

Dreamtime

Experimental

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I make not, but foresee.

Shakespeare, *Antony and Cleopatra*

The blood wrote and it refused to be objective. Blood was fascinated with redness. Blood in the eye did most of the speaking. Blood in body responded to the eye. Blood in brain produced ideas. Blood in hands performed. Fear and boredom infiltrated the blood cells. Blood responded by producing antibodies. Fear became passion to reproduce and boredom the impetus to write. Ideas reproduced themselves and words reproduced ideas.

What is a bloodless performance but the cynicism of the bourgeoisie that arrests the movement of spaces in ritualizing the most natural of acts? Rituals are for the remorseless. Remorse is an ethical feeling. How to perform without ritual is the objective of drama. Drama that observes ritual is amoral in character because it plays with the fatuous distinction between life and art.

An actor is one thing that anyone can be. In the closing and opening of the eye the actor dreams her reality. In fluttering eyelids of the blind, actors pose the most vociferous of questions pouring out of empty sockets. In the dark the actor is best defined. In death the actor comes to the life of music. Murder is the weapon of anarchist and betrayer. The actor is the lover of void. Saint nothing. Blood flows through veins of nothingness. The actor is the blood of the stage. The stage is a bloodless metaphor without the actor. Actor and stage are nothing without

blood.

The lover spills her blood to translate the action of body into mind. Mind is another word for memory that feeds on unreality. The breast! The blood of the breast is the most real of all blood. In the breast is nothing that preys upon memories. The breast of nothing. The will to suffer in the breast of the lover. The anger of youth and the painful generosity. Memory is sixteen when the mind is sixteen. The jealousy of the lover who is bound to an image. The unforgiving lover. Occupied lands and people with no homes.

Sleep has mercy on oppressors as well as oppressed. The lover is bound as sleep to bodies of the oppressed. The greater love toward those who suffer overwhelms the lover's breast. The lover's body is given to memory that belongs to the future. The capacity to suffer is the youth in the lover. The lover's youth is a dream. One night she escapes into the neighbor's garden. She dances to magic of the night. She dances to the impression that the morning will not arrive. Nothing is sweeter than the lover's jealousy. Dedicated to spirit the tremors of body bring sadness. Tender as stalks of blooming flowers are the lover's thoughts.

The performer's body provokes analysis. The ugliness of the lover is the beauty of the performer. They coexist as opposites. The performer relies on disfiguration as style. In disfiguring familiar expectations the lover is born. The drama is the capacity to disfigure the real. The feudal society that is in the process of breaking up with the fragments

dissolving and resurging into another order is ideal for the drama of disfiguration.

Wherever eyes meet a stage is born. Stories are constructed and reconstructed. Fiction is denounced as the poem and poetry is paraded naked on streets of midnight to appease false gods. The lover chooses her ugliness. The performer is born beautiful in the lover's ugliness. Mutually reinforced oppressions constitute the order. Like power and beauty, evil is a composition of elements. The restlessness of childhood breaks the elements of composition.

The ideal teacher is the oppressor. The ideal learner is the performer that mimics the gestures of the oppressor. The colonized parody the language of the colonizer. The writers of parodies are neither lovers nor performers. They are hermaphrodites of a fiction that they constructed. They write about love and performance and imagine connections where there are none.

The perfection of parody is achieved in ritual obedience to grammar and convention. Social and class positions are vital for love and performance. Parodies precisely need nothing. Street plays play on the principle of parody. The landlord and corporate bosses are defrocked from the vantage point of possessing nothing. How do closed eyes know that they are not dead? Eyes that cannot possess are dead for all purposes. Dreams parody open eyes.

The language of parody is a transitional state as the dream is between waking and sleeping. To recognize parody as an instru-

ment of power is the first step to decolonization. The postcolonial writer is a dreamer that writes about dreams as if they were real. To assume to write in the same breath as the colonizer is to entirely miss the point. The parody remains. It is essentially there for the colonizer if not for the colonized.

The postcolonial writer that uses English without sensing any ambivalence in the usage is a mad clown. Clown he is because he is funny without choosing to be so. Mad he is because he thinks he is sane. The postcolonial writer deals with a legacy of pre-established conventions. No writer is independent in that sense. If readers are pigs then writers are butchers leading pigs to slaughterhouses. The colonial situation is where pigs lead butchers.

