

“I would like to sleep, in order to surrender myself to the dreamers, the way I surrender myself to those who read me with eyes wide open”
(André Breton, Manifestoes of surrealism, 1924)

B E C O

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R E A L

Phil.Phii 2023

R E A

M I N G

S U R

L I S T

*This book is not a book.
It's a piece of artwork.
2023*

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Introduction to the Book and its Functions

Throughout the past year, my work has been delving further and further into the realms of surrealism and often when viewers make comment on my work they describe it as 'dream-like' which has always confused me because my dreams bare no resemblance to the imagery depicted throughout my work. My dreams are filled with anxiety and the mundane, revolving around things like doing laundry, being late for work or turning up to my end of year exhibition with no work to show. It has always fascinated me that when we see brightly coloured landscapes full of confused objects and mismatched concepts we turn to referencing what our subconscious brains do when we are asleep. When people use the phrase dream-like, they are not referring to their own dreams but those of surrealist artists. The connections between surrealism and dreams is immovable, and I feel left out.

While diving deeper into the history of surrealism I have learned of the importance of the writing of Freud in *the Interpretation of Dreams*, which is surrealism's holy grail, but also defies it profusely. The surrealist movement completely goes against what Freud described, taking dreams not as stories full of symbolism and lessons about ones own inner workings, but as simple imagery to be replicated for the sake of art. Freud himself did not much care for the surrealist movement due to this. This idea has been the spark in this project for me. I want to follow the teachings of both Freud and Dali in equal parts, as well as taking inspiration from the writings of André Breton and Jacqueline Chénieux-Gendron to bridge the gap between the psychology of dreams and surrealist art. Over the course of this 60 day performance and experiment I will be attempting to force my brain into true surrealism by finding the best means to enhance my dreams. For the first 30 days I will be trying and testing methods described both online and by word of mouth, which going forward I will be referring to as 'dream additives', and detailing my findings through deep dream recollection. Following this experiment I will spend the next 30 days repeating the most successful dream additives in various combinations in the hopes of having more extreme and vivid dreams. Along side this I will put a focus on dream analysis, drawing attention to dreams that most expose the way my brain works and the innerworkings of my thoughts, hiding nothing from you, the viewer. When starting this project I did not expect to become so interested in the analysis of dreams, but now

cannot help but every morning break down my dreams in full and realise something about myself that only my subconscious had recognised thus far.

Since I am detailing all of my dreams in full with footnotes to details of my personal life, this book acts almost as a diary of my innermost thoughts more than my real diary ever could, this diary is of my inner, innermost subconscious thoughts.

This book and project has been a continuous learning experience for me. Not only am I learning more about myself than I had initially intended but I have slowly been developing my dream recollection, recalling details of importance that I overlooked in the first month of the project. I had not initially intended to analyse the dreams in as much detail as I have because I came to this project with a belief that only *some* dreams have meaning. This I have now learned is not true. The way in which I had initially planned to showcase the imagery of my dreams has changed with this fact and my focus has shifted to dreams with impactful insights into my psyche. The fact that I have been paying little attention to the content for my dreams for 23 years prior to this project saddens me as there have been so many missed opportunities for self-development and I suggest to you, the reader, that you may pay more attention to your dreamt experiences. The way in which I write has also changed profusely due to the fact I am essentially telling a story to myself every morning as well as the sheer volume of literature I am reading in conjunction with the project.

The book is laid out in date order, with each dream being dated to the day I woke up rather than the date I went to sleep. Each day starts with details of the dream additives implemented, which will be in blue. The dream will be written in standard font with any details of what happened immediately after waking written in italics. The footnotes will refer to relevant information about my real life, such as people, places and objects. Throughout the dreams * will be used to show that two dreams are separate from one another. The dreams will sometimes be followed by an analysis in green. Some dreams will be accompanied by relevant imagery such as drawings and AI generated images using descriptions of actions or objects in the dreams and photographs of myself interacting with the dream additives on the previous evening.

At the end of the book there are two indexes pointing you to reoccurring items to refer to, one of dream additives and the other of dream concepts that have appeared more than once.

Introduction to Dream Additives

Dream additives, a term coined by myself, are the things we do in waking life that directly effect the way we dream. An integral part of this experiment was to test what things I can do in the day that have a direct effect on my sleeping thoughts. I began by making a list of these dream additives from information found on the internet as well as things told to me by friends and family, and trying out these activities in different combinations over the course of 30 days. The list includes: sleeping too little, sleeping too much, eating cheese, wearing a nicotine patch, smoking or drinking Mugwort, making myself ill, sleeping on my stomach, sleeping with the light on, sleeping in a noisy room, sleeping somewhere uncomfortable, sleeping drunk. After the first 30 days I concluded which of the additives were most productive, but found that the results were rather inconclusive. I then began to take into account the days I had had prior to sleeping, referring to my personal diary. I also realised that due to these changes in routine and subsequent lack thereof, I had fallen out of my usual activities, including drinking a pint of water just before bed. I was also experiencing high levels of stress the more time went on, in a vicious cycle of not dreaming because I'm stressed and being stressed because I'm not dreaming.

In the second 30 days I set out a small set of rules which I would do in rotation, including going to bed at a reasonable time, having naps when I can, drinking water before bed, relaxing before bed and putting a nicotine patch on before bed. These rules were set out by the successes of the previous 30 days.

My conclusions are still rather inconclusive, but I can say with confidence that stress is a major cause is loss of memories of dreams and nicotine causes nightmares.

Introduction to Dreams

This particular portion of the book requires little introduction because dreams are dreams. Your own dreams are as strange to you as they are to anyone else, and in knowing that they become not strange at all. But your dreams are more sophisticated than you give them credit for and there is so much to learn about a person from their dreams. By allowing my dreams to be made public through this book I am exposing myself more than any other work I have made previously. One thing to be aware of is that I have given some of the people in my dreams fake names for various reasons, detailed in the footnotes.

Introduction to Dream Analysis

At the start of this project I planned on reading Sigmund Freud's 'the Interpretation of Dreams' in its entirety and then analysing all of my dreams from what I have learned. Now, at the end of the project I have found a few reasons why this isn't so feasible. The first being that Freud's 'the Interpretation of Dreams' is a load of bollox. The more I read of this book, the more my brain started to rot, and the less I could get on board with what he was saying. The start of the book was so promising, making similar observations to Carl Jung, but over the course of the book Freud descends into madness, saying that all dreams are wish fulfilments and all anxiety dreams are about sex. In fact, most dreams are about sex. Don't get me wrong, I agree with a lot of what he says, and highly recommend the read, but ultimately I have taken the book as a start point to interpret my dreams as I see fit. After all, its my brain that's coming up with these dreams so why would someone else be able to interpret them?

Another issue I found once deep into my analysis is that when all the dreams in this book are analysed fully, I truly am putting my entire life on blast, as well as the lives of some people around me. For this reason I have decided to leave some analysis out, in particular ones that make reference to the opinions and decisions of my friends and family.

Introduction to artworks

Many of the dreams will be accompanied by imagery, some of which drawn by myself upon recalling the dreams, some made using AI and prompts from my dreams. The end result of the project alongside this detailed account is a selection of paintings made using the stories told by my unconscious mind as inspiration. The main imagery I have recreated in paint is less focused on the strangeness of the imagery itself and more so on exposing my own anxieties. I want the imagery to show the way in which my brain depicts my fears and self image when distorted through the unconscious view.



PART ONE: EXPERIMENTATION

6.2.23

No dream additives.

Myself, my dad and my William¹ were at Dad's old flat.² Outside the door we could hear a couple arguing, about what we didn't know. We sat quietly and contemplated intervening but ultimately decided against it. Shortly afterwards we heard gunshot outside and William let out a cry that was more upsetting than any sound I had ever heard before. I held him, covered his ears and told him to be quiet. The woman who had been arguing with her boyfriend outside our door had shot and killed the man and was now shooting upwards towards the windows of the flats, including ours.



Figure 1: created using Dall-e, 2023

I then turned back time to before the gunshot started and intervened with the couples arguing, telling them it wasn't worth it. The man then went back into his flat and no one died. Me, Dad and Will then left the flat for a short while and when we came back we remembered we were supposed to be looking after six puppies and went to check on them in Dad's room and there they were, sleeping soundly, tucked into bed. They were cocker spaniel – dachshund cross puppies, three ginger and three speckled.



Figure 2: created using Dall-e, 2023

¹ My brother. In this dream he was aged around 8 years old although in waking life he is 15 at the time of writing this.

² Dad lived at the top of a 15 story block of flats.

I then decided to open a day-care centre for dogs and children which had separate rooms for each but at certain times in the day the children could play with the dogs. The centre was at grandma's house³ and the business quickly outgrew the space. We then had to look for houses we could buy that would accommodate my business but also had enough space for Grandma but none of them were big enough considering Grandma needed nearly an entire house for herself and I needed space to have rooms for staff to sleep in when owners and parents forget to pick up their dogs and children. One of the houses we looked at had seemed like a good contender but once we were there and had accounted for all the space grandma would need, all that was left was a small attic space for me and my day-care business.

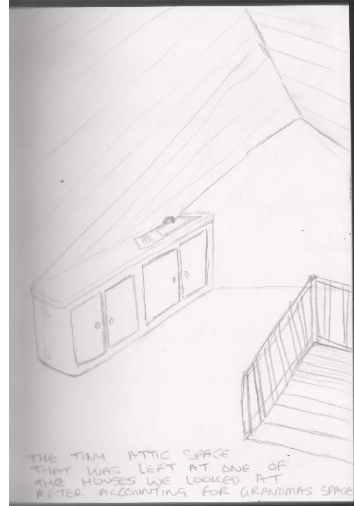


Figure 3: a drawing from the original 'Dream Journals'

7.2.23



Figure 4: created using Dall-e, 2023

No dream additives.

It was the opening night of our end of year exhibition and I was helping put up the last bits of work. One person had put up an exhibition along the train tracks that ran directly outside the uni, with the train conveniently stopping just outside so that visitors could see the exhibition on a short train ride. The exhibition was about 1km long and consisted of a collection of scaled up objects of varying sizes, including enormous dolls shoes and oversized garden chairs. I got on the train to look at the exhibition and when I got off it was dark outside and I realised I hadn't actually made any work for the exhibition so

³ It wasn't really grandma's house, just the concept of.

myself, Finn⁴, Amy⁵ and two other people went into this dark, damp, potentially abandoned multistorey carpark to take photographs and videos of ourselves for me to put into the exhibition. I was still feeling worried and deflated about my lack of work and plonked my forehead against the wall. Then, without warning I felt hands on my body. I was being patted down and searched for drugs. I turned around to find I was being frisked by parliament member Matt Hancock.

