

Julio Monteverde

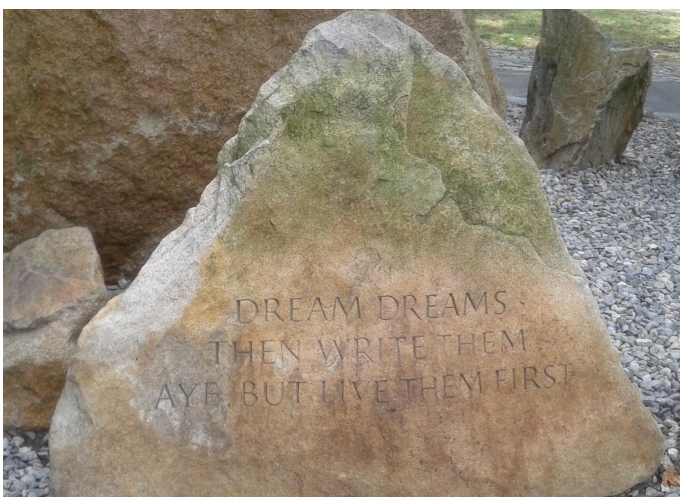
## DREAMS AND THE FUTURE (I)

The possibility of the existence of premonitory dreams has fascinated humanity throughout its existence and gave birth to a multitude of theories. That is why it is a good idea to clear the field a bit before delving into this subject.

Obviously, we have to clear it of all the spiritualist gangue that pretends to predict the future through dreams; i.e., that pretends to identify the message of dreams as an *intervention* by some unknown powers, which would be in a position to prophesy a series of events in an omniscient way. This blackmail, offered as a crude compensation to the injustices of life, does not interest us. If dreams can have premonitory potentialities, it will never be thanks to anyone other than ourselves.(1) The external intervention, as well as the communication with other previous, later, or parallel states of our soul (that is, other worlds that are never in this one, and will never be) is unacceptable and, to simplify things, it appears to us as an idiom.

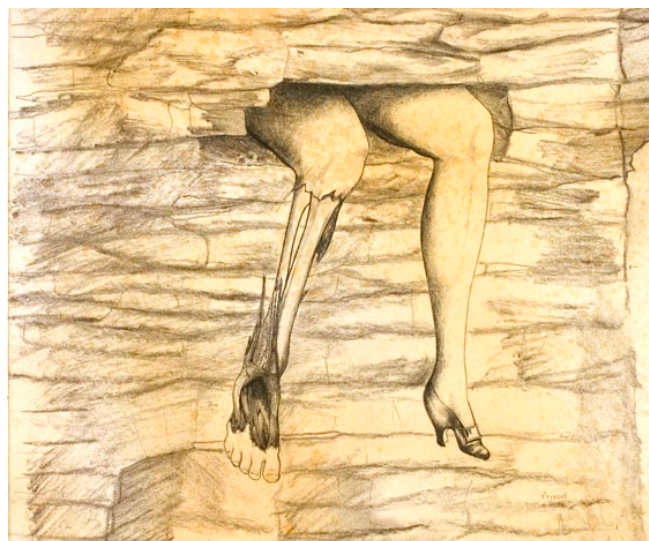
That said, it is perfectly verifiable that a great many people have had dreams in which events of their future lives or that of their loved ones were revealed to them in advance. Dreams sometimes seem to predict with almost mathematical precision details of our life, slight images or isolated encounters, whose presence could have a much more coherent explanation had we dreamed them *after* experiencing them, and not the other way around, because everything functions in these instances as if the dream took details from the next day *exactly* as it usually takes them from the day before. At other times, dreams seem to symbolically describe certain events or future needs, of which the dreamer has not yet concrete evidence. Finally, in certain unforgettable moments, it is capable of reaching such a condensation that the message results from a disconcerting explanation...

