Several years ago I had this dream. It impressed me enough at the time for me to still have a strong sense about it. It was an "ah ha! so that's what it's all about!" kind of dream.

I am in a kind of limbo. Before/below me at a distance of a few feet is a perfectly smooth, transparent plane extending off in all directions infinitely. It is covered with a rich texture of crisp black calligraphy on the order of a Mark Tobey painting, but with characters somewhat more like pictographs or an unknown alphabet.

I can see through that plane in the spaces between the marks. Behind it at an unknown distance is another plane parallel to the first. This second plane may be just a few feet beyond or it may be miles away. I cannot tell. The surface is not definite. It is a mottled brown-grey with subtle shadings of other colors randomly shifting. I am uncertain whether it is liquid, gaseous, or what. But I know it is deep, heavy. It moves past from my lower left to upper right, a vast oceanic river. It is awesome, enormous, unstoppable. It has the scale that calls for a rumbling roar, a Niagara. It is silent.

I understand what I see. The transparent plane with markings is logical, intellectual, verbal thought. The vast moving background is the unconscious. The two planes are the contents of the two hemispheres of the brain.

I understand now.
And I know I am dreaming.
FU DINING

Film: In "White in Bad Light":
A man goes to the door of the "Beloved".
KNOCK. KNOCK.
"Who's there?" asks the voice from within.
"It's me," says the man.
"There's no room here for you and me."
The man is turned away from the door.
(Then the main body of the film
takes place. After many experiences the man returns to the door.)
KNOCK. KNOCK.
"Who's there? asks the voice from within.
"It's you," says the man.
"Come in," and the door opens wide for him.

Dream: (Summer '88) I'm alone thinking about architecture on top of a high rise building that's under construction. When I try to climb down, the ladder becomes so shaky that I'm stranded. Some lady appears, holding the ladder. Just as I reach a new understanding of my need for women... (wake)

"EVERYWHERE I FIND MYSELF IN OVERSIZED BUILDINGS."

Dream: Apartment hunting in Venice. I go into a quaint cottage and find a huge abandoned warehouse. I wander in and when I get used to the dark, I see giant rusty pizza ovens. A few yards away there are a group of midgets, in another corner there are businessmen wearing black gloves. Behind an old wall, policemen are playing handball. I knew there were unlimited groupings in the endless space...
*My first nightmare: (Filmed in “Ethero”) I’m six or seven years old lying on the ground. Standing over me are three dark figures, a kidnapper, a murderer, and a ?

They represent the three evils, and they are looking over me. (wake)

**Film:** In “Ethero” the main character runs through a corridor trying to get out. He tries doors and finds endless numbers of rooms. In one room he sees himself as a little boy having a nightmare.*

In another he becomes distracted by a woman who makes love to him. In a third a middle-class family is busy watching T.V. He is caught in a maze of doors, halls and intersections...

**Film:** In “White in Bad Light”:

A toilet crumbles in the middle of the desert. Out of the hole that remains come rainbows reptiles rituals.

**Dream:** I’m wandering around a huge warehouse with no one around. I find an industrial elevator and hop on, standing on one foot. It goes higher and higher, past the upper levels. I know that I must jump off, but then I see details of the skylight: “Wow, these are designed by Frank Lloyd Wright.” Suddenly I realize that I’m past the point of no return and still going strong. I’m above the skylight. Very bright: White light, terrified!

(wake)
FLIGHT

The camera is placed in the brain, so to speak, and follows the flow of the mind. It starts from the chaos of everyday events, goes through the more subtle levels of intuition, dreams, mythology and ideas, and finally leads to a level transcending all thoughts—pure awareness.

HOW THE FILM CAME TO BE

My head speaks:
Images came from the widest possible assortment of experiences from daily life, dreams, intuition and even "found-footage." The attitude in all cases was to record, rather than to invent. Sometimes the simplest images required complex special effects—rotoscoping, "glass-shots," optical printer, and miniatures.

Connections between images follow the thought-patterns of a meditator. In the beginning there are fast "cuts" representing the way a mind hops, skips and jumps, often with no apparent logic. Gradually there are long dissolves representing the slower out-flow of images as the mind settles into the realm of intuition, dreams, mythology and ideas. At the end there are moments between images when nothing is seen, just black leader. This represents a silent mind that is producing no thoughts. It is experiencing pure awareness.

An example of how the Siddhis affected my dream-awareness:
Dream: L. was kissing me and, transmitting power through my lips to "open my heart." I could feel cords of energy going through my lips to my heart. It was such a wonderful realization that I wanted to confirm the experience and complete the symmetry in the waking state by kissing her back. I told myself to wake up.
(wake)
OF IDEAS

My heart speaks:

Structure of the film.
It all came together on an advanced meditation course in Israel. Through the T.M. Sidhis program I was initiated into the Yoga Sutras. During the course I would often think about the collection of film sequences and what to do with them. Because they came from dreams and intuitions they seemed so sacred and elusive that I did not want to handle them with my normal logic.

