

Julio Monteverde

DREAMS AND THE FUTURE (II)

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.

This potentiality, more just, fascinating and overflowing, opens all possible paths and allows us to travel *on our own*. Only by facing it from within can we achieve its integration into our existence. Rigor is essential in this task, but rigor only cannot eliminate the phenomena of reality. It is time to accept the human being in all its amplitude—an amplitude that is sometimes unknown to us in its causes, but certainly *not in its consequences*.

And yet, the material implications of premonitory dreams, with all their relevance, with all their fascinating ramifications, will never exhaust the relationship between the oneiric world and the dreamer's future, a relationship in which many more things are at play than the prediction of a particular event, however important it may be for the concrete life of those who experience it. For the future is here, assumed in each and every one of our dreams, and, in a much more general and systematic way, it is for it that the dream speaks. The dream is a bridge that unites memory and

future experience, but equally, it is also a revision, a respite in which, in the middle of the game, our spirit breathes into our lives all that we must take into account. In this respite, the strategies suitable for the continuation of the game are reviewed and prepared. Thus, dream is always retroactive and projective—both its arms are extended in a constant movement of expansion. Gaston Bachelard speaks in a wonderful text of the two movements that take place in the space of the dream: a first movement of concentration of the dreamer in oneself and, once passed this stage, a second movement in directly towards the exterior; at that moment “the imagination of the concentration is followed by a will of irradiation.”⁽³⁾ This second movement, this outward development of the dream, has remained unappreciated for the longest time. And yet it is in this way that the dream holds a multitude of keys *for the future*.

Some days we wear our dreams of the night before like a precious ring that embellishes our hand gestures. That ring is the future, the day after, in which our dream extends by acting upon it and modifying its appearance. Dream carries the future inside it like a bag filled with desired seeds, and it cannot but make them germinate by becoming, as the case may be, a premonition that is fulfilled by the mere fact of existing and being remembered. What kind of communication would be the one that eliminated the projection of its acts in time? If the dream speaks of what we are, and if all that we are speaks to us in dreams, also what we are in our virtuality, what is related to the utopian conception of individual existence is present in it. The mode of oneiric thinking, as we have said before, appeals to the totality, and this totality can

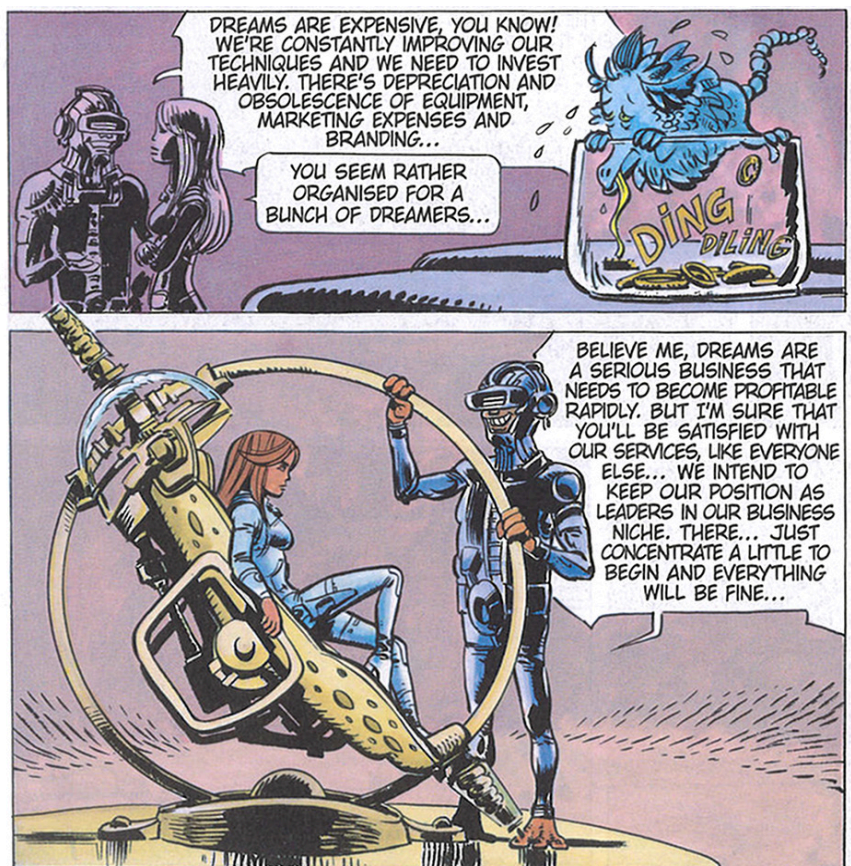
never be understood without taking into account, to the degree that it is, its future.