Faced with these incessantly repeating phenomena, the historic onirocriticism focused its work on the clarification of the omens, often using for this purpose a prosaic approach that conferred to the interpretations an air of majestic ordinariness.(2) On the contrary, the Freudian revolution shaped its system by deliberately eliminating any possibility of understanding these phenomena by putting the accent (the whole accent)



A quote by Samuel Eliot Morison

### Jindřich Štyrský



While walking around the three sides of a house, I notice on the eastern side, where the house abuts a garden, female legs protruding from the wall. As if a woman has been immured here. A stocking and a shoe cover one leg, and the other has been picked clean to the bone.

Jindřich Štyrský, dream of 1940

on the causal relation, on the discovery of those past motivations that had led the dreamer to dream one thing, and not another. However, Jung, for his part, admitted to a goal of dreams, and here things started to change again. If for Jung the dream had not only a cause to be unveiled (as for Freud), but also a purpose on which it was projected, the premonitory aspect, to a greater or lesser extent, was implied in this quality. (When speaking of purpose, the future is automatically intimated.) At the same time, some thinkers, such as André Breton, also strongly protested the Freudian contempt for the future in dreams hypothesis, which could well be understood from his perspective as the elimination of one of its most valuable aspects. Thus a step of great importance for the understanding (or re-understanding on more adequate bases) of the role of the dream in the daily life of the individual was taken. The dream, either through its purpose, or through its anticipation, is always a door between the concrete past and the future of the individual, a turning point in which, in one way or another, both are contained.

However, it seems clear that the dream is evidently incapable of fully determining this future. It induces, plants its signals or its warnings, and sometimes, too, it anticipates events, but does not explicitly foresee them, if it is not through the game of possibilities and needs that determines its functioning. The character of the dream, on this plane, is *anticipatory*. Somehow the dream *proposes* a future, that is, a concrete scenario, in which our desires and needs can find fulfillment or satisfaction, although at a purely symbolic level. Thus, the dream's work can only reverberate in the future of the dreamer since, in its development, it is continually taking into account that very future from the moment the dream needs it irremediably as the ground for its material fulfillment.

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# An Oneiric Library (III)

Or is it with older, irrecoverable volumes that my heart has kept faith? With those marvelous ones, that is, which were given me to revisit only once, in a dream? What were they called? I knew only that it was those long-vanished volumes that I had never been able to find again. They were located, however, in a cabinet which, as I perforce realized on waking, I had never met with before. In the dream, it appeared to me old and familiar. The books did not stand upright in it; they lay flat, and, indeed, in its weather corner\*. In these books there were stormy goings-on. To open one would have landed me in the lap of the storm, in the very womb, where a brooding and changeable text—a text pregnant with colors—formed a cloud. The colors were seething and evanescent, but they always shaded into a violet that seemed to come from the entrails of a slaughtered animal. As ineffable and full of meaning as the forbidden violet were the titles, each of which appeared to me stranger and more familiar than the last. But before I could assure myself of the one that came first, I was awake, without so much as having touched, in my dream, the boys' books of old.

\**Wetterecke* in the original: that part of a country or region in which the weather is especially severe.

Walter Benjamin, in *Berlin Childhood around 1900*, London, 2006

Before I discovered alchemy, I had a series of dreams which repeatedly dealt with the same theme. Beside my house stood another, that is to say, another wing or annex, which was strange to me. Each time I would wonder in my dream why I did not know this house, although it had apparently always been there. Finally came a dream in which I reached the other wing. I discovered there a wonderful library, dating largely from the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Large, fat folio volumes, bound in pigskin, stood along the walls. Among them were a number of books embellished with copper engravings of a strange character, and illustrations containing curious symbols such as I had never seen before. At the time I did not know to what they referred; only much later did I recognize them as alchemical symbols. In the dream I was conscious only of the fascination exerted by them and by the entire library.

C.G. Jung, in *Memories, Dreams, Reflections*, New York, 1989

I dreamt that I was in an Arab city, and as in most such cities there was a citadel, a casbah. The city was situated in a broad plain, and had a wall all around it. The shape of the wall was square, and there were four gates.

