

Streisand Dream

The accompanying text is an account of an actual dream where this song was heard. One way of performing this piece is to have someone read the text while the piece is being played, either looped, or with solos over the changes. Or the piece can be played without anybody reading the text.

Christian Asplund
Seattle 1/25/96 2:30 am

Slow swing. Streisandesque cocktail mood with a pinch of passion.

Melody may be sung as a vocalize using very smooth, portamento "Ah"

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9

13

A Dream - January 25, 1996, around 2:30 am

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I stopped to visit the Hansens. I talked with Steve Elliott and Keith Hudson (who seemed to be there) on the way. They were friendly but seemed anxious to head out. I had parked my skateboard/bike across the street, locking it to itself, i.e. not securing it to anything, in front of a Safeway where there seemed to be a profusion of homeless men sleeping on the sidewalk. When I left (I seemed to be with Ingrid, who charmed Joan, but then I didn't seem to have any children with me) I went across the street to get my skateboard where I seemed to meet up with my brother Mark who let me know that my skateboard/bike was gone and that perhaps it had been hidden under a car. When a homeless man nearest where it was hidden, right next to where I had parked it, found that we were going to claim it, he grabbed it and stood and said, yes, we had claimed it. When he realized there were two of us he said he had every intention of returning it, for the right price and began walking away, toward the entrance to Safeway. Mark said something vaguely idiomatic that meant, "I don't think so," and we started walking after him. I felt we might need some reinforcement so I ran back to the Hansens and asked if Joan, who was at the top of the stairs Eric or Chris or Evan were there. She said the phone was right there. They seemed again, a little reluctant to interact and I saw Joan, but no boys came down. Andrew Russell walked in with girlfriend/wife on arm and I asked him to help. He had to check. In the meantime I called 911 and was given a menu. The phone was cordless and the reception faint. I left and went back and was greeted by Matt Sperry. I asked what the fate of the skateboard was. He said that it may be hidden in some bushes, its fate uncertain and that there was some restructuring going on among the homeless people who had now become a loosely organized gang or gangs of white junkies with piercings and bleached hair, etc. I decided to go in to find Mark and on the way to the entrance I encountered more ambitious and energetic members of the gang milling about. I seemed to enter by a kitchen door and went through a maze of narrow passages between bizarre food preparation areas and short hallways, very damp and clammy, all the while grazing by homeless people sleeping or standing up. A young cook guided/pulled me through one area where they were cutting up live alligators and leaving them half-alive while they processed parts they had cut off. Other areas involved the chopping up of huge snakes and other such fare. It was an unfriendly environment. The bodies I was grazing seemed vaguely contemptuous or suspicious of me. I finally came out to a dining room which turned out to be very weird. The floors were like a tough organic membrane which had holes in it revealing a thick liquid, whose level was exactly even with the floor (such as it was), with what seemed to be half-pickled, but live and vaguely menacing sharks visible. It appeared that the flesh of the front of their faces had been chopped off in a flat plane, so that their teeth and mouths were out in front and their mouths were uncloseable and flat and this flat part was parallel with the floor and the liquid they were in. The only people dining (it seemed the earliest part of dinner time) were Barbra Streisand and another woman, who appeared to be sitting at a table waiting to be served cocktails, somewhat incredulous, in a gently sophisticated way, with the whole scene. It was kind of scary to them and to me. The "floor" kind of dipped and moved a little and, in addition to the holes, which tended to be about a metre in diameter, there were cracks or fissures that would sort of open as parts of the floor would dip. The dipping of the floor was not violent. It was not really difficult to walk around, but it was scary. If one didn't look where one placed one's feet, who knows. Plus, there seemed to be a hole/shark by or below every table. The tables and benches (they were not booths, however) seemed also to be part of the organism that was the floor. Over the loudspeakers was a recording of this song, sung by Barbra Streisand, to a lush early sixties accompaniment (with strings) (and plenty of reverb). Barbra seemed kind of amused and surprised/furrowed brow.