

# DREAMING REALITY●

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“Reality is merely an illusion, albeit a  
very persistent one”

-Albert Einstein-

# 0: INTRODUCTION

I'm  
standing on a ship,  
the sea is enormous. It's a  
white sea, whiter than milk. It's a  
beautiful day, there are no clouds,  
but the sky isn't blue, it's white too.  
The ship is blue, blue like the sky  
should be, and we are traveling. I'm  
not looking at the ship, but I know  
exactly what it looks like.

We are on an adventure,  
I am just not sure where we  
are going or what we are  
discovering. We are just  
traveling through  
my world.

We are having fun, while  
we are working on  
our dream. While we are  
swimming we get to the land, I  
see the most beautiful colors I have  
ever seen. There is a problem here, I  
am not sure how I know, or what the  
problem is, but it's there.

Maybe it's perfection, the fact that nothing  
in life is supposed to be perfect, or maybe it's

the sound of my alarm ringing. When I wake up I water my plants, my plant with the small pink leaf gets a bit extra, I look at my house, I made quite a nice mess around here, and I go and prepare myself for my next adventure in another reality.

What is reality? In our lives we dream loads, we dream about things we collected during our 'reality'. But what reality is this reality? What if you have created your ultimate world during your dreams, where everything is the way it should be. Why would you still call your dream life 'non reality'? Every night another adventure or fantasy, waking up in another world I have created for myself. What is the difference? And how are we so sure that the reality we perceive as reality is the actual reality? What happens if the two get mixed up? Maybe we never actually wake up but we're just keep having false awakenings, where we just switch between parts of our brain. If you wake up in your dream, which is what a false awakening is, and you believe you have awakened, than what makes it less real than a 'real' awakening?

In dreams we are free to create, but in real life we are too. The main difference to me is that in dreams everything is accepted, whereas in real life we all have different opinions. We have to deal with other peoples opinions and expectations. But then if we won't live up to those expectations, would that mean that we are living our dreams?

Being aware of the fact that you are dreaming and that you are creating your dream, like in a lucid dream, the difference between the dream and the reality becomes even smaller. We create the most sublime situations in our dreams; everything is possible, as a second chance. I am wondering; isn't that what we are trying to do in real life as well, creating our ultimate selves, living in ideal conditions and environments? The thing that would make our real lives different from our dream lives would be the influence of other people surrounding you with their own ideas about an ideal world.

There is another significant fact that differentiates dreams from reality: time. In our dreams we jump from one situation right in the middle of another. In reality we have to live through everything; good times, bad times, boring times, we see it all and we have to finish everything to start something new. In dreams we can just jump from situation to another without ever having to wait in line or calling it a day. There is beginning nor end●

1: DEREGULATION

I'm standing on a  
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keep on walking, but the sound  
seems to be far away. It seems like  
I could be walking forever, but  
I really want to find out what

is making that sound. It's a nice sound. It sounds like a church bell ringing, a tiny tiny church bell. I walk through a hallway made of plants. I'm surrounded by the colors of all the plants and flowers, the leafs are mostly pink, but with a green line surrounding the leaf. I beginning to reach the end of the hallway, a beautiful shine comes from the end of the hallway. It seems like the sound is coming from there. I keep on walking, then I start running, but right before I reach the end of the hallway I see the sun through my curtains. I woke up again. I step out of my bed, make my coffee, and suddenly there is this sound. It seems like it's coming from outside. I walk to the window, to check where this sound is coming from, but the I realize it is my alarm ringing. I am however still asleep. I'm waking up right now.