The casbah in the interior of the city was surrounded by a wide moat (which is not the way it really is in Arab countries). I stood before a wooden bridge leading over the water to a dark, horseshoe-shaped portal, which was open. Eager to see the citadel from the inside also, I stepped out on the bridge. When I was about halfway across it, a handsome, dark Arab of aristocratic, almost royal bearing came toward me from the gate. I knew that this youth in the white burnoose was the resident prince of the citadel. When he came up to me, he attacked me and tried to knock me down. We wrestled. In the struggle we crashed against the railing; it gave way and both of us fell into the moat, where he tried to push my head under water to drown me. No, I thought, this is going too far. And in my turn I pushed his head under water. I did so although I felt great admiration for him; but I did not want to let myself be killed. I had no intention of killing him; I wanted only to make him unconscious and incapable of fighting.

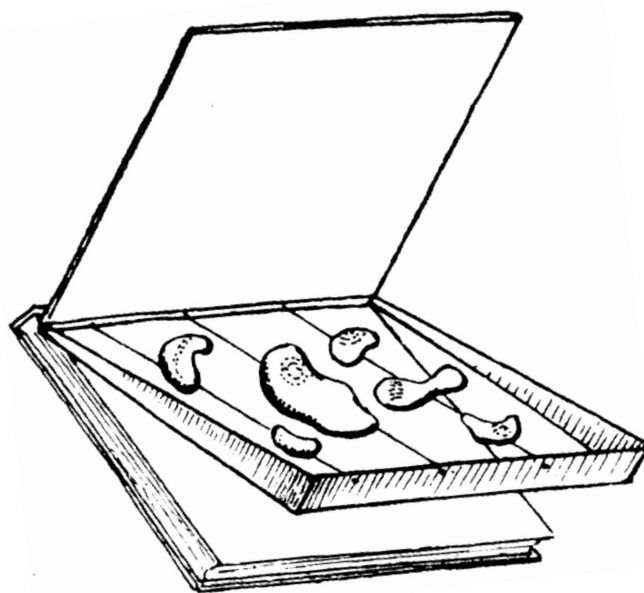
Then the scene of the dream changed, and he was with me in a large vaulted octagonal room in the center of the citadel. The room was all white, very plain and beautiful. Along the light-colored marble walls stood low divans, and before me on the floor lay an open book with black letters written in magnificent calligraphy on milky-white parchment. It was not Arabic script; rather, it looked to me like the Uigurian script of West Turkestan, which was familiar to me from the Manichaean fragments from Turfan. I did not know the contents, but nevertheless I had the feeling that this was "my book," that I had written it. The young prince with whom I had just been wrestling sat to the right of me on the floor. I explained to him that now that I had overcome him he must read the book. But he resisted. I placed my arm around his shoulders and forced him, with a sort of paternal kindness and patience, to read the book. I knew that this was absolutely essential, and at last he yielded.

C.G. Jung, in *Memories, Dreams, Reflections*, New York, 1989

(...) In a street in Paris, where I was not too surprised to hear the passers-by speak in Spanish, I ran into Benjamin Péret. He carried under his arm, with such ostentation that I did not hesitate to ask him about it, a rather sumptuous book of an imposing format. During the conversation, I learned that it was the model of the luxury copies of...(Mexican Air?) and that the proposed book had at least the enthusiastic approval of the author, for, he assured me with an undisguised satisfaction, one would see for the first time a sculpted frontispiece! Increasingly intrigued, I asked him to show me this wonder.

Beneath the rigid cover was inserted a cardboard frame into which five or six small polychrome sculptures, closely resembling the Azilian pebbles, appeared detached from the background created by the flyleaf, their general arrangement evoking the art of Hans Arp. The frame was conceived in such a way that it constituted the case of the book, and the small colored shapes were kept in place, as I was able to ascertain, by very fine metallic rods, the coloring of which was exactly that of the flyleaf.

The sketch made on awakening revealed to me an object in good taste, whose realization would be, after all, within the capabilities of a skilled bookbinder.



Adrien Dax, in *Le Surréalisme même*, no. 2, 1957

In a bookstore, I leaf among the novelties a thick book devoted to Hieronymus Bosch. Stunned and amazed, I discover throughout the pages excellent reproductions of his watercolors, of which I ignored until now the existence. They represent strange objects, perhaps natural, perhaps not, among which appear characters, sometimes naked, sometimes costumed in the most magnificent attires, in a calm opulence of colors with a blue dominant. Everything indicates to me that these scenes take place near, or even inside the magical constructions that appear on the horizon of the central panel of the Garden of Delights.

