

Georges Hugnet

Future Ghosts

Consolations cannot be improvised. Sometimes we agree to be masters. The mystery is free from modesty: it dreams us. The dream tells the truth, it is revolutionary.

All human knowledge is on the threshold of a new knowledge. The dream has this in common with poetry that it tears apart reality, that it demands, both based on memories and the future, irreplaceable images. These untraceable thoughts put us against the wall. The dream preremptorily confirms that to worship is to discover.

Only say what costs you. The reader writes the poem. Immolate, look and sleep. It is only in favor of the living that we must show mercy to the dead. What are these shadows that follow the images? Today, natural enemy, intimate enemy of tomorrow. Today: between the tree and the bark.

If you had a sense of mystery, maybe you would hesitate. What you see every day that you don't look at, what a dismissive laugh. Men forgive, poetry—never. The unusual gives rise to the real, but it is constantly moving. The disorientation must be perpetual. Today's theories are the opposite of yesterday's. It should be added that they are still only theories. Everything is contradictory. The dream testifies. To live poetry as the dream lives its sleeper.

An image is not an outstretched hand. Only be careful where there is no danger. We become accustomed to mistrust, we do not domesticate leisure. Common places of the unusual. We lose poetry by gaining it, like life. It is the antithesis of justice, justice itself. Poetry means forgetting your voice. In order to listen to dream's voice. What arrests me interests me. But I move. Immobile mobility of love. I am looking to quarrel with myself. We must be worse than we are. Man is playing with an invisible partner. A shard of glass from the dream: humor.

* * *

The words go into sleep. They are naked, they express themselves, not without danger; they are believed, they have the tone of oracles, they leave their form without losing their meaning, murderers of a reason dragged into its misery. They depoetize poetry. They get lost or, better, they find. Thought hallucinates on its repetition; it reflects the images, it eats them; it exalts atavisms, confuses the elements and returns the ocean to the desert.

The uncertainty brought into play by so many small disasters, by so many calls without mirages, cries out for sudden heartbreaking images, for chances, for similarities imposed without returning to our despair. To so much baseness, I mean: to this distraught, sated baseness, in the sawdust which thickens and sinks, life, the life of others, all life; to this disgust, thought then offers astonishing achievements. It identifies and it stages, finally, all revenge. The signs are superimposed, the movements grow, the faces have the color of all life. The images are heard, they are delirious, they are mad about their abandoned, living, rebellious forms which devour life by walking on their hands, on the ceiling of the most legitimate reasoning.

The air we breathe there is the sum of a silence dreaming of words, the sum of a solitude of parquet floors in a room rotting under a nameless sun, of desires and blood, of remorse, of a parade of ideas springing from a single obsession and a single example, of a sentence which, repeated backwards, gives the same proverb, of words without identity which rot—rot like all the solitudes of salpeter.

To wish for an empty house where the thunderstorm would live, where the forests, companions of an unequivocal life, would isolate themselves

like velvet eggs around a perpetual murder, around a work table, to provoke all the terrors.

On the threshold of a new psychology,

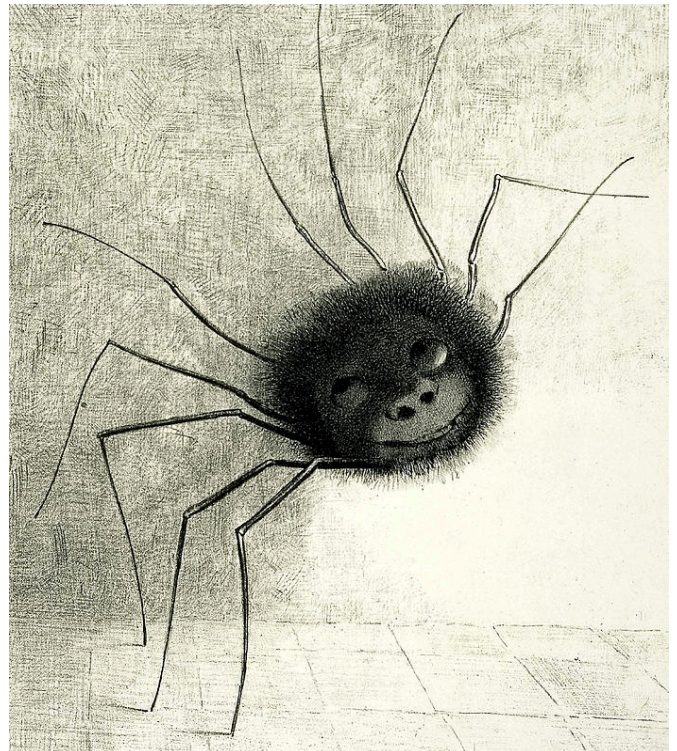
The future ghosts.

