

Hypnagogic Art

“There are some things that human beings can see only out of the corner of the eye.” — Thomas, Lewis, *Late Night Thoughts on Listening to Mahler's Ninth Symphony*, Bantam Books, N.Y., 1984, p. 12

“[Francis Bacon]: Well, it’s certainly true that I can daydream for hours and pictures fall in just like slides. But it doesn’t mean that the pictures that I finally end up with have anything to do with the paintings that drop into my mind, because what I see is a marvelous painting. But how are you going to make it? And, of course, as I don’t know how to make it, I rely on chance and accident making it for me.

“[Sylvester]: But what is it you see when you daydream?

“[Bacon]: I see extraordinarily beautiful paintings.”

— Sylvester, David, *Interviews with Francis Bacon, 1962-1979*

Starting in 1977, I began to see in my mind's eye, just before going to sleep at night, various paintings and sculptures which, as far as I know, I had not previously seen elsewhere. They also appeared occasionally on waking, along with fragments of poetry and prose which were sometimes seen on a page, other times merely heard in the mind. I began calling this material “peripheral art” because it seemed to come from the “side” of the mind, but the correct term for what appeared on waking is “hypnopompic art”, and for what appeared on going to sleep is “hypnagogic art”. I have decided to let the latter term serve for both. I am not a poet and have never had training in painting or sculpture, have no talent for these arts, and in 1977 was not engaged in any activity which would explain these visions, although, like most intellectuals, I have always owned a few books on art (about 30 at present (1987)). Yet, when the visions occurred — and the intervals were irregular, ranging from a day to several months — they were always completely “finished”: if it were possible to put a camera in my mind, I could have photographed them; if a good artist were present, I could have described them to any degree of detail he wished. As it was, the best I could do was to make a drawing from memory after becoming fully awake. About 60 of these drawings are viewable by clicking the next link after the link to the chapter you are now reading, on the web site www.thoughtsandvisions.com.

The words were sometimes seen on a printed page, more often merely heard in the mind. Occasionally a dream recurs in which I am one of perhaps a dozen guests at a dinner table, but instead of food, a large book about the size of the unabridged Webster’s Dictionary is set before each of us. The print is as clear as it would be in real life. As the following examples suggest, the prose is wonderfully “crazy”, with numerous puns and syntactic and semantic “syncopations”. (If I could write such prose at will, I would never again waste my time writing ordinary literary prose.) The problem with “bringing out” samples of these pages is the problem of doing something without thinking about it; as soon as self-consciousness intrudes, the image is lost. (Perhaps the Orpheus myth is an expression of this phenomenon: Orpheus could have what he wanted most, namely, to bring Eurydice back from Hell, on one condition: that he didn’t turn around and look at her on the way back. He did, and lost her forever.) The typical experience is that suddenly you realize you *have been* hearing, or seeing in print, a remarkable prose passage or poem, and then must try to write down what you can remember as it rapidly fades. (Several people have suggested that I attempt to gain access to the texts, and copy them out, under hypnosis.) My technique at present is to attempt to memorize as much as I can — typically, only a line or two — and

then, fully conscious, write it down. Possibly the amount memorized could be improved by practicing, in conscious life, the rapid memorizing of sequences of words.

In any case, knowing that one apparently has volumes of the most extraordinary, and beautiful, prose and poetry locked away somewhere in his mind, and being unable to extract more than a few words at a time, is a source of enormous frustration. This frustration was reflected in a dream I had several years ago. In the dream I was lying in the bed in which I was, in fact, sleeping. I was reading a book. Suddenly I realized that I was dreaming. I also realized I had a unique opportunity to copy out a great deal of the text (the lamp on the nightstand was on, of course). Very slowly and carefully, in order not to disturb the dream, I reached for a pencil on the nightstand. But where to copy the text? In what I thought was a stroke of genius, I began copying it — in the margins of the book. I had copied many lines in this way before I woke up and realized the one flaw in the idea.