Then it hit me. My attitude towards the filmed sequences could be exactly like the attitude I've had towards my own thoughts during the past eleven years of meditation: Be a detached observer and just watch the play of images become increasingly subtle.

So when I came home from the course I edited the sequences following this direction towards subtlety.

The footage with everyday images went first, succeeded by the spacey images that came from dreams and intuition.

Towards the end black leader was used to represent times during meditation when there are no thoughts, just awareness.

A sound representing a mantra was added depicting the vehicle used to experience the subtle levels of the mind.

And finally, a picture of an altar was used at the beginning and end of the film as a way of making an accessible package for audiences.

The film had evolved into a reconstruction of a meditation session.

*Pure awareness: (Samadhi) States of mind in which the individual self dissolves into the Universal Self and consciousness is unbounded by time and space.

"A RECONSTRUCTION OF A MEDITATION SESSION"
August, 1977 — Fishing in the dream pool the other night I brought back (caught) the name of a sad looking clown: Nato Mish. The name doesn’t ring any particular bells with me... but it sounds good.
I dream. I always dream—it's natural—and it's always in color. I mention this aspect of dreaming in color because I often heard that one dreams only in black and white. I have never, but never dreamt in black and white; all my dreams are in color. The colors are brilliant, almost too brilliant for nature—the grass almost too green for ordinary landscape, and color of the sea or lake blue, but the blue color you sometimes find in the paintings of the Fauves.

When I say that I always dream—by that I mean that for instance if I am sitting up in a chair—if I close my eyes just for a moment to rest—I am immediately in some wild situation that has nothing to do with either what I am involved in at the moment, nor am I anywhere near to a place that would make geographic sense. Dreaming happens to me anywhere—while I am listening to a rather boring speaker, or even when I am not bored at the theatre. If I would at any moment let myself close my eyes, I would immediately dream, or even in a barber's chair, if I let myself relax.

In my dreams quite often I am aware that I am dreaming, so whatever I do in the dream would have no serious consequence so I can get away with it. Therefore I do something I would never do in real life. For instance, throwing a rock into a large store window; or I dream I am behind people on a busy street and I shove them to get through or I just shove them, or I am in a department store and I pick things up—anything I want—my intent being to just walk out with whatever I desire. However, when I am at the moment of bringing this act to completion, I almost always wake up. This leaves me with a large frustration that I could not complete the action, which would give me a vicarious pleasure out of this kind of adventure or mischief. In my semi-conscious state of waking up, however, I decide whether the dream is extremely important to finish or is particularly fun; if so, I can almost always continue the dream if I decide to fall asleep again.
I guess, too, like everybody else, I have dreams of running, jumping, running after trains—sometimes catching them—sometimes missing the train or sometimes have to find myself another mode of transportation like suddenly being able to fly and then arriving at the place I started out to find.

Climbing mountains or just walls is another of my popular dreams—sometimes I make it, sometimes not—often the hills or mountains get straight as I am approaching the top.

Travelling is another type of dream that I often have, cities that I have lived in or just visited I will re-visit in my dreams. But in this trip large portions of the city will now look so different that I will be trying to get myself back to a place that I am more familiar with.

Animals also are part of my dreams—chasing me—and I am fighting them off. The animals often are rather strange; by that I mean they will be half animal and the other may be paper or cloth; half of the tiger will be a block long and made out of papier-maché.

So these are the various types of dreams I generally have.

There is a specific dream I would like to zero-in on, however, as I came to relate this dream to my work. Sometimes as is only natural these thoughts that occur in sleep become springboards that I can take and work from and create with, such was the case with the film Accident. I was being chased by a rather large dog, not mean or angry but the size of the dog frightened me and I started to run. As I was running I kept turning back to see where the dog was—sometimes the dog was not there and I would ease up on my running—and then again he would appear and I would be running from him. As we were running down the street, we turned a corner and to my surprise the dog was in front of me and I was running to catch up with him as if in a race. We finally were squaring off and I was just behind the hind legs ready to catch up. I then overcame the body of the dog and I won the race. But, the interesting and astonishing thing was that while we were racing, I could see as my body passed the various sections of the dog’s body that they disappeared completely (though the rest of him that was left was still in the motion of running) till finally I overcame him completely and was running alone.

The movement of running and the section by section disappearance of the dog interested me—I wanted to remember the dream—to hold on to it so it could manifest itself into a reality I could use in my films.

As with such thoughts I let them lie and don’t pound them to death trying to think up things to do with them. I let them pop up unexpected and if an idea is good it is bound to manifest itself in a useful way. So sometime later when I was thinking of beginning a new project, I decided to draw the dog I saw in my sleep. I sat down in my studio, took a fresh piece of animation paper and started to draw the dog, decided to change the dog (as is always true at the beginning of a project, one has to make many changes). As I was making these changes, I naturally used an eraser—by accident it smudged the paper and the drawing—then bingo! The light went on! Thus through an “accident” the film Accident was created. I captured the movement and the disappearance that occurred in my dream.