

Dolfi Trost

THE DEEP MEANING OF A DREAM (II)

IT GOES WITHOUT SAYING that we must particularly oppose the cosmological data to the historical data. In the battles of antiquity, if a solar eclipse occurred, the fight to the death stopped. We see in this example that the historical data, which contains all the social and vulgarly scientific elements (astronomy, chemistry, quantitative physics), usually veils the cosmological data. But it is enough for it to become active by some accident, for everything that is historical to be erased as totally devoid of importance. The same goes for the dream, where after the flood of memories of the day before, its true meaning appears, by decantation.

By this very fact, the dream is not only the consecutive interpretation of the day before; toward the end, it interprets itself. The denouement of the dream constitutes its objective meaning.

The historical relationship with the world is absolutely vital; its role is of biological origin in the narrow sense: it pulls us along and keeps us in the flow. Its purpose is to make us forget our life by our own eyes.

The contradiction created by the historical relationship is the following: either live, without knowing it, or be annihilated by this consciousness. Above all, life in communities tends, first and foremost, to obliterate the consciousness of our participation in the cosmic unfolding. The role of history, even in its most atrocious phases, is to reassure, to provide a line of compensation against fear before the world of the stars.

In dreams, the historical data are gradually abolished by the anti-mnesic purification. When the diurnal remains have disappeared, thanks to the deepening of the oneiric current, more and more ample, like a fatal discovery, the cosmic consciousness appears. Upon waking, when we reconnect with the historically enlightened day, we forget the truth that the dream manages to strip completely. The more the day enters the room of the waking dreamer, the more this revelation fades and the more the feeling of social and rational security settles.

Indeed, the slightest vital reaction to any stimulation coming from the surrounding world is enough for the cosmic consciousness to vanish⁹.

With my eyes closed, I kept as long as possible the image

of the magnified and distant moon surrounded by two moving satellites in the dark sky; I whipped this memory, instead of letting it fade away, by repeating to myself the amazement resulting from this astronomical contradiction¹⁰.

The state produced by the suspension of all vital reaction, directed towards the self, leads to a certain form of ecstasy. The same state, but directed towards the stellar universe, leads to cosmic consciousness.

The dream can give this state more easily than waking life, because of the isolation¹¹.

Thus purified, the dream reveals to us in an obsessive way that above all we are the inhabitants of an incomprehensible planet, and that we literally live in the sky. This ultimate revelation is sometimes given by melancholy reveries, in certain walks where loneliness dominates, in the atrocious fears of stormy nights, or in the autumnal spectacle of the seas.

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The art of our time, especially in the image, is involuntarily obsessed with cosmological data.

The complicated forms of this obsession constitute the specific basis of its rejection of life.

Surrealist painting (I only refer to it), at its two extremes, collage and automatic drawing, tends

either to represent directly, or to guess at the cosmological data.

In this state, life no longer reflects itself¹².

As in the dream, the automatic painting, after having left the last representations due to the waking state, is immersed in the objective discovery of an invisible, but cosmologically determined world. The leap into the unknown offered by the dream is taken up in the smoke of the subliminal "landscape"¹³.

In this lower region of human fatality (particularly the "metaphysical towers" of Chirico, the "object-beings" of Tanguy), the incompatibility of human life (and its knowledge) with the inanimate planetary universe is violently expressed.

The oneirism of diurnal life is linked to the nocturnal oneirism by the cosmic consciousness.

(Continued on page 4.)



Dolfi Trost, *Angoisse cosmique* (1952).

MERET OPPENHEIM

DREAM ACCOUNTS (III)

8/21/1956

I am walking around with a kind of a watering can/scatter box and sprinkle golden yellow flower pollen ("to pollinate them") on roughly 50 cm tall, fat cacti (they look a bit frozen).

A beautiful Indian woman is sitting there dressed in a light red sari with golden threads. I sprinkle her, too. In addition to the pollen, tiny golden yellow blossoms also fall out. When the blossoms fall on her arm, she looks at me und "sends" me a kiss; we both know that she will be pregnant now.