I was then in a cave that was as dark and damp as the carpark, with steep walls but thankfully I was incredibly good at climbing them. Dad was there too. We went through a curtain onto Brighton beach, but it was pitch black so I whipped out my pencil that doubles as a torch and switched it on. We then went back into the cave, climbed the wall and left through the exit onto the sunlit street. We had somewhere to be and got a bus into a city centre in Sussex where we were to get another bus to our destination. When we got there we struggled to find the right bus and in the end Dad decided to just drive a bus because he really wanted to go to wherever it was we were going. I eventually asked him where it was he wanted to go and he replied “Qatar, Sussex”. I told him there was no Qatar in Sussex and he was quite disappointed.



Figure 5: created using Dall-e, 2023

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Myself, Alex and Elowen⁶ were at a restaurant that had an Italian decorative style and atmosphere but served Asian food. I was using my phone while we were eating and Alex told me off for doing so. I had plans to meet up with different friends⁷ afterwards at the same Asian-Italian restaurant and when they arrived I complained about Alex telling me off for using my phone at the table, momentarily forgetting that Alex works at this restaurant and would arrive shortly. When Alex arrived, the friends began speaking to them like they were a young child but Alex played into and began speaking like a toddler.

⁴ A friend from my course.

⁵ A friend from uni who isn't on my course.

⁶ Friends from my course.

⁷ The friends in question are people I either don't like or don't know very well in waking life.

✱



Figure 7: a drawing from the original 'Dream Journals'

I was at a festival with Elsa and Ana from the movie 'Frozen' and they weren't having a very good time until Elsa realised she could make it better with her freezing powers. On the last day of the festival she made it snow which made her very happy but was a bit peak on everyone else. We were in their 'Frozen' themed tent; myself, Elsa, Ana and Elsa's child who was a very chubby human baby. All three of them were fascinated by the concept of a



Figure 6: created using Dall-e, 2023

toothbrush and were taking it in turns to brush their teeth.

Analysis: the first part of the dream, surrounding my end of year exhibition is a very apparent anxiety dream, but the development into ideas of government and drugs resembled in Matt Hancock searching me for drugs eludes to something more. I think the reference to government is more of a reference to class and the difficulties I have experienced as a poor person. In terms of drugs I think this is more straightforward and speaks of my previous encounters with drugs and at points in my life excessive use of. At the time of having this dream I had recently gone drug free entirely, and had spent a considerable amount of time contemplating the effect of drugs on my mental health and general brain power, thinking about how my most sever points of anxiety and decrease in memory are quite connected to my past drug misuse. I think the combined mention of drugs and socioeconomic class refers to the blame I put on these things for my own ineptitude and enthusiasm for life, and my own move away from blame into the development of who I am becoming – a person who is content and at least a little enthusiastic about the future.

The dream follows on to talk of steep walls which I was conveniently able to climb and a pitch-black beach where I emitted light from a pencil. Both activities refer to a situation that may seem impossible to conquer yet I am able to change my own situation, in one with the use of a pencil. This could most definitely refer to my own recent development in confidence surrounding myself

and the creative endeavours which I engage with. My dad's presence in these situations may also refer to my creative connections to my dad but also the praise I seem to want so desperately from him. I want my dad to witness these feats I conquer and in my waking life he does see these things, but I am fully aware of the fact that I value my dad's praise more than literally anyone else. These ideas are also shown through the second section of this part, where my dad begins driving us to a place that doesn't exist and is ultimately corrected by myself. There is also definitely something in his disappointment in this, but I don't know what that is.

8.2.23

No dream additives.



Figure 8: drawings from the original 'Dream Journals'

Grandma bought me a pair of distressed jeans from Shein and they were awful. They weren't fitted enough to be skinny jeans but weren't baggy enough to be baggy jeans. Just straight leg, bootcut jeans. I wore them to my job which I hated, only because I wanted to impress this emo nerd that also worked there that I had a crush on.⁸ The boy was tall and lanky with really long, straight, blond hair and wore one of those crossbody bags with the strap way too long. Mafu⁹ then helped me turn the jeans into a skirt.

9.2.23

No dream additives.

No dreams recalled.

⁸ At one point last year I did work a job I hated alongside a nerd that I had a crush on.

⁹ One of my close friends who is very good at clothes making and tailoring.

10.2.23

Ate cheese with my dinner, went to bed at 8pm and slept for 11 hours.

I went to the pub on my own to do some work while it was quiet and shortly after was joined by Mafu and Hugh.¹⁰ When we were about to leave I suddenly realised I was very thirsty and downed a glass of postmix Pepsi Max and it was bloody delicious. We then actually left and headed towards the next pub but after about 30 seconds of walking I realised I had left all of my belongings in the previous pub. By the time I got back there to collect my stuff the pub was full and noisy. Near my belongings I saw a man holding a phone and immediately inferred that it was mine and went to grab it from him. As soon as I had hold of it I saw my phone on the table exactly where I had left it and realised I was actually grabbing the man's phone. His friends were very confused by what I was doing and began questioning me. I tried to lie and say I had fallen over and accidentally grabbed onto his phone in the process but they didn't seem too convinced by my story. I gathered all of my belongings whilst watching a Youtube video on my phone and finishing off the last bits of food left on my plate. The manager of the pub¹¹ came over to me and asked me how the food was in quite a desperate way and I responded "oh yeah, really good. Would highly recommend".

✱

I was at 1BTN¹² and I was playing indie and rock edits of rap tunes for a while but it was time for bed. We were now in a big room with white walls and single beds against the walls. We all went to bed and when I awoke Dotty¹³ was there, wearing her most Victorian outfit.¹⁴ She gave me the rundown about our teacher as I was starting at a new Victorian school. She told me she looks strict but is actually quite nice. I went to class for a short while until it was time for bed again. This time the room had a king sized



Figure 9: a drawing from the original 'Dream Journals'

¹⁰ Mafu and Hugh are two of my very close friends, but both are people I have previously had romantic relationships with. I also lived with Hugh for 2 years.

¹¹ This man is actually the manager at the Martha Gunn pub in Brighton.

¹² A Brighton radio station.

¹³ A good friend from my course.

¹⁴ Dotty often wears outfits of this nature.

bed which myself, doty, a young man and a young woman were to sleep in. soon after the girl left because she was sick and doty left to sleep somewhere else because I was taking up too much space.

10.2.23 (Nap)

Ate cheese and slept on my stomach for about 1.5 hours.

Pascal¹⁵ needed to borrow something from me and asked me to meet them at the pub that they worked at. I met them there and as I was leaving they said “my bank card is out of date, can I borrow yours?”. I ummed and ahed for a while, saying I don’t really know them well enough to do that but ultimately caved and asked if I could take their card to hold onto until my card is returned. On my walk home I took a closer look at the card and was surprised to see that the expiry year was 2048. Clearly they just didn’t have any money. The street I was walking on was wide and clean and there was a slight grey mist in the air. As I continued walking, I saw a man with a rottweiler that was wearing a muzzle and got this feeling that the dog was very aggressive. As it came nearer I got so scared that I fell to the ground. The dog then came right up to me, barking in my face and trying to bite me through the muzzle. The owner held onto the dog, not saying anything, letting it happen. I was crying profusely as the owner walked away and I stood back up. Once he had gotten a few metres away I flipped him off and called him a cunt and in response he lowered his hand down to the dogs collar, threatening to take him off the leash. I cried again and mimed the word help as my voice stopped working.

Analysis: the incident with the dog is something which I vaguely did experience about 5 years ago. I was on a bus and there was a man sat in front of me with a rottweiler. I went to stroke it and it immediately went to bite my face in an incredibly aggressive way and I jumped back. The man didn’t do or say anything, he didn’t even apologise. I think the overall dream has something to do with trust, potentially of people I don’t know very well.

¹⁵ Fake name. I doesn’t feel it appropriate to name this person as they are an acquaintance, but I know them from the music scene.

11.2.23

Put a nicotine patch on before bed.

I had a shift with a new client¹⁶ at their flat from 8pm til 10pm. Their flat was big and quite fancy but was decorated badly in my personal opinion. I recognised the flat from seeing into it while on the bus on my usual route.¹⁷ We chatted for a while, at one point discussing the prospect of redecorating the flat. I was still at the flat at 12.30am which is when we decided we would go shopping in a nearby village. We stood at the bus stop for a short while before realising there were no buses that would get her back in time to go to bed. We went back into the flat just in time for the handover to the next support worker. The support worker was a camp, gay man and when he arrived he said to the client “shall we have a glass of wine then?” which I thought was a bit inappropriate.

The following day I went to Asda with Dad and Will¹⁸. In one section of the supermarket there were a selection of four books which I thought was odd and was intrigued to see what other books they had. I went to the till to ask the cashier where I could find more books. She was about 19 and spoke in a very grumpy, monotone way. she clearly did not want to be there. She said “I was telling you before about Asda warehouse downstairs where they have Asda’s own clothes and stuff, there will be some down there.” I had no recollection of talking to her before. I went downstairs expecting to find bargains but the clothes weren’t even cheap, they were just shit. When I found the books all they had was more of the exact same four books from upstairs. Near the till was a puffer coat with a photo of a girl taking a selfie in a full length mirror across the right side. I recognised the selfie from a Sainsbury’s ad campaign.¹⁹ I went over to the till to pay for my shopping and was served by the same girl from earlier and she said “I was worried you don’t like me” and I replied “you’re fine, don’t worry.” By the time I came out of Asda warehouse Dad and Will were nowhere to be seen and had clearly left without me.

In the evening I had work again with the same client from the previous day, 8pm to 10pm. When I walked into her flat there was a man there who was hurting her and threatening her. She was crying and telling him to leave and I panicked. Eventually I attacked him to get him out of the flat. He threated me, saying he had been recording the whole thing. I got very worried about this afterwards and thought to myself thank god for it being a dream. If it wasn’t a dream I would have

¹⁶ I work as a support worker for people with learning difficulties and am often working with a person I haven’t met before due to the amount of clients requiring care.

¹⁷ When originally recalling this dream I was unsure if this was a waking memory or not but I am now aware this was a falsified dream memory.

