



The Archives of Let's Talk Dusty!

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- Let's Talk Dusty! The Forum
Don't Forget About Me
Dreams of Dusty

Forum Locked Topic Locked
Printer Friendly

Author

Topic

allherfaces
Administrator
★★★★★

Posted - 05/05/2007 : 14:46:51



USA
14235 Posts

I thought we already had a thread on this, but I can't find it....

This morning I dreamed that I got from Pat Rhodes a little piece of artwork Dusty had made as a child. It was a small form made of plaster of Paris or something similar, and a piece broke off. It had a picture that was glued on it as well. I paid 20 pounds for it, and the money as going to the Marsden.

Then later I was taken to a room down a flight of stairs, and it was Dusty's room as a child. A large room with hardwood flooring. There were faded and tattered red checked curtains on the windows which were on three walls. The curtains were blowing in the breeze. Nothing had been changed since Dusty was a child. I stood there and quietly cried.

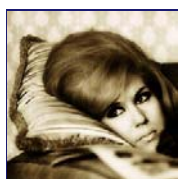
Please share your thoughts and perhaps your own dreams about Dusty....



We're here for Dusty...
http://www.dustyspringfield.info

dusty_freak
I've got a good thing
★★★★★

Posted - 05/05/2007 : 16:46:24



Australia
5805 Posts

Hmm well my thoughts of Dusty are that she's pretty damn awesome

Clare xoxo

"When you smile, i can tell we know each other very well.."

Mads
Where am I going?
★★★☆☆

Posted - 06/05/2007 : 01:17:34



Australia
3323 Posts

How thoughtful Clare

I havent really had any dreams about Dusty, but Im gonna try and make myself have some

LOVE MADS.

Edited by - Mads on 06/05/2007 01:17:48

Kathy
Wasn't born to follow
★★★★★

Posted - 06/05/2007 : 02:42:30



Nancy you may be remembering a post some months ago when I mentioned that Pam suffered from a condition often referred to as after image. In this, vivid dreams continue after the person is awake and sitting up. They appear quite real, although sometimes they can be



Australia
6508 Posts

somewhat ghost like with people walking through walls and doors. They can last for perhaps 20 to 30 seconds or more. There is usually no auditory input at this stage although the person can sometimes appear alarmingly close. During a period when DWD and Mary O'Brien's book were being read, Pam had several after images of Dusty and could describe in detail what she was wearing, her hair etc.

I haven't had any dreams of Dusty myself, a strange thing really as she's the cool Capricorn and I the emotional Piscean. Oh well--perhaps someday, although your dream sounded somewhat distressing and indicative of loss. 😊

xx
Kathy



allherfaces
Administrator
★★★★★

Posted - 06/05/2007 : 13:58:42



USA
14235 Posts

Dreams are always more about ourselves than anything we dream about....we choose the symbols to best tell the story. Yes, the dream is about loss, but it also has healing power. You must have known that, Kathy, and thus your smile.



We're here for Dusty...
<http://www.dustyspringfield.info>



Kathy
Wasn't born to follow
★★★★★

Posted - 06/05/2007 : 14:19:10



Australia
6508 Posts

Yes I agree, dreams can have a restorative power. The smile I gave was one of empathy.

xx
Kathy



mssdusty
I've got a good thing
★★★★★

Posted - 06/05/2007 : 14:32:19



USA
5821 Posts

NANCY AFTER I MET DUSTY I DID HAVE DREAMS OF THAT DAY IN HOLLYWOOD.HOW IN THE WORLD I WENT BY MYSELF AND FINDING THAT RADIO STATION ON A BUSY STREET.IF IT WAS TO HAPPEN TODAY WELL FORGET IT.IT WOULD HAD NEVER HAPPEN. IN MY DREAM WE WENT TO LUNCH AFTER TAKING THE MOVIE.DUSTY AND I ATE AND THE 2 MEN JUST WAITED FOR US.NICE. BUT ONLY A DREAM. 😡😡

MARY 😊

I only think of the day I Met Dusty and MY pains go away.IT's Great!



Kathy
Wasn't born to follow
★★★★★

Posted - 06/05/2007 : 14:49:01



Australia
6508 Posts

Mary, your initiative on that day has given you a unique moment in your life that has created a wonderful memory which you have generously shared with your LTD family.

Maybe if you could have asked Dusty, "What are you doing for lunch?", you never know she might have replied "Do you know a good restaurant around here?" 😊

xx
Kathy



mssdusty
I've got a good thing
★★★★★



USA
5821 Posts

boztiggs
Where am I going?
★★★



United Kingdom
3367 Posts

Posted - 06/05/2007 : 15:54:32

THANKS KATHY AND YES THE HAMBER HAMLET IS WHERE EVERYONE GOES. YOUR RIGHT I SHOULD HAVE BEEN NOT SO SHY THAT DAY. MARY 🍷

I only think of the day I Met Dusty and MY pains go away. IT's Great!