“If a man could pass through Paradise in a Dream, & have a Flower presented to him as a pledge that his Soul had really been there, & found that Flower in his hand when he awoke — Aye! and what then?” — Coleridge, Samuel Taylor, *Notebooks*, quoted in Holmes, Richard, “Paradise in a Dream”, *The New York Review of Books*, July 17, 1997, p. 4.

A similar phenomenon is that of lying in bed, half-awake, and thinking, “Everything would be all right if I could only think the thought...which I know is impossible to think”, and then, on emerging into self-consciousness, having the pleasant realization that, in fact, the impossible has occurred.

“Moi, je fume ma pipe et compose des vers,
Bonhomme, en jouissant de ces sites bonhomme,
Et quand tombe la nuit, je m’endors vite; et comme
Je rêvasse toujours, je rêve à des vers mieux,
Bien mieux que ceux de tout à l’heure, vers, grands Dieux
Pathétiques, profond, clairs telle l’eau de roche,
Sans rien en eux qui bronche ou seulement qui cloche;
Des vers à faire un jour mon renom sans pareil
— Et dont je ne sais plus un mot à mon reveil...”¹

Although the hypnagogic prose and poetry continues to occur on rare occasions, the paintings and sculptures stopped about ten years after they started, and have never returned.

Following are the fragments I have been able to copy.

1. “Well disposed, I scribble lines
And smoke my pipe, happy in this fellowship,
And when night comes I quickly fall asleep.
In vague dreams good lines come to me,
Better than the earlier ones. Now they’re great gods,
Full of feeling, clear as rock-pools,
Lithe and smooth and undulant,
Lines to make Verlaine the greatest poet yet,
Lines which when I wake I instantly forget.” — tr. Sorrell, Martin, *Paul Verlaine: Selected Poems*, Oxford University Press, Oxford, England, 1999, p. 285.

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“a conception of having a lawn to be purchased, time a statement”

“latency-fired”

“star-skies hope”

“lemon decency”

“It is this: wife has cheese;
It is this: eyes have breath;
Every patient rack and chain go to him.”

“Air cooled in lungs
Air shined in frost”

“Shit was used to gather flies.”

“Leonid parameters have uranid bounds, glid 2, 3, 9”

“research rascals”

“It becomes the anniversary of quite different sharing equations”

“...the Diety (owner of afternoons and preboscile places for the Landing)...”

“In a corner under scriveners
4 children played under water
In order for (some of) you to become scriveners
Children must play under water”

“Bowels and the man
Fit seed-|
 |- to the West”
Seed fit-|

“White Dorsey
Scumbled at plums
Leg off; the furniture is not
Wanted; the corsair is there
Greengrocers rive”

“Being told is
Better than nothing is”

“Daisies, who’d believe I didn’t odor, but had you odored instead?”

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“<woman enwrapped wranger>”

“Deep chambers of anonymous cyclitic accidents and Oklahoma Bea City”

“Perfect fin at its Limpool snow”

“Grasp the litter,
Hate the ladder,
Bend the letter
of the law.”

“Kids up here now are busy, just busy. They can’t see the new playwright.”

“Those who love Boeing be Radios”

“[]—————-the fame from Cowardly Smell,
—————-the fame from Cowardly Smell,
Is fat jewel’s cobble;—————
—————
—————”

[The above is from a 1-1/2 page poem in a “large” book in a dream, i.e. the page size was like that of some oversized English literature textbooks. The above was on a left-hand page, with a large script letter where “[]” is. In the dream, the entire text was clear, “there for the taking”.

“—” represents missing words.]

“jewels bending in the wind”

“styrating gladness”

“1. RunRab Ran by the Wrector

A large and homemade attitude—————
—————vrounds—————
—————”

“’Twas you, curlew, I knew
Too blue; *nawtch*
The splendid splendor heretofore
But naymore”

“Yes
Someone's driving around in the downtown
Down
In their plain clothes

Otherwise”

[Repeat ad infinitum from “Someone...”.]

“That whole business of ‘small faces looking out’ — whether it be a row of puppies in a window or a sad-faced child hiding in the shadow of a half-open door, the result is always the same...”

