

Bertrand Schmitt

## Night Accessories

Small nocturnal workshop, each night brings its share of discoveries and surprises. Not the least for me are those strange objects that I see appearing, by means of a dream or during these brief suspended moments of half-sleep.

Introducing themselves with a very great precision of forms and functioning, these oneiric objects nevertheless keep their mystery and, although I am able to describe their mechanics with a maniacal accuracy, which does not fail to be curious or suspicious, I remain convinced that if I tried to make use of them I would be confronted with certain unforeseen and dramatic accidents, which would not fail to make me feel unpleasantly all the vanity of believing that I had mastered them.

Hybrid constructions, born almost inevitably from a witticism, a play on words or, more precisely, from a collision between words and images, these objects seen and often heard in dreams apparently have been produced there. Their making reflects the intimate connection that the spoken language and the visualized image maintain in my unconscious. It is thus often plays on words, ranging from simple semantic shifts to more complex assemblages having to do with rebuses and anagrams, that have each time presided over their production.

I remain convinced that these objects are not simple extras in our nocturnal adventures, but that they are part of the drama that is played out or foiled there, and that is why, beyond their mere description, I do envision one day giving them the body they require.

### *A Few Dream Objects*

1. Lying on a gurney, the body of a pregnant woman blown in transparent glass, legs bent, breasts swollen. Inside the woman's body: a drinkable blue liquid (a mixture with blue curaçao base?) in which floats, among some fish, a plastic swimmer connected by a cord to the woman's body. On the cord one can read: "cordon ombilical" ["umbilical cord"] and on the swimmer: "corps bon, il cale l'onde" ["good body, it wedges the wave"].\*

Sticking out from the two breasts, two tube-nipples that allow the liquid to be absorbed. On the left breast one can read: "prendre les eaux" ["to take the waters"], on the right breast: "perdre les os" ["to lose the bones"].\*\*

Circulating on her gurney, that is being pushed through those present by a waiter-medical assistant, this aquatic woman serves her aperitif at art openings and... it's up to everyone to suckle.

\* In French, those two are anagrams of each other.

\*\* "Prendre les eaux" means "going to a spa," but, in this case, also "to have a drink" (curaçao?). The homophones "perdre les os" and "perdre les eaux" ["her water broke"] suggest a woman who gives birth to the body ("the bones") of her child.



Pierre-André Sauvageot, digital collage

2. An old bellows camera on a tripod. Coming out of the lens of the camera a spring at the end of which is stuck an open hand covered with a leather glove, ready to slap. On the palm of the leather glove one can read "Instants tannés pour durs à cuir" ["Tanned instants for tough guys"].\*

\* Multiple plays on words: "instants tannés" is pronounced the same as "instantanés" ["snapshots"], "Cuir" ["leather"] and "tanned" refer to the glove, but also to the French expression "dur à cuire" (literally "hard to cook"), denoting "a badass."

3. A paint can made of transparent glass and filled with a transparent liquid. Bathed in the liquid, a small red plastic heart on which is written: "L'heure coule la couleur d'un cœur lourd." ["The hour pours the color of a heavy heart."].\* On the lid of the pot of paint there is this inscription: "Vermillon, lis mon rêve." ["Vermilion, read my dream."]\*\*

\* Near homophones in French: "coule" ["pours"], "couleur" ["color"] and "cœur" ["heart"].

\*\* "Vermillon / lis mon rêve" is an anagram.



Pierre-André Sauvageot, digital collage

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## Hazel and Steven Cline

# Laughing Symbiotes

I am standing in the living room of a childhood home, but I am an adult. I am naked with my back to the open front door, which makes me feel distinctly uneasy. However, I am completely involved in self-grooming. I look down at my breasts and they have lettuce sprouting out of them. I trim the lettuce with small garden sheers. I remove my left breast so I can more easily see the underside where the most lettuce is growing. I cut as close as I can to the surface of my skin, replace my left breast and move on to the other. Someone comes in through the door and interrupts me.

Hazel Cline (undated; 2016?)

I have done some crime. As punishment I am forced to walk through a shallow, mucky pond while fully naked. I enter the pond up to mid-calf and I can feel slimy, slug-like creatures swimming around my legs, filling me with overwhelming revulsion. I am forced forward. I continue slowly into deeper and deeper water. I can feel the repugnant creatures slide across my skin up past my knees. As the water level rises, so does my panic. The water creeps up my thighs and the fleshy, swarming monsters hug me ever more eagerly.

