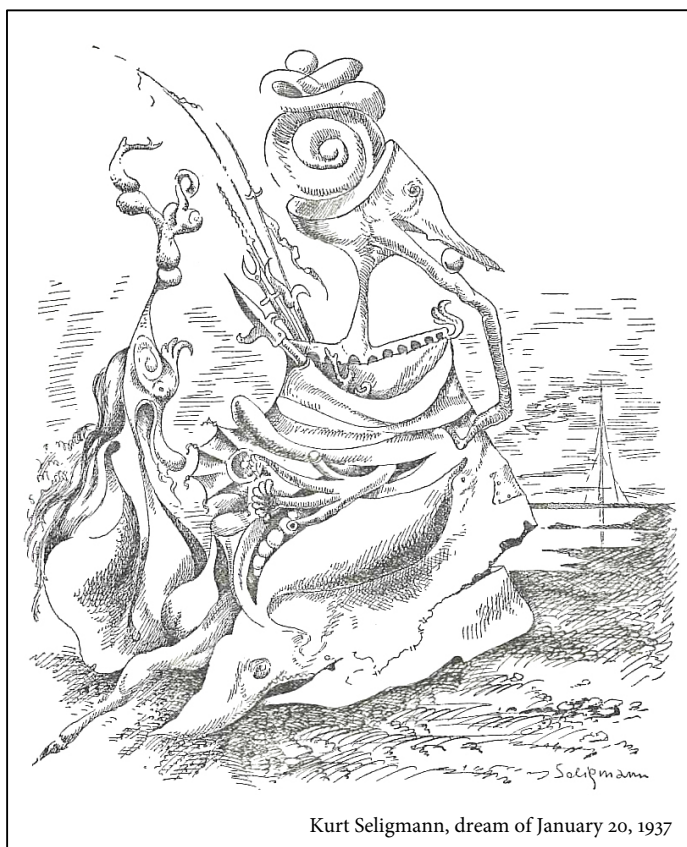


Édouard Jaguer

CANVAS FRAMES WITH KEYS *

For whomever knows how to sleep, all nights are white: behind the scenes of my dream, no picturesque detail escapes a clandestine visitor—the dream of others who, faithful regular of this theater, knows by heart every nook and cranny and knows to slip in “after the show”—while my dream sneakily deserts my sleep to go to illuminate, according to its fancy, the still virgin walls of another sleep. Thus, from one sleep to another, people, without their suspecting it, proceed to a vast dream exchange and build a common market of the great oneiric trade.

But behind the scenes of this collective dream, well after sunrise, shuffling on the streets' pavement and also shuffling the cards of all dreams in a game of hell (a hell paved with the worst and also with the best intentions), the language, which sleeps with only one eye shut (and, like Argus, it has a hundred), lives its own dream, whose emergence specific to the waking state is imposed on us in the form of plays on words, dialogues intercepted in passing of which we will never know the continuation, apparently incongruous associations of images, clashes in the street between signs of various natures and matters: a dog and a pebble, a crumpled paper and a pigeon feather, a bicycle chain and the flamboyant title of a newspaper of the day before, while we go about our most derisory prosaic occupations, as long as we disregard the ambient noise and adopt—if only for the time of a heartbeat, or of a wink to the unknown—the slowness of the stroll. Besides, even if you refuse to do that, for fear of breaking the sad chain of events, the revelation can also hit unexpectedly, like lightning, and leave you wonderfully stunned.



Kurt Seligmann, dream of January 20, 1937

It is time to admit it: *language does not live by words only*, and its consuming hunger for objectification is not content with the poor fodder of our mouths and ears. We see it assailing walls and scaffoldings, doing whatever it pleases with posters, paving stones and vehicles, and you'll understand that there can be no “natural art” richer in suggestions and warnings of all kinds than the one to which no artist, even the most sincere or the most clumsy, has lent his hand.