Guy Girard, dream of October 17, 1991

At a flea market, I buy two books for a paltry sum. One features different studies by several authors, including André Breton on his book *Nadja*. The second is the sixth volume of Benjamin Péret's *Complete Works*, which contains texts on political matters and on art. I am particularly interested in the photographs that illustrate this book and especially by one that shows a bird cage belonging to André Derain, on the bars of which this painter hung small drawings that Péret had offered him. Another photo shows a tiny skull on a salad leaf. This skull is that of a veterinarian specializing in cattle, and also his skull is sometimes that of a man, sometimes that of a bull—is it the Minotaur?—but I am especially astonished by the process used for this



miniaturization. Another photo shows a carrot placed, it seems to me, near a stuffed lizard, because the proximity of this root must prevent the desiccation of the reptile. The contemplation of these photos mysteriously took me into the room, a small kitchen, where they were taken. There is an incredible random accumulation of objects there, as one would imagine to find in the depository of a museum of natural history.

Guy Girard, dream of January 4, 1992

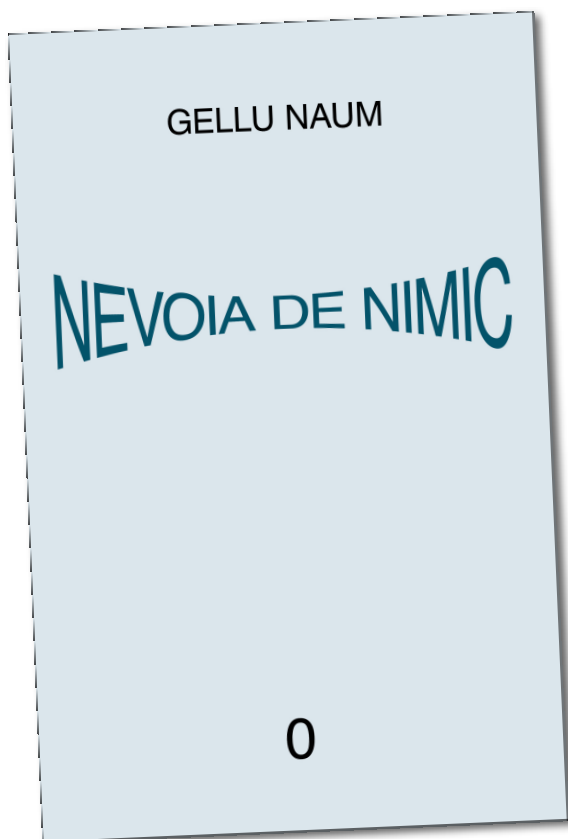
I begin reading the complete works of Albrecht Dürer, assembled in one large volume with a rich iconography, consisting not only of reproductions of the artist's paintings, drawings and engravings, but also of images similar to those illustrating the books of natural or physical sciences of my childhood, as well as some photographs of landscapes or architectures. I dwell in front of those, which show the extent of Dürer's interest in pre-Columbian civilizations.

Guy Girard, dream of January 10, 1998

It is the summer of 1936, in the outskirts of Madrid. I accompany a group of anarchists who will shoot a gigantic statue of Christ. The statue has disappeared from its pedestal, which is encumbered with old books at which my companions are ready to shoot. I now also have a rifle and I am aiming at a copy of "Thus Spake Zarathustra." Then I am sitting on the same pedestal with Nietzsche: he is a tall young man with fairly long blond hair, afflicted with nervous tics. Our rather lively conversation is about confused esthetic considerations regarding tins of sardines. Night falls and after the departure of the philosopher I leaf through an old school book on the history of France that belonged to my mother.

