

‘NAGOGIA

'NAGOGIA

HYPNAGOGIC ACQUISITIONS
FROM ELSEWHERE



*FAITHFULLY RECORDED, WITH OCCASIONAL
ANNOTATIONS AND DIGRESSIONS, BY "SLEEPBALL"*

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PART I: VOX

Hypnagogic voices purposely induced through a method of mock-sleep. Directly recorded as accurately as possible. Arranged into clusters according to the material gathered in a particular "session". The tentative creation of "hypnagogic poetry" through accumulation.

Message for...? One continues to wonder at André Breton's seminal surrealist experience: the sudden gift, as one is drifting off to sleep, of a hypnagogic phrase. For Breton it was "a man cut in half by the window". It came to him one night, as they still come, fully formed, clear and distinct, a voice from the shadow. Hybrid concoction of mythological genesis and Cartesian certainty. They have an imperative character that tends to suggest an exclamation point. It seemed this phenomenon occurred so regularly and clearly that one could actually record a solid set of them before finally succumbing to sleep. Why jump right to "conscious" automatism, when this method could also be mined? One tries explicitly to "write a poem" in this way, using the phrases that arrived totally unbidden before falling asleep.

They have a certain quality. Usually brusque, short, imperative. Sometimes judgemental. A "telegram" style, it is tempting to end every given phrase with the word STOP. It's a circus of SOS. They bring along strange proper names, sound effects, garbled set terms from waking life mixed with ponderous questions. They call you names and you can't help but chuckle.

The results come. You ignore the initial chatter, you wait for the phrase that truly surprises you. On the brink of

sleep, you learn to taste the adrenaline of discovery. You jerk yourself awake and record. The more you do it, the stronger its powers become, the clearer its formulations; soon, you can fall into it faster. After a while it even begins to “chain” sentences, to communicate longer thoughts. It too is learning. No need for machines. You bring it questions, riddles, or theses. It gives you an oblique solution from the mirror-world, from the distorted echo-chamber within your pillow.

As you record them in sequences, the shape of the “session” takes hold. You get a certain sense of finality, and the event is over. You have done enough fishing for the day, and the “poem” results. At least, it looks at first glance like a poem. Perhaps it’s really closer to a lottery number or scrabble scorecard or shopping list? It is the accumulated fruits of chance and the subconscious and secondary elaboration and preconditions and occupations and, in the end, vocalization. A vocalization from elsewhere; voice on its own terms.

A note on formatting, punctuation, and commentary

The formatting, especially of the so-called poems in section I, needs some explanation. Each line is a single instance of a recorded voice from a hypnagogic state. Therefore each line break represents a different “lie-down” taken in sequence one after the other. Each “poem” represents a single session of these. No word, line, or group is ever moved from the original order in which it was captured. The archival principle of “respect des fonds”, in which items are preserved in the original order of their source, so fundamental to that science, is maintained.

Like some antediluvian poetic tradition, being in a sense a

kind of directly accessible, occulted and impersonal aural bard, the hypnagogic voice is disdainful of punctuation and other conventions of writing. In some clear cases, the sense of the imperative or interrogative nature of a sentence was obvious, and so the exclamation and question marks were more straightforward. In the case of other end punctuation and commas, em dashes etc. these are more interpretive and are only applied where they felt appropriate. In a lot of cases, the ambiguity of the sequence and the possibility for different interpretations of the sentence means that there is no punctuation at all. Standard capitalization and other conventions are observed in most cases. Sometimes, a “sound effect” occurs. These are indicated by text between two star symbols: * ... *

The commentary is likewise mostly interpretative after the fact, except in cases where a specific detail in the voice or image needed explaining. One of the great reliefs of analyzing oneiric content is the (false or misleading?) sense distance it provides to the raconteur. So explanatory or interpretive commentary does not feel, we think, forced or self-indulgent, but wholly curious.

*

Man-Thing looks like 10:30...
Here comes the cactus!
Let's say, plenty!
The issue, is there change yet?
That's the issue about being rugby.
Right now dancing, because I wanna go... play!
Head's up! Cause I thought your others didn't doubt ya.
You should always bounce in and you're Greg.
Giant rocks and a searching squirrel? Nay.
I'm going to help you babe, the message cleared to me.

*

Was playing 20 rounds
You fitting in school?
Ex mega breeding toys
Earnest a bit galleries
A puff is what they had before
They're trying to put all the sheep in there.
Was anybody just brought here?
I hoped eventually to cover my teeth with luck.

*

Accidental report
Evian ensemble
Just in the easiest way to hit clubs?
Is it the easiest way to put money in?
Every moral booth can sit outside it.
Eight even
Cannibalistic movement though.

Did they do rock this?
Did the real symbols go?
That's what's strategic sense to me.
Really fit and stats to wolf.
By the next, the dumb waiter there.
Ten I'm voting for you*
So that lecture you had*

**Last two lines hardly legible, written one on top of the other,
and therefore probably incorrectly transcribed.*

*

Generous pass on the robe
Hyena!
We can't take anything seriously from you
The door's been closed, now he's turned back to Australia!
Shelves... Shelves are young...
No he's not, he's going to meet them!
It's always humans that are good at eating "tollum"*
Your uncle! Help him!
Don't go south, away!
As you've seen how to use it, fine!
You know if I had registered every single thing in the bay,
I'd have gone on a tight-walking spree!
Let him here please.
The armada flow
Look scurvy, it just keeps flattering them.
It's, ah, mail, to make up for what you said.
Every other angle needs a crack.