Poetry has for me no better goal than to allow sometimes to identify, define, or at least interpret the profile of this “crumpled metal” born of random collisions that are not for us to control, because they are happening in a theater of shadows that we would be very wrong to still pretend to wittingly ignore: the knowledge of everyday life, the more lucid reading of our actions and our “environment” of stones, flesh and sky derive directly from our ability to be awake, and from this ability of being awake derives, in turn, our ability to dream better. The signals of our mental circulation could not appear in any code, but they exist nonetheless, and if most of the time they acquire a different meaning for each one of us, they have, at certain moments that could be described as privileged, the same *orientation* for everyone: for example, when they *are put into the orbit of the poem*.

All this is, indeed, the dream, an uninterrupted dream, a narrative without respite or spite that can be opposed to the poor respite of the *tolerated dream*. The dream thus defined, continuous fire, which escapes us only if we want to, and which we have no *right* to let escape, is the permanent projection—*by stealth*—of a freedom that is denied to us.

Sleep without dreams: day without sun. Sun without dreams: eclipse of all things possible.

*For you to stretch your canvas and unlock your images

April 1971

(from *Phases*, nr. 3, 2nd series)



Niklas Nenzén, *Object by Paul Cowdell as seen in a dream of mine*, 2013

Franz Kafka's Dreams

Nothing but Kafka's own dreams seem to interest him any more.
Max Brod, *Diary*, 1911

*Almost impossible to sleep; plagued by dreams,
as if they were being scratched on me, on a stubborn material.*
Franz Kafka, *Diaries 1914-1923*, February 3, 1922

July 10, 1912

I dreamt that I heard Goethe reciting, with infinite freedom and arbitrariness.

February 13, 1914

Dreams: In Berlin, through the streets to her house, calm and happy in the knowledge that, though I haven't arrived at her house yet, a slight possibility of doing so exists; I shall certainly arrive there. I see the streets, on a white house a sign, something like "The Splendors of the North" (saw it in the paper yesterday); in my dream "Berlin W" has been added to it. Ask the way of an affable, red-nosed old policeman who in this instance is stuffed into a sort of butler's livery. Am given excessively detailed directions, he even points out the railing of a small park in the distance which I must keep hold of for safety's sake when I go past. Then advice about the trolley, the subway, etc. I can't follow him any longer and ask in fright, knowing full well that I am underestimating the distance: "That's about half an hour away?" But the old man answers, "I can make it in six minutes." What joy! Some man, a shadow, a companion, is always at my side, I don't know who it is. Really have no time to turn around, to turn sideways.

Live in Berlin in some pension or other apparently filled with young Polish Jews, very small rooms. I spill a bottle of water. One of them is tapping incessantly on a small typewriter, barely turns his head when he is asked for something. Impossible to lay hands on a map of Berlin. In the hand of one of them I continually notice a book that looks like a map. But it always proves to be something entirely different, a list of the Berlin schools, tax statistics, or something of that sort. I don't want to believe it, but, smiling, they prove it to me beyond any doubt.

September 29, 1915

Many dreams. A combination of Marschner the director and Pimisker the servant appeared. Firm red cheeks, waxed black beard, thick unruly hair.

April 19, 1916

A short time ago, this dream: We were living on the Graben near the Café Continental. A regiment turned in from Herrengasse on its way to the railroad station. My father: "That's something to look at as long as one can"; he swings himself up on the sill (in Felix's brown bathrobe, the figure in the dream was a mixture of the two) and with outstretched arms sprawls outside on the broad, sharply sloping window ledge. I catch hold of him by the two little loops through which the cord of his bathrobe passes. Maliciously, he leans even farther out, I exert all my strength to hold him. I think how good it would be if I could fasten my feet by ropes to something solid so that my father could not pull me out. But to do that I should have to let go of my father, at least for a short time, and that's impossible. Sleep—my sleep, especially—cannot withstand all this tension and I wake up.

April 20, 1916

A dream: Two groups of men were fighting each other. The group to which I belonged had captured one of our opponents, a gigantic naked man. Five of us clung to him, one by the head, two on either side by his arms and legs. Unfortunately, we had no knife with which to stab him, we hurriedly asked each other for a knife, no one had one. But since for some reason there was no time to lose and an oven stood nearby whose extraordinarily large cast-iron door was red-hot, we dragged the man to it, held one of his feet close to the oven until the foot began to smoke, pulled it back again until it stopped smoking, then thrust it close to the door again. We monotonously kept this up until I awoke, not only in cold sweat but with my teeth actually chattering.