¹⁸ My brother.

¹⁹ If I found this coat in waking life I would absolutely purchase it.

had to report the incident and gotten in trouble from my team leaders. I was also very relieved that I hadn't called the police as the report would have gotten back to my boss in my waking life. The client was fine afterwards.

*

Dotty was telling me about how much work she has to do and I told her that she could come do work with me if that would help relieve some stress.

Analysis: the breakdown of the most important part of this dream, surrounding my work, is quite simple. I have had a couple of somewhat minor incidents in my line of work where I did not act or respond appropriately to the situation, simply because you cannot be trained for all situations. This is something that scares me massively as a carer because my entire job is to do what's best for the client yet in some situations I don't think fast enough or say the right thing.

11.2.23 (Nap)

Ate a lot of cheese before bed.

No dreams recalled

12.2.23

No dream additives.

Dad tried to call me on the phone.

*

I bought a valentines day card that was pink and had two pigs on with the words “happy valentines day Mum”. I gave it to my housemate, Em.

✱

Tony²⁰ was wearing a Barney the Dinosaur costume and when they took it off they were completely naked underneath. We kissed and then he turned into Ben²¹ and Syd²² was now there too.

13.2.23

No dream additives.

I was doing scientific experiments to find the best means of retaining dreams. Alongside this there was a romantic subplot of some kind.

✱

Lee²³ told me he was putting a wash on. I gathered my laundry together and selected all the white washing I had but when I brought it out he told me that he was putting a dark wash on.

Analysis: literally so boring, why is this dream so boring.

²⁰ Fake name. Someone I don't wish to name. I had a crush on them for a while but they weren't interested and turned out to be a knobhead anyway. This is one of many occasions that they appear in my dreams.

²¹ Fake name. a very good friend who I have previously had a messy relationship with.

²² Syd is my good friends who I used to live with.

²³ My good friend and current housemate.

14.2.23

Ate some cheese before bed and had a video on all night playing ambient sound.

Jet²⁴ came up to me and asked me to give him a bath. I didn't want to do this as if I were to give him a bath I would also then have to have a shower myself and wash my hair, and then the baby would want a bath too.²⁵ I simply did not have time for all that. Karl²⁶ offered to wash the dog and the baby so that I could just focus on getting myself showered. I really appreciated this so much that I kissed them a couple of times. When I pulled away and looked at them they were the cutest thing I had ever seen.

✱

I put on some music on my laptop and started twerking.

Analysis: simply, I think this first dream refers to thoughts I have recently had about being a single parent and how unfeasible that is. I have always thought I will live alone and do everything for myself but the older I get the more I realise how impossible that feels.

15.2.23

No dream additives.

I was at university looking at my own work on the wall, presumably in exhibition. It was a painting on a 1 x 1.2 m stretched canvas but I cant remember what it looked like. Underneath the painting was a plaque that declared I had gotten a first for my overall grade, even though the year was far from over. This was a pre-emptive grade because I'm amazing. No one else got a first.

✱

²⁴ My Gran's dog.

²⁵ No baby in particular, just a general baby.

²⁶ Fake name. a friend of mine who I met on a dating app and have had sex with on two occasions. Honestly I just didn't feel like bringing this book up with them.

I thought to myself "if Hugh doesn't come pick up that bloody painting from my hallway this week, I'm gonna throw it away".²⁷ *This may have been more of a waking thought than a dream as I awoke very quickly afterwards before going back to sleep.*

*

I stretched my legs and looked down to see that they had gone under a divan bed. I worried that they may get stuck but they didn't. I stood up to realise I was in Em's²⁸ room but all of her stuff was gone and she had moved out. All that was left was the divan bed and wardrobe. I was getting the room ready for a new person to move in and when they arrived I showed them the room and said "don't worry. I know it looks shit like this but once you put some stuff on the walls it will look nice. If you need any furniture we have loads in the lounge." We did in fact have a lot of furniture in the lounge, shoved around the room with no apparent purpose. I began designing the new tenant some bedding. I did so by drawing with a pencil directly onto the duvet and watching my design appear as I drew. The bedding was red with birds and a hand which was in a loose fist. I added bird shit as decoration to the work, lots of it. I kept adding and adding until I thought "hang on, this looks like cum!" I erased some of the poo/cum but left the shit I had drawn on the hand because that didn't look like cum.

Analysis: this selection of dreams is simply impeccable and may deteriorate if I were to break them down.

15.2.23 (Nap)

Ate some cheese, drank some coffee and went to bed with my hair tied up and the light on.

No dreams recalled.

²⁷ Good friend of mine who I lived with for 2 years. They moved out 6 months prior to this dream. They actually did leave a painting in my hallway this whole time and it does my nut right in.

²⁸ My good friend and current housemate.

16.2.23

No dream additives.

It was the future and everything was clean, white and chrome. We were in what felt like a designer indoor garden. It was a massive room with relatively high ceilings, mirrors along all the walls, no windows and perfect looking plants everywhere. I say we, but I wasn't really there, just watching from an external place. There was a man and a woman, both typically beautiful people who would star in a Hollywood film about the future, both wearing hazmat suits. In the centre of the room was a baby in a high chair which these people were looking after. This baby was special for some reason, as if he were the chosen one or something. Often, the people would leave the baby in the plant room to do his own thing while they sat in a lift and watched his activity through CCTV. There was a second lift that would actually be used as a lift for people to come in and out of the building.



Figure 10: created using Dall-e, 2023

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I was trying to carry Amber²⁹ in my arms and couldn't lift her. I then tried to give her a piggy back and she was being quite unhelpful about it, not holding on properly.

✱

I had a new boyfriend who I had been dating for approximately 20 hours when we moved in together. Within a couple hours we had gotten completely sick of each other, realising we don't really like the same things. He was tall and boring looking, a bog-standard straight man.

²⁹ My sister.

17.2.23

No dream additives.

I was on the way to a festival to meet up with a man I was dating and his brother. I didn't realise until I got there that his brother was someone I had dated over the internet when I was 14³⁰. The brother was shocked to see me and was clearly into me, which his girlfriend wasn't too happy about. Shortly after that we bunned off our respective partners to hang out with each other, and were getting quite close and coupley. At the festival there was a hairdressers which my mum was hanging out in and a sex toy shop right next door. The toy shop was enormous and had two floors, with dildos and vibrators covering every surface in sight. There was also an Aldi at the festival and everyone was shocked that it was so cheap. The brother who I had been hanging out with then turned into Oscar, and Millie was now there too.³¹

Millie was trying to tell me how to be calmer person and I was absolutely not interested in taking her advice. Oscar asked me over text why I wasn't listening to her and I replied "because I don't like her". Millie tried to make Oscar show her his phone and I said "you DEFINITELY don't want to see this text" which only made her more desperate to see it. I then said "I'll just tell you to your face. I don't like you".

18.2.23

No dream additives.

No dreams recalled.

³⁰ The brother actually was a person I dated over the internet when I was 14, although I never met him in real life.

³¹ Oscar and Millie are both fake names of two people I don't like but cannot avoid as I see them at uni. I am giving them fake names to avoid further arguments with these people in my waking life.

19.2.23

Went to bed drunk.

I was having sex with an androgenous looking AFAB³² person, then I was having sex with Alex.³³

★



Figure 11: a drawing from the original 'Dream Journals'

Myself and a client that I work with regularly³⁴ built rocket ships out of milk cartons but they were less like rocket ships and more like boats that had the ability to float like a hot air balloon. We planned to go to the moon but I suggested that I go first to check it was safe and I would text them when I got there. On the way there I thought “ ‘ang on, if we float there, how are we going to get back?’” I landed safely but told the client not to come because I was worried they might die and I would get sued, but they had already left before I sent the text. The moon was just like earth and had been inhabited by humans already. There was a park there which I went to with some people I met. I was sat on a picnic blanket with a girl and suddenly did an enormous snot onto the ground. I was super embarrassed and covered it with my hand, but snot and bogies continued to fall out of my nose.

³² 'Assigned female at birth', for those of you that don't know.

³³ A good friend of mine from uni.

³⁴ At my care job. I cannot name them for obvious reasons.

20.2.23

Played a curated playlist of ambient sound with songs at 1.5 hour intervals. The songs are selected from important memories in my waking life, including my close friends' favourite songs as well as the songs played at my Grandad's funeral. At one point it woke me up because I was stupid enough to put some foghorn DnB in there.

I attended a highly respected secondary school. We had gotten an email or letter concerning our uniform on a specific day. The intended meaning of the email was that we should wear our best uniform on this day but to some students, including myself, it felt implied that it would be non-uniform day. A lot of us then turned up wearing our own clothes and as you can imagine we were shitting it in the assembly hall. I went upstairs to my bedroom at Grandma's to see what clothes I could find that resembled uniform. I found a tie and shirt that I felt were good enough to not be spotted. We were then in this enormous hall around tables that felt more appropriate for a formal dinner situation than the assembly it was implied to be. Molly was there too.³⁵ She was also not wearing her uniform and said "don't laugh." I replied "I'm not gonna laugh at you" and went up to my room to search for more uniform related clothing to give to her. I couldn't find much as I had already put on what I could find. As I was rummaging through the clothes I was finding all sorts of horrible items and thought about taking them all to the charity shop soon.

...

We were then stood at a front door, trying to figure out how to open it which somehow involved the pink Hello Kitty purse I was holding in my hand. I could see the street around us and recognised it as the street that the Italian/Asian restaurant that Alex works at is on.³⁶

★

I was sat at a computer doing some work when someone began bothering me, asking to borrow a phone charger. I checked my bag and told them I didn't have one but they were persistent and continued to ask. Eventually I gave them my lunch to persuade them to go away which they then did.

³⁵ A friend from college who I haven't seen in a long time.

³⁶ A place from a previous dream. See part two of the dream dated to 7.2.23, pg 19.



My Bum hole really hurt for whatever reason and I was watching two DFS³⁷ vans driving on the motorway. I was thinking to myself “I called them like two hours ago, why aren’t the DFS people here yet? Why didn’t I just call an ambulance?” I then acknowledged that I wasn’t dead yet and decided to get a taxi to the hospital.

Analysis: turns out I had haemorrhoids.

21.2.23

No dream additives.

Tony³⁸ and I were on a date in a park.³⁹ We were sat on one part of the green and moved spots after a short while. I had brought a book to read and there was some tension between us.