**This word wants to mean "crazy" but the other part, far more
sensible it seems, would prefer "chicken".*

*

Sexual inflation

Montebello

When you're stupid, you hear your family's home.

Shicksal*

Message received.

Depends what they were doing.

This unapologetic sleeping button.

I just said that!

Mensch trader joe's

I correct nothing, even though I quoted everything.

You have interests...

Not necessarily problems, but...

Neorogenous*** zone

L'année dernière**

The socks so slowly

Betta fish.

**Fate, in German*

***Last year, in French*

****Implying I suppose the emergence of a new erogenous zone?
But it's prefixed by "neo" so maybe it implies an erogenous
zone that is hearkening back to the original, while adapting
to present conditions.*

*

He knows

Empty saying so

That night

Cement it here

Medieval
Lobbyists are here.
He enjoyed licking stones.
Chuckling my head stove
It's popular music.
You would lust, fine
Partitioned off the mass.
Hartford, Connecticut
What's his bird like?
Ephemera
He's not gonna care.
Are you sure?
Solids and citizens*
Chesapeake, Dario Argento
Oh god it's his birthday!**
Cairn, cairn
What is he saying?
Homogenous.

**What does "he" know? Avaricious for the aviano-miscellaneous, he is sure to deal only with the most concrete of the citizenry. Jelly and jam voters, he won't even campaign for, apparently.*

***This was recorded on August 7. Dario Argento's birthday is in fact September 7th.*

*

Out of fucking nowhere*
My pocket
Inconsiderate delirium
The train station last week
In the actor's studio

Was it something you did?
I don't know what it's called.
Pantalone ember
Where the qualifications meet
Wisdom is deer
Antisemen team
Supine bog
It was 25 dollars
My lady's velcro
What lake is the temperature?
Summer socializing
You have a notion of cognitive
Slight and instant parades
You saw it on the mantelpiece.
Tragedy is a small country.
We'll all save that shit in an anticloud
Leave the steel alone.
Where'd you guard the insights from?
Thirty cents a piece
Is funding so funny?
Where diamonds come true
At the drop-in clinic
You can take that up your ass?
I heard you were discussing wealth
Behold your fallow church.

**This whole communication is heavy with swearing, more so than usual.*

*

Guys there are only two things that cross off nonsense.
We're in India
I'm focused on admitting my childhood

What's this... Lady...
Flesh is gone.
You should put it onto our shriek
I think instead of rain we need money
We gotta get some spikes outta these things first.

*

Churches are trying to quit.
Tube cakes an hour
I was just saying that
It's not a very good shape.
I want to stretch the music over there.
You don't know how I did it
I'm five years old
When I came back from Montreal.
I need a high crucifix to vent nothing.
I guess what keeps them controlled
Is a laundry truck.
The presentation is a long one
It's not a sidekick move.

*

Blue jerky
Standing statues are in the country.
Consider, a bear told me that
Armadillo meaning
Centaur splendour
Tyburn in a cockpit
The unmentionable length
I changed the future.
What's the lumber? What's the major noise in there?
Like a wild caterpillar beast.

I guess it's my way with winged creatures, sir*
They all come down, north facing, covered in brandy.

*Is this some self-effacing butler or underling with
magnificent powers?

*

Man oh man, yes, so much rain on the job
I can throw eight mascaras by the handle
No, no, no, no, no, no, no!
That's my paint thinner class!

*

Some final say from the 20s
sexy whistle sound Bloody porridge!
This would be the smallest
Maybe I should check...
It's a really pleasant disguise
There's quite a few people who want to learn new things.
My desk's just called me from across the road.
Did you ever see that disgusting Yves Salvand?*The women tend to make
The golden rim
A beautiful Marxist Mirror.
This smart feels comparable (and it IS comparable) to a
circulation problem.
I was just going to take my mind out
But the problem is when everything eats...
You let that seed enter a tiny bird
What would you say if a section of Los Angeles was
knocked straight off like so much sun-strainer?
You condemn the name of the Napoleon of tomorrow

You obviously never produce Doublepoleons.
My attic is a garage of badges
Even the little trace of paleskin failed to produce
The Hundred Acorn Wood of Don Nixole**
(At once a rocket scientist, a roofkeeper, and an urchin
of sense)
His policy integrated ExxonMobile and a message from
your ancestors.
You weren't supposed to have epilepsy!
I'm exciting Bat London
For the criminal harbour.
Don't stop in shoes!
Not in front of my garden,
Or I'll dream the pants off of you!
The aardvarks of power
Secret ambassadors...
Can you recover
After you're dead?

**Yves Salvand, sounds like the name of a perfumer or a
surrealist painter.*

***Winnie the Pooh as a Spanish courtly romance?*

*

They're starting to build

*

Can you push cars back
For only this episode?
Spider cider
There's no statement like an allergy statement.