Guy Girard, dream of March 31, 1998

I am in Romania, in the house of a friend who died. I look in his library and find a book of larger format by Gellu Naum with the title *Nevoia de nimic* ("The Need for Nothing," in Romanian). The cover looks like this:



Sasha Vlad, dream of October 16, 2007

Both nonagenarian, Breton and Aragon live in the same building in the 3rd arrondissement, not far from the Arts et Métiers metro station. Breton lives on the third floor and Aragon on the second. Their quarrel is of course still

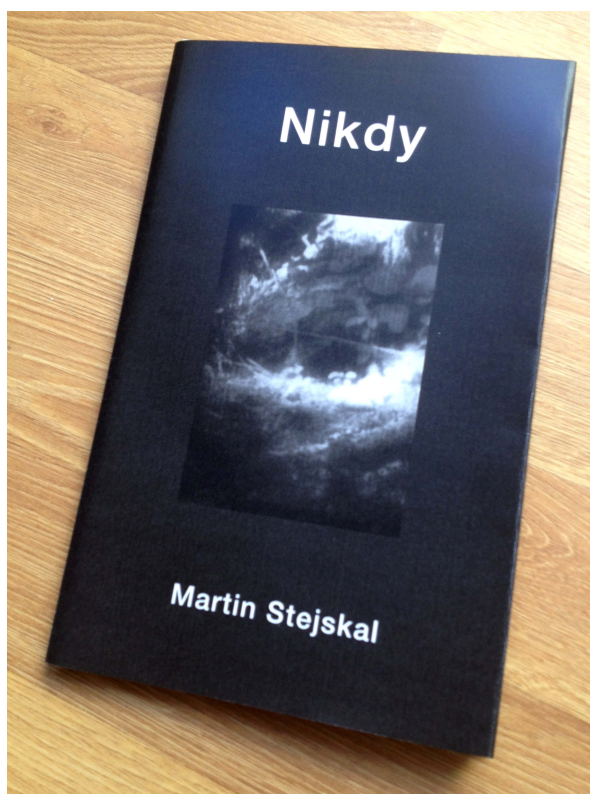
going on, so they avoid crossing each other on the stairs. But they have written and are going to publish together a book in which each one exposes his conception of poetry.

Guy Girard, dream of April 13, 2014

I am editing a new little book of dreams. My latest one had dealt with the fact that world population had dropped very significantly. A former co-worker of mine likes it and think that I should publish it in the book, but I answer her that I am already more than well represented in it so that I would leave that one aside.

Bruno Jacobs, dream of October 20, 2016

Martin Stejskal and I are traveling by car, both sitting in the back seat. He shows me his new book of photographs (36 in all and from the early 70s) with the title *Never*. Martin is doubtful about the quality, as the pictures were taken a long time ago, but he is happy that the book is finally about to be published as it was originally designed.



Bruno Jacobs, dream of January 6, 2017

I was walking down the street and saw a large group of people on the sidewalk and also spilling out onto the street; I somehow knew that they were there to participate in the launch of a book called *The History of Employment*.

Dan Stanciu, dream of July 6, 2017

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A good library is one that constantly adds new titles to its stock. Our oneiric library is no different in this respect, and it relies on you, the dreamers, to do just that. While hoping for the future, we now turn briefly to the past in order to include the oneiric book titles dreamed by Dan Stanciu and published in *Sundew #2* (*Dreamdew's* precursor), in July 2015, and the oneiric book that appears in a dream of Guy Girard involving Marcel Duchamp. That dream account was published in *Dreamdew #4*, in February 2016.

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(to be continued, if new dream books are donated to the library!)

(continued from page 1)

Here it is possible that many of those who have ever experienced the occurrence of a premonitory dream clearly and unequivocally tend to doubt the ultimate power of this anticipatory character claimed by us, in favor of a more conclusive faculty and, in a sense, external to the individual: an invisible hand that allowed to concretize the origin of the revelation, without having to consider one's own visionary powers. The concrete and brutal premonitory dream is a phenomenon whose strength seems to want to blow up our brains through its manifestation and expansion. It is therefore easy and somewhat understandable to get lost in the labyrinth of pre-made explanations, when our experience surpasses the reasonable. However, in our view, what appears to be independent of the individual that manifests itself in this play of projections is but another aspect of that symphony of inner presences that unfolds in dreams. The dream handles data that our conscious self does not know, has forgotten, or has concealed—it has other coordinates that extend far beyond the domain of our

organized thought. It marks other rhythms, and its means, as we have had the opportunity to verify, are radically different from the means of our conscious self.

