

**POINT FIVE**

**ISSUE #6**

**S/S 2019 EDITION**

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**DREAMS & BAD IDEAS**

POINT FIVE © 2018

Issue #6

S/S 2019 Edition

“Dreams & Bad Ideas”

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## INTRODUCTION

### POINT FIVE

#### DREAMS

&

#### BAD IDEAS

Have you ever had a dream?  
Some way of making possible the impossible?  
Did it fade away when the new day came?  
Was it a nightmare or something you strive towards?  
Is it a vision or reality?

Have you ever had a bad idea?  
Do you remember how it felt at the time?  
How did you work through it?  
Are running back through all your mistakes?  
Have you walked away learning something for the better?

This is a collaboration; a collection; an expression.  
This is an intersection of *dreams* and *bad ideas*.



# TRANSCRIPTION: PHONE CALL WITH GLICK. OCTOBER 16, 2018

Kaile H. Glick is the proprietor of The Spontaneous Prose Store, an on-the-spot poetry practice using a typewriter to compose prose on any topic for anyone who asks. She invited me to join her endeavors in late 2015. I left Toronto to go work with her in New Orleans, Louisiana, where she currently practices. There, Kaile H. Glick became a guide of sorts to me; coaching me through our shared feelings of survival and my new identity as a writer of poems. Since the two of us rarely practice in the same cities though, I decided to conduct a spontaneous interview with her over the telephone. The topic: How it is not uncommon for people to dream of killing themselves, yet in experience, it proves to be a rather messy and legitimately bad idea.

## —LEAH BENETTI

0:00 OPERATOR *please stand by. while we complete your long distance call. to avoid this message, please dial 1 before a 10-digit long distance number. thank you. \*phone rings\**

1:11 OPERATOR *please stand by. while we complete your long distance call. to avoid this message, please dial 1 before a 10-digit long distance number. thank you. \*phone rings\**

1:26 GGLICK did it work?

0:19 BENETTI *it works.*

GGLICK yaaas.

BENETTI *so this is spooky technology. i hope it doesn't spy on me.*

GGLICK i know, right? f the nsa.

0:31 BENETTI *cool. alright, how are you?*

GGLICK i'm good, i just woke up, walked mr. pants, and got coffee in me.

0:38 BENETTI *nice. ok.*

0:46 GGLICK *i'm not 100% sure how to start this interview.*

0:52 GGLICK you have questions prepared?

BENETTI *no, that's the whole point. i have zero questions prepared. it's maybe...*

1:00 GGLICK *a bad idea.*

1:05 GGLICK oh. yeah, i don't know, you're the interviewer.

1:08 GGLICK ...how do i even say that?

2:30 BENETTI *true.*

1:11 GGLICK *ok, so yeah, i have to talk about dreams and bad ideas. and i've sort of spoken to you before, but i was thinking about how like,*

2:48 GGLICK *...i don't know, suicide is often kept as a dream, but it's also a bad idea. and also, i think that it's difficult to talk about something as a bad idea because it's such a ... a judgment call.*

1:44 GGLICK *and i believe you have interesting life experience and things to share with the world. so i didn't know, if you could speak to sort of any of my ramblings?*

1:59 GGLICK yeah. well, i think it's weird; i mean i think,

2:03 GGLICK *i think of the relationship between my fears of suicide, and the origin of the spontaneous prose store... yeah.*

2:12 GGLICK which i think are, like, relatedly dreamy bad ideas.

2:17 BENETTI *yeah.*

2:19 GGLICK yeah... i get that it's hard...

2:27 GGLICK ...how do i even say that?

2:39 GGLICK yeah, i guess i have... compassion for people who kill themselves. even if, you know, it's kind of 'ugh'. where do i begin...

2:48 GGLICK it's a legitimate bad idea, i guess is the thing. and maybe it's easier to talk about legitimate bad ideas to take the judgment part out of it.

3:05 GGLICK yeah. and so i guess when people you know i think about

3:14 GGLICK people who get upset with me for busking

3:19 GGLICK and how random it is,

3:21 GGLICK but they get genuinely upset...

3:21 GGLICK "something's wrong with his image."

3:21 GGLICK yeah yeah, and so it's sort of a,

3:32 GGLICK yeah... who gets to decide what the bad ideas are? you know? you know, they all start out as dreams.