### 1.1 FALSE AWAKENING

A false awakening is when someone who is still dreaming dreams about waking up. You could call it a double dream; a dream in a dream. Usually the dreamer wakes up and starts the usual morning ritual; making coffee, baking an egg, eating, taking a shower. But after a while the dreamer wakes up again. That can happen an unlimited amount of times. A common false awakening for me is a 'late for school' false awakening. It obviously comes

from a fear to be late. The German psychopathologist Karl Jaspers wrote about another type of false awakening. He wrote the following:

*“Patients feel uncanny and that there is something suspicious afoot. Everything gets a new meaning. The environment is somehow different – not to a gross degree – perception is unaltered in itself but there is some change which envelops everything with a subtle, pervasive and strangely uncertain light. Something seems in the air which the patient cannot account for, a distrustful, uncomfortable, uncanny tension invades him.”*

This describes a false awakening where the dreamer wakes up in a weird, uncanny environment, a new environment that feels unnatural for the dreamer, but easier to detect because it is obviously not the environment the dreamer normally wakes up in.

## 1.2: OUT OF BODY EXPERIENCE

Opposite (or very similar) to false awakenings are out of body experiences ; also called OBE's. OBE's is when, like the word already explains, your soul 'leaves' your body, and you can look down to yourself. 1 out of 10 people have had one or more out of body experiences. They can be very disturbing, or profoundly moving. But for sure they will give you a new view on yourself.

OBE's often occur when somebody is in an operation, or

can be triggered by waking up and going back to sleep again when the body actually already had enough sleep, but the mind is still in a state to fall back to sleep again. When we have out of body experiences, we believe we are awake, but actually we are still asleep. Some people say they have encountered actual out of body experiences, but many research has proven that out of body experiences are most of the time a hallucination, or a dream. Nevertheless it can teach someone a way he or she sees himself. It can show you how you feel disconnected from your body, but are aware of the fact that you have one. And when you return to your body you can be very happy to be back.

There has been a study which has revealed that lucid dreams have two ways of starting. The most common is a DILD (dream initiated lucid dream), which needs the dreamer to be aware of being in a dream, but still be fully involved in the dream he or she is living. These dreams happen when somebody is in REM sleep. DILDS happen about every four of five times people have lucid dreams. The other one time out of five people stay in the aware state of mind. The one moment they are aware that they are actually awake, and the other moment they are aware of the fact that they are dreaming. This is called wake initiated dreaming (WILD). OBE-like dreams happen more often in wake initiated dreams. This is because when we are aware of when we dreaming AND when we are asleep we can notice the difference●



2: TAKING

# CONTROL

I'm standing on a ship, the sea is enormous.

It's a white sea, whiter than milk. It's a beautiful day, there are no clouds, but the sky isn't blue, it's white too. The ship is blue, blue like the sky should be, and we are traveling. I'm not

looking at the ship, but I know exactly what it looks like. We are on an adventure, I am just not sure where we are going or what we are discover-

ing. We are just traveling through my world. We are having fun, while we are working on our dream.

While we are swimming we get to the land, I see the most beautiful colors I have ever seen. There is a problem here, I am not sure how I know,

or what the problem is, but it's there. I walk to the sound, it's in the bushes. I just keep on walking, but the sound seems to be far away.

It seems like I could be walking forever, but I really want to find out what is making that sound. It's a nice sound. It sounds like a church bell ringing, a tiny tiny church bell. I walk through a hallway made of plants.

I'm surrounded by the colors of all the plants and flowers, the leaves are mostly pink, but with a green line surrounding the leaf. I beginning to reach the end of the hallway, a beautiful shine comes from the end of the hallway. It seems like the sound is coming

from there. I keep on walking, then I start running, I'm almost at the end of the hallway of trees, and I see a person standing at the end, behind the door of trees. The person is talking, he is singing, not in words, but in these beautiful sounds. I realize this would not be possible in reality, but the person is standing there making the sound. I realize the leaves have changed colors, the green is gone, and the pink turned blue. I also see that they seem to have grown bigger, and while I'm focusing on the leaves, more persons have come and joined in singing with the one person. I walk away and realize I'm in my own dream. That means everything must be possible. I should be able to fly, create doors to other worlds and make people appear. I can be and do everything I want.

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Lucid dreams are dreams where the dreamer is aware of the fact that he is dreaming. Mostly these dreams are noticed by strange facts by which the dreamer becomes aware of the fact that these things would never be possible in real life. Dream control is not the same as lucid dreaming though. You can also accept the way the dream is, hav-

“Are you really sure that a floor  
can't also be a ceiling?”

