

The Pocket

There is one dream that has often returned. It is closely connected to being asleep, as an indication of the sleep that has passed through me.

Since I remember having this dream when I was younger, I must have slept back then. Apart from this I don't recall sleeping as such.

The dream has no story. It doesn't progress in the normal sense of the word - I can only describe it as purely texture. There is nothing apart from this sensual texture, which seizes everything within my range of vision with its (to my comprehension) darkened structures.

The dream is definitely the same every time, but I experience it differently: my view of the texture is different, and if it seems darker one night, more detailed or spacious, or otherwise different than in previous periods of sleep, it is my position in relation to the texture and not the texture itself, that has changed.

Because, I can move in the dream, in spite of a feeling of having left my body on the sheets. My body is left on the sheets – I know this without knowing that I am dreaming – because I have no body, yet still I can exist and position my self in relation to the texture, whose appearance changes accordingly.

From time to time the dream is one-dimensional, as a point that surrounds me in a fog without distinct boundaries between me and the point. This is related to a powerful sensation of being absorbed, eaten, included in a body, which is larger than the point: the point as one single cell – I as nutrition particle.

I thus find myself in the central structures of the texture, where I attempt a further exploration: I want to touch the structures, but I can't activate my hands. I want to see more clearly, but I can't control my focus. I want to open my eyes, but I am seeing through my eyelids.

At other times the texture is layered and flat as textile, woven as text. In these cases I am floating closely above the tissue of the texture, constantly without a body.

I feel sedated. In the dream my brain is working slower than usual. I process in slow motion, and I only want it to go faster, but it feels like I am overloading – the texture is too intense – and meanwhile I keep floating about, staid and bodiless.

The dream is purely dream, purely dream material. I think it's among the most filtered things I have ever dreamt, and when I recall the texture to my inner eye, it is perforated like a sieve.

The dream contains no story, speech, people, beings, history, events, memory, fear or for that matter ecstasy. The closest I come to any of these phenomena in the dream is the mild irritation I experience when I am close to leaving the dream and have not yet figured out what it is.

It's purely dream. It has a colour I do not know the name of, often obscure with unsteady inflows of light, whose sources can not be traced (in the post-rationalization one easily gets the idea that it's the texture itself that radiates this obscure midrange light).

The sun doesn't exist. I am hidden in a dislocated pocket, and the ordinary light cannot enter here – I wonder how I entered here.

I'm tempted to call the colour of the light brown, since it seems to be the closest one gets to a

compromise between light and dark (some might suggest grey, but I think grey is far too passive a colour to describe this opaque mixture of light, which to the best of my knowledge and interpretation contains various colour states simultaneously). Thus the colour can't be described better than this: it might be related to brown, but it doesn't have the same meanings and understandable surfaces as things that are brown in the waking life (wood, female black birds, chocolate, soil). This does not mean that I can't recall the appearance of the colour, I just can't compare it to anything from the world.

It's the same with the texture itself. In the dream I see it from many different perspectives, but I know it's always the same. It still troubles me to comprehend my position in relation to the texture. Since I'm bodiless, I ought accordingly to be sense- and scaleless, still it often seems like I am moving directly into the nucleus of the texture and through it – in some cases the texture moves through me (this often happens when the dream is about to end, or when I'm on my way towards another dream), and I also remember a powerful feeling of being pushed into the texture with my face first – but in spite of this feeling of having a face, I cannot feel the texture against my skin. My absent face is sedated.

On one hand I get the feeling that the texture is a flat two-dimensional picture which I am watching at very close hand, and on the other I get the feeling that it's spacious, that it contains me, transports me around inside it. Then I understand it as a tangled system of high ways, braided in layers across each other. But it doesn't seem metallic, at no time does it appear hard, cold or mechanical, though also never soft – and yet again I'm challenged to the limits of my comprehension. We are dealing with a texture which evades every attempt to measure or understand it. It manages to place itself in a kind of super position, in which it takes several different states simultaneously: both hard and soft, both light and dark, both high way and cellular fog. And it doesn't seem to be effected the least by being watched or by my attempts at understanding it. It floats stately in itself.

Even though events, history, and maybe even time, do not exist here in the pocket, I sometimes experience a sensation of shifts between states in the texture (sometimes it's like a soft, hairy being, other times stiff, layered braiding). This might lead one to the conclusion that the texture constantly changes, but this still contravenes my experience of it as permanent. It must be my sensory apparatus that is testing new data-compositing-possibilities.

I still don't know how I entered here; I am nowhere geographically. I am not on the earth, in a faraway galaxy, nor inside my self – but in a remote variety of a room. My perspective is sprained. I sense inconsequently and incoherently, incapable of discovering with precision. The thought occurs to me that my senses might simply be unusable here inside the pocket – that if I want to reach an understanding of this texture I need to find a completely new approach.

It's as if I'm seeing the world through the texture, when I'm on my way towards a new dream. It's like a filter covering the new image, which seems almost too real and too sensible compared to the texture, and I feel like I have arrived at some kind of reality again: a frozen, floating view of Halrisvej and Søvej a few meters away from the place where Bolskovvej leaves the two when they join together. An image without activity or movement (like a photo with a certain magnetism) except that I, still bodiless in the pocket, float and see a world that looks like this. And I am looking out of the pocket.