

# On Carving Dreams

“We go through situations to be who we are.”

– Mx Watson

It's sunny and a bit too warm to be the last day of September, and I'm traveling from Berlin to Lukewalde. My destination is the old train station Jänickendorf Bahnhof, now a gallery space. From the owner, Gesine Goldammer, I hear that this space began as a dream. A train station and a gallery as a dream allegory are direct: a dream objectification event where we shift the objects of our waking reality into something else in our night dreaming. The bus we travel to work might transform into a bird and the train station into a gallery. For the dreamer, the dreamt object has not changed its truth, just its appearance.

As a metaphor, or a dream, the linked train station and gallery space is a beautiful and simple fit. Both are a space of suspension: an in-between space where we are sandwiched by the different dimensions of driving: a place to travel and move towards from and a place of stop. 'To drive' etymologically is to urge; compel; move; impel in some direction or manner; lead; push; an aim. Dreaming is one gateway, or a platform, in which we can learn through reflecting and reprocessing our past experiences and speculate future aspirations. It's obvious yet a good reminder of how consciousness is cultivated in Art practices and their presentations. In galleries and performances alike, we stop to be driven by another, a thing, by an art object. Yet, to stop is comparable to becoming a driver. The driver of the forces that move us: a rider of a flow. Paradoxical, yes, but it is an act of liberation.

One of the exhibited artists, Mx Watson, works directly with what dreams are and with what it is to work with them. As an artist, they work with wood as a material for its “darkness, strength, and depth” and carving method to “break their images.” They arrived at wood carving upon immigrating to Scotland and with them, they had brought Argentinian leaves in a box. Migration, as a question of what time, space, and humankind are, catalyzed to begin their carvings. Wood as a material aids them to get out of the idea of space and time and to get “out there to nature.” For them, wood carving as an art practice is not a projection of the world but a direct connection to be part of “a primordial lineage of timelessness: to have a feeling of who we were or still are.” In response to Watson's work and dreams, my text can be read as an embodiment exercise: How what we see moves us. How by stopping, we allow what we see to change in form: thoughts, feelings, and sensations. Opening to a differently registered information of something we already know.

The following short texts can be read both vertically and horizontally.



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“Gas” is gold to me, an alchemical stone, and a cloud. When I step

closer, the black paint looks moist. There is something violent about

it. Forms that don’t settle, as if the image has moved by blinking.



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In "Marmalade Skies,"  
a cyclist is biking  
towards me in a city  
where a restaurant is  
half swallowed by

water, sinking. Next to  
it is a floating boat  
behind a bridge that  
cuts the image  
horizontally across. It

makes me step away  
from it with all that is  
happening. I need to  
gain distance.



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“Dreamtime” is the bark and the skin that is burned. There is a sense of urgency. My eyes wander vertically

up and down. It gives an impression of an axis. The tree's trunk, spine, our spine. My back is opening like

someone is caressing it. Someone imagery feels how my skin crawls.



“Sin titulo” greyness,  
water, and a pair of  
abandoned shoes

without the laces to  
bind them. It erases all  
the words from my

head. I feel I've  
forgotten something I  
just remembered.



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## After thought

Prior to the publication of this text, I sent it to the artist. As a dance author, I'm curious to hear about their perception in reading their work through a Live Art lens. "It's about movement," Watson responds. They now understand the connection they have always felt between dance - and visual arts. The connection is awkward to explain as it lies in the felt experience. Like dreams that are images of the body felt, understood, and perceived in the non-verbal part of the brain. Nonetheless, we are sub-affecting and sub-molding our conscious selves and making connections in mysterious ways. Wood carvings and performances' visual presentations manifest entirely differently, yet if we return to the dream objectification event, a tree is a dance, and a carved wood a performance. Very alive.