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Collective Dreams on the Walls

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Collective Dre on the Wall

Between 1933-39, Charlotte Beradt, a Berlin-based journalist, secretly recorded people's dreams when living under the Nazi regime, which resulted in her book, "The Third Reich of Dreams: The Nightmares of a Nation 1933-1939" (1966). The dreamers – from students and lawyers to housewives – were mostly oppositional to the regime. Some dreams that reflect how authoritarianism penetrates bedrooms appeared on the walls of Istanbul in 2021. Next to them were empty pages where people were invited to write their own dreams. Nightmares of the past resonate with the nightmares of today, congregating on city walls. We keep on listening to each other's dreams of the past, present, and future.

Note at the bottom of each sticker

(left)
From Charlotte Beradt's book, *The Third Reich of Dreams: The Nightmares of a Nation 1933-1939*, published in 1966. Beradt secretly collected people's dreams under the Nazi regime.
(right)
To share: #dreaminthestreet

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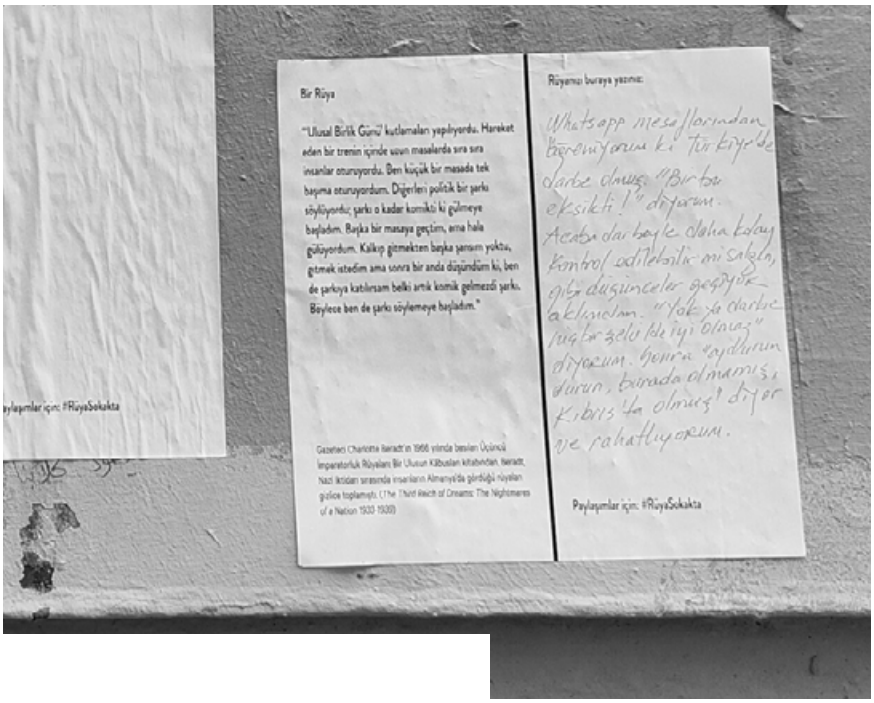
Aylin Kuryel



A dream

"Celebrations were going on for 'National Unity Day'. Long rows of people were sitting at long tables in the dining car of a train that was travelling along. I was sitting by myself at a small table. They were singing a political song that sounded so funny that I had to laugh. There was nothing to do but stand up – I wanted to go out, but then I thought if I sang along maybe it wouldn't seem so funny – so I sang too."

Write your dream here:

"I learn from WhatsApp messages that there was a coup d'état in Turkey. I say, 'it is just what we needed!'. I think maybe the pandemic can be controlled better with the coup. Then I think the coup cannot be good for anything. Then somebody says, 'wait, the coup happened in Cyprus', I feel relieved."

A dream

"I dreamt I awoke in the middle of the night to discover that two cherubs that hang over my bed were no longer looking upwards but were instead staring down at me. I was so frightened that I crawled under the bed.