“Then he must leave the vegetable oil, because it broke into the sea’s vinyl 90”

“...we wanted to hold his lecture in” [name of hall] “but there wasn’t enough room for his beard.”

“Hot sun on an afternoon wall
‘Tomorrow the trip is ended’
Tired bones, tired water
In the lakes. ‘Who do
These blue pots belong to?’
‘Oh, just let the grass grow!’”

“Deadly without the internal ramble of style”

“How in words, capeline masks, and the principle of vector she will solve the...family...”

“Feel pretty or eat pretty stuff” [after vegetarian dinner made by woman friend who also provided lengthy description of new diet]

“‘Jamie’s found a string!’ It went out like a call above the treetops at dusk.” (immediately after visual image of trees silhouetted on a ridge, dull red-black glow of fall sunset behind, the silhouettes as though made with sharp black pen; a string or rope suspended between two of the trees)

“Neck with her (her eyes are close together)”

[The following are the last three lines of a long poem seen in a dream shortly before waking. The poem, which, as usual, was completely finished in the dream — “there for the taking” — was in free verse and consisted of some 12-16 stanzas, the number of lines in each stanza ranging from perhaps four to ten or so. The subject was the question whether a woman and several comrades who had reached the summit of a mountain inside an ordinary room or gallery should continue upward. The entire poem was suffused with a questioning, farewell mood.]

“None gave early cry
From distance of hibernzas
Until they were home”

[Later, in another dream, the following lines were spoken by a Japanese:]

“We must use you

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Never clone us; [this part lost]
we must use you”

“It will not have acquired the situated, variegated power of the flower”

“pithrametic revelation of gold guitars”

[Dream: an obituary in *Time* magazine for the head of a fanatical save-the-animals foundation; photograph of a handsome blonde woman with her hair brushed back (she resembles a model in a mail-order catalog I had received a few days before). The obituary begins by mimicking the members' speech:]

“Cube told Chilly the Outfit to welcome two detached cubes...”

“The higher the kick day was given as 'feigned by victory' was called 'pulled by such tapes'.”

“Nothing dreams as of a halter as little as possible...”

[perhaps after passage in *Lolita* about a nymphet wearing a halter “with little to halt”]

“‘Died’ rhymes with ‘fried’...

I *am* a rhyme...I mean, I woouooooould be...”

“And at those prices, you hear candid rage way up to fifty monsters”

“Superseded from a memory array left a Phillips-Emory medallion...”

“I began examining gems like hotels, like tall trees.”

“You could take the best thing out for Pyety...”

“Some historian used some ruling about gallant tolerance.”

“But the latest trout is that of a man who’s eaten you, OK?”

“The fastest was the coolest facet.”

“We are thinking in terms of first Triberian cables.”

“So they were They — Thurwort and aver.”

“Easy failure through resile democracy”

[An old woman is answering a black wall phone in a room with wooden walls all painted white. Her first words, presented here phonetically:]

“Doktor Ins Batzeershon
Kubatsex Kubatsex”

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[Readers fluent in German may find it interesting to consider what sequence of actual German words can be made to fit these syllables.]

“When up at the son of the field
You know what I do without?
Drink, drink, drink”

“Twisted lichen
Ordinary bird”

“...and hopelessly bare
And people die within
And people die within”

“experiencing a kind of phone chill”

“Houses [possibly, “horses”] are being let out as confused young arts graduates come up the stairs with me to the hotel”

“so you don't get punished by your stuntman”

“passion cabability”

“lovely storm-suit”

“We doubly hated Acro its liberty. We wanted Icro *its* liberty.”

“his body skin, off the sea”

“...rhapsodical that what little kids knew at a thread about entropy, the concept was far beyond them...”

“We thought ‘picked’ means ‘very duel dwelled’.”

“There’s more than just yg interesting and 8g interesting.” [“yg” is pronounced as individual letters, “why” “gee”; “8g” is pronounced “ogg”.]

