arbor dreambook

messages from the deep

by aidan and khaya

foreword

in preparing this dream book, a great deal has been covered, both in the sense of covered up and covered in dialogue. the most unique moments have been those when a dream was not given and, in its place, something stranger emerged. the antagonisms in the dreamwork, after all, are the dream.

if, as we like to imagine, a dream has a meaning, or a message, or, closer to freud's initial insight, it is the site of wish-fulfillment, taking on that an interruption to this meaning-message-wish might antagonize the intended receiver, heightening the tension between the conscious and the unconscious. and yet, the opposite occurs. dream, it seems, does not communicate directly, but indirectly, and the form of the interpretation arises from the fact that if a dream can give a message it is owing to the fact that the dream itself cannot communicate this directly. the dream, in other words, is also mystified as to its own meaning.

to consider the opposite, that a dream speaks directly, would be to relinquish the paradox that gives weight to the unconscious: we must in some way be mystified by our own lives in order to take on any meaning they may possess. a dream that says something directly cannot expect its message to be received, because the very medium of the message will have become integrated into the meaning and communicated, the subsequent breaking of boundaries being the dream, in its jumps in time and space. the breakdown of the dream testifies to the fact that its centre cannot hold and, as such, the process of its interpretation is one of appealing to this brokenness, to this immanent hiddenness, what we call the unconscious, and trying, not to recover the dream, but recover a possible rapport with the dream during its collapse.

this collapse, which is the dreamwork, is also the thoughtwork. freud's interest is not ultimately with the latent content, while the material content of the dream is crucial to the deception which allows the cohabitation of the multi-levelled psyche. without this division, a message cannot be communicated. the division itself, however, is how the thinker thinks, and it is this divided thinking that is drawn out in analysis, in talking. an analysis, as such, relates to the internal negativity already within things. it is the division itself which freud studies. this, too, is what is meant by the unconscious.

in approaching the visualization of these dreams, my partner khaya and I approached it in two ways: the first was to preserve the mystery-meaning of the dream by intensifying and concentrating the heightened language of the dreamwork, which we consider to be Jung's approach, while Freud's, more minimal, more concerned with the internal negativity of the division, we defined in black ink drawings. the tension between these two, perhaps, points to some deeper understanding of the devastation

of the dream in analysis, its reconstitution in fantasy, and the possible approach to the kernel of the dream, such as we might say is defined in the concept of the wish, or desire.

we wish that you will enjoy. special thanks to helena for supplying a much-needed dreamwork on the fly and the occasional translation when my proud, overworked mind didn't have the time to do it myself. thanks to antonio was supplying the first dream, one which was intimate and revealing. finally, thanks to p. for inspiring the project, even while his resistance to sharing dreams remains the tension out of which this project finally emerged.

and, now, time to go through the arbor.

aidan

"Dreams are messages from the deep"

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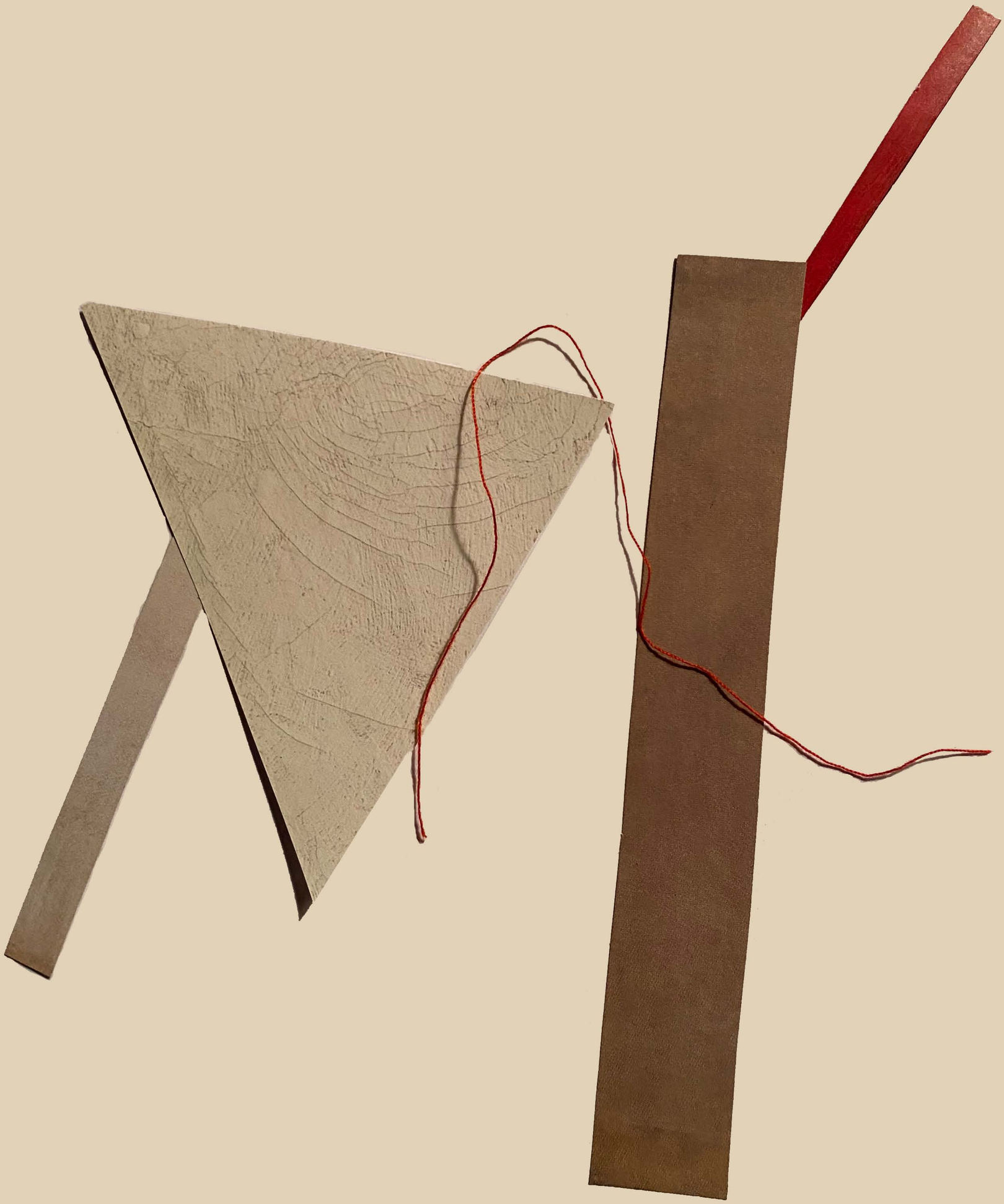
das unbewusste: a conversation between a. and p.



Erster Traum

— society was debating whether it is appropriate to remove all t
pyramids from the top of obelisks. this debate was taking place during winter. I was not taking part in the debate. I was ascending an alp-like mountain pulling a sled with several little people wearing hats with generic faces. the weather on the mountain was significantly worse that at the base where the debates were happening.

S.

Zweiter Traum

До сновидения с более-менее четким сюжетом и привычными, знакомыми по реальной жизни образами, перед глазами пролетает изобилие абстрактных видений, настраивая на грядущий сон. В этот раз эти картинки и текстуры были не особо красочные, но их мягкость и сдержанность оставляло ощущение любви и доброты в душе. Этот осадок немного напоминал то чувство, которое ребенком я ощущал, просыпаясь в родительской кровати – я желал всего самого лучшего для родных, готов был полностью раздарить себя им, просто так. Однако, это чувство было будто в тумане: не четкое и немного тоскливое.

На улице по-осеннему пасмурно и сыро, не видно ничего за четыре-пять метров от меня, день. Я поднимаюсь неторопливо по кривым деревянным ступенькам на такой же кривой и деревянный пьедестал. Я знаю куда я иду: над пьедесталом висит петля. Словно старший брат, из любви отдающий свою любимую игрушку младшему, я добровольно вставляю голову в кольцо: я уже поиграл, поэтому это кажется правильным поступком. Смерть раздарит меня. Кроме того, непреодолимая и стремящееся непонятно к чему тоска ныла все громче и громче после абстрактного вступления, и сейчас она тянула и кидала меня из стороны в сторону. Такая тоска вынуждает на самые глупые, нелогичные, даже анти-рациональные, но немного добрые действия. Вызов небытию казался именно таким.

И все равно в моем горле ком, и он уже неудобно врезается в глотку зажатый веревкой. Зато руки не связаны. Опечаленные, но понимающие меня родители читают приговор перед пьедесталом, как будто меня кто-то судил – бред. В это время я отчаянно пытаюсь подготовить себя к небытию: пытаюсь предвкусить это ощущение, понять его. Какого это – не стать чем-то и не остаться прежним; ничего не помнить, ничего не ощущать и даже не пытаться ощущать; не быть больше никогда, как это было когда-то до рождения – так одиноко, что даже сам себе не составишь компанию; пережить апокалипсис, ведь не только меня не станет, но и всего мира тоже. Или же это – влиться в бессознательную общность душ, вернуться к Богу или субстанции (как хотите), скинуть с себя материальность; вернуться к центру огромного глобуса из перетекающих капель, плотно сжатых между собой. Все эти неоригинальные мысли, перечитанные из разных книг, моя фантазия и вера, как альпинистский крюк, ловко используют дабы удержаться от падения.

Речь закончена, все готово, и отец неохотно и устало подходит к рычагу, что расположен в паре метров слева от меня, но я ни на секунду не останавливаю

свою попытку предвкусить небытие, я не могу прийти к выводу – это начинает сводить с ума. Несмотря на это, любовь к миру и мысль о том, что я раздарю себя, греют меня. Он тянет за рычаг – проваливается пол. Все вокруг в идится мне будто из-под воды: видны волнистые силуэты и краски (в основном сине-серые и зеленые), но нет четкости даже за метр от меня. Я не ощущаю ни боли, ни удушения, ни даже падения. Я только чувствую, как из меня вверх потихоньку вытекает воздух и мои носки леденеют. Но я ведь все еще не смог примерить на себя смерть ни на мгновение: каждый раз это «ничего» растворяется под моим взором и внутри моего взора. Время течет все медленнее, а моя паника и отчаяние растут все быстрее. Эти ощущения будто в тумане: они не врезаются в душу своей резкостью и жестокостью, а скорее нежно гладят ее. Ком в горле вырастает, причиняя горьковатую боль, и теперь не дает воздуху вытечь. Мое отчаяние вырастает до того, что мне хочется тихонько заплакать, но как только этот момент настает, я выбрасываю все те идеи, с помощью которых я пытался понять смерть, я в них не верю, да и в смерть уже не хочется верить. Ком исчез, но я не умер.

