

THE BOOK OF ADVANCED
DAYDREAMING

A THIRTY VOLUME SERIES ON THE
ART OF DREAMING WITH EYES WIDE
OPEN

EDITED BY ALEXANDER HAMISH
THOMPSON

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Editor's Note

I have made a few modifications to the original texts where this seemed appropriate for a collection of this type. The arrangement is adapted from Professor Ley's definite edition; with her assistance, I have also added several recent discoveries found under a rock yesterday morning. With this complete edition, I estimate the fragments now constitute approximately 3/10 of the book series popularly known as 'The Art of Daydreaming.' Unfortunately, their provenance remains obscure. The anonymous author purports to be writing from ancient times but her syntax is no older than three centuries. In truth one suspects the whole thing is an elaborate hoax. But who is to be tricked? Not the editor, I am clearly a fictional conceit. Perhaps you? Unlikely: as I'm sure you'd agree, you're much too cunning for these ploys. Who knows?

Not me, that's for sure.

A.H.T. 1992

Illustrations

1. 'The Peeled Apple' P. Socher (1891) p. 8
2. 'Soares and 문순' P. Socher (1888) p. 15
3. 'Untitled' P. Socher (1881) p. 21
4. 'Study of a Submerged Dreamer in Oil' P. Socher (1888) p. 23
5. 'Medieval Daydreamer' P. Socher (1882) p. 29

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Fragment I: The Advanced Guide to Daydreaming

The following thirty volume series is not for the beginner. Readers must already possess a solid grounding in the fundamentals of daydreaming: turn away unless you are familiar with the artform's pioneers J.L. Borges, and his later colleague, Zhuang Zhou. Cease if the names of the latter doyens of day-dreaming, F. Pessoa, S. Honda, V. Woolf, and V. Van Gogh, mean nothing to you. Followers of the great pretender S. Freud, champion of the redemptive power of the night-dream, should abandon these pages now. And to his descendants, the modern school of functional daydreaming, I say: '*svegliarti!*' The only tolerable contemporary movement are the neo-scholastics, whose central dogma elevates daydreaming into the ultimate expression of the transcendent in the mundane; who recognise an elegant daydream is an end in itself; and pursue the eternal search for the Universal Schedule of Dreams. But I get ahead of myself. As with all disciplines you must experience daydreaming before learning its theory. We will begin by testing a few basic skills. First, the most elementary: visualise an apple.

Step 1: Picture a complete apple.

Now answer these questions: *What colour was it? How large, how smooth? How was the flavour? Was your apple photorealistic, a watercolour, an illustration?*

Now peel the apple. Peel it slowly, keep track of how much you have carved out. Consider the different angles, the flat edges made by the knife you are using, the grooves. Keep going, peel the whole thing until it is entirely bare. Slowly. Every inch. Every millimetre.

How tiring was that? So tiring you did not even attempt it or gave up part way through? If so, put this book down and practice until you can do so easily. Our mentors and guides are the archdukes of daydreaming *Funes the Memorious* and *S the Russian Miracle*.¹ *Funes* teaches us even the smallest item, the mental molecule, is composed of an infinity of details. If you dream of Rome you must ask: what are the geometries of the clouds at noon on the third day after the Ides of March? How many eyelashes graced Kublai Khan's face upon his conquest of China? The infinite is not hidden in the recesses of mathematical abstraction or scientific theory but exists daily.² *S* demonstrates the power of emotion and memory over reason and reality: by sitting still and thinking of a train hurtling at him his heartbeat rose a hundred-fold. Even brief contacts with everyday objects like pots and pans would trigger a cacophony of sensations, recollections, imaginings. *S* was so paralysed by this deluge he took to writing things down and

¹ Whilst I have found documents establishing the existence '*Funes the memorious*', '*The Russian Miracle*' does not appear in any contemporary accounts of the daydreaming schools. It is possible the latter is himself a daydream, juxtaposed with *Funes* to make the latter appear more credible. [Ed.]

² This is taken from the work of the Pontifices of Rome. The original continues: "...hence, for the ripening of an ear of corn ten [gods] are required and for every act a special God is set." [Ed.]

burning them in a hopeless effort of ritual forgetting. *Funes's* infinity of details gives way to an infinity of sensations; where every object is a three dimensional constellation of memory and feeling.

As a beginner, do not feel intimidated by these somnambulistic sages. They present to us a target, as the Moon to the Assyrian and the edge of the world to the Peloponnesian. Perhaps we will never reach the vistas they revealed, but to deny the journey is to abandon the act of daydreaming itself.

Another requirement is a storehouse of the curious. Past are the days in which the dilettante dreamer could dash off the same fantasies for breakfast, lunch, and dinner. To master the art, you must know yourself. What places excite you; what activities, time periods, persons, colours, feelings turn you on? You must be adventurous and inquisitive, like a chef trying new ingredients. Consider piloting a hot air balloon with your enemies, drifting out to sea thousands of feet in the air; imagine being swallowed by a whale and carried deep under the ocean with a stranger you have always wanted to talk to. Then ask yourself: was the 'you' in the blimp, or the gullet of a whale, all that different from the person reading right now? Do they differ in any important ways? Strike up a conversation, it is suggested, as if you are trapped in the intestines of a basking shark. Indeed, I will never forget the day I learned about the life of sea sponges and the comforting daydream of living with them around the edges of deep-sea volcanic jets. But mere information is insufficient: you must collect emotions, moments, and expressions. Counterintuitively, you must be sensitive to your surroundings, recording and reworking everything you receive. Yesterday, I stretched out my hand whilst walking and plucked a leaf from an overhanging tree; as I rolled it together, and felt its

soft, tactile stickiness, I was reminded of the fresh rolls I ate with my grandfather years ago. The promise of something delicious underneath, his smile at my enjoyment, the quiet surroundings of the restaurant. They all came flooding back as I gently turned the leaf between my fingers.

There is no magic trick to daydreaming, no simple series of steps, to be accomplished methodically and carefully. If anything it is the reverse: you must be able to do nothing at all. Simply think of whatever you want. Let your thoughts drift like clouds. If you can accomplish this task for over fifteen minutes, you are ready to begin the Book of Advanced Daydreaming.

...



Fragment II: Metaphors of Daydreaming

What genus does daydreaming belong to? In the Duchy of Bohemia and Tuscany daydreamers dream 'with eyes open': *'snílek s otevřenýma očima'*; *'sognatore ad occhi aperti.'* In Prussia, one dreams in broad daylight: *'Der träumer am hellichten tag'*. These philological clues imply daydreaming and nightdreaming are the same, but this is a common misconception. The daydream is a place of total control. The daydreamer generates,

selects, and manipulates the stream of images, chosen purely for their own amusement and edification. The nightdreamer, on the other hand, is powerless, both in the scenes they form and in the desires they indulge. It is the peculiar quality of the *nightdream* which allows a dreamer to wake up and wonder: 'why did I care so much about peeling those potatoes?'³

A superior metaphor for our era the movie; dreams as 'mental motion pictures' made by you, for you, of you. The daydreamer fills the roles of writer, director, editor, camera operator, and audience member simultaneously. They piece together fragments of memory and experience to form new scenes, composed of familiar faces, editing it together whilst watching it unfold. The suspension of disbelief must be maintained whilst this goes on. Every dream requires internal coherence, although what constitutes 'logic' seems to differ from person to person. The precise ratio of real to fantasy is subtle - too much fantasy and the dreamer's emotions slide off, losing any grip in the plausible. Too much reality and you cease to be a dreamer. If we return to the cinema, where daydreaming is film, it is undoubtedly in the silent era. If you try to scream or shout in your head, you find yourself forced to generate images implying volume: the mental soundscape is a flat horizon, a dial with a single value. To improve the movie-going experience a daydreamer typically listens to music, sometimes selected with a daydream in mind, other times to encourage the growth of new fantasies.

