



Dreams

Olive Schreiner

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1924. This is the second book by Schreiner, South African author and feminist, who is best remembered for her novel, *The Story of an African Farm*. It contains eleven short stories based on Schreiner's dreams and life on a farm in South Africa. See other titles by this author available from Kessinger Publishing.

Dreams Details

Date : Published November 3rd 2006 by Hard Press (first published 1891)

ISBN : 9781406945546

Author : Olive Schreiner

Format : Paperback 60 pages

Genre : Classics, Short Stories, Southern Africa, South Africa, Fiction, Cultural, Africa

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From Reader Review Dreams for online ebook

Shannon says

Absolutely my favorite book ever. I read it to my daughter as bed time stories.

Ghaliya says

Beauty. To master complexity into simplicity, to woven a seemingly abstract concept such as truth and knowledge in fairy tale fashion. How have been the author tucked away from us!

Ashley says

In this magical collection, abstract concepts such as love, life and truth amongst others are explained in enchanting fables that captivate and mesmerise the reader. My favourite quote from the book is, 'Are you so sinless you have right to hate?' Simply beautiful and truly powerful! <3

Marta Hache says

Lo que quiere representar en las historias es muy interesante. He leído este libro gracias a la universidad en una asignatura sobre el papel de la mujer en la literatura y desde ese punto, el libro merece la pena. Sin embargo la forma tan infantil que tiene de contar las historias ha hecho que en muchos momentos se me hiciera un mundo.

Stacie says

One does not often have the privilege to spend time within the dreams of another. And yet, Dreams allows its reader to do just that - to soar through the vividly imagined or dreamt worlds of our sleep. If you can find a copy read it!

Ahlam Oqaili says

It starts getting you in a weird set, line after line you will start getting it and getting more involved, it is pure genius how such abstract definitions like immortality, truth and so on be real, It is beyond Genius, at the end you'll ask your self : Why didn't I read it before?

Elora Cook says

I found an old, tiny copy of this book in an antique store off a country highway in the summer when I was 17. I was drawn to the delicate cover (not the one shown in this Goodreads cover, much prettier) and knew I had to own it.

It was the best \$10 I ever spent. The book is made up of numerous short stories and every single one of them speaks to me in a way I hadn't thought another person could understand. Olive was a woman ahead of her time and the beautiful, spiritual stories she's woven together go deeper than the few pages each one is made up of. I can't properly convey how much I love this book and I know I was drawn to it with good reason. My actual SOUL was drawn to the stories she wished to tell me.

Even reading up on the woman she was in her time period made the book that much more enjoyable. She was a feminist, activist and a wanderlust. In our dark times presently, Olive is a perfect example of the strong woman we all should be and stand up against the patriarchy in whatever way we can.

Read this little, wistful book. Be swept into her soulful worlds she's created.

Nana B says

Very underrated book.

Olive Schreiner's writing might seem simple, yet it is metaphorically powerful to such an extent that you might need to stop and process the reading, after each story.

Clearly ahead of times, the picture of woman's liberation was shaped in her mind, and we can even see how the author's voice evolves from one story to another.

However, liberation seems to be reserved to white females in her work, as there are recurrent associations of the colour white to positive considered characteristics, like 'Truth', 'Reason', etc. Furthermore, we can see that traditional stereotypes were still rooted in her mind, as she still associated most of the mentioned characteristics to male figures as well.

This being said, there is also an obvious and strong Masque plays influence in her stories, depicting human vices and follies, as opposed to their moral counterparts, though the latter ones are not achieved through divine power and worship, but through personal effort, labour and, consequently improvement.

Chrissy Torres says

i own a great old copy...no pub date but near as i can tell it dates to at least 1900. love it!

Nefariousbig says

This book carried me through my 20s. It is a book of parables that awakened me and kept me sane. It gave me confidence as a young woman, a pool of inner strength to drink from, and resolve through a difficult stage of uncertainty, self-doubt, and soul-breaking tragedy. Simply put, that fragile, brief and fleeting time we call youth.

VIII. LIFE'S GIFTS

I saw a woman sleeping. In her sleep she dreamt Life stood before her, and held in each hand a gift--in the

one Love, in the other Freedom. And she said to the woman, "Choose!"

And the woman waited long: and she said, "Freedom!"

And Life said, "Thou hast well chosen. If thou hadst said, 'Love,' I would have given thee that thou didst ask for; and I would have gone from thee, and returned to thee no more. Now, the day will come when I shall return. In that day I shall bear both gifts in one hand."

I heard the woman laugh in her sleep.

Although these stories speak of "God", I imagined myself as the "god". An older, worldly-wise ME, feeding me words of wisdom back through time. Carrying me gently through my pain and toward my future.

X. I THOUGHT I STOOD

I thought I stood in Heaven before God's throne, and God asked me what I had come for. I said I had come to arraign my brother, Man.

God said, "What has he done?"

I said, "He has taken my sister, Woman, and has stricken her, and wounded her, and thrust her out into the streets; she lies there prostrate. His hands are red with blood. I am here to arraign him; that the kingdom be taken from him, because he is not worthy, and given unto me. My hands are pure."

I showed them.

God said, "Thy hands are pure.--Lift up thy robe."

I raised it; my feet were red, blood-red, as if I had trodden in wine.

God said, "How is this?"

