

Zine Verschenken

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Editorial

Dreaming is the unrestricted access of thoughts. Whether day or night, our minds are constantly fluttering. As humans, we often forget we are primal creatures (yes, dogs can dream too). A lot of human civilisation today is still relatively new. Ways of being, thinking and acting are always changing as we evolve, adapt and grow. Who is to say what is right or wrong? We have only learned from the people before us – our family, friends, colleagues and strangers from our collective encounters of life. Dreaming is that moment to decompress this noise, and there are different ways of dreaming.

While daydreaming is often frowned upon in adult life, it's a moment to think about who you are and what you want to be – or simply escape. Of course too much of anything can be problematic, but daydreaming can be an opportunity to ask yourself open questions and really get to know yourself and be present. What boundaries can you build or break for yourself in order to grow as a person? Where can you imagine your life journey taking you? Is there a possibility that those dreams are possible?

Night dreaming is a moment to tuck into bed and escape into the realms of unconsciousness. Whether you believe in dream interpretations or not, these dreams are a vital source of processing thoughts, events and actions because usually, we are not always able to control them. We are not able to control who appears in them, or what happens. Some dreams are not peaceful at all, and some can be completely fantastical and border on the absurd. Keeping a dream diary can help you reflect on what it is about your waking life that exposes you to a series of thoughts, images and sensations.

This issue is an invitation to dream boldly, to embrace the fantastical, and to find meaning in the ephemeral. We hope it encourages you to reflect on your own dreams, to share them, and to see the beauty in the strange and the unknown.

We are the stuff of dreams...

When I'm feeling dreamy I like looking out of the window - of a train, onto the falling rain, dancing snowflakes, passing landscapes...seemingly doing nothing, but actually working things out. No doubt I should be working, studying, ticking things off my 'to do' list...

To dream is almost by definition wasting time. Almost but not quite. The paradox is, I'm not really looking to see what's going on outside, but churning things over in my mind. It's easy to imagine we know exactly what's happening in the back of our minds. In fact, we rarely do, entirely. A huge amount of what makes us who we are remains permanently out of reach, unexplored. Its potential remains largely unused. Fact is, it's shy and rarely comes out as a result of direct questioning.

Daydreams aren't just a form of escapism, avoidance, illusion, pie in the sky. If we do it right, daydreaming offers us the opportunity to listen out for the quieter suggestions and perspectives of our deeper selves. According to Plato, our thoughts and opinions are little birds fluttering around in the aviary of our brains. Relentlessly bashing their beaks against the glass, brushing their wings against the sides of their cage. They are unlikely to settle unless they're given purpose-free calm. A space where they don't have to produce anything, be it a pretty song or a feathery dance.

As we dream, we picture the world going on around us - we don't have to do anything: respond, interfere or comment. In the absence of any real intention, we can let the more tentative parts of ourselves come into play, such as improbable plans for the future, weird and wonderful conversations, chance meetings, elaborate projects, wishful thinkings, secret loves, delicious fantasies. After all, how many people have had their Eureka moments in the bath, under the shower, on the bus, on a swing?

Unsurprisingly, the potential for dreaming isn't recognised by societies obsessed by productivity. Yet some of our greatest insights come when we stop being purposeful, allow our minds to wander, recognise and respect the creative potential of reverie - for its own sake. Solutions and options suggest themselves when we least expect them to. As if by magic.

Daydreaming is a strategic rebellion against the immediate, excessive demands of pressure in favour of creative musings and random searchings for the wisdom of our unexplored selves.





Two dreams from my childhood in Hildesheim:

Gartenweg

One night I dreamt I was running down Gartenweg, behind the crooked houses, over the hump of the pigeon bridge, lost in the green maze of grassy footpaths. I could hear my own footfall on the turf and the whispering leaves of cherry trees in my ears as I passed the silhouettes of swings, lop-sided bean poles and trellises, painted bird tables and a bike leaning lazily against a hedge. A wooden sparrow perching on the spring of a neighbouring garden gate, nodded cheekily at me as I went by. Dusky sunflowers peeped nosily over the fences: tall sentinels keeping watch over the rabbit hutches, hen houses and garden gnomes as they stood out in the darkness. Somewhere, a water fountain splashed and a goldfish flipped its silvery tail in an ornamental pond. Here and there, little flowers bunched together, breathing in the midnight air...

“Die Blümelein sie schlafen schon längst im Mondenschein, Sie nicken mit den Köpfen auf ihren Stengelein...” went the lullaby around and around in my head. For sure, Sandmännchen had already passed by with his sack of dreams, strewing his magic dust here and there, laying everything to rest in this little oasis of back gardens with its quiet, overgrown atmosphere...