These are merely the stratagems of novice daydreamers. An advanced daydreamer observes the pacing of the daydream, the placement of shots, close-ups, and sensations provoked. They are especially sensitive to the perspective, a rather neglected aspect of the

³ Lines like these indicate the true period this document was written. The colon and quote pairing is an innovation only possible after the renegade St. Bartholomew achieved his well-deserved renown in the late 15th century. [Ed.]

art. Consider this: what perspective do you daydream in? Is it third person or first-person (or both)? If the former, how far away? The elementary daydreamer finds the focus subtly changes without them noticing – distant when it needs to be, first-person for smooching. And the angle has more than just visual effects: to dream in first person is to lose control of your eyes and enter a state far more intense than the distance shot. An advanced daydreamer plays with this angle, adopting the framing of classic movies, inserting tracking shots, dissolves, and extreme close-ups; they blend in animation, portraiture, or any other imagined style which suits the mood. But the perspective raises deeper, more fundamental questions about the dreamer. Who is that figure you observe when filming in the third person? Are they you? If so, who is watching them? In some ways, this figure is an avatar of yourself: a body you identify with so closely that their victories and defeats, identity and sensations, are yours. But they are not you: they lack the feelings which make you, you. They do not tire, hunger, itch, or feel. Nor do they see or dream. To turn it around, simply ask them this question: *excuse me, who are you?* Doing so immediately breaks the illusion and you find yourself speaking to a doppelganger. Whether or not this entity can attain full independence i[]...⁴

The metaphor we considered in volume IX is imperfect, only capturing the visual aspect of the daydreaming experience. Unlike a movie, the daydream's substance isn't footage but memory. And with memory comes more than rolling images. The supreme daydreamer is a weaver of emotional moments, synthesising scenes triggering powerful reactions, blending them together into a personal zoetrope. No two daydreams are identical, just as no memory remains unmoved by time. The emotional source of the daydream is therefore more direct than a movie, more visceral. Perhaps we get closer with

⁴ Fragment ends here. [Ed.]

a motif of food; enjoying a daydream is similar to the tangible satisfaction of consuming a feast.

A daydream is a meal at which images are eaten. Some of us are gourmets, some gourmands, and a good many take their images precooked out of a can and swallow them down whole, absent-mindedly and with little relish.

But even here the sensation isn't fully captured – a meal is composed of something external and unknown. There are no art-forms as internal, no mediums as dependent on the subject, as daydreaming. Take running whilst daydreaming. Unlike listening to music or watching a film, the daydream's very substance alters when the dreamer's pulse rises. The tempo of the plot speeds up, the pitch heightens, the daydreaming avatar becomes more active, more dynamic. Or the location of the daydreamer: the smell of ocean hair, the embrace of a warm meadow, the dampening of a downpour; all colour the daydream in ways other mediums remain untouched. As dictated by Ravn's Law, the life position of the dreamer determines everything. Daydreams flowing from anxiety and stress, longing, jealousy, and desperate hope, are radically different from those produced by relaxation and contentment. If on your deathbed you were to arrange all your daydreams in a long tapestry, it would be more than a history of events: it would be a history of your soul.

There is one more motif found in the literature, subtly hidden in the phrase 'lost in a daydream.' Daydreamers rarely have elaborate plans for what the daydream will include. The Scottish word '*Dwam*', for someone drifting carelessly in their thoughts, captures this quality. The daydreamer, whilst drawing on memories, is drawn on themselves, pulling up new scenes, personas, images, sensations, in an act of careless creation. Hence the

infamous paradox of King D. Carlos I's daydreaming chamber in his Pena Palace at Sintra. An itinerant daydreamer remarked on The Diplomat's folly, pointing out an act like dreaming cannot be contained in a single room when it must, by its very nature, take place somewhere else. One might as well create an office of exploration or a closet of discovery.

Fragment III: Young and Old Dreams

[...]the young and old are not the same.⁵ The archetypal Young Dream is limitless in potential, raw energy, and power. The feeling of fresh blood in our veins. They are visions of becoming and growing, fuelled by a disappointment with the present. Conversely, the typical imaginings of the Old flow backwards; they look to the past, of what was and what could have been. They are dreams of the word unspoken and the path not chosen; of expended chance...[] when the skin dries and the leaves fall more quickly. Both have a place in the Daydreaming Canon. The first is the fibre of humanism: to believe we can push towards something better and overcome the inertia of our times. The second grows w[...] tradition. As we accumulate shadow, we have more memory, more material to explore. The oldest amongst us have the greatest emotional facility, the strongest recall of early memories; eventually as we return from the apogee of the mountain, memories left at the bottom and long forgotten become clear again. But equally, as we age moments and recollections we once possessed disappear forever, overwritten by the new. Gain and loss, constant change, there seems to be no point, no single dreamer, with the same memories – perhaps then our lives, dreams, and our identities, are the Ship of Theseus, or Wittgenstein’s rope, of which no single strand runs the whole, merely the illusion of unbroken continuity.

...

⁵ Sadly, this fragment was severely damaged. I have collected several parts which seem to be discussing a pair of concepts related to age. [Ed.]

[...] forbidden dreams, to a question of technique, linked to an oblique d[...]. Does the dreamer actively hold on to memories for their later use, or do they let them float away? The standard approach is to make a daguerreotype of life: take photographs, note[...]aries, records routinely. Save these moments so they can be relived later, produce an album telling the sto[...] e view I provided at the start, because it's suitable for beginners. There is, however, another philosophy. Instead of holding on, the dreamer takes life like mist on a warm day. No records of this heretical counter-movement exist because they do not put their beliefs into writing nor do t[...] ... members are not famous, or even known, for they reject immortality and are averse to formal teaching. I do not recall where I heard the following, but I know it must be true. Memory is the making of card towers, daily exercise, sandcastles by the sea, random acts of kindness. Whether from wind, age, sea, time, all fade from view. Yet even if nothing is left from a thousand press-ups, a cathedral made of sand or card, a smile to a passer-by, an intangible sediment builds up. We can't see it, feel conscious of it, but it's there, and over time it appears in the path left by our choices and drea...[]

...

[...]ut do not take time as a measure of age. In the world of the mind, numerical years lived can mean very little. Old and Young dreams belong to all – from the retiree excited about their language lessons to the student wistfully looking back at past summers. The hours go by like sips of water...[]

...

...o conclude on forbidden dreamers, I should warn of Фёдоров of [... famous 17th century visionary who believed the canonical division of Old and Young dreams was unholy.⁶ According to this figure, there is only one: “The Common Cause.” The Cause is an endless dream of physical control, expansion, and immortality. Should it be instantiated, not only will the living never die, but those who have already perished shall be resurrected to share in timeless life. What use could there be of ‘Old’ and ‘Young’ dreams in such a world? Once the **external**, encompassing the total environment of life, and the **internal**, our minds and bodies, fall under our complete control, what need is there for Age? What use is there for dreaming at all?

Academic responses to Фёдоров differ greatly. The weighty opinion of the Argentinian Master was that some imaginary things are sublime precisely because they do not exist. Like is so ofte[...] ase with the fantasies of architects, to bring them into the physical world is to ruin them. Bernardo Soares (1582), the great nemesis of 문순 (1523), and his acolyte Jean des Esseintes (1584) take this argument to its limit: the imaginary must not only be preserved, but *given priority* over the physical: accordingly, the dreamer must continually sublimate pure existential thought from the dregs of reality. The apotheosis of *Soarism* is the acceleration of thought, such that a million year dream can occur in an instant, and civilisation in a second. Finally, perhaps the most potent is Strugatsky’s conclusion: the realisation of what we truly want can be a nightmare, and that not all dreams are good and true... []

...

⁶ The author here can only be referring to Николай Фёдорович Фёдоров, but erroneously dates him far too late. [Ed.]



Fragment IV: Dreaming of Knowledge

A famous riddle is whether you can learn something in a nightdream. Despite being continually surprised by the unfolding events, nothing presented is new. Every face in a dream has been seen before, every event is a combination of history. The speaker of foreign languages never goes beyond the dreamer's own fluency, and any somnambulaic book is self-authored. Daydreams are similar: whilst you can attain abilities you have seen, these are limited usually to outcomes rather than their detailed performance. Hence, if you cannot compose a lyrical masterpiece, rap a bar, write a poem, or solve an equation, neither can the characters in your daydream. A little bit of mendacity is required: you may need to muffle the actual delivery, or substitute in a pre-existing masterpiece and treat it as original. All that matters is the visions are believable.

The inverse is that anything you *can* do can be practiced in the daydream. The French learner can daydream about their time in Paris entirely in French; the piano player can imagine the keys dancing over their fingers, the architect, fantastic buildings growing like bamboo. The poet can juggle words, the author plots, the sportsman plays. And they can do so in fantastic settings, with infinitely variable casts and concepts. Could you summon an ambulance in Hungarian? How about compose a song in an impromptu lyrical battle, implausibly well-attended by peers and friends? You could play piano on the steppes of Kyrgyzstan, or throw down the moves of a dance routine in the year 2066 - or 1066. This mental practice approaches the effectiveness of the physical, with the advantage of being fun, free, and random. That purely mental practice works is another testament to the miracle of the human mind. No other animal, except perhaps butterflies, can daydream,

just as no other animal can raise their heart rate by the mere thought of a train, or pump adrenalin by moving stones on a board. But, as with the duality of the placebo and nocebo, no other animal can lose their minds like humans can. It seems the price for being given the key to our minds is the danger of occasionally losing it.