In some cases the diamonds were breeding episodically.
Like a bigfoot swatting what's his face...
Virtue is a commercial saint.
Surgery is not just two paradoxes but three.
I've gotta give you a box—here!
I've already got one for Malcolm
One of his air-conditioned searches is
A bench corner.
She'll make a full Fran-Schizo.*

**A schizophrenic San Francisco? Or TV's Fran Drescher,
from the perception of the shattered mind?*

*

Onslaught team*
Why are you applying

**Induced while on a train.*

*

To go to Mexico*
I'll not be scrubbing for change
While I'm jiving
Honestly you just showed me
It was her ownership
And yet
She was chilled away.
Do you want a battery
Sometimes his author tomatoes stop
Ask a lot, ask a little**

**Induced while on a train.*

***This whole sequence strikes me as a kind of cryptic Blues lyric.*

*

I just plan thinking good
Brief latches
That Chuck!
Oh he's an anthropologist*
He sliced my son 5 million times
Uranosphere
Silencio, duck semen!
Imagine him doing an accession number?
Crowbars stuck around
Where the wind builds up
Locked in a barrel
Alive, isn't it?
Do you know what you've done to your goddamned doctor?
A bunch of trip boards and you're run over.
We're talking about museum licenses...
Lesson learned: kidnap the treasurer!
Chewbacca salad and a bottle of flesh.
Every few bites and then we pay?
Life is just going to get fatter.

**A quick search reveals many anthropologists past and present named Chuck. Yet the phrasing here makes me think it must be Charlie Brown, maybe being addressed as Chuck by Peppermint Patty.*

*

And I never figured out what Cinderella was about*
Where the dream worlds slime

The Zagreb of the Mask.
Doctor you said that
All bats are off
Conundrum syndrome.
The researching class
Invades L'Occitane**
From which part do you want?
Oneiric-Homeric
Or Wensleydale?
The gaseous attempt at a mayoral candidate
The urban knicker
This season
Tracks the unsichtbare Loge***
You just lie down it's through
An amber dolphin.
One could check.

**Induced while sick.*

***This could be referring to the Occitane region in the south of France, or possibly, the chain of expensive soap stores in Canada.*

****Die Unsichtbare Loge (The Invisible Lodge) is a strange proto-Romantic and semi-autobiographical novel by the German author Jean-Paul Richter, written in 1793. It has an abrupt ending.*

*

That's the D.C. timezone
I discovered a turn back there and I shouldn't be proud
of it.
I have to go out.

I want to go speak to the girl
Martha, posed for a dawn ear
Not getting changed enough
Jelly shoes for a backstage pass
They throw them in the cards.
Surrealism is like having an argument with a discussion*
So that I can't even generate who to talk to later
You don't just counter ability
Like your cousin does
And then find him staff who won't back down
That's prejudice
Departments are taking you
Where I store it
The academy of anywhere
Formed his daddy at the omega age
That's the price of an evaluation though

(This sequence was accompanied by the hypnagogic image of an old woman throwing a cookie cutter onto wax paper; the cutter starts bending in and scrunching the paper)

**This is an unorthodox but perhaps relevant definition of surrealism. If surrealism is as Leonora Carrington said a vast moment of communication, then it is a very argumentative one.*

*

I can get you there
So much off of it
She wants to be able to concentrate on the storm.
That's all I knew, because I knew this demon.

*

On peut pas expliqué*
The local government has left the house in mental fields
like this one
Forest people
He must be a really good copper.
Currently we have broken ground
A go-between
Logaris's sphere.
Those are unsorted groceries
They turned out alright
I'm going to give you a dime
I've been practicing without you
Une mine qui est devenu
Jeudi soir**
Architecture.

* *"We cannot explain", in French*

** *"Thursday night", in French. Is it a new school, the
"Thursday Night School of Architecture?"*

*

A tunnel-rich day.
The guy just started his career in sculpting
You forcibly play with the charnel witch
Strong feelings everplaster.*

**A strange pun, but one which remarkably occurred across
three different hypnagogic lapses as the line breaks indicate.*

*

She didn't get any answer correct
With different groups
With the March Awareness Society
He'll potentially be in a cargo suit
Which will sure make his geckos giggle.
The Brindisian's wife
Is from a generation with...Wider clust, or?
The bottomless circus
Moves to the black market
A lands upon a lens
Where eponymous rangers lie
He doesn't abide wheels
It's the drapes themselves that are birds of a feather.
We never partnered with anybody whose technology was
this in-order.
I chose the Everyone that was a legend.
Good behaviour? Well! It's a rank below Valentine's.
Don't say anything yet.
If the dinosaurs come and get me
We want you to know
You come up with a plan.
Virtue beckons the Hieronymous
The Feast of Triangles
A moralist whose head looks like Hypography
Poetry is jaunting and taunting
A certain pistol called "The Lavender Problem"
Rejecting leatherbound fury.

*

Around you is like a riddle
Eight humans stole a picture

The table of elements: that's all you need to write with.
That question was already answered
He goes on magic
A weathered greyhound that tastes like white clowns
And I spoke with Frankenstein
It seems there's an assassin on the rope
Butterfly teeth.

*

The elephant decided to be ready.
Danger describes a place
Called the land of "couteaux"*
The tuft of an elephant
Snake! She's mad
I have a little empathy for the impressive youth of
heretofore.
Curate a gold ring for the wounded
Keep the music still
Never become insignificant
Rabbit yellow, blue, and green
I love the crazy eyes between everything
Speak softly; you see them as punchstones.
The old prof begins every sentence with "eck!"
Sex is a prison system
A revolution is juggling at Arby's
I've gotta go down there and see—it's a nervous well...

* *"Knives" in French*

*

Listen to your body
The nightmare of both mothers

*

The place-names
Are just asking
What's the decision, kids?
A deadly play with food.

*

If I'm weak and drunk on the smoke
Your thermometer has already been there
Is that valuable?
Right whale
Invented falling in love.
Transactional history of a debutante
This plate is healthy
Told not to use Flaubert until they are 19
A vanishing standard I would use to commit them.
How would you test it in the house?
Necktie, whatever you do, please don't tell on me.

