Problems hit the critical stage at two area theaters.

That scheduling noose you bear in the sound of two theaters closing closer to the edge of our town.

Oakland University's Mead-

otheater for "Finnegans Wake" and

University's own Birmingham Repertory. They're both on the verge of financial collapse. Their staffs are dispirited, their patrons nonexistent. And their audiences are likely to be in peril if Detroit's own skittish theater community.

At Meadow Brook, a four-
month search has failed to pro-
duce a new artistic director to replace the late John Killen. Next on the list of interim candidates is John Killen's former wife, Meadow Brook's artistic director. She has a "lot of faith" in him. So has the board of directors.

At Birmingham Rep, the executive director, Harry Nederlander, will close up shop when the theater's lease comes due in July. After 17 years of up-and-down seasons and disappointing returns, founding director, Edward "Ted" Fuller says he won't think that he and the board have examined their options. But, he's sure that Birmingham is stronger now.

"I think the theater would be in better shape," Fuller says. "Unfortunately, it just doesn't get the attendance it needs.

At this point, the only person who knows what will happen is when is ready to open the doors of the theater again. But that's about all anyone can say about the theater.

In the meantime, Birmingham Rep is looking for a new director. And if he doesn't find one, the theater will soon be loaded with pink slips.

"I think Mr. Nederlander is going to look for a new executive director," Fuller says. "I think he may even be looking for a new "system.""

That's what's happening in the theater world. And if this trend continues, we're going to lose some of the best theaters in the country, says Fuller.

What's depressing is that when you talk to people about the future of the theater, they talk about money. And that's not new.

But in Birmingham, they're talking about the future of the theater. And they're talking about the success of the theater. And they're talking about the future of the theater.

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Hillary: Readers share dreams of first lady

Nocturnal submissions

To consider the many dimensions of some DOHs (Dreams of Hillary) we asked Marafioti, Van de Castle and Bulkeley to comment on a few of the quarterly's nocturnal submissions. All agreed to give it a shot, while conceding that it's hard to accurately interpret a dream without knowing more about the dreamer.

A woman writes: "Hillary Clinton had come to visit me in Williamstown, Mass., my hometown. We were going on a walk up Stone Hill to find a place where Hillary might take off all her clothes and dance with abandon, out of view of the press or other prying eyes. She had stripped down and was very excited and eager about the prospect. In the field...we came to the edge of a crater about 15 feet in diameter and thought that it might be the perfect place, but Hillary perched over the edge and pronounced it no good because there were already several couples there, their legs intertwined. I couldn't see them well, but I did notice some snakes in the crater and knew I didn't want to go in. So we headed back to my parents' house. Hillary was very disappointed."

Marafioti: "It's a desire to obtain some sort of approval," from Hillary, the powerful and harried authority figure. "However, the dreamer fails in the end. She goes back to her parents' house, which also represents authority." Bulkeley: "Often snakes are images of ambivalent power. Power which is both alluring and desirable but which is frightening and potentially dangerous. In this perfect place the woman sees what Hillary encounters when she takes it too far. The dreamer says, 'I knew I didn't want to go in there.' Maybe seeing what's happening to Hillary in terms of the beating she's taking now."

Van de Castle: "That one almost sounds made up. I can't guarantee it was, but if you go by Freudian symbols, the crater certainly has vaginal aspects and the snakes are phallic symbols. It's almost like some psychology student who had studied a little bit of dream stuff thought she'd pull somebody's leg."

A male paramedic submitted a three-page dream account: He was helicoptered into New York's Adirondack Mountains during a bad snowstorm to rescue Hillary and some others whose plane had crashed in an area only accessible by foot.

"The next thing I remember was in that remote area and had found the crash site. I climbed in and found all alive but very cold and weak...I remember helping Hillary put on hunting pants and jacket over her ski outfit. She asked if I thought we could make it. I said yes. Then we were walking on some trail toward a cabin I knew was there. Hillary was weak and cold and I was half carrying her.

"I could see the face of Hillary so clear; she looked worried and scared. I kept talking to her to reassure her everything would be all right. She seemed to trust me. When I woke up I felt as if I had just left her."

Marafioti: "It's impossible to view this guy as someone who is homophobic"—afraid that he's gay, too. "One way for him to compensate is to take a very extreme masculine role vis-a-vis a very powerful woman. It's almost a faunsical stereotype of the super-macho guy."

Bulkeley: "To read it in the political sense, it's one way of looking at Hillary's current political situation. She has crashed. She's in danger. She needs to be saved. If someone doesn't save her she will die."