22.2.23

Slept on the floor in a den that Mafu and I had made on the evening prior. I also watched a film in bed with a decaf tea and two Babybels.

I was sat on an armchair at a party, next to three people who were engaging in conversation. I did not see any of their faces as I was looking down towards the floor and their bodies. One man, who was wearing a white turtle neck and white pinstriped flares, says to the others “do you have any spare underpants? Cause I think I’ve had an accident.” A woman asks “what makes you think that?” to which he replies “well, cause the inside of my pants is all wet.” I looked at his clothes and presumed he meant a poo because I didn’t see any piss strains and acknowledge the unfortunateness of his outfit colour choice. The man then went over to a different couple of people

³⁷ As in the sofa company.

³⁸ Fake name. Someone I don’t wish to name. I had a crush on them for a while but they weren’t interested and turned out to be a knobhead anyway. This is one of many occasions that they appear in my dreams.

³⁹ It was Bramhall Park. We were on the green outside Bramhall Hall.

and told them he had had an accident which made me think he may be on drugs for he was speaking so openly about it. I then remembered I had a spare pair of underpants in my bag as well as a plethora of spare pants in my room downstairs since we were at a party in my house, but I didn't get involved.

Analysis: this dream definitely has something to do with the feeling of being overwhelmed by the responsibility of caring, when sometimes I just don't have the energy to care.

23.2.23

Changed my alarm to recordings of myself saying "remember your dreams" and "wake up Phoebe".
I also ate an entire garlic bread for dinner, one that was not gluten free.

I had a song stuck in my head and was thinking to myself "did I come up with that?" *upon waking I realised no, I did not.*⁴⁰

✱

Mafu⁴¹ and I kept arguing about little things and when the arguments were over I would continue to be mean and rude. I was saying things like "get out of my seat".

✱

I was watching a TLC⁴² show which followed the life of a woman and her three children. One of the children had been diagnosed with a personality disorder from quite a young age and misbehaved a lot.

⁴⁰ The song was CITY SHAKER by ___Heartc0re___.

⁴¹ A good friend of mine who I have previously had a romantic relationship with.

⁴² *The Learning Channel*, although it's shows are more about exposing the lives of individuals with different lives to the average person, like people who are severely overweight or have multiple partners.

24.2.23

Ate a cheese pizza and an entire tube of Jaffa cakes (a shit tonne of gluten). Spent the night tossing and turning.

I was talking to someone about the shoes I had just ordered.⁴³

Analysis: I clearly just couldn't stop thinking about shoes.

25.2.23

Was up late working the door at Aeon⁴⁴.

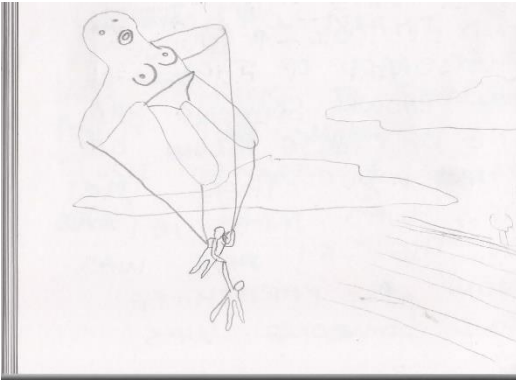


Figure 12: a drawing from the original 'Dream Journals'

I was at Aeon and there were DDJs set up where the ticket table usually is. There was a person who was wearing a necklace with a tiny DDJ controller on. I took a nice picture of them. There was a big crowd in the main room and someone had brought one of those blow up sex dolls that they have at stag dos. The doll then became massive and floated up to the sky, becoming a paracute for a skydiver. I realised then that I was also in the sky, holding onto the skydivers hand. I felt as though the wind was going to jolt me at any second

and my grip on the mans hand would not be strong enough to stop me falling. I told the man to hold onto my hand tighter which he did until we landed safely in a field.

Analysis: this wasn't apparent at first, but this dream is about the disconnect I feel from my own community from time to time. Although I am queer and in certain music circles, I don't fully feel

⁴³ I had ordered them in real life.

⁴⁴ A queer techno night in Brighton.

like I am supposed to be there and feel as though I stick out like a sore thumb in the way that I look and act.

26.2.23

Had a very bad toothache.

I walked over to the shelf in my room on which I keep medicines. I picked up a box of paracetamol to check if it was for toothache, which it was.

27.2.23

Removed the dream catcher from my room and ate a lot of cheese. I also made a cup of special tea that I ordered off the internet. It is a blend of herbs designed to induce lucid dreaming. I also still have toothache.

No dreams recalled.

28.2.23

Drank lucid dreaming herb tea and ate lots of cheese. Still have toothache.

No dreams recalled.

1.3.23

Drank lucid dreaming herb tea.



I was at university but it was just a white corridors and glass walls set over two levels which you were to travel through like a maze, finding walls that could be walked through and jumping between levels. Var⁴⁵ was there too. At one point we were in a corridor and I had gotten glass in my sock.

Analysis: potentially about feeling somewhat lost in my uni course, with Var acting as a symbol for the people that have their shit together cause Var is in uni basically all the time.

Figure 13: created using Dall-e, 2023

2.3.23

Drank lucid dreaming herb tea.

No dreams recalled.

3.3.23

Drank lucid dreaming herb tea, had a mugwort spliff⁴⁶ and ate loads of gluten and cheese.

No dreams recalled.

⁴⁵ Someone from my course.

⁴⁶ A herb that is known for inducing more vivid dreams, rolled into a joint.

4.3.23

Drank lucid dreaming herb tea.

No dreams recalled.

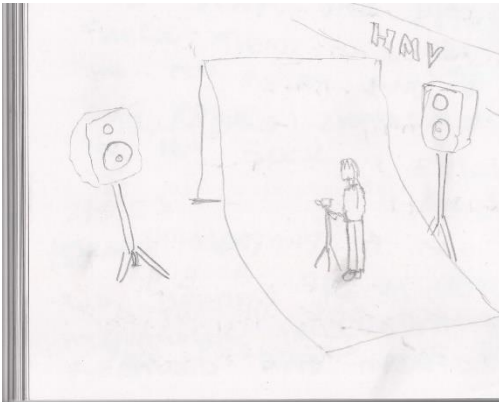
5.3.23

Drank lucid dreaming herb tea.

No dreams recalled.

6.3.23

Drank lucid dreaming herb tea.



I was a photographer and had set up a studio in the precinct in Stockport⁴⁷ town centre outside HMV. The set up consisted of a camera on a tripod, a large backdrop and four speakers, one in each corner of the space. I was inviting passers by to be photographed and airdropping the pictures to them, but this was all part of an elaborate scam, 'the Real Hussle' style.

Figure 14: a drawing from the original 'Dream Journals'

⁴⁷ The town I grew up in.

7.3.23

Had a shower before bed.

I owned and ran a pub that was a really shit co-op business. The staff's wages were based off of the pub's income which meant that when the pub was quiet no one got paid. To combat this issue we made it so the food prices fluctuated based on the number of customers in the pub and the amount of food being sold. The wait time for food would also be dependant on the amount of orders of the same item, being cooked in bulk when possible. The more people that ordered the same thing the cheaper the item was and the quicker the item would arrive to their table. The main issue with this way of functioning was that we had no customers so when someone did order food it took ages and was massively overpriced, causing the customer to end up paying around £15 for an item usually priced at around £7 in order to pay staff properly.

*

On my laptop I went to open some work on Microsoft word, but when I did all my previous work was gone due to not being saved properly.

Analysis: this dream occurred around the time my friend was having to close their business due to financial issues.

7.3.23 (Nap)

No dream additives.

My housemate texted me to tell me off about something, but I didn't open the text.

Analysis: absolutely not what I would do, I open messages from housemates immediately. Maybe I should learn a lesson from this and start ignoring people.

8.3.23

No dream additives.

No dreams recalled.

9.3.23

No dream additives.

No dreams recalled.

PART TWO: REITERATION

10.3.23

Had a very relaxing evening, watching documentaries, reading a book. I also drank a pint of water before bed. Tossed and turned for about 40 minutes before giving up to do some word searches then going back to bed.



Figure 16: a drawing from the original 'Dream Journals'



Figure 15: created using Dall-e, 2023

I was going to the mall which was an enormous white building with two stories of shops and such. The entrance was completely open with no doors and lead onto a pavement, followed by a road and then Brighton beach. I was walking along the road into the mall. The road was lined with palm trees like a street in Santa Monica, disillusioned by typical British smog. I had just been to a shop and was heading up to the second floor of the mall. On my way up I saw a person being escorted out of the building because they were sick. Amongst the hurry of people I saw Ruth and Emma⁴⁸. I chatted to Emma for a while as they work in the mall. Across two floors of the mall was this enormous pub that resembled a slightly fancy Wetherspoons and I knew somewhere in the mall there was a Superdrug as this is the shop I had come in for. I'm not sure which of these places Emma worked at, but I know it was one of them or potentially even the mall itself. At one point they made an important announcement over the tannoy and it was at this moment that I acknowledged I was dreaming because I know Emma doesn't work at the mall. Even with this knowledge however, I did not gain any more control of the dream, so I continued to rush around the mall. I had a purpose for rushing around but what that purpose was I have no idea. I felt as though I was wearing roller skates as I was moving so

fast and smoothly, but I did not have roller skates on. Since I was doing so much rushing around I decided to put my bag into a locker to increase my mobility. I was using my checked Vans

⁴⁸ Two people from BBG, the collective of women and gender non-confirming DJs I am involved with.

backpack. Shortly after doing so I realised I hadn't taken much notice of the code I put on the locker, but didn't worry too much as it would most likely be the one I use for everything. I continued speeding round the mall, rushing in and out of the pub. I chatted to Emma again for a short while before they were called to attend to something. They said they would be back in a minute but I did not have time for waiting around and sped off to my flat which was located in the mall, a few stories above the main shopping area.

The flat was reasonably sized, rectangular, freshly decorated and had high ceilings. My bedroom however was small and cramped, with a single bed, resembling university accommodation but in the most cosy way possible. While in the privacy of my flat I tried to prove to myself that I was dreaming. I pinched myself but felt it vividly and thought "fuck it" and bit my own hand which to my surprise actually hurt. I was confused because until then I had been convinced that I was dreaming. I went back down to the mall to find Superdrug and couldn't find it for the life of me. I then realised I had actually already been to Superdrug and my shopping was in my bag in the lockers. As I continued to speed around the mall I felt the wind on my back which proper freaked me out because I was completely aware of the idea that physical feelings to my sleeping body can appear in dream form, and therefor there may actually be a draft on my back in real life.

