

Bruno Jacobs

The Tools of the Night

Oneiric News

A friend is running one of those free newspapers that are being distributed in subways and bus stations. There is something odd with it and I suspect a kind of conspiracy. I see that another friend appears to be involved in some way, and he is now showing us a copy of a paper whose pages are entirely deep sky blue. There is no text, no headlines, no images in it, only that blue color.

Dream of August 25, 2015



Many of us have noticed the recurrent blue color of some of the objects that we have seen in dreams, as if that particular color was an important part of them.

The idea of *The Tools of the Night*, in the form of blue-painted found objects, was conceived having this in mind.

A couple of such striking evidences have been published earlier in *Dreamdew*: Robert Lindroth's *Chess Board* (DD #7), and Javier Gálvez' *The Sea in a Bottle* (DD # 12). (To be continued.)

Through a special type of concentration we can succeed in finding predetermined people or things, visiting places or experiencing special events in our dreams. This type of concentration seems to work either by intensively and in a protracted way occupying one's thoughts with the desired objects or situations, or by only applying it intermittently, but repeatedly. The function of such a concentration is to find this toolbox in one's dreams and to use its tools for their intended purpose, namely oneiric enrichment. (1989)



1. Dream time extender; 2. Spoon for lust supply; 3. Morning hook for dream retaining; 4. Loop for oneiric experience concentration; 5. Heating plate for oneiric inspiration; 6. Oneiric locomotion accelerator; 7. Revelation key.

Niklas Nenzén

Heaven and Tax-Refund

A Series of Dreams



Fig. 1 *The Low Cloud*



Fig. 3

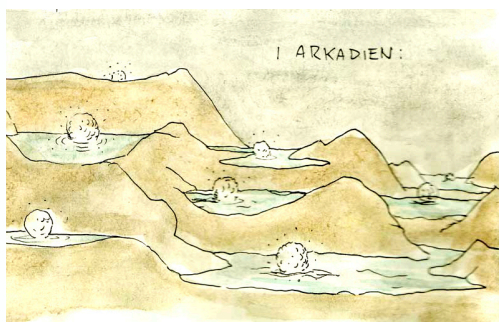


Fig. 5 *In Arcadia*

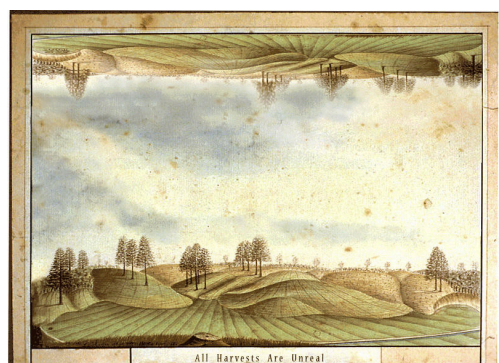


Fig. 7 *All Harvests are Unreal*

1.

(Fig. 1) “The Low Cloud.” Painting seen in a dream, executed in acrylic.

2.

I’m attending a political lecture, where the lecturer states:

“People actually believe that the taxes they are paying somehow return to them.”

He shows an illustration of this (Fig. 1).

Then another illustration is shown (Fig. 2). It reminded me of Waldemar Lorentzon’s “Cosmic Mother,” but instead of that painting’s mother-figure in the clouds, a flute-playing Pan-figure appears in the clouds.

A verse is read by the lecturer that accompanies the illustrations:

“Panpipe tones in the boy-depth
Clouds descend into the landscape
One rejoices in the soft sincerity
of the sky.”

3.

(Fig. 4) A dream image of a woman reclining in the landscape of her blue-dotted dress. As I draw the image, the Pan figure suggests itself into the composition.

4.

(Fig. 5) In a dream about the mythological / utopian Arcadia, which the dream situated on the slope of Mount Helicon, a water-terrace arrangement was encountered. In the dream the arrangement seemed to me to express naturally the moment of equal distribution.

5.