Therefore, it is urgent to draw the attention once again to the utopian reserve that the dream represents for the individual. The manifestation of one's desires is outlined in one's dreams in order to be fulfilled in one's life. If dreams also carry messages, if from time immemorial man has had the certainty that in his dreams warnings of very high importance for his destiny were manifested, this is due to the excess of passion that, as we said, the dreams put in play in their manifestation, an excess that surpasses the mere nocturnal oneiric activity, and makes it to be entwined in waking life. When we speak of desire in dreams, we notice that the popular mentality has linked dreams, the dreamer's desires and the future preferentially—and that was not a mistake. In the words of Freud himself: “Popular opinion is right when it considers the dream as a prediction of the future. In reality, it is the future that the dream shows us, but not the real future, but the one we desire.” From the moment that we *desire* a different future, the condescension implicit in this formulation of Freud becomes suddenly an imperative exhortation. The truth is that, if one pays attention, under this exhortation one can see, like at the bottom of a lake, the sharp dagger of utopia ready to be wielded by anyone.

The home of dreams is the future. That's where they are from and they long to go there, to their promised land, to the world of waking life transfigured by the actions of man.

(3) Gaston Bachelard: *The Oneiric Space*, in *The Right to Dream*.

(From *De la materia del sueño*, Julio Monteverde, Pepitas de calabaza Ed., Madrid, 2011)



From *Valerian and Laureline/Ambassador of Shadows* by J.-C. Mézières and P. Christin, ©2013

Oneiric Political History

I was singing the song “Glory to You, Most Glorious God!” together with John Fitzgerald Kennedy, who was wearing a coat with black and gray two-finger-wide vertical stripes and was sporting Lincoln’s beard on his face, while a young woman with long black hair and wearing a short red dress had climbed up a door about three meters high and was hanging suspended in the air in the upper corner of the door frame in a fetal position.

Dan Stanciu, dream of December 10, 1977

I’m in China, hunting flies. It is Mao Zedong himself who guides me through a lush jungle. I am thus assured of the success of my undertaking.

Guy Girard, dream of March 4, 1980

I am on a holiday in the family home. I have captured Adolf Hitler. A detachment of the German army immediately surrounds the house but does not dare to assault. Hitler has turned into three deep plates filled with a translucent liquid on which contact lenses float. These plates are placed on the ground in the courtyard, in full sun. I am therefore worried about the evaporation of the precious liquid and I wonder how to get those Hitler plates to the Allied forces, beyond the German lines.

Guy Girard, dream of December 21, 1985

I am back in France (coming from Sweden), in a city that is both Caen and Paris. I cross a street near the castle and I encounter the specter of Louis XIV. In spite of the fact that it consists only of iron wires skilfully twisted, I recognize him by his famous Bourbon nose. Then I go into a bar to buy a newspaper. Among the customers at the counter, I recognize Napoleon I, with his debonair look. But he disappears quickly as I go through the headlines of the newspapers. They announce that the monarchy has been restored! Stunned, I go out into the street, expecting the worst.

Guy Girard, dream of November 2, 1986

Near the Place de la Contrescarpe, a large administrative building in the post-modern style was recently built. Wandering through the corridors of this building, I encounter, surrounded by his guards, the Emperor Napoleon III, who is taken back to prison after a hearing before a court. I feel a vague sympathy then for this man who seems to me really resembling the real historical figure; is it possible that it is really him, coming from the nineteenth century? Meanwhile, carnivorous tomatoes, very voracious, multiply throughout the building, even blocking the exits! Any weapon is ineffective against these creatures, that are half-vegetables and half-fuzzy toys. In the general panic, Napoleon III flees, pursued by young Caribbean whores.

