

11 Social Dreaming Matrix: Covid-19 a year on. Notes from 27 May 2021

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9 dreams and about 35 associations

D1: I was in a theater and on the stage, there were 3 entertainers, 2 men and a woman. They were multitalented they could sing, dance, play music. He was very pleased with the offer. At the end of the performance the three entertainment became one and he couldn't separate. He was very impressed, fascinated of their capacity to become one out of three. And then the dream ended.

D2: When the dreamer was relating the dream, she thought of the triple ... entertainers that can entertain, sing and dance, number three again

A1: An image of me as a child, it's in India. I must have been seven on a stage performing, thinking on the triple... it didn't mean what I was doing it felt that I was very present on that picture of more than 50 years ago.

A2: I was in a performance in Turkey, a Sufi dancer was dancing turning his spine, tree connecting on one. Also associating with consultants that are now playing on many roles with zoom, cameras and computers

A3: I felt threaten by the demand of becoming one with two other individuals

A4: I thought of the feeling of building of anxiety that comes with performance, having to performance and merge with things you don't feel to embody things for the sake of performance.

A5: The holy trinity, mind, body, spirit, creation, maintenance and destruction, past present future, mind, body, soul. The importance of three coming together.

A6: Primal scene territory, anxiety of being at one with the parental couple.

A7: The warmth of the spectator, the way he delighted on watching the three was a comforting thing as well as the image of the theater.

A8: The dream evoked warmth, I wasn't so clear, then hearing about the Sufi dance and performance anxiety made me associate with the idea of performance and spectator being the same, without separation.

A9: It made me think on how long it is since I have been on a theater. I haven't thought of felt that kind of warmth and connection in a very long time. Nostalgia.

A10: The three becoming one, father, mother, child, the three becoming a whole.

A11: I thought of the theater of dreams that is the SDM and the performance anxiety that a dream might feel of coming on stage and give up its individuality to become part of the matrix.

D3: I am in a pastoral setting, it is beautiful a farm, like my grandparents' farm in Ontario that I visit on the 1960. There is no life there except one little girl. She was waiting for her father.

She finds her contact in her device, and she contacted him and she told him that her daughter wanted him to come and see her. He was a big executive, eventually give three meeting points between 6 and 8:40pm. He missed all this time, eventually he came at 11:50pm. She told him he couldn't come more late

A12: Here we have a curfew at 9pm. My son had gotten somewhere and I needed to bring him back. At 8:40 exactly I had to come back to my house and we run a bit too much to be on time.

A13: He couldn't be any later, he just arrived before midnight

A14: When the next person isn't there

A15: From 40 to 50 years is the period when you meet very important aspects of oneself like fathers.

A16: Deadlines set by paternal figures arbitrary specific date and times, remind her of feelings of not believing on lockdown promises. Unreliable paternal figure with specific deadlines that don't align with the reality of life.

A17: The reference of many numbers in the matrix makes me think about the reliability of numbers as an exact science, also thinking that there are only two dreams.

D4: two men and one woman, it was black and white. The men were seating and the woman was inspiring, energetically writing down something. She was pregnant. She said to one of the men that she wanted the woman for herself. The man said that she belongs to all of us, she was an icon. She had a green dress.

D5: Struggle to connect fragments of a dream. I am still confused about my dream last night. I was watching TV and a singer came live on TV. I am puzzled and think, but she is dead more than 30 years ago. She asked someone by his said, this cannot be live TV that singer is dead more than 3 decades ago. He is told that he must be confused, she is a live. He liked the singer, then in the news I found out that another singer that he knows and had survived Covid 2 times was dead. He gets confuse the dead one is singing live in TV and the one that is alive and survived the disease is dead. Then he had a feeling of losing consistency and he realize that he was on a dream and lost information, stop dreaming or wake up, it ended there.

A18: Dream space, scape we don't have a sense of time. It made me remind my grandma who live to 106 and dreamt she was 45 and wondering why. I said because you are still working out.... Different parallels of time

D6: I am in a bus, European country perhaps Nice, it's crowded, people standing, spring summer day, no tension, we are all slightly leaning to the exit maybe anticipating a bus stopping, not sure. Outside it seems a lively street with cafes, lights, I seem very untroubled I can't completely make everybody out. I am almost like a picture drawn with many crayons, it's real. The bus journey is not bumpy is quite slow. I cannot remember what happen before and after.

A19: I connect two the last to dreamers through the tone of the voice but I had difficulty with the words they prevented me from connecting.

D7: I am stuck on a bus, its full of people is fine. I had this repetitive dream between 5 and 9 years old. My mom gets off and yells me to get off but I cannot get off, everyone has left gone to their proper places and I am just stuck I can't go anywhere.

A20: He thought of the lorry in Nice driving into the crowd and then the bomb went off

A21: crowded bus gets association of danger, getting infected with the virus.

D8: Remember details of his dream (dream 6) I think when I was in Nice, it makes sense the association of the bomb going off.

A22: when I thought of the crowded bus and people going towards exit I was reminded of events in Israel, dangers of being on the crowd.