Her parents are present, too. They are King and Queen. They sit at a set table. In front of the father is a plate with pink and white roses (to be eaten), (the mother, too?) as well as big peach slices. I offer to peel a peach for the Queen and to place the juice and the fruit on the plate with a fork. My red scarf is in the way; I throw it back over my shoulder. A little juice drips on the table clothes and I must apologize.

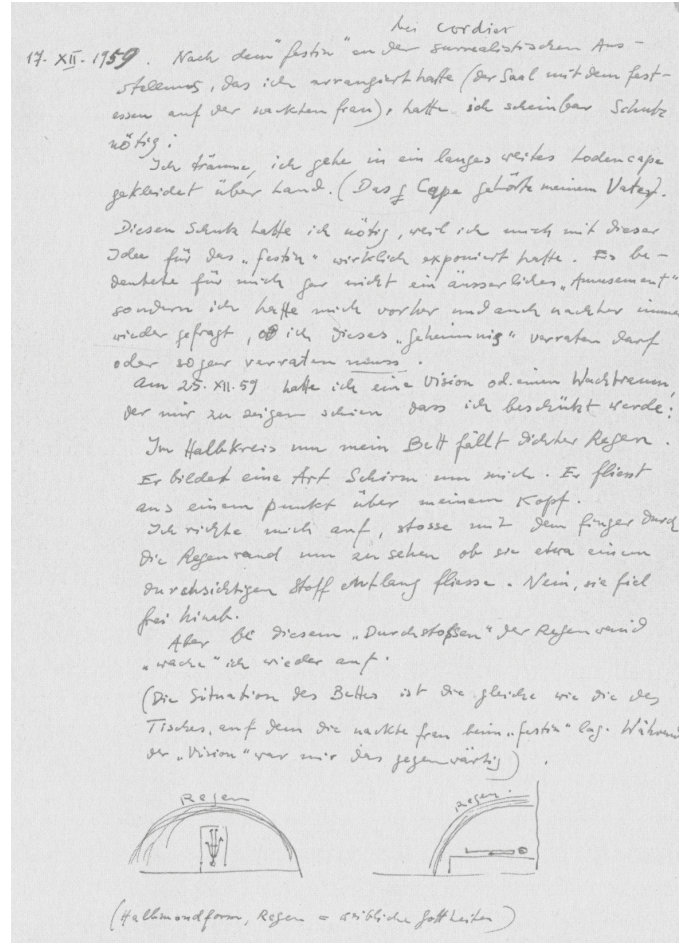
12/17/1959



Photography by Roger Van Hecke, 1959

After the "festin" during the surrealist exhibit (at Cordier) which I had arranged (in the hall with the banquet on top of the naked woman), it appeared that I needed protection:

I dream I walk across the land dressed in a long, wide loden cape. (The cape belonged to my father). I needed this protection because I really put myself out there with the idea for the "festin." It did not mean it for my own "amusement," but I had asked



12/17/1959

myself before and after, again and again, whether I could reveal this "secret" or even had to reveal it.

On December 25, 1959 (25.XII.59) I had a vision or daydream which appeared to show me that I am being protected: In a semi-circle around my bed falls a heavy rain shower. It forms a kind of an umbrella around me. It flows out from a spot above my head.

I rise myself up, punch my finger through the wall of the rain, to see if the rain may be flowing alongside a transparent material. But no, it was falling down freely.

But while "piercing" the wall of rain, I "wake up" again.

(The placement of the bed was the same as that of the table on which the naked woman laid during the "festin." I was aware of that during the "vision.")

(The form of a half moon, rain = female goddesses)

08/15/1960

A white marble turtle wearing a helmet and with horseshoes on its feet.

A beautiful sculpture. Viewed from below she stood erect on the fireplace at Alfr[ed] Bühler, my brother-in-law, an ethnologist. Someone asked where it was from. I said India. No, it was from Indonesia. I said that was not possible, after all I do know Indonesian art a bit myself.

In reply my mother said (kind of as “proof”): Do you really do not believe that I loved your great-grandmother very much?