Later, as my head stirred on the pillow, I fancied I could hear the rustling of the melody tree outside... “Es rüttelt sich der Blütenbaum, es säuselt wie im Traum,” it chimed: “Schlafe, schlafe, schlaf du, meine Kindelein!”

Dream balloon

One night, It seemed as if the harvest moon had come down to play in Nordstadt. It was after supper and just before bedtime. Children were still playing in their backyards all around when the sky turned rosy and the world stood still. Looking up, to my amazement, I saw a balloon was hovering just above the ground, tied to the garden gate and glowing as orange as a pumpkin. And there, waving to me above the rim of his basket was Sandmännchen himself!

“Climb up,” he said to me in his sing-song voice, and so I did. With a huff and a puff, up and away we went, leaving the allotments and backyards far behind.

“Welcome to my dream balloon little one, and now, let the magical mystery tour begin!” he cried, blowing a puff of fairy dust off his fingers. As we rose above the treetops, I gasped with delight: the town of Hildesheim lay as pretty as a picture before my eyes, the silvery ribbon of the river Innerste rippling around its uneven edges. “Higher, higher!” he commanded, pointing to the stars, and suddenly we were circling the tall, majestic spire of the Mariendom. Then, “Hold on tight!” he warned as the balloon tipped to one side and we leant over the edge of the basket

to smell the roses that climbed up its walls and which hadn’t stopped blossoming for over a thousand years.

Gently, we drifted down to the timbered houses with their great pointed roofs and quaint gables jutting out over tiny cobbled streets that unravelled this way and that towards the old market place.

We flew past latticed windows thrown open to the summer night, the odd pillow and featherbed still hanging over a sill to air. We waved to the fabulous birds and beasts carved on the outside of buildings, that God had let out of Noah’s Ark at the beginning of time. Now and then we stopped to trace wise words written in gold on the walls of the town hall and guild houses, the bedtime stories of townspeople who lived here long, long ago.

Soon it was time to put the town to sleep... leaving a trail of stars behind him, Sandmännchen blew his dream dust through keyholes, heart-shaped shutters and attic skylights, down chimney pots and cellar grates. He sprinkled his magic over the bakers dozing by their ovens, the lamp-lighters lighting their lamps, the bell-ringers pulling their bell ropes in the belfries. He sang lullabies into the ears of tiny children, to the horses in their stables, the dogs in their kennels and the doves in their dovecots, until his sack of dreams was quite empty.

“Quick! Turn around!” cried Sandmännchen jumping back into the basket, as we sailed over the

Kehrwieder Turm, its magic bell tolling over the slumbering rooftops: ding-dong ding-dong, ding-

dong ding-dong, over and over again, in a spell that had never been broken.

I rubbed my eyes and yawned as we drifted away from the market square.

“Come on sleepyhead, I think we’ll take you home now,” said Sandmännchen kindly, brushing my

drooping eyelids with his sticky fingers. “That’s quite enough dreams for one night. Home!” he whispered to the orange balloon and soon we floated down, down, down to land with a bump in Oma and Opa’s backyard. Luckily, ‘Nanny’ Elke was fast asleep in the kennel, head on her paws, as I hopped out, waved good-bye and ran across the grass.

“Goodnight my child and sleep well,” sang Sandmännchen in his lullaby voice as I opened the kitchen door and crept in, just in time for bed.

Deepspace

The constant need to stay present keeps me grounded and I avoid slipping into that unknown space. Planned thoughts and activities fill my day. Work and social events. An audio book on an afternoon walk. Cooking while watching a Netflix series. A podcast while sitting on the train. Checking my phone and the endless short videos I can lose myself in.

Is this it? Am I fulfilled? A wave of uncertainty shakes me from my comfort. Unsure of who I am, I turn deeper into filling my mind with streams of media. Bored and restless, I switch. Netflix, podcast, social media. The days pass on mindlessly as my skin begins to crawl.

Sleep evades me. I feel a hot sharp buzz behind my eyes. I desperately want to rest and for a few hours I do, but the sense of urgency rises quickly in the early hours. What have I missed, check the phone, something may have happened since I last looked. Nothing? Ok, but might as well watch a few more videos, I am here now.

