

dream research facilities

case studies: a-c

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DREAM 1 - APPLIQUE:

First is Light. Light everywhere. The Light from the Darkness. Strange & intrusive. Light. Colliding with optical fiber unrealized. Annoying upon initial contact. After bizarre discomfort, some manner of thought kicks through the door of comfortable darkness. 'Avoid the Light!' Too late. The physicality of Light has already been accepted. Optical receptors slowly blink open. Another massive reception of Light rays sparking mind's eye into function.

Next comes color. Prismatic hues solidifying into brilliant primaries. Omega, X, Gamma, & Alpha caress & intertwine. Swirling, oozing mass of color slowly condense into abstract shapes. Primal logic attempts to define these shapes. The unspeakable beauty of this Alien Landscape. Aren't you glad you opened your eyes? The serene beauty of a two dimensional landscape...

"Hold, Doctor! The subject is exhibiting increased frequency of neural activity."

"Lower the temperature. Stabilize @ two degrees from the mark..."

Mark.. ark..ahk.. ok... oook-k-k-k... oookkkkk....

Two dimensional? A gigantic organic... book? Word echoes trailing off. Boook... You haven't read a book since... the last memory of book... prismatic shapes wriggling into words etched into paper... words clicking @ distant vanishing point. Monochrome NOW. A magician in top hat/ white gloves holding majick cane BLACK & WHITE begins tapping majick cane on the furthestmost point of horizon which turns into wall a finger's breadth from EXHALE Ta-Da! Tap, Tap.. Ta-Da! Tap, Tap. Horizon settle one foot from tapping cane. "Say it with me 'BOOK' B-OO-K-k... B-ah- OO- K!" The full roundness of the 'B' is attempted in vain.

Instead of sound,... a bubble is produced. A bubble of a snow scene paperwight, inside of which an Anole Chameleon bedecked in a monkey hair stole rides a kangaroo exhibiting full maternal breasts of a blissfully hideous reptilian/butterfly winged-Harpy. The Chameleon exchanges the jockey position, atop sinewy shoulders, slipping into leather pouch as the kangaroo bounds inside

the bubble.

The Chameleon emerges wearing a laughable crown. A cheap plastic crown embedded with brilliantly shimmering plastic jewels. Red, Blue, & Green. VOICE OVER POLICE RADIO: "Last seen wearing a beauty contest sash emblazoned with HAPPY BIRTHDAY! glitter words on fire 'Wish You Were Here!'

TAP TAP TAP

TAP TAP

TAP

darkness.....

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DREAM 2 - BRUMAL:

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Suck deep greed of sleep... sleep. Inhale foamy draughts. Sleep.. Snake spine uncoils. Muscle gives up soul. Sleep.. Velvet darkness spiraling into this opulent lull.

You> AWAKE! Under X-Ray equipment... Jzsh-zsh-zsh! Robotic arm scans the length of your body.

Goat-tee-ed doctor holds up pen of naked woman Betty Boop stag party style. Turns it upside down. Flesh slides away reveling skeletal anatomy.

"NOW!" whistles doctor rolling eyes behind inch thick concave lenses... his eyes... {Snake Eyes!}... "You're free to go. TA-TA!"

"But Doctor!" YOU ejaculate pulling closed your butcher wrap brown paper gown

"What about Little Jimmy?"

Neon green word bubbles erupt

Whip Him Soundly & Send Him To Bed

Now walking rain slicked street shudder shoulder to punch of impending

Wynter Wynd... Wynter.. Wyn..

"He's polarizing towards Y co-ordinate. We'll give him One Hundred CC-C-c-c-c-cc-ccc-cccc-c-c....."

Eyes closed yet still cold. Ice floe capillaries. A billboard erupts from the horizontal plane. A cubic rectangle of immeasurable proportions

'Where will you stay when Winter arrives?'

Arctic Blue flurries prelude a blizzard of chrome. Inescapable scent of ash.

Embryos erupt from beneath snow blankets... AND they grow..