Guy Girard, dream of August 27, 1987

At night, from the heights of the Belleville neighborhood, I look at Paris below. It is a landscape of factories and canals, and perhaps the ocean is not so far away. This transformation of the city horrifies me; however, perplexed, I decide to cease what had brought me here: the pursuit of my double. I know that I’m being pursued by the members of a secret police of which I saw one of the buses overturned and on fire. However, it projected flames that were too clear, too elegant even: was it real? I then go down the Rue de Belleville and arrive before an immense pack of rats. Some of these animals try to form this bizarre figure which is called “the rat king.” I stop, passers-by around me freeze, fascinated, and some even seize the rat king and want to drag it all over the city. Uncomfortable, I turn back toward some old quarries and further to the airport. But the crowd is becoming more and more dense. At a street corner, I come face to face with Trotsky and his wife. I almost bumped into them, I apologize and continue on my way walking faster.

Guy Girard, dream of May 13, 1993

After the defeat at Waterloo, the French army in disarray hurriedly retreat into a region of high mountains. Napoleon and the Empress Josephine are among the fugitives who are running more than walking on a rocky road. If they go so fast, it is because they know that they are pursued by a spy charged by the Allied General Staff to kill them. While this killer almost catches up with them, the imperial couple, taking advantage of a hairpin turn that

conceals them from his sight, engages on a narrow path of mountain goats and disappears behind a heap of rocks. Then they reach the other slope of the mountain, and descend to a lake. Josephine urges Napoleon to embark on a skiff in the shape of a divan, and they soon leave the shore. The spy appears on the same shore; in front of him three other divans float, on which lay three very scantily-clad and languid women who are perhaps ancient goddesses. The spy is about to throw himself into the water, when the woman on the nearest divan suddenly wields an enormous pair of scissors with which she slits his throat.

Guy Girard, dream of December 12, 1995



Bruno Jacobs, oneiric object, 1982

Brazil’s countryside. Poor farmers on strike are cutting off a railway track and dig a hole through a slope so that the drainage water reaches the other side, thus creating new cultivable land. There they also dig a square pit, releasing the water. A big, one-meter-long fish is being lured in it, whom I am offered to pick up. I lift up the beast and try to kill it by putting a saw in its mouth. The poor animal is squirming in pain and I ask for a knife to end its suffering.

Bruno Jacobs, dream of November 15, 1998

Spain. A referendum on the water issue is soon to take place. The “Yes to water” side is leading. It is question of whether one should facilitate the runoff which according to the treacherous “yes” side is said to be better for the groundwater. I see a cramped red-brown backyard in the rain, whose concrete floor leans a little so that the water flows faster than usual.

Bruno Jacobs, dream of January 15, 2000

Outside Cuba. We are on a small island covered with dense vegetation and come to an old bunker equipped with a machine gun turret. We try to get the soldiers to fire on American tourists sunbathing on the other side of the bay, when we see a shouting bearded man in blue overalls coming towards us. It is Fidel Castro who is angry with us, and well, we were probably a bit stupid. Now we are forced to leave the island...

Bruno Jacobs, dream of February 24, 2000

I return from a stay in the province with a friend. We take a bus—the 26, it seems. When we get out of the bus, I notice a piece of a white metal dryer abandoned on the sidewalk. I pick it up and take it with me. We have been walking for a while, when we realize that the city is patrolled by the CRS [anti riot police] because of an important manifestation and its inevitable outbursts. I get rid of the object by a palisade for fear of being accused of wanting to throw it against the so-called forces of order. Then, quite abruptly, we get from the popular neighborhood where I live to a large monumental square where the CRS troops are deployed. We cross an avenue and our attention is attracted by an unusual spectacle. On the other side of the square, which resembles Syntagma Square in Athens, stands a very large marble staircase. A green airplane climbs the steps and rises above the ground. It turns over the square, at about ten meters of altitude, flies awkwardly, falls down, then rises again. I realize that it is not an airplane, but a kind of

articulated bird activated by a man concealed inside. The green bird manages to stabilize, then comes closer to us. I take refuge under the arcades which border the place for fear that the flying machine might fall down and crush me. Finally, it lands without any damage and the pilot comes out satisfied to have completed his demonstration of a flying man.