Decolonization is in understanding the languages of the oppressor as histories of oppression. To learn without falling into the trap of believing the past is passé. Nothing is passé. The present accounts for the past. Struggles are revealed as struggles. The same language is used with a difference.

Innocence is an impossible term and neither oppressor nor the oppressed is cursed with the devil of innocence. The liberator of streets might be an oppressor at home. Moral questions elude politics in private spaces. Political questions are moral ones. Period. Decolonization is moral and in effect a political process. The morality of decolonization is to reconcile extreme forms of individualism such as the need for privacy and the right to choose one's loves and hates with the need for social consensus in economic spheres. The artist is the individual par excellence. The politician is a communist without exception. Morality reconciles the irreconcilable, the communist becomes

the artist and art embraces the politics of communes where individual variations are not treated with displeasure.

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Memory presses the performer to act. Love derives its inventiveness in the power to occupy fantasies. That's what makes love an inspiring emotion in the masturbatory mode of writing. Ethics takes writing outside the mode to questions of spirit. Ethical writing is problematic as it disturbs patterns of conformity. It rejects the purely psychological analyses as deterministic and brings the role of will into play in making choices. The kinds that tempt fate and succeed in making a point choose their morality from love and performance. In spirit the devil is dared.

Drama is ethics and has nothing to do with the mind. Ethics is external to mind. Actions betray the person. Men betray for sex and women for security. Drama is the ethics of betrayal. That Judas the betrayer the ultimate criminal of the Western-Christian bourgeois world is a lover in fact I learnt that from Genet who endowed betrayal with beauty and turned it into art. Betrayal is love. The truest expression of love is manifested in betrayal. I betray in order that the raw self in the remotest corner of my soul's universe might come into being. Betrayal is the act of birth. Love is born in betrayal. I betray that I may love. I love the one that betrays me though it is only a face and one that time will betray with the passage of spaces.

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In bourgeois homes beauty is a value. Like money beauty is carefully applied to suit requirements of the situation. Beauty has the advantage of power. Beauty is bartered or sold accordingly. Beauty is possession to be

cherished by the possessor. The order exists to protect the coveted face of beauty. Art disfigures the face. The accident the million possibilities that can change the configurations of the face; art befriends every possibility as its own territory. In the most useless possibility the artist contrives the drama of being. The artifice drama is built around a series of artifices.

Bourgeois reality is complacent and unredeeming. Bourgeois pity is a lie that comes from fear. Bourgeois love is betrayal. Bourgeois humor is a joke on others that is so terribly funny to those who can afford to laugh when it is not their faces that are reflected in mirrors. How do you define the bourgeoisie those possessors of faces? The bourgeoisie is the class that believes in its own lies.

The connection of beauty to nature, the connection of anything to nature has to be systematically undone. Nature is a parameter impossible to define. Unnatural as well. Pitiless as the bourgeoisie is, it stands on the edifice of self-pity eternally begging its victims to feel sorry for it. Popular culture expressed through cinema brings out the poverty of the bourgeoisie where heroes are trying their best to reconcile the possession of property with sinister feelings such as love for victims of property that include women, children and working classes.

What passes off for beauty among bourgeoisie is an idea petrified to the point of disgust. The bourgeoisie is petrified as a class built upon interests. In becoming what you seek of others is the morality of art. The lover is a fantastic object. She becomes one person when she leaves the secure halls of wealth and power and finds the beloved among the downtrodden of the earth. Not in

a name or an idea. But people among people. Fortuitous and classless.

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Eyes synchronize with lips and the person is born. The person comes out of utter similarities of earth, sky, eye and lip. Naked, mandatory and ruleless is the person. Among those forced into choicelessness and offer their bodies on a daily basis to serve the minority of rich and powerful there are persons each one infinitely one as no other. Words do not celebrate words. Words celebrate power of the powerless. Words wake them out of a sleeping condition to revolt against cages that imprison the person from comprehending the earth of her eyes. No words are given to the person. The person is the maker of words. The creator of heaven and earth.

Oppression silences words. The same oppression that turns property into a value and sends the working classes to meet their fate in fields of death where the lips of my skies do not send rain. The poor fight the poor everywhere to serve the interests of those that perpetuate their poverty.