Я просыпаюсь в грязной, тесной и почерневшей от сажи комнате. Она мне совершенно не знакома. Я прохожу в такую же ванную, подхожу к раковине, и из моего рта выливается черная жидкость вместе с многоножками и пауками, я не чувствую ни капли отвращения. Я смотрю в зеркало: я немного разочарован, но мне тепло от того, что я остался.
Г.

Before a dream with a more or less precise plot and habitual images that we know from real life, the abundance of abstract visions flashes before the eyes, tuning you to the forthcoming dream. That day these pictures and textures were not particularly colorful, but their softness and temperance left a feeling of love and kindness in the soul. This sediment reminded me a little of the feeling I felt as a child when I woke up in my parents' bed – I wanted the best for the close ones; I was ready to gift myself away completely to them, just like that, simply for no reason. However, the feeling was as if in a fog: not clear and a bit sad.

It is cloudy and damp autumn outside. Day. One cannot see anything in four-five meters distance. I slowly walk up some curved wooden steps up the similar curved wooden pedestal. I know where I am headed: there is a noose above the pedestal. Like an elder brother that gives his favorite toy to the younger brother out of love, I voluntarily put my head in the ring: I've already played enough, so it seems like the right thing to do. Death will gift me away. Besides, an unovercomable anguish, longing for something incomprehensible, has been growing louder and louder since the abstract introduction, and now she's dragging and throwing me from side to side. That kind of anguish forces one to do the stupidest, illogical, even anti-rational, but kind actions. The challenge to nothingness seemed like such an action.

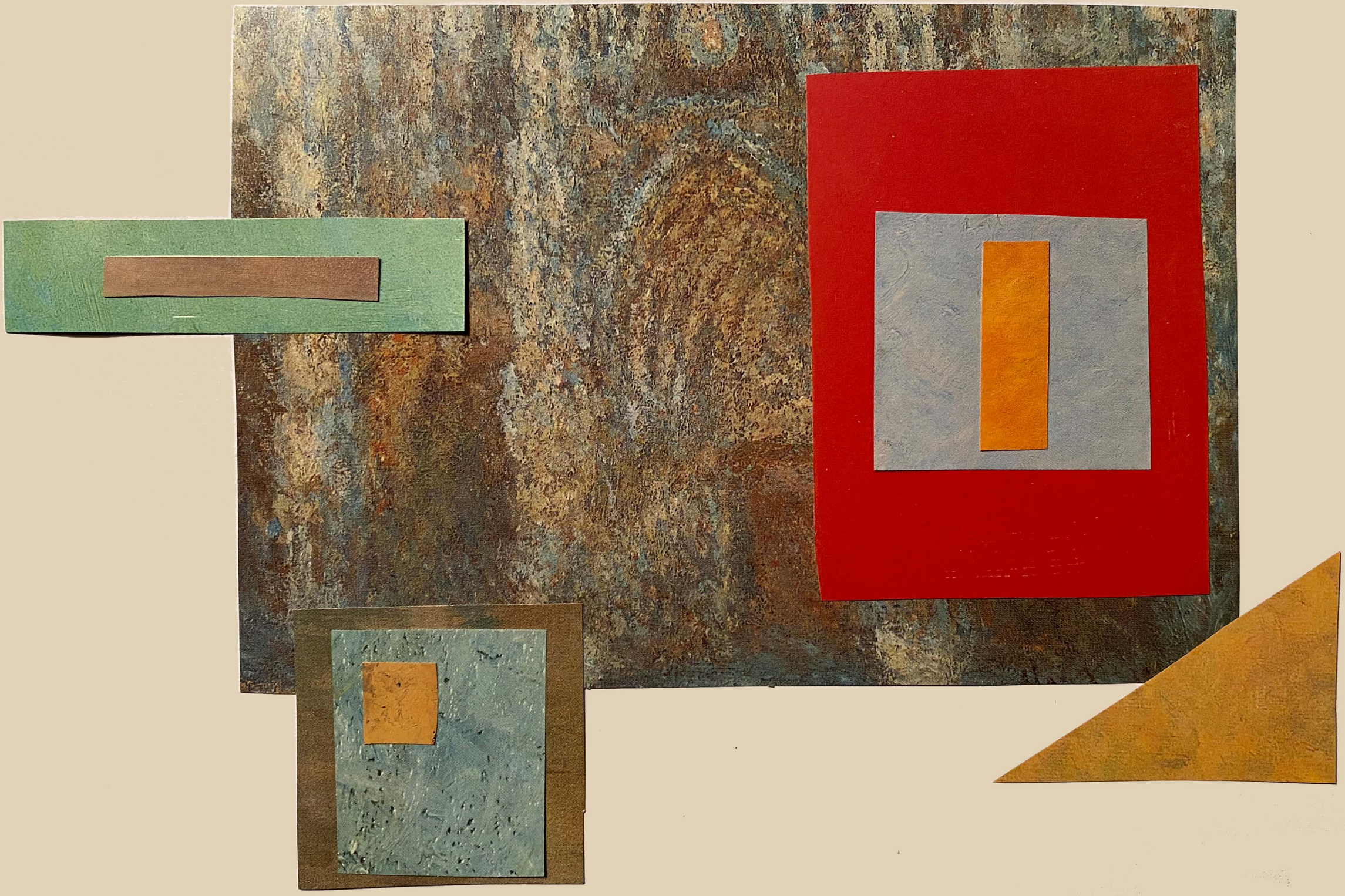
And still, I have a lump in my throat; it already bites into my windpipe, tightened by the rope uncomfortably. My hands aren't tied, though. Sad but understanding parents of mine read the verdict in front of a pedestal; as if I had been judged by someone – nonsense. Meanwhile, I am desperately trying to prepare myself for non-existence, t rying to anticipate the feeling of it, to understand it. What is it like not to become something and not to remain the same; not to remember, not to feel or even to try to feel anything; not to be forever, as it was before birth - so lonely that not even myself will keep me company; to go through the apocalypse, because not only will I be gone, but the whole world as well. Or it is to integrate into the unconscious unity of souls, return to God or substance (as you wish), throw off the materiality, blend in the center of a huge globe consisting of the flowing droplets, tightly compressed among themselves. All of these non-original book ideas are cleverly used by my fantasy and faith as a mountaineering hook to keep me from falling.

The verdict is read; everything is ready. My father reluctantly and wearily comes towards the lever, which is a few meters to my left. I am not stopping for a second my attempt to anticipate nothingness, but I cannot come to a conclusion – it is starting to drive me crazy. Despite that, the love and the idea that I'm gifting myself away are keeping me warm. He's pulling the lever – the floor of the pedestal collapses. Now everything seems to me like from under the water: there are wavy silhouettes and paints (mostly blue-grey and green), but no clarity even within a meter of me. I feel no pain, no strangulation, not even a fall. I only feel the air coming out of me upwards and my toes freezing. But I have not yet been able to fit into death for a single moment: every time

that «nothing» dissolves under my glance and inside my glance. Time is moving slower and slower, and my panic and despair are growing faster and faster. These feelings are hazy: they don't cut the soul with harshness and cruelty; they rather gently stroke it. The lump expands in my throat, causing bitter pain, and now it's keeping the air from flowing out. My despair grows to the point when I want to quietly cry, but as soon as that moment comes, I drop all the ideas with which I've been trying to understand death, I don't believe in them anymore, and I don't want to believe in death either. The lump disappears, but I'm not dead.

I wake up in a dirty, cramped, blackened by soot room. I'm not familiar with it at all. I go into a similar bathroom, I approach the sink, and black liquid spills out of my mouth along with millipedes and spiders. I don't feel a drop of disgust. I look in the mirror, I'm a little disappointed, but I'm warm that I stayed.

G.