Joël Gayraud, dream of March 2, 2010

Somebody asks me if I have been in Frantisek Dryje's home, which I haven't, so we go there to see him. In his house hangs a bid red banner with white letters stating: DO WHAT YOU WANT BUT DON'T STEAL THESE with an arrow pointing at the big portrait of a smiling Stalin on a red flag with a very long, pointed three-dimensional mustache...



Bruno Jacobs, dream of March 20, 2014

I am in Mexico outside of a village called Antonio de Pradez, visiting a district that has turned socialist or is under popular control after an insurrection, I don't know which. I see smiling armed peasants walking through high grass. Before going to sleep under the open sky, E. jokes and tells us that there is a possibility of being attacked by contras while sleeping but that it would in any case be better to die at night here with a gunshot to the head than at home from the boredom of bourgeois society... It's time to brush our teeth. A female comrade is being warned that she has many cavities and that she will need to go to the dentist twice a week. I pull out balls of quite thick floss from my mouth and that almost makes me vomit.

Bruno Jacobs, dream of December 31, 2014

The greatest oligarchs and billionaires have gathered in Geneva, or Davos, or wherever they go when they want to smell each others farts and cigars. I am responsible for feeding them. I have raw potatoes cut in half, and then the halves into quarters, which are passed along to them. With shouts of enthusiasm they hold up their little pieces of potato and shout toasts to each other.

Joseph Jablonski, dream of 2015

I dream of returning to Minsk where many magnificent monuments have mushroomed throughout the city since my latest visit there. Upon arriving I stay with some friends and we regret that Belarus has remained a dictatorship. However, I am told that in the center of the city there are beautiful gardens, a place created for the enjoyment by people fed up with Lukashenko. Apparently, so far the regime has looked the other way, even though the presidential palace is located close by. We enter them through a barrier of trees that delimit the area. This is a very natural place, with a grassy esplanade surrounded by vegetation along its perimeter. We go down a small staircase, and we see a well of hot water under the trees leading to a kind of large stone bathtub. Inside, there are several very young blonde women who come out of the water completely naked when seeing us passing by and give us a hand to join them in the women's jacuzzi. We go straight in there, with our clothes on. Inside there is a Japanese family that has done the same.

Noé Ortega Quijano, dream of January 2, 2016

I live with my sister, and a member of the ETA [Basque separatist group] comes to our house and forces me to place a bomb in a school, something that, at first, I consent to do. I carry the bomb in an orange and pink cloth backpack for children. When I walk down a street that reminds me of the Gran Vía in Vigo on my way to fulfill the mission, I feel remorse and decide not to do it. Afraid, I enter a bookstore, whose entrance is down some stairs. It is filled with Falangist books. A conversation is taking place between the bookseller and a guy with an eye patch. The bookseller tells him that the funniest time of his life was when he worked as a torturer. I leave the bomb in the bathroom of the bookstore, activate it, and leave quickly. After walking down a few

streets I hear the explosion and a chaos of blaring sirens. I realize then that I am probably dreaming, but I still have to escape. I start running and see a mirror on the side of a building. I convince myself that it could be a way out of the dream, in order to wake up. I jump into the mirror and cross to the other side.

Emilio Santiago Muiño, dream of January 3, 2016

I'm in a Latin American city, somewhere in Colombia. It is morning, I walk quietly on a boulevard shaded by palm trees or plane trees, when a military truck suddenly arrives and stops abruptly not far from me. Several armed soldiers descend from the truck, and among them there is a man in chains, whom they attach to the low branches of a tree. I recognize this unfortunate man: it's Che Guevara. Then an armored car comes, stops in front of him and immediately opens fire. Che does not die at once, and he turns for a moment an almost impassive look towards me. The speed of this scene makes me doubt its reality: did I just witness the shooting of a film scene? All this is atrocious.

