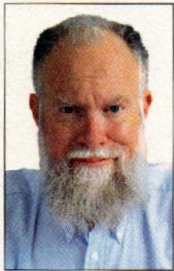


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What's All This Dream Stuff, Anyhow?

It's 3:50 a.m. And as I've said before, if I can't get back to sleep after lying there helplessly for 45 minutes, I might as well get up. In this case, I had a dream that was even worth typing. I have about two Safeway bags full of handwritten dreams, plus 120 files of dreams typed. Here's the good, wild dream I had recently.

I was starting down a dark, twisty road after midnight. A fast car was just ahead of me, and I drove fast to catch up with it. (I actually do this, occasionally.) I had some kind of computer screen that showed curves here and there and then blank spaces between curves. (I don't have one of these.) What kind of cars? Undefined—it was dark.

After a while, I sorta caught up with the guy, who let me pass and hollered, "Great road!" And I hollered "Yeah!" I kept driving fast, and after 10 minutes, I got a little ahead of him. I looked out across the dark valley. I couldn't see if it was 10 miles long or 40.

After a while I stopped driving, went in a house, and looked out a big picture window—8 feet high by 30 feet wide. I could see it was only a few miles of valley, but I couldn't see if it was farming or ranching. Not many lights. Dark night.

I descended to the right-hand corner of the picture window in the dark and flipped the catch, slid the window open, and climbed out to a lower level. (I never do this in the real world.) The guy who had been in the following car followed me down through the room and window in the dark.

I walked stealthily through the second living room and opened the second big sliding window. And again, and again, for about eight windows. Then at the last one, I quit.

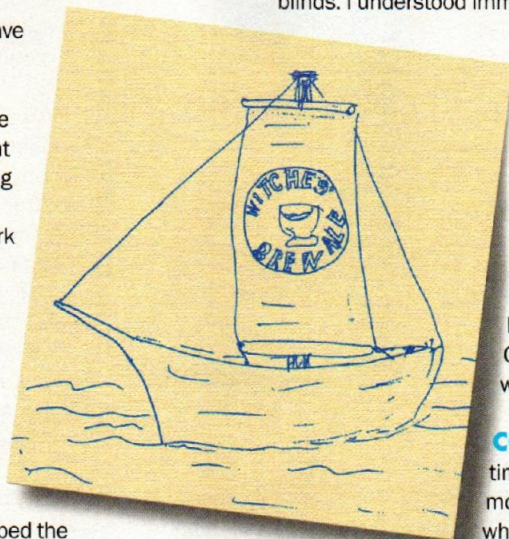
In the morning, I looked out to see a very big dam, right beside us. It dropped off over 120 feet and was over 500 feet wide, and there was a lot of blue water going over it. The other guy was sleeping in the passenger seat of a car beside the water. A couple of talkative women came over in kayaks and tried to chat him up. He said nothing. He motioned with his finger, "keep quiet," and I said nothing and kept my head down.

After a while, I drove up through town. It seemed to be a small Colorado town at the foot of a big (dammed) lake. I drove through town a couple times. I saw a sign that said "Witch Cup." The second time, I came to a slow intersection where long trucks were waiting to turn left. I wedged in on their left and made a left turn. Then I could read the sign—"Witches' Brew Cup." What the heck is that supposed to mean?

I came down to the foot of the town and saw a huge sailboat with a wide extruded "mast" 100 feet tall. At the top and the bottom were rollers, to roll up the "sails," which unrolled like Venetian blinds. I understood immediately that there was a big cup, race, and regatta (sponsored by this local

"Witches' Brew") with 10 identical boats. Coming up soon.

As I approached the bottom of town, I looked up at this sailboat on the left and prepared to turn right. I used a fancy flat "mouse" to steer the car to the right. Soon I saw a nice little visitors plaza with many signs that read "Witches' Brew Cup" and "Free Road Map." I pulled in to find out where I was. Of course, as soon as I opened the map, I woke up. (I still wonder where I was!)



COLORFUL HEADLIGHTS • I sometimes dream in color, 2% of the time, but most of this dream was sorta black and white. Even the "blue" water didn't really have much color. It was just dark. Color at

night is minimal in my dreams, though I once saw cars with red, blue, and green headlights on a highway. When they went behind a telephone pole, the color changed!

What's it all mean? Not much, I don't think, but I write them down anyhow. Just yesterday I dreamed I was trying to get advice from three people to find Helen Senk's house, and they were all wrong. The previous night I was buying a hazmat suit with a big zipper, and once inside, I wrote a check for \$85.

And what was the earworm of the night? As I said back in '99, "earworms" are songs that often worm their way into your head and can't get out. Tonight, Miss Peggy Lee's "Willow, Weep For Me" is such a pleasant song. ☺

Comments invited! rap@galaxy.nsc.com —or: Mail Stop D2597A, National Semiconductor P.O. Box 58090, Santa Clara, CA 95052-8090

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