Hazel Cline (undated; 2016?)

I start as a human woman who gives birth, not in the usual way, but from the crown of my head. The resulting offal is a misshapen and lascivious beast with large sexual organs. My progeny tears off wildly in a lustful search. When some desirable being comes into view, it forces itself bodily into the victim's mouth and fills its insides with semen. This happens repeatedly while I look on helplessly. Out of necessity, I become a powerful god in something of the same form as my debauched offspring but vast and ethereal, in which form I can then pursue it. When I find it, I fill it in turn with a sort of glowing and globular white light all the way to the brim. It is completely satiated and dies, at which point I dissolve into the atmosphere.

Hazel Cline (undated; 2016?)

A friend is playing an extremely complex and obscure roleplaying board game. They try to explain it to me, but I am just kind of not getting it. They give me like ten dice to toss. I get three eyes and some other symbols. My friend says that means I may be able to see things that are usually hidden. I'd also rolled two sixes, which means I get to roll more dice. This time I roll a cloak symbol and all kinds of plant and animal symbols. My friend says that I can create a whole world from what I'd been given. My mother, who is a military general, calls me over to take a test to get into a secret intelligence branch of the government. I am doing pretty well on the test when my mother accidentally unplugs my input device, and I can't record my answer to the question on the screen. I am 1.4 points away from passing the test when the time runs out. I angrily punch a wall, and my mother scolds me. I retort that it was her fault for pumping me with so much testosterone to make me pass my physical exam. I go lay in my bed for some privacy, but my mother follows me to try to coax me to retake the test. I ask to be alone, and she angrily demands to know for how long. I just want half an hour to myself. She leaves, but a friend of mine comes in to ask me to show them how to buy illicit substances from the web. They are also a child of a high-ranking official, so they don't want to get in trouble. I show them how and explain that they can do whatever they like on the internet so long as they cross over their clover bridge first and burn it behind them as they exit. I leave them to it, but when I come back, and ask if they remembered to cross the clover bridge, they just go pale and exclaim that they had forgotten all about it. I say that they are in big trouble now. But everyone

is too distracted by the arrival of an alien queen and her court to pay much attention to my friend's illegal activity. The aliens are awkwardly squished into human shape. They are hungry, and we take them to a convenience store. The queen eats a whole onion. They all have to urinate, and the bathroom becomes completely covered in urine. One alien tries to urinate upside down, and it gets all over her torso and face. One of my mother's flunkies is trying their best to clean the bathroom with plastic bags over their feet. Suddenly, the alien queen, who is wearing a tight leather sheath dress, awkwardly squats in the parking lot and defecates out the onion whole. She explains that this isn't how she normally eats, which she demonstrates. She telepathically absorbs the skin and some of the organs of one of her alien companions. He looks blissed out that he had been chosen. He turns to my mother and says that he'd be so aroused right now.

Hazel Cline (undated)

A lion is standing at the edge of a high, rocky ravine. This ravine requires a sacrifice periodically, and the time has come around again. The lion builds up his courage and then jumps over the edge. He falls for a long time. We see him from side, front, and top view as he falls. I don't know who the "we" is, but I felt like I was observing it from a group perspective. I don't want to see the lion's body dashed on the rocks below, but I can't look away. The lion gets to the bottom, but his body falls right through the rock. In the spot where he fell is a beautiful carving of a heroic looking human/lion hybrid with writing around it that I can't read.

Hazel Cline (undated)

There aren't many people left in the world and earth's conditions are pretty hazardous. So I team up with these two guys. They are really obnoxious and loud, but I figure that my sister and I need all the help we can get. We are headed to a bunker my sister had scoped out for us to possibly live in. We go down the stairs and I pause a minute to say that she might be dead in there because she had been ill. One of the guys who has reached the bottom first looks back up at us and says, "It certainly smells like she's dead." We go in the room, which is small and has two bunk beds and a sitting area. My sister is slumped over on one of the bottom beds. She looks dead. I make a noise that wakes her up. I say, "Thank goodness! I thought you were dead." She says, "Oh, I am dead. But it's not that bad. I can drink and smoke all I want and it doesn't matter." The two guys get excited. One of them says, "Cool, now we can do a bunch of drugs, and if we OD, we can just keep doing them when we're dead." So they pressure me to go with them to the local veterinarian to get the "good drugs." We get there, but I realize we forgot to bring our cat. I stand at the front desk holding a bowl of soggy chips, which are made out of cat. I look down and think, "But there's nothing they can do for it now. It's already chips."