3:43 BENETTI *yeah, it's interesting how we can even take...*

3:54 GGLICK *i don't know... our our stories of our bad ideas and... i don't know. i feel we romanticize them into a story.*

4:06 GGLICK yeah. well, i feel... that a lot

4:08 GGLICK lately. i keep it... i feel strongly that north america was not a great idea.

4:18 GGLICK this seems like a really healthy place to start with, like, what was the first bad idea?

4:30 GGLICK yeah. and so i guess when people come talk to me about my bad ideas, or what they think my bad ideas are,

4:40 GGLICK i'm always curious. where do we start counting? what's the first idea that leads to whatever?

4:49 BENETTI *sure.*

4:56 GGLICK yeah, i find that i guess people who kill themselves tend to... become even...

5:01 GGLICK have a whole host of other bad ideas they're sort of subject to.

5:09 GGLICK BENETTI *definitely.*

5:16 GGLICK yeah. i guess, you know, the shelf life of a bad idea can be pretty long, it can be a lot of crazy weird things... ...including western civilization!

5:25 ha. ha. ha. ha. BENETTI *bee hee!*

5:27 GGLICK but yeah, i think there's something valuable in the ability to decide, sort of,

5:29 GGLICK discern even aesthetically, it's... an important part of of any kind of process, you know,

5:45 GGLICK if you can identify which part of the ideas that maybe you think could be better, right?

5:50 BENETTI *like the american dream is a bad idea.*

5:55 GGLICK yeah!

6:03 GGLICK ...bad ideas really fascinate me, i guess.

6:08 GGLICK i'm a big fan of throwing the baby out with the bathwater,

6:16 GGLICK it has been really interesting.

6:25 GGLICK i'm always looking for better ideas.

6:31 GGLICK i mean, it's such a small thing,

6:38 GGLICK but better doesn't have to be, like, an incremental little bit better.

6:55 GGLICK yeah, i think in a lot of, you know... a lot of bad art is based on bad ideas for sure.

7:03 GGLICK but a lot of good art, is based on bad ideas.

7:07 GGLICK so maybe that's... a safe place where

7:18 GGLICK that's, like, the fountainhead right there—

7:23 GGLICK a bad idea that turned into a worse idea, but was kind of awesome along the way.

7:31 BENETTI *absolutely!*

7:36 GGLICK yeah. it's very,

7:42 GGLICK it's the only book i read that people constantly tell me is 'full of bad ideas.'

7:42 GGLICK and maybe that's an interesting place to start,

7:45 GGLICK because i don't disagree with them.

7:49 GGLICK it's based off of a lot of categorically bad ideas but,

7:54 GGLICK i got a lot from seeing somebody work through those bad ideas and put them to a logical conclusion.

8:03 GGLICK you can learn a lot along the way.

8:11 BENETTI *i agree. you can definitely work through the bad decisions.*

8:16 GGLICK *i feel... at the spontaneous prose store we're almost... trying to...*

9:20 GGLICK *communicate with the larger world, and we're stuck somewhere between our own bad ideas and all the bad ideas people bring to us.*

9:35 GGLICK yeah, that's a perfect example; becoming a full time professional poet is a bad idea, yeah.

9:42 BENETTI *it's also a great idea!*

9:56 GGLICK *they're like, "gasp" it couldn't possibly! yet it turned out to be very good bad idea... sort of.*

10:07 BENETTI *yeah.*

10:09 GGLICK *hopefully, you know, it gives people the opportunity to have a platform to have weird bad ideas. i don't know if they face their bad ideas.*

10:22 BENETTI *yeah, for me, working at the prose store...*

10:27 GGLICK *almost gave me permission to write bad poetry... at times,*

10:33 GGLICK *where's it's like, well not all of it's perfect and... that's just how it is.*

10:38 GGLICK *i learned a lot from that.*

10:41 GGLICK *just like, yeah, make it even if it's bad.*

10:45 GGLICK yeah, that's great. i would definitely put that in the category of dreams.

10:51 BENETTI *indeed.*

10:55 GGLICK we talked before about the difference between moral and aesthetic, and i think that,

11:06 GGLICK you know, there's a difference between them... i get the morally bad idea, and then the aesthetically bad idea...

11:16 GGLICK yeah, and that is... right, the store might be an aesthetically bad idea.

11:26 GGLICK yeah, or at least guaranteed to produce garbage art more often than not.