I woke up to find the duvet almost completely off of me which made sense for the dream content. The lamp was on and I felt this small feeling of fear. I grabbed the duvet, pulling it up over my head and went back to sleep almost instantly.

I returned immediately to the same dream. I ran into the pub all the way to the back. The further into the pub I went the less it looked like a traditional Wetherspoons. At the back



Figure 18: created using Dall-e, 2023

the walls were pink and there were pink leather sofas everywhere but not even in a functional way, these sofas were crammed into the space. As I was rushing around I did a mad jump over a table and stopped to chat to someone I supposedly knew as if I had nowhere to be. I then went back to my flat and got into bed but the people outside the pub were being noisy

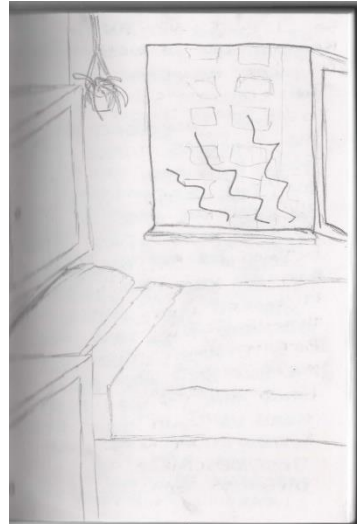


Figure 17: a drawing from the original 'Dream Journals'

and the sound was coming through my window. All I could think about was how I just wanted to go back to my real bed.

I got up to begin my journey back to my real home but remembered I needed to go collect my bag from my locker first. When I got there the lockers had moved and next to them were some shelves with peoples bags on and a bouncer stood manning what was now a cloakroom. Beneath him was the kind of mud you see at festivals, heavily trodden on and messy. I asked the bouncer for my bag and described my Vans backpack to him but it wasn't there. What was there though was my dog backpack, a bag which is very distinctively mine due to it being decades old and having badges on that were made by me and my friends. I told the man that this bag was mine and he replied "how can I know that when you have just described a different bag to me?" I explained to him that the bag previously belonged to my mum and that the badge on the front was drawn by myself. He picked it up and I heard the jangle of my own keys and told him that was my keys in the bag. Somehow this was enough evidence for him and he gave me the bag. He then asked me "do you want some free drink tokens for the pub?" I was confused by this, pausing for a second before replying "yeah, sure." He gave them to me and said "and a kiss?" in response to which I did a retching sound and threw the tokens at him. He ripped one of the tokens in half and threw it back at me. I picked it up and began ripping little bits off of it, leaving a breadcrumb trail of unusable drinks tokens as I walked away. We both laughed.

I returned home to the flat once again, greeted by Emma who was my housemate. They didn't talk or act like Emma but resembled them visually and in concept. They were complaining about their day and I felt like this was an opportunity to find out if this is a dream or not. I thought to myself "if this is a dream I can interrupt Emma talking about their day by kissing them and they will kiss me back, because if this were real life that would be wildly inappropriate and rude". I kissed them and they kissed me back and it felt insanely real and freaked me out to the point where it woke me up.

When I awoke I looked around me to find that the lamp was not on, meaning the first time I woke up was entirely fabricated by my unconscious. I lay awake for about 20 minutes, completely in shock from the experience I had just had, before eventually going back to sleep.



My mum lived in this massive house that was freshly decorated with white walls and beige carpets.⁴⁹ All of the rooms were very adequately sized but there were many of them. I was in the process of moving back in with my mum and currently hypothesising the logistics of having a

⁴⁹ For context my mum lives in a small house that is very colourfully decorated.

party, and how I would cordon off the area of the house in which my mum and sister would sleep. There was also a loft that was quite big and had a second room within it. In the small room I began a little side hustle that was somewhat like tarot reading but was more like having a chat with people who needed advice or someone to talk to about whatever issue they were currently experiencing in their life. To apply for this service, people would send me videos of themselves talking about what they needed help with and what they wanted from the session. Once I had agreed to help them, they would come round and go straight up to the loft. The house was so big that my mum didn't even notice I had people coming in and out. Someone who I remember from college applied to have a session with me, but now she was emo which I did not remember her being before. In her request video she explained that she just really likes looking at weird things and was lacking severely in that area of her life. I told her to come in for a session.

When she arrived we sat down at a table in the smaller attic room and I showed her some things which I had found in the loft, meaning they were my mums belongings. I was convinced my mum owned some chainmail that I wanted to show to the woman but I couldn't find it. Instead I found a gas mask that I thought would be equally adequate. I showed it to the woman and she said "oh yeah, that's cool." At the end of the session I was concerned about how uninspiring this session had been for the woman considering she was paying me for it and began to express my concerns to her but she interrupted, saying "no, no. I'm really happy. See you next week."

Later on me and Mum were talking about which room I would be taking and they showed me the room. It was narrow and would barely fit a double bed. I asked if I could have the loft since it wasn't being used and they said "no", then the police arrived. I was in trouble for something. It was implied that I had been trying to sell my artwork from the loft but had actually been showing the clients my mums belongings and passing it off as my own work. The police began searching the loft and in doing so were finding these small cottage ornaments⁵⁰ that had actually been made by me as a child and therefor were worth some money. They were put into forensics bags and labelled with amount of money they were worth, all around £500 each. Amber came into the room but she was older, around 16/17.⁵¹ The police had left the room momentarily and we were now seeing things in the room that were incriminating. On the windowsill was a teaspoon that was covered in white powder, most certainly drugs of some kind. I started to panic and Amber said "well, that might actually be mine. We should throw it out of the window." I was shocked at the idea that something covered in drugs could belong to my sister, but agreed and threw it out of the window. We turned back towards the room to see yet another item. Three plastic cups stacked together, also covered in drugs.

⁵⁰ The kind you see in charity shops.

⁵¹ Amber is my 15 year old sister.

Analysis: there is so much to break down here, its unbelievable. Although I can theories ideas of what this means I would rather keep this one open to discussion since it was so unbelievably strange.

10.3.23 (Nap)

No dream additives.

No dreams recalled.

11.3.23

Went to bed really late and really drunk.

No dreams recalled.

12.3.23

Went to bed quite late and tipsy.

No dreams recalled.

13.3.23

No dream additives.

I was at the supermarket and had my two favourite teddies with me. Because I was holding them, I was struggling to put my shopping into the bag at the till. I was thinking to myself “I hope people think these are my children’s teddies”.

Analysis: the supermarket is often a negative experience for me, as it is for many people. Something about it sends me into a state of inability where I become quiet and need a big nap afterwards, I guess this being represented in the comfort found in my teddies.

14.3.23

Went to bed very early.

My headphones broke.

✱

I was at work⁵² and was packing a bag for a client to go on holiday with. After I left I had gotten a big telling off via text from the clients father for packing the bag incorrectly and not following the specification set out in the email he sent to me. He was telling me I had clearly not read his instruction and was saying things like “you only packed one toothbrush when I distinctly said to pack two”.

Analysis: anxiety dream. I’m scared of getting in trouble and being bad at my job.

⁵² I am a support worker.

15.3.23

Nicotine patch on and drank a pint of water.

I was at Grandma's house. Dad, Grandma and I were sat on a picnic blanket after eating some food. Grandma then brought out a garlic bread and although I already felt sick from eating gluten I just couldn't stop myself taking some garlic bread. Dad was smoking a cigarette.⁵³ I asked him why he was smoking and he said "if I'm moving to Brighton I need to get used to it." I looked over to the kitchen table where there were five birthday cakes in different frostings. They were all in the shape of numbers with one above and four in a line below. There was only one slice taken from one of

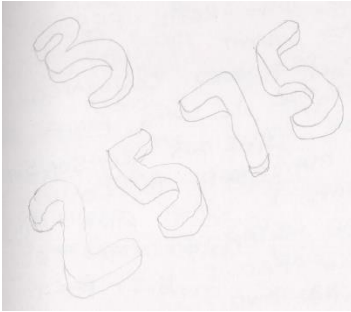


Figure 19: a drawing from the original 'Dream Journals'

the cakes which Grandma was a bit miffed about since she had gone to the effort of making all of these cakes. The reason for these cakes was that Grandma had organised a birthday party for this little girl who I did not recognise. The top number, '3', was supposedly the girls age although she looked as if she were about nine or ten. The lower four numbers, '2575' was apparently the name of this girl's favourite film. The film itself was about a young girl who was a psychopath.

Time passes and I am now the little girl who's party it was, but the age I actually am.⁵⁴ In the time passed I had done some of the psychopathic things depicted in the film as a child, and now had to go to very regular therapy sessions and doctors appointments to be psychologically examined. I talked to the doctor very well and as if I wasn't mentally unwell, using my personality from waking life as a façade to trick the doctor into believing I was fine. There was some malicious intent behind my behaviour, but I am unsure of what it was. I convinced the doctor of my recovery so well that we would continue to chat outside of the sessions on the way out of the building and he would tell me details about his personal life. The other therapists were worried and reminded him that I am a psychopath.

★

⁵³ My dad is firmly not a smoker, I have never seen him smoke.

⁵⁴ 23.

I adopted a dog from a rehoming centre. She was German Sheppard and was not yet fully grown, maybe around one year old. The centre I adopted her from gave free training sessions to dogs and new owners and together we taught her to sit, stay, etc. she quickly became my whole world and I felt like she was the best thing to ever happen to me. I decided to change her name to Cassie as I continuously called her that accidentally.⁵⁵ One day I was teaching her to get into my car which was a small convertible BMW in dark grey. The car was really nice and clean.⁵⁶ On another day I had dressed Cassie up in what I thought was a cute outfit but deep down I knew she looked really silly. When I walked her people would compliment me on how cute she is.



Figure 20: a drawing from the original 'Dream Journals'

One morning I was getting Cassie ready to go for a walk while worrying about the fact that I had lost the keys to my flat a couple of days prior. My flat was a beautiful one bed flat with a large open plan living/dining/kitchen area. The ceilings were incredibly high and there were floor to ceiling windows along the whole wall, showcasing the incredible view of the city I was living in. the flat had two front doors; one that lead to a lift and down to the street and the other was down some stairs and went into the car park.

