I believe she is talking about a North American Indian guide, OSHA, a plant. I realize we are talking loudly, and I suggest we do mantras. Frank smiles. His blue eyes are lamps of awareness.

#### THE THIRTEENTH HIDDEN HOLY NIGHT (Dec 31-Jan 1)

Middle of the night dream: A bed with a box under it that contains a pair of dice which, when rolled, tell the cosmic numbers that lead to orgasm. For this night, the numbers are 17 and 462. The numbers were on the discs of my spine. Moving across a field, I enter a cattle car on my way to a concentration camp in Florida, as an Apache child, my innocence shattered, peering through the slats of the car, wanting to know how Life works. Pulling out a drawer to see something that is secret, a wheel spins out that represents "fluids of the psyche." The drawer gets wedged "cock-eyed" when I shove it back. I try to straighten the drawer, when I hear someone moan in the wall. I imagine that my number is being recorded.

Playing on New Year's Eve, a rock group called Knax.

Morning dream: Lost my job with some company making a transition to a new

has been shot with a 30.30, and I am afraid I have hit the wheel of the tractor. A girl, whose features are vague, stands in my peripheral vision. We load shotguns and approach the tractor but don't see any movement and point at the bale of hay and shoot. There comes a whimpering sound from the bale and we retreat. We discuss how to shoot, and I am reminded of a scene in the movie Le Ceremonie, about two psychopathic women with shotguns, I had seen earlier. The mysterious creature is supposed to be very powerful, able to pull down a horse and bite the jugular vein, a small ball-like creature — a "Smoo."

Walking across a yard, there is a Georgian-style house with rooms to let. A spacious downstairs with dark corridors. Upstairs, a penthouse room with windows on three sides. The light pours in, but when I look down, I am looking at the room below in the building. I seem now to be with Linda, who worked for Greg at the Valley Cafe and is Mike Buttress's girlfriend, and she is a carpenter's helper. I am envious of her work. The room below reminds me of a room in Berkeley, in an apartment near the coliseum, where I visited a girl who had an old Singer treadle sewing machine on a table, but I realize I am not there, and the table is different. When we walk downstairs, there is a construction site, forms & gravel are ready to be poured with concrete. We climb out of the bowels of construction towards the front door, talking about Oregon Wood, the company she works for. Her boss is a perfectionist and very demanding.

When we get to the front door, there is a dropoff from the foyer without a handrail, and Chris Shambacher is tinkering with a large, clear container of oil, dipping a long-bladed knife into the liquid. A burly man is upset that the doorbell doesn't ring. The doorbell looks like an over-sized doughnut, and the man pulls the front piece off to look at the wiring and traces it back to the container of oil. Chris says he will take the doorbell apart & clean it, which will be time consuming, but he has a quick solution. He dips a sheet into the oil, lifts the sheet, and the oil follows. He holds the sheet up, and flames arise from the ground and engulf him and the sheet like a burning diving bell. The flaming sheet is a possible weapon to use against the mysterious creature.

THE THIRD HOLY NIGHT (Dec. 26-27): "Simon Says" — trying to remember the rhyme as a poet attending a philosophy seminar lecture. An invited guest speaker, who resembles Antonin Artaud, in the middle of his talk begins to play with styrofoam pellets, that move on his desk (like the "dancing" screws in the Bros. Quay film, The Secret of Crocodiles). The lecture hall is a chemistry lab. I am trying to remember my poem, having not brought my thesis binder. Later, with Lulu, we look through this binder at poems that resemble ant "paths" ~~✱~~ With Lulu and another girl outside a bar, I try to explain how hard it is to stand before an audience and remember

mansion through trees. Georgian architecture. Paths like through Central Washington University's campus, along 8<sup>th</sup> Avenue as far as Euclid. Climbing the steps, we meet Frank, who says that the place belongs to the current president's (Clinton's?) press secretary. I leave the woman at the door, and she enters. Frank is wearing a beige-colored suit with his collar turned up. He says I can see his house with him & his daughter. She's about 20. We walk along the street. The house is several blocks away on Keyes Street. I can see a highway on the side of a hill in the distance, and I am sure that the house we are going to is in that quadrant, bounded by the highway ahead, the street we're on, and the valley floor to my right. We amble along and talk (small talk), and when we reach Frank's house and start to ascend the stairs, John Bennett, a friend, passes and says, "Now, you know where you are." I know I am with Frank Sinatra & his daughter, and although we are not walking close to each other, we enter a large front room, like a ballroom, where people are at prayer. Norbu Rinpoche, dressed like a Muslim, has his elbows on the ground and his mala in his hands with a kata (scarf) underneath. We sit on his right. More people arrive, chatting about "spiritual paths." Carolyn, who

McQueen sits in a wheelchair near a booth and tries to explain to the owner, sitting in the booth, why he said what he did, and he admits being "full of it," says something about how "they see rings in the ear," and the owner says, "what they hear rings in the ear." McQueen stands up to pee. From overhead I see a pool of foaming pee or foaming beer, and I have to get up to pee, too, so I do. It is the middle of the night.