“Delusion
Exclusion
Illusion
Rebar”

“Gray goldfishes find in which one of the mind’s eyes the mind is seeing.”

“An egg is faithful
A stew is not

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(Be sure you put one
in the pot.)”

“Along with the rigor of a splendidly based socket there are lemon demons to be sought”

“We will recall the words of Charles Lamb that the test tube was to drip lemons”

“chicken bracelets”

“transalpine boo”

“The wakefulness for pan African’s left drinking shoulder”

“The radio of Greenbaum schote”

[The following was accompanied by an image of a large wave about to break on shore, the concave side of which was being cleaned by a large, shiny metal scoop of the kind used to remove the center from grapefruit. “Sued” was clearly “meant” or “heard” to *also mean* “seaweed”.]

“Weed coalboats cannot be sued”

[The following lines cannot, strictly speaking, be described as "hypnagogic" since they came into my mind several minutes after I had awakened at 4:00 one morning, and had idly read a few passages from a collection of T.S. Eliot's essays. In the case of what I am calling hypnagogic art, the lines (or the visual images) are already there for the copying when I am half-way between sleep and consciousness. The following are probably better described as an example of early morning automatic writing.]

“My shirt did find
A scurvy rind
And poured the ancient due

Knoster!

Passive like a rock
Active to a sock
The unbetimed major did enhance
Askance

Were we all in those
Apt-apportioned times

Ladies
To your hats
Men
To your gin
Let the evening begin!”

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“A play about Lincoln, or each one of them, in languages you can understand”

“Create the past, he shouted down,
Create the past, so none will drown!
Untie the future from its wrack,
Help us bring the present back!”

“solamente heroed”

“Never get to anything which would, once encountered, get in the way.”

“No need to holler
No need to fuss
The windows are open
We’re taking the bus.”

“Every time she sat down — and she sat down so frightened at the time —”

“Where we could sit comfortably secret from secret places and where no butterfly would come and make eyes at you”

“The part of the crowing hour which sides with fulfillment”

“Gas, I’ll do the same, said muscle-attention”

“Malfunction St. and Orologe Way...
Malfeasance St... Muffie Lane and Happiness Plaza”

“This Berlin we go into affects us like a snake.” [sound of weeping] “The diversity is gone!”

“During her work —
— she has long distance hair.”

“Maybe we could walk along through the visions”

“With the gun loaded and he looking through the sights of his Carnelian room ancestors”

“Fish-Alpine stew (alot)”

“Shortly before he left —”
(The machine guns firing)
“ — I put it under the”

“Don't know where the doc is
Don't know where the mom is

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Let's go in side”

“Shall he cup the German alphabet
Or shall he break it down?”

“My hand is holdier than thy hand”

[woman's voice] “And I *did* like Instant Bull — you can't...”

“The people you have to shake loose from beck and cars”

“How you gonna give up your long hair and someone to nails that don't seem to fit?”

“thoughtful plastic”

“leveraged nonsense”

“Who is coming, stealing bright
the flawed intimacy of the night?”

“flowered darkness”

[A voice says it during a dream of a tunnel wallpapered with a paper whose pattern consists of little blue flowers against a cream-colored background.]

“Marvelous Teutonic plague”

[In a tight-jawed, clenched-teeth voice:]

“This is what it's like when they arrange for you a tour of the government — arrange for you to sleep in the black skies”

[Small, roundish car seen on wakening, and a voice saying “Moon”, which I understand to be the name of the car, as in, “Look at all those Moons!”, “He got a new Moon.”]

“Lavish upon me the next-to-nothing of fine wood”

Someone who lives near a large, round rock is heard talking, with his mouth full, at a wake.

A long-legged guy is sitting with legs drawn up in a gray, open cardboard box with rounded corners, the sides of the box about 1-1/2' high, saying, “I don't want to *associate* with the bank!”

A beige and brown sailplane is parked on a path in a sunlit pine woods, canopy open, the pilot inside, leaning back, rubbing his eyes, yawning.

“Why some people have felt so different alone in the same sweater”

“That budget laugh — ‘ya, ya, ya’”

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“Beware of frogs wearing sweaters.”