Posted - 06/05/2007 : 19:29:00

Dusty is always popping up in my dreams, she could be a waitress or a bus driver, anything, although i have had one recurring dream where im in a big crowd of people and dusty is shaking hands with everyone but she never gets to me, i call out to her "dusty dusty its me im over here" but she never sees me. Its a sad dream.

neil

" Here in the gloom, of my lonely room, i hold his photograph and pray ill see him soon oh-oh"

allherfaces
Administrator
★★★★★



USA
14235 Posts

daydreamer
Moderator
★★★★★



United Kingdom
5404 Posts

Posted - 06/05/2007 : 20:56:36

She sees you now, my friend. 🙄



We're here for Dusty...

<http://www.dustyspringfield.info>

Posted - 06/05/2007 : 22:28:31

I know that Dusty pops into my dreams, just as other people in my life do. I'm sort of aware of it but the trouble is, unless it's a dream that I wake in the middle of, I never remember. The only dream I've had of Dusty that I do remember was during the weeks after she died. She appeared exactly as she does in the picture holding the candle. She had her back to me and I was trying to stop her from going by holding onto the silk but she slipped away and I woke up.

Carole x

"Since you went away, I've been hanging around..."

goin back
Little by little
★

United Kingdom
519 Posts

Posted - 07/05/2007 : 00:28:01

I had an odd and very vivid dream the night of Dusty Day... when I woke up I stayed up and typed it out on my pc cos it was still all so clear in my head (and so I didn't forget it!!) It's been posted on another site so some may have read it but seeing as this thread has appeared I thought I'd put it on here too - though it's a bit like a mini story (cos it sounded daft as straight dialogue!!) 🙄 :

I went to Little Hill to see if I could get some piccies of the front of the house to go with the ones I have of the back! It was early on a Sunday morning so I hoped the owners wouldn't be up yet as I quietly

made my way down the driveway with my camera at the ready. All the curtains were shut and I couldn't see any movement of any kind so I took a few piccies and as I turned on my heels to make a swift exit I heard the front door open. "Bugger" I thought "time for a rollicking from the owners!".

As I stood with my back to the house waiting for the "Oi what the hell do you think you're doing?" question to arrive I heard a woman's voice say "It's a lovely house, isn't it?" Relieved that it seemed I wasn't going to be carted off to the local constabulary for trespassing I turned round to answer and saw a petite blonde woman, who looked 50ish, in a pink dressing gown and slippers leaning against the doorframe. I looked "Whoa... Nah I'm seeing things" closed my eyes (and counted to 10 presumably!) then looked again... "it can't be", third time lucky I thought opening my eyes again... "No way... is that you... Dusty?" I enquired hesitantly. "Of course it's me" came the reply "why wouldn't it be, it IS my house after all!". "But you're... well... you know... you're um..." I started. "I'm what?" she asked. "Um you're..." I didn't quite know how to put it but luckily before I could finish she turned to go back inside "come on if you're coming in, I'm starving. You want some breakfast?". Completely baffled I went into the house and closed the door behind me.

I followed her along a light and airy hallway (obviously I have no idea what the inside of Little Hill was like, so my brain presumably made the décor etc. up as it went along!) and into a large, white kitchen with stainless steel appliances and a table with six chairs at one end by an open back door overlooking the rear garden. "Please, sit down and I'll put the kettle on and get us something to eat but I must feed Nicholas first or he won't forgive me for the rest of the day!". She opened a corner cupboard which was stocked to overflowing with all sorts of cat food, filled Nicholas's bowl and placed it on a mat by the door; Nicholas strolled in through the open doorway and tucked in.

Just then a phone rang "Sorry but I must get that, I'm expecting an important call. Won't be a minute" she said and disappeared back into the hallway. I sat at the table in disbelief... "What's wrong with this picture?!?! Dusty's gone and Nicholas is gone so why are they here? Why am I seeing them?!? I MUST be losing my marbles" I thought to myself. Having sat there for about half an hour with no sign of a returning Dusty I decided to check if all was OK. I opened the door and stepped out into the hallway from where we had come; however I found myself not in the hallway but in a light powder blue bathroom "O... K... where's the hallway? I'm sure I went through the same door we came in?!".

Deciding I must have been wrong I turned round, opened the door again and went back into the kitchen... except it wasn't, I found myself standing in the back garden! "Oh this is weird". Again I turned and went back through the door and, to my relief, found myself back in the kitchen where I had started. "Isn't the garden beautiful this time of year?" Looking up there was Dusty sat at the table with two cups of tea and a plateful of toast and croissants. "Er... it's lovely" I agreed. It was then that I realised she was no longer the woman who had invited me in earlier... it was still Dusty but she was now probably in her early 20s and dressed in jeans & t-shirt. "What the...?" Seeing the puzzled look on my face she said "I'm sorry I was so long but I thought I'd change and make myself more presentable seeing as I have a guest!".