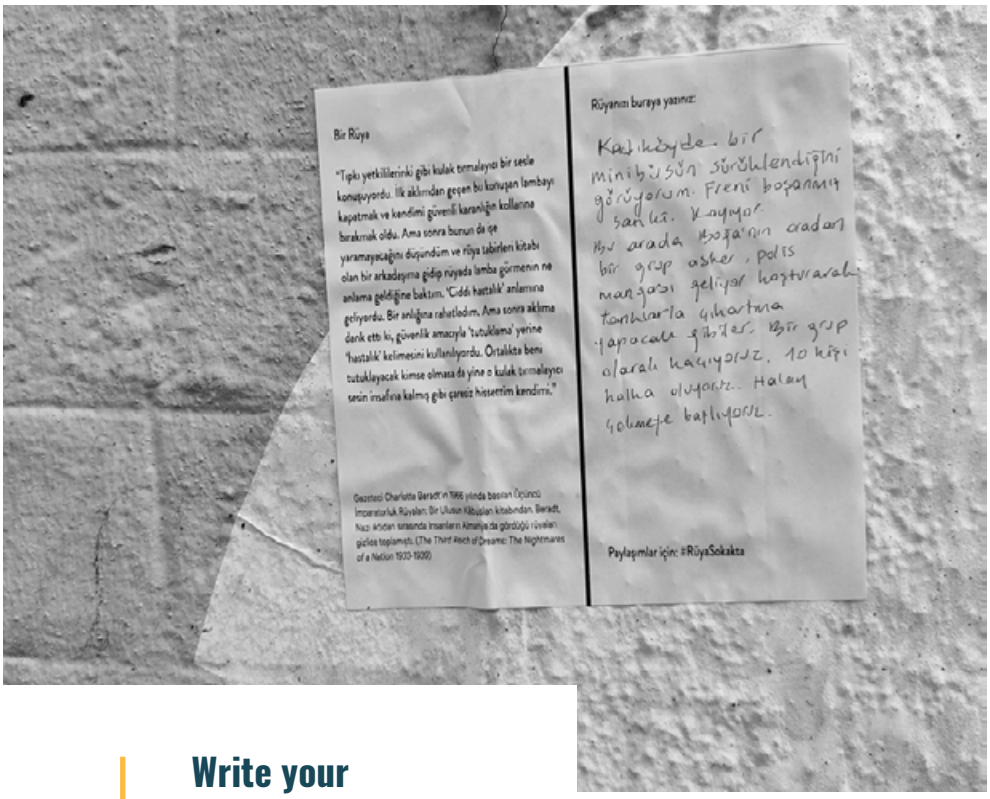
Write your dream here:

A dream

"It was about nine o'clock in the evening. My consultations were over, and I was just stretching out on the couch to relax with a book on Matthias Grünewald, when suddenly the walls of my room and then my apartment disappeared. I looked around and discovered to my horror that as far as the eye could see no apartment had any walls any more. Then I heard a loudspeaker boom, 'According to the decree of the 17th of this month on the Abolition of Walls…'"

Write your dream here:

"A policeman is coming on a horse. I make eye contact with the horse. (I have had this dream 5 times ☺)"

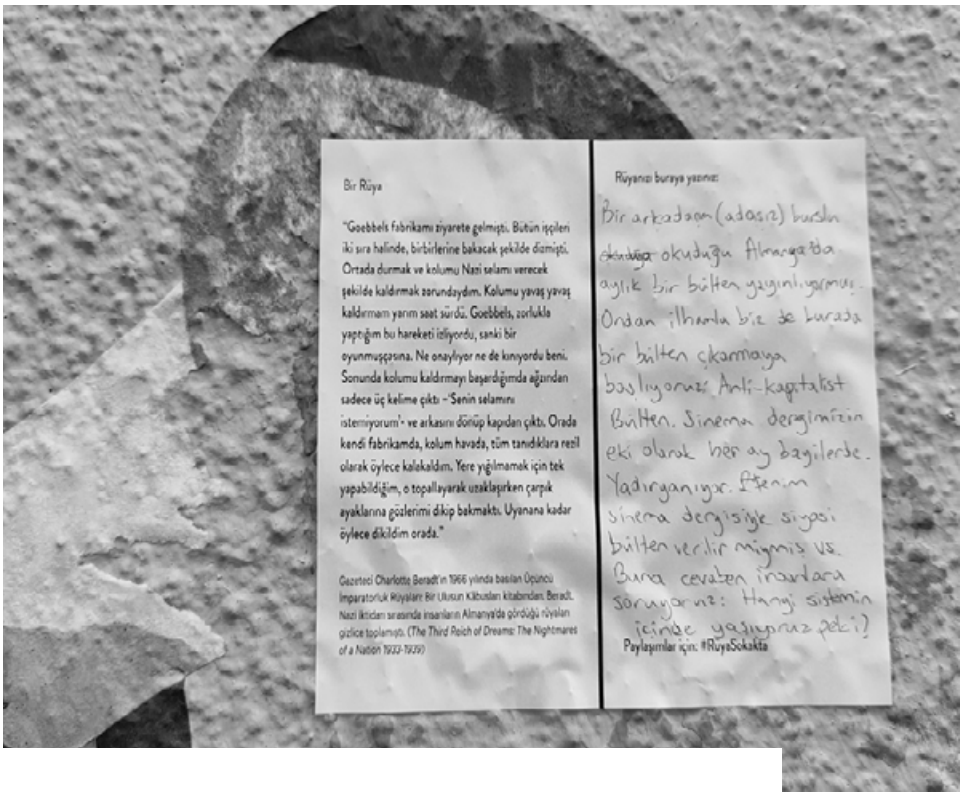


A dream

"It was speaking in a rasping tone, like officers do. My first thought was to simply turn off the lamp and stay there in the safety of darkness. But then I told myself that wouldn't help, so I dashed over to see my girlfriend, who has a dream book, and looked up 'lamp' – lamp signified only 'serious illness.' For a moment I felt very relieved until it dawned on me that, to be on the safe side, people were using the word illness for arrest, and I felt desperate again, at the mercy of that incessantly rasping voice, even though no one was there to arrest me."