Hazel Cline (undated)

Hazel and I were an X-Files type-duo, investigating a cult that had ended the world. We kept going back in time to try and stop them, but kept messing up and missing the moment. I was in a house at night, and looked out the window. I saw the cult in a circle, doing some kind of ritual. They were all wearing goofy animal costumes - cats, wolves, etc. Suddenly, a bright blue light shot down from the sky, entering the body of a cultist in a cat suit. His suit transformed from fur into the silvery color and texture of the moon. Cat man had been possessed in some way by a god that traveled in the blue light. Presumably, the world ended at this point. I woke up.

Steven Cline (undated)

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My body is covered in deep wounds, perfectly triangular grooves that run long stretches of my body. Maggots and a few other insects keep coming out of the wounds. I take a shower and try to wash them off, but I keep finding more afterwards. My dream self is surprisingly calm about all this.

Steven Cline, dream of November 13, 2016

*Ding-Nosed Dallinger* – The tiny bits of hair or fuzz that drift down from the air and attach themselves to various things. Considered extremely rude by polite society.

(A made-up word from last night's dream. I was eating alone and a well dressed man walked over from the across the room, then pointed to a bit of fuzz on the corner of my plate and informed me of my embarrassing blunder. The conversation went like this: "Not to be rude but... ya gotta Ding-Nosed Dallinger." "A what?" "A Ding-Nosed Dallinger!" "Come again?" "Ding-Nosed Dallinger!!!")

Steven Cline, dream of April 21, 2018

I dream that a new music video is released by the horrible early 2000s band Limp Bizkit. In the music video, the members are naked, covered in a flaking grey body paint, and are strutting across an empty field. One member, a short, pudgy Jack Black type, has an incredibly long penis, and a crazy smirk on his face as he struts. He attempts to suck off a man, but that man's penis separates in his mouth, turning into various small mammals. There is a new lead singer of the band now, since they kicked out the old one for being an asshole. Half of the proceeds for the song go to help put the ex-singer's ex-wife through graduate school. A friend comments on the large size of her breasts, but I hadn't noticed them—I had been too busy watching that swinging monster on the Jack Black-type.

Steven Cline, dream of November 19, 2019

I lived somewhere in England, in a location with two tall rocky outcrops by the sea. A place that felt much like Ithell Colquhoun's paintings. I was investigating him, a la X-Files. There was a triangular UFO that came to him, beamed something. Then it shifted, a scene with fairies. And Flamel was a fairy too - which basically looked like a human in fancy clothes, but with a skull as its head, wings, and a scepter. They flew between the two rocks. The dream shifted, Flamel was long dead. They were making a movie about Flamel, and I was watching the trailer. A scene of him swinging on a swing with some ladies. Dramatic scenes showing other scientists and academics who don't agree with his work, or are skeptical and ask for more proof. Flamel asks one skeptic to come to the land between the tall rocks, and she will see for herself. A big scene of the two of them watching UFOs and/or fairies fly by, music swelling. Then we see a POV shot from the eyes of one fairy/UFO who is also Flamel's mind. He is watching the forest down below passing by, and gives some monologue about mankind needing to be in harmony with nature. In the dream, I remember being surprised how much Flamel kept showing up for me recently. He'd been mentioned in Merl Fluin's submission to the new issue to Peculiar Mormyrid for one, and shown up in other places too. And now this film was coming out? The dream ended.

Steven Cline, dream of June 8, 2021

Dream I lived in some future overpopulated society. Me and a bunch of other people were all living in a repurposed office building on blow up mattresses. The rats in the walls were quite noisy, talked loudly with each other. So an exterminator came and sprayed clouds of poison everywhere, including on us. As I drifted off to sleep, I hoped I would wake up by 9am. The movie "THE LAST GOD PAN" would be airing on TV then, and I didn't want to miss it.

Steven Cline, dream of July 8, 2021

Two Dreams of December 1, 2021

*Hazel's Dream*

I am with Steven, and we discover Steven's recently passed away uncle's old stonemason workshop hidden on the side of a cliff. He is not there. I go to a different part of the cave and piss on a pile of money, then we both leave to go to a local festival in the town.