-M. C. Escher-

“I paint what cannot be photographed, that which comes from the imagination or from dreams, or from an unconscious drive.”  
-Man Ray-

ing created it the way it was, and leave it unchanged. But dream control is only possible when the dreamer is lucid. Dream control is often used to reach fantasies that could never be possible in real life, like flying, or seeing people you are not able to see anymore, or to practice things like presentations when there is a fear for them. There are also a number of directors and artists who are known to create their work in their dreams.

Sting Caused by the Flight of a Bee Around a Pomegranate a Second before Awakening by Salvador Dali for instance was created in his dream. I think it's really interesting because he transformed the bee into two tigers with a bayonet and a fish. The two tigers represent the body of the bee, where the bayonet represents the stinger, and the fish may be the eyes, because of its similarity in structure. This is a great example of what the mind does with images in our dreams; it deconstructs the existing image, and transforms it into something that will create a new image●

“It has never been my object to record my dreams, just the determination to realize them.”

-Man Ray-

# 3: WHERE THE CONSCIOUS MEETS THE UNCONSCIOUS

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we are going or what we are discovering.  
We are just traveling through my world.  
We are having fun, while we are working  
on our dream. While we are swimming we  
get to the land, I see the most beautiful  
colors I have ever seen. There is a problem  
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the sound, it's in the bushes. I just keep  
on walking, but the sound seems to  
be far away. It seems like I could be  
walking forever, but I really want  
to find out what is making that  
sound. It's a nice sound. It  
sounds like a church bell  
ringing, a tiny tiny  
church bell.

# CSIOUS

I  
walk through  
a hallway made of  
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by the colors of all the plants  
and flowers, the leafs are mostly  
pink, but with a green line sur-  
rounding the leaf. I beginning to  
reach the end of the hallway, a beautiful  
shine comes from the end of the hallway.  
It seems like the sound is coming from there.  
I keep on walking, then I start running, I'm  
almost at the end of the hallway of trees, and  
I see a person standing at the end, behind the  
door of trees. The person is talking, he is singing,  
not in words, but in these beautiful sounds. I realize  
this would not be possible in reality, but the person is  
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changed colors, the green is gone, and the pink turned  
blue. I also see that they seem to have grown bigger, and  
while I'm focusing on the leaves, more persons have come  
and joined in singing with the one person. I walk away and  
realize I'm in my own dream. That means everything must be  
possible. I should be able to fly, create doors to other worlds and  
make people appear. I can be and do everything I want. So I look  
for a mirror; I'm wondering what my unconscious mind will make  
me look like in a mirror. I realize everything I saw in my dream was  
the outside world of my mind, but I have absolutely no idea what I  
look like in my dream. I pretend there is a staircase  
going down under the floor, and  
when I'm walking I happen to  
pass one. I walk down the  
staircase. It's really deep.

When I enter the ground floor  
I'm standing in front of a door.  
I am in doubt for a moment  
or two, am I going to face  
myself? Am I going to see  
the way my unconscious  
mind sees me? I decide  
I need to enjoy the time  
here, but take every-  
thing I can from this  
experience, so I enter  
the room. The room is  
filled with mirrors, all  
the walls and the ceiling  
are mirrors, and there is no  
floor. It feels like I am stand-  
ing on a glass floor, but the  
glass is missing. I am walking  
on air. The mirrors go all the  
way down, in a really deep hole  
without an end. I start sinking  
in the hole, like an elevator go-  
ing down. It really does feel like an  
elevator, because it keeps going faster.  
While I am going down, I try to look at  
myself. The only way I am able to no-  
tice that I am sinking deeper and deeper  
is because of the feeling in my stomach.  
When I look at myself I see the usual picture  
of myself, the image I am used to see when I  
look in the mirror. Speed is still accelerating, I  
am wondering when the invisible platform is going  
to be faster than me, when gravity is going to interfere,  
but then I get back to reality. There is no gravity. I  
am dreaming. All of a sudden the platform stops  
moving, and the mirrors are all gone, replaced by