Dream of the White Turtle with Horseshoes on its Feet, 1975

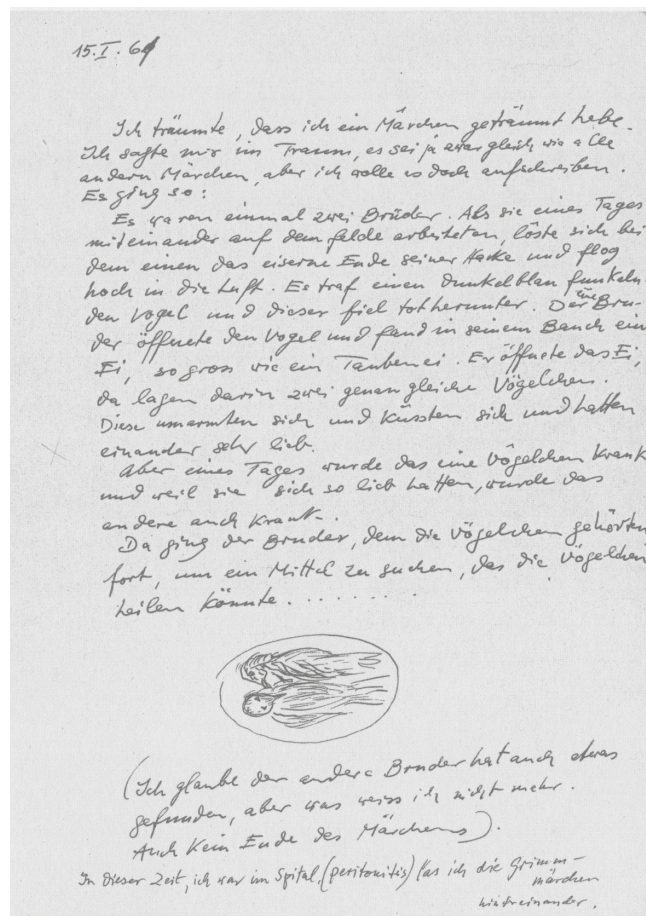
01/15/61

I dreamed that I did dream a fairy tale. In the dream I told myself that even though it was the same as all the other fairy tales I wanted to write it down anyway. This is how it went:

Once upon a time there were two brothers. On day while they were working together in the fields the iron end of the hoe of one brother got lose and flew high into the air. It hit a shiny dark blue bird which fell to the earth dead. One brother opened the bird and found in its stomach an egg, the size of a pigeon's egg. He opened the egg and in it lay two identical little birds. These hugged and kissed and loved each other very much.

But one day one of the little birds fell ill and, because they loved it each other so much, the other little bird also fell ill. The brother who owned the little birds left to find a remedy that could heal the little birds...

(I believe that the other brother also had found something, but I don't remember what it was. Also, not the end of the fairy tale either.)



1/15/61

(During that time, I was in the hospital (peritonitis) reading the Brother Grimm's Fairy Tales one after another.)

AROUND JANUARY 20, 64

I am in these rooms (in reality unknown to me). I go to the glass door on the right, open it, see that light green waves of the sea are “already” swirling around the terrace. I go to the door at the left (maybe a little later). The water has risen to ¼ of the height of the door (visible through the glass door). I go to the interior patio. My mother is there. I sit down on a chair near the middle of the room. I say: “It is time.” (One knows that the sea will soon flood everything. However, no feeling of anxiety but very calm and pleasant). I have a beautiful, young woman on my knees, or was it at first my mother? Dressed in black, blond, with a small black Marabu hat [Translator's note: Marabu is a bird whose plumage was used to decorate hats in the past]. I say to her: “How can one have such a crush on somebody!”

(I believe that I saw fish in the water behind the glass door. Not sure.)

(To be continued.)

Beneath the revolutionary line, which it is not necessary to define here, this consciousness advances with an ever increasing force; it throws its powder of projection into all the manifestations where an unknown cause seems to throw the thought back to its nervous and psychic origin.

We will better understand the intensity of the cosmological anxiety that appeared in the dream, and from there its spread in the diurnal state by way of delirium, if we remember the stupor of Nerval who suddenly saw a fixed star illuminating his path¹⁴.

Although the dialectic of Hegel, especially in his philosophy of nature, has cooled the interest for cosmological data, by placing the center of the vision in the properly historical unfolding of human phenomena, the artificial center of the historical thus elevated weakens, as it becomes widespread. This history relegates the cosmic consciousness even before physical or chemical determinations, but the *manifestation* necessarily leads to the resumption of the cosmological before the end of the current cycle.