Down in the gutter

A woman writes: "I was climbing up a mountain. My boss from my first job after college was at the top. She told me that I had done everything wrong. I felt bad. I looked down to a street below. Water flowed along the gutter. Hillary was in the gutter, then it was OK if I was there."

Bulkeley: "To climb a mountain is sort of the classic, archetypal image of the great journey, the great quest, seeking the good, seeking the sacred. The implication here is that Hillary has failed in that and has (fallen) down to the bottom, down in the gutter."

"The dream draws on water's meaning as source of life. It's the place where...one is baptized. The dead in India are laid in the Ganges River, as part of the transformation process to the next existence."

"In this case it kind of reassures the dreamer: Even though I failed in that attempt to go up the mountain, now I'm down here in the water with Hillary and maybe Hillary has some power of regeneration. She's been down before and she has the regenerative, renewing power to get back up and climb the mountain again."

A man writes: "Hillary is the Delphic Oracle. There's a long line of people waiting outside her cell at the Delphic Temple to consult her. Bill is the impersonator, welcoming people and when their turn comes, introducing them to Hillary."

"The dream widens out into a large amphitheater, where Hillary's on stage and all the supplicants are seated around her, hanging on every word of the sick and lame folk onto the stage."

"As she moves toward them, lightning strikes the stage and obliterates it. When the smoke and dust clear, we see Hillary back in her cell at the temple. She's crying. The crowds are gone. She's alone, except for a small child who is crying. 'I'm hungry.'"

Marafioti: "This dream is about Hillary, and to some degree Bill, not really being who they say they are. Hillary pretends to have all the answers. It's kind of a Wizard of Oz scenario."

Bulkeley: "Hillary is being struck down from above (by) a kind of phallic lighting bolt."

"Like a lot of the other dreams, this is seeing Hillary as someone who is striving for the heights—striving to reach her ideals and having difficulties if not failing completely. The dreamer seems to think it's sort of the right thing to do, right thing to appropriate that she fail."

As for the crying kid, Marafioti says: "The child can represent a lot of things, her concern for kids, Chelsea, health care. It could represent her own inner child."

 Dreams © 1994, the Hillary Clinton Quarterly.
Bill: He gets sleepers' nod

From page 1C

poll or electoral numbers, Bruce Miller asserts, "I think there's a lot of people who like Bill Clinton, they may be today's Silent Majority."

Or perhaps they're a lightly snoring majority.

Certainly, the 16 Michigan dreamers included in the book reflect the Millers' thesis, some dreamed of thrilling living room visits, some of sexy touches or sweet kisses, some of saving an endangered Bill from jogging heart attacks or amateur haircuts.

Other locally spawned dreams in the book include one from Nan McCulloch, 41, of Ferndale:

"I dreamed that Clinton was a traveling salesman named Roy Butler. He was a typical fifties-style rural huckster, with a porkpie hat and plaid jacket. . . . He was selling lightbulbs. These were revolutionary lightbulbs — not only energy efficient but something about the light they cast was specially illuminating . . . ."

"These new-fangled, space-age lightbulbs were a boon to mankind in some metaphysical way. So even though Butler/Clinton was a 'slick' dude, there was something endearing and innocent about the product he was touting . . . and he sincerely believed in it."

Another passage comes from Gretchen Linenger, 27, of Troy:

"I dreamed that President Clinton was in Detroit for a convention or something and he was staying at a hotel on the river. I really wanted to see him, and so did another girl I used to work with . . . It was like a competition to see who could get there first . . ."

"The hotel room he was staying in was high up, and there were guards all around the building. . . . I got up on the windowsill by swinging from a rope on another building. When I got there, he was already on his way downstairs, where the other girl was waiting. He was . . . wearing his pajama bottoms (no shirt), carrying the newspaper and a cup of coffee. I ran up to him and hugged him . . ."

"I started to kiss him . . . then unfortunately (or fortunately maybe from another's point of view), I woke up."

Dolores Flores, 38, of Dearborn, submitted this dream:

"Myself and a few of my friends (all women) were in the dining room of my home. I looked out the window and I saw a tornado a few feet from the window. I yelled to everyone, 'It's a tornado! Take cover,' which they did, underneath the dining room table. I did not, as I was watching the tornado approach the house.

"My friends began calling to me to take cover, when President Clinton said, 'Dolores, please come underneath the table,' and he extended his hand to me.

"I did not want to take it, but he was insistent and finally I did. Just then the windows were shattered, and the President threw himself over me and my friends to protect us from the tornado."

The Millers will be at the Little Professor Book Company in Ann Arbor from 7 to 9 p.m. Monday to sign books and do some "Clinton dream sharing."