In some cases, daydreaming can be even more effective than the alternative. If upset or angry, you can channel your emotion into a daydream where you present your position calmly to your audience. If you are disciplined, it is a form of catharsis as you repeat the words:

‘I can stop when I want to
Can stop when I wish
I can stop, stop, stop any time.
And what a good feeling to feel like this’

Should you want to develop an idea or argument, place it in an imaginary debate. Watch as you, or an ally, deploys an argument, then bombard it with the intellect of a nemesis; fight back, strengthen it, alter and refine. If done sincerely, your rival will test it more and more ferociously, heightening the stakes of the dream and the development of your opinion. Or, similarly, transpose yourself in a classroom and begin a barrage of questions from the students. You can tease out unexpected implications, the overlooked angles, the genius curiosity of toddlers. In these scenarios, the attacks come relentlessly and dramatically, but always with the option to rewind. The secret to this method is that unlike pottery or glass, an argument can be broken silently.

For the creator, daydreaming is not a substitute but the reality of the daily task:

A writer's work is the product of laziness, [...] A writer's work essentially consists of taking his mind off things, of thinking about something else, of daydreaming.'

It is said daydreaming is the purest form of creation. To idly consider what drifts up from the subconscious is creativity unencumbered by productivity. The daydreamer rejects the modern way of living. Daydreaming produces nothing, consumes nothing, plans for nothing, and cannot be bought or sold. But these are truly its greatest strengths. It is free, environmental, available to everyone, and can be done anywhere. And it has no limit: the advanced dreamer is always looking to push their dreams further, to see how they can discover new sensations, explore fresh scenarios, try out what they've never tried before. The cardinal virtues of a daydreamer are those of an explorer or voyager.

Fragment V: Some Interesting Daydreams

Daydreams, like nightdreams, have archetypes. They come in the flavors of human curiosities and desires, possessing both profound overlaps and inherent diversity. A necessary fantasy seems to be the 'disaster daydream': the delight of imagining what it is like to suffer a cataclysm. These range wildly, from car accidents, ship sinkings, and personal tragedy, to unexpected chronic illness and sudden explosions. At first glance, they appear nonsensical, even perverse. The perpetual daydream clarifies:

'Lacheism': *n.* the desire to be struck by disaster - to survive a plane crash, to lose everything in a fire, to plunge over a waterfall - which would put a kink in the smooth arc of our life, and forge it into something hardened and flexible and sharp, not just a stiff prefabricated beam that barely covers the gap between the end of your life and the other.

Closely related is the embrace of strength one feels when looking at the abyss: to think 'I *could* continue after a terminal diagnosis' is to blast the travails of today into insignificance. But there is more than just emotional fortification. The modern life burdens us with thousands of obligations and commitments daily, on our attention, emotional energy, and time. The world is relentless and short of a disaster we have to meet these demands on us incessantly. The fact this prison is freely chosen makes it all the more suffocating. But even a conference call with 'the boss' must take second place to a plane crash. Equally, whilst stripped of choice, we are given a superabundance of it. From thousands of flavors of jam at the supermarket to more fundamental, drilling questions like 'what job do you want',

'ambition or relaxation', 'social life or work life', and 'meaning or comfort.' After a catastrophe, your choices are reduced to one: keep living.

A more diverse, yet equally necessary fantasy, appears to be the travel daydream. To imagine oneself in a totally different location, stunned, excited, desituated. From the plains of Kenya to the depths of the Scottish sea, rolling meadows, distant sunsets. The defining features are always *there*, not here, and *now*, not later. Like the disaster daydream, they tap into a desire for freedom – freedom from those sticky webs that bind us to *here*, and keep us from *there*. More fundamentally, they present a fantastical version of ourselves. Like the painless avatar, the travelling avatar is spontaneous, free, liberated, careless. They shout over cliffs, run through fields, dive into lakes. They streak and fly through the sky. To test this thesis, daydream about going to a fantastic location; then ask, would it still be appealing if it was for a business trip?

Other variations of these themes exist. An intriguing spin on the disaster daydream is the 1000-year slumber. Imagine you are entering an experiment to test a machine which can accelerate human thought. Within the machine, you experience time at hundreds of times the speed a normal person outside does. But disaster strikes! During a test to simulate 40 minutes for every 10 real time minutes, you experience 400,000,000. The researchers scramble, but they are too late – a fatal 10 minutes has already passed! Jets of steam shoot out the sides and you stumble out of the machine. What has become of this modern Oisín? You jump out and embrace the nearest person, deprived of human touch for a thousand years. Tears stream down your face as you experience the warmth of another. Beyond the science-fiction curiosity of 'what would 1000 years of solitude do to a person', why is this dream compelling? One answer could be that the dreamer wants to feel powerful, unconditional love for someone. To make a connection wholly absent from their daily life.

What makes the dream cathartic is that any person can greet the 1000-year sleeper – any one of them would be embraced with pure emotion. For what enmity could last a thousand years?

To develop your travels, why not voyage across space and time?? Try changing the size of your surroundings: watch as trees, grass, and shrubs expand to colossal, alien flora



dwarfing the horizon; or as pavements become brutalist concrete mega-structures, desolate and mysterious like the machines of an abandoned civilization. Or grow and delicately step across motorways, wash your hair in Niagara Falls, and jump from mountain to mountain. You can consider the hypnotic consistency of featureless surroundings like

deserts, tundra, and oceans as you go from macro to micro, and spend an afternoon wondering how a tiny – or massive – human society could function. Transform the objects around you. Imagine the clouds as fish, turtles, dinosaurs, swimming freely as if the sky is the ocean. Consider houses and other buildings shooting up as giant people emerge from underground. Turn nearby trees into dancers, fighters, friends, lovers. Or travel on another axis: few paracosms are as vibrant as time tourism. Liberties must be taken of course. You possess an



astounding aptitude for the local language, and miraculously avoid the common fatalities. Further, research must be carried out: ideally a combination of learning about the lifestyles, philosophy, government, food, language, customs, environment, cityscape, and sciences of the time you travel to. Once a base is secured, the fun is to imagine how you would be received. What would the officials of Joseon-era Korea think of plastic glasses? How about synthetic wool? Could the medieval monks of Lindisfarne handle St

⁷ This extract was taken from Volume XIV, 'Daydreaming in the Bathub' [Ed.]

Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band? Would your otherworldly knowledge of world geography catapult any civilization you visited into world dominance? And just how much information is contained in the casual beliefs held by the average modern person?

If we have been building on our knowledge for the last a thousand years, even basic primary or high school education from the 21st century would appear Godly in the 1st.

Travel to ancient Greece and dazzle them with germ theory, the modern numeral system, atoms, a crude scientific method, calculus, the number zero and decimals. Bring modern geometry, algebra, astronomy, into 13th Century Baghdad and unveil their own discoveries developed over millennia.⁸ Or how about modern political systems: would Sumerians understand capitalism, modern democracy, basic building blocks like the nation state? What would you have in common? Perhaps you could get involved in a love triangle, or a court intrigue. Comfort yourself with the timeless familiarity of our ancestors' problems. Or do none of those things, instead abandon your grand visions and settle down to enjoy a serene natural beauty in the pre-industrial world.

⁸ If I am permitted to interject in the interests of modern academic rigour, it is inaccurate to suggest algebra, astronomy, and geometry were 'invented' in the Islamic Golden Age. It is a well-known secret these physiks were in fact discovered four centuries earlier in the daydreams of a Rāshidun shepherd moments before he was bludgeoned to death by sleepwalkers. [Ed.]

Fragment VI: It Comes from the Heart

The source of daydreaming runs deep. The images you choose, the scenes you play, the people present, all flow from a place of longing. But to say they come from the soul is not to reify them – many daydreams are mundane. They begin after a seed of desire is planted in the heart. A fancy car drives by; a set of beautiful kitchenware flashes in a display; a travel picture on an Instagram feed. These seeds are sometimes planted without you knowing it, yet they keep growing. They grow until one day you find yourself dreaming of driving that car with your friends, dicing vegetables as a chef with new kitchenware, travelling to popular cities. They change your behaviour subtly, with every repeat and replay strengthening the desire. You ignore their power until one day you wake up and realise yesterday's daydreams have become today's reality...

To daydream carelessly is to indulge the desires lurking in your psyche. Most people deny they daydream much, if at all. This could be true. Aphants cannot form mental images, though it is said even blind people can daydream. When they sit back and relax, a subterranean, verdant soundscape unfolds.⁹ Others lack the temperament required to recline and let their mind wander. These human dynamos keep their mind on a tight leash, jostling it and shaking it when they feel it relaxing. They trust pleasures which are instantaneous and temporary, like butter, cocaine, and skiing. Each hit, a buzz, before



⁹ The author referenced a missing passage here titled 'Dreams of Taste and Touch' [Ed.]

seeking the next. Soon the brain is so stimulated it begins to vibrate relentlessly by itself.