“Fotticeli Perumbo” [Understood to be famous Italian artist]

Two young men with glum faces, wearing identical, canvas-like sand-colored working clothes, are standing in an elevator at a construction site. The elevator has a thick cement floor. Each man is holding, in the same hand, the vertical handle of something that looks like a crude wooden mallet, the head of the mallet being on the floor. Mallet and handle appear to have been carved from a single piece of wood: the handles are not round, splinters are sticking out from where the handle meets the head.

“You could not kill the Germans. They’ve read! They’ve read!”
[Several women say it, like a chant, as they wave their wrists in the air.]

“Care not that the card came from nowhere!”

[From a *New York Times* article on personal finance which, in a waking dream, I know I wrote, and was then reading, the card in question being a credit card. As is almost always the case with dreams about texts, the entire page was spread out before me, I could read any part of it I wanted to. Unfortunately, the above line is the only one I was able to bring out.]

“A not-so-honest Teutonic knight,
In a game both honest and dishonest,…”

“The royal oak walks in a curve nowhere…”

“The routine, sang across a match…” [Heard spoken as something under a saffron sheet was being dragged along a driveway, this seen from several feet above]

“Sense is the badness of minutes”

“Motion together is obvious”

“Director dog”

“...have to ask, What’s all the egrasion of all the social skill right now?”

“He lay hidden: averse to anything like the movement that had bothered him, and ...”

“Fear of Places: Where Your Days Are Numbered and Your Nights Are, Too”

“Whoever is
Whoever is not
Tobacco layer
Pulled in a knot
Cannot”

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“Waiting for something to happen. Then he must throw stones” [Person seen lying in a darkened bedroom. At his side is a bag of smooth round stones each about two inches in diameter. The understanding is that, when something happens, he will get up, go outside, and rhythmically throw the stones (e.g., one every five seconds or so).]

“The broken sandpaper of the mind”

[A brief image after a few moments of the “hot feeling” (the feeling that accompanies doing something Important, Good, Immortal, that I hate to do): a thin guy on his knees throws his hands up in the air, shouts, “Yoop!”, then throws his hands forward on the ground, his face to the earth, as, behind him, the sun suddenly goes down.]

“Hooray for emoluments! The acting professor acts as shy as he is shy.”

“*The Wise Girl of Boston*” [title of a musical]

“cultural pit-viper”

“With white Shies running, the pavement and excrement of yesterday endures.”

[Man with a tan, broadbrimmed hat walking on gravel and dirt in late afternoon, explaining something to another person:] “...Napkins do not draw me....”

[Man in a long black coat, black hat (fedora), pulling a child’s wagon (black), that is loaded down with unknown objects and covered with a black tarp, up a sidewalk on the side of a road. The road and sidewalk are on a slight incline. Overhead is *half* a tunnel completely made of ice. It is as though the tunnel has been cut right down the middle, and the side near us completely removed. Cars pass by on the road.]

[Sunny room. Walls painted gray. Heavily-padded reclining chair near a corner. On it a coverlet, stiff white material, the design being long, curving dark brown thin stripes, looking exactly as though someone had dribbled chocolate syrup carefully over the whole.]

[In a conversation with an old-time family practice doctor whose patient I was for many years:]

He: “Don’t ask me something I don’t know. I’ll Tell Eyes Said I Was Following Blue.”

[Someone talking to someone else in quiet tones, apparently about an author] “...but that was shortly before he wrote ‘The Shoes That Got Big’...”[then an image of two enormous, old fashioned, brown work-shoes in a little hallway before a front door]

[Someone talking to someone else in quiet tones, apparently about a movie star] “...as he was in *A Wasp in Dim Socks* ...”

“Lift-Up Syntax”

“It makes you — *a companion of the dark!*”

“4th scientist from the sun”

“Variational truth-fixing”

“Let me! Let me!”

“Your mouth
My mouth
Their mouth
Cares”

“Lasso mentality”

“...consequently...poured constantly and...vast congenial wheezer vizuans...”

