On On Dreams

Maureen Thorson

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"If a woman chances during her menstrual period to look into a highly polished mirror, the surface of it will grow cloudy with a blood-coloured haze."

-Aristotle, On Dreams

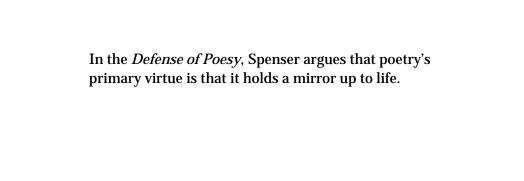


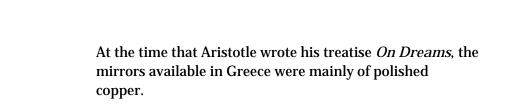
In dreams, cause and effect are tangled. Narrative is effaced. A mirror turns red because a woman looks at it.

Mostly because they show us our fears.

"A candy	r-colored clown they call the Sandman
	tiptoes to my room every night."

How much of life is spent recounting the facts?	
How much of life is spent recounting what we <i>think</i> are th facts?	e





This might account for Aristotle's idea that a mirror could

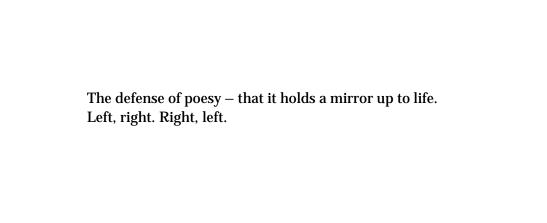
red object will, as Aristotle himself notes elsewhere, create a green afterimage "in" my eye, so the mirror, by "looking"

at a menstruating woman, takes on a red tinge.

turn red. But it is more likely that Aristotle thought of a mirror as a sort of eye, a sense organ. Just as looking at a

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man women. v	vitilout botilerii	ig to look in any mouths

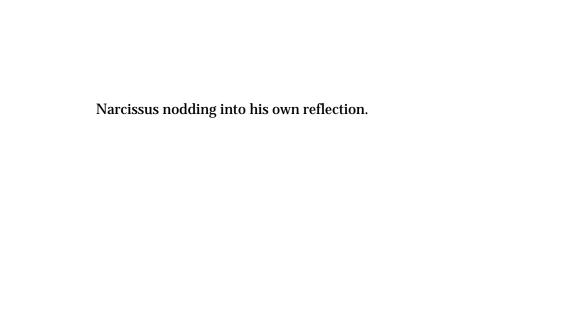
In a mirror, e You see yours	v	-	•	giit, ieit.
Tou see yours	cii, but not a	is others see	you.	





my blind spots, my misconceptions.

The statements I've made – how can anyone know they are true? Not that I mean to lie but, like Aristotle, I may have



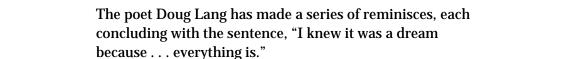
For example, it has been my dream to seem authoritative,

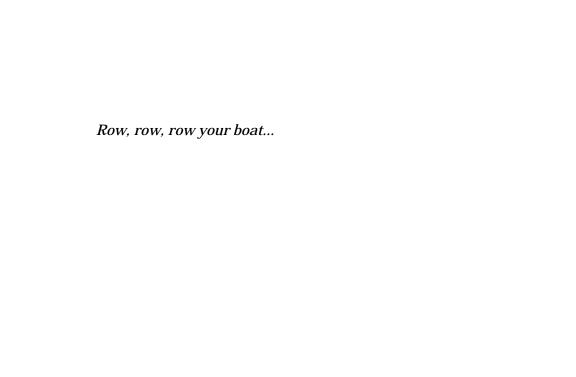
like Aristotle, if nothing else.

After all, who wouldn't want to appear objective? Wouldn't

at least pretend to it?

Answer: myself.	persons with	a better ro	elationship	to reality t	han
mysem.					





My relationship to truth may be dreamlike at best. I must admit to subtle differences in the same memory,		
I must admit to subtle differences in the same memory,	My relationship	to truth may be dreamlike at best.
	I must admit to s	subtle differences in the same memory,

In an essay on movies in which women or, more often, young girls, become possessed, Danielle Pafunda quotes the ancient Greek physician Aretaeus of Cappadocia: "In women, in the hollow of the body below the ribcage, lies the womb. It is very much like an independent animal within the body, for it moves around of its own accord and

is quite erratic."

And if I s	nid, there is some	truth to th	at?
ould a	nirror flush at th	e sight of m	ne?

Dickin	son's admonition that we	e "tell all the truth,	but tell it

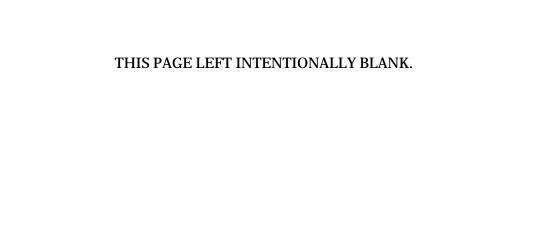
slant" presupposes that we know what it is. But if we only

intuit it, "as in a glass, darkly"?

"Humankind cannot bear very much reality," writes T.S.

Eliot.

Hence poesy?



Left, right.	Right, left.

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This is ___ of 50.



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