(From Cahiers GLM, #7,
The Dream Trajectory, March 1938, pp. 100-102)

Alberto Giacometti

The Dream

Terrified, I saw at the foot of my bed an enormous, brown, and hairy spider, and the thread to which it was clinging led to a web stretched just above the pillow. "No, no," I cried, "I can't endure a threat like that all night over my head, kill it, kill it," and I said this with all the repulsion I felt about doing so myself in the dream as well as when awake.



Odilon Redon, *The Smiling Spider*, 1887

At that moment I woke up, but I woke up in the dream, which went on. I was in the same place at the foot of the bed and at the very moment when I was saying to myself, "It was a dream," I noticed, even as I involuntarily searched for it, I noticed, as if spread out on a mound of earth and broken dishes or flat little stones, a yellow spider, ivory yellow and far more monstrous than the first but smooth, and as if covered with smooth yellow scales and with long, thin, smooth, hard legs which looked like bones. Terror-stricken, I saw the hand of my mistress reach out and touch the scales of the spider; apparently she felt neither fear nor surprise. Crying out, I pushed her hand away and, as in a dream, I asked for the creature to be killed. A person I had not yet seen crushed it with a long

(continued on page 4)

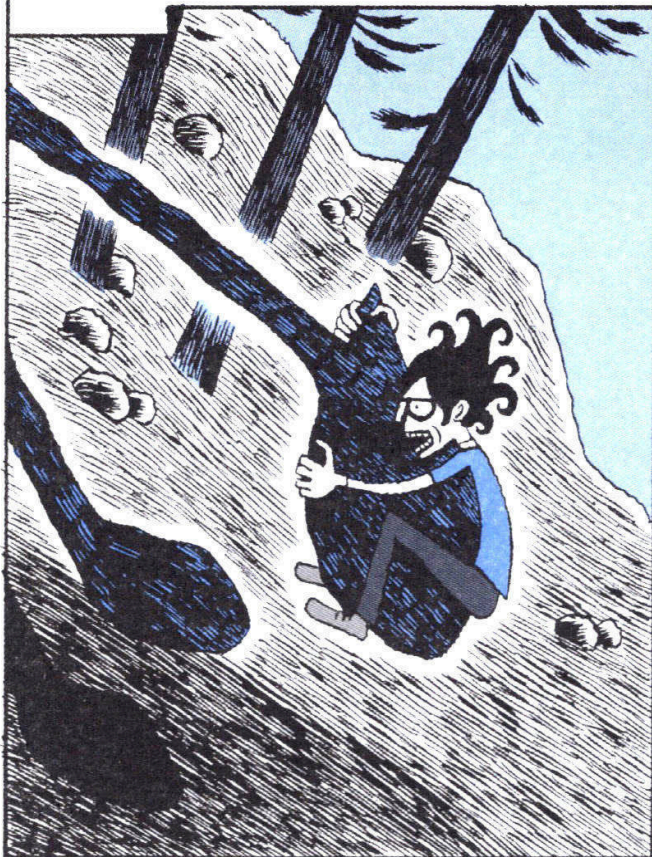
David B.
Dream of September 24, 1991



Alberto Giacometti, *Cat*, bronze, 1954



I WALK FOR A BIT, I TURN AROUND,
AND I JUMP ONTO ITS HEAD.



I EAT ITS BRAIN WHICH IS
LIKE A WHITISH PÂTÉ.



I SEAT MYSELF IN ITS EMPTIED SKULL AS THOUGH ON A THRONE.



From *Nocturnal Conspiracies: Nineteen Dreams*, 2005

(continued from page 1)

stick or shovel, striking violent blows, and, eyes averted, I heard the scales cracking and the strange sound of the soft parts crushing. Only afterward as I looked at the remains of the spider gathered onto a plate did I read a name clearly written in ink on one of the scales, the name of that species of arachnid, a name I can no longer state, which I have forgotten. I see only the separate letters now, the black color of ink on the ivory yellow, letters such as one sees in museums on stones, on seashells. It seemed evident that I just caused the death of a rare specimen belonging to the collection of the friend with whom I was living. This was confirmed a moment later by the complaints of an aged housekeeper who came in, searching for the lost spider. My first impulse was to tell her what had happened, but I saw the inconveniences of this,

the displeasure of my hosts toward me; I should have realized that the creature was a rare one, have read its name, warned them, and not killed it, and I decided to say nothing about it, to pretend to know nothing and hide the remains. I went out into the grounds with the plate, taking great care not to be seen, for the plate in my hands might have seemed strange. I went to a stretch of plowed earth hidden by thickets at the foot of a mound and, sure of being unobserved, I threw the remains into a hole, saying to myself, "The scales will rot before anyone can find them." At that very moment I saw my host and his daughter pass on horseback above me; without stopping, they said a few words to me, words which surprised me, and I awoke.