"No, no, NO... this is NOT right" I thought. "Come and sit down, your tea's getting cold" she said but all I could do was stand rooted to the spot staring at her! "Listen" I said "thanks but I really should be going"; I just wanted to get outta there (even tho it was Dusty, I know!!!!) and back, hopefully, to normality. "Oh OK" she smiled "would you mind letting yourself out?" I wandered over to the hallway door "Sure, no problem. Er... thanks again. Bye". Opening the door I stepped out into the... lounge! "Oh come on" I said out loud "this is so ridiculous!". "Oh do you think it's too much? I quite like it myself! I know it's very purple, but I do so love purple" said that familiar voice from the other end of the room. This Dusty was around 40ish and sitting on a large deep purple sofa drinking her cup of tea; "I made you another" she said pointing to a pink mug on the table "the other one was cold". Again I just stared at her. "No offence, but what the hell's going on? Moving rooms, you shouldn't be here cos you died 8 years

ago, Nicholas died a few years ago too and the current owners of the house are nowhere to be seen?!" She got up from the sofa, wandered over to me and put her arm round my shoulder "Are you alright?" she enquired "Died?? I'm sure I've died a few times but only on stage, last time I looked I was still very much alive and kicking, believe me!" she laughed. "OK I'm outta here" I said, ran to the door and out into the hallway... "NOOOOOOO... this should be the bloody hallway" I screamed "not a flippin bedroom!".

Just then another door opened and there stood Dusty again, but I'd say early 30s, with towel dried hair and wrapped in a large bath sheet. "Oh" she exclaimed looking startled "I'm sorry, I thought you'd left so I've had a quick shower before I go out, I'm meeting some people for lunch". Going back into the en suite she reappeared a few minutes later wearing black trousers and a white blouse. "I thought I'd left too but I can't get outta this bloody nightmare of a house" I yelled at her in frustration. "How the hell do I get out?". She stared at me for a bit then walked across to the door I had come into the room through and opened it "Same way as I do, same way everyone else does... you just open the front door and step outside" she said stretching out her arm and gesturing through the open doorway.

I ran across the room, through the door and found myself standing outside the front door back in the driveway. "See, front door just like every other house" said that voice again from behind me. I started to walk quickly up the driveway, pausing only once to glance over my shoulder; stood in the doorway of the house was the same petite blonde 50ish woman dressed in that same pink dressing gown and slippers she had first been wearing; the only difference was the cat nestled in her arms. "It was lovely to meet you" she shouted as she waved goodbye; "Yeah... um... you... too" I replied as I carried on up the driveway without another look back.

I ran up the road as fast as I could, jumped into my car and drove off. I decided to head into Henley and to St Mary's to see if my mind had finally cracked or not. There in the churchyard was Dusty's marker, still there, still with the same words on it 'Dusty Springfield OBE 1939 – 1999'. I sat down on the bench behind it, my head thumping, wondering what the hell had just happened? Had I nodded off on the bench and dreamed it all or had it really happened? "Don't be daft" I thought to myself "how can that have happened? I MUST have fallen asleep and dreamed the whole thing. Everything here is as it should be... she still died in 1999, the marker is here proving that!". Gathering myself together I got up to head back to my car but before I left I returned to the marker, crouched down and touched the stone. "Bye Dust, see you again soon" I said quietly. Standing back up I turned towards the path and started to wander slowly towards the churchyard entrance. "Oh I do hope so, I've really enjoyed having some company for a while; I don't get that many visitors any more these days". I froze in my tracks and, daring to look back over my shoulder, standing by the marker was a petite blonde woman wearing a pink dressing gown and slippers holding a cat...

When I got back to my car again I checked my camera and looked at the piccies I had taken... 6 in total and all fine apart from the last one – there in the doorway was the very faint ghostly image of a woman in pink!!

That's when I woke up... and weirder still... sitting on the end of my bed was... wild stab in the dark anyone?!?! I got up and she watched me as I walked past her and out of the bedroom door. I went along to the bathroom, splashed my face with water, took a few deeps breaths and told myself I was seeing things then returned to my bedroom...

Nothing... no Dusty, no cat, just my normal bedroom; it was only 5:00am but I decided to stay up and not go back to sleep!!!!

OK I know it was long ... WAKEY WAKEY people!! 😊





Australia
6508 Posts

Mads

Where am I going?