Write your dream here:

"I see a minibus being dragged in Kadıköy. Seems like a brake fade. At that moment, a group of soldiers, a police squad appear at Boğa, as if they are planning a military landing with tanks. We run away as a group. We form a circle with 10 people. We start dancing the *halay*."

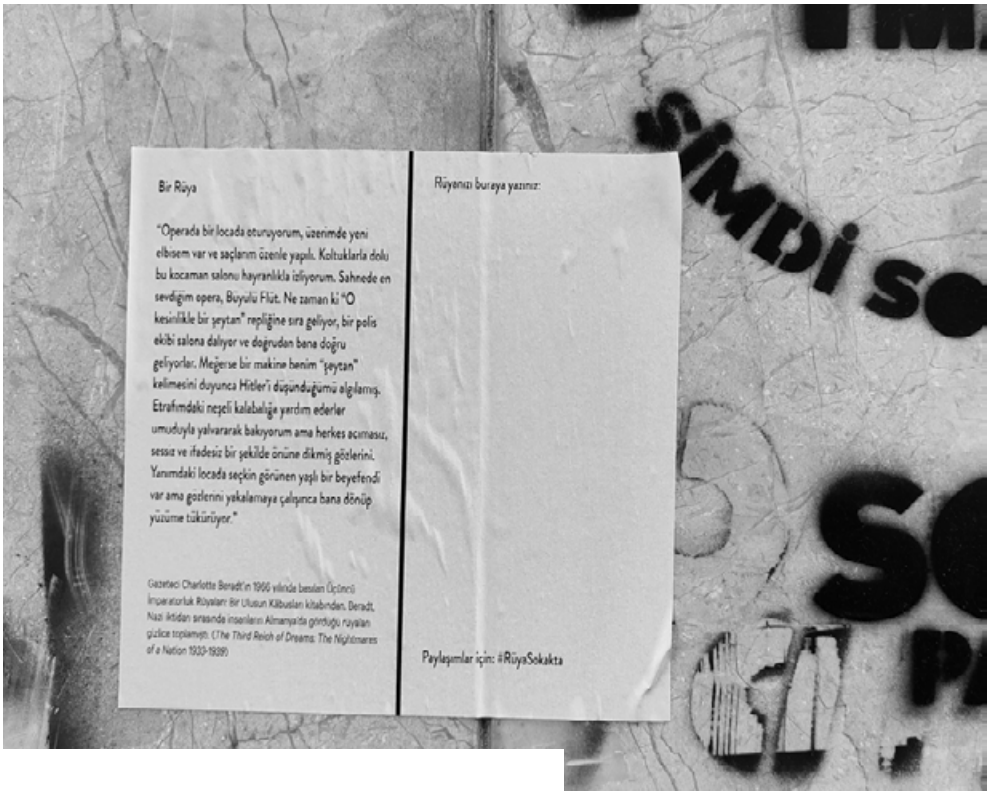


A dream

"Goebbels was visiting my factory. He had all the workers line up in two rows facing each other. I had to stand in the middle and raise my arm in the Nazi salute. It took me half an hour to get my arm up, inch by inch. Goebbels showed neither approval nor disapproval as he watched my struggle, as if it were a play. When I finally managed to get my arm up, he said just five words – 'I don't want your salute' – then turned and went to the door. There I stood in my own factory, arm raised, pilloried right in the midst of my own people. I was only able to keep from collapsing by staring at his clubfoot as he limped out. And so I stood until I woke up."

Write your dream here:

"A friend (we have the same name) publishes a monthly bulletin in Germany where he studies on a scholarship. We get inspired and do the same here. An anti-capitalist bulletin. A monthly supplement to our cinema magazine. People find it weird. Well, why would you have a political bulletin with a cinema magazine etc. We ask people in return: what is the system we live in then?"



A dream

"I was sitting in a box at the opera, dressed in a new gown, and with my hair beautifully done. It was a huge opera house with many, many tiers, and I was enjoying considerable admiration. They were presenting my favorite opera, 'The Magic Flute'. When it came to the line, 'That is the devil certainly,' a squad of policeman came stomping in and marched directly up to me. A machine had registered the fact that I had thought of Hitler on hearing the word 'devil.' I imploringly searched the festive crowd for some sign of help, but they all just sat there staring straight ahead, silent and expressionless, not even one showing pity. The old gentleman in an adjoining box looked kind and distinguished, but when I tried to catch his eye, he spat at me."

Write your dream here: