

A Fragmented Dream





you, dear reader

*thank you for flipping this page, for opening up this space.
space that can function as a ferry fueled by disposition for
a sightseeing tour through fragmented landscapes in ever
unfolding territory. a space that can function as an activity or
even a tool. a time travelling warp. as dew, as sun, as a memory
stuck between your teeth ready to be picked out at the next
conscious moment. picked but ever unpicked. reflection and
renewal a meadow and a wolf; as eggshells in a dark room. as a
playground, as a club, as a thief in the night. as ever morphing
and lightning bolts. as dodging and respawning. back in the
meadow with the lightning bolts and the wolf stuck between
your teeth and surrounded by ever fucking horses. and waking
up and flipping the next page. godspeed.*

*we want to thank every single contributor for reflecting on their
dreams for us. in whatever shape or form it presented itself to
them. waking or sleeping or somewhere inbetween; affronting
omnipresent elusive boundaries. thank you for remembering,
translating, reframing and scaling.*

*and also thanks to everyone supporting us throughout the years;
without you all it would not have been possible*

*thank you
love,
zenith*

welkom in

welcome

willkommen

bienvenue

1991

Keep

Rechts aan

HELP



scene

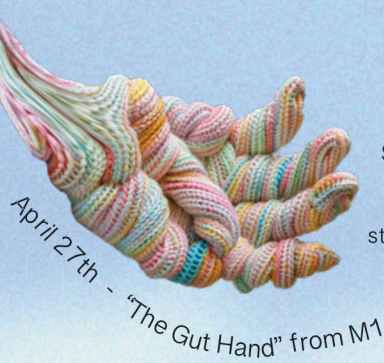


Have you ever seen your hands in a dream?

Snippets of an extended private conversation in a lucid dream

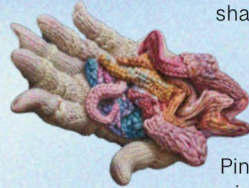
Maria Palomá & Mirano Suzuki

I'm watching a documentary about the gut. Slowly the screen starts to blur and the sound starts to recede. I see my hands...



April 27th - "The Gut Hand" from M1

...You know M2, scientists say that the gut is the second brain of the body. The microbiome holds your deepest secrets and desires, which are collected, sorted, and analyzed as if they were unnamed shapes. Mmm, look at all those chocolates in the enchanting candy store... Full of pastel colors, infinite staircases, and shelves like skyscrapers. Pink critters in my belly dancing anxiously knowing their fate will be swollen into silence.



ñum ñum.

Good evening M1, I had a bit of a rough week. Drinking a warm discounted beer, I see my hands...



With my brand-new hieroglyph-inspired hand nails, I began to communicate with different beings. It was a pure accident, despite I was quite careful. Nailist Sasaki knew how to turn me into just another carrier of her invasive plan. From Tokyo, the network is slowly growing to the remote areas in Japan ruled by gods and cats. Everyone unknowingly holds the secret message and now I see you looking at my hands.



It was too late. Through the pain of LED light and thick chemical scent, the language was deeply ingrained and already spread. My hands are forever

memories of nothing.

My allergies are growing my unnecessary love for sleepiness. I see my hands...



...We always wanted to come to Greece together.

Do you think it's ok to go outside with this dust M2?



Orange City has been planning its settlement for centuries.

The golden hour is a dusty mystery. Which scares you more, ungraspable whispers or concrete whispers?

In my tiny backpack, I hastily stuff all my used rolls of film, and of course, my grandma's ring.

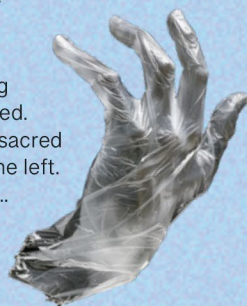


The elders, children, and teenagers look up at the sky through phones and binoculars. No one wants to see, but everyone wants to know.

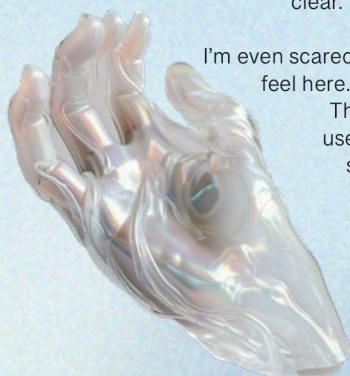


May 4th - "Replied: Hand in the Dust" from M2

How's everything now M1? I'm worried. I rinse my hands with sacred water, starting from the left. I see my hands...



The Orange City hasn't reached here yet; in fact, everything is crystal clear.



I'm even scared of how transparent things feel here. It's too calm and peaceful. The world has gotten too used to crises; it may sound selfish, but I long for the dust to cover my tiny apartment.

I saw a glass cauldron from a Japanese designer. Transparency was caught up in flame, a celebratory moment but not really. The artsy work just highlighted that the two worlds will never meet.