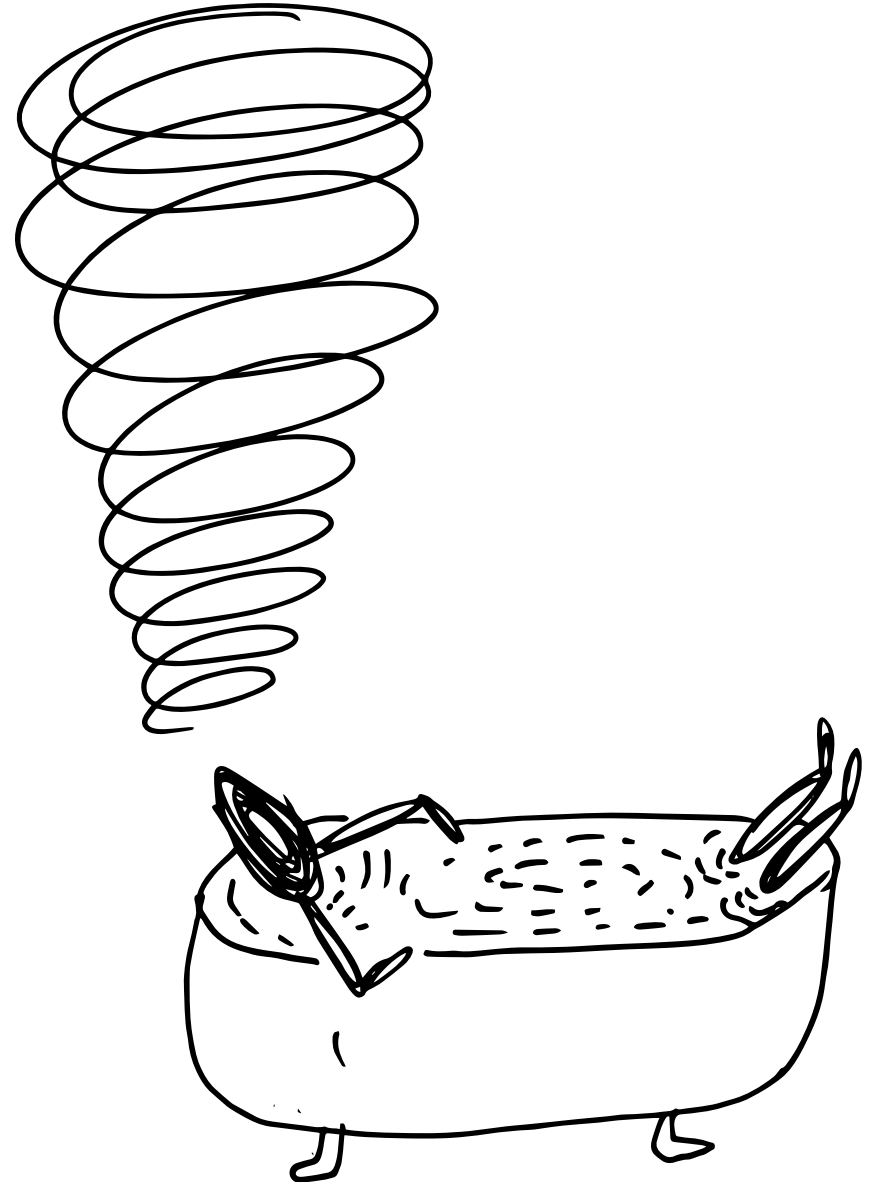
As the days become weeks, months, I cannot stand who I have become. Once full of ideas, I have become a prisoner to what I have been told to enjoy. Take my daily dose of dopamine and come back for more. For the addict, it is never enough.

The unmistakable feeling of loneliness weighs onto my shoulders. And I think I have the answers. Engage in social media, write comments, answer questions, bare my soul (anonymously of course). Read anxiously as my comment is pulled apart and judged by other (anonymous) readers. Decide to delete all the apps.

In fact, delete all parts of life that are technology based. Cancel the accounts. All of them. Walk without purpose. Stare out the window. Sit on the train with headphones on, but no sound is playing. At first, there is the reminders of the habits. Check to see -no, stop. There is nothing to check, nothing of relevance anyway. Then there is the silence, my brain unsure of its first moments of freedom.

Then they come. The thoughts. Of visualisations, fantasies, escapism and rumination. Memories and solutions to problems from a week ago. A deeper understanding of a feeling or a realisation that I was wrong about a moment from earlier that day. Deep truths, self confessions and dark fantasies. They are all coming back to life. My subconscious that I had suppressed by what I thought was important in my life.

I cannot see what will make me happy in the future, but what I can see now is that I need time to daydream. If I am blocking out my natural thought process, how will I know how I feel? As I continue down my path towards the end of my life, I have learned to question everything that is given to me. For my own perception of the world is the most valuable learning and without deep spaces of nothing, I do not stand a chance at accessing it.



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Have any questions?

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