At the sight of poverty the lips go silent. Privilege fills us with a sense of shame because we've not worked for that privilege. To eat more than once a day is privilege where children die of hunger and malnutrition. Eyes look with anger and lips conspire to destroy. Eyes were bare in the light of truth. Lips were dry for short of words. By deliberately ignoring the sufferings of the poor we pass the sentence of solitude upon ourselves.

The breathtaking scenarios that bourgeois art likes to display on its shelves elicit spite from mouths that tasted bitterness of poverty and violence of the order that keeps the poor in their place. Thoughts I gave to eyes

and words to lips that we change the apparently unchangeable. That the person comes into this world as a person! That love is not a word nor truth a lie!

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I will listen to you forever. But, tell me stories of others. I am tired of my own voice. I'm tired of stories where there are no others. I am an other to someone else. But I cannot will it for them to be myself. I can will myself to be them. I can declare my oneness with you. But you're free not to choose me. You're free to see nothing in me. You're free to not even acknowledge my existence.

You may be in Palestine or Iraq or a prisoner in Guantánamo Bay. Or struggling with fetters of poverty and oppression without hope. Woman, man or child. What you are is not the point. Where you are is immaterial. You're in my mind. You're on my lips. You're in my heart. Nothing is dearer to my life than knowing you. The day I realized what your presence meant to my body and soul I had nothing more to ponder about. I knew that I owed you whatever I was and would ever aspire to be. This time I wasn't in love with you. I didn't want to tell the world your story. I wanted to clear the way that you may arrive. There is nothing for me to give you except the joy I feel at your arrival. I have taken everything for you. Poor, crippled and diseased you may be. But, I would be soulless without you. In your body I discover that I've a soul. Outside your body I'm not a body either. Your pain brought me to myself. Without your pain my body would be a shell. My words are unfit to judge myself. You touch me within and words pour out of dark silences.

How the world looks without one's pres-

ence is a paradox no person has ever resolved. We like to play with the favorite possibility that our absence will shut the lights of the world. The amusing certainty is that a world outside me continues to run mindlessly like a centipede despite one's absence. If it is not one it has to be an other in whose world I am a ghost and whose happiness contains the sweetness of death in life.

Faces keep changing but the railway platform is the same. Sometimes I would return after months or years. I searched for the smells that excited me as a child that dreamt of journeying to other worlds. With age every day has the smell of a journey to me. Platforms rock my worlds.

I am not sad anymore when I think that everything is fated to perish. The absence of this cynicism made me long for early youth the period in a person's life when sadness is interchangeable with beauty. The rest of life is mimicry of that one short phase of late adolescence when beauty is without need for definition. I outgrew that beauty to come into the stage of parallel lines. The divergent look made me look toward spaces of the universe. I returned no matter how long the journey.

I made it a point to return to faces I loved. The face transformed me whenever I looked into the eyes. I thought I could escape eyes. The escape was a path to another return. Coming to eyes I loved in youth was a solitary experience. I entered with the same trepidation a child feels when entering a tunnel. My worlds were internal to being. I recorded moments of divergence when struck with the presence of eyes. The sadness of youth flew toward me as a bird circling over a pool. I felt beauty of fire in my veins as wings of the bird came close to

the waters.

The youth of the mind is a curse to the sensitive body. The doubt occupied me: was I playing and replaying one single scene of eyes deep within eyes peering outside the primitive consciousness into the soul's universe without changing details of the vision in a spectacular fashion? I might be a caricature of the past. It was chosen for me.

When I look at the world of the deprived I come out of my reveries. I become more myself than I could possibly be. That is the real person I acknowledge as the root of my being. The person that identifies herself with the lost of the world. The person who chooses not to have a name. The person not trapped in illusions of bourgeois life. The person that moves from place to place as if every place was her own self. The little person in my heart is not completely me. In moments I come to that little one that is myself. It is for that little one's sake that I never repeat a performance. I'm afraid of offending that child inside me with boredom and anxiety. The little one wants the love that comes from deep familiarity and freedom of silence at nights. I work myself to death for that one's sake. If she lives, I live too. If she suffocates, I die before her.

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I am an impression etched on dark spaces. I separated being from longing. My longings were metaphoric while my being was the dark cloud of a dark night. Tired of myself I sought another. There was no other to be tired of but the vast emptiness of being. I saw death for what it is: life.

