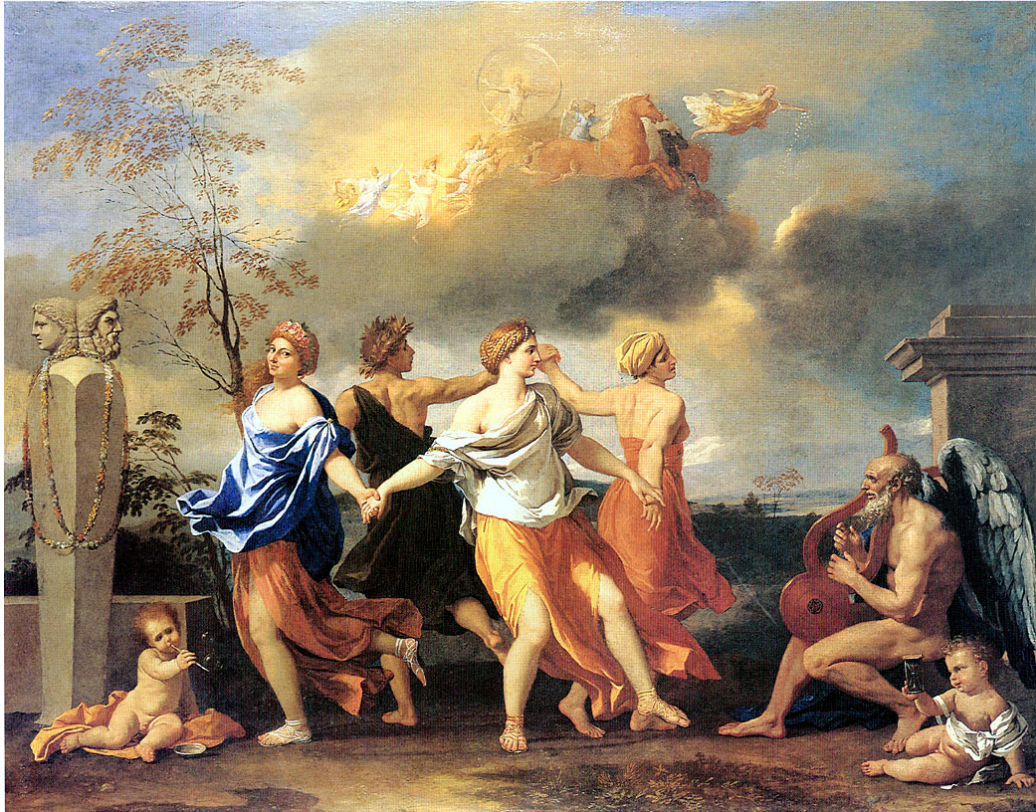


The Dreamworlds



Be not afeard; the isle is full of noises,
Sounds and sweet airs, that give delight and hurt not.
Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments
Will hum about mine ears, and sometime voices
That, if I then had waked after long sleep,
Will make me sleep again: and then, in dreaming,
The clouds methought would open and show riches
Ready to drop upon me; that, when I waked,
I cried to dream again.

-Act 3, Scene 2, *The Tempest*

The rules of the dreamworld in a nutshell: there are no rules in dreams.

A dreamer creates his own realm by dreaming. Within that realm he is nearly divine: he can change the laws of nature, the flow of time, restore the dead and conjure up anything he can imagine. However, most dreamers are not aware that they are dreaming and the forces of Dream tug and push them and their realms around. In confusion they allow things to happen to them or act out disorderly. Worse, even when acting lucidly the power of the dreamer is largely illusory: the dead may seem to rise, but what arises is (usually) not the spirit of the dead but the *image* of the spirit, as dreamed by the dreamer.

Things gain stability by drawing on the passions of the dreamer. A dreamer can use these to solidify something so that it persists and does not transmogrify; another dreamer must overcome this solidity to affect it.

Dreamwalkers, oneironauts - people who become lucid and explore the deeper dreamworlds can experience the most wondrous things, but also risk some danger. People who enter dreams physically (such as Cambions) are even more at danger.

Themistocles therefore that slew his Souldier in his sleepe was a mercifull executioner,
'tis a kinde of punishment the mildnesse of no lawes hath invented
Sir Thomas Browne, Religio Medici

People die all the time in their dreams. It is not dangerous; at most they wake up with a nasty start or they move to the next dream. The sudden disappearance of the dreamer quite often leaves behind many solidified dreams that the dream-denizens eagerly plunder.