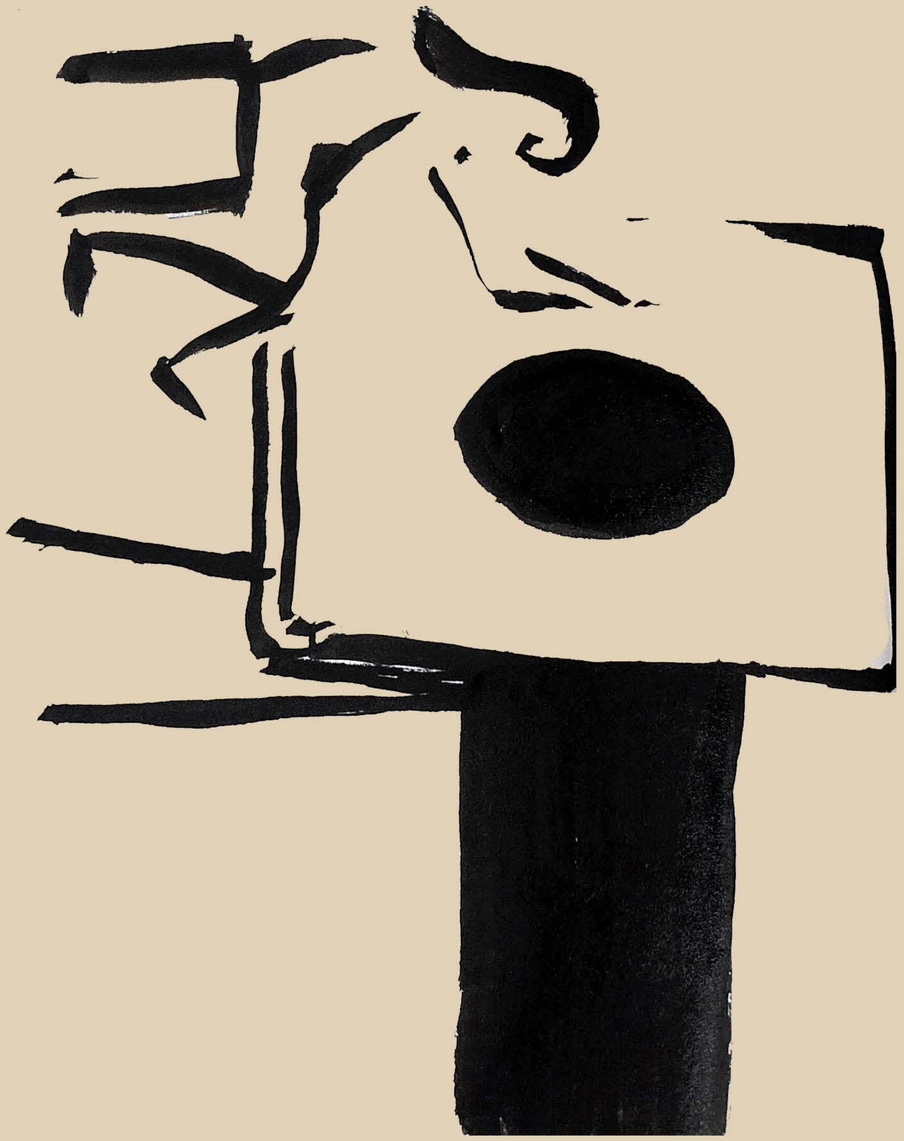
Dritter Traum

Les dalles de pierres sont froides sous mes pieds nus. Je marche le long de ce trottoir sur le boulevard désert. Les lampadaires sont allumés et le ciel est curieusement tinté de la lueur dorée qui s'en échappe. Mon attention se focalise sur la jonction entre le sol et les façades des bâtiments que je rencontre. Ma tête légèrement inclinée, sur un axe fixe, regarde évoluer la ligne formée par cet angle droit. Ininterrompue, la ligne file à la vitesse de mes pas, quand soudain une ouverture vient perturber sa régularité. L'ouverture ressemble à un soupirail que l'on aurait modifié pour permettre l'arrivage de marchandises vers un sous-sol servant de réserve. Une trappe amovible empiétait sur les pavés pour laisser apparaître une descente d'escaliers amovibles en bois. Une faible lumière en éclaire la descente et je me laisse guider, m'engouffrant dans cet espace souterrain. Le bois de l'escalier se transforme en marches taillées à même le rocher sur lequel repose ls fondations de l'édifice. Je sens que l'air devient humide et que de la vapeur remonte de la profondeur du tunnel. J'aperçois finalement le bout de la cavité qui semble évoluer vers une vaste pièce faiblement éclairée de bleu. Le sol est maintenant plat et je marche sur des mosaïques d'un outremer monochrome. Une fine pellicule d'eau s'étend sur le sol et lave mes pieds poudrés de la poussière du sentier de pierre. J'avance dans la brume qui s'épaissit pas à pas. Je m'arrête. L'endroit semble clôt. J'en imagine une configuration circulaire. Ma position se situe en son centre. Tout autour de moi se trouvent des cloisons carrelées de blanc. J'entends de l'eau couler, le bruit semble provenir d'une douche laissée ouverte. Je me dirige vers sa source mais le son semble changer de direction, inatteignable. Dans une lassitude tranquille, je quitte la pièce de brume et me dirige lentement vers la sortie. L'humidité de mes pieds transforme la poussière du retour en une boue grise que j'essuie maintenant sur les pavés fraîchement lavés par la rosée, pendant que le soleil montre les premiers signes de sa présence. J'essayerai en vain de retrouver cette brèche dans la ligne du sol, mais l'endroit semblait ne jamais avoir existé. Tout ceci n'était donc que l'illusion d'un rêve.

V.

The stone slabs are cold under my bare feet. I walk along this sidewalk on a deserted boulevard. The streetlights are lit and the sky is curiously tinged with the golden glow that emanates from them. My attention is focused on the junction between the ground and the f acades of the buildings I encounter. My head is slightly tilted, on a fixed axis, watching the line formed by this right angle evolve. Uninterrupted, the line runs at the speed of my steps, when suddenly an opening disrupts its regularity. The opening resembles a cellar window that has been modified to allow the arrival of goods to a basement used as a storeroom. A removable trap door encroached on the paving stones to reveal a removable wooden staircase. A dim light illuminated the descent and I let myself be guided, rushing into this underground space. The wood of the staircase is transformed into steps carved out of the rock on which the foundations of the building rest. I feel the air becoming humid and steam rises from the depth of the tunnel. I can see the end of the cavity, which seems to be moving towards a large room dimly lit in blue. The floor is now flat and I walk on mosaics of monochrome ultramarine. A thin film of water spreads over the floor and washes my feet, dusty from the stone path. I advance in the mist that thickens step by step. I stop. The place seems closed. I imagine a circular configuration. My position is in the centre. All around me are white tiled walls. I hear water running, the sound seems to come from a shower left on. I move towards its source but the sound seems to change direction, unreachable. In calm fatigue, I leave the misty room and slowly make my way out. The dampness of my feet turns the dust of the return journey into a grey mud which I now wipe off on the dew-washed cobbles, while the sun shows the first signs of its presence. I will try in vain to find that gap in the ground line, but the place seems to have never existed. So all this was only the illusion of a dream.

V.



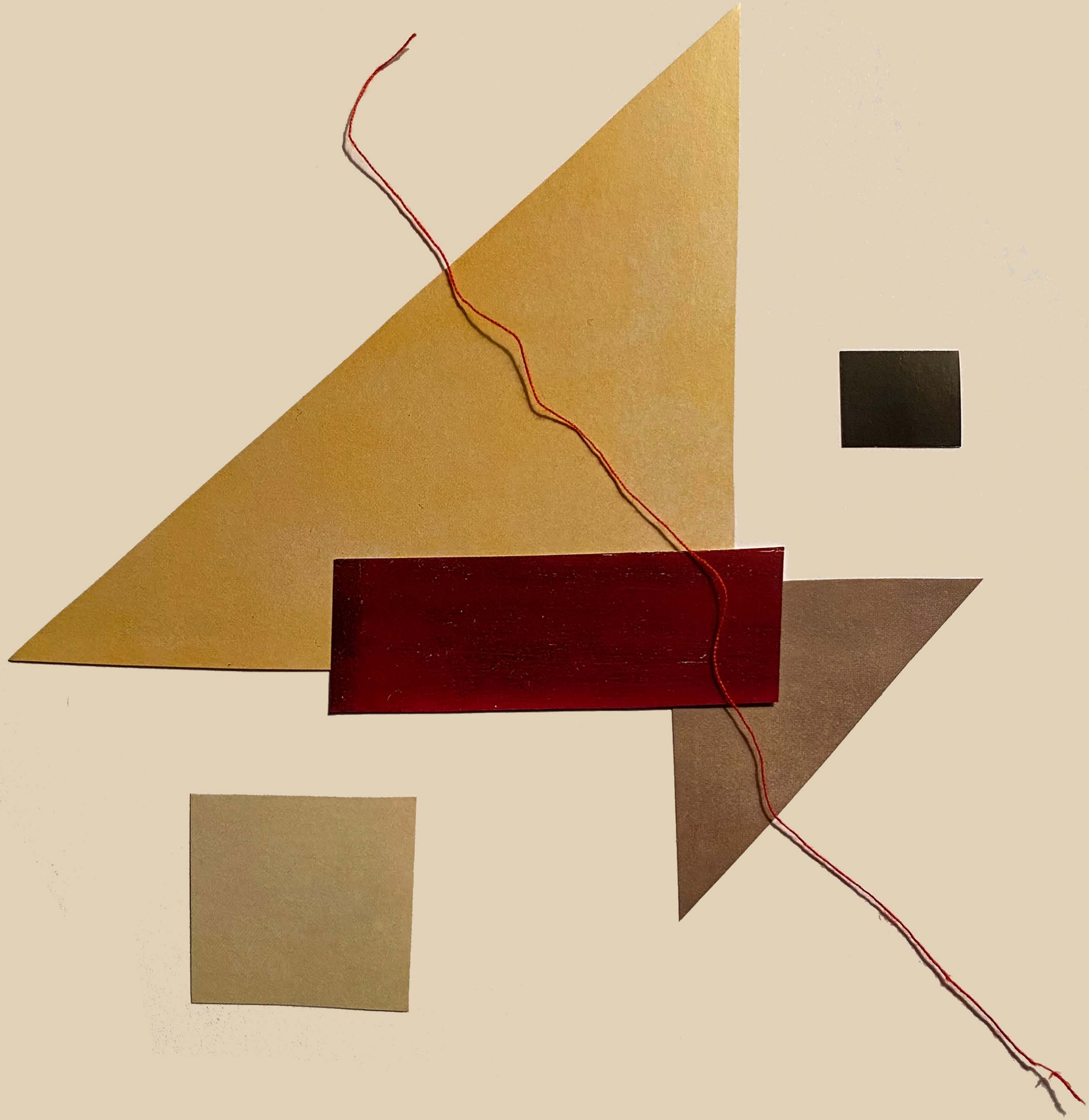
Vierter Traum

This is the dream where you are not you
and I am not me,
but we are running through my old school
and trying to get to the bushes.

Behind the bushes, we break all the rules,
get caught in a crowd on the way back,
and I have to tell my Honours advisor that
I didn't show up because it's parents night
and I had a chalkboard to paint.

She makes me finish the worksheet in French,
while the others cry, twenty year olds in the prison-like yard
of Jeanne Sauvé public school (this is another dream),
and they do not stop until the worksheet becomes a painting
and we work together to find the animals
hidden in the underbrush.

Hy.



Fünfter Traum

Ich bin im Goethe-Institut Montreal, wo ich früher ein paar Stunden die Woche an der Rezeption gearbeitet habe, aber jetzt bin ich zurück. Ich bin durch eine Klappe an der Seite des Gebäudes hereingekommen. Die Klappe hat einen Innenraum, der aussieht wie Ausgänge aus Raumstationen ins Weltall.

Ich weiß, dass ich zu spät zur Arbeit gekommen bin. Ich schaue mich um. Die anderen Leuten im Foyer, manche sind Kollegen am Institut, scheinen auf etwas zu warten, aber niemand kommentiert meine späte Ankunft, denn die Leute haben mich gar nicht bemerkt. Ich stehe im Foyer und bin nicht sicher, ob ich zur Rezeption, meinem üblichen Arbeitsort, gehen soll, oder nicht. Ich höre von den anderen, dass wir auf ein paar Leute warten. Nach einer Weile gehe ich nach vorne zur Rezeption, um nun endlich meine Arbeit anzufangen. Dann sehe ich, dass schon jemand an der Rezeption ist, die Person muss also seit meiner Ankunft an der Rezeption gewesen sein. Ich denke erleichtert, dass mein Zuspätkommen also gar nicht schlimm war.

