



Albrecht Dürer's Apocalyptic Dream

In the year 1525 between Wednesday and Thursday (7-8 June) after Whit-sunday during the night I saw this appearance in my sleep, how many great waters fell from heaven. The first struck the earth about four miles away from me with a terrific force, with tremendous clamour and clash, drowning the whole land. I was so sore afraid that I awoke from it before the other waters fell. And the waters which had fallen were very abundant. Some of them fell further away, some nearer, and they came down from such a great height that they all seemed to fall with equal slowness. But when the first water, which hit the earth, was almost approaching, it fell with such swiftness, wind and roaring, that I was so frightened when I awoke that my whole body trembled and for a long while I could not come to myself. So when I arose in the morning I painted above here as I had seen it. God turn all things to the best.

Albrecht Dürer

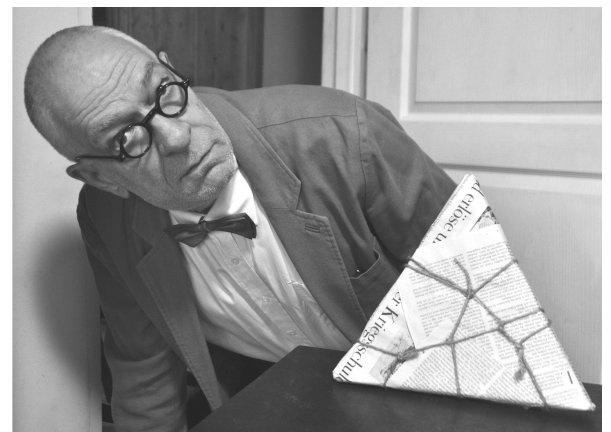
A PAUL KLEE BIOPIC

Dream of May 9, 2015

Someone is talking about Dan Stanciu and is mentioning a lesser known artistic activity of his: that of an actor. He played recently the role of Paul Klee in a movie. In the movie is featured one of Klee's creations: a flat object shaped like an equilateral triangle with sides measuring about 25 cm, wrapped in newspapers and tied up with string.

I always tell people when I dream of them. So, I told Dan Stanciu (my surrealist friend from Romania) about my dream and my wish to "realize" it. To that end, I asked him to play Klee's role and take some photos. Dan accepted, and I sent him a faithful recreation of that mysterious triangular object (yes, I used German newspapers to wrap it!). Dan impersonated Paul Klee and his daughter Alix documented that in a series of photographs.

Sasha Vlad



(Photo by Alix Vrana)

About 24/7 by Jonathan Crary

Surely, we are not revealing anything new when we say that *Origin* (Christopher Nolan, 2010) is without a doubt the worst movie about dreams ever made. However, the fact remains that it is priceless as a symptom. Priceless because it is the most obvious evidence of an absolute ineptitude and unlimited impotence. In the twenty-first century, the capitalist spectacle can only speak about the dream if it fills it with guns, dollars and explosions. And while it is true that at this stage capitalism only opens its mouth to talk about money, it is when it approaches the most unproductive aspects of human experience that its fraudulent nature becomes revealed with the most noise.

It is about that noise that Jonathan Crary has written a necessary book that demands to be read with the highest attention: *24/7, Capitalism Assaulting Dream* (Ariel, 2015). A book that undoubtedly many have taken as the ultimate external confirmation that their individual concerns are also, to a greater or lesser extent, *the ones of an era*. The formula 24/7, that gives the book its title, refers to the attempt by capitalism to incorporate into its logic any parcel of human life capable of being made profitable, and thereafter to keep it running 24 hours a day, 7 days a week. It is, in short, a constant and perpetual value of life itself that we have become used to suffering in a surprising way, and that leads us to conclude that if something does not produce money, then we must strive

to be lucrative, or disappear from reality. However, this expansive logic embedded in the daily life of each of us would find several circumstances that might slow down its momentum, and with one in particular: every night for eight precious hours, a kind of "disconnect" is taking place in the individual who enters in a blank space in which capitalism fails to reach. In the words of Crary:

In its deep futility and its intrinsic passivity, with the incalculable losses caused in time of production, circulation and consumption, the dream will always collide with the demands of a 24/7 world. The huge portion of our lives spent in sleeping, freed from the morass of simulated needs, remains as one of the great human insults to the voracity of contemporary capitalism.

Unfortunately this fact, far from being seen as an insurmountable obstacle or as natural limit that would be reasonable to respect, is also conceived by some as an opportunity to permanently extend this "24/7 universe." Found in this virgin place, *terra incognita*, what is being proposed is an authentic colonization, and everything tends to indicate that capitalism has already sensed that it is through the potentially spectacular aspects of the dream that it would be possible to recuperate the whole experience of disconnection from capitalism that occurs

every night. If anyone doubts this, then it seems quite clear that one of the ways that this recuperation could take place would be to upload and share our own dreams, once registered by the appropriate technology, through the internet. And this technology, as Crary informs us, is already being investigated and developed right now.



However, there is one aspect that appears essential in this whole problem and which Crary emphasizes with all the determination required by the circumstances: the dream's own intractability, its untameable core—since it is linked to pre-capitalist ways of thought that cannot easily be reduced to the logic of the economy and profit—which allows for an understanding of the dream

phenomenon not only as a simple "disconnection" but also, and this is where Crary hits hard, as a "counterattack". Thus the dream appears as a great arsenal of liberating behavior. This feature certainly makes it a little more annoying for capitalism, but above all, far more precious to us all as fortified positions for an active resistance, on the imaginary level, against the perpetual advance of capitalism in our everyday lives. Wherever the new technologies may go, the dream will always be able to offer a starting point of concrete revolt against what tries to conquer it, against all attempts at colonization. Again, in the words of Crary:

It is possible that in many different places and in many different states, including fantasy and dream, imagining a future without capitalism is starting as the dream of someone who is sleeping.

To all this, put so brilliantly and directly by Crary in his book, and with which we are essentially in agreement, we finally would like to add simply that in order for the dream to bring this principle of concrete liberation into wakefulness, it is imperative that its own freedom becomes manifest in the widest possible way. It is within everything that lies beyond our daytime control that the dream can unfold, showing that other place where we can project ourselves into another situation. It will not be through "directing" our dream that we will find new paths ahead, but rather through the encouragement of our indomitable character which turns against even its own creator to destabilize our certainties: the dream as a limiting experience of reality, the free dream that reaches the point of liberating us thanks to all that it provides, without asking for anything in return, and *without anyone having asked it for anything*.

Julio Monteverde

Of all you want to be responsible, except of your dreams. What a miserable weakness, what lack of courage and of logic. Nothing is more your property than your dreams. Nothing is more your work than they do. Subject, form, duration, actors, spectators; in these comedies you are it all. And precisely here you get afraid and ashamed of yourselves before yourselves. –Nietzsche, Aurora.



Oneiric photograph, "By a forgotten English master, 1850." Bruno Jacobs, dream of October 3, 2001



Oneiric object, Robert Lindroth, dream from 2005

Dream of August 22, 2015

I'm walking daytime by a kind of small walled seaside promenade, with many pine trees, I guess that it should be the Costa Brava. In the dream I am under the influence of some kind of deep melancholy state apparently due to a broken heart – that doesn't materialize. Then, in a kind of inexplicable voice-off, this verse of Luis Cernuda is being heard:

"How sad a noise two bodies make when they make love."

Dream of August 24, 2015

I find myself comparing two open books, perhaps for a translation. In one of them I read a phrase that surprises me and that I remember when I wake up because of its strangeness:

"The blue minotaurs come down at sunset."

Jesús García Rodríguez