However, it is possible to both trap a dreamer in a dream and to kill them for real. To kill somebody in a dream requires either dispersing their mind completely, or to inflict damage using real physical weapons. The weapons damage the real body, not the dream-self. In the past this was extremely rare, but thanks to the congress between the real and dreamed worlds this has become a real danger. Conversely, dream food gives no sustenance to humans (Cambions need to eat both real and dream food). A Cambion or physical dreamwalker imprisoned in the dreaming will thirst and starve to death unless fed by their captor.

Dream objects can have wondrous properties, but they are not real. Dream swords certainly cause pain and wounds as horrific as real swords; it is just that the hit person only feels them. A dream elixir can cure disease, but only the appearance of disease. A dream steed will convey its rider, however, and a dream table will hold up books. The difference is believed to be that dreams are about perception and hence cannot change underlying reality, while merely making use of the substance of dream objects and their natural properties is unproblematic. This is at least the line taken by the Cartesians in explicating the often-baffling properties of dream-things.

Bishop Berkeley argued (no doubt inspired by the nature of things in dreams) that objects only exist insofar we perceive them: "*Esse est percipi*". What gives the real world stability is that God perceives it all. Dreams are ephemeral and unstable because they are maintained solely by the dreamers' limited perception and imagination. This has led to a long-running and hot dispute among men of philosophy since it suggests dreams are outside of the perception of God or that God deliberately ignores what happens there. Neither possibility is acceptable to good Christians, since it would seem to either limit the omniscience of God or that He allows dreamers to sin.

Reverie, Praedormitorium, The Slumber

The borderland of Dream is called the Reverie, Praedormitorium or simply the Slumber. This is the treacherous terrain where reality and imagination freely blends. A person in Reverie can interact with the dreamworld and dreamers, but still has some contact to the real world.

Seventy Steps of Light Slumber

Some people maintain memory palaces, imaginary safe constructions where they keep their dream possessions, in Reverie.

Light Dreaming



The light dreaming is where most individual dreams take place. It is often said to be “beyond the Gates of Horn and Ivory”. Most people seldom venture any further. As they fall asleep they emerge within their latest dream, created from their memories, passions and imagination. If they do not become lucid they will play out their dream, usually remaining separate from other dreams. Lucid people or dreamers who are lucky/unlucky venture further, into overlapping or neighbouring dreams where they can meet other dreamers.

Dream Europe



So geographers, in Afric maps,
With savage pictures fill their gaps,
And o'er uninhabitable downs
Place elephants for want of towns.

Johnathan Swift, On Poetry

The world of shared dreams, “Dream Europe”, is where dreamshapers and lucid people usually act. This is the vast and strange landscape formed from millions of overlapping dreams, a funhouse mirror of the real world that is maintained by the collective dreaming of people. This dream of dreams is stable enough that armies can war over territory and that clever dreamers can meet up at certain locations. Yet it is also filled with wonders and terrors – the dreams that live here are often independent and persistent, filled with their own power and agendas. Many courts extend into Dream Europe, with extravagant gardens and imaginary castles to house their wildest *fêtes*.

While light dreaming is personal and often reflects the life of the dreamer, Dream Europe is often emblematic, filled with allegories and symbols.

Deep Dreaming



I wandered down Sleep's vast and sunless vale,
Where silence and Cimmerian darkness lay
That never moon nor stars disturb, nor Day
With sword of golden light. Beside the trail
I groping followed, through that secret dale,
A deep and voiceless river stole its way -
Dark Lethe's stream, owning whose opiate sway
I onward went without a doubt or fail.