You should be wary of those who deny they ever dream. To picture the future or the past with emotion, to travel the junkshop of human memory, to grasp for a destiny glazed over is fundamentally human. The alternative is a cursed life where every reminiscence is answering a quiz question and every vision a trip to the supermarket. To plan and retrieve mechanically is to deny daydreaming. It is to suffocate the space for dreams out of a viscous fear of alternative winding paths. The alleyways of had-beens and could-bes, the magnetic pull of wrong choices and potential freedoms. The advanced daydreamer looks at these anxieties and recognises them for what they are: the burden of responsibility when we ask what we truly want from life

Fragment VII: Daydreaming Proof

Consider the following:

- (I) All phenomena which exist can be imagined. The set of all things which are real therefore contains no objects outside the set of all things which are imaginary

- (II) One can imagine impossible and non-existent phenomena. The set of all things which are imaginary therefore contains objects outside the set of all things which are real

- (III) The set of all things which are real is contained within the set of all things which are imaginary

$$R \subset I$$

Editor's Commentary

$R \subset I$ is also known as the 'Universal Schedule of Dreams.' If real, the Schedule would contain every scientific law, physical, biological, and alchemical, and all the phenomena they govern, including conscious experience; thus, everything you see, everything you feel, all you've ever done, all you will ever do, would lie written and complete in a perfect system of dreams. Of course, the proof has been subject to many criticisms since its first formulation; I leave judgement on its soundness to the reader.

Fragment VIII: Some Beautiful Daydreams

Daydreams can be beautiful, sordid, naïve, agonizing. Many years ago, a travelling daydreamer, Ryokan, collected several dreams across pre-Meiji Japan as part of his ' 夢想家旅行.' He found a great diversity of fantasy, often connected to local wildlife. This is corroborated by Hearn's investigations into Insect dreams (1498) and the work of the naturalist Kenji Miyazawa (1543). The dreams vary in tenor: some were painful, some innocent, all were honest. These works contain more than travel guide history. During the research for this series, I also came across several memorable dreams. Here are a few excerpts:

[Feb. 13th 87] Spoke to J today. Told me she liked to daydream about her sudden death. What is the point? Not the dying, the funeral. Her body was surrounded by her family, filled with bitter tears, regret and self-reproach in the eyes of her mother. J wanted them to realize how much they cared, but too late.

[Nov. 11th 87] Turns out Y (a young boy, son of an acquaintance) has very memorable dreams. In one, he imagines what it's like to be a bomb dropped from a plane, one minute in existence, the next gone. Another involves playing with one of his close friends. They climb trees, ride their bikes, or just talk. Seeing my reaction, he adds 'In my dreams he's different, like how he used to be before he stopped being nice to me.'

[Apr. 54th 91] Caught up with N, a brilliant student from Freiburg, about careers and her inevitable path to success. Reminded me of something she said a while ago about her dream job working in a bakery surrounded by fresh bread. That dream died last year. Perhaps it dies every day.

[August 3rd 92] Spoke to A. He misses B greatly and thinks about her every day. Of trips they could have taken, moments they could have shared, of meeting and falling in love. He says something important. The people you think about the most are the ones who matter in your life. I realize now this is a choice we all make, consciously or not.

Fragment IX: Those who do not dream

Some philosophers speak of a race pseudo-men, capable of action but incapable of dreams. These men report dreaming, but they do not dream. They merely think they are dreaming, just as a night-dreamer may experience the *feelings* of scientific inspiration, a hundred-years of life, or the exhaustion of a marathon, without inventing anything, living for a hundred years, or tiring their muscles. If you ask the pseudo-men what they dream of, they will try to guess the correct answer. You could assemble a thousand for a thousand years, tell them to dream forever, and find they produce nothing new. It will be variations on a theme. These pseudo-men cannot invent new values, nor can they change the world-spirit. They feel pain, despair, and types of love, but their spirits cannot be broken, nor can they be deformed. They have been locked out of the gates of heaven.

Fragment X: Dreaming of Love

If humans want something we imagine it. So is it surprising we dream of love? Of all the necessary dreams these are the most diverse and delightful. The warmth and comfort of true love's embrace, the moments you share together, laughing whilst cooking, running freely together, it redeems you, makes you somebody - like the real you. The erotic and sensual potential of the daydream exceeds all other emotional conjuring. Dreams of being robbed at gunpoint, falling from an airplane, winning Olympic Gold may raise your heartrate, but they are nothing compared to the imagined kiss of your romantic obsession. There is an experimental quality to the dream: what happens if I add him here or her there? In this place or in this scenario? The fun is the surprise, the reaction of elements and catalysts, the visceral appeal of the product. But no compound of feelings can complete the romantic daydream. There is another ingredient, one so fundamental it is often unnoticed: Narrative. The romantic subplot exists as a *sui generis* source of meaning in life with properties supernatural: the most glorious of triumphs are dirt without true love; the most desperate of defeats transmute into gold when they finally embrace and kiss. In folk tales the effects are literally magical: with love, the dead reanimate, the comatose reawaken, the hero is made indestructible. This power is so strong it detaches from the Sensual: aromantic dreamers can enjoy the daydream of love despite having no sexual or romantic desires at all. This is the nature of magic.

Sometimes the fulfilment of our deepest wishes is a curse. Our hearts deceive us, disguising things we desperately crave but try to deny: freedom from insecurity and self-

doubt; longing for material wealth, the suburban fantasy, and the envy of others; being accepted by our Parents and Society. Romance becomes a placeholder when we don't know where to go, what to want, how to escape our boredom. Whilst we wait, we imagine the ideal partner who can solve our problems: their love becomes the narrative arc in our aimless, misfired life. How sad then that dreaming of love is no different from dreaming of eating or breathing. Our romantic objects are never as complex as real people, no matter how faithful and developed. We try to trick ourselves otherwise but consider: do you daydream of yourself daydreaming intensely about love? Do you fantasise of fantasies? Or do you daydream of feeling those emotions *in reality*? Perhaps we need it this way, perhaps the only way to consume reality is by actively changing and distorting our reflection of it. We crop out the awkward meetings with the parents, the miscommunications and inconveniences, disruption of life plans, sicknesses, drifting, fights, and uncertainty. We ignore the fatal flaw in the relationship too large to fabricate away. We eat our fantasies undiluted, rich and pure. It helps we are the masters of our inner worlds: do you daydream and find yourself unsure of what is going on? Ambiguity and vulnerability are a choice when the dreamer is omnipotent and omniscient. So we order the same thing again, and again, and again. Our imaginations never exceed our stomachs. But we don't need to dream like this. Every so often, why not dream of something totally unexpected? Of the absurd Romance, the improbable meeting, the inconceivable hook-up which, on instantiation, turns out to be shockingly appealing...

You are lying in bed waiting to fall asleep, daydreaming of friends and lovers. You think to yourself 'I dream for idle pleasure - I have friends, lovers, a social life' but forget loneliness comes in many forms. When we visit our daydreams we change many things about ourselves. Our hair might be different, our social status, hobbies, abilities

unrecognisable: nonetheless, our friends and lovers always see us for who we really are. And how could they fail to do otherwise? They see our true self because *we* see our true self. The love they give us is another form of self-love, like the care and attention you receive from a teddy bear, or the self-affirmation from a horoscope. We all want to be seen in this way. The dilemma is that, like hedgehogs huddling for warmth, the more we open ourselves up to others the more we risk rejection and pain. There is no rejection in this fantasy: all is certain in a daydream, just as all is certain when hugging your favourite toy.

Fragment XI: Daydreaming with Friends

You could be forgiven for thinking the daydreamer dreams alone. From the Parisian *flaneur* found in Charles Morice's *La truite bleue*, to Rosetti's masterpiece in oil, the daydreamer is a single figure staring into space. Like many lies, this art contains truth. Daydreaming is frequently a solitary event, hence the logic behind dedicating most of this Volume to the science of daydreaming by oneself, whether in a train station, bathtub or disastrous dinner date. Scientific pragmatism should not, however, be mistaken for a metaphysical commitment; hence, the inclusion of this brief corrective.