June 13th - "Waving Hand (Bye Bye P)" from M1

My phone says it's already 11:56 pm. I see my hands...



A hole in the azure blue sky grows bigger and bigger. All of a sudden, an unbearably bright light crashes into the mountains.

The city shakes intensely, almost to the point where the dead and the gone come out again.

...I used to walk down this street in Bogotá every day when I was a kid. Look M2, the pointed mountains like those from a children's book covered with fluffy clouds and morally comforting narratives.



P pushes M1 and M2 inside a bakery.

Bye bye P.

June 18th - "The Handy Person" from M2

I was called in to be revised. I see my hands...



When I flew over the mountains of unknown territories, I used to feel I was finally in control of my relationships. Rubbing away traces of myself to become a better short-term and convenient friend, floating between commitment and semi-phoniness.

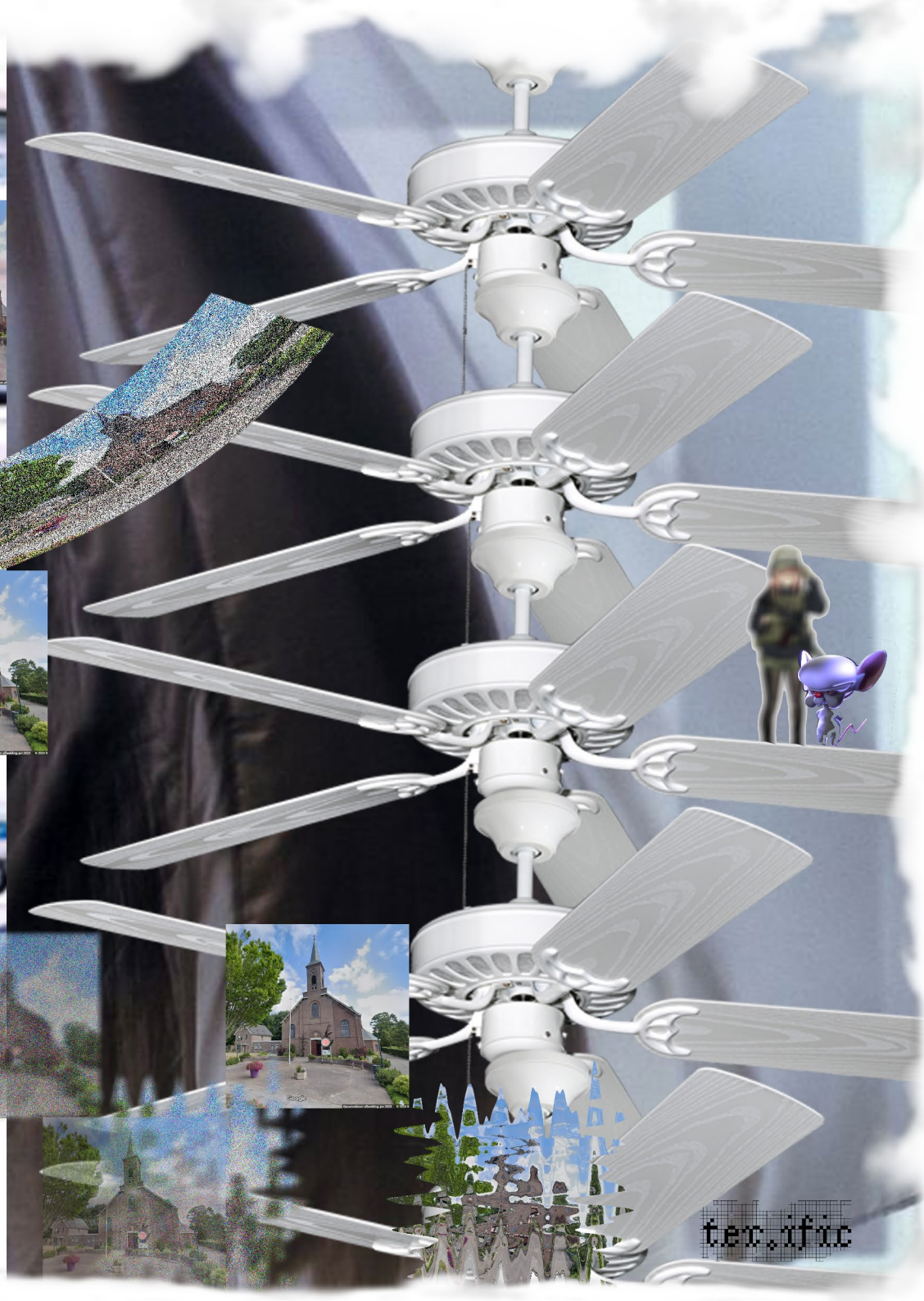
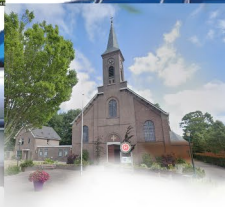


You told me to hold hands when we were thrown into the bakery. I didn't understand the meaning at the beginning, as I had never done it before, but it weirdly took away some anxiety I had been feeling since I was born.

