

TRANSCRIPT OF DREAM SCREENS

<FADE IN> morse code

I'm watching a man who has an amazing psychic power to somehow generate dreams that everyone can see. Works by several famous modernist artists turn into dream sequences in his mind---- I remember bits that look like they're "by" Max Ernst, Léger, Man Ray, and Duchamp. Famous dead musicians (including John Cage) apparently have written scores to accompany these artists' dreams. This music, which I can hear, makes the dreams seem like film noir-style movies. For some reason, none of this is very interesting, although I'm aware it's clever stuff, like a conceptual exhibition of artists' dreams.

Just fragments, in black and white, somewhere cold I'm a fashion editor or a model or both. We are trying to find lost lovers and I think that we do, but they've changed or we've changed...

There's an old, abandoned warehouse full of junk, mattresses, broken chairs and tables. I like this place, even though it's in a dangerous neighborhood. After many complicated arrangements, I meet my lover there and we have sex, a lot of sex. We meet there every day, because we need to be very secretive about our affair-- it seems it's interracial and people are very hostile to this. There's an aura of danger to our relationship. We have a terrible encounter with a gang who completely wreck the warehouse and beat us up.

...PURE COLOR IS
THE INSTRUMENT OF
FANTASY, THE LAND OF
DREAMS FOR A CHILD
LOST IN GAMES...
THINK OF ALL THOSE
GAMES THAT APPEAL
TO THE LIVELY CON-
TEMPLATION OF FAN-
TASY: SOAP BUBBLES,
TEA PARTIES, THE
COLOR-FILLED EVA-
NESCENCE OF THE
MAGIC LANTERN,
DRAWING WITH
CRAYONS, IMAGINARY
FRIENDS.

Programs for Re-programming: One

Dreams are an evolutionary mechanism. In dreams, genetic programs are recombined with images from a reservoir of personal and collective memories shaped by the culture each dreamer inhabits.

In our culture, mass media imprinting is the primary feedback system affecting individual and collective consciousness. As our communications systems advance and their imprinting power increases, in contrast with dreamers from the past, we experience a rapid acceleration in the rate of change by which reprogramming occurs.

A point of view on a character who likes old people, works with old people in an institution. There's a sexual encounter, but not with any of the old people. Not much else happens. I listen to stories about the past, how things used to be, peoples' memories, their loneliness, their sometimes "wise" sayings. I remember shafts of sunlight, shiny floors (is it my job to polish them?)... We're on the verge of some kind of revelation, someone is about to or has said something very profound... but at the same time, it's not at all interesting.

<FADE OUT> morse code

The signal you have just heard is in morse code and comes from someone who is, in fact, fast asleep. The message is "I am dreaming, I am dreaming."

<FADE IN> pulsar

We're artists invited to join a commune; the commune owns land somewhere hot and tropical. This doesn't turn out very well for us. We become extremely paranoid about the other people in the commune whom we suspect want to trick us, even kill us. The atmosphere is terrible. At one point we are virtual prisoners of these people who have become completely insane. We can't escape because we're locked up and anyway we're in the middle of the jungle. People are being tortured, it's more and more horrible. They spy on us, watch everything we do. We have to pretend to be on their side. We have to take part in their ceremonies and be enthusiastic. All the time we are trying to keep our heads about who we are, and remember that our goal is to escape from these dangerous lunatics, but it's very hard not to merge in to them.

DO ANDROIDS
DREAM OF
ELECTRIC SHEEP?

I make a friend at work and we share all our secrets. I think this is in France, we're French. We're young, go to clubs every night, keep looking for men to fall in love with. We try on different clothes to see what will attract men. There are some slow-motion flashbacks to a lot of different versions of where the men are always terrible creeps or weird in some way, potentially violent. But our quest is to find love. The reality of all this begins to thin out. It gets unbelievable, transparent, and we know better, we have learned our lesson.

Programs for Re-programming: Two

*O now when the Dream Bardo is dawning upon me;
Waking up from the corpse-like sleeping of the sleep of
stupidity,
May I undistractedly enter the path of true
consciousness,
So that having grasped the real nature of dreams, I may
train myself in the Clear Light of Miraculous
Transformation....*

In this very profound system of yoga, the practitioner enters the dream-state at will to carry on experiments in full consciousness of being in a dream, and then returns to the waking-state with complete memory of the experience. The aim is to realize the instability of both states, dreaming and waking, which are both based "wholly on phenomena."