doors. The room is filled with doors, which all reach till the top of the room. I am surrounded by doors but for some reason I know that it doesn't matter which door I take, my destiny doesn't matter, it is the journey that matters. I open the door that's in front of me and enter the new world. The moment I step through the door I see a long path, and at the end of the path there is someone standing. The moment I notice he is standing there he turns around and starts walking away from me. I follow him, since it is the only way I can go. We are walking down a hill, and at one point he seems to disappear. I start running, because I do not want to lose track, and at one point I enter a lake. I get into the lake, still walking down the hill. It seems like the elevator took me to the top of a mountain, and around the mountain is one big lake. When I take a look under water I notice that there is a whole city under water. I also see the guy, so I swim towards him. We can breath under water, and finally he is waiting for me. When I arrive he introduces himself as me. I was following myself, and I just met me. We keep on swimming, the I that I just met is taking the lead. We pass an underwater

pool, with swans under the water, upside down, and the fish are swimming above the water. The pool is a pool of air. We swim down in the hole of the pool, and when I put my head through the pond's surface, in the air, I can't breathe anymore. I quickly pull my head back, to take a breath. I am still curious, what the other version of me is doing on the land, so I take a very deep breath, and follow him. I see a forest, and I see him disappearing in between the trees, so I quickly run towards him. Once I passed the trees I am standing on a beach. A beach with pink sand, and in the sky are blue and slightly pink clouds. I see that I am walking into the sea, so I run over the beach and jump in the water again. I take a dive, and once I am under the water I see that the sea is completely empty. I also lost my other self. I check above the water, the land is gone as well. I get a bit scared, but when I put my head under water again I see that I'm there again. Both halves of me are. But the bottom of the sea has disappeared, we are the only ones in the sea.

The dream is built from the unconscious mind. When somebody starts to have a lucid dream, you make the unconscious conscious. The unconscious mind only happens in the left area of the brain; the short-memory part of the brain. In the unconscious part of the brain we know past nor future. It's the more animal like part of the brain. The part that still has instinct. In the right part of the brain we place our memories and experiences. It is the part that turns our mind into the mind of a human being. Gives us the opportunity to realize our dreams, and to improve what was done wrong in the past. It is what makes us live in the future, instead of the now.

While dreaming, the unconscious is becoming conscious. When having a lucid dream, you are actually able to remember what you have experienced in the dream. I think our unconscious mind is getting smaller and smaller, because more and more is planned and organized these days. We should have our dream world get in to the real world more often.

What Freud explained in his theories makes a lot of sense for me. He explains about the ego, the id and the superego. He says that the ID is the unorganized part of the brain. The part that has instinct, sex and knows pleasure. The libido comes from the ID, the ID only goes for the ultimate pleasures for the moment.

*“It is the dark, inaccessible part of our personality, what little we know of it we have learned from our study of the Dreamwork and of the construction of neurotic symptoms, and most of that is*

*of a negative character and can be described only as a contrast to the ego. We approach the ID with analogies: we call it a chaos, a cauldron full of seething excitations. ...It is filled with energy reaching it from the instincts, but it has no organization, produces no collective will, but only a striving to bring about the satisfaction of the instinctual needs subject to the observance of the pleasure principle.”*

-Sigmund Freud, New Introductory Lectures on Psychoanalysis [1933]-

The ID does not know future or past, does not know good nor evil. It is living in the now, and has his instincts to live with, and on. The ego is living in reality. It will get back on the ID when it comes to getting a drive, but it will find realistic ways of handling situations. Freud uses ego as a word for a sense of self. But later revised it to mean a set of psychic functions like judgment, tolerance, reality testing, control, planning defense, synthesis of information, intellectual functioning and memory. The conscious lives in the ego. That does not mean all the parts of the ego are conscious. The ego is controlling the ID. It makes us aware of the present, the past and the future. The superego though, will always be watching the ID and the ego. The super ego therefore will always aim for perfection. It is critical, makes us feel guilty when that is necessary and makes us fit into the world we live in. It makes us regret when we don't obey rules●





