

M. Gnanasifhamany

UNCONSCIOUS METHOD



*Insert for nightly intention tape towards collective dreaming:
listen one hour before bed; do not drive or operate heavy machinery*

For everyone who has ever shown up in my dreams
(whether I wanted you there or not)

“When we act in accordance with the prophetic dream,
the dream comes to directly constitute reality.”

Jackie Wang, Carceral Capitalism

“This is the ultimate revolutionary question: what are the
conditions that would have to exist to enable us to do this -
to just wake up and imagine and produce something else?”

David Graeber, The Utopia of Rules

SUNDAY 5:15 AM

You are late for _____ (WORK, SCHOOL, A FLIGHT, AN INTERVIEW, A FUNERAL AND/OR WEDDING, UNSPECIFIED SOCIAL-PROFESSIONAL OBLIGATION). You can't find your _____ (KEYS, WALLET, PHONE, CAR, BIKE, RIDE, FRIENDS, UNSPECIFIED MISSING OBJECT AND/OR PERSON SHAPED OBJECT IN THE DREAM). The _____ (BUS, TRAIN, CAR YOUR FATHER IS DRIVING) is late too, and lateness is a fact, one unmitigated by your efforts in the dream to gather, move faster, move at all.

If you somehow arrive at the obligation, adjust your body position and continue dreaming. If you shuffle papers and count change and never exit the perpetual waiting running late, your journey is finished, you wake up.

OPENING

Welcome back.

Breathe normally, now.

There are two possible perspectives that we will encounter together.

Camera 1: You are within the body. You can see your own hands.

Camera 2: You are outside of the body - witnessing like a drone,

watching yourself

or your unconscious reproduces you

watching yourself the way you are now,

picturing the way you look, dreaming.

You are in a field and the moon rises to your right, big and round like a swollen yolk.

You are on a beach and the sun sets in reflection, infinite echo in the waves.

You are swimming in the ocean effortless, you are the thing moving in dark waters.

You are flying in the jet stream, unidentified object in the field of vision down below.

CYCLE 1

Every image here has made itself available for analysis, submitting to the criteria of film criticism, literary analysis, psychoanalysis (what is the phallus in a dream? Indeterminate, but stay tuned), the history of art and visual culture, as well as idiosyncratic reflections on the substantive meaning of keys, wallets, and cars, leading finally to dreams,

proceeding without navigation, rudderless proliferation of

Signs Symbols Both Neither

There are generally many rooms, doors and windows, and almost always a conversation or the implication that one has been had. We are usually inside. We sometimes eat and drink. We are not sure if we can read, not sure if we are really ourselves.

Swimming pools are common, and our mothers have been showing up a lot lately. The crowd does not understand the speaker in dreams. Animals remain at a distance, this is not out of respect but a lack of clarity, maybe - they refuse to fall into focus. The lights are dim or natural, and every place you go is familiar from life or from movies.

Between ourselves and our enemies, there are differences in interpretation: alternative understandings for the dream presence of laws, arms, and the glints of light in the edge of the knife that one way symbolizes defense and the other, liberation.

Animals, homes, and rivers: revolutionary potentials for friendship, the production of infrastructure for the better world than we deserve. Parties in dreams are just parties, but we deserve them more.

WEDNESDAY 12:30 AM

You are in a room that feels like a crowd - this is the _____ (PARTY, APARTMENT, OFFICE, OFFICE PARTY, AFTER PARTY, ICE-CREAM SHOP OR SHOPPING MALL) that you were just thinking about before falling asleep. These bodies are familiar like cousins, blurry people-like things, their features refuse to cohere into a recognizable form. There is music. There are lights. A drink/no-drink, likewise cigarettes. Look to your immediate left: it's your hot _____ (TEACHER, ROOMMATE, FRIEND, FRIEND'S GIRLFRIEND, COWORKER WHO IS BECOMING A FRIEND, BOSS, UNFAMILIAR FACE WITH THE TITLE OF TEACHER, ROOMMATE, BOSS, OR FRIEND). Finally, some action. You fuck. But sometimes you don't, mostly just _____ (KISSING, MOVING IN A WAY THAT IN THE DREAM IS REFERRED TO AS A KISS, STICKING OUT YOUR TONGUES UNTIL JUST THE TIPS TOUCH RENAMED AS HUMAN INTIMACY IN THE DREAM). You look good, of course - we all do.

If you leave the party, wake up. If you drink another dream drink and get into an argument which looks like language on behalf of both parties but is only a summary of language because in the dream very few words are specific, flip over your pillow and continue dreaming.

CYCLE 2

Local cops, patriots, and exes are in your neighbourhood
and they're dreaming about falling down the stairs
at their mother's wedding. Their teeth are falling out,
their neighbours are falling into their wives.

Between ourselves and our enemies, there are overlaps in images:
large dogs, day jobs, and fruit trees, toilets, traffic accidents,
and dreaming about waiting for a call.

You'd think the rich would have better things to do than dream.

On the off chance that dreaming is like dying
or dying is the point at which any one dream could have come true,
we can hope they suffer the somatic effects of dreamless sleep: every night the same,
a town where the sun always sets earlier than expected and the colours do not work.

What a failure of imagination that we have the same history at hand but they choose
to interpret it in a fiction that some are born strong, some are made strong
by inheritance and robotics, and some find strength in mergers, property, and power.

A desire for order is the most dangerous dream that is held
by the majority of North American citizens.
Technically, even the fascists dream at night.
It is our obligation to dream differently.

