



Fig.015 Picture of a sketch showing a mental figure I created in order to remember twelve dreams. The actual mental image is a creative process in which all the various elements ought to be well interconnected and rather physical in order to become more memorable. The writing of the dreams can be in this respect the most time consuming work I have to take care of during the daily update I do of my whole project.

DREAMS 03

Of all the dreams I might have throughout the night, the ones I do remember are those occurring early in the morning. Traditionally, at least in the time of the Romans, these morning dreams were considered the most telling and prophetic but to me they are just simply the ones I remember. I usually go to bed around 10 in the evening and the most dreams I have are between 4:30 and 6 in the morning. The more I can sleep until 6 the more dreams I can remember. It is also true however that in an urban context I don't sleep too well. I don't know whether it is because of the dozens of wi-fi signals in the air and all the many appliances of many neighbors. Either way I wake up around 5 and the amount of dreams I can remember are less.

With the winter and the darkness I can even wake up around 3.30 and still remember some dreams. In these situations I just don't lay in bed hopelessly trying to fall back asleep, I just update my project on my computer and then get a few hours sleep

between 5.30 and 7.30. During this time I can get more dreams as if the writing of my dreams during my project update also stimulates more dreams. I have often noticed that if for whatever reason I don't manage to write my dreams down early in the morning and have to wait the evening to do so, this going back to my dreams prior to going to sleep boosts my dreams or just only my awareness of them. While perhaps these too early awakenings can recall a monk-like praying practice, to be is rather disturbing and I wish I could avoid getting into a second sleep cycle because I feel my brain afterwards is rather confused.

Throughout the years several people have warned me about the danger of remembering one's own dream. A dear Japanese friend kept telling me over and over that my life span will certainly shorten and a Swedish businessman once emphasized this fact by saying that if I remember my dreams I simply do not sleep well and will indeed die younger. It is true that as it can be read in Plutarch's lives one way the Romans got rid of their important prisoners was to keep them awake. It is also true as accounted by Robert Graves in his memoir as a soldier that the most difficult part of the trench warfare was in fact the lack of sleep. In my case I think I do get proper sleep and I am very regular. I just have a very strong and trained imagination which has always been very prolific and I find this side of me too beautiful to let it go. On top of only being beautiful and a treasure, for me dreaming is my movie time. I just enjoy these sort of night trips as much as I enjoy reading any type of memoir especially if it is from a person that is distant in time and space. I want to absorb any drop of my life as well as any drop of other people's lives especially if they lived a life worth remembering which in my opinion is always the case when one thus not comply with the system and develop his or her own natural character, surviving but because of surviving keeping real unlike all these career oriented and tren oriented folk getting sucked in whatever specialization.

In order to remember my dreams, I make extensive use of the classic art of memory technique used by ancient Greeks and Romans to remember speeches. As soon as I wake up, almost as if automatically I recall my dreams. I then immediately create a mental image composed of different symbols representing the different dreams. This allows me to store them until I have time to write them down. If I don't have the time to write my dreams down in the morning I am likely to whisper the content of my

dreams for better remembering. This technique only works if I can actually hear my own voice. If the dreams are not whispered and I only repeat them in my head, the content of each dream is not likely to be memorized to the end of a day. On most occasions then I write my dreams early in the mornings but on some occasions this might not be possible especially when I am traveling and I might have to adapt to a more irregular schedule.

This technique was revived by southern Europeans in the course of the 16th century and earlier. It was used not only to memorize but also to generate new concepts and ideas. Starting from the 17th century onward, North Europeans, possibly in line with their puritan upbringing, found these visual techniques most redundant and dismissed them in favor of the scientific method. A most organic and inventive type of knowledge production was thus replaced with a most inorganic and sterile approach which has generated the modernity as we know it with all its scientific arrogance and fallacies. Now for me just rediscovering and applying this method within the limited application of remembering my dreams has in fact exponentially increased my imagination. I don't put this imagination for sale, I don't generate any capital with it but I became a factory of ideas and I can challenge anyone to generate a fantasy world that is more elaborate than mine, this without using any of the sedatives and drugs and alcoholic beverages typical of the bohemian artist.

It is also interesting to point out that I am clean of any type of substance. Not only I never felt the urge to try the illegal stuff but also I don't drink alcohol nor coffee as I just simply don't like the taste and it can give me quite an unbalancing effect. I have been fortunate in this respect since part of my family living in the mountains has literally destroyed itself with alcohol. Even when I have a strong migraine or a bad pain that forces me to bed I don't take any painkillers. I even stay away from black tea and beverages of any kind and have gone as far removing sugar from my diet which only consists of water, the bread I daily bake for my family, veggies and fruit. The later choice however has been that of trying in my small way to respect the environment and other creatures. All that I came to disrespect is a modernity that has become to oppress it along with our human nature. In this respect the more imaginative type of knowledge production I began by using ancient art of memory and combinatorial art techniques could lead to a whole new and more ecological humanism.