CLUSION: THE BEST OF BOTH WORLDS

I'm standing on a ship, the sea is enormous. It's a white sea, whiter than milk. It's a beautiful day, there are no clouds, but the sky isn't blue, it's white too. The ship is blue, blue like the sky should be, and we are traveling. I'm not looking at the ship, but I know exactly what it looks like. We are on an adventure, I am just not sure where we are going or what we are discovering. We are just traveling through my world. We are having fun, while we are working on our dream. While we are swimming we get to the land, I see the most beautiful colors I have ever seen. There is a problem here, I am not sure how I know, or what the problem is, but it's there. I walk to the sound, it's in the bushes. I just keep on walking, but the sound seems to be far away. It seems like I could be walking forever, but I really want to find out what is making that sound. It's a nice sound. It sounds like a church bell ringing, a tiny tiny church bell. I walk through a hallway made of plants. I'm sur-

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of the hallway of trees, and I see a person standing at the end,  
behind the door of trees. The person is talking, he is singing,  
not in words, but in these beautiful sounds. I realize this would  
not be possible in reality, but the person is standing there  
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pear. I can be and do everything I  
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make me look like in a mirror. I realize  
everything I saw in my dream was the  
outside world of my mind, but I have  
absolutely no idea what I look like in my  
dream. I pretend there is a staircase going  
down under the floor, and when I'm walking  
I happen to pass one. I walk down the staircase.  
It's really deep. When I enter the ground floor I'm  
standing in front of a door. I am in doubt for a moment  
or two, am I going to face myself? Am I going to see the way my uncon-  
scious mind sees me? I decide I need to enjoy the time here, but take  
everything I can from this experience, so I enter the room. The room is  
filled with mirrors, all the walls and the ceiling are mirrors, and there is  
no floor. It feels like I am standing on a glass floor, but the glass is  
missing. I am walking on air. The mirrors go all the way down, in a  
really deep hole without an end. I start sinking in the hole, as if an  
elevator is going down. It really does feel like a elevator, because it keeps  
going faster. While I am going down, I try to look at myself. The only  
way I am able to notice that I am sinking deeper and deeper is because  
of the feeling in my stomach. When I look at myself I see the usual  
picture of myself, the image I am used to see when I look in the mirror.

Speed is still rising, I am wondering when the invisible platform is going to be faster than me, when gravity is going to interfere, but then I get back to reality. There is no gravity. I am dreaming. All of a sudden the platform stops moving, and the mirrors are all gone, replaced by doors. The room is filled with doors, which all reach till the top of the room. I am surrounded by doors, but for some reason I know that it doesn't matter which door I take, my destiny doesn't matter, it is the journey that matters. I open the door that's in front of me and enter the new world. At the moment I step through the door I see a long path, and in the end of the path there is someone standing. The moment I notice he is standing there he turns around and starts walking away from me. I follow him, since it is the only way I can go. We are walking down a hill, and at one point he seems to disappear. I start running, because I do not want to lose track, and at one point I enter a lake. I get into the lake, still walking down the hill. It seems like the elevator took me to the top of a mountain, and around the mountain is one big lake. When I take a look under water I notice that there is a whole city under water. I also see the guy, so I swim towards him. We can breath under water, and finally he is waiting for me. When I arrive he introduces himself as me. I was following myself, and I just met me. We go on swimming, the I that I just met is taking the lead. We pass a underwater pool, with swans under the water, upside down, and the fish are swimming above the water. The pool is a pool of air. We swim down in the hole of the pool, and when I put my head under the water, in the air, I can't breathe anymore. I quickly pull my head back, to take a breath. I am still curious, what the other version of me is doing on the land, so I take a very deep breath, and follow him. I see a forest, and I see him disappearing in between the trees, so I quickly run towards him. Once I passed