July 6, 1916

Dreamed of Dr. H.—he sat behind his desk, somehow leaning back and bending forward at the same time; limpid eyes; slowly and precisely, as is his

way, pursuing an orderly train of thought to its end; even in the dream hear almost nothing of his words, simply follow the logic by which it is carried on. Then found myself beside his wife, who was carrying a lot of luggage and (what was astonishing) playing with my fingers; a patch was torn out of the thick felt of her sleeve, her arms took up only a small part of the sleeve, which was filled with strawberries.

September 19, 1917

Dreamed of Werfel: He was saying that in Lower Austria, where he is stopping at present, by accident he lightly jostled against a man on the street, whereupon the latter swore at him shamefully. I have forgotten the precise words, I remember only that one of them was "barbarian" (from the World War), and that it ended with "you proletarian Turch." An interesting combination: "Turch" is a dialect word for "Turk"; "Turk" is a curse word apparently still part of a tradition deriving from the old wars against the Turks and the sieges of Vienna, and added to the new epithet, "proletarian." Excellently characterizes the simplicity and backwardness of the insulter, for today neither "proletarian" nor "Turk" is a real curse word.



Alfred Kubin, *The Intruder*, 1900s

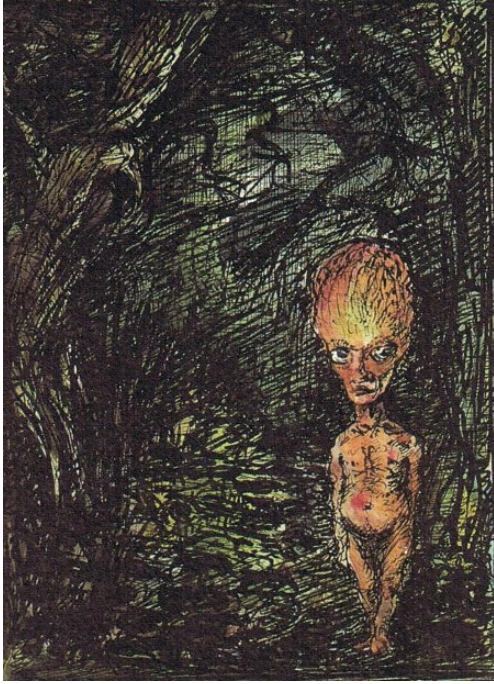
September 21, 1917

A dream about my father: There was a small audience (to characterize it, Mrs. Fanta was there) before which my father was making public for the first time a scheme of his for social reform. He was anxious to have this select audience, an especially select one in his opinion, undertake to make propaganda for his scheme. On the surface he expressed this much more modestly, merely requesting the audience, after they should have heard his views, to let him have the address of interested people who might be invited to a large public meeting soon to take place. My father had never yet had any dealings with these people, consequently took them much too seriously, had even put on a black frock coat, and described his scheme with that extreme solicitude which is the mark of an amateur. The company, in spite of the fact that they weren't at all prepared for a lecture, recognized at once that he was offering them, with all the pride of originality, what was nothing more than an old, outworn idea that had been thoroughly debated long ago. He had anticipated the objection, however, and, with magnificent conviction of its futility (though it often appeared to tempt even him), with a faint bitter smile, put his case even more emphatically. When he had finished, one could perceive from the general murmur of annoyance that he had convinced them neither of the

originality nor the practicability of his scheme. Not many were interested in it. Still, here and there someone was to be found who, out of kindness, and perhaps because he knew me, offered him a few addresses. My father, completely unruffled by the general mood, had cleared away his lecture notes and picked up the piles of white slips that he had ready for writing down the few addresses. I could hear only the name of a certain Privy Councillor Střížanowski, or something similar.