I said, "Dear Lord, the streets on earth are full of mire. If I should walk straight on in them my outer robe might be bespotted, you see how white it is! Therefore I pick my way."

God said, "On what?"

I was silent, and I let my robe fall. I wrapped my mantle about my head. I went out softly. I was afraid that the angels would see me.

These words saved me from more mistakes than I can imagine.

Don Gubler says

Explains what happened to me to make the ideal, real.

Carien says

I came across this book at an antique shop years ago, as a teen. I was reading mainly in Dutch back then, and bought this book as it was cheap (not being in the best shape) and I wanted to practice my English outside of my text books in school. This particular version of the book is from 1904 and published by a Dutch publisher who added some footnotes with translation of unfamiliar terms.

I fell in love with it and even tried to convince my English teacher to let me add it to my book list, but she didn't know the book or author so refused.

After reading *The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* I remembered this book and realized it had been years since I read it. time for a reread to see if it was as beautiful as I remembered.

And it certainly is. Of the eleven stories in this book only the last one isn't for me. The others are hauntingly beautiful. Some are just a few pages long, others a bit longer. Schreiner uses a lot of allegories and metaphors in a way that makes that the title of this book is a fitting choice: not only are a few stories brought as dreams, they feel dreamlike and ethereal as well. Each story brims with emotion and hidden heartache.

I loved revisiting this book, and my favorites from back then still resonate with me now. You bet I'll keep this little pearl on my shelves for many more years to come.

Becketblablahblah says

Becket Clark
Pioter
10 February 2015
FLCH

I chose *Dreams* by Olive Schreiner for my dialogue essay. Olive Schreiner was an anti war campaigner and intellectual that lived from 1855 to 1920. She wrote many radical and social commenting books, her first and most famous of which being *The Story of an African Farm* in 1883, which is known for being one of the first feminist books ever written. *Dreams*, her second book, is a collection of short stories based off of dreams and experiences from the time she spent on a farm in South Africa.

Dreams is a wonderful parablistic book full of fascinating looks on the world. The stories are fascinating and beautifully written in that early 20th century feel of near backwards English that writers used to have. The first story is called *The Lost Joy*, and it personifies Life as a lonely woman and Love as a caring man, and from their first meeting was made Joy, a child. The metaphors like these said here are incredibly alluring and true, and they continue as the main characters throughout the book. This quote is from the story *In A Far Off World*:

"What do you seek?"

She answered, "There is a man; I hold him nearer than anything. I would give him the best of all blessings."

The voice said, "What is it?"

The girl said, "I know not, but that which is most good for him I wish him to have."

The voice said, "Your prayer is answered; he shall have it."

Then she stood up. She covered her breast and held the garment tight upon it with her hand,

and ran out of the forest, and the dead leaves fluttered under her feet. Out in the moonlight the soft air was blowing, and the sand glittered on the beach. She ran along the smooth shore, then suddenly she stood still. Out across the water there was something moving. She shaded her eyes and looked. It was a boat; it was sliding swiftly over the moonlit water out to sea. One stood upright in it; the face the moonlight did not show, but the figure she knew. It was passing swiftly; it seemed as if no one propelled it; the moonlight's shimmer did not let her see clearly, and the boat was far from shore, but it seemed almost as if there was another figure sitting in the stern. Faster and faster it glided over the water away, away. She ran along the shore; she came no nearer it. The garment she had held closed fluttered open; she stretched out her arms, and the moonlight shone on her long loose hair.

Then a voice beside her whispered, "What is it?"

She cried, "With my blood I bought the best of all gifts for him. I have come to bring it him! He is going from me!"

The voice whispered softly, "Your prayer was answered. It has been given him."

She cried, "What is it?"

The voice answered, "It is that he might leave you."

The girl stood still.

Far out at sea the boat was lost to sight beyond the moonlight sheen.

The voice spoke softly, "Art thou contented?"

She said, "I am contented."

At her feet the waves broke in long ripples softly on the shore.

The stories are mostly bittersweet like this one and tell of hard lessons learned of how true life sometimes can be. It's these kind of realizations that I think are needed more in childrens' books, and honestly in more books in general, to help people understand the sometimes hard to grasp parts of life. I know that after reading this book my mind was opened and shown places and ideas I never would have considered. After reading the 280-word story *The Gardens Of Pleasure* late after 12 one night, I actually went and found my ipad and wrote a responsive sermon about the experience. I was so moved and epiphanied by the story that I allow myself to forget the incredible feelings that were rushing through my mind. I love this book and in this nano-byte-sized world we live in these short stories would thrive again.

My rating system for books is I give it points out of 10 in each category based on the amount of times I'd step back and say, "I really liked that." Five being average and one being not a lot, and ten being perfect. Examples of points in total would be *Martian Chronicles* 48/50 (excellent), *Ender's Game* 43(great), *Hunger Games* 25 (not very good), *Civics Today* 0 (A textbook)

Writing: 9.5/10

Characters: 10/10

Plot: 6.5/10

Setting: 6/10

Conflict/Conclusion:10/10

42 out of 50

(I recommend this book to anyone willing to step outside of ignorance and bliss and be truly moved by just a few words made into stories)

Thanks for reading my dialogue essay. It was fun writing it and I am looking forward to doing it again.

Sincerely Yours,

Becket Clark

Pamela says

Inspiration to Howard Thurman