the trees I am standing on a beach. A beach with pink sand, and in the sky are blue and slightly pink clouds. I see that I am walking into the sea, so I run over the beach and jump in the water again. I take a dive, and once I am under the water I see that the sea is completely empty. I also lost my other self. I check above the water, the land is gone as well. I get a bit scared, but when I put my head under water again I see that I'm there again. Both halves of me are. But the bottom of the sea has disappeared, we are the only ones in the sea. I try to catch any sign of a floor, or something to stand on, but everything has disappeared. I am floating in nothing. I try to check one more time above the water to see what's going on there, but all I see is some birds, floating in the sea. I go under water again, and when I am under water I see the other version of myself swimming away. So I follow him again. I'm getting a bit sick of following all the time, so I try to catch up. It doesn't work, he is way quicker than I am, I'm not sure what is holding me. I feel like a tiny fish in a big sea. I yell at myself if I can wait for me, I look backwards, and yell back that I will. This is a change, I actually felt it was me who was yelling back, and looking at the slow me. I feel more like the both versions of me already. When I catch up we start swimming.

While we are swimming the speed is raising again, but this time I can actually swim really quick as well. We are going exactly the same speed, I feel like we are becoming one again. We just keep going, we keep swimming in the massive sea around us, the sea felt kind of intimidating before, but I feel like we have beaten the world around us. It feels amazing. And we are going quicker and quicker, speed is still raising. And all of a sudden it happened, I swear I saw another fish. There is, because the further we go, the less I can see from the space around us, we are being surrounded by other fish. And it feels like they are slowing me down. And then the unthinkable happens. The other version of me starts talking to me again; he asks me what is going on. That's when I realize one of the fish is making the sound again. The sound I heard before. I try to catch the fish that is making the sound, but it slips away. Its fast, but I am very determent to find out so I quickly follow him. Apparently I am going faster, because now it's the dream version of me asking me to slow down. I slow down, because I could obviously never leave myself behind, and when I look at the fish again it seems to slow down as well. I wait for myself, and when I catch me up we start to follow the fish together. I can still hear the

sound, and when I ask  
myself if I can hear it too,  
he says he can't. Although  
he can't hear the sound,  
he does want to find out  
where it comes from.

Then, when we get to  
the fish, the sound  
seems to change. It  
looks familiar to me,  
and my other self  
seems to respond to  
the sound as well.

Also an floor ap-  
peared out of no-  
where, and the fish is  
lying on this floor.

When I swim down  
to the bottom, I try  
and touch it; it feels  
soft and cloudy. Cloudy  
like pillows and sheets.

That's when I notice it is  
not a floor at all, it is my  
bed. And I also noticed  
the other me is gone, but  
for some reason I think we  
got back to just one me. I see  
an opening in the floor, where  
I can get in to. I get in there, as  
if I am going to sleep, and the  
moment I get in there the world  
around me starts to get smaller  
and smaller, the sea looks like it is  
getting white, but it is actually walls  
coming towards me. When the walls

stop moving, I notice that it is my bed I am lying in now, and that I am in my bedroom. The fish is still there though making the sound, and the water as well. I swim out of my bed, because for some reason I am aware of the fact that the fish is my alarm clock. My house looks normal, despite the fact that it is filled with water, and that there is no difference between the ceiling and the floor anymore, my plants are on the ceiling, and so is my kitchen, but my chairs are on the floor. I turn on my coffee machine, and I go to take a shower. When I turn the shower on I have to hold on to something, because there is a flow of water coming from the shower. I wash my hair, brush my teeth and turn the shower off. I go back to the kitchen and drink my coffee. I pick out some clothes to wear, and walk out of the door. The moment I open the door all the water in my house flows outside. I am too late, I can't hold on to anything anymore, and before I know I am in a big sea again. But the water seems to have flown up instead of down. When I look down, I see that the water level is underneath, I'm looking down at the pavement. I swim down, because I really feel like having a normal walk now, and when I get out of the water I fall on the floor. When I look up I see no sky at all. Only water, and it seems like the sun is in the water.



*“I believe in the future resolution of these two states – outwardly so contradictory – which are dream and reality, into a sort of absolute reality, a surreality, so to speak, I am aiming for its conquest, certain that I myself shall not attain it, but too indifferent to my death not to calculate the joys of such possession.”*

- André Breton, Surrealist Manifesto of 1924 -