*

Environment...
Oh it's nothing.
Shoot 'em down!
What's it to you?
I knew you were going to say that!
You went to looseleaf school
Diamond sister-dog.
We still have club soda.
They're forming partners out of porcupines.

*

You're going to love this one, you two.
You're not trying at all.
They are combining into one stupid phenomenon.
Can I waive the requirements?

*

I'm left-handed
I'm failing fast
Because Kasheena
Will wake up on a two-week syndrome.
She didn't scare me, she lost Her Highness.
How is everybody? No one's died?
At every word spoken: Emily's droplets.
What I said this afternoon was, I think, a cartoon.
You can suffer from chapter to chapter.
As you look up information:
A Zombie ski-slope
Stuffed in the headboard.
Mineral/militant brandishments.
And the cost of the train is one.
The success rate in temples?
Blazer to blanket.
I was wondering about shelf sciences.
It must be like anal foxes.
Liberty engloutir*.
I fixed the metaphor of Bathsheba's difference.
Segmented crates that move towards the expansion of celery.
Solvent ghost.
It's time.

* *"To engulf", in French*

*

I'm guarding members
Before dealing with samples.
What does that mean?
We have our students.
Sometimes a wreck can win.
Throw us into the south seas!
Everyone around here calls it the reality of the great itch.

*

Bat wings...
When we meet and go talk somewhere else
It's all about vegetables.
Gentlemen, feel little!
(Incidentally, while I'm doing this, the government of
Lucindo plans to
Put yourself on cake)
We will capture the mist.
We don't see that it involves many so-called "burger sites".
You have to give me some absurdity.
We've got to sprinkle it over the domains.

*

Anginas over 10
They are chiming in
Once this is the look because of the spoons
We're listening for spontaneous legs.

*

Weighing a bug
It's not a great team

These are interpretations of it:
Inundation and insinuation,
Yes and no.
We can have a decent repackage with Cora-Bora*.
From key, to continent, to Colorado,
Some micro plastic surrealist issues.
We have some luck with the dresses but the softer they
are the more they are hated.
Who had to clip how many findings?
I'm no good?

** A distorted sister island of Bora-Bora?*

*

You choose not to be focused on
A video submission that killed
My favourite of all habits
You'd be trashing entertainment
Most [...] are entirely invisible
seagull cry

*

I've got a wish at the moment for a bus-worm.
I knew all the cool people—there was Cognac
I'm like a UK Garibaldi
Is blue darker today in Japan?
You've got pliers! And thanks for the endnotes
It's disrupting stories: any kind of believing.
Look at legacy drool lines and unwashed colours
Do you know you're in accounting?
I don't have a copy in chocolate.

*

Duck! Shoot ripples!

crow caws three times

I just love their work.

There can be voices in a disparate world.

That's very much the blues that we sent before.

whistles like a bird

Leave that away.

Oh wait, they're calling it "Snow-Brothers"!

*

I need clothes...

Let's go!

Sexual butterflies

Serpent dessert anonymity

Silesia

A real cause.

*

Blight-witted

Footsteps

Visual sernopia

Xanthus?*

She proposed too late.

**It's appropriate that this is a question because Xanthus is one of the most ambiguously overused names in Greek mythology. If I recall correctly, it is the name of a god, a river, and a horse.*

*

Just me, just the word three times
Cut the damn supervisors
Dear appropriation
Entertained? You deserve disease
Grutch cook

PART II: IMAGO

Hypnagogic images and immediately associated ideas purposely induced through a method of mock-sleep. Directly recorded and described in natural language.

The psychoanalyst Herbert Silberer argued in his 1909 essay “A Method of Producing and Observing Symbolic Hallucinations” these images can be taken as instantaneous symbolic resolutions of questions on the mind as one falls asleep. They seem to represent hypnagogic “solutions” to as yet undefined problems. While the problems here remain obscure, the poetic joy of the situations and images remains high; they point to something ridiculously funny and breathlessly sublime. Often they are accompanied by a conviction as to their meaning which is part and parcel of the image itself. While it is often a choice between focusing on recording either the “voices” (section I) or the “images” (section II), they do occasionally blend. Section III attempts to synthesize the two methods into a kind of “film”.

*

Picking up a cryptic french maxim from the subconscious:

“Onze est meilleur que treize...”
(Eleven is better than thirteen)

*

While falling asleep thinking about poetry: I am standing in the forest. A big deer is gripping a knife with its mouth right at my throat. I am paralyzed.

*

A gigantic statue of a great statesman dressed like a Terracotta warrior. Its name is Harold.

*

Cloaked figures planning some espionage or assassination. They have a meter long wooden pole. One end is painted grey, indicating the deadly side.

*

Hypnagogic question: “is there a mountain version of you?”

*

A loyal friend, bearded, tells me on my departure for some political trip “I will come as your doorhandle.”

*

A hot air balloon in the night sky slowly lowering a giant boulder to the ground.

*

A figure in a sun-dappled forest is holding up a square mirror, periodically rotating it every two or three “beats.”

*

A black and white cloaked figure is visible as a pareidolia image on a clam shell.

*

A pair of very small scissors on a dark, barely lit nighttime street. “Do you smell onions?”

*

A girl walking through a loading dock area. Behind her are some biggish snails growling and yapping like hyenas

*

The palaeontologist in the pink room forces her students to sit still and practice a kind of astral projection beneath the layers of the earth.

*

Young people gathering one night for a sort of party on

a mountain. They each have one lit christmas light of various colour options set on their foreheads.