They grow to rapid maturation. Within the time space of a breath they decompose into husk then to ash.

YOU.. NOW.. ONLY.. LIVING CREATURE... in DREAM.... Trumpeted

fanfare heralding the arrival of twelve winged creatures.

"@ LEAST I CAN DREAM NOW!!"

your voice blasts for no apparent reason. Laughing. Full of JOY! You rip off layer upon layer of garment. YOU ARE NAKED... in the snow... laughing uproariously. The winged creatures, chihuahua sized penguins, flock alightening upon your discarded clothes, scentfully reminiscent of deep fried spare ribs.

"@ LEAST I CAN DREAM NOW!!"

"Tsk, tsk, tsk." The Chihuahua Peguins chitter disapprovingly

The entire flock shakes out shirts & pants, many layers of underwear,...

They clean, press, fold, & hang...

"@ LEAST I CAN DREAM NOW!!"

YOU SHOUTING OVER & OVER

"@ LEAST I CAN DREAM NOW!!!"

Chasing Penguins as they fly away

"@ LEAST I CAN DREAM NOW!!!"

into...

"@ LEAST I CAN DREAM NOW!!!"

black...

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DREAM 3 - CENTESIMAL:

**tic-tic-tic- a remembered smile tic-tic-tic- talons
drum on marbled alabaster tic-tic-tic- a metronomic
drip of water on smooth petrified bone KLANG!
Chronos swallows a rock swaddled in a baby blue
blanket KLANG! Automobile high speed crash into
concrete retaining wall KLANG! a grotesque human
face laughs uproariously...**

"Your move." sez God after moving rook to pawn 4

**Shining piss yellow globes swarm overhead...
the remembered smile asks "When did this
happen?"**

**This landscape, a void, erupts with the true
representation of every man-made product. A flood
of material. Drunken mixed breed mongrels covort
in conical party hats. They slosh their drinks on
everything. The spilt liquid melds molecules. Atoms**

**welded by dykes in floral print dresses... UNTIL... a
disorganized haphazardness glues the entire mess
into one conglomerate nightmare...**

**rubber ducks with dildos stuck to the crossbars of
ten speed bikes locked inside of 3 cheese, 5 egg, nuts
& bolts omelette.**

somewhere someone asks for mustard

**A cartoon fox in drag chides "That's the pepper, old
boy, that's the pepper!"**

**Red petal lips blossom through this junk heap
slurping Everything into the ORGANIC.**

A FLORAL UTOPIA.

"Oh, my GOD!" chokes an otherworldly voice

"Yes?" queries God with arched eyebrow

"Here com the Bugs!"

Atmosphere darkens. Dragonflies transporting Body Lice... Flying Queen Ants drop parachuting EarthWorms... Rhinoceros Beetles blow wild saxaphony trumpets... A blizzard of BUGS... They drop & destroy the foliage... They create calculators... building banks out of the wreckage...

The remembered smile once again "When did this happen?"

"Third dream seems a bit sporadic. We had better pull him out."

"Not yet, Nurse Rodgers. Not yet."

A prismatic blast occurs on the horizon. The insects are replaced by reptilian rodents in name brand three piece buisness suits. The rodents build factories

generically labelled... *FOOD* *GUNS*

***CLOTHES* *SHELTER* *SEX*... '...something
secret is happening in the *GUN* factory...'**

**overheard as two well dressed rats zip by in their
convertible... A fat rat in a smoking jacket & ascot
enscensed with a gold 'C' races up in a 'S' pattern...
standing @ full- length (8 &1/2 feet TALL) in front
of a full- length mirror,**

this Rat pulls a pocket watch out of his vest...

"You know it had to happen sooner or later."

**A steam whistle sounds... The entire rodent society
begins fucking madly...**

Oh, baby baby baby baby

tic-tic-tic-

Oh, baby baby baby

tic-tic-tic-

Oh, baby baby

"WHEN DID THIS HAPPEN?"

"We must pull him out NOW!"

"Oh,... yes, yes,.. very well."