(Fig. 6) A dream sight that suggested to me the geography of the “8th Climate,” or Nâ-Kojâ-Abâd (the land of nowhere and everywhere), a concept originally coined by the Persian philosopher Suhrawardi in the 12th century, and later revived by Henry Corbin with the term ‘Mundus Imaginalis’; the imaginal world, or the realm of “events of the soul which are visions.”

6.

(Fig. 7) “All Harvests are Unreal,” a dream image of a painting, reproduced in the form of a digital collage.



Fig. 2

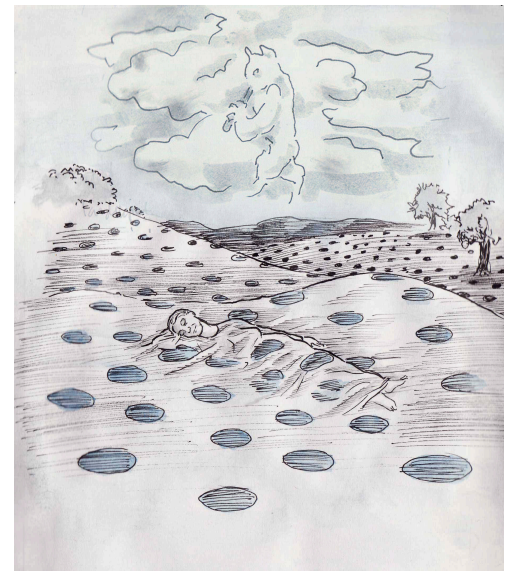


Fig. 4



Fig. 6 *The Geographies of the 8th Climate*

Dreaming



One of the "three Picabia brothers" after a self-inflicted bicycle accident in Uppsala.



Jacques Rigaut on his anchor-clef draisine, wearing a brick suit "to endure the heat."

of Dadaists



La mélancolie de Tristan Tzara. A painting seen in a dream. My style of reproducing the painting differs from how it was conceived in the dream, which was in the style of Hergé.