I was about to head through the door towards the lift when I heard the keys being put into the other door. I froze on the spot, holding Cassie's lead in my hand. A man came up the stairs and into the flat, spotting me immediately. I shouted "give me my keys back" which he did. He then proceeded to enter my flat, scoping it out knowing full well I couldn't move from fear. He brought my bag containing my laptop through to the hallway and placed it as the top of the stairs, clearly beginning a pile of things he planned on taking with him. The next thing he brought through was my dining table. It was an antique ceramic table from the 1960s that was crème with brown and orange floral details. This was the last straw for me. In that moment I took my mind back to the memory of adopting Cassie and being told that she has an unknown past and considered that she may be my last resort. I shouted "Cassie, attack!" which she did. I blinked hard and when my opened my eyes I saw the man lay dead on the hallway carpet.

The following day I was walking Cassie and suddenly remembered there is a dead man in my house. I said out loud "I need to do something about that" to which Cassie replied in well-spoken English "yeah, maybe you should call the police." I called 999 but was put through to Liverpool police. The scouse woman on the phone said "I can tell you're not in Liverpool so which police do you want?" I told her I'm in Manchester and she said "yeah but where in Manchester?" I had to

⁵⁵ I had a German Sheppard called Cassie as a child.

⁵⁶ I don't have a car, I can't even drive.

think for a second before replying “Chorlton” but suddenly could hear that my Dad and Auntie were also on the line. They were asking me what was wrong but I just couldn’t bring myself to say it out loud. I told my Dad to just meet me at my flat or the police station as I would soon be taken in for questioning. I hadn’t even told him I had a dog, and now she had killed someone.

When I woke up I was thinking about how my options were to tell the truth and Cassie be put down or lie, saying I killed the man and end up in prison. Obviously if this were a real scenario the outcome would not go down like that, but the thought process made sense at the time. The combination of these two detailed dreams kinda fucked me up for the rest of the day.

Analysis: the first dream starts out with reference to two things I do that are very bad for my health – eating foods that I know make me ill and smoking cigarettes. The dream then follows on the make suggestions of myself pretending to be someone I am not, someone nicer and more functional than myself. At the time of this dream I was feeling a lot of stress about life and uni. When im stressed or unhappy I have a tendency to deal with my problems through self-destructive behaviour, including smoking and eating excessive food that I know is bad for me. I guess subconsciously I am also aware that I can become easily irritable and quick to snap at people, saying things that I don’t mean when I am stressed. Although I am completely aware of all of these habits – represented in the dream by my ability to pretend I am well – I am unable to shake these activities from myself in a way that I am proud of myself for.

The second dream of the night really messed with me in the day following. The context of my life in the dream makes reference to an idealised version of myself, with a nice car, a beautiful home and a dog who quickly becomes my best friend. The dream has so much build up to the ultimate moment of a man being killed and thus brings up the topic of whether I killed the man or if I was completely unknowing in what Cassie would do on the command of “attack”. In this dream I believe the idea of a dog was used only due to the fact I so desperately wanted a dog but in fact represented my own mental health and anger issues. The dog behaves well up until the point of great panic. I am still in this moment but my psyche gets the better of me and attacks in a way more aggressive than necessary, harming another person greatly in the process. I am very aware that I have jumped past the necessary point of anger in the past and hurt people in the process and the dream in full makes reference to this, especially in how it depicts the build up of idealness, a reference to the build up of friendships I have before ruining them. After the attack, Cassie calmly tells me I should call the police, representing the return to levelheadedness I experience after flying off the handle. The overall idea of the dream is about how I fear my own anger and unexpectedness and how it may effect my adult life.

16.3.23

Nicotine patch on before bed.

My housemate Lee came home with a load of assorted potted plants. One of them looked like a tiny version of the trees from *The Lorax*⁵⁷ in colours pink, red and orange. I was very intrigued by these plants. Lee told me that the most amazing thing about these plants is that they can re-root themselves and when they grow they can be any colour regardless of the original plant they grew from.

I was stood in the corner of this big room that had counter tops around and glass cabinets in, somewhat resembling a science lab. I was doing something with the plant that Lee gave to me but was continuously being pestered by two people. The pestering was like that of being pestered by bullies when I was in school. I was getting angry and aggressive, pushing them away with unwarranted force but they persevered with their pestering. Eventually I got so angry that I grabbed one of them on the back of the head and put his head through the glass cabinet doors, getting a small shard of glass in my mouth in the process.

Analysis: this dream feels moderate simple in that it relates to my own anger issues which I am in the process of resolving which have been a problem for me since I was about 13 years old. These issues undoubtedly stem from my childhood as a result of the bullying I experienced throughout school, amongst other things.

17.3.23

Nicotine patch on before bed.

I was invited to a party and on the printed out invite it said that the party had an entry fee and that charitable donations were very welcome. I assumed the party was to raise funds for charity. I arrived at the party which was held in a big, posh house and was full of boring, middle-class people⁵⁸ who had no desire to talk to anyone other than the friends they had come with. The girl who invited me however was very friendly and happy to see me. She came over to chat to me and asked me if I would like to see her art studio. This was clearly her parents house and I was

⁵⁷ A Dr. Seuss story.

⁵⁸ Disclaimer: not all middle class people are boring, but these ones definitely were.

intrigued to see what a studio looks like in such a posh house. I followed her downstairs to the lower floor where we entered a carpeted room which had some sofas and chairs in, on which sat a couple of people who we stopped to chat with. At one point while in conversation with the girl I brought up the fact that her invitation said something about charitable donations and gave her £20. She responded “oh, that will pay for my taxi home.”

“what do you mean? I thought it was going to charity?”

“well no, the charitable donations are for me.”

“why are you doing that?”

We got into an argument and at one point she asked “why do you care? Your parents pay your rent anyway”, implying everyone here has their rent paid for by their parents. I replied “yours might, but mine don’t. every penny I have I have worked for so yeah, £20 is a lot for me. If I had known it was for that I wouldn’t have given you so much”. Everyone around us then began being mean to me, saying I was poor. I said “I didn’t think it was that obvious” and they all replied “yeah, its really obvious that you’re poor.” The only reason I had been invited to this party was to have the piss taken out of me for being poor.



I was at a music or comedy gig that was seated and the venue had a HMV at the top of it. On the break we headed up to the HMV and a guy there was buying shit tonnes of DVD box sets, picking up between one and four copies of each box set available dependant on how good he thought each box set was. He had a two copies of ‘24’, four copies of some Michael McIntyre comedy show and one copy of what I can only assume to be a Drew Barrymore box set as it contained the films ‘Never Been Kissed’ and ‘the Wedding Singer 1&2’.⁵⁹ In total his shopping came to around £800. I wanted to ask him why he was buying so many DVDs then realised he was also handing out flyers for his guitar lessons. I thought to myself “ah, PR stunt”.



I was thinking to myself “god that party was horrible. Was it a dream?” and checked my phone to find that the horrible person who’s party it was had messaged me and it was in fact not a dream.

⁵⁹ *The Wedding Singer 2* doesn’t exist as I found out after waking.

The person was now not a girl but was an androgenous person that used they/them pronouns. I called my mum to tell them about what happened but was now in the person's house again, telling my mum the story whilst the person interjected their side of things into our conversation. I said to them "why are you doing this to me?" and they responded "because you got that promotion at work." I had no idea what they were talking about, telling them that I work in care and do art and music stuff on the side. although this is vaguely true, I was trying to make it sound like I was doing well off of these things to show them that I was doing things for myself and not relying on other people. They stopped being horrible to me after that.

*

I was lay in bed facing the TV on my Mum's driveway. I thought about having a wank but decided it was best not to do that since my Mum's neighbours would see. I was then in a small dark room, still lay in bed but with my partner who was a man with a rugby body and long blonde hair tied into a ponytail. I was now moving into my Mum's house and whilst bringing my things into the house I picked up something of my Mum's off the sofa. They saw me pick whatever it was up and said "oh so you've had that the whole time have you?" They meant this as a joke but I took it as very accusatory. They said something similar about a t-shirt I moved too which made me annoyed. I told them "I didn't have yer bloody t-shirt" and went off on them about how they're always doing shit like this.

18.3.23

Nicotine patch on before bed.

I was in a town that resembled Canterbury, with cobbled roads. I was walking through with my Dad and ahead of me I saw Olive.⁶⁰ When they saw me they stopped and said "do you wanna hang out with us? Cause you're on your own" to which I replied "I'm not on my own. I'm with my Dad." Me and my Dad continued walking to the pub. We sat in the pub for a while until my Dad turned into Hugh.⁶¹ Me and Hugh went looking for a different pub to sit in where we could get away with not buying anything and eventually found a pub that had a second door that lead directly to an upstairs

⁶⁰ Fake name. An acquaintance of mine.

⁶¹ Hugh is a friend of mine who I have previously had a relationship with, one that at points became quite toxic due to miscommunications and my own decline in mental wellbeing.

sitting area. Although the pub looked like a massive Wetherspoons it was actually a Bubble Room.⁶² The upstairs sitting area was an enormous hallway with high ceilings that felt more like a grand hotel. The hallway had a few tables with benches along one wall, a staircase leading down into the main pub and some rooms coming off of it, separated by large archways. Two of the rooms had arcade games in, some of which were fish themed. The other room was a 'Finding Dory' themed cinema, with characters and imagery from the film on the wall and an enormous turtle in the centre which was for sitting on. I couldn't help but think what would they possibly show in there once 'Finding Dory' isn't relevant anymore. We sat at a table on the hallway, able to see down the stairs and into the pub. After a while my old boss came up and told us "if you're not buying a drink you need to leave." We began getting our belongings together to leave and I went to pick up my bag. This bag was not one I recognised but I knew it was mine. The guy on the table next to us, who was about 20 years old, said as I picked up the bag, "no. that's the kind of bag my friend would have so I think that's my friends bag." His tone was not at all accusative, more concerned. I replied "na, it's definitely my bag" and proceeded to describe the way my wallet and keys look before pulling them out of the bag to present them to him. He was satisfied with this proof and we left the pub.

We were now in a city that resembled Manchester. Everywhere you looked there were skyscrapers and fenced off patches of land, and the air was filled with a thick, grey fumes. On one block corner there was a chicken battery farm, completely visible, with chickens crammed into cages the size of themselves along the fenced wall. Amongst this dingy and depressing landscape there would be the occasional nice restaurant or bar, brightly lit, vividly decorated and beautiful in comparison to the rest of the city. When I would see these establishments I would think to myself "that looks nice" while completely ignoring the smog of the industrial landscape around us.