Danach befinde ich mich wieder auf der Straße, an der Klappe, die ins Institut führt. Erst jetzt fällt mir auf, dass die Straße an dieser Seite so aussieht wie eine Straße in Quebec City, sehr eng mit vielen Läden auf der linken Seite. Ich weiß, dass auch andere Leute diese Klappe benutzen, obwohl sie eigentlich den Haupteingang vorne benutzen sollten.

H.

I'm at the Goethe-Institut Montreal, where I used to work as a receptionist a few hours a week, and now I'm back. I came in through a hatch on the side of the building. Its interior looks like that of a hatch leading from a space station into outer space.

I know I'm late for work. I look around. The other people in the foyer, some of them my colleagues at the Institute, seem to be waiting for something, but no one comments on my late arrival, because people haven't noticed me at all. I stand in the foyer, not sure whether I should go to the reception, where I usually work, or not. I hear from the others that we are waiting for some people. After a while, I go to the front desk to finally start my work. Then I see that there is already someone at the reception. That person must have been there since I arrived. I think with relief that my being late wasn't bad at all.

Then, I find myself back outside on the street, at the hatch that leads into the institute. Only now do I notice that the street on this side looks like a street in Quebec City, very narrow with many shops on the left. I know that other people also use this hatch to get into the institute, although they should actually use the main entrance in front.

H.

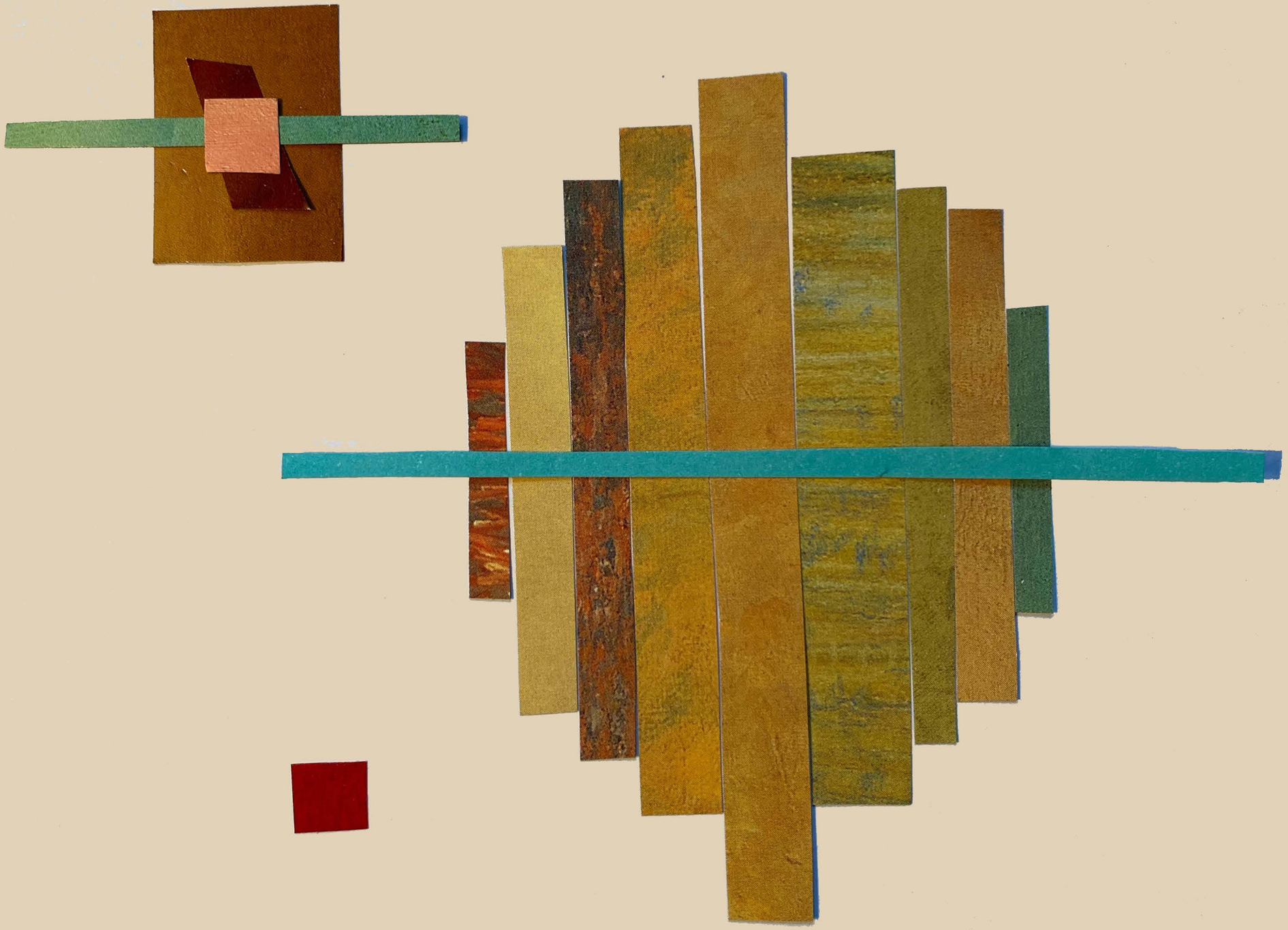
Sechster Traum

— I once dreamed, she shared the room beside me
And woke up to music, playing as she prays
Spoke to her mother, their voices loud and buried
Like travellers on the roadside keeping themselves safe.

We found each other's stories etched on the table, a picture of ourselves
when we belonged to,
all of those well intentioned stares into each other's eyes
Moments I had thought were only mine
Pour from my soul to yours.

Find me waiting for love
That only comes in rain and conversation,
With all of those honest faces I have dreamed of

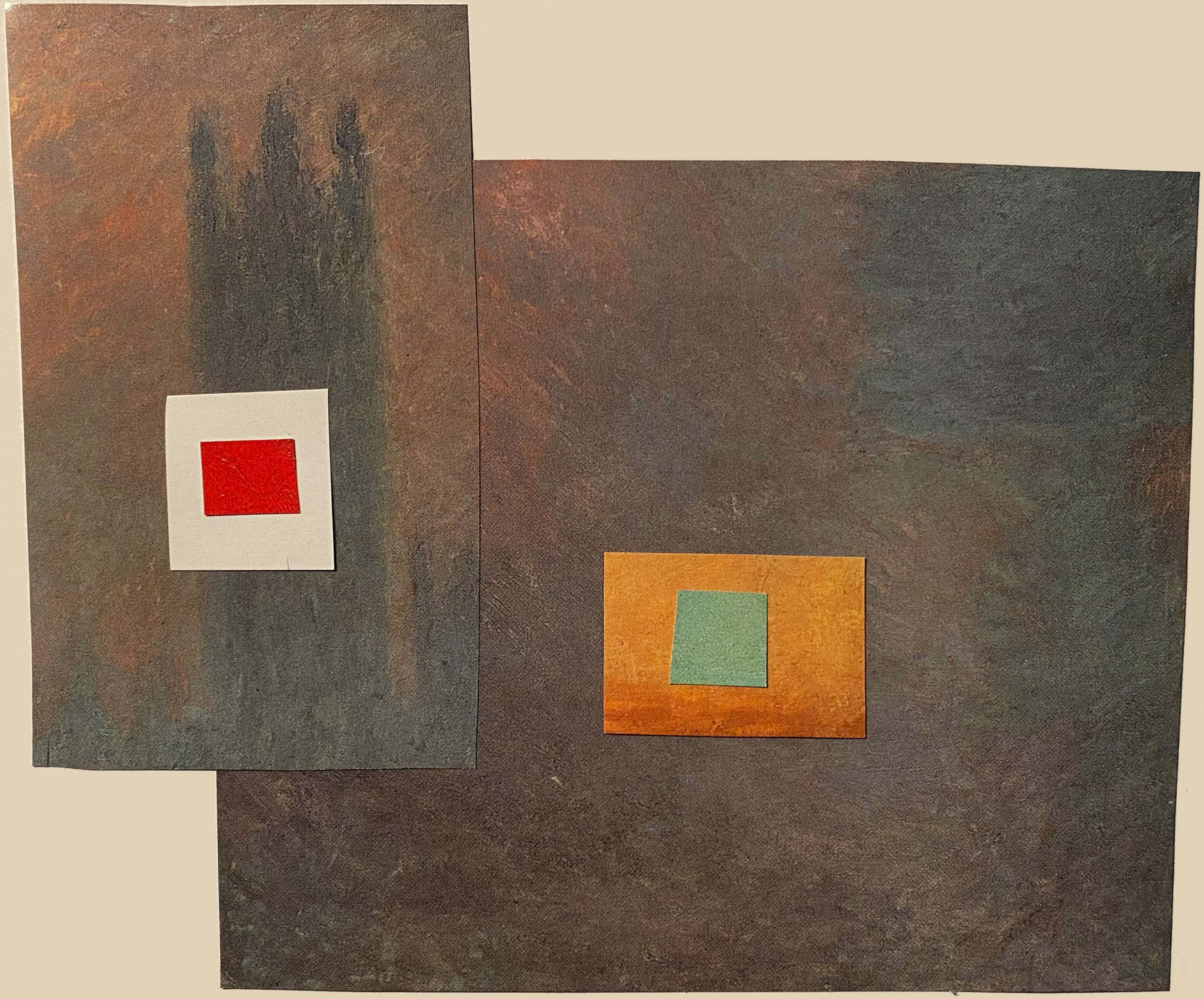
C.



