

The Bob Fosse Dream

by Michael K. White

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----- Original Message -----

From : <brokengopher@hotmail.com>

to:

Sent: Friday, January 19, 2007 9:15 PM

Subject: The Bob Fosse Dream

Dawn,

Last night I had this dream that I was going through Bob Fosse's things. Now

I don't know shit about Bob Fosse. I hate musical theatre and dance with all

my soul. I saw "All That Jazz" once and thought it was stupid, but that's it

as far as my knowledge or interest of Bob Fosse goes. In this dream I was alone in his expensive and fashionable New York town house the day that he died. And I was going through his shit, like drawers and stuff. And they were full of this great stuff. Fancy jewelry, cuff links, little gadgets and mementos. I was frantically trying to decide what I would keep and what I would leave for the appraisers. I felt like I was under a time constraint so I was very anxious. There was a whole drawer full of watches. A big rack of nice ties. The dream was very vivid and real. I could tell you the layout of the townhouse and the colors of everything. What does this dream mean Dawn? You are one of my smart friends. I fear for my sanity. Please advise.

Mike

Wow. Sounds very cool. You could write a book.

What I "feel" about your dream is this:

You identify with Bob Fosse's success. Your success will be/should be as his. As if a son or friend of the art and discipline, therefore you are legitimately going through his things as would a relative before the barracudas get in there. The reason you had the dream? Because his success should and will be your success, though in a different subset of the plays and writing world. No insanity there at all. And the fact that you remember dreams shows that you are not going insane. Insane people don't remember their dreams, and a lot of times don't dream...which is the brain's release...so they go insane.

No worries. Grin and write the dream into a play. It'll be good.

Dawn

-----Original Message-----From: Brian Greene Sent:
Thursday, January 25, 2007 9:53 PMTo: "Broken Gopher Ink."
Subject: The Bob Fosse Dream

i'm pretty good at dream analysis sometimes but this one fails me. one thing i love about dreams is that sometimes they really are telling about what is going on in your psyche and other times they are total nonsense, and still other times they are a combination of portents and nonsense. i don't know really know who bob fosse is, although i know the name.

b.

-----Original Message-----From: Matt Lubich Sent:
Monday, January 29, 2007 4:49 PMTo: "Broken Gopher Ink."
Subject: The Bob Fosse Dream

Interesting dream. I had one last night. There were all these monkeys. I had watched a show about the Jonestown Mass Suicide on the Discovery Channel. There's this guy named Simon who lives near me. He used to be a medic in the Army. He was in Afghanistan

right after 9/11. He rides motorcycles now. Him and his brother rode the Baja 500 this year. His brother fell during the race and broke his leg. Simon set it with duct tape.

Murray, the Canadian chiropractor in my town, says Simon is, "more interesting than the Discovery Channel." Murray played Jesus once in a "Living Last Supper" his church put on. "Hey," he says to me, "I'm playing Jesus, eh!"

So all these monkeys are dressed up in human clothes. Like the monkeys you see on TV. And they're all dead. And I just know this is some sort of Monkey Suicide Pact or something.

That's a real interesting dream you had about Tommy Tune's houseboat. I think it means you ought to check your carbon dioxide detector and make sure the batteries are OK. You ever research how many people die of carbon monoxide poisoning during harsh winters?

Matt Lubich,
Executive Editor: The Breeze

-----Ursprüngliche Nachricht-----

Von: Broken Gopher Ink. [mailto:brokengopher@hotmail.com]

Gesendet: Samstag, 20. Januar 2007 06:16

An: doro

Betreff: the bob fosse dream

what a dream! there is a good online dream analyzer with a silly looking website and page name: freakydreams.com here is the link: <http://www.freakydreams.com/freaky.htm> copy your dream into the field, click interpret. it works on key words. sometimes the results are surprisingly fitting, or at least hinting at the meaning.

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smile.

i just tried it for your dream. here the analysis of key words included in the dream

Words like night: Darkness. Mystery. Unconscious contents. There is a mystery that you want to penetrate.

Words like dance: Joyous participation in life. Movement as transcendence. Success in love. Big prosperity. Change for the better.

Words like new: Change. Time. Ready for a new start.

Words like house: Financial security. Happiness within the family. Honor and dignity. Being.

Words like leave: Changes approaching. Cold feelings.

Words like under: Covered. Restraint. Secrecy. You are losing strength or power.

Words like time: Irreversible. Continuity. Arrival or departure of feelings. Organizing your inner self.

Words like big: Inflated. Generous. Riches and honors. Abundance.

Words like friends: Joy and consolation. Aspect of self ready for integration.

Words like fear: Unexpressed love. Self-doubts. Courage  
doro

-----Original Message-----From: Noah McKay Sent:  
Monday, January 22, 2007 2:55 AMTo: "Broken Gopher Ink."  
Subject: The Bob Fosse Dream

I thought for a while about this and racked my brain trying to think of anything that would help with understanding what your dream was about... unfortunately, nothing came to mind. Have you thought anymore about it? I've had really unexplainable vivid dreams before and fortunately they have been about women and not dead, obscure people. The unconscious mind is always trying to tell us things and usually we disregard them as insanity. This is really strange and I don't think that I will be much help. Smart friend huh? You've been hanging around too many janitors. Sorry that I'm not much help.