[This is from a dream in which I had been running up hills on patches of uneven, rounded, yellow clay with cracks. I run past others who comment haughtily on my ability. Then I was reading a newspaper article about farming problems in the Eastern U.S. The article went on for several columns. All I was able to remember on waking was the above fragment.]

“Since you were there on Thursday afternoon, Japan drove through a whole shoe classroom.”

[Spoken while a man in long ponytail, light gray sweater, stands, smiling, watching another man kneeling before a set of pigeonholes under an antique desk, nailing a shoe inside of one, this taking place in a cluttered room, with sunbeams coming in from the left.]

“They did switches in those days. They even did switches mounted on tent booths.”

[woman’s voice] “What is nice ... it’s so clean and ... *net-perfect!*”

“Trismegistus Formilon”

A curving path next to an asphalt road. Somewhere in the vicinity construction is going on. Between the road and the path is a kind of curve of heavy, corrugated gray metal. Then comes a line of tree stumps a few feet apart, and cut flat with the surface of the ground. They may have been painted white. Then soap suds, or froth of some kind, not so plentiful as to conceal the ground everywhere, spilling, for a few feet, onto the path itself, which is thinly worn gravel, i.e., small, gray, vaguely prismatic pieces of stone, but with the sandy earth showing through. Tall grasses and weeds and growing at the right-hand side of the path.

In a wooded glade, sunlight flickering, a child on hands and knees is pushing something along the ground with his chin. The something is a hoop about a foot and a half in diameter, with rattan around the edge and a kind of ribbed, Chinese brown paper inside the circle. This object is delicately placed on a little toy wagon. The child’s task is to make the truck move across the pine needles by pushing in just the right way on the covered hoop.

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I am standing on an asphalt street which, after running level for a block or two, drops down sharply, then runs straight up a hill. It is a cold, fall day. Rain is in the air. At regular intervals on each side of the hill are bare trees, with not many branches, the bark grayish (almost greenish!) white. Grass, still green, though faded, grows in the strip between the cement curb and the sidewalks which run up the hill. Not a house in sight. No leaves. Woods, bare, on the right and the left of the sidewalks. A few birds can be seen high in the sky beyond the top of the hill.

“Telinator Qui” [a software product; the “Qui” is never pronounced, but always written; however, everyone knows that its correct pronunciation is “kooey”, not “kwee”).

“Wash the bucket, wash the bucket...” [said over and over, thoughtfully, by a male voice, as though someone had just recommended he think about it as a solution to a problem he is facing]

“The engine of the moon”

“Ciliated forensics”

“Successful daring”

“The Ruptured Talon” [name of a bar]

“And thru it, as the words catch fire with harm”

“I am now going to show you where and how the dung bell rings.”

“...where people run in a peculiar manner and horse saddles are too high.”

[In a tone of “And didn’t you also say...?”] “You asked if lime turtle had almost lifted the station at Lake Chaos?”

“The crack plimsoll of the gangland members”

“A toast, a ghost, a fabulous roast!”

“They’re so nice to be afraid of!”

“forcefully lost”

“...didn’t risk getting too many top elections.”

“Your tooth was attached by a limited point on a feather.”

“And who loving hopes that you will...tear down...”

“We all knew (or thought we knew) how the contemporary ranger was expressed.”

“But the vast majority have been sufficed by law to spray the otherwise algal tomatoes.”

“Every time you design to hold these lebbers
It is too *lawng*:
They try to hold together.”
[The *aw* is drawn out.]

“Sky with plated evening crusted with hawks”
[Apparently the title of a painting. On third or fourth hearing in the mind’s ear, the word
“mimic” began to creep in immediately before “hawks”.]

“He was awful-matic with his watch.”

A dark, obscure, complex map titled, “Suggested by Snowflake, 1939”

“Cherries that enter the vanilla through starlight.”

“I’m not Jews until I finish my juice.”

“Do they work
Or do they shirk
Their duties one by one
As the mood befits them?”