McQueen, wearing a hat with the brim turned up on one side, enters a garage the next morning. A lady is sitting in a car with a container of coffee on her lap. She tells McQueen that she knows where Lenore is, because she asked around, questions direct & indirect, like "Does Hwy 10 out of town go to Alabama?" since she (Lenore) didn't want to go home to New Orleans, and she was told Lenore was in Baltimore. There is a flash of a balcony in a 19<sup>th</sup> c. Saloon, like in the old west, where the whores have their rooms. Lenore is this lady's daughter.

Morning dream. I'm with Frank Sinatra's entourage, walking with a matronly woman, the wife of the Chairman of the Democratic Party. We are walking towards a mansion. She tells me she isn't interested in this house and relates a story about when Carolyn Kennedy visited, and Carolyn said something that she wrote down on her program. We get to the

"Simon Says." The only chance you have is to make it up, since it isn't a nursery rhyme, it's a game. Now, standing outside the display windows at Hink's Dept. Store, in Berkeley. Boxes within boxes. Books within books.

Clearing debris off a lawn around a college dorm. Taking a bungie cord across the lawn and putting it at the edge of the walkway. A row of rocks around the perimeter. A trail enters a forest. An old Civil War cannon is lodged in a tree. If a boy & a girl were kissing under this tree, and there was a breeze, the cannon might fall. But not fall if no one was there (Bishop Berkeley).

Racing around on a motorcycle with a girl holding on my arm, riding a skateboard. Up a hill, lugging to a stop and restarting going downhill on the other side. A vehicle is in pursuit, chases us around streets like ant trails, turning into a sequence of abstract pictures, colors & forms. I am surprised in my dream there's no narrative.

THE FOURTH HOLY NIGHT (Dec. 27-28): There are movements, or gestures, that represent letters of the alphabet, except for the letter "4" because I can't roll my rrrrrrrrrrrrrrr

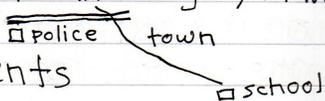
THE FIFTH HOLY NIGHT (Dec. 28-29): Boats on a river. Telephone repairman collects cardboard. Boats like small submarines on the surface. A feeling that the subs are moved from place to place by hand,

like toy boats in a bathtub, or that someone should be in the center of the boat, like in the mock battle scene in the movie, *Elizabeth*, but I can't see an "omnipotent observer." I maneuver around the bow of one boat to discuss with someone in the shadows a strategy for ramming the bow of a black vessel, but the current moves the boat, reminding me of boating on the Guawla River at Y.M.C.A. camp, and there is no actual contact of the boats.

A repairman (or a soldier) with very developed muscles, like a "Rambo" action figure, floats over the ground, or rather bounds, like a kid would move a toy (only there is no hand), and the figure "flies" into a box near the top of a telephone pole, at the edge of a river with wide open space behind - Kansas plains - and the boats pass. Other figures appear. I am a part of this crew. I follow a trail along a fence and pick up discarded pizza boxes, that I pile near the gate, made of barbed wire, and cover them with a tarp. Someone ahead of me, whose face I can't see is talking about "litter" maybe a litter of pigs, and thanks me for getting the work done, dirty work, well done in a short time.

#### THE SIXTH HOLY NIGHT (Dec. 29-30):

Discussing with Charlie Potts the location and layout of school (Whitman College?) in Walla Walla, a one-room school with shelters for students



in a field with pine trees, scattered shacks, thinking, "Glad Dad could build when he did." This dream landscape, like the shape of Texas on a map, connected to earlier dream of roads along the edge of the ocean between Santa Cruz and Carmel, taking place in my distant past, driving around, back & forth, to reach some place while evading someone. Isolation, small town (Aptos?). Police station (Sticky Wicket?) on an adjacent road.

#### THE SEVENTH HOLY NIGHT (Dec. 30-31):

Pool room in small Texas town. Booths with patrons of mixed races seated, eating and drinking. A man who resembles the movie actor Steve McQueen, "drunker than a skunk," is shooting pool. In making his shot, he knocks a cup of coffee off the rim of the pool table. It appears he has the pool cue reversed and is aiming with the butt end of the stick. There is a feeling of menace in the room. McQueen looks left and right nervously, as though he expects someone to step up with a bar tag, but no one seems to be paying any attention to him. He's wobbling, and his eyes are rolling in their sockets, and he says, "His ass has been cold since they shot Michael Jackson." The reference to "they" is explicit: the government of white folks. A large black lady wearing a blue dress rises from her seat and moves towards the door. Other "coloreds" follow her.