

"Dreams Under Dictatorship."

"I dreamt it was forbidden to dream, but I did anyway."

"It was about nine o'clock in the evening. My consultations were over, and I was just stretching out on the couch to relax with a book

when suddenly the walls of my room and then my apartment disappeared. I looked around and discovered to my horror that as far as the eye could see no apartment had walls any more. Then I heard a loudspeaker boom, 'According to the decree of the 17th of this month on the Abolition of Walls . . .'"

"Now that no home is private any more,

I'm living at the bottom of the sea."

“It was forbidden under penalty of death to write down anything concerned with mathematics. I took refuge in a night club (never in my life have I set foot in such a place). Drunks staggered around, the waitresses were half naked, and the music was deafening. I took a piece of tissue paper out of my pocketbook and proceeded to write down a couple of equations in invisible ink, and was frightened to death.”

“It is impossible to forbid what they’re forbidding here!”

The profusion of prohibitive regulations drove a woman of quite different background and age, an elderly mathematics teacher, to the following dream, which occurred in the early autumn of 1933.

Rather than history being how public events affect private lives, you will see history as how private fantasies are acted out on the public stage . . . Rather than how a few leaders maintain power over a mass of individuals, you will examine how groups delegate tasks to their leaders, so that power becomes mainly a problem of group masochism instead of one of force. Rather than wars being terrible mistakes, you will discover them to be wishes . . .'¹