Figure 22: created using Dall-e, 2023

We came to a corner where a man in his 60s with a white beard and wearing a fishermen's jacket was fishing off the pavement into what was a puddle but also a road but also a river. Sometimes people would drive over the road where the man was fishing and they would engage in a friendly exchange. Hugh joined in fishing and immediately caught a fish, a tiny one that is smaller

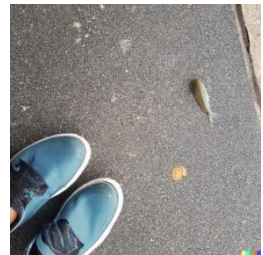


Figure 21: created using Dall-e, 2023

⁶² A bar I worked in about 4 years ago. One of the worst jobs I've ever had. Almost everyone that worked there was a cunt.

than the bate used to catch it. The older man was very impressed by how quickly they caught the fish but I couldn't help but think "why would you want to catch a fish that small?" Hugh and the man continued catching fish together, chatting and becoming friendly with each other. I was getting tired and debated going to sleep on the pavement but also acknowledged that Hugh might just leave me there if I did.

The next day we were back at the puddle/road/river but in the meantime I had been assaulted.⁶³ When I mentioned it to the two of them, the man started taking the piss out of me by smearing blood all over his own face. Hugh was laughing and joining in with the jokes. I pushed the man into the puddle/road/river and ran away, Hugh chasing behind me shouting "Phoebe, stop". I kept on running.



Figure 23: created using Dall-e, 2023

19.3.23

Went to bed tipsy.

Millie⁶⁴ was pestering me over Instagram message. I told her that "we're not friends and we should just leave it at that" but she continued to bother me. Instead of replying with messages I would reply with photos and screenshots that put my thoughts across such as rather than saying "I just want to be left alone by everyone" I would send her a photo of the sign in my uni studio that reads "leave me alone". Although I sent her this I did not send the photo itself, I sent a screenshot of my computer screen with the photo on it, with the my search history on show. She obviously looked at my search history since it was right there and brought up the fact that her Instagram was in my recently viewed. It was there because I had gone on her page to make sure she wasn't following me and therefore she didn't know what I was up to.

⁶³ I didn't experience the assault in the dream, just the concept of it happening existed.

⁶⁴ Fake name. a person from university that I don't get on with who I have given a fake name to for the sake of not starting any more arguments with them.

20.3.23

No dream additives but I do have covid.

Mum had some pets which they kept in what looked like a tortoise enclosure. It was wooden and you could not see into it. It was implied that there was a rabbit in one section and many gerbils in another. I thought about how I hadn't seen mum open the cage in a while and worried they all might be dead. I said to my mum "have you got the rabbit or the gerbils out recently" to which they replied "yes" and proceeded to let them out. They were all fine and began running around the floor.

Analysis: this dream definitely relates to my own animal neglect as a child. Although I thought I was doing enough, I would forget to clean out their cages regularly and on occasion I would forget to feed them too.

21.3.23

Drank a pint of water, still got covid.

Bran⁶⁵ had put on an exhibition which I had put some work into. I was giving a tour of the space to a man. We came into this room that had a very high ceiling and an enormous shower at the back of it. Dotty⁶⁶ had said she was going for a shower and I was worried that the man might see her and so I stood in between them both. At one point I turned to see that Dotty was showering fully clothed including wearing a coat and earmuffs. I then stopped standing in front of her because the man would probably think this is an art piece. Upstairs the exhibition continued with an enormous fish tank full of live fish, like a Sea-life.

★

I had an enormous gerbil tank with lots of gerbils in.

⁶⁵ A friend from uni who regularly put on exhibitions.

⁶⁶ A friend from uni.

21.3.23 (Nap)

No dream additives, just covid.

No dreams recalled.

22.3.23

Drank 1.5 pints of water and chilled out before bed. Still got covid.

I was having a threesome with a man and a woman. The man was scoring it on a scoreboard mid sex. Me and the woman said to him that we don't mind him scoring it but could he wait til afterwards?

*

I met a man that made porn on Sims for a living.

*

I'm looking at a plate with a full English breakfast on – hashbrown, scramble egg, etc – except there's a shit tonne of sausages, like so many of them.

22.3.23 (Nap)

No dream additives.

No dreams recalled.

23.3.23

Drank 2 pints of water.

I was getting a breast reduction and Alex⁶⁷ was the surgeon. Before the surgery, Alex and I picked out some pebbles that would be put into my chest in place of the fat. We were choosing the smallest, smoothest, roundest pebbles we could find. When Alex was injecting me with anaesthetic they were saying something to me which I was not quite hearing. I said something to them about not understanding which came out as a mumble because I was going under. They mimicked my mumble back to me to which I replied “exactly”.

When I awoke my chest looked smaller but didn't feel any smaller and was just as heavy as it was before, probably because of the pebbles. The scar I had was gnarly, an almost cartoonish, wonky line across my ribs with stich tape along it. Alex told me to wear comfy clothes. Afterwards I went to the pub wearing my purple hoodie with a faded green jumper over the top. Tom⁶⁸ was there. I walked up to him and he looked at my chest. I thought he was about to say something about my breast reduction but then he said “is that my jumper?” I replied “I just had surgery! But yes this is your jumper”. Tom seemed a bit awkward and uninterested in my surgery.

At the pub I also met up with some people from BBG.⁶⁹ There was also another collective of DJs at the pub, all straight men with short-back-and-sides haircuts and plain clothes, the kind of DJs that play shite house. Someone that worked at the pub said “oh I wish there were some DJs here to play at the pub” and proceeded to point at the straight men collective and asked them to play. We were all a bit miffed about that.

Analysis: this one blew my mind when I woke up. The day prior I had read 60 pages of Freud's ‘the Interpretation of Dreams’ and it shows, this dream was full of easter eggs. The dream begins with me being given surgery by a friend of mine who is non-binary but I see as quite a masculine person. Top surgery is something I want but in this dream it doesn't work out how I expected it to. Although visually my chest was reduced, it is just as heavy, making a clear connection to the weight and burden of womanhood which I will not escape even if I have the surgery. The appearance of pebbles is also an interesting one because it definitely makes reference to Brighton but as of now I am unsure why. At the pub there were two incidents of my masculinity being shut

⁶⁷ One of my good friends from uni.

⁶⁸ A friend from my old uni who I haven't spoken to in about a year.

⁶⁹ A collective of women and gender non-conforming DJs that I am a part of.

down, with my friend ignoring my surgery and the pub owner ignoring my ability to DJ just as well as the others. The suggestion also of me stealing the jumper of a man makes reference to me trying to be a person that I am not, a man version of myself.

24.3.23

Drank a pint of water before bed.

I was part of a friendship group with two guys⁷⁰ and one woman,⁷¹ all of which who's faces were changing throughout the story. I had a crush on the woman and decided one day to tell her how I felt, but it turned out that one of the guys fancied me. After a very diplomatic conversation with the woman, we decided it would be best if I were to date the guy that fancied me. I then woke up and they were all there. I said to them "I've just had a dream about you guys. You kept changing into different people, except for you", as I was pointing at the woman who was now not a woman and was in fact an androgenous non-binary person, "you didn't change at all." They replied "oh that's nice."

I went back to sleep where I continued to date the man. I'm not sure where we were but something was being filmed for television. There was a TV presenter talking into a mic and I think Beyonce was there too. There was a crowd which was also being filmed. For shits and giggles I got naked and walked into the crowd so that the cameras would have to avoid me, although this backfired on me when the presenter said "the rules are the rules. You have to show the naked body on the television."

Analysis: the first part of the dream is very simple as it is a vague retelling of an experience that I have had multiple times, of being involved in love triangles. This story is especially relevant as the day prior to this dream I decided to express to one of the people I had previously had this issue with that I still had feelings for them, and I guess my subconscious brain was just playing out this experience. The conversation with said friend went quite differently to how I expected. My intention with telling them how I feel was purely to get it off of my chest and feel as though I wasn't keeping secrets from them, but in response they said that they somewhat felt the same way about me. I think the second part of the dream is in reference to this. I bared all in a light-hearted way with no intention of being fully acknowledged but in turn was acknowledged completely, in a way that is potentially more important than I could have expected.

⁷⁰ Who I don't recognise as anyone I know.

⁷¹ Who looked like my friend Nikki but definitely was not Nikki.

25.3.23

Drank water and ate gluten before bed.

No dreams recalled.

26.3.23

Drank water and chilled out before bed.

No dreams recalled.

27.3.23

Drank water and chilled out before bed.

I was at a festival/pub with Marz.⁷² We wanted to play a card game that had cute imagery on but it was too noisy or busy so we went into this tent/room which was not very well lit and was full of stuff. I put a bag for life over my head as the clutter in the room was overwhelming and then we began the game. After a few turns of the game I took the bag off my head and asked “why are we in here? This is like a rubbish room cause its just full of bin bags.” Marz agreed and we went through a door into a stock/staff room and continued our game. After a while we decided to leave and went back into the pub. We were definitely in the UK but at the bar were these three cartoonish in character Hillbillies with messy

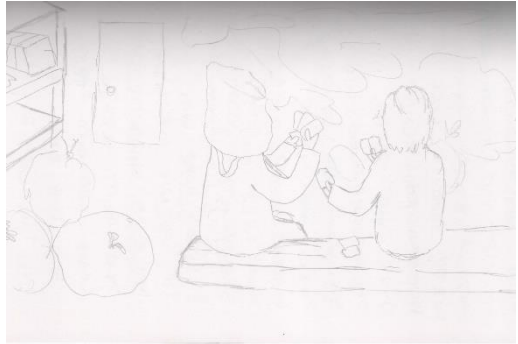


Figure 24: a drawing from the original 'Dream Journals'

⁷² One of my close friends who I used to live with.

hair and stubble. They were wearing straw hats, plaid shirts and dungarees, and they were missing a few teeth. They were talking about what a long day they had on the ranch. One of them spoke to me and in conversation I was subliminally trying to teach UK lingo, more specifically the word 'tenner'.