Guy Girard, dream of March 13, 2016

I am in a huge squatted social center—the facade looks like that of a palace. Inside, I hold in my hands a rather large book, which seems to be the playbill of a film series that will be displayed. The book contains summaries of famous literary

works; the last one, which catches my eye, is a symbolist erotic novel by Millán Astray. Then I discover alarmed that the social center is run by fascists. I leave, indignant. I sit down at a bus stop: my boots are full of dove feathers, which have been stuck in there. With a feather duster I begin to remove the feathers, which fly through the air. There are millions of feathers floating, through which I run away, parting them with my hands.

Jesús García Rodríguez, dream of March 30, 2016

I am enjoying a vacation in a busy park, sitting in a very warm and comfy hole in the ground. I am reading a book by the Marxist geographer David Harvey. The book is about some geo-economic concept. The first part is about Europe. The second part is a long excursus about the sub-southern-crisis state, in this dream a theoretical term for classifying the politics of the Middle East region. The park is very active and happy and there is folk guitar music playing. I have the feel that my hole is in a perfect position, straddling the hill.

Jason Abdelhadi, dream of May 18, 2016

José Manuel Rojo is about to make a conference about The Agricultural Revolution for us. He shows us smiling the poster for the event bearing that title and displaying pictures of different kinds of mushrooms. A friend and I are joking that Karl Marx must have started writing about that subject on the 19th of Brumaire.

Bruno Jacobs, dream of June 20, 2016

I am sitting with some friends in the (Canadian) House of Commons. Justin Trudeau, giving a speech on electoral reform, singles me out as someone who respects his decision. I scoff immediately and yell "Vive la révolution!" in French, and start singing the Marseillaise.

Jason Abdelhadi, dream of February 2, 2017

I am part of a guided tour in Cuba and we are now visiting Fidel Castro in his almost furnitureless ground floor apartment in a popular neighborhood. An old Castro dressed in peignoir is sitting by a window in a half dark room. Right beside him, an assistant is developing prints on a small table—supposedly photographs taken by Castro—but it strikes me that there is too much light in the room, and I make a move to shut the curtain more tightly. A bodyguard stares me in the eyes: I am not supposed to do that! And I realize that it is all fake.

Bruno Jacobs, dream of June 11, 2017

The politician Manuel Valls, who has lost his position as a prime-minister and also his electoral mandates, is so disappointed that he withdraws from the world. Therefore, he decides to be no more than a Gaul. Accompanied by his tribe (a handful of individuals), he will now live deep in a forest, according to ancient Celtic customs.

Guy Girard, dream of July 8, 2017

Two Premonitory Dreams



The Sinking of the Titanic by Willy Stöwer, 1912

The *Planète* (Planet) encyclopedia, published in August 1965, informs us of two premonitory dreams related to the sinking of the Titanic:

“Among the survivors heard later by a commission of inquiry, an American lady, who each year made the crossing with her husband and their two children, said that when her husband got the tickets for the crossing, she was seized with an inexplicable anguish, which increased with the approach of the date of departure, and she tried in vain to persuade her husband to take another ship; all four embarked on the Titanic.

During one night, while on the liner, Mrs. X had an agitated dream. She was awakened by a terrible shock that shook the ship, which was followed by people running back and forth, and by shouting and calls on board. Frightened, she woke her husband who had heard nothing. He went on the deck, where everything was calm. The ship was normally sailing in good weather. He said to his wife: “You had a bad dream, take some sleeping pills to calm you down.”

The American woman could not get rid of the frightful presentiment that distressed her, and the next night she and her children did not undress. It was the night of the catastrophe, which happened exactly as Mrs. X had dreamed of it the day before: a violent shock against the iceberg, the confusion on board, and the sinking of the ship. She rushed to the deck with her children and found a place in a lifeboat. Later, they were collected by the ship *Carpathia*. Her husband, who had lost time getting dressed, perished in the disaster.