WEDNESDAY 3:00 AM

You are in the dark. The edges will not define themselves, but the dream knows this is the _____ (HALLWAY, THEATRE, ATTIC, CLOSET, PLATONIC IDEAL OF A HAUNTED HOUSE AMALGAMATED FROM IMAGES IN POPULAR MEDIA AND MEMORY'S EYE) that you have always secretly believed to be haunted. Some sense of urgency, the _____ (THING, PERSON, UNKNOWN) is almost there. From the bell toll to the telephone ring, it's not quite like sound but the knowledge that sound still exists somewhere off screen. This is one of those dreams where you are very aware of breathing; if only there were some complex subtlety of meaning, but it's just mortality. Every time, as expected.

You try to escape. You fail. Sinking stones in unwell ground, your footsteps overpower the solidity of the path - this is the only place where quicksand is a legitimate concern. You cannot _____ (RUN, DRIVE, THINK, SPEAK, SCREAM, WAKE UP) or you can _____ (RUN, DRIVE, THINK, SPEAK, SCREAM), but the following thing comes closer anyway. No direction is correct. The lights do not turn on. You come across various people but they are either dead, injured, or uncaring. You carry on alone. If only there was someone you could call.

If you die in the dream, don't worry, you can try again tomorrow. If you start to wake up just as escape seems viable, breathe deeper. Go back to sleep and continue dreaming.

CYCLE 3

The dream is a method of engineering
the circumstance in which a prophecy is communicated.

One day in the beautiful future
you will feel good, and we will too.

The current practice of living relies on such demeaning positions: tenant, employee, consumer, representative of the target demographic, unsuitable candidate for the requested goods/services. Labouring toward some sense of causation, a place in the linear mode of historical understanding. I do x and then y happens, I am x therefore I am y, where y = good, goodness, hope of one day being some better possibility.

It is not utopian to believe we can dream differently.

There are no accidents in the imperialist core. Opportunity lies in the knowledge that the nation is operating according to plan. Skip the troubleshooting: is it the intention, implications, exercising of policy, the writing, or the recruitment etc.

We will not waste any further time on reproducing countries, wages, or prisons in dreams.

The correlation between action and reality requires backing from a shared semiotic alphabet, one that can be hacked to spell out a different future. In dialogue with the concept of presence, we offer an alternative method of dreaming which is just a way of living, the echo of everyday (dream, present) is worth considering as prophecy (dream, future).

The people's everyday. We dream the labour of living: childcare, gardening, and cleaning bathrooms, kitchens, laundry, sharing in the work of living well and the particular objects that surround the body, textural overlay of things that make up living.

Normal like animals, normal like the sun.

FRIDAY 8:45 AM

You are in the middle of something that has already been happening for decades. Someone passes you _____ (A BABY, A BASKET, A BOWL OF FOOD, AN UNCLEAR BUT LIGHTWEIGHT PACKAGE SIGNIFIED WITH IMPORTANCE) and you pass it along easily, with confidence and grace. Your muscles cooperate, you can build and you can draw. An indeterminate amount of time is spent winking/waving/holding up signs for someone across the _____ (ROOM, FIELD, SHOW SPACE, A FIELD THAT FEELS LIKE A ROOM, A ROOM THAT FEELS LIKE A FOREST, A FOREST THAT FEELS LIKE THE INSIDE OF YOUR BED) always like a game until your _____ (FRIEND, LOVER, COMBINATION) approaches. You kiss, and this time it works.

Walking is redundant in the dream so you skate, sail, just show up where you're needed instead. Sometimes you swim, gravity doesn't stop you. Repetition of the last meal you prepared or some satisfying cleaning. You are standing in front of one of many doors. The room is _____ (LONG, SHORT, NARROW, AN OPEN-CONCEPT SHOW HOME, ACTUALLY A HALLWAY, ACTUALLY YOUR ELEMENTARY SCHOOL, UNDEFINED IN SHAPE OR FORM STEADY WITH DOORS IN ALL DIRECTIONS) and you make a choice. Nothing changes, at least not immediately. But you know that you chose well. The door opens onto other doors.

You go through, and we go with you.

If you have to wake up now, you can. If your street lights aren't yet on, continue dreaming - pull your blanket closer and slip further through the dream, all feeling and favourite colours, washing dishes in the western sun until someone else takes over and the dream begins again.

CLOSE

The dream is a form of translation, reiterating what else
but thinking and doing and talking and worrying:

“You were in my dream last night”, “I know.”

Parallels encourage you to see yourself in other’s fantasy,
and for us to place ourselves in yours.

“You weren’t there last night”, “No, but I want to be.”

Revolution as collaboration with history. Everything worth doing is worth doing
in collaboration and in opposition; collectively with the unknown,
communion with our own ghosts who come backwards from the past to signify further
and repetitive orientations of the self in service not to the known order
but to the future or the dead, in opposition to the dull edge of utilitarian self protection.
We refuse to believe that we have ever worked alone: a simple redirection
in order to dream collectively.

The dream is an echo of the way we’re already living,
reiterating expectations for the immediate now and future,
that which is already always in the midst of arriving.
What can be and is.

Only cowards dream of nostalgia.

There are salamanders reclaiming the interstate,
bands playing all night in the abandoned shells of banks and military bases.
Every open access point is a park. It’s a party.
The lack of order suits you very well, and it looks good on us too.

(Goodnight.)

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