Till, lo! the atramental veil of night
That, stifling, hung about, behind, before,
Was sudden parted by some unseen hand,
And on my vision leapt a marvelous sight -
A green and joyous plain, with fair skies o'er,
The Dream-god's sunlight-drenched, enchanted land.
The Dream-god's realm, Clark Ashton Smith

So did these ghosts travel on together squeaking, while easeful Hermes led them down [to the Land of the Dead] through the ways of darkness. They passed the streams of Okeanos, the White Rock (*petra Leukas*), the Gates of the Sun (*pylai Hêlioi*) and the Land of Dreams (*demos oneiroi*), and soon they came to the field of asphodel, where the souls (*psykhai*), the phantoms (*eidola*) of the dead have their habitation.
Homer, Odyssey 24. 12 ff (trans. Shewring)

The deep dreaming is chaotic and uncertain. This is the realm of dreams that are largely independent of the waking world. Some are shared dreams that have been strengthened by

centuries of passionate dreaming – the dream images of Heaven and Hell, archetypal Far Kingdoms like Fairyland, the Enchanted Wood, Cloud Cuckoo Land and the Wasteland. Between these stretches confused and changing pathways, guarded by immortal guardians or preyed upon by packs of nightmares. Powerful and old beings exist here, from the darkly glamorous Queen of Night to the wise and pious Elders of Ys.

Most of these realms have little or nothing to do with the awake world, but there is one big exception: Antillia, also known as the Island of Seven Cities. This is an island nation existing within the dreams of the Atlantic. Centred on St Brendan's Island it is a utopian commonwealth, said to be blessed by favourable weather and prosperity. It also has a sizeable and experienced fleet, making it a notable naval power both in dream and reality. Privateers from Antillia scour the Caribbean and effortlessly slip in and out between dream and naval reality.

Some famous places

Fairyland: the world of Faeries and "the little people". Said to be exceedingly beautiful and dangerous. It has been around longer than any other dream, always filling sleeping minds with dread and glamour.

Heaven: The dreams of the pious has created an endless heaven, filled with the highest aspirations of mankind. Here dream angels, dream saints and phantoms or eidolons of the deceased can be encountered – as well as the dream eidolon of God. Priests often worry that people mistake their dreams for reality and return from dream heaven with heresies.

Hell: Just as Heaven is reflected, Hell extends into the dreams of people. Far more extensive than Heaven due to the sinful nature of mankind, this is the home of nightmares, dream devils and horrific sights that ought to make the hardest sinner repent.

Cloud Cuckoo Land: the perfect world, where fried sparrows fly into your mouth.

Arcadia, the setting for pastoral idylls and shepherd poetry.

The City of Destruction, the sinful city under Gods judgement. Some think dream London and this city are merging; it is certainly easy to cross over from one to the another.

Slough of Despond: a swamp where people sink due to their sins.

Valley of Humiliation: a slippery, desolate valley guarded by the demon Apollyon.

Valley of the Shadow of Death: a treacherous valley with a quick sand bog on one side and a deep chasm/ditch on the other side of the King's Highway (leading towards salvation) going through it.

Vanity and Vanity Fair: Vanity is a city, dominated by endless fair that is held there. Here anything can be had – for a price.

Plain Ease: a pleasant area traversed by the pilgrims.

Doubting Castle: the home of Giant Despair and his wife.

The Delectable Mountains, known as "Immanuel's Land." Lush country from whose heights one can see many delights and curiosities. It is inhabited by sheep and their shepherds, and from Mount Clear one can see the Celestial City.

The Enchanted Ground, an area through which the King's Highway passes that has air that makes pilgrims want to stop to sleep. If one goes to sleep in this place, one never wakes up.

The River of Death, the dreadful river that surrounds Mount Zion, deeper or shallower depending on the faith of the one traversing it

The Abyss



In eldest time, ere mortals writ or read,
Ere Pallas issued from the Thunderer's head,
Dulness o'er all possess'd her ancient right,
Daughter of Chaos and Eternal Night:
Fate in their dotage this fair idiot gave,
Gross as her sire, and as her mother grave,
Laborious, heavy, busy, bold, and blind,
She ruled, in native anarchy, the mind.
Still her old empire to restore she tries,
For, born a goddess, Dulness never dies.
Here she beholds the chaos dark and deep,
Where nameless somethings in their causes sleep,
'Till genial Jacob, or a warm third day,
Call forth each mass, a poem, or a play;
How hints, like spawn, scarce quick in embryo lie,
How new-born nonsense first is taught to cry,
Maggots half-form'd in rhyme exactly meet,
And learn to crawl upon poetic feet.

Alexander Pope, The Dunciad

While dreamers in the upper layers of sleep can maintain their realms, if they drift down to the deeper dreaming (as most people do a few times each night) all cohesion is lost. The Abyss is the truly deep dreaming. This is the realm where no stability exists, where random impulses rule and actions and consequences are divorced.

