

adam overton

two realizations of an instruction by Marssares Selector:

1- Transcribe and post a dream you had.

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a dream (had sometime in late September 2008)

nighttime. crawling/walking around a restaurant in a hilly, silverlake-ish area. I've been there before. the restaurant is closed, though I thought it would be open. my shirt is off, which feels radical. I see something move and it startles me, so I put my shirt back on - I think it might be a rabbit or rodent running away but I'm not sure. I come back around to the front of the restaurant (I've been lurking around the back & side). There's a tall wood fence in the front area of the restaurant - I realize there's a horse in there. I keep walking and the 2nd half of the fence turns to a low chainlink fence and now I see the horse. The horse sees me. It slowly jumps over the fence, and it seems to be coming after me. I go around the corner and it follows me. It then rears up and tramples me (though I don't feel any pain). It cuts cinematically to Chevy Chase who is sitting in a hospital bed. Apparently he's been out to get me, and the horse attack was his idea. He quietly smiles & chuckles when he gets news on the phone about my horse attack.

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a dream (had the morning of 5 October 2008)

multi-part

walking down street with someone (don't remember who), neighborhood, but urban, and a wolf (a baby) is following us. It wants to attack me/us, so we get scared. We also know it's illegal to kill them, so that makes us nervous too. It finally reaches us and starts biting. My friend picks it up and I punch it until it dies. We're nervous, looking around and I wrap it in a banana peel (which it fits inside of) and then in newspaper (all of which we found on the sidewalk). We leave it there, and wait for the news to catch up with us about what just happened.

at a big show, about to perform on drums. I think Corey is playing somewhere nearby. I'm very excited. There's a political nature to this concert, which is in a vast open (but indoor) space. keep waiting to play and can't wait for folks to hear what we do.

Am watching a story about a man with brain-damage. He is mostly catatonic, but has recently discovered this hand-toy that vibrates/oscillates, and swirls and lights up when he shakes it. He loves it and becomes animated when he uses it. He seems much better than before.

We (the brain-damaged man and I) end up in Chicago at a political convention. lots of people & police everywhere. I have a monologue/chant for him to read thru a bullhorn that's also a video camera. I do it first to demonstrate. He seems like he'll do it, but it'll take time to get him warmed up. Just as he gets started with the chant, a police officer comes over and forces us to turn off the megaphone/camera. I act tauntingly. I look over and they're arresting someone else, but they've left behind some eggs. I grab some and begin walking around this area, which is like a sidewalk/hallway that is circular/curved. I spot people who seem aligned with the police, throw some eggs at them, and run. My aim is not very good - I usually miss and/or hit someone nearby I didn't intend to - but the effect is good and people are startled & angry. I get away, and keep looking for more cops to throw eggs at. I find an area where there's a little green heavy thing, kind of shaped like a walkie-talkie. It's emitting a high-pitched noise which is annoying over a long-period of time. Someone seems to be guarding it. I can't remember how I get ahold of it, but somehow I do, at which point the chase is on, as I try to turn it off. It has one switch, which when pushed just pauses the sound for a half-second before resuming. the pauses notify the authorities. As we're running, I realize we're inside a hospital that's very cavernous, maze-like. It's easy enough to keep a steady lead, but I have no idea where I'm going, or if I'll be able to get out. while running, I try to open the device - it opens and I start to rip out parts of it, one piece at a time. I finally rip out the last part and the box is still making its sound, but I feel satisfied and I throw it in a trash can. I also pull out the dead wolf, which is still covered in the banana peel, and leave it there. I finally find some doors that lead out and get outside, at which point I try to walk and act normal again, and then I wake up.

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