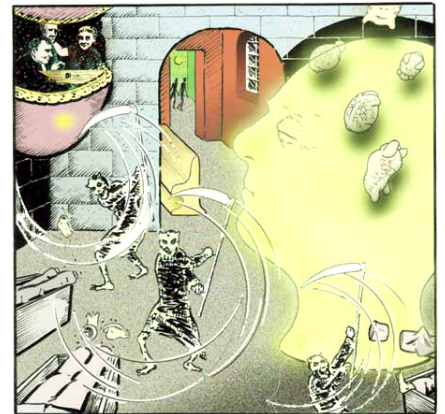
Assorted Dream Images



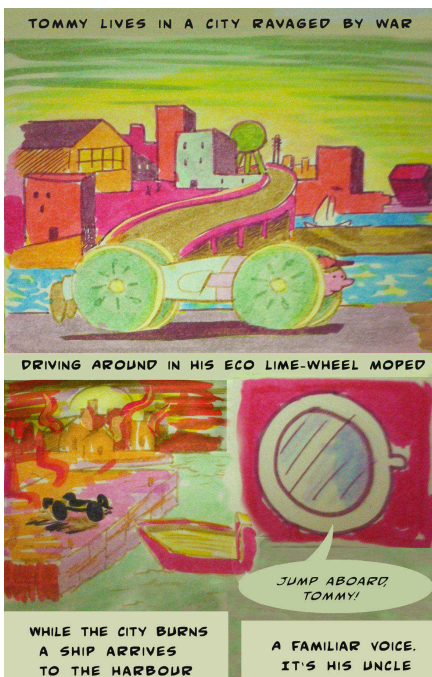
Frankensteinway



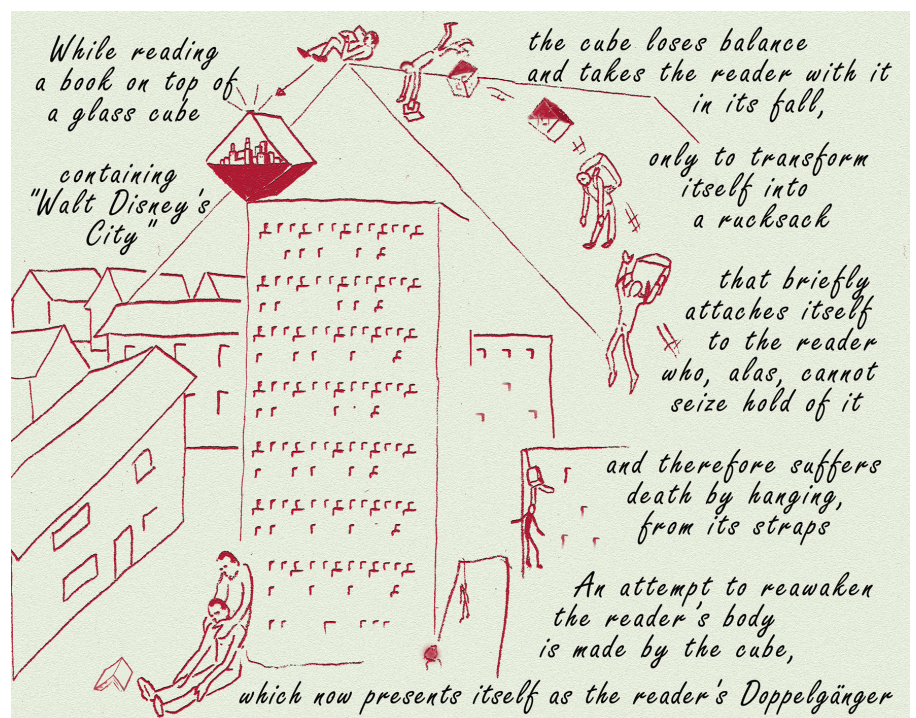
Sacho, the Suburban Cephalopod



Sacristy



Dreamed Comics Page



The Reader's Doppelgänger

Charles Baudelaire

(Letter to Charles Asselineau)

Thursday, March 13, 1856

My dear friend, since dreams amuse you, this is one that I am sure you will not dislike. It's 5 o'clock in the morning now, so it's still fresh. Keep in mind that this is only one of the thousand examples of which I am besieged, and I do not need to tell you that their complete singularity, their general character, which is to be absolutely foreign to my occupations or my personal adventures, always lead me to believe that they are an almost hieroglyphic language of which I do not have the key.

It was (in my dream) 2 or 3 in the morning, and I was walking the streets alone. I meet Castille, who I believe had several errands to run, and I tell him that I will accompany him and take advantage of the same coach to run a personal errand. So we take a coach. I considered it a duty to offer the mistress of a big brothel a book of mine that had just been published. Looking at my book which I was holding in my hand, it turned out to be an obscene book, which explained to me the need to offer the book to that woman. Moreover, in my mind, this necessity was basically a pretext, an opportunity to fuck, in passing, one of the girls of the house, which implies that, without the need to offer the book, I would not have dared to go in such a house. I say none of this to Castille, I stop the coach at the door of that house, and I leave Castille in the coach, promising myself not to make him wait long. As soon as I ring the bell and walk in I realize that my cock is hanging out through the slit of my unbuttoned pants and I find it indecent to present myself like this even in such a place. What is more, feeling my feet very wet, I realize that I am barefoot, and that I stepped in a puddle at the bottom of the stairs. "Oh well!"—I say to myself—"I will wash them before I fuck, and before leaving the house." I go upstairs. From that point on, there is no question of the book anymore...

I find myself in vast galleries, communicating with each other; they are poorly lit, of a sad and faded character—like old cafés, old reading rooms, or ugly gambling houses. The girls, scattered throughout these vast galleries, are chatting with men, among whom I see college students. I feel very sad and very intimidated; I'm afraid someone will notice my feet. I look down at them and realize that one has a shoe on. After a while, I realize that both have shoes on.

What strikes me is that the walls of these vast galleries are adorned with drawings of all kinds—they are framed. Not all are obscene. There are even architectural drawings and Egyptian figures. As I feel more and more intimidated and don't dare approach a girl, I amuse myself by closely examining all the drawings.