This is the deep ocean of sleep, and like in the real ocean the creatures that live here are strange, terrible and rare. To survive in this chaos they have to be extraordinarily solid: practically everybody has to have dreamt about them or have strong emotions related to them. This is where the eidolons of God, the Devil, Mother and Home have formed. They are not the true thing but an impostor: stereotypes or epitomes of the important things in the waking world, all too eager to take its place.

Phantoms



She wailed, and leaning back her neck breathed Hypnos (Sleep) . . . And wandering amid the deceits of Oneiroi (Dreams) she fancied that she saw her mother.
Colluthus, Rape of Helen

When people dream they usually dream of things they have seen or know, projecting them into the dreamworld. These images are phantoms, mere images of something real.

Eidolons



Bridegroom Morrheus, welcome Khalkomede a willing bride! Welcome your bride in your own bed after your battles! In the day when you saw me you delighted your eyes--in the night, sleep by the side of your loving Khalkomedeia! Even in sleep marriage has its charm, even in dreams it has a passion of sweet desire. I would fain hold you in my arms, and dawn is near.

Nonnus, Dionysiaca 34. 89 ff (trans. Rouse)

When several dreamers dream about the same thing or person, their phantom images can begin to overlap. Eventually they coalesce into an eidolon, a dream counterpart. This tendency becomes stronger the more people are involved and the more passion they hold, but most people with an active social life and a family can be expected to have an Eidolon at least some of the time. They become more powerful the better known and powerful the person is: only a few dream of the innkeeper at Iffley Locks, but many dream about the King of England.

Some people have Eidolons that are like copies of themselves, perhaps revealing sides they normally do not reveal. Others have shadows: the anti-self, the evil twin. Most Eidolons play their part, but a few have their own volition and may cause mischief.

Nightmares



When night
Darkens the streets, then wander forth the sons
Of Belial, flown with insolence and wine.
John Milton, Paradise Lost. Book i. Line 500.

Farewell happy fields,
Where joy forever dwells: hail, horrors!
John Milton, Paradise Lost. Book i. Line 249.

There is no end to the bizarre and horrific nightmares that people dream up. Cambions sometime tame them and make use of them as guards, living weapons in the real or dream world, or simply as ways of harassing enemies.

Most nightmares are dreams that live on the fear, distress or outrage they cause: eagerly they suck Passion from the dreamers they plague. Most just wander from dream to dream, but some stay around particular victims.

A particular kind of nightmare is the chrisom, an infant who died before or shortly after baptism. Chrisoms appear to be a combination of ghosts and nightmares. They hunting the dreams of their parents, perhaps out of rage for being denied existence. Over time they seem to grow in strength and cunning, sucking out the life of their parents unless they can be exorcised by a priest or shaper.

Incubi and succubae



Spirits when they please
Can either sex assume, or both.
John Milton, Paradise Lost. Book i. Line 423.

These dreams live of the sexual desires of people. They appear as the dream lover and feed on the emotions they engender. Some follow a single person as a recurring fantasy, others move from person to person.

Incubi and succubae are often the parents of first-generation Cambions. They can decide for themselves whether they want to sire an offspring, and do so capriciously. Most priests warn against any congress with these beings: beside tempting Christians into sin, they are said to slowly consume the soul of anybody unlucky or weak enough to become infatuated with them.

The demoness Nahemah is said to be the princess of the succubae, taking a tribute from them to stay in eternal splendour.

Endymions



Some people spend all their life dreaming, due to some illness, alchemy or magic. Such Endymions are still alive and will die if their physical body dies. It is said that to maintain the splendor of dream-Versailles the French court employs hundreds of Endymions fed the finest opium to constantly dream the grand palaces and gardens. Others whisper fearful stories of how some succubae can steal a man's soul, imprisoning it in a dreamworld while the body lingers.