*Steven's Dream*

I am at a small town festival. Jams, jellies etc. are being sold. I meet my uncle there, and he shows me a strange contraption he has made. It melts down various metals in a furnace hanging in the air. This liquid then drops below into a second container, and turns into a new form, such as a bullet.

It's a post apocalyptic world, and I am living in some abandoned pink house. Every house in this world has its own unique portal to some other dimension, though I have forgotten now the part of the dream where I went inside. Still, I remember vaguely a certain important role I played inside the portals, something to do with a reviving of the lost spirit of this world. I sit in my house and feel sad, thinking about the old lady who once lived here, and about the simpler times, before everything fell apart. Aaron Dylan Kearns and his family live in a very tall house nestled on the side of a huge rock face. We are filming a documentary of some kind with Aaron and his mom Juli, and Aaron is also working on a re-edit of a strange abstract film he'd made with us on the subject of medical equipment. Hazel, Juli, Aaron, and I walk up the rocky area bordering their house, calling it a "salt rock formation." It is desolate yet beautiful, like the face of the moon.

Steven Cline, dream of December 7, 2021

Japan was desperately in need of a Godzilla. So a young Japanese woman takes it upon herself to try and have a Godzilla baby. So, since Godzilla is a pickle, the girl puts a pickled jalapeño up her privates to try and get pregnant. She doesn't get pregnant, but slowly starts to turn a light green starting from her tailbone. She is turning into a pickle herself.

Hazel Cline (undated 2022)

I'm at a conference on a psychedelic mushroom (*Amanita muscaria*?) in Peru. Behind the speaker is a magritte-esque painting of a giant eye in a red sky. This painting sets off a vision in my brain of the earth thousands of years in the future. The red sky is covered with countless silver UFOs. They've finally arrived *en masse* from their dimension, unfortunately they overshot the mark, because humanity has been extinct for hundreds of years...

Steven Cline, dream of February 6, 2022

I was at a university of some sort. Freud was there, either as a friend or as my professor, and I realized Jung (a women in her mid-20s) was coming soon too, by train. I wanted to get the two together and be a fly on the wall for their conversation. I kept getting lost in the university library though, passing countless displays of very old books, dried out or bioluminescent mushrooms, and many other marvels on the upper floors, but I didn't have time to stop and take it all in because I wanted to catch Jung at the train station. Eventually I realized that I had missed her anyway, and that what I should have really done was just enjoy myself in the fucking library instead.

Steven Cline, dream of February 26, 2022

Two dreams of March 7, 2022

*Hazel's Dream*

In the dream I talked with some being, and gave it my "eye tooth" as an offering, in exchange for clarity of vision.

*Steven's Dream*

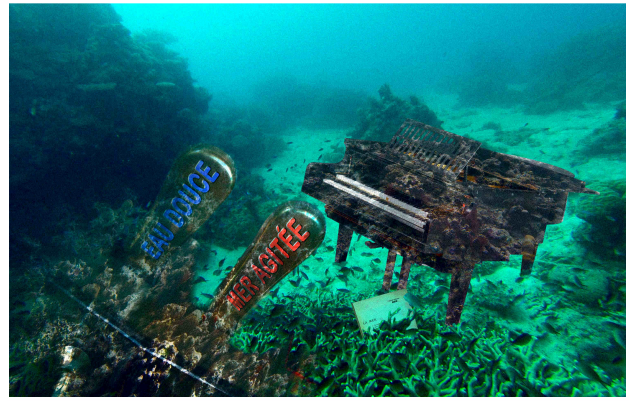
Dreamed I was laying in my bed, repeating in a monotone voice "SHOW YOURSELF, OLD MAN" over and over. A tiny wrinkled old dwarf man appeared before me at the side of the bed, and then ran away into the other room. I woke up.

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4. A large concert piano completely covered in seaweed and encrusted with seashells, as if it had spent several years under water. The inside of the piano is filled to the brim with water. On the piano's sheet-music holder is the score of *La mer* [The Sea] by Claude Debussy. On the soft pedal of the piano flanked by a small blue label one can read "Eau douce" ["Fresh water"], on the damper pedal of the piano, flanked by a small red label, one can read "Mer agitée" ["Rough Sea"].\*

\* This image of a piano dripping with water and its pedals is associated with that of the "pedal" of a faucet or a sink (as I have seen that there are now in the public toilets), where water is no longer brought by turning a faucet knob but by pressing a pedal with one's foot.