Later I saw my father sitting on the floor, his back against the sofa, as he sits when he plays with Felix*. Alarmed, I asked him what he was doing. He was pondering his scheme.

*A nephew of Kafka's. He was murdered by the Nazis.



Alfred Kubin, *Hydrocephalus*, 1900s

November 10, 1917

Dreamed of the battle of the Tagliamento. A plain, the river wasn't really there, a crowd of excited onlookers ready to run forward or backward as the situation changed. In front of us a plateau whose plainly visible edge was alternately bare and overgrown with tall bushes. Upon the plateau and beyond, Austrians were fighting. Everyone was tense; what would be the outcome? By way of diversion you could from time to time look at isolated clumps on the dark slope, from behind which one or two Italians were firing. But that had no importance, though we did take a few steps backward in flight. Then the plateau again: Austrians ran along the bare edge, pulled up abruptly behind the bushes, ran again. Things were apparently going badly, and moreover it was incomprehensible how they could ever go well; how could one merely human being ever conquer other human beings who were imbued with a will to defend themselves? Great despair, there will have to be general retreat. A Prussian major appeared who had been watching the battle with us for a while; but when he calmly stepped forward into the suddenly deserted terrain, he seemed a new apparition. He put two fingers into his mouth and whistled the way one whistles to a dog, though affectionately. This was a signal to his detachment, which had been waiting close by and now marched forward. They were Prussian Guards, silent young men, not many, perhaps only a company, all seemed to be officers, at least they carried long sabers and their uniforms were dark. When they marched by us, with short steps, slowly, in close order, now and then looking at us, the matter-of-factness of their death march was at once stirring, solemn and a promise of victory. With a feeling of relief at the intercession of these men, I woke up.

October 20, 1921

A short dream, during an agitated, short sleep, in agitation clung to it with a feeling of boundless happiness. A dream with many ramifications, full of a thousand connections that became clear in a flash; but hardly more than the basic mood remains: My brother had committed a crime, a murder, I think, I and other people were involved in the crime; punishment, solution and salvation approached from afar, loomed up powerfully, many signs indicated

their ineluctable approach; my sister, I think, kept calling out these signs as they appeared and I kept greeting them with insane exclamations, my insanity increased as they drew nearer. I thought I should never be able to forget my fragmentary exclamations, brief sentences merely, because of their succinctness, and now don't clearly remember a single one. I could only have uttered brief exclamations because of the great effort it cost me to speak—I had to puff out my cheeks and at the same time contort my mouth as if I had a toothache before I could bring a word out. My feeling of happiness lay in the fact that I welcomed so freely, with such conviction and such joy, the punishment that came, a sight that must have moved the gods, and I felt the gods' emotion almost to the point of tears.

March 23, 1922

In the afternoon dreamed of the boil on my cheek. The perpetually shifting frontier that lies between ordinary life and the terror that would seem to be more real.

December 20, 1922

I was startled out of a deep sleep. By the light of a candle I saw a strange man sitting at a little table in the center of the room. Broad and heavy, he sat in the dim light, his unbuttoned winter coat making him appear even broader.

(Excerpts from *Franz Kafka, Diaries 1914-1923*, edited by Max Brod, Schocken Books, New York, 1965)

November 1, 1912

(...) for a whole week I saw nothing but Montenegrins in my sleep, in extremely disagreeable clarity, which gave me headaches. I saw every detail of their complicated dress.

End of January, 1921

(...) I had this dream, the last of a whole welter: on my left sat a child dressed only in a vest (I was not quite sure, or rather I could not remember, whether it was my child, but that did not bother me) and on my right sat Milena; both of them snuggled up close to me, and I told them a story about my wallet, which I had lost and then found again, but which I had not yet opened and so did not know whether my money was still in it. But even if it was lost, it did not matter, as long as I had the two of them by my side.