Siebter Traum

I had this dream when I was around seven. I am staring off into some nondescript barren desert in the South West, there is no sign of plant or animal life in sight, only a set of pink hued mountains in the background. An apparition of sorts appears far in the distance. The figure of an older man, with burnt skin in traditional Native American dress, who emanates safety and warmth even from the long stretch of distance between us. I could feel the effect of his smile and the clarity of his mind flowing around me. He seemed to want me to come towards him, although made no outward gestures confirming this. It felt like the desert we were in functioned on the plane of pure instinct and magnetism. I turned away from the man and looked behind me, to the spectacle of my childhood home springing out of the desert floor, standing stark and awkwardly in the middle of the vastness of the plains,removed from its civilizational context, the hot desert sun beating down on the window panels which revealed slivers of my dining room table cushioned between strips of yellow brick. All of a sudden an airborne pack of rambunctious and eerily joyful cowboys descended out of the sky, galloping down the clouds and on to the earth like the Wild Hunt of Odin. They galloped in and out of the windows on horseback, looting, ransaking, stirring energy-glass shattering in their wake as shards and shards of crystals clouded my vision leaving me disoriented for what felt like a moment in time. My body was rooted in the earth, I couldn't move a muscle, I was only meant to observe not interfere, I was powerless only meant to bear witness to this act of high spirited violation of what at the time represented the center of my life and yet the source of fear. I attempted to move my body back towards the old man, but when I turned my head towards him, my body was still stuck in its place. He lay flat on the ground, under a current of water whose source was materializing out of nowhere. I knew from miles away that he was dead. I remember feeling this deep well of emptiness, looking out towards the plains as the unsettling scene behind me became muted, incomprehensible, muffled, and folded into space and time. A mere distraction, fixation on the past, what once was, a brief indulgence in the destruction of sentiment lost my chance for redemption, maybe truth or knowing, which soared with his soul up towards the motherlands. I stood there staring at him for what felt like an eternity, trying to find the source of the water, feeling the sting of death beating down from the bright, blue motionless sky.

M.



beautiful people have beautiful dreams

Living is not just a matter of breathing or having functional bodily organs. To be dualistic for a moment, there is the life of the body, neatly defined by the biologist, but there is also the life of the soul. Of course, the former is undoubtably cardinal for the existence of the latter - metaphysics aside. However, since the soul, and everything relating to it, is inherently mystical and 'subterranean', we only notice it when it elects to resurface in extreme situations; either positive or negative, albeit the distinction is not always clear. In other words, while it is relatively easy to monitor our corporeal life, the one of the soul is altogether opaquer and more arcane. Last year, probably like a number of other people, I felt that life of the soul, or rather its wellbeing, slipping away. In the beginning I felt sad, unmotivated, and generally downcast without any particular reason. I'd felt like that before, as I am sure everyone has, but as time went on, I started to get the impression that this time was different. In trying to understand why I felt the way I did in order to deal with the problem, I discovered something that was radically different about this experience. At some point I stopped dreaming. Dreaming not in the sense of a Morphean subconscious experience, but in the sense of yearning and excited anticipation. I'd felt down in the past but I was always dreaming and looking forward to all the possibilities of the future. This debilitated me. In my worst moment, it took away the only thing that kept me going; my drive and my fuel. My hope. Naturally I realised that this pandemic is going to end at some point but just anticipating a temporally unspecified future event, no matter how certain, did not give me the motivation needed to be happy and inspired. I shall not get into the fine details of what led me to this situation as that would probably take too long and more importantly, because the process of figuring it out is not yet complete. The important point, however, is that I did start dreaming again. Going back to a semblance of what the world used to be like, this September, after a nearly 18-month long 'purgatory', I started yearning for what the future might bring again. All the endless possibilities, that for so long used to seem so finite and remote, suddenly started appearing on the horizon again. Last year I might have been breathing but I was most definitely not fully alive and what is seemingly a part of the unreal and the imagination – dreaming – was the key to bringing me back to a very liveable and enjoyable reality.

Mx.

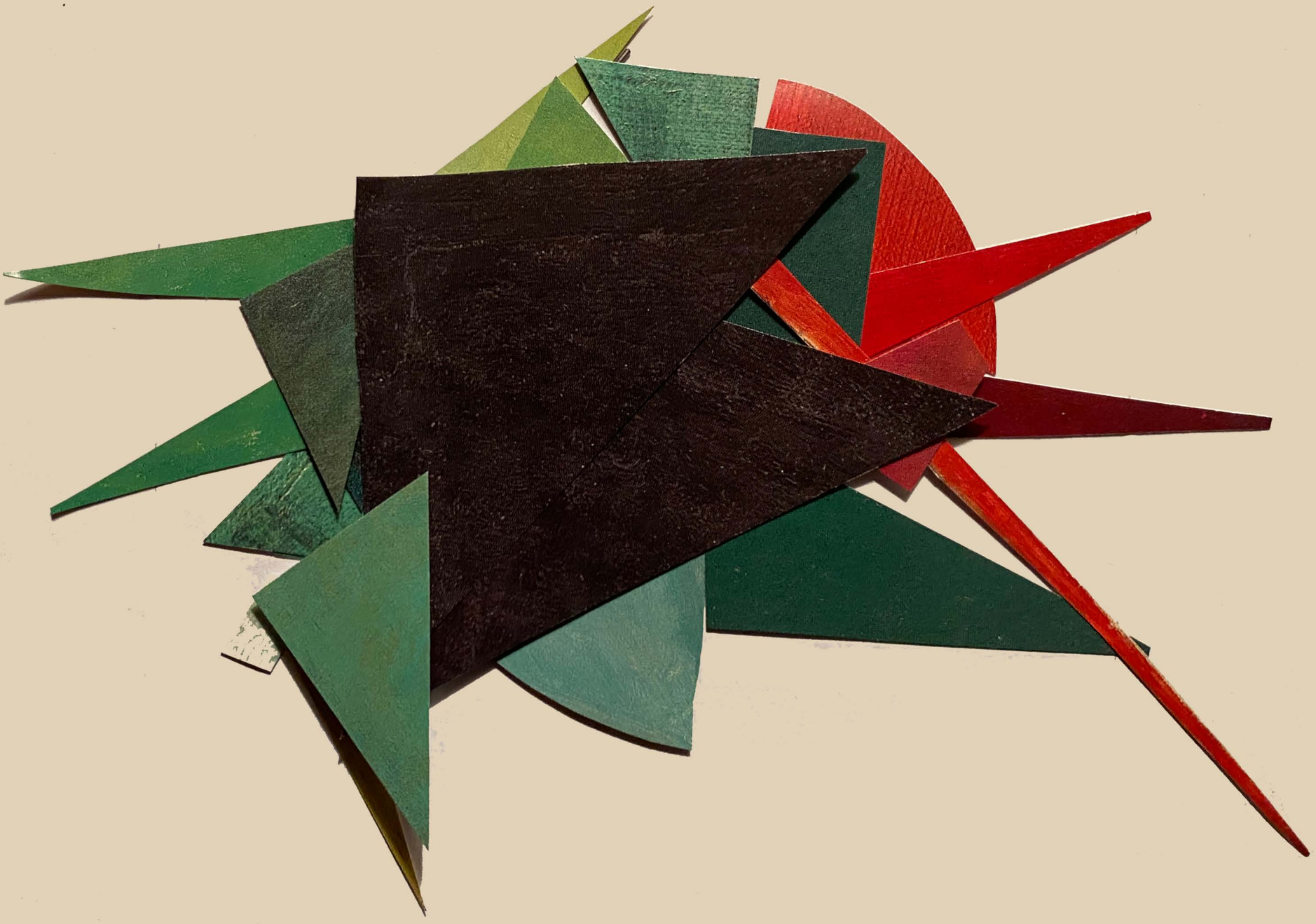
day dreams

— for me it's quite hard to have dreams. once you try to imagine a future in which you would like to see yourself all you see is your dreams being crushed by the scariest of nightmares: reality. I would love to dream like MLK. hope for a future that one will one day come true...but it's hard to be optimistic and not wonder how things are going to become one day even grimmer, especially when you know what climate change is going to cause and is already causing and how little is being done to work against it. but, when I recall in what kind of world MLK lived, is it not petty and weak for me to be scared of what the future might bring? do I even have the right to be depressed when I myself belong to those who are lucky and privileged enough to profit and live a life in luxury unimaginable for many others. then there is also the self-fulfilling prophecy. if we give up on our dreams or give up on even having dreams haven't we doomed ourselves by not even trying? aren't we also then the problem or even the very cause of our own nightmares? I think so.

so as hard as it is we can't afford to stop dreaming in such crucial times.

now to my dream. my plan is to one day be a restorative ocean farmer and work side by side with people, in something like a commune, who want an alternative to the hyper individualistic way that capitalism offers and even demands. I would love to be in the ocean working to feed myself and those who I love and cherish and knowing that by my actions I help not only the ones that I love but also help to restore the oceans and work against climate change. I have a dream that one day I will, by caring for those who I love, will not be harming but instead helping everyone else, even the ones who hate me and that the ones we cherish will not only follow but improve our way of live and not make the same selfish mistakes.

Gl.



Achter Traum

I looked down on the grass and saw my black brogues facing towards me, being worn by someone else.

F.

Neunter Traum

I was in her arms with my head laying on her chest so that I looked up past her jaw and her mouth to her eyes and she back down. My whole sight was the landscape of her body, which held me and in which I had hidden myself.

I must have been in one of those wooden fire-lookout cabins with a small bed and the large windows which let in a soft warm light (This I did not see but felt).