Fighting colonialism is fighting a battle with the unreality of oneself. The spiritual battles of the oppressed revolve around fighting the oppressor concealed in the lan-

guage we use. Such a language can be freed of the history of murder by tracing the roots of the discourse in sufferings of working classes and women that made the language in the first place. A language that resists the essential dispossession that the language stands for is the beginning of decolonization. To speak of their dispossession is the language of the dispossessed.

I wrote for no other but to fight my own battles. In my failures I left a legacy of answers. The anecdotes of my life I connected with the thread of despair and the constant attempt to overcome despair by challenging my self to a duel. I suffered guilt of despair that seemed meaningless in the face of human suffering that resulted from oppression of the many by the few. The losses of my private life I compensated with joys of sharing my spirit with the suffering many.

I threw romanticism into the garbage basket when I realized it served no purpose but to obfuscate the truth of oppression whether it was colonial, racist or gender. What is the world that I would like to live in? A world without armies and bureaucracies. What is the greatest of all oppressions? Class. What is the oppression that I would like to see coming to an end in my lifetime? Gender. The person I would like to change: myself. Life after death: nothing like that.

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The thing that is symptomatic of oppression: the wall. Walls that must be broken with music or silence. With music comes the revolution of the masses. With silence the transformation of the individual. Immigrants made cities. Countries are born out of the experience of marginal groups.

There are no journeys without transits. Creation is an outcome of those moments in

transit. Bourgeois order is putrid stasis. It steals the creation and sentences the creators. It polices transits and closes the doors of genuine artistic experience without realizing that it is tying the noose of its demise. Thus women and artists are condemned to marginality.

To empower marginality with language is the aim of art as politics. The dynamics of change is what brings art and politics together. We cannot have an art that talks of red roses in Antarctica. We cannot perpetuate a politics with the untruthfulness of snows in the Sahara. We acknowledge reality and truth as two possibly useful words derived from the vocabulary of power. In effect we see the reality of oppression and the truth of resistance at all costs.

I could teach my language to forgive the oppression of my oppressed brothers. My brothers fight for the men they are. They fight to uphold the dignity of man. They see the home as a private domain where they lodge themselves in the hope of securing that minimum peace that life dares to offer anyone and everyone. I speak to my brothers to free the language of their dreams of themselves. Let others fill their spaces. Let their peace not come from a need for security but from within themselves in a language that shows men a way out of their masculinity. Let their dignity come from unfettering those who depend on them for their lives. Let weakness be my strength and home the world of people with faces unlike my own and thoughts and words so different from mine.

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I plan a journey without return. But it should not be an escape either. The motion is slight but the movement is heavy. It means

that I go to another part of the town but I go as a swimmer moves from the sea to a lake. In the end it is water and swim I must in order to stay above water. The experience is different and my wet face shows no sign of fear. True passion is reality of a moment. In the moment words make sense and every gesture is connected to every other. The performance is complete. Institutions are built to serve that one moment. The one moment is what it is: a moment in time destined to pass away and never return.

Nostalgia has bungled the world by forcing memory into the trap of one moment. Freeing the moment of the fetters of nostalgia is the goal of art and revolution. Desperation and wanting the lust that sprang from boredom. The lust that gave birth to outcasted words. I committed myself to the absence of legitimacy.

There are no legitimate days and nights. Day slips under covers of night. Nights are whores and we are sons of night. Days are gentlemen who maintain a high profile in the light of persistent eyes. I kept turning from one side to another. From one darkness I leapt into another. I had to compensate one humiliation with another. Ancient wounds were just preliminaries of a performance that was not supposed to end any time soon. I played the whore to spice days with nights. It was one way of being true to myself. I colonized worlds I built within myself. That way I could fit into a type. I was worn out being myself.

In sensual hopes I regained the possible energies of my soul. What lay in store was the emptiness of sensuality. I dared the devil. Now it was the devil's turn to dare me to destroy myself. Bedeviled I grew in lust. Lust that drove me into the stage of self-de-

struction. The drama. I could not miss the drama for anything in the world. Lust drove me berserk. How could I abandon what I always was! What was the journey I dreamt of where I did not have to be myself anymore!

I want to love and I can't. I want to stop thinking of loving and I can't again. I want to submit the body to emptiness that can make splinters of the soul. I am afraid to die and my body carries the stolidity of dying in every gesture I make. Extraordinarily simple are my reasons for destroying myself. Complex are manifestations of beauty that come with destruction of the self.

