

the dream confluence

reality, dreams and perception

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below is a transcript of a dream i had in october 2002.
it was a very vivid dream that had an unusual effect on me shortly after waking.

i had a dream last night that i was in a prison.
my cell was quite large with a high ceiling.
its walls were grey and it looked like the kind of room you would find in a school or college built in the 1970s and left to the elements for a few years.
i shared my cell with an older inmate, he is middle-aged.
in the dream my cellmate was replastering the walls.
as he was doing this i noticed that the wall he was plastering was rippling as if it was made of cloth (like a piece of film scenery).
at first i chose to ignore this (as if i was in a film) but then decided to investigate.
i lifted the cloth wall up, it was heavy because of the thick layer of wet plaster on it.
on the other side was a sloped floor going up quite steep.
this part of the building looked more like a school, with parkett flooring and large windows.
i tried to walk up the slope but my shoes were too slippery as they were covered in wet plaster that had dripped off the wall.
i followed the bottom of the slope around until it levelled out.
i found myself in a room containing furniture painted black, red and yellow (like bauhaus and de stijl designs) - not only do i recognise this furniture from many design books, i have also heard about this room from my brother.
so i know what is near here.
After a little more walking, which takes me outside on a pathway above a coastline, i come to a raised clearing (this is the place).
here there is a congregation of people sitting, picnicing, playing frisbee etc. there is a bar at the far side.
it is dusk.
i recognise many people here: my brother's girlfriend, a few friends from college - one is even working behind the bar.
this place is a dream confluence, where people's dreams cross over - all the people here are real and dreaming and we have all travelled to the same place.'

in this dream i had a vivid memory of being told about this place by my brother.
on waking this feeling still felt very real.
even though i know it did not happen i have to convince myself over and over again.
in my half asleep state this is very difficult.
what intrigues me about this dream is the fact that the 'memory' of my brother telling the information was dreamt. i did not dream about him telling me, i just 'knew' that he had told me about it. on one hand i was telling myself (still half asleep) that it was just a dream, on the other i was saying 'but rob told me about that place before so it must have been real?'

i had dreamt the evidence to support the reality of my dream.
my ability to differentiate between the dreamed, the imagined and the real was severely
low at the point of waking.
can i put myself in this state at will?
maybe i am like this all the time?... i am just more aware of it at certain moments.