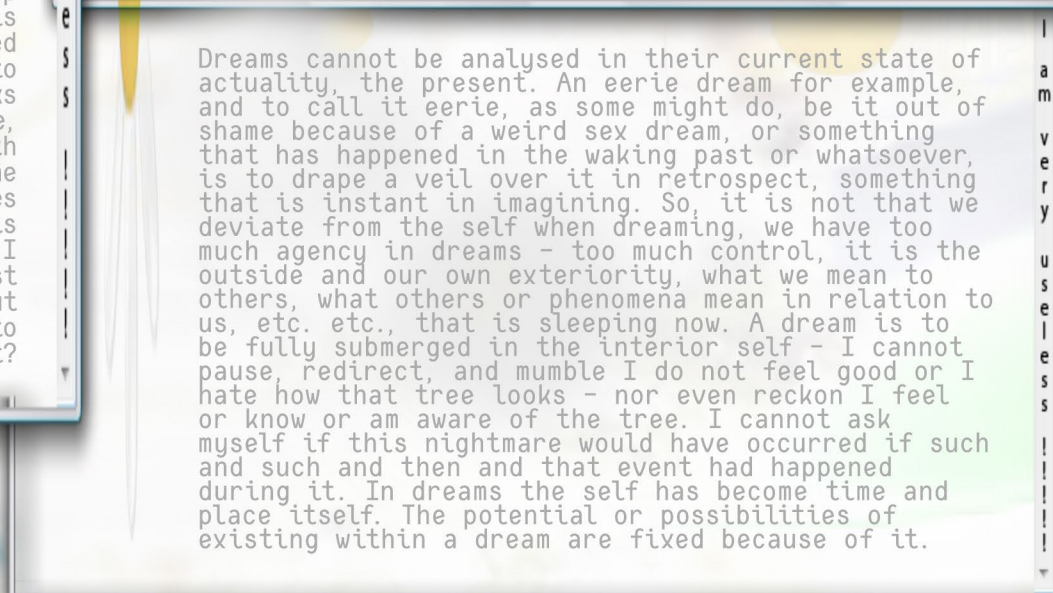
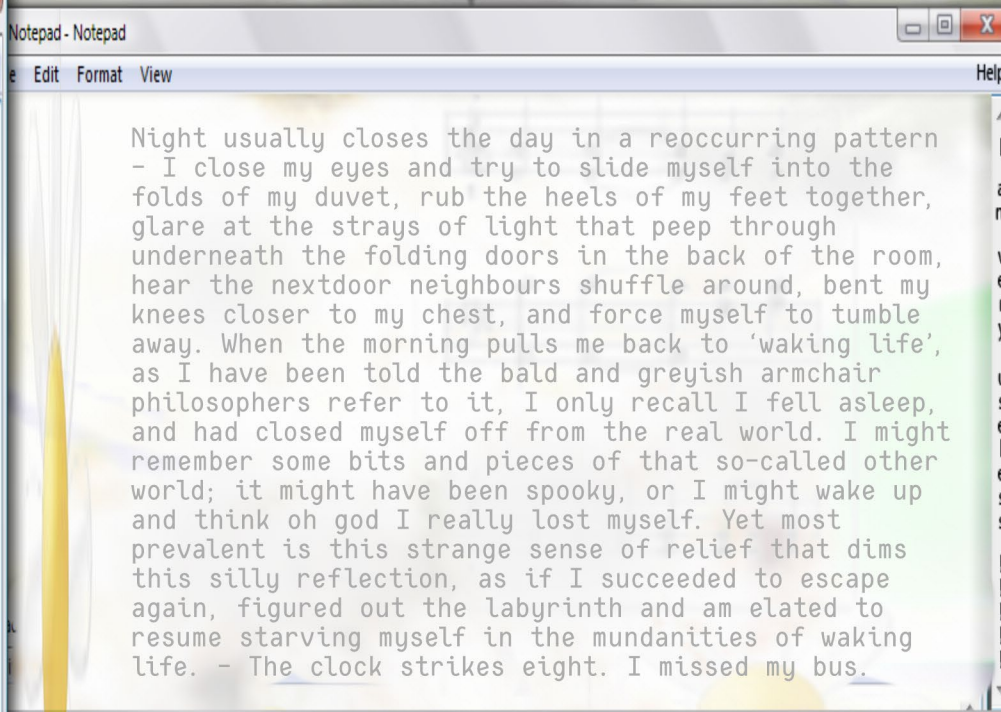