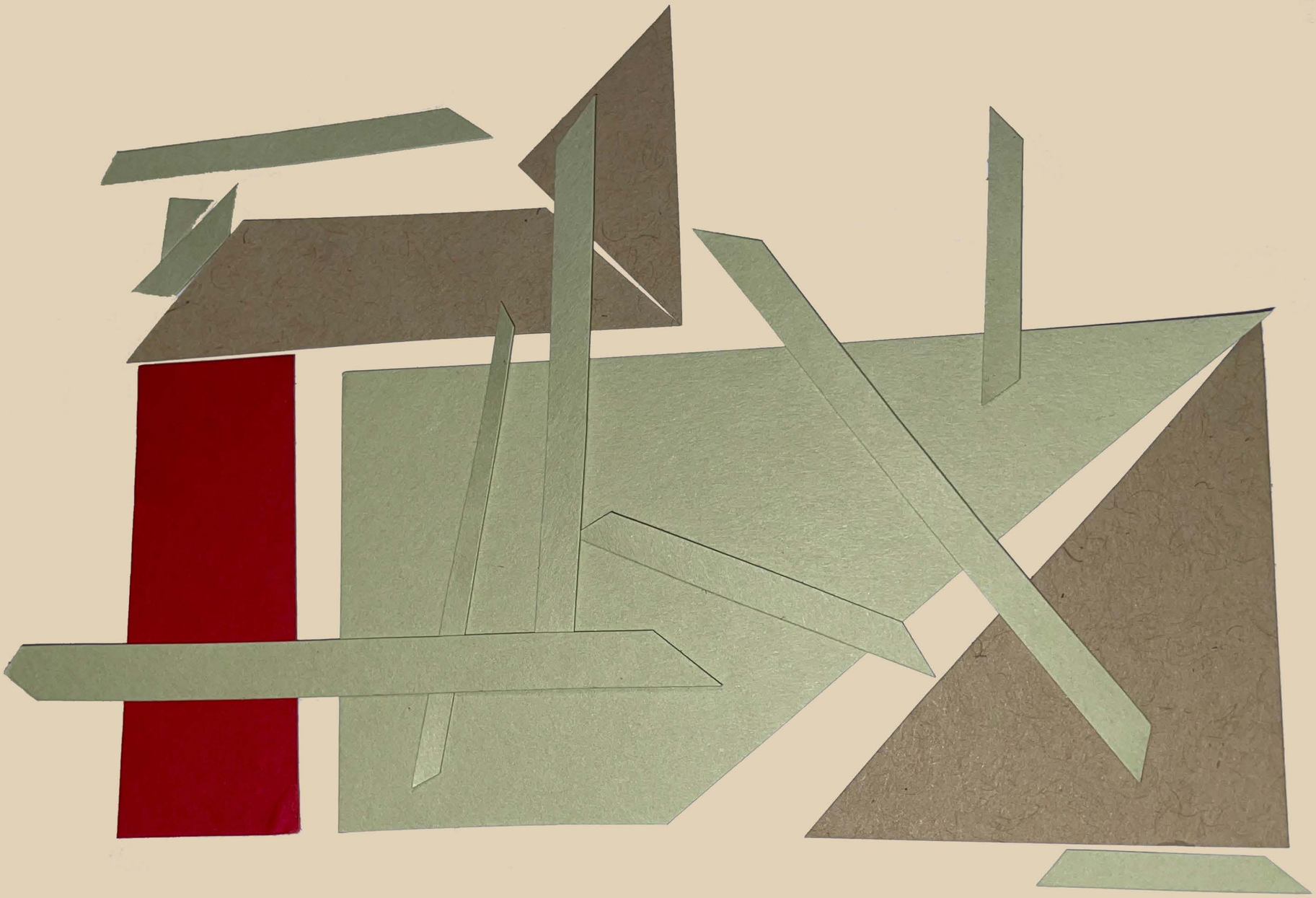
I don't know if it was the same girl or another but she was naked. She lay in what looked like a hotel room, spare with blinded windows and a bed which spanned the floor. An open laptop also lay on the bed but its screen was dark. I didn't know what to do with myself. She had her eyes closed, pleasing herself. She cried out in pleasure as if there were people standing outside the room, listening.

Up in the wooded mountains I was driving to a party. I had a carful of kids with me whom I couldn't see but I could hear chatting behind me. I don't remember much of a party only that it was populated by obscure characters–passing names and faces of my school-days–with whom I now, strangely, felt completely comfortable.

It felt that we were all, well, skinnier, just lighter on our feet somehow. I could see them run across the room to each other in the excitement of meeting. I remember now this one kid Freddy with his skater shoes (the wiry little skater that he was) climbing over a chain-link fence.

There was a view of my empty street. The road made a wide but subtle arc. It was a view framed by oaks whose moving softness took the place of the hard contour where the houses met the sky. As a car passed over it the road would sighhh.

An.



Zehnter Traum

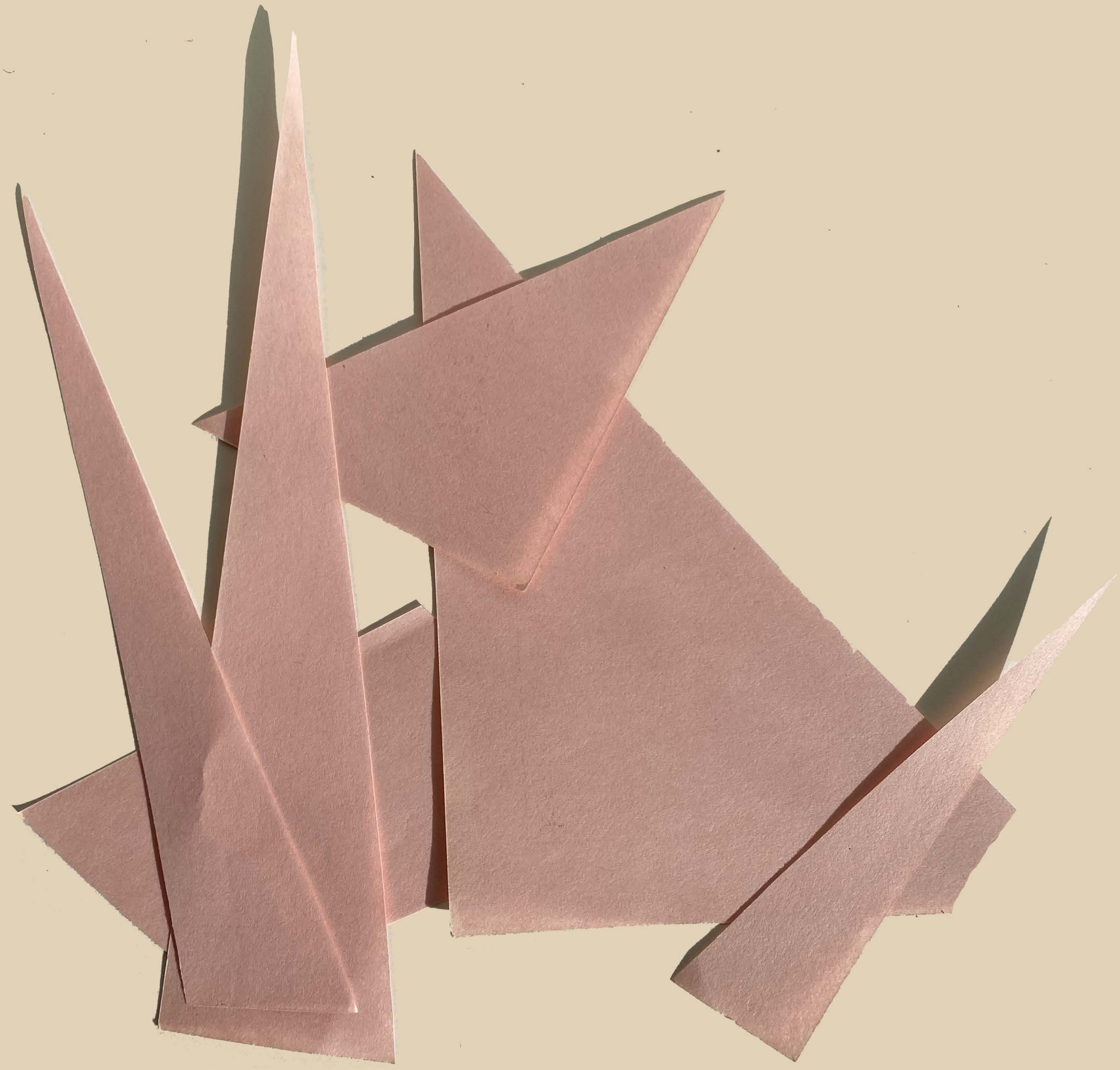
—during which he is offering a lecture on Czesław Miłosz; and I, a fellow translator, am sitting in. You know it too, he says to his students, their dimpled, upturned faces like orchids after rain. It needs something, he is saying, the faint odour of music in the rhythm of his sentences calling to mind—Even now, he is saying—a structure of propriety, of dignity—for the cabinetry of verse—of a house or vault worthy of those who would have their lives in it.

Kv.

Elfter Traum

— i'm back at school. there's a lively game of basketball being played. i'm trying to help the game along, leaping to stop passes, though I am part of no particular team. a friend of mine holds my hands in this endeavour, tightly, his face red with emotion and understanding. I find myself back at home. there are two Slavs who have come over for a drink. I treat them well, and they tell me they are only visiting. my family is to arrive any minute, and when they do, the Slavs leave quickly. I see my brother from the back, walking into the garden, and I stand by my sister at the threshold from where the kitchen leads outside.
one of my other sisters comes from downstairs, underdressed, and rushes back upstairs to change. I look around at what I know now to be a wedding party, and though the many people I see I think are strangers, I know they are my family.

A.



Zwölfter Traum

なぜかこの世界の通貨はイメージであり、記憶であり、思考になっている。考えれば全てが薄い和紙となって印刷される。僕らはバーにいて考えてる、その考えがわしになり、セリフになる。友人に勧めるものになり、飲むための説得にもなり、世界を見る方法を説明させてくれる。
書く文字とも違う。決して個人的なわけじゃないけど、
最も直接的な思考の伝達方法が和紙なだけ。一つのステッカーとしての役割も果たしてくれる。
この和紙を一つ印刷してワインに貼った気がする。

和紙はものを自由に動かしてくれる。なぜかみんな納得してくれる。男性がお皿に和紙を印刷させて、公園に置く。なぜかそれは飼い主のところへ戻れる。その存在自体を支えてくれてる。

あとは何があったかな、

人が現れる。12時まで飲んで家に帰ってる、それか電車で違う駅にいる。帰り道にまたこの人たちが現れる。そこにただ立ってるわけじゃなくて祝って飲んでるんで。でも、彼らじゃないことはわかってる。彼らの薄い和紙に過ぎない。
風にのって来たのだ。

白いワンピースを着た女性が服を畳んでる。生地がこの和紙よりも分厚いものを、たくさんたくさん、この和紙がどうやって絡まって通じ合うのかもわかる。お互いに薄く語りかける。

僕に話しかけてくれる、話してる人がいないはずなのに。別にその人の隠された真実を語っているわけじゃない、ただその人が伝えたいけど伝えられないものを総体的に伝達してるだけ。悪くない気分だよ。

あと、これらの和紙について行けばはじまった場所に戻れる。一つの場所で飲んで終電で帰る。でもあの人々の和紙についていくと戻れる、それだけ。電車なしで行けるはずのない場所に。離れたくない場所に戻れる、でも離れないといけない。この和紙と本当に繋がることができたら目の前の空間も折れる。夜に道で歩いてる。和紙の一部になって、道が三角形に折られてるのがわかる、また別の端っこが折られ、三次元の三角形になる。そして全てがつながってピラミッドになる。

K.