To begin: how uniform is daydreaming? Does everyone dream in the same way or is there a great diversity? We have already explored necessary daydreams but there is more research to be done on the contemporary content, style, and patterns of daydreaming activity. A tentative hypothesis is that modern daydreaming is substantially heterogeneous. As with other actions which resist social-conditioning, such as showering and masturbation, divergence seems inevitable. Compare the results of studies into running and the use of chopsticks as models: without the overbearing control of centralised authority an elegant ugliness develops. Some flail their arms around like windmills, others flick their heels out in a grotesque manner. Similarly, Dr. Jie, expert in culinary etiquette, asserts:

a uniform Chopstick technique cannot be produced except by authoritarian means – whether Confucian or Communist. The state must exert some form of violence to make sure everyone uses their chopstick in the same way.

Despite their similarities, chopsticks are ultimately not daydreams: whilst the state may be able to standardise your working hours, clothing, education, and social life, it has never been able to read your dreams. There is nothing more subjective than the daydream, no way to model ‘what it is like’ to be in the dreams of another. It is the final frontier of the subjective human mind. Take that classic saying: ‘there is a unique dream for every dreamer and a unique dreamer for every dream.’ But perhaps this contains an error, for it implies the existence of an *a priori* Universal Schedule of Dreams. The Schedule has been defended by at least two famous schools, the logicians and empiricists. The theological logicians of the Golden Age, led by Pāṇini (1601) and Leibniz (1612) derived the Universal Schedule from the labyrinthian structure God was said to reside in: the infinity produced by logic and mathematics. Their modern rivals are the empiricists of the collective unconscious, antiquarians like Kostomarov and G. Caproni (1807), who trust induction over deduction. Jungian in sensibility, they find the dreams of humanity in the repetition of our fantasies across ages and nations, transcending the single bounded mind.¹⁰ Both methods for asserting the independence of the daydream must be rejected; the first for violating the laws of causality, the second for falsifying the fundamental maxim ‘I have a dream.’

To write of absolute atomism in daydreaming would replace one dogma for another. We have all experienced a shared daydream at least once in our lives: remember when we

¹⁰ Cf Darwin’s ‘Necessary Monsters’ and his theory of convergent cultural evolution. [Ed.]

used to play make-believe with each other, creating heroes and legends on slow, hazy afternoons, lying back in the sun exploring imaginary worlds as the clock hands wound down? Did you ever wonder how our shared dreams remained coherent despite the constant reminder of another dreamer? Perhaps we were part of your fantasy, mere fictional characters, where only one could be the sovereign creator for the rest. Or maybe we were all dreamers and dreamed, fantasists and grounders, lost and retrieved; where the dream would sometimes escape and spill over into real life, and that dangerous, exciting feeling when the line between make-believe and reality lost focus. The standard narrative is that we leave these dreams behind in childhood, but this itself is a fantasy: rather, they grow up with us, stronger and more seductive. The dancing plague of St Vitus, the mass psychogenic illnesses of the Italian steel factories, soporific zombies on the Haitian field, are all shared slumbers with no escape.¹¹ Sometimes it is visionaries who take you along in their imaginings. They see technology, the future, war, revolution: the great era ushered in by Marinetti sprang from the dreams generated by a motor crash. Or the visions of the fantastic, transposed into another medium. Is art not a daydream before it is made real? The protagonist not partially a self-insert? Hundreds can dream in parallel by looking at the same painting, or watching the same film. Nor do these dreamers have to share the same language, culture, or time: classic literature, as Calvino suggests, lets any reader experience its author's dreams. The dreamer might be an advertiser, a 'creative' who does not create products but desires. They dream of friendship, of belonging, freedom, and tie these dreams to commodities. The existence of this profession is not surprising: what else could fuel capitalism? Other dreams aim for something grander: they try to remake the world. When they take hold, these dreams grow into the visions of

¹¹ There is frequently no original instigator behind such phenomena. An imaginary 'original', such as the false report of a crime wave, can inspire enough copycat behaviour to make what was initially fabricated real. At this point it ceases to be a daydream. *Vide* 'Second-Order Simulacra' p. 881, [Ed].

founders, the dreams of a nation. Generated by thinkers like Fichte and von Herder, actualised by Garibaldi, Gandhi, and, Gligorovs, they are repeated and relived countless times until they form the collective memory of the people: the *volkstraum*. By late afternoon, fiction has become textbook.

If dreams are so linked to group activity, was there a first daydreamer? Medieval monks daydreamed of snails fighting knights, and Onfim, a 13th century Russian boy, scribbled his daydreams of being a fierce warrior on pieces of bark. Our *terminus* is likely 283 BC: the romantic daydreams of Medea in the *Argonautica* are indisputable evidence of an early reverie. However, if, as hinted in Volume VII, stories spring from daydreams, then we can go much further. The mytheme colloquially known as 'The Boy Who Stole Ogre's Treasure', and inspiration for Jack and Beanstalk, dates at least three millennia, predating the dead sea scrolls. Similarly, the ur-narrative, the Epic of Gilgamesh, could go beyond 2000 BC. But we must not impose our own ideals of daydreaming onto dreamers of the past. Current best practice for the historian daydreamer is the 'mirror principle', formulated by a branch of the Jungian empiricist school. They oppose the atemporal, perpetual daydream of the medieval daydreamers, so closely aligned to theological reasoning. Instead, the empiricists, and we too, boldly assert daydreams are synchronic, malleable, and match the times they occur in. Take the daydreams of today: most contemporary daydreams are solitary, personal pursuits. We follow popular media forms, adopt the grammar of the movie, and compose discrete scenes. The first dreamers did not dream like the *luftmensch* of today. Shards of pottery suggest the earliest daydreamers dreamed in groups rather than as individuals; as with the mass work event, unauthorised law code, and anonymous artwork, these ancient dreamers submerged their story

underneath the collective. We may even go as far as to say they feared the individual daydream for the latent power it contained.

If movies and stories are dreams, so too is art.¹² The earliest cave paintings suggest a nascent genius of daydreaming. Pictures of bovine avatars represent the ‘power of anticipation’: the magical capacity to look forward using imagination. And what more could spring up but the fantasies of the hunter? Van Gogh agreed with these early dreamers: following Dharmic teachings, he believed the mind’s eye was the gateway to inspiration. The sight of the third eye, under this school, is the universe you can produce from thin air simply by closing your eyes. To strengthen and train this faculty is the essence of painting:



For my part I know nothing with any certainty, but the sight of the stars makes me dream, in the same simple way as I dream about the black dots representing towns and villages on a map.

Yet there are ways art diverges from daydreaming. Whilst art may sustain itself on ‘objectifying the subjective’, it can, as Escher so ably demonstrated, maintain paradoxical self-reference. The same cannot be said for daydreaming. Dreams incorporate a degree of recursion: the daydream always references the dreamer, in fact presupposes their existence because it is, after all, unreality. The dreamer who forgets they are dreaming enters the most dangerous kind of delusion. Yet whilst paintings, movies and books can explicitly reference themselves and their authors, dreams fall apart if they do so. There are

¹² For more, see other entries under ‘Logic and Daydreams.’ The following has been included in contrast to the material contained above. [Ed.]

several proofs: most famously, the magicians Gödel and Tarski demonstrated a truly self-referential reverie will always be incomplete and undefined. The dreamer cannot enter the dream themselves and must never be seen, otherwise the illusion of reality bursts, and plausibility will disappear:¹³

Why does it disturb us that the map be included in the map and the thousand and one nights in the book of the Thousand and One Nights? Why does it disturb us that Don Quixote be a reader of the Quixote and Hamlet a spectator of Hamlet? I believe I have found the reason: these inversions suggest that if the characters of a fictional work can be readers or spectators, we, its readers or spectators, can be fictions.

Thus, there are no daydreams in nightdreams, and no nightdreams in daydreams. Like the slumber which is broken by the inspiration 'I am dreaming!', the dream of dreaming is unstable and unnatural. Simply try the following: daydream that you are daydreaming of something. Is it satisfying? Could you do it for more than ten minutes?¹⁴ Unlike the collective fantasy, the individual recursive dream cannot sustain and there is no lucid daydreamer. If a dreamer could achieve the impossible task, the act of falling in love with a daydream would become horrific – one could scarcely dream at all.

¹³ This theory is a blatant plagiarism of my own theories of autopoietic love and second-order cybernetics. [Ed.]

¹⁴ Modern research suggests the Lyapunov time of this daydream is, at most, a summer evening. [Ed.]

Fragment XII: Juristic Dreaming

As we learned in Volume XXI, it is not enough to merely daydream. The seasoned daydreamer enters their dreams to extract meaning. Ancient Roman experts in daydreaming, the Jurisconsults, developed a technique we still use today. It has many descendants ranging from legal science to the thought experiments of philosophy. Using this method nothing remains hidden from the self. With courage, any feeling can be explored, extracted, and evaluated. But we often lack the will to look; instead we labour under self-deception within the circles of the mind. The juristic technique is the scientific method of dreaming: it cuts through.