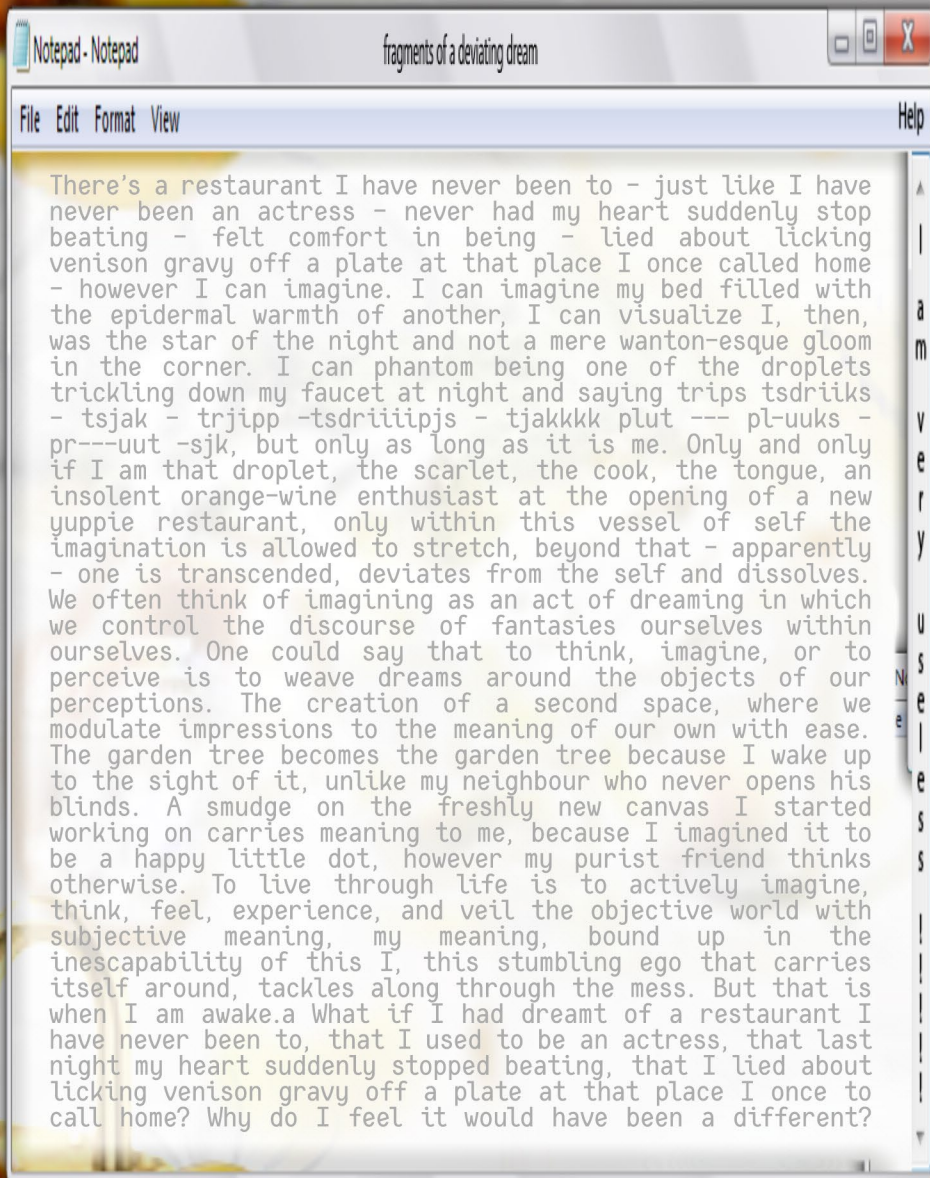