(Excerpts from *I Am a Memory Come Alive, Autobiographical Writings by Franz Kafka*, edited by Nahum N. Glatzer, Schocken Books, New York, 1974)



Alfred Kubin, *Life is a dream. Dream happily!* 1900s

Dreaming in Common

One night in 1991, I'm with F. in the studio apartment that we share. I have been asleep for several hours already when F. who is next to me wakes up and, by doing that, wakes me up too. She was dreaming, and remembers perfectly the dream she just had. In order not to forget it, she starts to narrate it to me immediately. I'm listening to her. Not really awake. I am still in a state of half-sleep, and some fragments of my own dream cling, in a very vague way, to my consciousness. In her dream, there is my young nephew Corentin, with whom she finds herself on a road bordering the sea. They are in search of a confectionery.

I think I fell asleep while listening to the story. It is then that without any break I begin to dream again, taking as a starting point what F. told me. Here I am pursuing her dream borrowing characters, sets and the basic situation. F. and Corentin are there on that road bordering the sea, which has become an esplanade, still looking for their candy store. Corentin is more and more impatient, which annoys F. Then taking over the situation on my own, I make it evolve. Now Corentin disappears, as if swallowed up by the road. He has fallen into a hole, and F., desperate, does not know how to tell me the news. The dream, which I have somehow appropriate, joins at this moment the dream that I was having previously (as in many of my dreams, I was on a train). F. waits for me at the railroad station, which is also at the seaside, to let me know about the disappearance of Corentin, thus making, in the same dreamed continuity, our two unconscious paths to communicate.

In the early morning, curious, I ask my companion if she continued, too, the dream she told me in the middle of the night, to know if we did not follow, each on our own, a different road and, who knows, perhaps walked together in the same direction. Unfortunately, she does not remember.

This event, which only happened once, made a very strong impression on me. This primarily intimate experience made me realize what could be a "sharing" of the unconscious experience. From this starting point, couldn't we imagine a whole mode of sharing and knowledge, or even communication?

Is it illusory, therefore, to think that, just as we commit ourselves to the notation (and thus the memorization) of our dreams, we can practice a certain sharing of these same dreams? **Could the dream, the exercise of subjectivity par excellence, thus acquire in this way a mode of operation on the level of intersubjectivity?**

Hence, a whole series of questions and perspectives are offered to us. The corollary to this experience was for me the love experience and the subjective knowledge it offers to the other.

How does the shared knowledge of the other through love offer a knowledge, and even an unconscious experience of that other, and how do we travel from one piece of knowledge to the other?

Bertrand Schmitt
(from *S.U.R.R* nr. 2, 1997)

A Premonitory Dream



My mother and I find ourselves inside a huge glass cube, at the top of a barren, rather narrow, mountain peak. We are surrounded by many similar but thinner, pointed rocky peaks.

Mother and I are looking at a huge ball of smoke and fire high above us. An explosion, it seems; active and dynamic, but contained in its globular shape. As we are watching it in amazement, mother and I feel safe inside the glass cube.

I woke up from this dream around 5 AM, as I was in the habit of starting painting as early in the day as possible. At noontime I paused for lunch and turned on the TV. The explosion of the space shuttle Challenger was announced in the news. It had happened at 11:39 AM Eastern Time, at Cape Canaveral (Florida), 73 seconds after liftoff (and roughly 7 hours later than my dream). The explosion looked like a ball of smoke and fire, with arms shooting off it.

Mitzura Salgian,
dream of January 28, 1986

Dreaming by Numbers

A Virginia man followed his dreams and it led him right to a six-figure lottery jackpot.

Victor Amole dreamed about the numbers 3-10-17-26-32 and when he woke, he used them in four identical Cash 5 tickets.

"I've never had a dream like that before," the computer programmer told the Virginia Lottery.

The numbers hit, making all four tickets winners of the \$100,000 top prize and earning him \$400,000 for the Jan. 13 drawing.

Amole plans to invest his winnings.

According to the Virginia Lottery website, the odds of winning the Cash 5 game are 1 in 278,256.

(*The Huffington Post*, February 6, 2018)

ONEIRIC ECHOES

As an addendum to the section devoted to oneiric bottles in *Dreamdew* #5, we are presenting another related item:



Javier Gálvez, *The Sea in a Bottle*,
dream of 2016