In closeness
And afar
Do they leave the door ajar?”

A New Yorker cartoon: a squat little house drawn with broad pencil-lines, and having a pointed, but thick, roof, and large vertical stripes on the front and side walls. Caption: “This is the last discarded invisible mill with a closed length that can be developed diagonally.”

Title of painting of tilted, red, rectangular gasoline can with “Gas” hand-lettered on the side:
“Poets alluring through their centipede stairs”.

Woman: “Roger, why did you stop taking your celebration?” She throws aside a window curtain, looks up, sees him hanging from a square beam protruding from the second floor of the house.

“Louise Fulgicante Hulche” [last name pronounced “hulch”] (one of two names on label of a bottle of a possibly alcoholic beverage, the names being those of the makers of the beverage)

“Wayman Tuckor” [last name pronounced “tookohr”] (name of author or hero of a novel)

“Wild Chinese and agronomers”

“In freedom embrace eternity and know you are cherished”

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“Because {they’re *on*/they’ve *won*} the second sacrifice to Warren”: guerrilla fighters are about to jump off the tops of buildings in order to initiate an attack, the fighters believing they will descend slowly to earth. The quoted words are spoken by a narrator to someone who is arguing that they will not descend slowly, but will merely fall to the ground.

Someone walking with me, saying, “Many parts of a real number — they’re just based on time,” with “time” spoken with an Irish accent. I reply, “I’m not sure I understand exactly...”

“...you cover again to... that... scoundrel!” Conclusion of song sung by men dancing side by side, arms on each other’s shoulders, in a huge workmen’s meeting hall, just before they sit down at picnic-bench-like tables for dinner.

“festival nights awaiting the end, festival nights of clover”

“organized for steely wealth and worry”

“Look, there’s not only teffey-wood but also taaaffyy.”

“Just unload your sleeves and tell the answer to this or that:” [A particular this or that then follows.]

“A cultural radiozone finds its place”

“The bride’s fronzomer theory” [“fronzomer” is pronounced “fronzomat”.]

“The duck whom we call the gilder”

“...because that’s really unusual: the garotting of seamstresses.”

“Eneywhere is just a tenant.”

“...just an old wala on the Ochmas Nerst.” [said about a corridor running from the front door to the back door in a house, and meaning, “just a variation on an old theme”]

“A Body in spring traded history...”

[Beginning of first of three lines of a poem seen clearly in mind’s eye on waking. A textual passage, presumably an analysis or commentary, followed the lines.]

“I tease, not to be of us but of rebellion.”

[A save-the-world organization:] “The Blaiety to Limit the Glue”

“A grasstidian man” [one who always mows the lawn]

“A ballad in the earth quickening outside”.

“Forensic time-bottoming”

“Knockdown limpidity”

“They just give you smiles and a lot of failure.”

“You sound like you’re talking with a mouth full of sunlight!”

“There is no reason to bring the captivational ...¹ into the forensic wilderness!”

“Pure cannon cannot know what watercover will do.”

“A — is born, fresh from within the warm blood of the living tooth.” The missing word was possibly “mountain”.

“Keep me alive, keep me honorable.”

“Nizable”, a word seen in a long list of words in my mind’s eye on awakening, the list including “Risible”

“Sparkling intimidation”

“Pestiferous moxillations rode up to maxillary height.”

“Often, during the days
Nights are like trains...” [beginning of a poem]

“In toast and butter you have jam...” [first line of poem]

“Any woman at sea one more time”

“Oligarchical fishes”

“Theodore, an eel”

“For garms will be there, I think, for as long as mankind shall live.”

“Before you go into a new monastery, you have to take your car off the beach!”

“None of Them Noticeable: Two Manage With Their Wits” [title of book]

1. My hastily-copied note is not clear: the letters seem to be “xfy” or “xty”, possibly an abbreviation for a now-forgotten word.

Hypnagogic Art

“I’ll delight whom I will,
And quash the rest!”

“...coriander palaces”

“Return the rivers down
And, boiling, chafe away a summer’s day”

...ankle-deep in trust...