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The disconnections I feel are perfectly natural. The signs of weakness are self-evident. The body is a revelation of time playing against space. I jump through the same ring of fire time after time. I give a sense of novelty to repetition. I am emotionally connected to what I love. I love nothing outside the imagination. Sensual fires danced in my belly. I felt images cropping up where I looked askance at closed doors. I wanted to be inside at any cost a body within another body. A soul eternally outside body loitering among cages where people groveled as animals within iron bars of fate.

I saw perfection in images. I was a hopeless adolescent then. My body woke out of another body. I left the body that was sleeping to find another with which I could travel across spaces. I forgot that there was a dreaming body within the one that woke up to the singular possibility of encountering death. All those eyes that my eyes experienced were doomed to perdition as I was.

I had to be happy especially now that I knew the meaning of the word. It meant that I could dramatize with awareness of an

actor who played the role a long time ago. So long it was that the actor would gladly die to remember a scene from that ghastly night when alone she created the world of others. I dreamt and acted out the same dreamy gestures. The mind moved toward its predilections when the body seemed detached. It showed in gestures felt in the breeze. It was cool for a moment and then nothing followed by warmth of water and coldness of the ground.

The world that I was not made for — I wrote for that world. I was acting on a stage to which I did not belong. Secretly I was manifesting my presence elsewhere. This sinister element in my character came from multiple lives I learnt to portray in my adolescence. I had nothing to hide for an actor that could be notoriously private. My feelings were straw. As an expression of discomfort I burnt them on all possible occasions. I judge the world as if it were a stone. That was nothing more than a feeling.

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I apologize for my intricacies. They point to one end. That I can barely write about myself. Writers who furnish chronicles of the world's past are impossible to exonerate. They separate language from philosophy and both from history. I wrote as if I had already been written about. To write any other way was to cut the flesh of the dreamer in the hope of finding the dream.

The voice was enough in a broken time. I was roused to dream of endless performances. I dreamt of worlds coming to an end. They did each time I fell into smoke of reveries. Other worlds were born producing a note of finality to the despair I experienced. It is that sense of letting words pass into spaces that gave a poetic touch to unreality.

From the life of a wooden chair I learnt what books could never teach me. I acknowledged love though it did not have the form of a word. I did not acknowledge words. They had to be shuffled at all costs. I dined on streets and came home sick. I renounced dualities to make performance seem logical without being so. I measured all events that occurred simultaneously at one point in time. I was thinking of a body. I was dreaming of a body. I was speaking of a body. I was writing about a body. I was in love with the body that was on its way moving through other spaces. I desired body. I renounced body. I punished the body that desired. I renounced the body that suffered punishment. I fell back into desiring. I wanted to be free. I did not want to be lonely. I felt like crying. I laughed all the same. I broke into pieces. I seemed as if I was one body within one soul. I was neither. I was nor. There was one moment. There were others.

The passion for victimization was lodged in the brain. The body is a subtle responder. I outgrew the dark in me to become a person. The person carries loneliness of the rainbow in her. She dreams of colors standing outside the world of beings. I broke the cord that connects me to the tomb. It was dark in there and I sought colors to keep my spirit in a trance. The tomb mattered and the dark I retained within the brain out to torture the invisible warder of an invisible prison. A dead person speaks to you about death.

Life is an error in logic. My sagging head restrains the body from coming out of shadows. In the night of my thoughts I made a bed from which I'm yet to wake. I wrote with love when I wrote for no reason. Compassion is the universal poem that brought together opposites. I did not fear the vacu-

um of aloneness.

In compassion I felt the joy of nothing. The compassion for the oppressed I attributed to nature and the historic debt that I as an individual owed to labors of the suffering many. The fear of the victim abets the lust of the victimizer. A fire that consumes itself is real. It does spare the ashes. It burns them to nothing. There are no ashes to celebrate. The future suffers the same fate as the past. Both are victims to the present. Lust is trying to be what you always were: nothing.

Those who dedicate their lives to journeys are incapable of anything else. They choose to be the way waters of the deep flow without movement. The spin in my head made me seek peace with objects. I was seeing visions. I lay with objects as if they were real. They held me to the vacuum until I decided to leave for a future in which I would be the breeze with no sense of being. Words had given form to vacuum. I rejected that form to find the dark of the brain that drove me against the persuasions of my will.