I'm an average man with a boring job, or I'm watching this average man with a boring job-- this part is boring, too. I'm always trying to be cheerful but then suddenly I'm lecturing everyone on how useless and futile their lives are and I tell them they're all hypocrites. Then of course I lose my job and my family and friends. I say I feel free, it's great, I'm not a conformist anymore. But of course I'm also full of despair, I don't have any money, no place to live, everything is falling apart. I switch back and forth between the two versions of how I feel about everything that's happened. This all takes place somewhere rather rundown, in Eastern Europe.

This was really like a series of nightmares. I'm frightened but not enough to wake up. I have amazing psychic powers. To pay off debts, I'm forced to or somehow agree to take part in an experiment where I link up psychically with different people while they are asleep. I'm supposed to help solve their problems, but sometimes I can't tell whether or not I'm inside their dreams or 'really' experiencing this frightening stuff myself... In a futuristic dream laboratory, I go in and out of these people's dreams, helping them to cope with their problems and even confronting demons. Some of the dreams I get involved in are funny; one middle-aged man's nightmare is hysterical. Most are pretty nasty, though, especially a trip through an 8-year-old's primal fears. In the end, things get a bit silly. I have to save the USA by fighting off the forces of evil in the President's nightmares. I can't remember who wins.

<FADE OUT> pulsar

The signal you have just heard is a 'radio picture' of a pulsar. Pulsars are the rapidly-blinking remnants of supernova explosions. PSR 0329+ 54 is one million years old. It is 3000 light years away from us.

<FADE IN> heartbeat

This was like a cartoon in places, or a puppet show-some of the characters remind me of the Muppets. There were two aspects or narratives that blended together. Partially it was about the idea I always had that in England people really idealize their childhoods, they fantasize an idyllic childhood... I'm a very old English woman who goes to New York, which I hate. I keep seeing myself as a child, my childhood, sentimental scenes like Victorian postcards, swans on a river with weeping willows, and also images like Alice in Wonderland. There's a kind of overlapping between the Alice story, and these memories of mind; at some points I don't know if I'm remembering my life or the story. This worries me a lot and also I don't know why I came to America in the first place.

Programs for Re-programming: Three

Hypothetical question:

When is art a critical probe of technological society?

Hypothetical answer:

When it goes beyond culture by going into it as deeply as possible.

When it goes SCRATCH to rupture the smooth surface of simulation.

When it goes SAMPLER to freely misuse cultural icons.

When it goes VIRTUAL, wears technology like a mask, and becomes authentic.

An intruder breaks into my apartment. There are terrifying scenes of being raped and/or not being raped but instead stabbing my attacker or calling the police just in time. In one version, I'm jumping off the roof of the building. In another version, I'm watching someone else making this jump, and seeing the crumpled, dead body on the ground... I'm telling a therapist about this experience, when I was raped or nearly raped. Various alternative versions of the violent scenes are enacted, or re-enacted...these experiences are just as horrible as the 'reality' was, and I can't tell them apart.

I'm young, getting ready to get married, trying on my white wedding dress, making wedding arrangements. It seems my fiance, is a soldier who was in the Falklands War. I meet a girl my age who says she grew up with me but I don't remember her at all. For some reason, when she tells me this I find it very eerie, uncanny. I want to figure it out but I can't. There are some dreams within this where I have flashbacks to various scenes I can't remember. These dream flashbacks are really strange and frightening. Then I switch characters and become the other girl.

A lot of this was like a travelogue of someplace I've never been but it's familiar from photographs, probably Japan. I am seeing a series of unrelated scenes; then I'm participating in them. A mountain-climbing experience in snow changes to a nature sequence including lemmings. Some things are very close-up and seem almost real but I feel detached, as though I'm unconcerned, uninvolved in what happens. One interesting point is that there are some very dark scenes, which seemed to be posing a philosophical dilemma about whether I could- or couldn't- see in this kind of darkness.

I SAW MYSELF IN THE
WORLD OF LIGHT.
MOUNTAINS AND
DESERTS WERE A
RAINBOW OF COLORED
LIGHT, RED, YELLOW,
WHITE, BLUE. I
EXPERIENCED AN
OVERWHELMING NOS-
TALGIA FOR THEM. I
BECAME AS THOUGH
STRUCK BY MADNESS
AND WAS CARRIED
OUTSIDE MYSELF BY
THE VIOLENCE OF THE
PRESENCE AND THE
DEEP EMOTION I
EXPERIENCED...

<FADE OUT> heartbeat

The signal you have just heard is a human heartbeat.