Besides, this is the same philosophy that teaches the end of history¹⁵.

And, even without other theoretical reasons, there will always be the dreams of each night to repeat that the center of the vision moves more and more quickly towards the incomprehensible belonging of the being to a stellar universe¹⁶.

It is in this cosmic sense that I understand Rimbaud's *absolutely modern*.



Dolfi Trost, Trace of a Non-Periodical Comet (Vaporization), (1945).

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The end of history and the appearance of cosmological data put an end to the most acute contradiction that pits the human mind against the being itself¹⁷.

Only this change can conciliate the irreducible opposition that arose in consciousness with (approximately) the appearance of the philosophy of Heraclitus. It is a question here of the opposition between the fact of thinking the world and the fact of thinking one's own thought.

In animals and in prehistoric men, thought is a vital function meant to solve the various problems posed by the environment. Therefore, melancholy is absent in them¹⁸.

But the moment thought is no longer an exclusive means of resolving vital relationships and the consciousness of thinking appears, the whole human structure becomes imbued with melancholy.

Indeed, by leaving either its exclusively vital role, or the initiatory hierarchy, the fact of thinking becomes (partially) a *disease*. This disease originates from the fact that thought can

think itself, that it can turn unto itself, that it calls into question the very existence of being and substitutes for the need to satisfy vital relationships, the possibility of non-being.

Thought, starting from ancient philosophy, has a "more" which can go in all directions and which, like the acid corroding its own generative tissue, has the ability to stand up against its own existence.

From the moment when the thinking man realizes that he can use his thought to destroy himself voluntarily, thus giving a total solution to the attempts at solution demanded by daily existence, only the primitive can live unaltered and without a sick melancholy thought.

Philosophy, written or not, revolves around a single problem arising from the fact that, from being determined, thought in turn becomes determining in the necessity of living. For the *consciousness of consciousness*, or the thought of thought, is caught in an insurmountable logical contradiction: the possibility of not being.

(To be continued.)

FOOTNOTES:

⁹ It was then that the flight of my ideas entered a dizzying race to join the flight of your ideas.

This race only ended when, exhausted, you let yourself fall on the pebbles of a beach, abandoning by this single fall, between my hands, your undone hair, symbol of this point where the flight of ideas reaches the astrophysics laws of speed.

¹⁰ *I am the enduring* — she wrote to me.

¹¹ Here *N* enters the penumbra, then the shadow. Around midnight, she is in the middle of the eclipse and does not come out of it again until the first rays of dawn.

¹² Occasional note on automatic painting (see non-recognition in perception): the visual field of the subject is strewn with colored or colorless spots, distributed in a determined way; the subject can clearly see if one of the spots is higher or lower than another, to the right or to the left, if it is wider or narrower, longer or shorter, further or closer. *But that's all.*

(From a textbook of psychopathology.)

¹³ *N's* neurosis never broke out. Indeed, the unconscious line of the ego ideal that leads to neuroses, for her, led *nowhere*.

¹⁴ Here is the passage where Nerval clearly grasps the cosmic consciousness:

"Where are you headed?' he asked me.

'Toward the East.'

And, while he accompanied me, I began to search the sky for a star that I thought I knew, as if it had some influence on my destiny. Having found it, I continued my walk, following the streets in the direction in which it was visible, marching, so to speak, toward my destiny, and wanting to see the star until the moment when death should strike me."

¹⁵ When *N* goes out in rainy weather, she exclaims: How the sun is shining!

¹⁶ With the speed that drives the sun towards the Leo constellation.

¹⁷ A medical definition of hysteria: hysterical neurosis is most often only the continuation of the struggle for existence, but with other weapons.

¹⁸ Brief analysis of the spiritual formation of Miss X (another personality of *N*): The ego ideal is constructed in her with the help of erotic sensations and the feeling of being possessed. In turn, sensation and feeling create the lines of force: pleasure, victory, knowledge, art, elegance, amorous desire and life of one's own. To this superstructure of the ego corresponds a hallucinating perversion learned during the years of adolescence.

After each hysterical crisis (which is a struggle to obtain love), everything is concentrated in the lips' game: on her mouth then appears the significant smile.