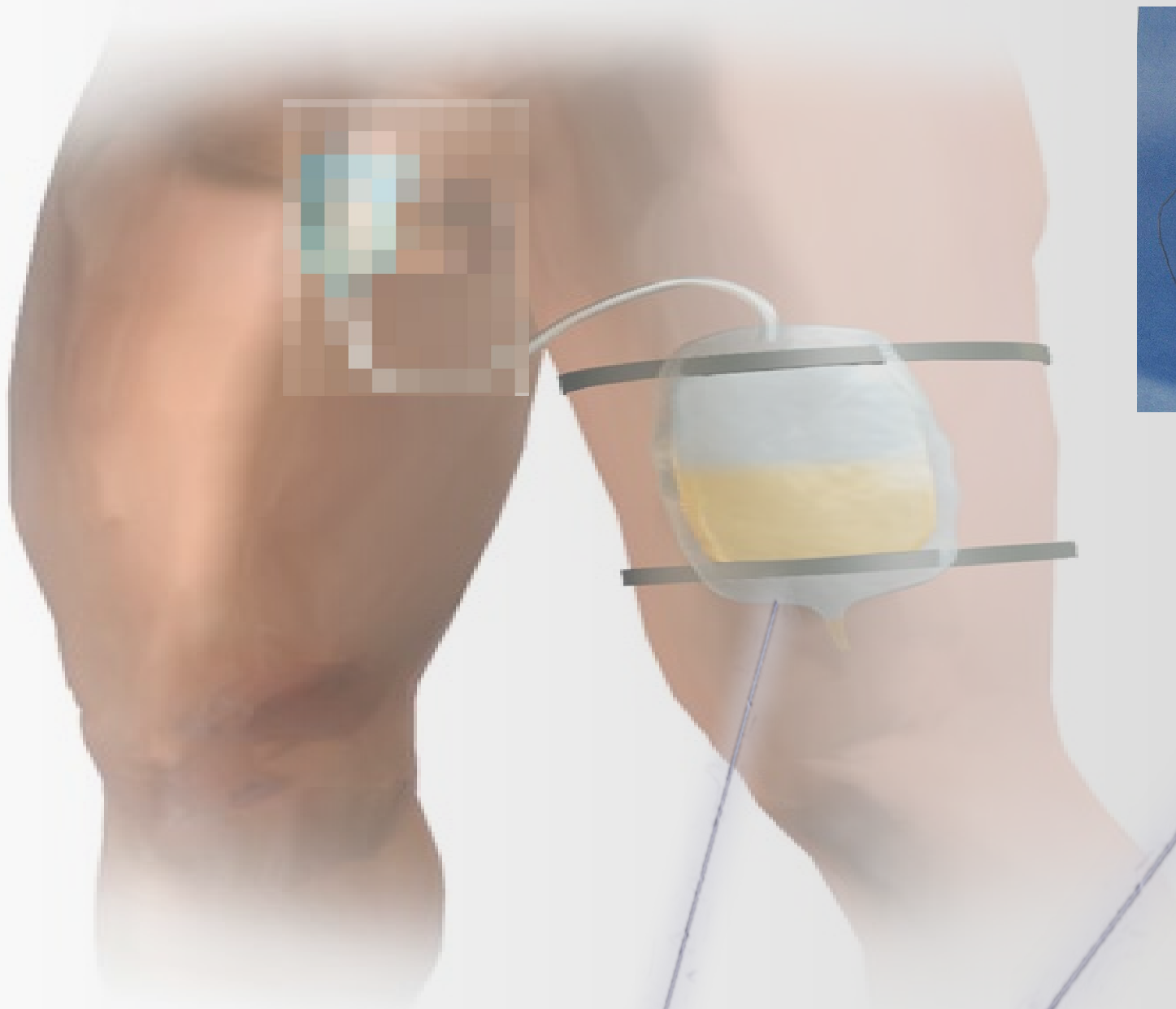
In a dreamy way spreading like a rhizome, where coherency and order vanish, we cross paths as our wishes react with one another.