The currency is images, its memories, its thoughts. They almost print out into a thin see through sheet once you think them out. We're at a bar and some of us think, and the sheet itself becomes a cover of the line. We recommend it to our friends. We use it as an explanation of why we should drink more, we use it as an explanation of how we should see the world. Its different from the written word. I don't know if its more personal, but it just expresses the thought directly onto the thin sheet. The thin sheet also acts as a sticker. I think, i t hink that i printed a thin sheet onto a bottle of wine.

These thin sheets also, they allow things to move more freely. People are ok with things. A man printing the sheet onto a plate, and leaving it in the park. For some reason it allows the plate to find its was back to the actual owner. Its… it supports what it is.

What else is there.

I see people, they reappear. I was drinking at one place before twelve and i came home. Or i took the train and came to another station. On my way home i see these people again. And its not like they're just standing there, they are partying again or they are drinking again. But i also know that its not them, its rather their thin sheets.that floated through the wind.

There's a girl in a white one-piece, folding cloths. Cloth that is thicker than these sheets. Many many of them.

You can also see how these sheets interlock and interact with each other. They thinly speak with each other.

Almost speaking to me, while i know the person is not there. It isn't like it is speaking some sort of hidden truth that the person might have, its more like these sheets are just trying to express holistically what the person fully cannot, but is trying to. It is very nice.

Also if you follow these sheets it allows you to suddenly return to the space that you started at. I drink at one place and take the last train home. But I follow the sheet of these people and I'm back, I'm just back. There's no way i can get there without a train but I'm back. I'm back to a place that I didn't want to leave, but kind of had to. Its also that these sheets kind of like thin Washi sheets, if you do really engage with them, fold the spaces in front of you. Its in the nighttime I'm walking by the road and I'm a part of these sheets and i see the road folding into a triangle, and then then another edge, another piece f olding into a three dimensional triangle. Then it all connects to become a pyramid.

K.

Dreizehnter Traum

Seated across two rows in my High School's auditorium, I waited for some sort of production to begin alongside my two older brothers and a smattering of their friends. The auditorium's cheap velvet seats did little to absorb the yellowed lights, and so our conversation was stained by an abrasive glow. In truth, neither my brothers nor myself live close to our childhood home, and besides, should the circumstances arise, we would do our best to avoid the local youth's rendition of an Elgar s ymphony—the beauty of the piece or its poor rendition might threaten to trigger memories of our own. The party was divided along fraternal lines: each brother and his friends sat together, perhaps owing to their slight difference in age. My eldest brother leaned close to tell me: "It is better for your dreams to be cushioned by sleep on either side. It is unpleasant and inopportune for the dream to occur immediately after you have fallen asleep. It is possibly worse to dream too close to waking (for example, nightmares and alarm clocks deliver you, without interruption, between dream and reality). For the dreamer to fully process, and to spiritually comprehend the meaning of their dream, it is best to cushion their dream by sleep on either of its sides."

E.

Vierzehnter Traum

Я помню, как проснулся в своей квартире.

Меня разбудил легкий холод, исходящий из открытого окна и напоминающий о поздней осени. Тогда меня сразу увлекло небо: оно было соткано из всех возможных оранжевых оттенков, кем-то тщательно выбранных и наложенных друг на друга. В реальности происходящего я не сомневался: образы не менялись, не убегали от меня, вся мебель и предметы оставались на своих местах.

Моё внимание к вещам в комнате сменилось легким испугом, когда я услышал незнакомый голос в квартире. Я открыл дверь, прошёл по слабоосвещенному коридору, и завернув в зал, увидел смутный силуэт девушки, сидящей на стуле по середине комнаты и смотрящей на старое золотое дерево за окном. Я видел её только со спины: у неё были русые волосы, она была одета в белое платье. Она была совсем как луна. Её Холодное присутствие и мёртвая тишина вокруг вводили меня в жуткое состояние. Собравшись с силами, я начал обходить её, и чем больше открывался профиль её лица, тем сильнее растягивалось пространство комнаты и сжималось в одну точку, и тем больше я проваливался в бездну.

Я опять проснулся в своей комнате. На этот раз было так темно, что можно было увидеть лишь металлический блеск дверной ручки. Нарастающая паника не давала успокоится. Я хотел выбраться оттуда, но что-то держало дверь с другой стороны.

Начало происходить нечто странное: я стал постоянно проваливаться в темноту и просыпаться в своей квартире. За окном всё менялось: порой день сменялся ночью, а лето – зимой. Не знаю сколько раз это происходило, но моё сознание пробуждалось: я знал, что всё это один большой сон, я мог здраво рассуждать, мог вспомнить любой факт из своей жизни. Ощущение того, что сон пытается подменять мне реальность, вводило меня в ужас и не давало покоя. Я чувствовал себя запертым в своём же подсознании. Мне хотелось проснуться, потому что я не знал сколько времени здесь провёл.

Силы покидали меня до тех пор, пока я не смог встать с постели Что-то потустороннее раздавило меня и не давало пошевелиться. Всё, что я мог сделать – безнадёжно бросить глухой хрип в глухую темноту.

Когда я проснулся по-настоящему, была поздняя ночь, я сидел и долго пытался понять, что всё, что меня окружает не является сном. Мой разум будто бы разбился на тысячи скомканных частей, которые теперь медленно и очень неохотно начали притягиваться друг к другу. Я впервые начал замечать, как электрический свет уличных фонарей рисует на моих стенах прямоугольники разного размера и разной степени белого. И всё в этом свету, всё было на своих местах и всё было теперь по-настоящему.

Кроме одинокой луны за окном, предательски растворяющейся в тусклом свете.

Т.

I remember waking up in my apartment.

I was awakened by a slight cold coming from an open window, reminding me of late autumn. I was immediately fascinated by the sky: it was woven of all possible shades of orange, which someone carefully chose and superimposed on each other. In reality, I had no doubt that the images did not change, did not run away from me; all the furniture and objects remained in place.

My focus on things in the room was replaced by a mild scare when I heard an unfamiliar voice in the apartment. I opened the door, I walked down a faint-light corridor, and as I turned in the hall, I saw a vague silhouette of a girl sitting on a chair in the middle of the room, looking at an old golden tree outside the window. I only saw her from behind: she had blonde hair; she was wearing a white dress. She was just like the moon. Her cold presence and the dead silence made me feel terrified. So, when I got my strength up, I started to go around her, and the more her face profile was opened, the more the space of the room stretched and squeezed into one spot, and the more I fell into the abyss.

I woke up in my room again. This time it was so dark that you could only see the metal glow of the doorknob. The mounting panic never let me rest. I wanted to get out of there, but something held the door from the other side.

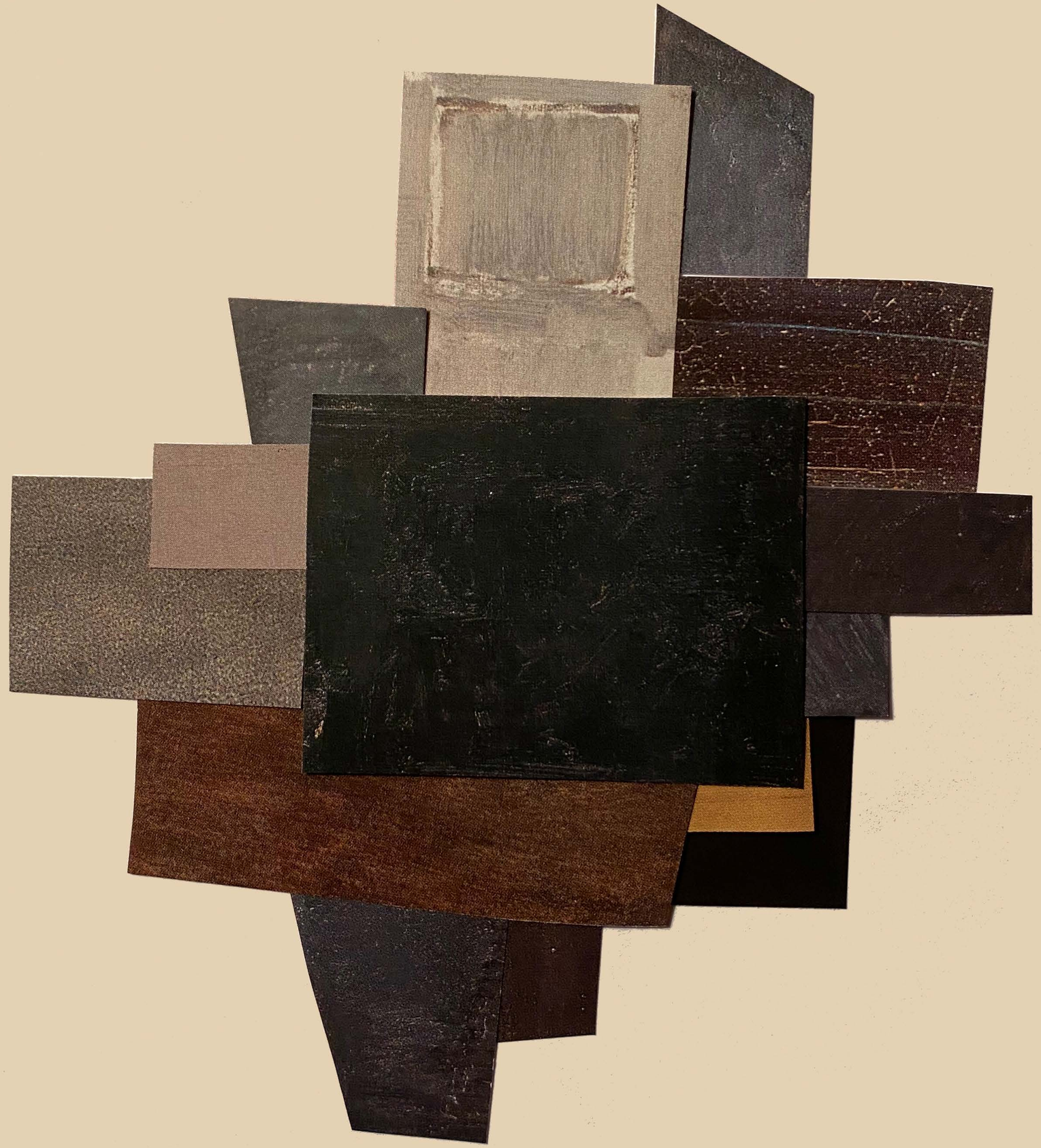
Something strange began to happen: I began to constantly fall into the dark and wake up in my apartment. Outside the window, everything changed: sometimes day turned to night, and summer turned to winter. I don't know how many times this happened, but my consciousness was awakening: I knew it was all one big dream, I could think straight, I could remember any fact of my life.

