



Fig.014 Screenshot of the editor I use every morning to write my dreams down.

## DREAMS 02

Not only do I not use my mother language to write my dreams down but also the very free-ware editor I use has limited spelling capabilities. As a result the grammar of my dream diary is that of an expatriate with an average command of the English language. In this respect I do not want any further editing; the way the dreams are written reflects my social condition, the condition of a young man who had to learn Italian throughout his education although Italian was not the language of his ancestors who spoke different dialects. While I have spent most of my life in non-English speaking countries, and while at least at the beginning I made an effort to learn the languages of these countries, soon I accepted English as my “lingua franca”. I did not so much accept English as a commodity but as a way to maintain a certain level of internationalism in face of the rise of nationalist movements all over the globe.

The font I selected to write my dreams down is Bookman Old Style size 11. Each dream is on average 288 characters long and is usually made up of three sentences. The first sentence is used to contextualize the dream by putting the dreamer in a particular location doing something such as walking across a

meadow at sunset. The second sentence usually highlights a problem, something that the dreamer experiences that creates a certain level of suspense such as seeing a barking dog approaching. The last sentence usually resolves or puts an end to the suspense unless the actual dream is a nightmare. Following is a dream randomly chosen from the archive: "I am with an old friend going under a long tunnel. He starts telling me how he has caught the new American president editing his own encyclopedia page on-line. The edits are actually written on the white painted tunnel and he uses his fingers to remove parts of it even though it gets quite dirty".

As in all my works also for this work I keep a certain syntax. Of course at times some dreams are very elaborate and a full description of them could fill up an entire age but I choose to be synthetic as the majority of the times my dreams are, or at least the ones I remember. At times it can be hard to recognize whether a long dream is actually one dream or several dreams. I usually judge this by making a quick examination of the characters of the dream and the environment where it took place. If the characters and the place change then it is clear to me that they were two or more separate dreams although I might be recognizing a certain continuation among them. Generally however as it can be detached by reading my dream diary even the dreams succeeding one another are very different. The characters differ as well as the places.

Initially my dream characters and the places where my dreams took place were rather familiar even years after I moved abroad. With time however these familiar places and faces have vanished. I stopped dreaming about my native village and my relatives. I still might be dreaming of an old friend, especially if I get to see him or I get to see him for example in old photos or I get to see a movie with a character resembling him. From about a third of the dream diary onward the places and the character I dream of are often anonymous and unidentifiable. I guess I lost that familiarity with both the landscape and the people or I guess I do struggle to maintain the familiarity with the landscape and the people around me but the landscape and the people have become most civilized and most clean and sterile at least in their appearance.

Thus while living in a Dutch town I can explore the landscape, I can meet the same people but somehow my subconscious is not that impressed. On the contrary when I am

back in my little village in the alps surrounded by an ever growing jungle and wild animals and a drunk old neighbor with a hunter always harassing me for having built my project museum there and much work to do all the time plastering our barn and pruning trees I start getting very vivid dreams again which pretty much replicate and are directly inspired from the immediate surrounding. This is my subjective experience and I think it does not have to do with an actual country in particular versus another but it has to do with the level of gentrification a place retains and how this gentrification practically disconnects an individual from it.

I could certainly go and live in one of the Dutch islands and start the life of a farmer there and get quite some dreams about it but it is for me simply unaffordable and I also suspect that the proximity to the sky has an impact on people's imagination. This is my personal take. I was born 1.000 meters above the sea level and I have or at least have had a very flourishing imagination. Likewise I meet people born in Bogota, thousands of meters above the sea level and have discovered them to be so imaginative as well. Another buddy who dreamt a lot had his parents from the Polish Tatra mountains. If not the mountains I am rather convinced that the dreamer ought to have some kind of connection with an ancestral place, a primordial nature.

I think the most vivid dreams I had were in fact sleeping in a bungalow in the Malaysian island of Pangkor. After spending a whole winter in Shanghai, there on the island my body could finally fully relax, in nature all the stress of the big city was fully gone, I was fully connected with the jungle and all its cries of monkeys and birds. I did not mind Shanghai either however. I had my regular dreams, the experience was very organic, absorbed in the crowd and all its vivid market places just outside our home. What really hit me hard was the absolute darkness and total death I experienced living in Swedish small cities. If in the countryside farm life was always present with my small son and the fireplace and the relatives, in the city where you didn't even get to talk to your neighbors and everyone kept to themselves and nothing was moving on the streets I lived in a total and blank state of insomnia.

My hope is that the increasing gentrification the various nations around the world are pursuing will not eliminate any trace of the organic, any trace of life from every corner of the street and even from the whole natural environment in which

humans are increasingly no longer allowed to interact with. This is my worst nightmare, a life without life and consequently without any dreams and any type of imagination, a life I believe the majority of humans on planet earth have already adapted to. I am often confused as a maniac adhering to a discipline but I believe that this discipline is my attempt to rescue my own human heritage and inspire others to do the same, avoiding to become just the blind soldiers of their business corporations or worse of their nations with only some hallucinogenic sedatives to look for and set for more artificial types of dreams.