In the present case, presentiments preceded the premonitory dream that Mrs. X had the day before the sinking. It cannot be explained how the dream was the exact image of the disaster that occurred twenty-four hours later. It is hard to deny that this dream impressed her and dictated to her the precautionary measures that allowed her to be saved together with her children.”

The second premonitory dream, reported by Mr. J. Cannon Middleton and related to the same event, was also duly verified:

“The Titanic was scheduled for departure on April 10, 1912. Mr. Middleton reserved his seat around March 20. Some time later, he saw in a dream a gigantic steam cloud engulfed by the waves, while one could see all around in the sea the heads of the passengers who were struggling to stay afloat. The following night, the same agonizing picture presented itself in a second dream: when he awoke filled with anxiety, Mr. Middleton was certain that this dream announced a catastrophe.

However, he said nothing about this dream to his family for fear of

worrying them, and also of appearing ridiculous for believing in it. But on April 4, Mr. Middleton received a business telegram asking him to postpone his trip, which he did with relief. It was only then that he told his wife and several friends about his dream. Three of them recorded it and later sent it to the Society for Psychical Research.

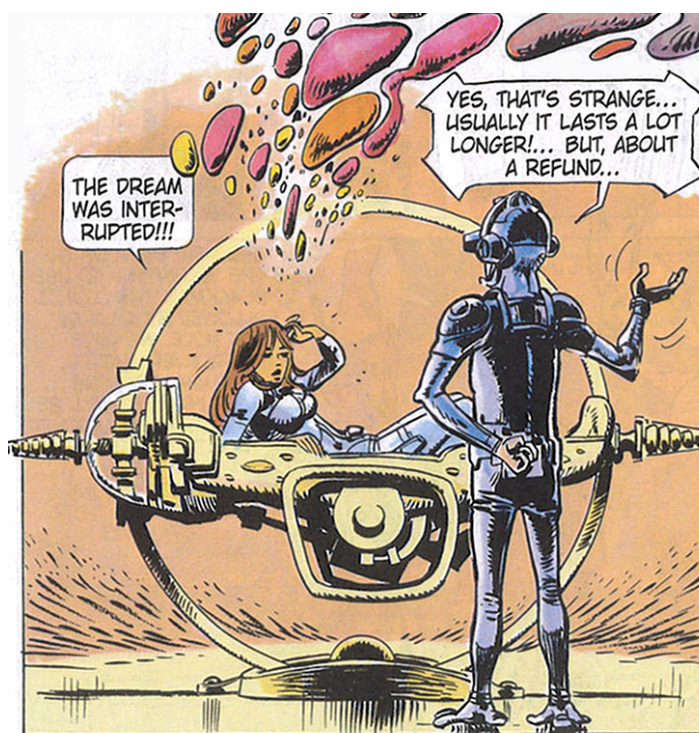
Mr. Middleton had told the dream before the disaster. His wife certified it verbally and added that it was the first time her husband had had such a dream. The four certified accounts were published by the journal of the Society for Psychical Research. Under the pseudonym “Connor,” Mr. Middleton recounted this event in a letter dated April 19, 1912. He had kept by chance the unused ticket, and even proved that he had received the telegram. The veracity of his statements was therefore beyond doubt.

It cannot be said that crossing aboard the Titanic would have been fatal for Mr. Middleton. However, if he had embarked on the steamer in question, he would have run great risks, because not many men could board the few boats launched at the scene of the sinking. It should also be noted

that the repetition of this premonitory dream has emphasized its importance.”

Lincoln's Premonitory Dream

According to the recollection of one of his friends, Ward Hill Lamon, President Abraham Lincoln dreamed in the night of April 4 in 1865 of “the subdued sobs of mourners” and a corpse lying on a catafalque in the White House East Room. In the dream, Lincoln asked a soldier standing guard “Who is dead in the White House?” to which the soldier replied, “The President. He was killed by an assassin.” Lincoln woke up at that point. On April 11, he told Lamon that the dream had “strangely annoyed” him ever since. Ten days after having the dream, Lincoln was shot dead by an assassin while attending the theater.



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