Dream Gods

Beyond the cloud-wrapt chambers of western gloom and Aethiopia's other realm [in the South West] there stands a motionless grove, impenetrable by any star; beneath it the hollow recesses of a deep and rocky cave run far into a mountain, where the slow hand of Natura (Nature) has set the halls of lazy Somnus (Sleep) and his untroubled dwelling. The threshold is guarded by shady Quies (Quiet) and dull Oblivio (Forgetfulness) [Lethe] and torpid Ignavia (Sloth) with ever drowsy countenance. Otia (Ease) and Silentia (Silence) [Hesykhia] with folded wings sit mute in the forecourt and drive the blustering winds from the roof-top, and forbid the branches to sway, and take away their warblings from the birds. No roar of the sea is here, though all the shores be sounding, nor yet of the sky; the very torrent that runs down the deep valley nigh the cave is silent among the rocks and boulders; by its side are sable herds, and sheep reclining one and all upon the ground; the fresh buds wither, and a breath from the earth makes the grasses sink and fail . . . He [Somnus, Greek Hypnos, god of sleep] himself beneath humid caverns rests upon coverlets heaped

with slumberous flowers, his garments reek, and the cushions are warm with his sluggish body, and above the bed a dark vapour rises from his breathing mouth. One hand holds up the locks that fall from his left temple, from the other drops his neglected horn. Vague Somnia (Dreams) [Oneiroi] of countless shapes stand round about him, true mixed with false, flattering with sad, the dark brood of Nox (Night), and cling to beams and doorposts, or lie on the ground. The light about the chamber is weak and fitful, and languid gleams that woo to earliest slumbers vanish as the lamps flicker and dim.

Statius, Thebaid 10. 80 ff (trans. Mozley)

While good Christians of course do not believe there are actual gods of the dreaming, anybody with a poetic or educated bent likes to mention classical myths. So poets often sing the praises of Hypnos, black winged god of sleep (and brother of death) and his children the oneiroi: Morpheus of dreams, Phobetor of nightmares (also known as Icelus, "Semblance"), and Phantasos of inanimate dream objects. Together they emerge each night from their abode in Erebus, flying through the gates of ivory (sending false and misleading dreams) or horn (sending true dreams). Hypnos consort is Pasithea, goddess of relaxation and hallucination. Less often spoken of is Hypnos' mother Nox, goddess of night, daughter of Air (Khaos) and Darkness (Erebus), with her many frightful children.

Incubation



The use of sleep and dreams to cure people is ancient. In some places it is still going on as dream-physicians tend the sick and wounded in their dreams. This form of treatment is most effective against psychological ailments, but skilled dream-physicians are able to ameliorate or even cure various conditions.

Another form of incubation is seeking out safe places to sleep. People with dangerous enemies in their dreams may rest on sacred ground, surround themselves with protective herbs or even magical circles.

The Law and dreams



Dreams pose fascinating problems for law, and legal scholars have written erudite analysis and argued precedent. In general it is recognized that laws are applicable to conduct in dreams, but the peculiar nature of them makes enforcement and evidence problematic. For example, someone committing adultery in a dream is certainly committing a sin. But it is usually impossible to prove that the guilty party was in criminal conversation with a particular person: the dreamer may have been involved with a third party of changed appearance, it might have been a phantom or eidolon rather than the person, and the witnesses may themselves have just imagined the situation. Most crimes where the crime and effect of the crime occur entirely inside a dream are hence not enforced.

When the effects of the crime impinge on the real world it becomes more serious. A classic precedent in English law was *Shallow vs. the Warden of Maxstoke Castle* in 1601. John Shallow, a shaper and poacher, had entered the dream hunting grounds of the Duke of Buckingham, shot a deer, evaded his wardens and then sold it on the market of Kenilworth. The court of attachment found that if Shallow had merely shot the dream deer and consumed it inside the dream, there would not have been any case. If the wardens had apprehended him in the dream and punished him there, there would also have been no case. But since he had moved the deer into the world and “enfleshed it with dream magick” he had not only trespassed against the Duke but compounded it by unlawful magic. He was subsequently executed.

Dream bastards are one of the clearest cases of dream crimes. If a woman becomes pregnant due to intercourse in a dream adultery is strongly implicated. Under the Protectorate this was often persecuted as witchcraft and congress with demons. On the other hand, the offspring of a succubus could be anybody’s.

Generally speaking dreams are fairly lawless, allowing many common people to vent their pent-up desires. But that also means that powerful and dangerous people can prey with impunity on the unwary dreamers.

Dream Houses



There exist establishments where people go to sleep in order to experience designer dreams. Skilled shapers help visitors dream whatever they wish. While this can be expressions of high art and poetry, all too often this is just indulgence of the senses. It is not uncommon to combine bawdy houses with dream houses, and some of the better brothels boast that they will take care of customers while awake or asleep.