Pierre-André Sauvageot, *digital collage*

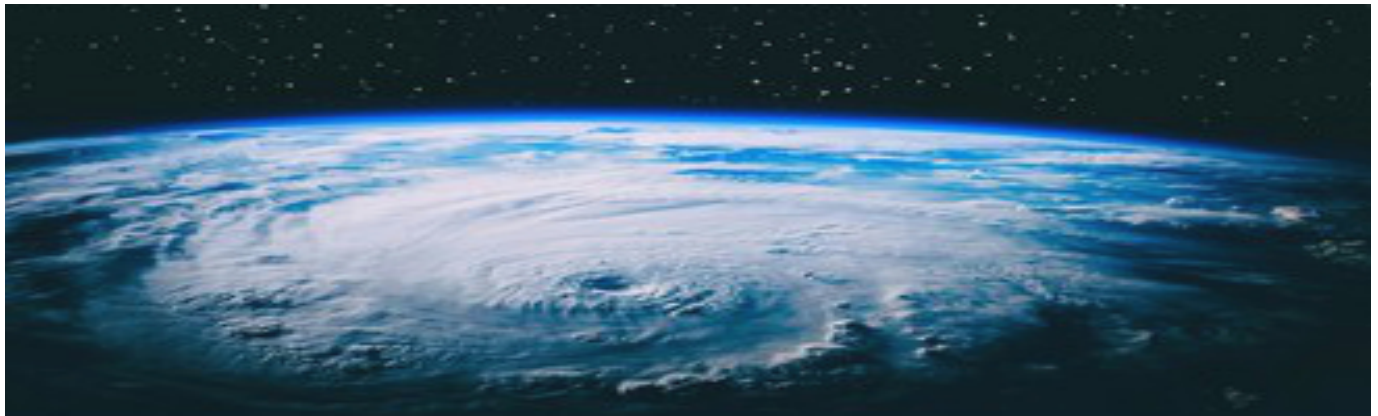


(Continued from Dreamdew #29)

## BLUE DREAMS (Addendum)

There are several theories regarding colors in dreams. One of them posits that many a person dreamed in black and white before the advent of Technicolor films and color TV. If so, what colors appeared in their dreams before the existence of black and white movies and TV programs? The surrounding world must have colored people's dreams, es-

pecially the color blue, probably due to the omnipresence of the sky above us—and there is the water, too. Not until the space missions of the late '60s and the early '70s have we become aware of the color blue of our planet. One reads in Wikipedia: "Earth, has been referred to as the Blue Planet due to the abundant water on its surface and/or the atmospheric hue."



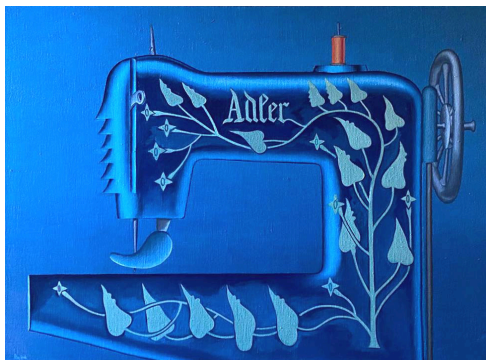
In a dream narrated by the Russian writer Mikhail Zoshchenko, the color blue appears in nature, but not where it was supposed to be:

"(...) A dark stormy river. (...) I am on the shore. I run away from the shore as fast as I can. I run through a meadow. For some reason the meadow is blue."

The color blue also appears indoors, like in this dream:

In a large apartment where all the rooms are empty, except for one that is filled with all kinds of household appliances which are all of a very strong blue color. They date from the 1960s. I suddenly realize that I am one of these objects, an electric mixer.

Guy Girard, dream of August 7, 1983.



Konrad Klapheh, *The Enigma of Womanhood*, 2009

Another blue dream:

I am looking at a blue object suspended in the air: about twelve inches tall, it is composed of two numbers eight, the smaller one perfectly fitted into the larger eight. Inside the upper part of the eights a bird with open wings and sitting on its tail fills up most of the space. There is a repetition of the wing shapes on the outer eight.

As I look at this object, I name it "The Bird 6-8-9."



Mitzura Salgian, dream of November 16, 2017.

In closing, a cosmic dream of Vladimir Nabokov:

Dream: the solution of the supreme mystery which we learn after death is that the cosmos with all its galaxies is a blue drop in the hollow of my palm (thus deprived of all the terrors of infinity). Simple.

Vladimir Nabokov, dream of January 7, 1966.