Here is how it works. First, enter a daydream where you are doing something which comes naturally; let the daydream play until it fizzles out, with all its random elements.

Do it now:

Step 2: Imagine Something Pleasant

Second, ask yourself: what was it in that daydream which I found so appealing? This will be your initial hypothesis. It is sure to be wrong. Humans want things; we also want to want things. The two do not always overlap – whilst I might like oats, and like being the kind of person who enjoys oats, I may also enjoy hitting people without being proud of the fact. There are hundreds of desires of this second variety, desires we regard as shameful, sacrilegious, or simply embarrassing, yet possess all the same. Even this suggests an unrealistic degree of clarity in emotional epistemology. Sometimes our longing for certain wants are not wholly distinct from our desire to fit in, be liked, accepted, and loved. Do I want to teach because I like teaching, or because I like the respect it generates? Other times, there are multiple plausible reasons we enjoy something, and it is not always clear if they are independently sufficient, or if one is doing the real work. It is hard to ask yourself: ‘who am, and what do I want?’ You may think you like morning yoga, and perhaps you genuinely do, but you also like the personal image it creates and whether the latter is necessary, or even sufficient, seems hopelessly opaque.

Third, begin juristic analysis of your daydream. The technique is relatively simple – you break down your dream into different components, then you take them out, change them, or reintroduce them one by one and check if the daydream is still appealing. We will use a hypothetical daydream as an example. You are playing piano in a concert hall filled with friends and colleagues. Your fingers move effortlessly, you dazzle them: *‘I never knew she was so good at piano.’* You reach a crescendo before slowing down, ever so slightly, softer, softer, and a delicate finish. The crowd goes bananas, your friends are smiling and you’re seen in a new light from then on. Why is this compelling? Is it because you enjoy imagining the sensation of playing piano well, falling into a flow state and performing as a master? Maybe it’s because you receive social respect and admiration, or simply because you are

curious about what it might be like? The juristic technique provides answers. Let's change it so that there is secretly a recording device in the piano playing the music; you still receive admiration but it's all due to a clever deception. Is it still satisfying? Maybe it's not enough to be admired, you want to *be* the piano player who is showing off. How about playing well, perhaps the greatest performance of all time, but no-one is enjoying it, either because the hall is empty or because a glass screen is distorting the music and preventing the appreciation of that skill from others? Emptiness again, attention slips. Now we know there must be other people participating – but who, and why? Let's try changing the location: you play in a small concert hall with a few friends, or a couple of young children and parents, all strangers. Or going further, just one person – an old man, in an empty train station. They smile softly, or laugh and jump about. Perhaps you don't even have to be a concert-level pianist for it to remain compelling. Was that better than the packed concert hall? Try several more: would you enjoy playing piano in front of the large audience without their joy, merely receiving their admiration at your ability? And would you remain happy in the train station if other piano players laughed at the amateurism, your parents ambivalent, and your colleagues embarrassed? What is it that you really want?

There is no limit to the juristic technique, because, ex *Funes* and *S*, there is no limit to the detail of the world. Like a fractal, more magnification can always be reached, more variations tried out: it's passion all the way down. At some point you must stop, draw a line, and exhale. But when? Ur-Nammu's elegant *reductio* of this formidable puzzle can be found at *p. 3432*.

...

An extreme daydream is one where you change fundamental parts of an otherwise normal, appealing daydream.¹⁵ A simple test is to extend the temporal limits: how long can the scenes in the daydream last? To use an example from Volume XXIV, would it remain compelling and interesting if you stopped juggling and headed home to brush your teeth and go to bed? How long can a daydream persist; how many scenes can you add on? Daydreams have no obvious finishing point, even after the death of your simulacrum the dream can keep going. Extending your dreams past their natural end can help reveal the appealing core of the dream. Perhaps the dream becomes boring once you retire, grow old and weak, and are slowly forgotten. Think about whether you want your dreams to age alongside your body.

How extreme can you become in a daydream? Can an avatar become so unlike the dreamer they start doing things the dreamer is uncomfortable with? These lemmas were the cause of a schism within the Paris school of hypno-dreaming. Professor Bonaparta¹⁶ the heretic formulated the forbidden phrase:

‘Reality can become whatever I want; people can become whatever they want to be.’

¹⁵ Taken from Vol. XXVII, ‘Romantic, Sexual, and Gorilla-Related Daydreams’ [Ed.]

¹⁶ Upon investigating the archives of the National Gymnasium in Freiburg, I believe this Bonaparta could in fact be the very same as that mysterious author of ‘*Liber Monstrorum*’. [Ed.]

Do not be tempted by these promises, for they are deceit. The dream is always bounded by the dreamer's humanity: imagine life as a monster: would you strangle someone to death? How about in front of your grandmother? Or in the power daydream, isn't it rather convenient certain people, composing in effect your conscience, are always conspicuously absent? Why are they gone? Who knows – you can hardly kill your partner off in a plane crash, since no-one wants to daydream about the sudden death of their loved ones. Similarly, your dream avatar is never going to do the unimaginable or inconceivable. As with the limits on the dreamer's ability to speak French, the limit is your imagination and mental fortitude. Instead, for a 'dark' daydream, the angle may have to pan away as terrible sounds are heard, whilst those who care about you must be ambiguously vanished. A true daydreamer is not satisfied with these deceptions and will recognise the truth of the fantasy: they dream to be free from moral and emotional constraints. The fact the power dream is often complemented by fantasies of saving the world reveals a fatal inconsistency.

The final extreme daydream is where the dreamer changes fundamental attributes of the avatar. Qualities like age, hair length, physical attributes, body parts, and career all seem transient and changeable. Likewise, casual interests, hobbies, and various likes and dislikes. Many daydreams hinge on the freedom of considering yourself in a radically different position. But would you still be satisfied if you had a different sexual orientation in your daydream? How about a different race, or gender? Which preferences can be changed: is your identity constituted by being a musical person, a smart person, test-scorer, a foodie, a dog lover, a romancer? How much of *you* can be changed before you cease being yourself? The qualities which matter will differ from dreamer to dreamer. Imputing a religious belief to your dreaming avatar could mean little beyond adding

flavour; for others it may be fundamental. Sometimes, unexpected qualities turn out to be necessary, whereas attributes you believed were central are revealed as contingent. Simply consider: are dreams of life as an ant or sea sponge more or less compelling than those where you have no sense of humour?

Appendix A: Additional Works

I added these short fragments in the Appendix due to suspicions they are by a different author. Nonetheless, they are of some comparative interest.

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J245.2: *Who are You and What do You Want?*

There is a longstanding debate over whether the true daydreamer is carefree, floating down the river of life and letting whatever catches build up, or forceful, taking strokes to get to one side or another, cleaning away unwanted debris and holding on to what's valuable. The Stoics, neo-scholastics, Catholic nuns, and Karate teachers argue we should discipline the mind, deny desires and hold rigidly to our principles. Their mortal foes, the Greek hedons, Rosseauians, sadomasochists, and beach-chair manufacturers reject repression: for this close-knit alliance, you must *'treat yourself'*, for denial is violence and free expression of love is the path to heaven.

I concede I am more of the first school's sensibility. The sexy power of the internet makes me wonder if urges can be let loose to grow, intensify, and multiply freely. Can our desires

be trusted? We no longer live in a world where our proclivities are left to their own devices. Perhaps I decide to treat myself to some frozen yoghurt; was that my own choice, or one made for me when I glimpsed an advert two weeks earlier? Mercenary dreamers now survey what we want and why we want it, to sell us things, advertise, and propagandise. Is it meaningful to believe in free expression when what you're expressing is something implanted by others?

I have no answers to these questions. All I can say is that some daydreams make me happy, others make me feel good, and whilst the two overlap, they are not the same. Just as eating a grotesque amount of chocolate feels satisfying in the moment, some daydreams can be binged. One repeats the same couple of moments again and again until they become utterly stale, consumed for hours without ever reaching satiation. One dreams of power, of control over others. Fantasies of being special and above the rest, of being the centre of attention. Fantasies of accumulation, and elevation. Natural daydreams, goals and conceits repeated in stories for thousands of years, from the Epic of Gilgamesh and Magnum Opus to the self-help book and social media feed. These are dreams without limits because they are relative: they arise from desires with no conclusion, contentment, or satisfaction. They seep into our view of the future; actualised at the crucial moment of choice when two urges clash. You can surrender to extreme indulgence and dream happily of misery or you can act: you can use the juristic technique to become an advanced daydreamer and control what you see. Ask yourself: do I encourage this desire of mine, or do I resist it? The reflective daydreamer looks at the kindling of something true and fosters it; at the seed of something rotten and suppresses it. By replaying their dreams, wiring and rewiring their desires, they shape their destiny.