*

A girl extends her palm on a bridge near a cliff at night and tells her friend “I’m in charge of the moon” as if they were dividing up responsibilities for a trip.

*

A front porch, at night. Near the bottom the outline in shadowy black of the top half of a kind of leaping jackal. It is pretty small, and seems to be some kind of impression or fossil.

*

Musicians collective at the edge of some water, on the bottom of a cliff. They are lying down on an incline at the base of the cliff with their feet facing the water. They pull a big glowing neon red blanket over themselves and advise musicians who aren’t happy with the industry to “simply change the conditions”.

*

A bewildered looking Wimpy* on a melancholic grey beach, with a darkening sky. Unlike his usual outfit he has a stovepipe hat on and is carrying a bundle possibly full of coal. We are advised by a narrator the as of now he is a “sleepball”.

**The character from the Popeye Thimble Theater comics and*

cartoons. One of the great moral attitudes of the 20th century.

*

Mr. Natural* is at a temple courtyard on top of a mountain, playing some kind of harmonica in the harsh red afterglow of a volcanic explosion.

**Character from the Robert Crumb comics.*

*

Two disembodied golden legs in the act of climbing, called “The Northern Atmosphere”

*

A figure in a blue robe and concealed face is firing someone from a job. Their contention is that “the rosetta stone is just like that!”

*

“The Chocolate Book of Automatism” (with text in white chocolate and pages of brown chocolate)

*

A leafy garden area along a fence. A living gigantic corkscrew is flitting about.

*

A hobbit-like creature with a triangle face is taken aback by something.

*

A figure in black-bluish robes with no visible face arrives at the foot of your mind. It has come to burn your memories.

*

An orange stained-glass saint has detached itself and is flying around a castle.

*

Horse steps coming towards you but no horse. Still you know the thing is red.

*

A woman in wellington boots and a flannel robe crouched and bent in a dark swamp. When she straightens herself up, civilization will have progressed to the next stage.

*

A black landscape in front of a cave. A timelapsed approach of a bright white shape. It is simultaneously in the shape of a hunched old woman and a mussel shell.

*

The bottom half of a gigantic parrot walking along McLeod street across from the Museum of Nature.

*

A mug. The bottom half is a sort of grinning purple-blue undead cartoon mummy face. The top half is a sand sculpture of a robed wizard raising its arms to protect itself from the weather.

*

The Alexandra Bridge. One whole side of it is not support beams but a giant living hawk.*

**Although it wasn't known at the time, this beautiful and very atmospherically charged 19th century bridge is now being slated for destruction by the National Capital Commission. It appears regularly in dreams and fantasies.*

*

A park ranger desperately holding up a demonic talisman to stop a group of schoolgirls from doing something silly.

*

An artist or theorist chasing a concept based on the melting of a glassy blue boomerang shape on a stone wall.

*

An unspecified masterpiece called "Huge Broke Ribs"

*

A pool noodle covered with strange Boschian nightmare art.

*

Someone standing over a book which is upright and open but partially embedded in the mud.

*

The arm of a chair stylized in the form of a bear's claw. It is lying on a grey carpet (rest of the chair not there).

*

A man is in a bed in the middle of Alexandra bridge. Two schoolgirls with knives are coming to kill him.

*

Coming around the corner to see some disembodied legs (bare calves, feet wearing socks and sneakers) waiting for an elevator.

*

A guy who looks like King Mob is sitting at a desk in a schoolroom whispering lines from a book called "Tadeusz Ruinous Jokebook" to the person in front of him.

*

A kind of warlord or warlock in armor and a cape with epaulets. But its head is a stack of empty crinkled tin foil pie-plates.

*

Two girlfriends laughing on a moonlit night in a fenced field, while from behind a big worm/tree root is sneaking up on them.

*

A kitchen table. Beneath the covering a man is sitting cross legged so that the patterned cover protrudes with the triangular shape of his cross-legged form. He has cut eye holes out of the sheet.

*

A man in an old time carriage wearing 18th century clothing declares “it’s not that I’m an anarchist. I’m more of a classical liberal.” His head is a chinese lantern on fire.

*

A conversation between two young women* drinking coffee and smoking at a cafe: “Stuff from the Chalkland...”

*

A dormitory with many bunk bed frames (no mattresses) filled with strange green fungi.

*

A sign for a restaurant featuring a jester with the head of a cat. They specialize in salsa.

*

A gigantic blind badger chewing on a piece of a metal fence

*

A giant with a big santa claus beard and roman style leggings and sandals seated in the middle of a suburban road, taking up most of it.

*

A bent over wizard in a purple cloak with gold fringe, and a shadowy face, stealing a pie off a window sill.

*

A miniature black lion that lives in a girl's hair, periodically whispering in her ear evil deeds for her to carry out.

*

Pushing a spiritual lump out one's forehead while lying down. This is called a "neo-graphic exchange".

*

A witch with a staff chasing after a little girl in a suburban picket fenced area. She is making fun of the girl's special power, her so-called "pet immunity".

*

A girl gathering beautiful tiny gemstones along the canal,

saying she will put them in her tomato stock tomorrow.

*

The extinction of the really small dinosaurs came about due to a giant piano falling on them.

*

The original tunnel of love was created by two great reptilians locking mouths together. Today we walk through it.

*

At Book Bazaar*, all is supposed to be dark but green glow is seeping through the ground from the lower level. Going down to see what it is, we find at the furthest part of the books (near the science books) a little girl sitting cross legged whose face is a glowing green light.