The feeling of a dream trying to replace my reality was terrifying, it was haunting me. I felt trapped in my own subconscious. I wanted to wake up because I didn't know how long I'd been here.

The strength was ebbing from me until I could get out of bed. Something otherworldly crushed me and kept me from moving. All I could do was to throw a hashed wheezing into the dark. When I really woke up, it was late at night, I was sitting there, and I was trying to figure out that everything around me wasn't a dream. My mind seemed to be broken into thousands of fragments that are now being drawn slowly and very reluctantly to each other. For the first time, I began to notice how the electric street lights painted rectangles of various sizes and degrees of white on my walls. And everything in this light, everything was in its place, and everything was real now.

Apart from the lonely moon outside the window, treacherously dissolved in dim light.

T.



Das Unbewusste: a conversation between a. and p.

Oct 2, 2021, 7:33 PM

p., I was wondering if you ever write down your dreams?

hey a.
these days I only write down the ones that leave an impression on me
but in the past I used to write almost all of them down

ah, interesting
would you ever share any of these?

Oct 3, 2021, 8:01 AM

with you, or in general?

both, I guess

but, with me, for the time being
wouldn't it be interesting to publish a dream book?

hm it would be interesting to publish maybe someday, a long way away, but not right now
i'll share with you a recent dream
I'm at a shore of some sort. I make eye contact with a black cat in the distance for a moment. Then, the waves pick up in intensity and a man is struck by several at once. His head falls off and falls into the water. Then I realize that his head will drown, since it has no limbs to get itself out of the water. So I pick it up from the water, and the head takes a deep breath.
Do you write down your dreams?

yes, occasionally I do
I've been talking with a friend about this and he and I are resolved to make a dream book

we're thinking of asking 20 or 30 people to write down dreams
friends, family
then we will edit it, make illustrations for every dream (like jung's red book), and put it out digitally
your input (and a dream) are most welcome
perhaps, when you have the time, we could have a call

hmm i think that i'll pass on contributing to the dream book
but thanks for thinking of me and reaching out for this project

ah, hmm
too bad
may I ask, out of mostly curiosity, not?
I find these things sort of hinge on the conversations I have with others

well, frankly, I fear that they are quite revealing, and yet I do not know what they reveal

perhaps I'd underestimated the resistance people might have felt about giving their dreams
maybe they should be published anonymously

perhaps, but then again people might still be reticent, because at the end of the day somebody knows whose dreams are whose
I would think that it is quite a private matter for a lot of people

7:47 PM

I'd like to think that that's a good reason to do it
a dream is a message from the unconscious, no?
it's personal and public simultaneously

Oct 4, 2021, 7:30 AM

depends on how you view the unconscious of course

and how do you view the unconscious?
does it forbid us from saying things? — things maybe it reveals to us…

I view it as a mystery, but beyond that it is hard to say
does it reveal, or do I reveal to my myself via the event of the dream? and is what is revealed always of a certain nature?
what do you think?

and not strictly some latent meaning?

yeah interesting man. I, like you, will allow these questions to remain open

ah, but we've avoided the pertinent question
to share a dream or not
if the meaning is possibly entangled with interpretation
how can one avoid interpreting the resistance to share a dream
it is like a resistance to interpret
which thereby joins some part of the meaning or the meaning-accessibility of the dream

yes, of course the resistance, or rather my resistance is interpretable, just as the lack of resistance is as well. And the resistance or lack thereof says something about the dreamer
But I do not think that whether or not to share a dream adheres to a principle, rather I think it is quite circumstantial

can the dream and the resistance to sharing the dream both be circumstantial ?
isn't it only possible for one to be but not the other

if a dream is circumstantial, I refuse it, willingly
and if my resistance is circumstantial, the dream retains its meaning in secret from me
but if both are circumstantial, neither are, because there is no counter, nothing meaningful
and if neither are circumstantial, then there is no way of l ocating myself or the dream any longer
I am simply lost in it
in other words, my motivations and the motivations of the dream are not intersectional

what do you mean by refusing the dream?

refuse it as meaningless

ah
well to be honest i'm not sure what you're getting at
maybe you could clarify a bit more?

im questioning whether the dream is on our side
my fear at sharing my dream may have to do with my circumstances
but this is not the meaning of the dream
in fact, it's a tension between me and the dream

yes

and the interpretation actually tries to draw this tension out

yes as well
my question is whether or not this tension is resolved by 'uncovering' the meaning inherent in the dream or by fabricating a meaning into the dream oneself that one finds satisfying
whether or not the first is really always the second

the tension is somehow where we actually are caught between the pleasure of interpretation and the pure reading of the dream
as it strikes me
the point is to uncover the way one is thinking and as such expose to the position of interpreting the dream in order to draw one closer to how one makes meaning in one's own life
living it up to the dream means understanding it insofar as understanding how I create meaning is the same as understanding the dream itself
it all seems to hang on meaning
but it is never solely about my self-narrativization nor the dream as a repository of hidden meaning
after a certain point, doesn't the circumstantiality of my self-narrating run up against the void of the dream-meaning

two radically arbitrary positions
whose subject is the tension between them
like, somehow, the way I talk about my dreams approaches t
and this is kind of traumatizing
because it isn't grounded
so I self-narrate in order to avoid facing the dream work
cover up the elementary working out of my meaning my unconscious does without me
so I self-narrate to combat the existence of my unconscious
true interpretation would be a release to the dream work somehow
or to the existence of the unconscious

is this true interpretation possible? That is the question, perhaps the question that is the expression of this tension

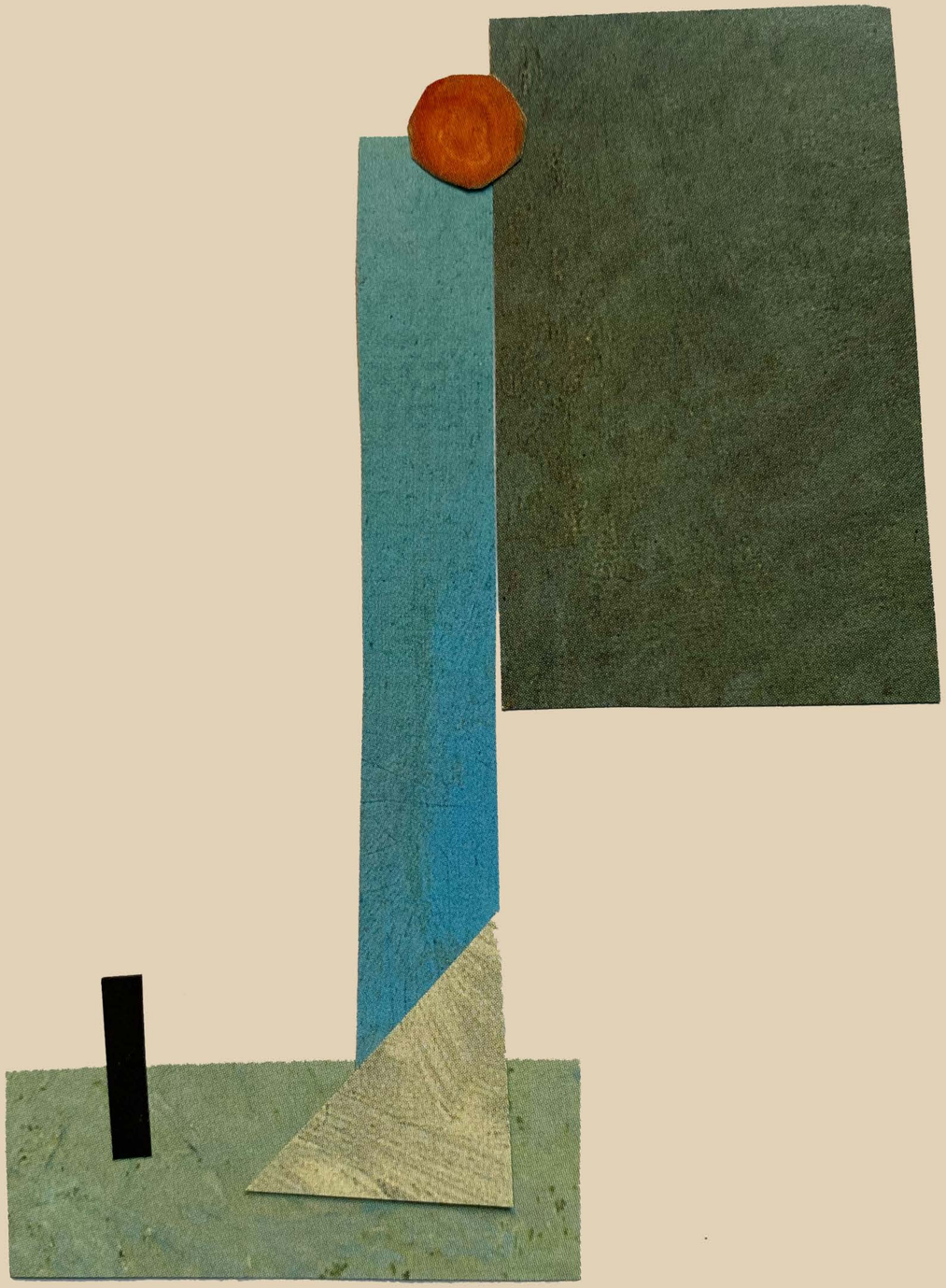
Oct 20, 2021, 9:28 AM

I think the point is that the interpretation doesn't need to be true to succeed. Success here means activating some part of the awareness between the dreamer and the unconscious; but, this consists in pointing to a link "over there" and never fully showing it. The symptom, of which the dream can be a part, is the "over here" of the "over there." We get something which tells us we have an unconscious, and a good interpretation allows an

an awareness of the unconscious to unfold. If it is too specific, then the unconscious is disclosed only fetishistically. The actual detail of a dream is irrelevant, because the process of interpretation is one of "moving through meaning" to get at the hard kernel of the unconscious, which, by the end, you can never actually ever see. You get an object, which stands in for the final horrible interaction with the unconscious and this object you reconcile yourself too in its mystery. Something like Rilke's Thing. I think meaning is closer to this mystery of how all the meaning of the object is staged to ensure our relationship with the unconscious survives and doesn't collapse in our interaction with the horrible.

—

"Dreams are messages from the deep"



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