Daydreaming like this is creative. It embraces fantasies beyond those which flow most freely. It is to consider other possibilities and ask oneself: would this make me happy? To test what is enough; what is necessary; what you would choose if you could only have one. Because the daydream is the moment after the climax in a film where the protagonist has completed their journey of discovery and found their happy ending.

What makes life complex is that often we know what we ought to want, but end up choosing something different.

"For I do not understand my own actions. I do not do what I want, but the very thing I hate."

The beauty of a daydream is that you can choose again and again. You can play out different futures, different careers, different life choices. Ask yourself honestly whether they would make you happy; remove and add elements tirelessly to see what it is you truly want. Do this again and again. Then, one day, in the real world, you will be faced with a choice of what to do. And, having seen a thousand futures, yo...[]

...

P742.3: *'The Limits of Daydreaming'*

In the days of sleepy imaginings the hypothetical limits of daydreaming were a purely academic concern. In our era of somatic acceleration, however, these limits are now practical. Many are common knowledge: logical impossibilities, such as daydreams of the inconceivable, or cognitive barriers, like daydreams of the unknown and fantasies too complex for our imaginations. Then there is a stranger class – pursuits which, though

imaginable, cannot survive in a world of pure volition. These objects cannot be phantasised because the very act of imagination destroys their value. There are many names for this feeling. We overthink, overanalyse, suffocate what should otherwise be simple and fun. You feel it as the colour drains from an image, as the joy slips away, and it corrodes under rational enquiry. You can try to grasp for the feeling, try to think more clearly, more carefully. But this will not work because thinking itself got you into this mess.

The secret is that some things cannot be chosen. There is no way to daydream you have different values and tendencies; you cannot force yourself to have dreams you do not want. Perhaps you daydream about having a straightforward, instinctual love of painting, or to feel liberated and free, or even to have a generous and kind heart, but this won't give *you* those feelings. Any attempt to do so will be self-conscious and reflective; merely wanting to love something is not the same as loving it; choosing a memory, or feeling, or a dream will always be confounded by the fact it is chosen. There is no way to be sincere on purpose, just as there is no way to imagine meaning into your life. Perhaps it is the reverse: the more you analyse, daydream, and plan, the more you push forward, the further you get from your target. It is like looking for something in a dream, remembering a forgotten thought, or playing a game with no rules. You merely fall deeper into the corridors of your mind.

The only solutions are difficult and dreadful. A modern theory is to amplify somatic potency. Eventually the somatic sciences will attain perfection, and not only will it be possible to transmute daydream into reality, but to transmute you – the dreamer – too. Who you are and who you wish to be will collapse, and telling dream from dreamer will

cease to make sense. Perhaps in this new world our daydreams will march forward in a single parade undivided and whole, taking us with them wherever they go. The subtler method is to look outside the dream. Suppose there are sensations out there which feel *right*, that make you feel like yourself. Feelings which are comforting because they are incongruously certain – clearer and more natural than anything else. You may have already experienced one as a child, or perhaps you have yet to do so. Either way, this experience must be found in the world, rather than derived purely from the mind. You cannot know this phenomenon until you experience it. It is unplannable, unanalysable, uncertain. In short, it exists outside our daydreams. Once you have found it, even for a moment, you must follow it forever, for it is the most important thing there is.

...

J216.6: *Final Daydreams*

Are daydreams finite or infinite? Pāṇini and his school naturally prefer infinity. The Universal Schedule allows for the possibility of dreams without dreamers and, equivalently, a dream outside space and time. Consider an analogy to thoughts without thinkers. The Tale of Gilgamesh was once forgotten by all living beings and unconsciously left inscribed on a nameless mountain. The Assyrian cuneiform became extinct, transforming the saga into a wall of natural markings appreciated only by the passing farmers and shepherds. Gilgamesh and Enkidu were left languishing in this state for two thousand years until the code was finally broken and their story told once again.

For our purposes we may ask: did the Tale of Gilgamesh exist for those twenty centuries?¹⁷
And if a story can exist without readers, why not fantasies and dreams?

Фёдоров, the 19th Century futurist, pursued the finitude of dreams for strange, alien reasons. He predicted daydreams will end when the somatic world is fully immanentized, the Dreaming Drive completed and reality made equal to our wildest fantasies. In Фёдоров's world of immortal beings free from want and uncertainty there is no need for daydreaming. Life becomes a dream. There is only one flaw in the futurist's manifesto: is this the end of daydreaming or the end of reality? If reality is that 'which doesn't go away when you stop believing in it', then a world of perfect dreams is fictional. More fundamentally, in this world of dreams, what will trigger and stimulate new fantasies? If dreaming cycles are provoked by external stimuli and environs then a world of pure dreaming is a sterile, closed system. Perhaps it will be a spiral of self-referential links, of inner desires provoking new inner desires according to the obscure rules of the human mind. Or perhaps the dreams will diverge like the fertile agglomeration of nature; or go in cycles, repeating the same dreaming sagas for eternity. I personally believe they will converge at a single point: towards that which all humans seek when given infinity.

In favour of finitude, all of us will experience a final daydream. Death guarantees this: at some point, our tapestries end and a final daydream is left trailing in the wind. Dreamers have been fascinated with avoiding this fate for centuries. Consider the collective dream. The death of any one dreamer is insufficient: all must die simultaneously for the dream to

¹⁷ Consider *Der Zeitung*, the obscure 16th Century German romance novel whose true meaning was only recently deciphered using modern literary-interpretative techniques. There is common consensus that the anonymous author's marginalia in the Freiburg manuscript suggesting "I have discovered a truly marvelous meaning within this text, which, however, the margin is not large enough to contain" is unfounded.

end. In this way, daydreams can survive longer than the individual life and even outlast physical artefacts. Some dreamers have extended this to personal identity. They abandon the unitary self and substitute in a collection of psychological traits overlapping in our past, present, and future selves. This bundle of traits overlaps with other people:

After my death, there will be no one living who will be me. I can now redescribe this fact. Though there will later be many experiences, none of these experiences will be connected to my present experiences by chains of such direct connections as those involved in experience-memory, or in the carrying out of an earlier intention. Some of these future experiences may be related to my experiences in less direct ways. There will later be memories about my life. And there may later be thoughts that are influenced by mine, or things done as a result of my advice. My death will break the more direct relations between my present experiences and future experiences, but it will not break various other relations. This is all there is to the fact that there will be no one living who will be me.

We all regenerate the dead. The rush of memories and emotions when you recollect someone long forgotten, the moment they seize centre stage in your mental universe and you love them again, treasuring the moment and holding on to it before the atmosphere of familiarity dulls them and they disappear into the uniform backdrop of The Past once more. Perhaps in this way we will all live forever, at least until the last flowers are placed on our graves and a final daydream resurrects us. A more vicious and controversial method is to abuse the power of self-reference. The typical example given is the Dream Suicides. An inter-war mystic branch of ultra-dreamers believed it was possible to daydream of death with such vividness that a 'final life review' would be triggered. Then, shortly after, they would repeat the experience with their physical body, triggering another life review. The second would replay the experiences leading up to, and

including, the daydreamed death, thereby triggering another life review, and so on *ad infinitum*. In this way, they believed immortality could be achieved.

Daydreaming is not always ended by biological destruction. Sometimes we lose the ability to daydream because of a psychological break: when you no longer like your daydreams and your mental world becomes a prison; when the present generates nothing you want or value. After this occurs, all you are left with are the dreams of a person you used to be. You watch as they decay and grow stale, the harder you grasp the more they fade away. You find yourself pushed to a cursed dream: the 'dream of paths not taken.' Given different choices, would you be more successful or more interesting? Would you be happier? Who would you be with? What would they dream of? That immense crowd of figures and futures, all the different people you could have become, their clothing, the lines on their faces, their varied personalities.

Your last fantasy will be the dream of paths not taken. Watch as the clock spins faster and faster. Can you feel it? You are trapped watching above, silently screaming as your life slip away. Enter the following scenario now: you lie in your deathbed alone, sinking into the quilt as the stale air rests above. But you are elsewhere, grasping at alternative destinies, sparkling, bright, clear, and far away. You reflect on your past - the present today - on who you are, where you are, your choices, your mistakes. Do you like what you see?

Step 5: Dream of What Ultimately Matters

Do not worry if the dream was empty, here we are back in the present
with time to spare

Appendix B: Notable References

Throughout 'The Book of Advanced Daydreaming' numerous references are made to daydreaming scholarship. As can be seen from my notes not all of these are strictly accurate. Nonetheless, for academic interest I have provided a brief overview of the more significant works cited.