A23: I am struck of the girl alone in the bus, again a girl alone

A24: I am thinking how we need to loose ourselves to find ourselves. I am thinking about the three monkeys, hear no evil, say no evil, do no evil.

D9: I had a dream in which David Beckham was interested on me, and we kiss, I had a sense of huge appreciation on him. Because I always believed no one was interested on me due to the beauty of appearance. I appreciated him because he could see inside. At the end of the dream it turns out that it was not true that he had his own agenda

A25: love life focus on the other persons interest, where it's all about the other persons agenda and the analysis of that

A26: The last comment allowed my whole system to release and relax. I have been holding physical distress, anxiety, anger since I heard the dream of the dead singer been alive. I think on what is happening on my life on a bizarre and unexpected way that I hear all what was said, 3 become 1, this is true or not true, but maybe when I heard I don't need to focus on the other persons experience but just on my desire and intention, then my whole system relax.

A27: I am seating with difficult feeling of betrayal and abuse of the girl that was alone in the farm and the woman kissed by David Beckham who was interested on another agenda.

A28: I am thinking on agency and my own dream of being stuck in a bus and the David Beckham dream, I am thinking on being trapped on an agenda where you have no agency about the route or course that it is taking.

A29: I am intrigued by the pregnant woman that belongs to all society who was wearing a green dress in a black and white dream and the other women in the dreams and it really touches me

A30: I worry about the dream in the farm, why are there no animals, are there no animals in the matrix. Where is the life energy, In the first dream we had associated a lot of anxiety but still I felt there is life.

A31: I just connected with the dream in the bus (dream 6) realized that a lot of people were killed by a man in a truck a few years ago in Nice.

A32: The word Nice brought back a young memory of me being 8 or 9. I was with one of my friends waiting for another and he brought a package of biscuits Nice and he said this biscuit are nice but I don't like them

A33: 16 people murder in Peru this week on a terrorist attack being instructed not to vote for one out of two presidential candidates. And I wonder why there are so many associations and little dreams, what are the underlying anxieties

A34: Masculine and feminine. The mothers are not there, the girl alone, when the mother is present the mother yells, I feel a polarity, a lack of connecting

A35: The concept of dualism masculine and feminine how forces are interdependent on each other

Dream reflections dialogue:

The number of dreams is not necessarily important because everything that happens in the dream is a waking dream. This matrix is about the illusion of being at one which destroys difference.

I never felt such a hesitation or share anything, I thought all the time "everyone dies for himself alone". I couldn't share it.

I listen to all the conversations but not to the words, I had a need to connect on the tone of voice, the sound and not the words.

Silence experienced as flowers coming out. I wanted more spaces.

I felt confronted by the terrorist attack in Peru, I know about this, everybody is shocked about it. It reflected the extreme polarization, it is very painful for me I am moved, everything is painful here not only that. I didn't feel it was an association I felt I should have share it, but it is too painful to talk about that.

I use the word nice when thinking of Nice, things are not necessarily nice but there is a need to connect.

Where things ever nice, I think always things were not nice, this painful moment in Peru there were things before that leading to it, so where things ever nice

Leaving things too late

Number three as holy trinity, three monkeys, the three dimensions, the silences the connection, the associations, we are not one, that is an illusion

Wanting to connect with others but struggling with oneself

The somatic experience of separateness, what is left after a bit turmoil, an earthquake: debris, separate debris?

Being alone without institutions parental guidance that you meet in the flesh.

Agency or Paralysis? What do we collectively choose?

Themes

A sense of betrayal and loss of reliability, trusting time and numbers which are countable and certain – the father who doesn't come back on time, the mother who got off the bus while the little girl didn't, woman kissed by David Beckham who had another agenda, dead singer alive and live singer who survived Covid twice as dead etc. Many numbers, 3, 7, 5, 9, 50, 40, 1960, 840, 1150,16 etc. occurred in most dreams.

A sense of debris, being left behind – terrorist attack in Niece, recent terrorist attack in Peru, the girl left behind in the bus,

Wanting to connect with others but struggling to connect with self – a sense of disconnection with time – 106 year old grandma appearing like 45, someone dead 3 decades ago is alive now, a remembered quote everyone dies for himself, 3 merging to 1, pregnant woman belonging to everyone, performer and spectator merged and not separate.
Number three as holy trinity – many references to 3 – a stage with 3 entertainers – 2 men and a woman who merged into 1, feeling threatened to merge with 2, connection of mind-body-spirit, cycle of creation- maintenance-destruction, past-present-future, union of the child with parental figures, men and woman in black and white setting, 3 monkeys – see no evil, hear no evil, speak no evil
Warmth and affection in togetherness – the Sufi dance in Turkey that created warmth, comfort and delight in watching the 3, lively streets with cafes and lights
Hypothesis

The desire simmering in the matrix seemed to be one of integration with oneself and connection with others, co-existing with the primal fear and anxiety of leaving behind unreliable parental figures and unsure of what debris that will create. Is the desire strong enough to create a delightful song and dance using our agency or would it paralyze us with performance anxiety? What do we collectively choose to birth?