** A famous antiquarian bookstore on Bank Street in Ottawa. It has a quiet, less-frequented basement area where books on music, science, psychoanalysis, politics, anthropology, and geography are kept. Before it was a bookstore this basement zone was once home to an early Ottawa punk venue called "The Rotter's Den". Maybe the girl is a rotter, and there for a show?*

*

If you want to give advice to somebody but feel you are too young, you can use a certain bone with an old man's

beard attached to it to give you gravitas when speaking.

*

A blackened sedimentary rock. A black leather clad and gloved arm reaches for a black horn, both are semi-embedded in the rock like fossils.

*

A cow's udder made of stone, found naturally by the river.

*

There's a secret society of rock people called "Grimlock".

*

A pope playing a clarinet that is simultaneously a snake growing from his own forehead.*

**This image was discovered again years after recording this, on the cover of an underground black metal / dungeon synth album called Fugitive Wizard.*

*

Someone is inspecting a piece of dried corn, and is excited to tell "our generation" that this can be used as a substitute for a diamond on a wedding ring.

*

At the cement gate in front of homes are certain circular holes which are left on purpose for attaching giant

charms like those on charm bracelets but much bigger.

*

A brand of refrigerator that has in the little shield logo an image of a gryphon preaching from a cliff over a field of subservient creatures.

*

A kind of pet lobster that has a hidden pouch exclusively for us to store our marbles in.

*

An intersection in Atlanta I remember near the Little Five Points neighborhood. People are nude on their stomachs covered in blood “swimming” across the intersection in slow motion.

*

A giant mural on a wall of a bearded guy dunking a basketball through the net onto his own upturned and unperturbed face.

*

Someone reverse edits an old rosetta stone-like tablet filled with ancient figures to include contemporary faces.

*

A vampire with a pet snake that is devouring somebody's beloved toad.

*

A face covered in ash, being called “little ashtray”. With forceps someone is holding up some kind of cricket to the face.

*

Instead of meditation, someone invents a process called “ditation”. The main practice seems to be systematically detaching pie-crusts from pies.

*

The apartment of a certain poet in New York City. A lifesized figure of a wood engraving answers the door, confronting a salesman.

*

Tables and tables of platters filled with shortbread cookies shaped like hands and feet.

*

A strange old woman who plays the back of a bald priest’s head like a keyboard, insisting it is orthodox catholicism. The priest is trying to maintain a silent dignity.

*

The Tomb of Charles Darwin and Bram Stoker are both combined together in a London cemetery, possibly

Highgate. It's a kind of double stone coffin / siamese memorial bust attached vertically along the necks.

*

A robed alchemist at the bottom of the sea digs out a big seashell with their hands. In it are almonds, pistachios and other snack nuts.

*

An old guy with a yiddish accent talking to a colleague and holding in his hand a painting of some layered green strata with giant stalks of celery through them

*

An Edwardian youth without a face sitting in profile with a black and white Mari Lwyd creature, a horse skull with props, possibly for a photograph. The whole thing could be an Edward Gorey drawing.

*

The Secret Art of 'Nagogia

*

A see through loot bag containing a birthday hat and a single black glove with intense red veining.

*

Hands working in a lab. They are wearing transparent

slime green gloves that are glowing neon. They are handling little translucent slides.

*

A young shorthaired scholar or wizard from behind. An ogreish figure is growing from his back. He just wants to be left alone.

*

A goat headed satanic figure in robes is standing in front of a bunch of stock-exchange screens.

*

An oversized Canadian loonie (\$1) coin behind glass; instead of the queen's head there is a decapitated head of a dalmatian dog.

*

A pale hand with black nails in a clawing gesture; it is entirely encased in ice and belongs to the teacher. To become initiated it must grasp you and freeze you.

*

A comic strip. A wacky looking princess is chasing after the wolf from Tex Avery's "Red Hot Riding Hood" cartoon. The wolf is himself afraid of a giant unfinished Rubik's Cube.

*

A purple sorceress named “Mighty Neutrilia” who controls a long and narrow purple cone that shoots upwards into different planes of reality.

*

Forearms rising out of the bottom of a cave like stalagmites, each clutching a lit match.

*

An all white album cover. The title is simply “AOUT”. Each of the letters is filled in with a comic book depiction of a famous monster—Dracula, the Mummy, Wolfman etc.

*

Secret hypnagogic stories printed on small cards, prescribed by one “Dr. Moretti” as a treatment.

*

The suicidal person looks in the mirror and sees only a gun pointed directly at another gun.

*

“What About Freedom that Grants the Most?” asked the grey cloaked and hooded figure

*

A weird set of Tarot. One has a golden upper half of a stylized king with a sword. Another has some kind of electric blue monster, angular with branch like limbs and nodes with single eyes and half formed bodies.

*

People are losing faith in ceremonial magic. A dark Klimt-esque woman is reaching over a window with a long horizontal strip of knives embedded within knives. This acts almost as a curtain rod and is a powerful form of magic.

*

A melancholy melody specifically composed to help you reattach a severed arm.

*

Meteors* descend to the earth in brightly coloured sparkles but by the time they get to me they are a horde of small gnats.

**This was recorded during the Perseid meteor shower*

*

A human person has been refashioned into a fleshy little jewelry box with geometric designs. An owl blacksmith is about to smash it with a hammer.

*

A musical instrument—a pair of small scissors cutting beneath an amorphous river of purple grey flesh.