The Book of Disquiet – Bernardo Soares

A fundamental text, Soares (1582) was the leading member of the ultra-dreamers. Their goal was singular: to accelerate human thought by any possible means. In doing so they believed a dream of unimaginable length could be produced. The ultra-dreamers wished to live in this paradise forever, whilst for those outside mere seconds would pass.

Soares was famous for his immense energy:

"I have never done anything other than dream...this and this alone has been the meaning of my life. I am still obsessed with creating a false world, and will be until I die... No nostalgia hurts as much as nostalgia for things that never existed! When I weep over the corpse of my childhood life – this can't compare to the fervour of my trembling grief as I weep over the non-reality of my dream's humble characters."

He had many students who followed him devoutly; in particular, he had an influence on Xeno, who developed a logical tool – the infinite slice – to achieve the never-ending dream. Currently, his ideas live on in the vanguard of Neuro-dreaming, the 'Neo-Soaristics', aiming to bring Soares's fantasy into being using microcomputer technology.

Illusions - Borges

Little needs to be said about The Master. Illusions is perhaps his finest work, exploring many of the fundamental themes within 'The Book.' After Illusions, the way we dream has never been quite the same. We now dream of infinity, of time, of eternity. Although 'The Book' perhaps exaggerates his contemporary significance, it is hard to deny that many of his ideas are still being discussed and debated. For further reading, see 'Dreamtigers', 'A Universal History of Infamy', and "Fantasies.' Naturally his canon is infinite, but these are a good place to start.

夢想家旅行 - Ryokan

A rather perplexing book, I have seen it referenced elsewhere but I was not able to find any copies. As far as I know, these were the field notes of a travelling monk in Meiji Japan called 'Ryokan'. From the extracts I have come across he was a subtle chronicler of the dreams of others. It appears several times in 13th century accounts of dreams, and later in the Parisian Dreaming Revival. For such a frequently cited work it is unusual for no copies to survive. Accordingly, I include this discussion because I want to draw attention to the lacuna in the literature.

To The Lighthouse – Woolf

If we treat the mind as an origami animal, then Woolf's elegy is an attempt to see what it would look like if unfolded. The result is a blank piece of paper with a matrix of intersecting folds, tracing a complex pattern of existence. She is justly cited as one of the great doyens of dreaming. Although Woolf has not inspired a movement in the same way Soares has, excellent secondary research has identified several independent, but interlinked, tendencies influenced by her.

One is the aspiration to capture a mind perfectly on paper. Recent years have seen an ever increasing ratio of pages to conscious hours, doubling roughly every year in a process known as 'Woolf's Law.' The current limit is 138 pages per conscious hour (1:138), but there are rumours of a mega-project planned by the Chinese Department of Somatic Infrastructure aiming to increase the ratio to over double the current peak at 400 p/ch (1:400). One is reminded of the following:

"In that Empire, the Art of Cartography attained such Perfection that the map of a single Province occupied the entirety of a City, and the map of the Empire, the entirety of a Province. In time, those Unconscionable Maps no longer satisfied, and the Cartographers Guilds struck a Map of the Empire whose size was that of the Empire, and which coincided point for point with it." Suárez Mirand (1658)

Another similar trend can be found in work on nematodes and flies. Its aim: the imprinting of the mind onto a digital model. The models themselves are composed of thousands of cross-sections of the brain taken at a specific moment (death), layered on top of one

another. Notably, the neuronal columns integral to the structure are referred to as 'Dalloways.'

The Mezzanine – Baker

Though not explicitly cited, the Mezzanine is clearly the inspiration for the *Funes* and *S* section. It is essentially an ethnography of an Average Joe's lunchtime musings, approaching the maximum depth currently possible on paper. It reaches an astounding 1:138 ratio. Each and every random daydream of the subject is recorded in full, then linked to previous thoughts and experiences, philosophies, transient moments, subtle characteristics. It stands as a true monument to human progress.

The Sexual Pizzeria – Srinivasan

Srinivasan's classic line: 'Sex isn't a sandwich, and it isn't really like anything else either' is clearly unknown to the writer. Nonetheless, signs of Srinivasan's influence are clear throughout Fragments IX and XII. The writer's apparent oversight may be attributable to the inclemency of archaeological discovery, furthermore, whilst '*fucking*' clearly isn't the same as eating a slice of pizza, *dreaming of fucking* is perhaps not so different. Even so, the morality and politics of sexual daydreams is a serious omission. Questions such as 'is it immoral to sexually fantasise about those near you', and 'what makes a sexual fantasy sinful?' are entirely ignored. This is a shame because they open up the most fundamental issue of all: whether we owe any duties to others in our daydreams. Are you responsible for the racist and discriminatory tendencies of your fantastical obsessions? Are you under a duty to discover and interrogate, perhaps even alter, your somatic proclivities?

Without entering into an extended dialogue on the matter, I think it clear you owe at least one person such a duty and have done so your entire life.

Ravn's Law of Dreaming Elasticity

The author cites Ravn's well-known dreaming law in Fragment II. For those who are unfamiliar with her work, see the following Encyclopaedia entry:

But the theory, in a fully developed form, first appeared in her great 1870 treatise *Dreaming and Plasticity*. This work was one of the most splendid monuments ever raised by the genius of a single individual. Availing herself of the admirable generalized co-ordinate system of Lagrange, Ravn demonstrated the rate of daydreaming is directly proportional to its substrate. Unsatisfied with this monumental victory, Ravn then devised a formula showing if dreaming conditions become sufficiently intolerable the proportion of daydreaming time can exceed 50 per cent, a point we now know as the Eco Horizon.

Ravn, Olga. (1922). In *The New Cyclopaedia* (p. 1022). Fiume:
Modernissima

For an interesting reflection in literature:

"When people no longer have any impact on the world around them, when they can no longer move forward, perhaps the only way they can continue living is to direct their gaze down into their own psyche..."

The Flower Eating Crane, Enchi Fumiko, Translated by Lucy North

Laws of Daydreaming Form – Spencer-Brown¹⁸

The 'LDF' is an early example of the 'mirror principle' in daydreaming historiography. Spencer-Brown persuasively argues past daydreamers had different standards for plausibility: what is sensible depends not on reality but on you. He suggests the phenomenal success of modern science has made the believability of scientific daydreams virtually unbounded: no goal seems beyond our reach, no scenario too extreme. Instead, for the average daydreamer, psychological plausibility is the limiter: the characters in their dreams must 'behave themselves', either as the specific individuals they play or as Human Beings in General. What makes Spencer-Brown subversive is his suggestion the latter is *also* contextual: that past daydreamers had different behavioural scripts, 'plausible psychology' spectrums, and codes of meaning. In their world, the Dostoyevskian protagonist's mind is incomprehensible and the Christian killer's motives baffling. Conversely, in our present paradigm, their pre-modern daydreams are alien and bizarre. Consider Calvino's study of the Italian folk tale *The Convent of Nuns and the Monastery of Monks*. The story follows a group of young men pursuing a corresponding group of young women; adventures and tricks follow. Nonetheless, even the fastidious Calvino cannot accept the original in full:

¹⁸ I have come to suspect that this section, and several other entries in the so called 'notable works', are in fact fabrications of the editor designed to mislead and distract the reader. [Ed.]

I altered the following details of the original... the unmotivated decision to become monks and nuns; the father superior's tying up of the nuns to set fire to them. *'Il convento di monache a il convento di frati'* from *Loriga, 8, Porto Torres*.

Dreaming Problem Book –Honda

The dreaming lemmas are mentioned at several points throughout. These are well-known puzzles, of which the most impressive collection is Setsuko Honda's *Dreaming Problem Book (3 Volumes) 1952*. Here are two classic examples from Volume 2 which inspired the discussion in Chapters XI and XII:

Lemma 7: Our behaviour in day and night dreams is often uncharacteristic. Is it better to say these dreams are the variations of a single dreamer or a variety of dreamers each with a single dream? *Query:* Are these possible answers equivalent, alternative, or continuous?

Lemma 53: The notion of guilt is premised on responsibility, which, in turn, requires choice. Does it make sense to talk of 'having a Guilty Pleasure'? *Query:* why is it apt to describe 'Impossible Princess' and 'Macaroni and Cheese' as guilty pleasures, but not 'Imperialism' or 'Being a woman'?

Somatimetric Diagrams

The author of J216.6 references 'daydreaming cycles.' These are from a recent, highly specialised branch of daydreaming science called *somatimetrics*. For an example somatimetric diagram, see *Fig 2*:

...

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