*

I was wandering round this town with Mum and Amber.⁷³ The town was very clean and empty and the sun was shining. We were wandering round town before I was to leave at 1.15pm and at one point Mum dipped off. Me and Amber continued wandering around and we found this enormous junkyard that was also a second-hand store in an old warehouse. Outside the shop was a fence and behind the fence was the biggest pile of junk I had ever seen. Facing the shop was a wall that must have been about 30ft tall and had old, tatty, giant teddies coming out of it. The teddies had clearly been built into the wall, implying that the wall was built after the junkyard. It was proper creepy and a waste of teddies to be honest.

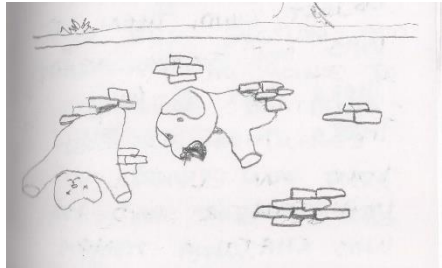


Figure 25: a drawing from the original 'Dream Journals'

We went into the junkyard shop where I was now with Grandma. We chatted whilst having a mooch. I was then with Alex⁷⁴ who pulled a trick on me, one of those where you have to move the bottom object without touching the top object. Then I was with my sister again. There was a man in the shop who looked like an Elvis impersonator who was chatting. He then started singing 'Hound dog' by Elvis, incorporating these banging sounds into his performance, but one of the banging sounds was him shooting a gun. Me and Amber gave each other a look of "this guy's a bit weird" and carried on shopping. I got to the DVD section and decided to look for an Elvis DVD. At the time of me beginning to look at the DVDs it was around 8am. Mum called and asked if we were sure we wanted to stay out this long before my train. I said it would be fine as me and Amber could go get some lunch. I continued looking at the DVDs til I realised I had been looking at them for ages and thought "oh my god, where's Amber?" I shouted for her and she came running over. She sat on the floor with a grumpy look on her face. I asked her what she wanted to do now and she didn't reply. I think she was annoyed that I had just spent literal hours looking at DVDs. We decided to leave and on the way out I asked these two

⁷³ My sister.

⁷⁴ Really good friend of mine from uni.

boys for the time. They were my cousins and were sat at a table both looking at their laptops. One of them told me that it was 1pm exactly.

*

I was staying somewhere away from home and had run out of clean underpants. My only option was to wear these pants that were boxers with an enormous electronic penis hanging off them. These pants were from a game that was a combination of 'Buckaroo' and 'Bop It', but with a cock. Luckily, I could wear the pants turned off with the dick pointing down.

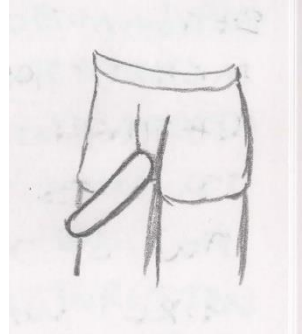


Figure 26: a drawing from the original 'Dream Journals'

*

I was at the park and had just upset my friend. I ran off and when I came back she was doing some mad meditation. People were gathering round and filming her, then the girl became very small and was now in a beehive which I was peeking into.

*

It was my Grandad's birthday so I had wrapped him some presents and was in the process of making him a card. It was late and he really wanted to go to bed but I was making him stay up so I could give him his card. I was taking ages. The card in question was one of those 'colour your own' cards for children, which I was just drawing random shite on. I gave it to him without even writing in it. Grandma was impressed until I told her I didn't do it all myself, to which she replied "oh." Grandad said thank you and immediately went to bed.

Analysis: what a fucking night. Jesus Christ. For this particular analysis I am going to read each dream as separate dreams as they are already wild, I think I would seriously struggle to link them all together.

In the first dream I am sat in a disgusting room with a bag on my head, playing a cute card game with my friend. Broken down simply, I am avoiding the mess around me to focus on the nice thing I want to do, which I think is something we all do from time to time. I think this dream is more

literal than expected though, as I do have a tendency to just leave my house rather than clean it when I am stressed or overwhelmed.

The dream of the junk yard potentially makes reference to me getting so wrapped up in my own mess that I lose track of time and sight of the things going on around me, both good and bad.

I think the dream of the Buckaroo cock refers to my own gender confusion, but I'm not sure what more there is I can pull from it.

Dream four of the park, the girl and the beehive. Who knows what the fuck this means.

The final dream about my Grandad's birthday is quite sad really. My Grandad passed away a few years ago and was the first loss of a very close family member I have experienced as an adult. I found it very difficult for some time. I think this dream potentially relates to feelings I have of not telling my Grandad how much he means to me enough before he passed.

28.3.23

[Drank water before bed.](#)

No dreams recalled.

29.3.23

[Watched some ASMR before bed.](#)

Dad and I were on holiday and we had just arrived at our Airbnb. It was massive and decorated in a really interesting way, each room with a distinctly different style. We were waiting for more people to arrive and began looking at the rooms together. After looking at a couple of the rooms I realised I needed a wee and so did my dad. Dad went into one of the bathrooms. I however, went into one of the bedrooms and pissed the bed, which felt acceptable at the time.

Mafu⁷⁵ and I were stood on the side of the road and this girl pulls up on a motorbike, without a helmet on. When she stopped I told her she should be wearing a helmet and she replied “yeah, I know. I just left it at my house.” The girl was now Scarlett⁷⁶ who said “I’m kidding, I actually have two helmets with me. Does anyone wanna come with me to where I’m going?”. We both said yes enthusiastically. There were two seats on the back of the motorbike like a carriage but there wasn’t enough helmets. I then remembered I had a helmet at home so if we nip there first we could all go.



Me and my mum were outside the front of the house complaining about these two garden chairs we had which were broken. I had tried to fold one out and it had snapped in my hand. We went inside to what was Mum’s house but was actually this big posh house with plain décor. It was raining heavily and we were stood in the kitchen. The window was open and through it came this enormous bug. It was the size of a hedgehog and had the dexterity of a slug. It had rubbery spines on its back and changed colour like a chameleon, often being entirely rainbow. Its species name was the ‘Rainbow Badger’. I freaked out when it came in and my Mum said “oh bloody ‘ell, how did that get in then?”. At one point it jumped in the air like a flying squirrel and I screamed. I tried to guide it out the window but it didn’t want to go. I was squishing it with a stick which made it turn blue.

Analysis: the third dream, of the Rainbow Badger, is a really interesting one. For context, my Mum’s name is Badja (pronounced badger) and they are a bisexual, gender apathetic person. From an outside perspective I feel like this dream could read as me having negative feelings towards my Mum’s queerness due to my own dislike for the insect in the dream, but this couldn’t be further from the truth. I am incredibly lucky, as a queer person, to have a queer parent. Thinking further into this I take into consideration the broken chairs at the start of the dream and my mums agreement with a dislike for the bug being in our house. I believe this dream is actually making reference to how in the past mine and my Mum’s relationship has been difficult and how our own queer realisations, as well as realisations of other things surrounding our own mental health and thought processes has brought us very close together.

⁷⁵ A good friend of mine.

⁷⁶ Someone who I used to be very close with but hasn’t messaged me for about six months. I miss her a lot and her not talking to me has been quite difficult.

30.3.23

Drank water before bed.

No dreams recalled.

31.3.23

Drank water before bed.

Suzanne⁷⁷ owned a clothes shop where I was browsing with some friends. I had picked up a pair of emerald green Adidas shorts in a size medium and then found the exact same shorts in an XL. I said to my friends “guys, would it be silly if I bought both?” and Suzanne replied “yeah, it would be really silly if you bought both.” Then I realised the first pair of shorts I had picked up was actually a matching basketball jersey in a size medium. I said out loud “well this is a set, I gotta get the set.” Suzanne picked up the shorts and put them next to this horrible, pea-green tank top with floral and beaded embellishments on the neckline, suggesting I should buy those together instead. I told her I didn’t like that. Everyone else bought their stuff and Suzanne had begun putting things back on the racks that people had changed their minds about. I went to buy the matching Adidas set that I had left at the till and it was no longer there. I asked Suzanne where it might be and she said “oh, I don’t know.” I looked round the shop for them and couldn’t find them, then Suzanne came into the shop holding a loaf tin cake with the shorts baked into it. She baked the shorts into a cake just so I couldn’t buy them.

1.4.23

Drank water before bed.

No dreams recalled.

⁷⁷ One of my tutors at uni.

2.4.23

Drank water and chilled out before bed.

No dreams recalled.

3.4.23

Drank water and chilled out before bed.

No dreams recalled.

3.4.23 (Nap)

Drank water and chilled out before bed.

No dreams recalled.

4.4.23

Drank water and chilled out before bed.

I was at my Mum's house and Var⁷⁸ was there, selling plant seeds online to raise funds for the degree show. We were keeping track of the profits and losses on the TV, watching the values go up and down the way it does in business simulation games. The best selling seeds were the weed seeds.

⁷⁸ A friend off my course.

We were stood in the kitchen around the breakfast bar. Alex⁷⁹ was there as well as some other people from uni. Roisin⁸⁰ was sleeping upstairs in my Mum's room. We had all been out the night before but Roisin had stayed out longer than us. I walked into the bedroom to see if Roisin was awake to find that Tony⁸¹ was there too, lay in bed with her, as well as two more people lay in a different bed in the same room. Roisin and Tony were getting dressed and it was implied that they had slept together. Tony was wearing my Slazenger boxers. Roisin looked really smug but I was sure she had no idea that this was Tony, the man I had told her about.

5.4.23

Drank water before bed.

No dreams recalled.

6.4.23

No dream additives.

No dreams recalled.

7.4.23

No dream additives.

I was at a venue in the toilets where I was chatting to the cleaner. I was very aware that there was a little bit of piss slowly trickling down the inside of my thigh, and implied to the cleaner that I needed to go into the cubicle and cry so I didn't have to admit I had pissed myself. I closed the

⁷⁹ A close friend off my course.

⁸⁰ Someone who I have been friends with since college, who had recently come to visit just before this dream.

⁸¹ Fake name. Someone I had a crush on for ages who turned out to be cunt.

door and began cleaning the piss off my legs and turned to see the cleaner now in the cubicle with me, mopping the floor. I was embarrassed but she didn't seem to care too much. I was at this venue because I was supposed to playing a gig but when I came out the toilet I realised that the venue had been double booked, with a funeral party happening in the room I was supposed to be playing in. the venue I was to play at had now been moved and everyone had gone there but I hadn't been told which venue this was and so I sat outside this funeral party watching the time go down in which I would play my set.

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Eating Cheese Before Bed

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