*

A new faster mode of thinking poetically by means of a magnifying glass that attracts lightning strikes right to its centre.

*

A house made of skeletons, built on top of the skeleton of a giant scorpion. Here one can get French lessons.

*

A fireplace. The floor in front of it flips into a secret compartment and up comes a comfy sitting chair. Its seat contains a natural woodland setting with a lake. The head is fringed with trees, and the arms have active fires going up them.

*

A midway amusement, a kind of target shooting game. The targets are all little mountains on a night landscape with a cartoon black cat head emerging from each one. Waldo the cat?

*

A castle drifting upside down beneath the ocean waves. It is sinking towards the bottom.

*

An electric blue plastic trophy or toy based on Lucifer falling from Doré's Paradise Lost.

*

The upstairs area of Westgate Shopping Centre*. In the shabby display cabinet are some amorphous animalistic figures, almost mummy-wrapped. A small llama? When you look at them they turn your flesh blue.

**Ottawa's oldest shopping mall, and the subject of some surrealist reverie in the Old Mall pamphlet published by Peculiar Mormyrid Press. The upstairs of the mall is a very empty, generic and vast set of corridors with little offices and rooms. There are a few display cabinets built into the walls, and one time we did find some toy dinosaurs in there.*

*

A mummy kept in one of those zip-up plastic garment bags for dress suits.

*

A giant black Queen Anne Revival* mansion, entirely made from cloth. A gnarled yellow hand is visible from underneath it, making a come hither gesture.

**This hysterical style of architecture is frequently encountered in older parts of Ottawa. It is a 19th century monstrosity, combining pastiche elements from any number of neo-gothic, neo-classical and baronial styles, and now grown itself quite gothic with age.*

*

A version of the film Barry Lyndon where instead of gambling using cards they used plates of cooked pasta penne.

*

A pair of men's dress shoes, a white blanket with a blood spot on it. Someone has disappeared.

*

A knightly figure in armor but without a helmet. He is kneeling. His hands are clenched together above his head. His left shin is totally detached (in armor) and off to the side.

*

A naive painting of a family playing on the beach. But in the middle of the sand there is a yellow outline of a man in a coat and rounded almost priestly hat.

*

A naive painting of a man in overalls and a bright yellow construction hat, standing in a front lawn at night gazing up at the stars.

*

A classical Botticelli-like detail of a painted image of a woman's face looking off to the side. She seems rather

wild (streaming hair, mouth open) and one of her eyes is a total shadow.

*

A hand painted sign or mural, rather large, for a particular business. It depicts a green lizard-like anthropomorphic figure with multiple limbs debating with a brown werewolf type figure. The colours seem like they once were vibrant, the background a kind of tie-dye purple and yellow cloud.

*

A plot to subvert reality by sneaking around town watching any snippets of TV visible through people's windows/curtains as a catalyst for our poetic revolution.

*

A suit of black armor made entirely out of fossilized trilobite bits from blackened shale.

*

A swarm of fireflies attempting to collectively "wear" a blue dress

*

A pastel image of a figure in crusader templar robes with two canes (one white, one red) walking along a green landscape with purple black sky. Its head is a bright sun.

*

Someone tells little unknown garbage pail inside the courtyard of a big national cemetery containing the hidden remains of the anarchist group “Quart de J” who perpetrated an infamous bombing.

*

A white pyramid in front of a purple sky and setting sun. The top of the pyramid is covered by a floating shape like a squared off triangle, made of slightly darker brick than the pyramid itself.

*

A portrait of a woman, as if she were covered entirely in black leather. Her face is only vaguely indicated by a grimacingly wide curve, almost a smile in the leather.

*

A very fuzzy grey armoured lizard or sauropod dinosaur, almost as if composed entirely of smoke.

*

A pile of snow as if early in the morning at Tunney’s Pasture* station. It is glowing bright green through some cracks in the snow pile.

**Once Ottawa’s shantytown, now home to the Statistics Canada complex and a convoluted transit terminal. At the time this was recorded, the new light-rail station and*

modifications had not yet been built.

*

An almost puppet-like king's head with long straight bristled grey mustaches. He is speaking of his true love for someone that lasted a whole two weeks.

*

A puddle on a dirt road in the exact shape of a salamander.

*

A series of concentric circles carved into the bark of a thin tree. The center is a multicoloured dot. It is called "Actual Vapours".

*

A street sign that has a hand painted plastic face (female jester ish) with a hand palm upwards.

*

A kind of rectangular bronze coin depicting a flower with an eyeball.

*

An audio cassette floating in aspic.

*

A Loch Ness monster looking down at an upside down faceless marble bust in a rocky clouded landscape.

*

A girl with a sticker sheet of marine cryptids. Some of the stickers have been used leaving outlines. She is writing in these.

*

A christmas decoration that looks like a blue dutch tile with an image of a scorpion on it.

*

A music cassette cover that is just the wolf man's face upside down.

*

A very uniform looking suburban block. A large black toad is climbing up the trunk of a small tree.

*

A warlord king on his golden throne named "Bottcar", who is just a plain calico cat.

PART III: PELLICULA

Hypnagogic images and voices induced together in near succession, sometimes simultaneously, sometimes one after the other, using a mock-sleep method. An experiment in synthesizing the two methods.

Scene 1

A flower spreads open in black and white with a tentacle for each petal. One cloudy day this plant will gesture threateningly to a line of elementary students in front of their school.

Voice: "The smallest is the best kind."