In a remote part of one of these galleries, I find a very unique series. In a cluster of small frames, I see drawings, miniatures, photographic prints. They represent colorful birds with very bright plumages, whose eyes are alive. Sometimes there are only halves of birds. Sometimes they represent weird monstrous beings, almost amorphous, like fireballs. In the corner of

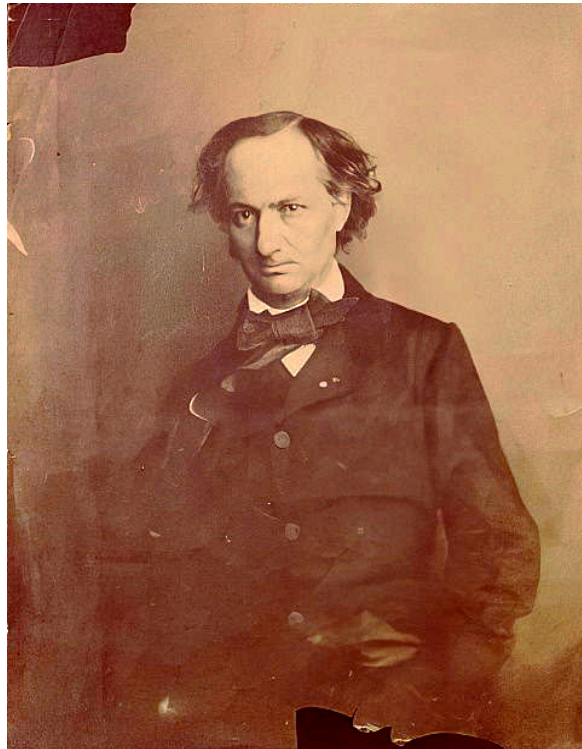
each drawing, there is a note: Such girl, aged...., gave birth to this fetus in such and such year; there are other similar notes.

It occurs to me that this kind of drawings hardly convey ideas of lovemaking.

Another thought is this: there is really only one newspaper in the world, and that is *Le Siècle*, which can be stupid enough to open a brothel, and at the same time to put in it a sort of medical museum. Indeed, I say to myself suddenly, it was *Le Siècle* that provided the funds for this brothel speculation, and the medical museum can be explained by its mania for progress, for science, for the dissemination of enlightenment. So I am thinking that modern stupidity and stupidity have their mysterious usefulness, and that often what has been done for evil, by a spiritual mechanism, turns out for good.

I admire myself for the correctness of my philosophical mind.

But among all these beings, there is one who lived. It is a monster born in the house, and who stands eternally on a pedestal. Although alive, he is nevertheless part of the museum. He's not ugly. His face is even pretty, very



Nadar, photograph of Baudelaire

swarthy, of an oriental color. There is a lot of pink and green in him. He is crouched down, but in a weird, contorted position. In addition, there is something blackish which revolves several times around him and around his limbs, like a large snake. I ask him what it is, and he tells me that it is a monstrous appendage that starts from his head, something elastic like rubber, and so long, so long, that if he rolled it on top of his head like a tail of hair, that would be much too heavy and absolutely impossible to carry; therefore, he is obliged to roll it around his limbs, which, by the way, has the most beautiful effect. I chat for a long time with the monster. He tells me about his troubles and his sorrows. For several years he has been obliged to stand in this room, on this pedestal, for the curiosity of the public. But his main annoyance is supper time. Being a living being, he is obliged to have dinner with the girls of the establishment—to walk staggering with his rubber appendage to the dinner room—where he must keep it rolled around him, or to place it like a

bundle of ropes on a chair, because if he left it lying around on the floor it would throw his head back. In addition, he, being small and squat, is obliged to eat next to a tall, shapely girl. After all, he gives me all these explanations without bitterness. I don't dare touch him, but am interested in him.

At that moment (this is no longer a dream), my wife is making noise with a piece of furniture in her bedroom, which wakes me up. I wake up tired, broken, crushed, by the back, the legs and the hips—I presume I was sleeping in the contorted position of the monster. I don't know if this will sound as funny to you as it does to me. The good Minot would be greatly prevented, I presume, from finding a moral adaptation to it.

All yours,

Ch. Baudelaire

(Translation: Sasha Vlad)

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