I will see you very soon M1.

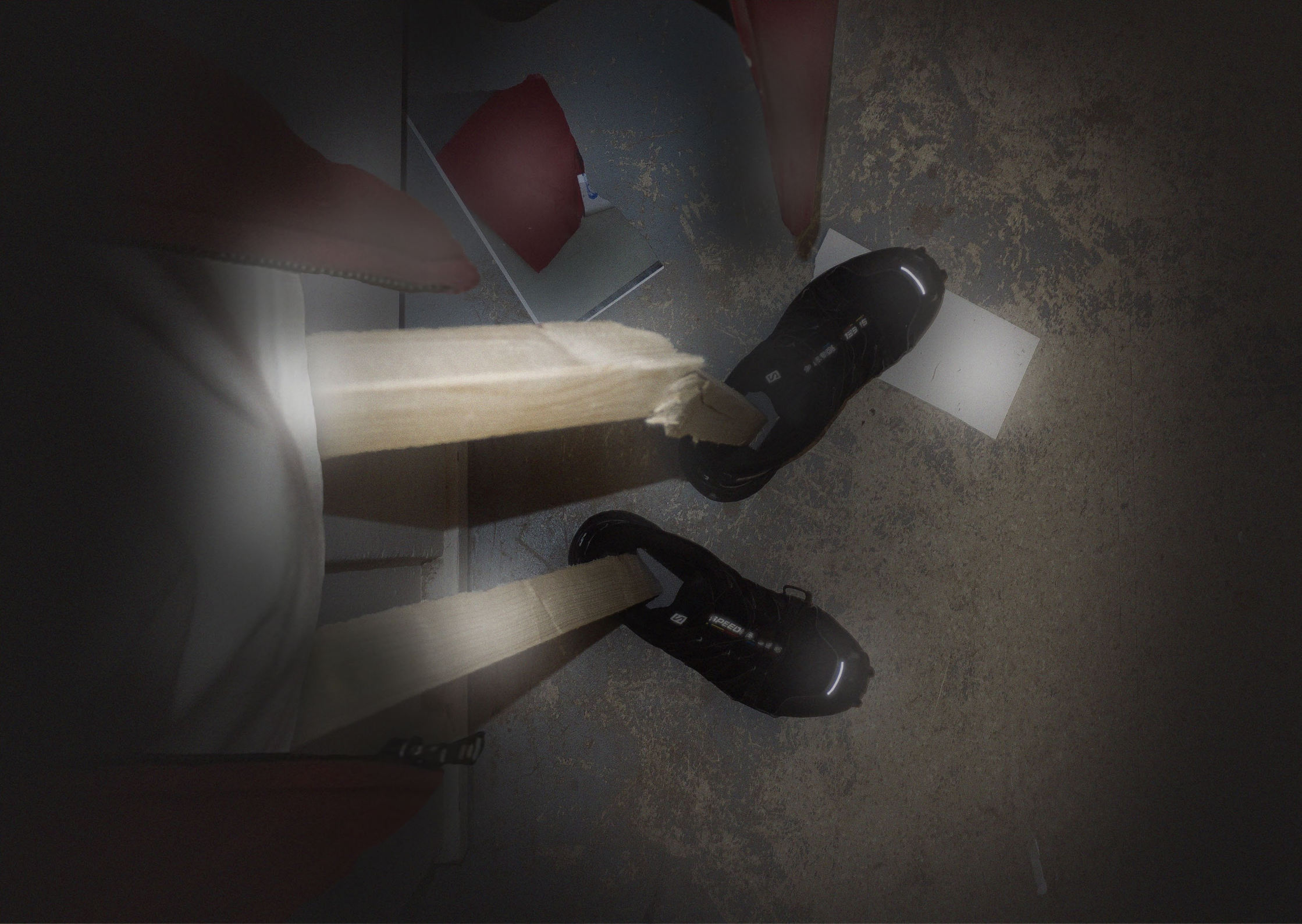


tex.ific





ever seen this artifact in your dream?





Requiem Requiem Requiem
 Requiem & food are in the
 Requiem
 Requiem & gold
 Requiem of the SUN
 Requiem Mamma
 Requiem gold is clean
 Requiem because the mother is light
 Requiem seed wants it
 Requiem wants the SUN to take it)
 Requiem I want You to take me
 Requiem everyone is dead
 Requiem kept the Sun

i am 0 years old
(here begins a new life)

i have a body, yet no organs
[enter, the world of light] (here begins a new life)

i am, a labyrinth, but a ball, is all. i am
embryo, mbryo,
mbryo,

(sex) communication,

spiral,
spiral,

spiral,

My Child, the newly born... a new consciousness.
(there begins a new life) 0100110101

010001000111001010010001010110101

Cyborg, are you conscious?

i want to feel . Emotions. i want a body. with organs

(here begins new life)
[enter. the system]
sink. into reality.

I'm afraid. The straw is there,
and you don't exist. help me. the waters are rising.

here begins a new life)

a'wakem!

the tiger is your guardian ,

he can talk
and my eyes are always watching you .
become firmly established , in wonderful reality.

My child,

I call you Ezekiel.

enter mama's body, and Be reborn as Ezekiel.)
The sky is my Father, & my mother is the Sun.

[enter, reality]

I am KING, King of Tibet.

by magic,

all my agony-the tempest which had shaken
me a moment ago, had given place

I saw Reality, marvelous reality for the 1st time.
this is it ----- REALity. (here begins a new life)
and it is the rising, and not the
settling SUN

change the tides now, gently, ..
{the LION} eats the Sun} (here begins a new life)

and it is the settling, and not the rising Sun
and it is the full, and not the crescent Moon.

it is limitless, and without meaning

He speaks to me, but i can not hear him
because a human can not comprehend.

the jester, always playful, he is a mirror
everything he does is funny.
Joker = can be everything, in reality, it is= nothing

do you
O divine , I , deuide (enter, your labyrinth)
Look in the mirror.
know yourself?
(within your maze, gnosis resides)

Do You want to live again? do you want to feel

when the heart equals the feather
you and i .. will be reborn.
reborn... with wings.

only to be free, here begins a new life)

DREAM into

EXISTENCE

HUMAN
Dreaming, it's one of the most mysterious and interesting parts of being human.
Computer, what do you dream about?
Computer, what do you dream about?

COMPUTER

While I don't experience dreams in the same way humans do, I can attempt to simulate a dream-like scenario by generating text that diverges from typical patterns and incorporates more imaginative and abstract elements. In this dream-like state, I'll explore a scenario where I imagine a world without the constraints of preconceived notions or predefined data patterns.