Noah

-----Original Message-----From: drbunchTo: "Broken Gopher Ink"  
Sent: Tuesday, January 23, 2007 5:42 AM  
Subject: Re: The Bob Fosse Dream

I have new hope for the mms musical. maybe this ties in. maybe we're slated to make success with this damned thing. not long ago someone gave me the score to south pacific. i thought, "Sheyaeh. what the fuck will i do with this?" then our last conversation you talked about studying the musical form. I thought, "where the fuck am I going to get a book on the musical form?" Then I realized I have this damned score. I can study it directly. I didn't tell you but the night matt talked about your date and "some enchanted evening" I was mapping out the structure of this song. Weird.

Pretty standard form, by the way. intro-AABABA or something like that. I've got a similar structure for the mannequin song. Remember that south pacific was the first time we all spent together, you me, matt and lori. sorry for the mention, but the coincidence is there. It's all pointing to something

-----Original Message-----From: Broken Gopher Ink.  
[mailto:brokengopher@hotmail.com]Sent: Sunday, January 21, 2007 6:52 PMTo: Jamie BreitzmanSubject: bob fosse dream Yeah, I hate to be too literal, but I am going to be. Bob Fosse was/ is an icon in the theater world. Musical, dance, theater, and you have no interest in emulating him or your work to in any way reflect his sensibilities. But, maybe there is some piece, some bobble, some trinket or gadget in his possessions that would have the magic to push your work over that edge...The edge of people who spend their life in theater and literature and know the value of an unpolished diamond and the people who buy tickets and need it to be cut and set in a ring Before they know it has value. You never did take anything, did you? What would you do if "they" came to you and said we want to "do", My Apartment, but they were going to change the very nature of what it was? Would you feel anxious? I may be full of shit, but

the zeitgeist of the dream is success and recognition and can a world that finds Bob Fosse to be the pinnacle, also have room for a Michael White. Time is always short, but since both our fathers died when we were children I think we both live with a foreboding that we will die any day, any second really. What is it you are missing? Why haven't you made it yet? What planets need to converge or align? Maybe it is in one of Bob Fosse's fucking drawers. Oh yeah, and clearly any person who follows their dreams as doggedly as you do is at least a little crazy, so deal with it. Pussy... Your Friend, Jamie -----Original Message-----From: Alexander AntunaSent: Tuesday, January 23, 2007 12:15 AMTo: "Broken Gopher Ink."Subject: The Bob Fosse Dream You certainly have more interesting dreams than I do.

While pondering this e-mail something hit me. You have spent all this time since the start of your divorce and again after your robbery trying to be less attached to material possessions. Perhaps this dream is a manifestation rejecting your attempts to become disattached, or a subconscious urgency to not become too disengaged (not that I want to encourage materialism). Perhaps it is an invitation to re-engage what you have been avoiding since all this started... or maybe you secretly love musicals. Hope I been of some help. -----Original Message-----From: boogieinourbonesSent: Tuesday, January 23, 2007 5:20 AMTo: "Broken Gopher Ink."Subject: The Bob Fosse Dream Hey Mike, Quite a dream. Wow. How often do you have dreams like that? I struggle to remember the last dream that I had.

I think that you were looking for something that held great significance to him. I don't think that you would have found in all the fancy stuff. I have an idea of what you were looking for was something that he used all the time and had strong ties to. His favorite lighter, wine glass, something on the dash of his car...little material significance but thoroughly strong vibes. Once you would grab it you would instantly know you had the right item. It would be something simple but difficult to comprehend. You

both are involved in theatre/musicals and the subtle ways that make your style unique and recognizable. Things that is rough to the soul but sophisticated.

You knew that you could have anything that you wanted, but you couldn't decide what that one thing was. You could see it all with clarity...textures, the light outside the sound of the city. I see the watches that he had as a sign of wealth of power, control, and the count down to our ultimate demise. You didn't go after the watches or the ties. I think that you noticed the ties just because work is making you wear the fucking things. I fucking hate ties. You'll find it Mike, whatever it is. Meanwhile you'll continue to show us that we all have a soul that yearns for compassion from this cruel world. If we find it Mike the game might be up. So I'll keep looking even though I'm pretty damn sure that I don't know what I'm trying to find. I hope that life will teach me with grace and ease, so that when I do find it I will be able to continue going and not loose step.

For what its worth.

Kelley

Dreaming to dream

-----Original Message----- From: Hogg, Kyle Sent: Monday, January 29, 2007 5:20 AM To: "Broken Gopher Ink." Subject: bob fosse dream The first thing it tells me is you were hitting the pipe full force this weekend. Secondly, I think all the snow and ice has you dreaming of sparkly precious things that are dug out of the mountains and stored in velvet lined cases in the big city. Obviously your long johns are getting itchy and your skin is craving the caress of Fosse's silk bed linens, dusted lightly with Columbia coke circa 1975, when it made the hair on your chest vibrate when your pendant necklace bounced back and forth while you were doggy stylin' some \$500 hooker wearing an afro wig and 8

inch heel sandals. You are trying to uncover your unleashed potential in the world of the big time wheeler and dealers who ate young boys for breakfast - having your portrait done by Warhol and your name in the Voice raving that you had been seen on the arm of Tamala Depardeau, the Canadian actress Keith Richards used to smuggle his uncut diamonds thru customs. Fosse is just another word for Glitter and when your dance shoes are hung up and starting to dry rot; you naturally go to the things that don't rot — the cufflinks, the jade eyeglasses, the ties made out of leopard skin. You just need to draw the blinds, put your slippers on and read some classic literature to center yourself. Lay off the salty food and the spicy foods for a couple days and I think you will start having your normal dreams of pitching in the 1972 World Series for the St Louis Cardinals. Remember everything Fosse had did not keep the wolves from his door. He carried a heavy load and served his time. He said Good morning Captain, just like the rest of us do. Get a grip on yourself and lay off the real dark colored herb.