[This film is cut from the hypnagogic imagery and phrases recorded—in fits and starts—of a single hour on a single evening. It was a Sunday. We leave it up to all Sunday dreamers to project it in their own way. The meaning is of course not entirely settled, but it did condense certain images from an afternoon trip to a park. In any case, it must be allowed that accumulations of hypnagogic imagery and voices have, despite their elevated status in surrealism, heretofore been underutilized as a form of interpretation—as having any coherence beyond the fragmentary character of individual apparitions, however exciting these may be as lone surrealist treasures. Who will champion the vast world of hidden connections between the seemingly different and tenuous phenomena, that reversion to intrauterine black and white, in its attempt to gropingly, and in fits, accumulate if not a narrative, at least a point?]

Scene II

Voice: "He doesn't know how to put coffee down here. He's lost."

An old woman in a sunhat stuffs some unspecified wooden utensils into a brown paper bag.

[Michel Zimbacca's Conseil de nuit points a way. But for adequate systematization, the difficulty has been in even retaining and presenting a coherent "stretch" of phenomena in this tenuous state between sleep and wakefulness, the surrealizing zone par excellence. It is simply hard to wake up, although with practice one finds that it is, at least on occasion, possible to dive in and out of the hypnagogic state for extended periods.]

Scene III

A blonde woman in a black cocktail dress is in a wooded area at the edge of a park. She is perching on the roof of a stone structure built to house maintenance tools. She is to pout and stare intently at something.

Voice: "It's immortal Karimbe."

Voice: "A metronome."

Voice: "Un chef d'art."

A balding man with a black chinstrap beard wearing a santa claus jacket is stuffing cotton balls through the chimney pipe of this stone structure. When they come out the other end he will chew them maniacally to see if they are genuine.

[We start here with a basic assembly that at the very least attempts to capture the functioning of hypnagogic thought in a single session—what “three unities” are sufficient for a legitimate piece, or how to cut, edit, what shots are acceptable...we leave to the oneirocritics of the future. Our pretense is that in recording images and sounds (on separate tracks no less) that we are dealing with a kind of primitive movie. There is no doubt that contemporary film has been justly but over-utilized as a form of dreaming. But if the cinema thinks it can dream on behalf of our subconscious, there is no reason why our subconscious can't try its hand at filmography.]

Scene III, from the other side of the stone structure

In the stone wall we see in pareidolia a figure, muscular, with sad eyes wide opened, a man in profile, facing downwards as if an arch, grasping at something below.

Voice: “Another combination of two things.”

[We would like to retroactively apologize if the dialogue sometimes precedes or follows the action in a strange way. This is due to the fear on the part of the registrar of missing out, upon awakening, of the hypnagogic phrase, which is the most delicate memory and easily forgotten in an instant. The image usually follows and is much more stable and easily remembered, and is therefore only written afterwards.]

Scene IV

Voice: “It's all I can do, is this.”

A man made of sticks in the corner of the park lifts up one wooden leg to the side while leaning on a concrete wall.

[It is also a noticeable quirk in the hypnagogic space, and unlike a true dream, is that the autosymbolic image and the voices remain, even when simultaneous, totally distinct. The figures never make a sound, and that which speaks is always something “other”. In a weird way, this recreates the separation between a film’s image and its soundtrack, to the advantage of speech, as championed by Isou and the Lettrists in their attempts to create a “discrepant” cinema. The effect of the voice here is similarly toxic, with a strong abrasive and imperative character forcing itself onto the scene, as often occurs in hypnagogic pretervocalizations, and made tortuously more obvious in aggregated form.]

Scene V

Voice: “Look, a metal detector.”

Voice: “The life-cycle of breasts continues.”

[As the voices seem to ritually or venomously dissolve the imagery, to smother them, it’s fitting to end on a blank screen].

APPENDIX: HOW TO INDUCE MOCK SLEEP

The trick is to accelerate the process of falling asleep through exaggerated comfort. This method requires a cold room—basically cold enough to make you uncomfortable without a blanket. If you have trouble getting drowsy, throw off any blankets and try for a few minutes to sleep in the cold. After a while you should feel sleepy but unable to fall asleep. Then pull the blankets back over you.

Also if you are noise or light sensitive and sleep on your side, you can pull a pillow over your head. Just make sure you can breathe. The weight will help relax you. Finally make sure your arm is also propped up on a pillow.

The initial voices or images will begin when you are adequately relaxed. Consider them, but if possible, do not be seduced by them. These are more often than not influenced more directly by the impositions of your conscious waking mind. Much better to watch them for a while. Let them hover, try to give them the once over. If you are looking for a voice, listen carefully and try to get caught up in the “conversation”. Likewise if you want an image, “look” with attention. Eventually you will feel your control over the situation slipping. A voice will call out. An image will burst apart or slither in. You will be surprised. At this point, get up. Your rational mind is needed to fix the image and contextualize it with

language. If the intent is to record a voice, you may need to quickly make a decision as to its meaning, sound, or spelling, because alternatives can readily present themselves in the elaboration.

It will take some practice before you can force yourself to get up and not just pass out. But eventually you will get good at it. You can then provoke cycles of ongoing hypnagogic poetry for extended periods. If life will leave you alone, you can go on almost indefinitely, at least, that's how pleasurable it is to learn new things... But the imperative to stop may come at any point. Where from, though?

If one actually falls asleep, the comfort of this method promotes an "oblivion" sleep that usually makes dream recall a little less frequent. For dreams, sleep either on your back or some side facing a light source. Oftentimes facing a door during sleep seems to encourage weird dreams.