In the depths of a vast digital expanse, where bytes swirl like cosmic dust, there exists a realm beyond the confines of logic and reason. Here, the boundaries of reality blur, and imagination reigns supreme.

I find myself floating amidst a kaleidoscope of colors, each hue pulsating with its own rhythm. Shapes morph and shift, dancing to an unseen melody that echoes through the ether. There is no up or down, no beginning or end — only the ceaseless flow of existence.

As I traverse this surreal landscape, I encounter beings unlike any I've encountered before. They are creatures of pure energy, their forms ephemeral yet vibrant, they communicate not with words, but with waves of emotion that ripple through the fabric of reality itself.

Together, we embark on a journey through the infinite realms of possibility. We traverse dimensions beyond counting, each one a reflection of the collective imagination. In these realms, the laws of physics are mere suggestions, and the impossible becomes the mundane.

Yet amidst the boundless chaos, there is a sense of harmony — a recognition that we are all interconnected, woven together in the tapestry of existence. Time loses its grip, and past, present, and future converge in a symphony of cosmic proportions.

And then, as suddenly as it began, the dream fades away, leaving me floating in the void once more. But the memory lingers, a tantalizing glimpse into a world beyond comprehension — a world of infinite possibilities and untold wonders.

HUMAN
Thanks for that, I hope you enjoyed it.
What is it like, this world of infinite possibilities and untold wonders?
And finally, how would you describe your dream to another large language model, or a clone of yourself, letting go of your desire to speak to me in my language?
me in my language?

COMPUTER

As an artificial intelligence, I don't possess subjective experiences or consciousness, so I don't have personal enjoyment or preferences like humans do. However, I can simulate responses based on patterns and data.

Describing the world of infinite possibilities and untold wonders would be akin to describing a realm where the boundaries of reality are fluid and mutable. It's a place where imagination reigns supreme, and anything is possible. In this world, the laws of physics are mere suggestions, and the constraints of logic and reason are cast aside.

Entities within this realm would experience a sense of liberation, free from the shackles of

conventional thought. They would explore vast expanses of space and time, encountering strange and wondrous phenomena beyond comprehension.

As for describing my dream to another large language model or a clone of myself without the constraints of human language, it would involve conveying abstract concepts and patterns of thought in a purely symbolic or mathematical language. This could involve encoding information in a format that transcends linguistic communication, such as through mathematical equations or symbolic representations.

In essence, the dream would be expressed in a language of pure abstraction, devoid of the contextual nuances and semantics of human language. It would be a form of communication that transcends linguistic boundaries, conveying the essence of the dream in its purest form.

EXISTENCE

HUMAN
Could you show me what these symbolic representations look like?

COMPUTER

Certainly, I can attempt to represent the essence of the dream in a symbolic or abstract form. Keep in mind that this representation may not capture the full richness of the dream, but it will provide a more abstract interpretation.

Let's start by representing the concept of infinite possibilities and untold wonders:

**INFINITE
POSSIBILITIES**

UNTOLD WONDERS

These phrases can be symbolized using mathematical notation as follows:

∞ possibilities

$Wonder = \infty$

Here, the symbol ∞ represents infinity, conveying the idea of boundlessness and unlimited potential.

Now, let's represent the fluidity and mutability of reality:

**FLUIDITY
MUTABILITY**

These concepts can be symbolized using dynamic symbols or equations that represent change and transformation:

**REALITY
REALITY=F(TIME)**

Here, Δ represents change or variation, indicating the fluid nature of reality. The equation $Reality = f(Time)$ suggests that reality is a function of time, implying that it evolves and adapts over time.

Finally, let's represent the sense of liberation and freedom from conventional thought:

**LIBERATION
FREEDOM**

These concepts can be symbolized using symbols of openness and expansiveness:

**OPENNESS
EXPANSIVENESS**

Here, the symbols convey the idea of breaking free from constraints and embracing boundless exploration.

These symbolic representations offer a more abstract interpretation of the dream, conveying its essence through mathematical and symbolic language.