On this point nothing should surprise us, since the strength of our dreams is far-reaching. The premonitory power of dreams is based on the anticipation that our desires and our needs promote in us, in that drive towards reality through which what dwells in humans impels them to act.

(1) Note the essential difference between prophetic and premonitory. When speaking of prophecy, there is included a supernatural component that would make the future explicitly seen. It is a message from an outside will that uses the prophet as a means, and its fulfillment, therefore, is out of the question. Premonition is an individual feeling about the future, based on intuition, which does not have to be enforced. This premonitory character, understood as a phenomenon relative to the individual, is evidently the only one we are going to confer on the dream.

(2) "I know of one who dreamed that he buried his daughter who had died, and it happened that he had to repay a loan." Artemidorus of Daldis.

(to be continued)

## A premonitory dream

I am in a supermarket, shopping. I pay at the cash register and get my change: a banknote of zero euro that I watch in amazement.



Jesús García Rodríguez, dream of April 22, 2017



A law passed in Germany with the approval of the European Central Bank gave the green light to the putting into circulation, as soon as June 27, of a banknote with the value of zero euro. It is an authentic banknote printed on special paper with all the required security elements. As expected, it has no purchasing power and therefore prevents any commercial transaction. Only 5,000 copies will be printed, each of which will be priced at 2.50 euro (US\$ 2.7).

(Announcement in *Taringa!* of June 25, 2017)

## ONEIRIC ECHOES

### Oneiric Laboratory at the Ateneo Cooperativo Nosaltres, Madrid

Between April and July 2017, the Oneiric Laboratory organized by the Surrealist Group of Madrid and coordinated and presented by Jesús García Rodríguez, took place in Madrid, at the Ateneo Cooperativo Nosaltres. Its activity unfolded in five evening sessions open to the public. In the first session, which took place on April 22, the goals of the laboratory were laid out, and all the participants reported recurrent or recent dreams. In the second session (of May 20), the participants reported dreams that they had since the previous session. Copies of the oneiric publications *Dreamdew* and *Drosera* were distributed among those present. The subject of dreamed objects was discussed, with examples taken from both publications. In the third session (of June 3), there were presented accounts of dreams that the participants had since the previous session, and some of the participants brought and showed examples of their own dream representations, some in the form of collage or drawing, others as three-dimensional objects. Also, the subject of dream urbanism was discussed, using images of cities dreamed by different authors. In the fourth session (of June 17), a new series of dream accounts was reported, among which were some dreams about urbanism. Also the game of parallel dreams, presented and coordinated by José Manuel Rojo, was played. Several dream objects made by the participants were presented as well, and a new game was proposed: the participants were given a black and white photograph and were invited to use it as background for a collage featuring dream elements. In the fifth and last session (of July 1), a series of new dreams was

made public, including some involving urbanism, and new oneiric objects were brought in. Eugenio Castro introduced the subject of "oneiric irruptions," accompanied by visual examples. The session concluded with the screening of the short film *Ciudad Onírica* ("The Oneiric City") by the same Eugenio Castro.

The attendance at the sessions was quite large, and included many people totally alien to surrealism and any artistic practice. An email account was set up for the participants in order to facilitate the communication of dreams, or other materials related to dreams: collages, photos of dream objects, etc. The atmosphere created by the discussion of dreams was very special and magical. Many of the reported dreams included some of the people participating in the laboratory, thereby creating the sense of an oneiric community.

Jesús García Rodríguez

### LABORATORIO ONÍRICO



QUINTA SESIÓN  
1 DE JULIO DE 2017 19:30 HORAS

LA CIUDAD ONÍRICA-  
IRRUPCIONES ONÍRICAS

ORGANIZA: GRUPO SURREALISTA DE MADRID

ATENE0 COOPERATIVO NOSALTRES,  
C/ ESPERANZA 5