From *The Dream, the Sphinx, and the Death of T.*, Geneva, 1946

When is a dream reality, and when is reality a dream?



Are we truly "awake" when we're going about our lives from day to day, only to be plunged into a world of dreams when we're "asleep," or does the dream state exist in a state of perpetuation regardless of the awake-asleep state of mind? Do all of us sleep and dream, or remain in a state of being awake while sleep hallucination guide our every move, every thought?

We know that, to a certain extent, our "conscious state" is the framework for framing out the daily routine of our existence, but where does one state of mind—awake or asleep in a dream state—actually meet and one takes over for the other? Further still, we feel that the dream state allows all that is possible to imagine, yet while we are unlimited to the scenarios our minds create, our physicality is limited to relative immobility while dreaming.

However, there is a crossover between the state of being asleep and awake for those of us who have mastered the dream state and how it interacts with the part of our brain that is fast sleep. The true somnambulist, fortunately, or unfortunately has conquered this ability, or perhaps has refined a natural ability to have a foot in one realm, and the other in the another realm: hence, various behavioral mechanisms fall into place: sleep walking, sleep talking, physical motor coordination while in a dream state. These kinds of activities are byproducts of the dream state, where normally we all engage in a dream sequence frequently or infrequently.

When we experience imagined sensations in the transition from the state of being awake and entering the state of sleep; these hypnagogic hallucinations can be powerful triggers in bridging the gap between each state of consciousness whether voluntarily or involuntarily; although we must inquire to learn if there are other ways of engaging in these hallucinations. Hallucinatory drugs? Perhaps, or do our bodies have the capability of producing or denying the proper chemistry for a more *natural* approach to creating these picture shows?

For example, I recall a time where I had been sleep deprived for more than 48 hours, and at some point just past that timeframe, I began to hypnagogic hallucinate. I was sitting at a table, in some all-nite diner, when sleep finally started to take me, although I struggled to remain awake; it was

winning the battle as my body required its usual regimen of eliminating toxins and preparing my mind and body for another day. I recall seeing some houseflies buzzing around the table, on the seats, on the windows, and as I drifted on the edge of sleep-awake I noticed a small bowl of sugar cubes, with a few flies sampling them here and there, but my eyelids heavy with sleep saw instead flies gathering around a bowl of dice. The image took hold of my perception and was unshakeable.

Was I really seeing flies and dice, or flies and sugar? Or was it a bowl of dice and the flies not really there? For those few moments of transition from one form to another was undeniable—at least to my state of mind; not quite awake, yet not quite dreaming. The question remains: what was real and what was a hallucinatory dream?

Richard Misiano-Genovese
August 29, 2020

ONEIRIC ECHOES

Stockholm Oct. 1988

EXHORTATION!

In the coming year, the first exhibition of the Surrealist Group in Sweden will hopefully take place. No date is still fixed. This first letter can be seen as an invitation to participate, but, first and for all, an invitation to dream! In the heart of the exhibition, the Room of Dreams will wait for the visitor. And this room will be filled with creations made by us and our surrealist comrades all over the world, creations that have been seen, or heard, or felt, or whatever, in dreams.

Not only do these creations undermine all moral and aesthetic opinions whatsoever, but furthermore, they have always seemed for us to be some of the most thrilling, annoying, poetic and marvellous products of men, women and their existence, the most revolutionary, surprising attacks on the proud flesh of today's art, literature and music. Not to mention the always haunting effect an irrational, subconscious object has when unexpectedly brought into the terrified, hopelessly logical, suffocating poulitice that is today's world.

To this same world, in which, "by nature's law, what may be, may be now;" (Young) we exhort you to bring the shining results of your desire's unconscious fulfillment in the realm of dreams.

Send us descriptions (drawings, photographs, text, etc.) of these treasures, these objects, poems, tunes found in the gleaming caves of your nights, and proceed to materialize them. Exhibition or not, it is our intention to compile all these discoveries, perhaps in a special publication.

You'll hear from us!

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