Australia
3323 Posts

daydreamer

Moderator



United Kingdom
5404 Posts

allherfaces

Administrator



USA
14235 Posts

Cas19

Wasn't born to follow



8313 Posts

MattMidd1

I've got a good thing



United Kingdom
4270 Posts

goin back

Little by little



United Kingdom
510 Posts

What an amazing and wonderful dream Bev. I know it had the weird logic of a dream which as logical beings we fight against, but how wonderful to see Dusty at different times of her life and converse with her. Your final image of Dusty on the end of your bed is very similar to Pam's after image experience-most unnerving but very real.

xx
Kathy



Posted - 07/05/2007 : 07:47:31

Bev I've just read that three times and its amazing. It reminds me of something out of Alice in Wonderland! Dusty seems so lovely in your dream, just as I imagine her and I want a dream like that!

LOVE MADS.



Posted - 07/05/2007 : 15:15:02

Heck, that's a mini series in the making Bev 😊

Carole x

"Since you went away, I've been hanging around..."



Posted - 07/05/2007 : 16:09:58

What shall we name the miniseriess....must be the title of a Dusty song, of course!



We're here for Dusty...
<http://www.dustyspringfield.info>



Posted - 07/05/2007 : 18:46:16

Wow Bev! That was some weird dream and very long....how on earth did you remember it all! Quite a story...I enjoyed reading it ...thank you.

Casx



Posted - 07/05/2007 : 19:43:09

I want to dream like Bev dreams - where did you buy the dream from Bev? 🤔

Matt.



Posted - 08/05/2007 : 00:42:53

Someone else said my dream would make an interesting episode of 'The Twilight Zone'!!

Cas - I seem to be very lucky in that I can remember nearly all of my dreams in detail when I wake up and if they're interesting (like this one!) I either write them down or type them up as soon as I get up! 🗒️

Matt - If I could tell you where to buy a dream like that I would believe me!! Maybe it's just my mind... my English teachers at school always said I had the most wonderful imagination they'd ever come across!!

Or maybe it was just Dusty's way of checking in!! 😊



allherfaces
Administrator
★★★★★



USA
14235 Posts

📅 Posted - 08/05/2007 : 03:36:47 🗒️ 🏠

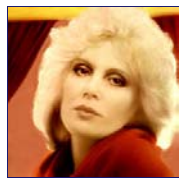
Matt, I think you would go to Mr. Dream Merchant for that.



We're here for Dusty...
<http://www.dustyspringfield.info>



Tim
Where am I going?
★★★



United Kingdom
3422 Posts

📅 Posted - 08/05/2007 : 08:31:47 🗒️ 🏠

Wow Bev - that was a thrilling read! I could just see Dusty saying she'd died on stage a few times! Now if you could just see inside that house for real - and found it was the same decor as your dream...

Very clever N.

X



goin back
Little by little
★

United Kingdom
519 Posts

📅 Posted - 09/05/2007 : 21:44:19 🗒️

quote:

Originally posted by Tim

Now if you could just see inside that house for real - and found it was the same decor as your dream...

Now that *WOULD* be 'Spooky'!!! 🤩 😊

"But I love singing... either that or I'm completely crazy."



allherfaces
Administrator
★★★★★



USA
14235 Posts

📅 Posted - 14/07/2007 : 16:22:50 🗒️ 🏠

I dreamed this morning that I was at some kind of market or fair where someone was selling old records. The proprietor asked me what I was looking for and I said DUSTY SPRINGFIELD. He went in the back to collect some items. In the meantime I began to browse through what was on display and found a very large selection of Dusty 45s which appeared quite reasonably priced. I grabbed a handful of the first ones...these were by the Springfields...and then thought to myself, he must be retrieving some really rare LPs in the back. Then I wondered if I could rationalize to Allison whatever price I would be paying for them. 🤔



We're here for Dusty...
<http://www.dustyspringfield.info>



Cas19

📅 Posted - 24/08/2007 : 18:40:57 🗒️

Wasn't born to follow
★★★★★



8313 Posts

I dont often dream of Dusty but this is what I dreamt last night....
I went into work and down into our office, opened the door and as usual said 'Good morning everyone' The office was full and all the team were on the computers with their backs to me. They all turned at once and I couldn't believe it as every single person was Dusty!but each person a different Dusty! Talk about see all her faces. 🤪👍

I dont recall any more...weird!

Casx



Edited by - Cas19 on 24/08/2007 18:42:23



Posted - 24/08/2007 : 23:13:14 🗨️ 🏠

allherfaces
Administrator
★★★★★



USA
14235 Posts

Tim
Where am I going?
★★★

Very interesting dream.

Do you mean they were Dusty's from different eras? Do you recall any of the different looks?



Posted - 25/08/2007 : 20:11:39 🗨️ 🏠

Wow that would be delightful AND scary at the same time.

I wish I could remember my dreams properly. Altho I have had the odd one about Dusty, I usually only seem to remember the sad ones.

Sniff sniff



United Kingdom
3422 Posts

Cas19
Wasn't born to follow
★★★★★



8313 Posts

Posted - 26/08/2007 : 18:39:53 🗨️

quote:

Originally posted by allherfaces

Very interesting dream.

