

## **The Production of Dreams**

The daily production of dreams is enormous. We all dream, in all parts of the world – during the day and during the night. We then recount and stage those dreams. They rule our woken life. Dreams are a reactionary force of being awake, a force leading back to a preceding stage, one in which it seems as though we are awake, awoken from the sleep and from the dream. This reactionary force also leads forward, to the future, since dreams influence our actions. They are therefore an active force; in dreams our innermost desires become manifest, we wake up into reality – a realisation of dreams. Dreams are desires that both arrest and propel us in life. They are the fulfilment of the void that appears when all desires have been disclosed and realised. But there always exists a yet unfulfilled desire, which expresses itself in the latency of dreams: it represents our drive, our passion and our misery. The production of dreams is compulsory; they are our only support, our sole saving grace. Other people who reach into our subconscious and mould it according to their wishes also stimulate the production of dreams. In dreams, the truth as we normally conceive it does not exist, namely the most profound truth about ourselves; instead the truth and desire of others, of the Other, is manifested, and in the dream scenes this desire assumes the image of our own desire and our own truth. There is no linear development in dreams, everything is dislocated, condensed, represented and symbolised, or, in Freud's terms, nothing is what it is. This is the reason why dreams are such a convenient object of manipulation, abuse and value conversion, an object of real ideological power. Despite the fact that in dreams nothing is what it is, we alone are the masters of translating dreams into exactly what is, and what we want and desire it was. There is nothing more tiresome than recounting dreams, nothing less compelling than the drama of dreams, nothing more transparent than the ideological (self)justification through dreams, nothing aesthetically less appealing than a (literal) manifestation of dreams. Dreams are a world that should remain loyal to the pre-wake time, to itself, to dreams as dreams that can declare themselves as a parallel, self-sufficient realism and reality – but only if they choose to do so themselves. We should transition into dreams in the same manner as we transcend the boundaries of utopian, heterotopical and merely topical spaces: by knocking as uninvited guests do, with a borrowed key as we enter into a hotel room, by breaking into a wall as burglars do; we should not transition there smoothly, instead this should be done with an explosion, with a scream. Dreams are not a mirror, or, to put it more exactly, they are a mirror of nothing whose silvery backing is a condensation of our individual or collective desires. This coating is thin allowing areas behind the reflective surface to be visible, but these areas at the same time watch themselves in its black back surface, which is the real truth of the mirror. What is more interesting than the relation between dreams and reality is the difference which we note as observers in someone who screams (obviously) having a nightmare, but his silent scream cannot be heard, only seen, it is merely a strenuous effort to express it in reality, to deceive the woken state into believing that its time has not come yet, all the way pretending that at any moment it is possible to escape from the dream it into the woken state. Dreams are a convulsion of the subconscious right before waking up, they are the void described by Giorgio Agamben, one that represents nothing and is not representative, yet remains utterly fulfilled in its depletion. We should trust no one who declares himself a dream interpreter, since he knows nothing of reality. We should not believe dream prophets who find the pinnacle of beauty in dreams, since they wonder around with eyes closed and do not see. We should rebel the dream logic that interprets dreams as a compensation of reality, while at the same time agreeing to reality without reservation. Dreams are an exotic resort of a post-capitalist production of joy, and a neoliberal economic currency of

paralysed consumers, a universal currency, a credit card without credit for which we so readily deposit our individuality, uniqueness, virtual movement in time, only to submerge it into a nameless collective *jouissance*.

We can inhabit dreams only as staged subjects, as tireless performers on the stage who have more happening to them than they themselves make happen, who are guided by the omnipresent director or choreographer whose existence as performers we persistently deny, yet are unable to make a single step without him. We freeze on the spot becoming an ideal target for all types of intrusion and temptation. We are propelled through dreams by an exterior motor much like metal balls are in the pinball machine, directed in effect by the unexploited, forbidden possibility of a mistake, a *tilta*.

How can dreams be staged at all? We should realise that a painless resolution of crisis does not exist, that there are no side trenches serving as shortcuts out of trauma saving us from experiencing horror, and that there are no shallow ditches through which death could be washed away from us like an abominable excrement. Any transition to an (other) scene happens because of a background that is the unspoken truth of dreams. In staging dreams there are no mirror gestures, no literacy that could be translated or itself be a translation of something prior. The dream logic is a euphemism, *contradictio in adiecto*, an ethical consolation for a cruel, raw, carnal, sordid and traumatic representation of the void of which nothing definite can be said, in which it is only possible to be. How can logic and order be detected in an infinite dream reserve, in an incessant production of dreams, in the hyper-textual domain of Youdream, which is so evidently similar to the unmanageable uploading of dreams on Youtube? How to condense, displace, represent and symbolise something that evades any attempt of all aforementioned methodically? Probably by inventing a reality regime that juxtaposes something that has not been seen together before, something that can surprise us with its revolutionary cloak over its reactionary core, something that draws attention to itself with its reek, its flirtation, its friendly phrasing, its humorous glaze, which, however, reveals its (meta)performative essence in cuts and transitions, with fleeing from everything that forces us to empathise with reality, with delays from the logical and establishment of the woken state with no promise of rest and repose. Compulsory dreams indicate a compulsory reality, which is entered by uninvited guests: supervisors and consolers. "Just like in dreams" – the time when this phrase will no longer be used does not seem to be near, in fact, in the period of decline that has no indication of a new rise, it can be doubted it this time is possible at all.

Dreams. Let us remove this word from our vocabularies and allow ourselves to be dreamed. We will not reach a consolation, yet at least for a moment we will participate in closeness.

A witty, unexpected theatre performance for everyday use – what more could we desire?

***Blaz Lukan, April 2011***