

Fig.013 Screenshot of a month of dreams. Notice how the length of each line corresponding to a dream is approximately the same. Originally the line height between each dream was reduced so that the final result would be a cubic publication of 43,2 by 43,2 by 43,2 centimeters.

DREAMS 01

Every day I remember approximately three dreams. This amount can actually vary from 1 to 12 dreams according to how regular my day was. The more a day is regular, the more I dream. By regular I mean that I did not do anything extraordinary and I have been rather homey going to bed at the usual hour keeping my brain rather empty without any night work or watching of a screen such as my laptop, or the television or my smartphone. According to my equation then, the less are the events I experience during the day, the more eventful are my dreams or at least those I can remember. On the other hand however if during the day it is for example too rainy outside and I cannot go for my usual small walk, I don't get too sleep so well and certainly not so long. As a result I at the most have one dream.

The art of dreaming for me can be compared to that of doing sourdough. In order to keep the yeast alive you ought to feed it, give it some but not too much and not too little flour. The fermenting of the brain, at least of my brain occurs in a similar fashion, I am regular to feed it with small walks, with some

readings but if I expose it to for example a new and chaotic environment like an amusement park or an action movie at the cinema the yeast is spoiled, I don't get any night fermentation, no dreams, and I literally have to start over again. As with the making of sourdough yeast, the process of starting over again could take several days. Over the years I became very much aware of this fact and I try to take it into account, avoiding exposing myself to dream-erasing activities and rather work on my imagination also by drawing and observing the shape of clouds. It is true however that because I have a family and I want life to be rolling spontaneously especially when I am traveling I don't hinder new events and rather see them as a way to feed other parts of my project.

Generally then I can claim that on average every month I write approximately 100 dreams. I do so in a 45 by 60 centimeters page of a book which at the end of the project in 2040 will comprise 43.200 dreams, making it perhaps the largest dream diary a person has ever recorded. Additionally there are no recurrent dreams in my record, making it even more diverse. There are however similar dreams, especially frustrating ones such as those relating to missing an airplane, or being almost unable to catch a train, or still panicking about distant fears like my high school exams or losing my backpack or generally my employers. Few dreams are also turning points such as those in which I make peace with a friend I have left abruptly. I can also wake up crying about a dear person I have not really been able to mourn in real life such as one of my grandparents.

While very powerful and eventful dreams don't occur too often I am very impressed about how elaborate they can be and how unpredictable my subconscious is in picking elements I don't necessarily find so important and from there develop a dream. It is very likely then that while awake I do stumble on certain details but I overlook them and don't put any focus on them. They can be marginal and picked with the tail of my eye such as a small alteration in the environment I am very used to perceiving in a particular manner. As an example I could be walking to the supermarket in search of food on discount and in a fragment of a second I could notice that a tile of the sidewalk is a bit tilted. This slight variation, this minor clue in my daily life could determine a whole dream in which the tilted floor tile becomes the main protagonist. What occupied me for a fragment of a second during the day occupies me for a whole minute at night.

Talking from my own perspective, to me there is nothing symbolic about the tilted floor tile, it is something that particularly caught my imagination and that my brain processed overnight along with other more or less minor clues. I now purposely call the small fishes getting caught in my subconscious as clues inspired by Carlo Ginzburg, the Italian historian who described how clues were so much of vital importance to primitive people in a prehistoric time. Thanks to their analyses of clues they could in fact survive. They could notice a footprint of a deer and know where to direct their hunting, they could smell some slight odor which could lead them to think that something was setting on fire. Not aware of all the many manuals of books scientists have written about dreams, not aware of all the hundreds of theories around dreaming, my intuition has more to do with this instinctual survival that I personally retain so strong as part of my character and an ancestry that had to live through wars and migrations and the life on tough environments such as the highland where I was born.

Also I would like to point out that if there is a domain where science and technical development has still not been infringed upon, it is perhaps that of dreams. Yes indirectly all these new screen technologies and all the exaggerated entertainment broadcasted through it have without doubt contributed to make tabula rasa of the subconscious. It is not only about being sloppy and spending much time in front of a screen, absorbing content rather than producing it. It is that modern life demands it even if one is not working and just simply needs to schedule an appointment at the doctor, buy groceries, verify his or her identity and so forth. The screen is becoming the extension of any human, one had not to speculate too much about cyborgs. In this cybernetic era then, in this era where new virtual and augmented and artificial realities can be created and navigated infinitely, the one free of charge and never redundant world of dreaming is lost, lost unless one develops somewhat of a discipline to recover oneself and in turn his or her own nature, his or her first nature, dropping out then of any second nature.