Do you mean they were Dusty's from different eras? Do you recall any of the different looks?

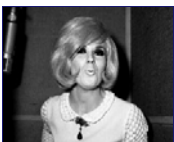
Yes Nancy from the Springfields right through and mainly the 60's cos my fav time. i think it was because I have spent more time on this site recently.

Casx



Posted - 27/08/2007 : 09:24:27 🗨️ 🏠 🙋 👤

DivineDusty
I'll try anything
★★



Mine kind of freaked me out. But going back to what Nancy said about saying more about ourselves then what's in them.

.Divine.Dusty.



Australia
1066 Posts

***I just decided I wanted to become someone else... So I became someone else. ***

Edited by - DivineDusty on 29/08/2007 08:08:14



Kathy

Wasn't born to follow
★★★★★



Australia
6508 Posts

Posted - 27/08/2007 : 10:44:29

Interesting dreams folks. Our minds work in amazing ways. When I got DWD I read bits to Pam and she had quite a few dreams and after images so I had to stop. As for me, I have never dreamed about Dusty, but I wouldn't mind if it wasn't a sad one. 😊

xx
Kathy

"I sometimes smile when I think of how I looked then..."



allherfaces

Administrator
★★★★★



USA
14235 Posts

Posted - 02/05/2008 : 17:09:29

I dreamed this morning that I was driving down a street in my town when I saw a huge billboard advertisement for the new Dusty compilation CD--(Dusty Gold?) It had the same picture as it on the cover of the CD. I was so amazed to see it advertised locally, esp in such a large format.

I think this was in partial response to hearing Brits and Aussies say that news of the possible Dusty movie was coming up on their MSN and/or local newspapers.

I also dreamed I was at one of my advisor's houses studying Dusty and watching her on DVD. It was very cool.

~"Don't forget about me now baby"



Hampson

I've got a good thing
★★★★★



United Kingdom
4703 Posts

Posted - 02/05/2008 : 17:35:08

quote:

Originally posted by Kathy

Nancy you may be remembering a post some months ago when I mentioned that Pam suffered from a condition often referred to as after image. In this, vivid dreams continue after the person is awake and sitting up. They appear quite real, although sometimes they can be somewhat ghost like with people walking through walls and doors. They can last for perhaps 20 to 30 seconds or more. There is usually no auditory input at this stage although the person can sometimes appear alarmingly close. During a period when DWD and Mary O'Brien's book were being read, Pam had several after images of Dusty and could describe in detail what she was wearing, her hair etc.

I haven't had any dreams of Dusty myself, a strange thing really as she's the cool Capricorn and I the emotional Piscean. Oh well-- perhaps someday, although your dream sounded somewhat distressing and indicative of loss. 😊

xx
Kathy

I was very interested to read about Pam's condition, I have something similar, which happens every night just before I fall to sleep. I'm awake but I know I'm going to be asleep fairly soon. I've noticed since I've been drawing Dusty pictures it happens every night now without fail, it happened before but not every night and not often, but now every night just before I sleep, I dream of endless faces drifting towards and away from me. Some of them are grotesque, some are quite beautiful, they are not Dusty, they are not anyone in particular, just endless faces of all different kinds. Even the most grotesque ones are not at all frightening, I've kind of come to welcome them now, as it's an indication that sleep is nigh.

I've never dreamt about Dusty, but I do think there is a connection with the pictures.

Wendy



dusty_freak
I've got a good thing
★★★★★

Posted - 02/05/2008 : 18:18:42



That is amazing Wendy, is it scary?

Clare xoxo

"You know you've got it if it makes you feel good..."



Australia
5805 Posts

allherfaces
Administrator
★★★★★

Posted - 02/05/2008 : 18:56:47



Wendy have you ever read Sherwood Anderson's Winesburg, Ohio, specifically the first chapter/introduction which is called The Book of The Grotesque? What you say is reminding me of it !

~"Don't forget about me now baby"



USA
14235 Posts

Hampson
I've got a good thing
★★★★★

Posted - 02/05/2008 : 19:07:54



No I haven't Nancy. I'll look it up. Is it similar to what I do? I thought everybody did this, but when I asked other people they said no. On one occasion, one of the faces threw a tennis ball at me so hard, that I literally jumped out of my skin. I'm also able to dream, wake up and wander around the house, and then go back to bed and switch back into the same dream again.

Wendy



United Kingdom
4703 Posts

Hampson
I've got a good thing
★★★★★

Posted - 02/05/2008 : 19:12:08



No it's not scary at all Clare, I'm not afraid of the faces. I did have one very scary incident, but I think that more relates to something that happened to me long ago, and it was a bit different, it wasn't just a face, it was just a very threatening scene, and it was just so real. But these faces are quite comforting really, I look forward to them, because sometimes they are quite funny as well, even the grotesque ones.

Wendy



United Kingdom
4703 Posts

allherfaces
Administrator
★★★★★

Posted - 02/05/2008 : 19:19:58



Sherwood Anderson (1876–1941). Winesburg, Ohio. 1919.

The Book of the Grotesque

THE WRITER, an old man with a white mustache, had some difficulty in getting into bed. The windows of the house in which he lived were high and he wanted to look at the trees when he awoke in the morning. A carpenter came to fix the bed so that it would be on a level with the window. 1

Quite a fuss was made about the matter. The carpenter, who had been a soldier in the Civil War, came into the writer's room and sat down to talk of building a platform for the purpose of raising the bed. The writer had cigars lying about and the carpenter smoked. 2

For a time the two men talked of the raising of the bed and then they talked of other things. The soldier got on the subject of the war. The

USA
14235 Posts

writer, in fact, led him to that subject. The carpenter had once been a prisoner in Andersonville prison and had lost a brother. The brother had died of starvation, and whenever the carpenter got upon that subject he cried. He, like the old writer, had a white mustache, and when he cried he puckered up his lips and the mustache bobbed up and down. The weeping old man with the cigar in his mouth was ludicrous. The plan the writer had for the raising of his bed was forgotten and later the carpenter did it in his own way and the writer, who was past sixty, had to help himself with a chair when he went to bed at night. 3

In his bed the writer rolled over on his side and lay quite still. For years he had been beset with notions concerning his heart. He was a hard smoker and his heart fluttered. The idea had got into his mind that he would some time die unexpectedly and always when he got into bed he thought of that. It did not alarm him. The effect in fact was quite a special thing and not easily explained. It made him more alive, there in bed, than at any other time. Perfectly still he lay and his body was old and not of much use any more, but something inside him was altogether young. He was like a pregnant woman, only that the thing inside him was not a baby but a youth. No, it wasn't a youth, it was a woman, young, and wearing a coat of mail like a knight. It is absurd, you see, to try to tell what was inside the old writer as he lay on his high bed and listened to the fluttering of his heart. The thing to get at is what the writer, or the young thing within the writer, was thinking about. 4

The old writer, like all of the people in the world, had got, during his long life, a great many notions in his head. He had once been quite handsome and a number of women had been in love with him. And then, of course, he had known people, many people, known them in a peculiarly intimate way that was different from the way in which you and I know people. At least that is what the writer thought and the thought pleased him. Why quarrel with an old man concerning his thoughts? 5

In the bed the writer had a dream that was not a dream. As he grew somewhat sleepy but was still conscious, figures began to appear before his eyes. He imagined the young indescribable thing within himself was driving a long procession of figures before his eyes. 6

You see the interest in all this lies in the figures that went before the eyes of the writer. They were all grotesques. All of the men and women the writer had ever known had become grotesques. 7

The grotesques were not all horrible. Some were amusing, some almost beautiful, and one, a woman all drawn out of shape, hurt the old man by her grotesqueness. When she passed he made a noise like a small dog whimpering. Had you come into the room you might have supposed the old man had unpleasant dreams or perhaps indigestion. 8

For an hour the procession of grotesques passed before the eyes of the old man, and then, although it was a painful thing to do, he crept out of bed and began to write. Some one of the grotesques had made a deep impression on his mind and he wanted to describe it. 9

At his desk the writer worked for an hour. In the end he wrote a book which he called "The Book of the Grotesque." It was never published, but I saw it once and it made an indelible impression on my mind. The book had one central thought that is very strange and has always remained with me. By remembering it I have been able to understand many people and things that I was never able to understand before. The thought was involved but a simple statement of it would be something like this: 10

That in the beginning when the world was young there were a great many thoughts but no such thing as a truth. Man made the truths himself and each truth was a composite of a great many vague thoughts. All about in the world were the truths and they were all beautiful. 11

The old man had listed hundreds of the truths in his book. I will not try to tell you of all of them. There was the truth of virginity and the truth of passion, the truth of wealth and of poverty, of thrift and of

profligacy, of carelessness and abandon. Hundreds and hundreds were the truths and they were all beautiful. 12

And then the people came along. Each as he appeared snatched up one of the truths and some who were quite strong snatched up a dozen of them. 13

It was the truths that made the people grotesques. The old man had quite an elaborate theory concerning the matter. It was his notion that the moment one of the people took one of the truths to himself, called it his truth, and tried to live his life by it, he became a grotesque and the truth he embraced became a falsehood. 14

You can see for yourself how the old man, who had spent all of his life writing and was filled with words, would write hundreds of pages concerning this matter. The subject would become so big in his mind that he himself would be in danger of becoming a grotesque. He didn't, I suppose, for the same reason that he never published the book. It was the young thing inside him that saved the old man. 15

Concerning the old carpenter who fixed the bed for the writer, I only mentioned him because he, like many of what are called very common people, became the nearest thing to what is understandable and lovable of all the grotesques in the writer's book.

~"Don't forget about me now baby"



Hampson
I've got a good thing
★★★★★

Posted - 02/05/2008 : 19:21:05



quote:

Originally posted by allherfaces

Wendy have you ever read Sherwood Anderson's Winesburg, Ohio, specifically the first chapter/introduction which is called The Book of The Grotesque? What you say is reminding me of it !

~"Don't forget about me now baby"

United Kingdom
4703 Posts

Just had a look at the book on Wikepedia - and it looks like a good read, so I've ordered it.

Wendy



allherfaces
Administrator
★★★★★

Posted - 02/05/2008 : 19:26:00



It's one of my favorite books--I used to teach it. I've pasted the chapter I was referring to in the post above. Curious to know if you relate to it at all.

~"Don't forget about me now baby"



USA
14235 Posts

Hampson
I've got a good thing
★★★★★

Posted - 02/05/2008 : 19:29:22



Fascinating Nancy .

Wendy



United Kingdom
4703 Posts

Hampson
I've got a good thing
★★★★★

Posted - 02/05/2008 : 19:30:59

quote:



United Kingdom
4703 Posts

Originally posted by allherfaces

It's one of my favorite books--I used to teach it. I've pasted the chapter I was referring to in the post above. Curious to know if you relate to it at all.

~"Don't forget about me now baby"

Oh I already know I do, from just reading the bit you've put on.

Well at least I've got a name for them now, I'll refer to them affectionately as The Grotesques.

Wendy

Edited by - Hampson on 02/05/2008 19:38:49



boztiggs
Where am I going?
★★★

Posted - 02/05/2008 : 19:32:25



United Kingdom
3367 Posts

I think people are scoffing too many mushrooms 🍄

Neil 🇺🇸

" Here in the gloom, of my lonely room, i hold his photograph and pray ill see him soon oh-oh"



Hampson
I've got a good thing
★★★★★

Posted - 02/05/2008 : 19:42:26



United Kingdom
4703 Posts

Now you go back to your LSD around Australia/The whole World trip Neil, and throw a few TT's whilst you're there. Oh weird one.

Wendy

Edited by - Hampson on 02/05/2008 19:48:08



allherfaces
Administrator
★★★★★

Posted - 02/05/2008 : 20:47:08



USA
14235 Posts

quote:

Originally posted by allherfaces

I dreamed this morning that I was driving down a street in my town when I saw a huge billboard advertisement for the new Dusty compilation CD--(Dusty Gold?) It had the same picture as it on the cover of the CD. I was so amazed to see it advertised locally, esp in such a large format.

I think this was in partial response to hearing Brits and Aussies say that news of the possible Dusty movie was coming up on their MSN and/or local newspapers.

I also dreamed I was at one of my advisor's houses studying Dusty and watching her on DVD. It was very cool.

~"Don't forget about me now baby"

This was the image on the giant billboard:



~"Don't forget about me now baby"



dusty_freak
I've got a good thing
★★★★★

Posted - 03/05/2008 : 11:20:10



Australia
5805 Posts

quote:

Originally posted by Hampson

Now you go back to your LSD around Australia/The whole World trip Neil, and throw a few TT's whilst you're there. Oh weird one.

Wendy

Good on ya Wendy, Neil needs to be put in his place sometimes 😊

Clare xoxo

"You know you've got it if it makes you feel good..."



Hampson
I've got a good thing
★★★★★

Posted - 03/05/2008 : 12:44:45



United Kingdom
4703 Posts

Someone who thinks he's gonna have you for slave Clare, is suffering from delusions himself, don't you think, so what's Neil on.

Wendy



dusty_freak
I've got a good thing
★★★★★

Posted - 03/05/2008 : 13:16:20



The poor boy can't help it. I feel a bit sorry for him come to think of it.

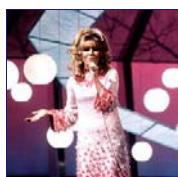
Clare xoxo

"You know you've got it if it makes you feel good..."



Australia
5805 Posts

boztiggs
Where am I going?
☆☆☆



United Kingdom
3367 Posts

Mads
Where am I going?
☆☆☆



Australia
3323 Posts

Posted - 03/05/2008 : 21:38:01

Oh i get it, el thicko from oz, and ex-best friend/personal assistant/inhouse artist wendy think they can gang up on me do they? Oh, how foolish, how very very foolish.

Neil 🤔

" Here in the gloom, of my lonely room, i hold his photograph and pray ill see him soon oh-oh"



Posted - 04/05/2008 : 02:59:07

quote:

Originally posted by boztiggs

Oh i get it, **el thicko** from oz, and ex-best friend/personal assistant/inhouse artist wendy think they can gang up on me do they? Oh, how foolish, how very very foolish.

Neil 🤔

" Here in the gloom, of my lonely room, i hold his photograph and pray ill see him soon oh-oh"

"el thicko'
AHAHAHA!
I'm on Neil's side now 🤔🤔

LOVE MADS.



dusty_freak
I've got a good thing
☆☆☆☆



Australia
5805 Posts

Posted - 04/05/2008 : 05:01:48

quote:

Originally posted by boztiggs

Oh i get it, el thicko from oz, and ex-best friend/personal assistant/inhouse artist wendy think they can gang up on me do they? Oh, how foolish, how very very foolish.

Neil 🤔

" Here in the gloom, of my lonely room, i hold his photograph and pray ill see him soon oh-oh"

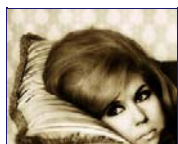
Really would love to see what ya gonna do about it.

Clare xoxo

"You know you've got it if it makes you feel good..."



Hampson
I've got a good thing
☆☆☆☆



Posted - 04/05/2008 : 10:28:09

El thicko from Oz Clare? What you gonna do now. Hang on to that phraise till next DD and then we'll sort him out Clare.

Had a minor dream about Dusty last night. I think I must have ordered it up especially for the thread, I can do that sometimes quite subconsciously, order up dreams. Anyway it is nothing I can relate, as



United Kingdom
4703 Posts

my dreams are not anything like Bevs, all crystal clear and meaningful. It was all totally confused, Dusty was there, Cor was in there somewhere as well, I think we were at some kind of Party, and I think it was at Cor's place, but it was not in Stockholm it was in Wiltshire, not too far away. I remember a living room, and a bedroom with the floor covered in lots of soft toys. That bit I can relate to, because my neighbour had lots of soft toys hung out in her garden yesterday, she gets them for charity. There was lots of comings and goings of guests, but I don't know who they were. I'm a prolific dreamer at the best of times, but my dreams need a hell of a lot of unravelling. Perhaps this has something to do with when we said let's move to Amsterdam and have the next DD party, and it was triggered by Cor saying she wished she was nearer or something like that.

Wendy

Edited by - Hampson on 04/05/2008 10:42:24



dusty_freak
I've got a good thing
★★★★★

Posted - 04/05/2008 : 14:13:22



Clare xoxo

"You know you've got it if it makes you feel good..."



Australia
5805 Posts

dusty_freak
I've got a good thing
★★★★★

Posted - 05/05/2008 : 14:08:52

quote:

Originally posted by boztiggs

Oh i get it, el thicko from oz, and ex-best friend/personal assistant/inhouse artist wendy think they can gang up on me do they? Oh, how foolish, how very very foolish.

Neil

" Here in the gloom, of my lonely room, i hold his photograph and pray ill see him soon oh-oh"



Australia
5805 Posts

OMG i just saw this. Yes thick skinned Neil, to put up with the crap i get from you 24/7

Clare xoxo

"You know you've got it if it makes you feel good..."



Hampson
I've got a good thing
★★★★★

Posted - 29/11/2008 : 11:40:56

Bump

Wend



United Kingdom
4703 Posts

memphisinlondon
Where am I going?
★★★☆☆

Posted - 29/11/2008 : 16:18:17

Thanks Wend!

This was my dream on in the early morning of 10 November. I'd read





United Kingdom
3565 Posts

the beginning of Annie's book before I fell asleep for the night:

I was in a procession of ordinary people. They were singing a gospel type song that was close to a hymn; it wasn't a 'raver'. It was a bright white sky day I think. I was walking next to Dusty. This was 60s Dusty. Her hair was maybe the 'helmet' type style as far as I can remember but it wasn't freshly coiffed. I didn't notice her clothes. I don't think she had much eye make-up on. Because I was so close I could hear exactly what she was singing and all that 'grain' in her voice as Annie puts it. I was listening to every nuance, like I do in real life, and walking along with her. In my dream I was in 7th heaven just like I am in real life with Dusty's Voice. It was so amazing and so wonderful. It was very short dream like a 2 minute video clip. I'll probably always remember this dream because it was so vivid.

Memphis
Ever since we met...



Baby Blue
Where am I going?
☆☆☆

Posted - 29/11/2008 : 17:52:18



USA
3185 Posts

I really have not had that many dreams about Dusty, but two stand out in my mind.

The first one was a long time ago. It was the night before I went to the Brooklyn Fox Theater to see her. I have never been there before, but in my dream it looked just like the theater when I got there, old and ornate.

The next dream I had was sort of a nightmare. I was with my father and we were watching Dusty perform outside somewhere on a nice summer day sitting on garden chairs. She was great. Towards the end of the concert she gradually turned into a skeleton and said to me what do you want from me we are both dead.

Marty



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