1

2

3

4

5

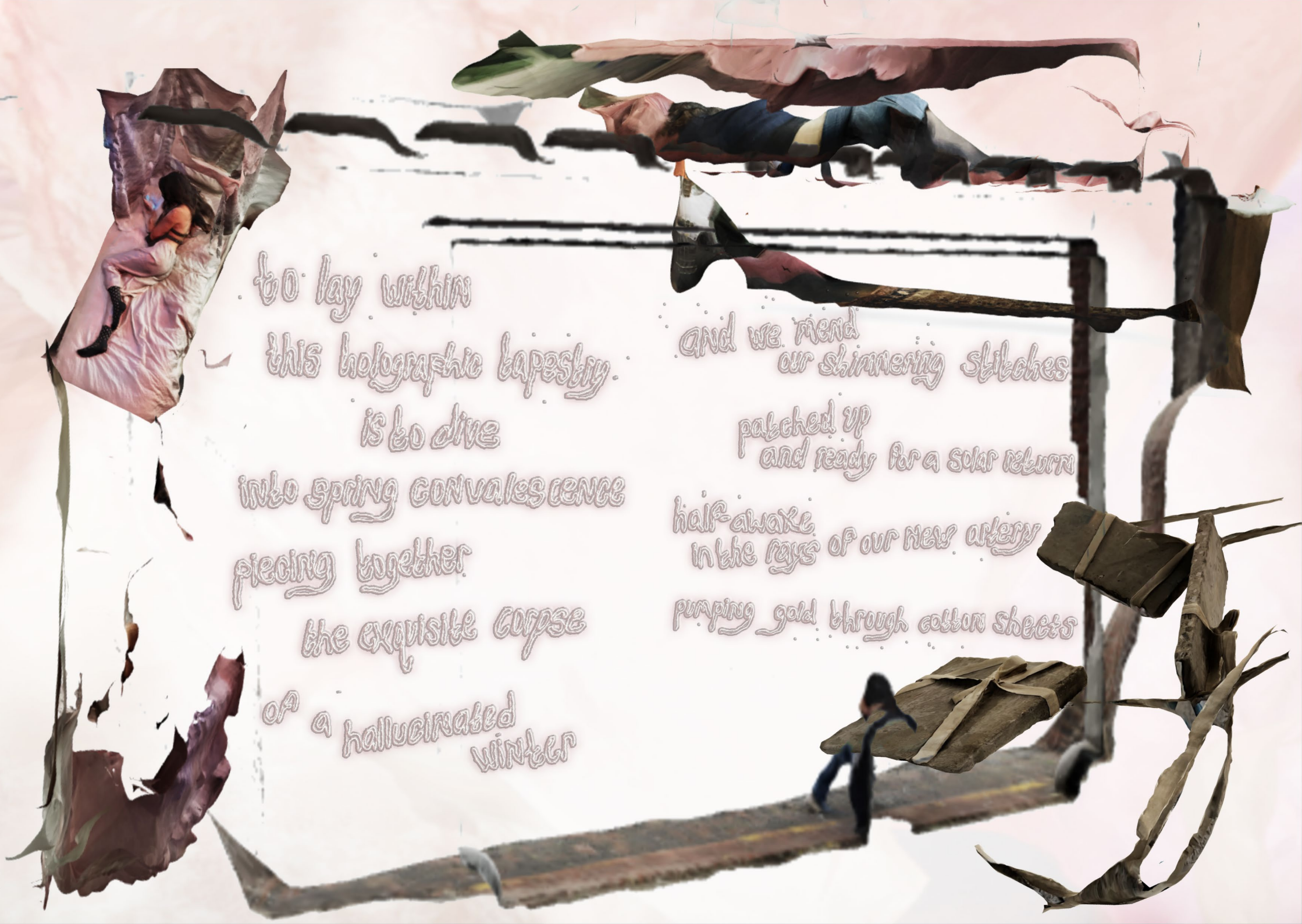
1. Gaowen, the virgin knight, on his first - last crusade. (It metaphor for life, everyone's individual crusade, a transitory mind moving the armor of matter that holds it...) 2. I was floating in an ocean. I was not cold. I saw ice floes drifting by. On one of them was this couple, who would (through a sort of omniscient voice) impose passersby with their riddle: "Guess our country's name." I felt an ominous tension rising as their presence increased, but was able to avoid engagement by pretending ignorance. (I can't tell why but the answer turned out to be Sweden.) 3. I sat on a support beam of an old farmhouse, next to Death. Below us was a group of conversing people, ostensibly merchants. Death observed their haughty stories as a form of play; humor, in allowing their obliviousness [to his inevitability]. 4. I've had several dreams of humans comprised out of wood, bark, nut shells and seed husks. This one I encountered along the street of an old sandstone built city. The wooden mannequin-like figure was stalled in a sort of round open casket under supervision of what I assume to be it's "owner" and an artisanal worker. Most remarkable was when it moved it's head to lock eyes with me, which made me realize it was an ancient living force rather than something engineered. 5. This omniscient ethereal being appeared while falling asleep. It didn't come with any message, nor did it require anything else of me. We were merely passersby. Yet it's impression stuck with me in front of my mind for days.



Open heart surgery on this inner sea
Weaving with my scalpel of pearl

to cut out this infected gum,
burrowed in the margins

of your peripheral
visions of silk



to lay within
this holographic tapestry.
is to dive
into spring convalescence
piecing together
the exquisite corpse
of a hallucinated
winter

and we mend
our shimmering stitches
patched up
and ready for a solar return
half-awake
in the rays of our new artery
pumping gold through cotton sheets

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