11:35 BENETTI *yeah.*

11:35 GGLICK yeah, i guess not mistaking the process for the product, or something like that, and that's

11:48 GGLICK you know, where sort of good dreams turn into bad ideas is. it's maybe, where we lose sight of the fact that there even is a process. the idea that any given moment is in fact, the pinnacle; it sort of takes away from the process-nature of it.

11:55 GGLICK and often the process is more, um, significant, than the product. maybe. do i sound smart yet?

12:24 BENETTI *you're so smart!*

12:28 GGLICK *yeah, that was a great conversation. i think we've got kernels in there to... blow up.*

12:36 GGLICK yeah.

12:41 BENETTI *cool. thank you so much, kalie. you're the best. yeah, i thought*

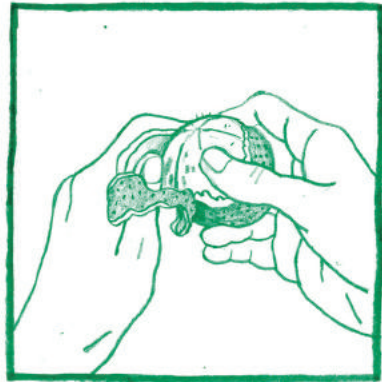
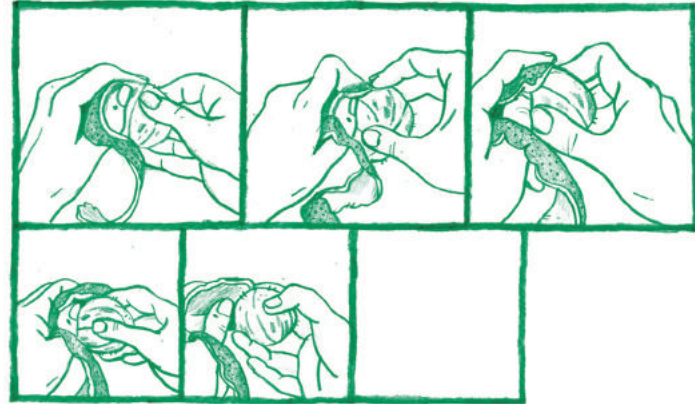
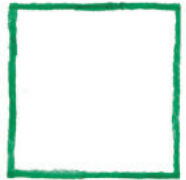
12:54 GGLICK *it'd be cool to work with you again. sometime.*

12:58 GGLICK *this is my attempt from far away.*

13:07 GGLICK *i'm gonna have to listen to this conversation a million times now...*

13:18 GGLICK *bye!*

SAME PLACES, SAME FEELINGS, SAME DREAMS. I'M GETTING THROUGH IT, BUT WHAT AM I GETTING OUT OF IT? WILL IT EVER BE ENOUGH? WILL I EVER BE SATISFIED?

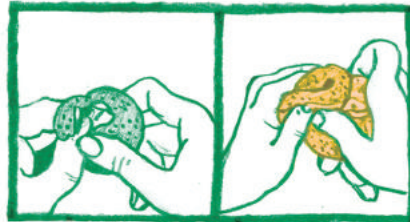
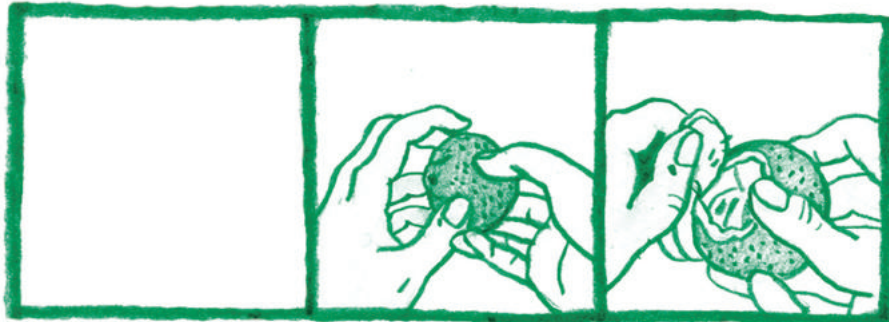


THE WEIGHT OF THIS IS CRUSHING.





MAYBE



IT'S HARD  
WORK HAVING  
A GOOD TIME.





**DREAMS, BAD IDEAS, & SEX**  
**INTERVIEW #1**

**K:** When someone asks you to describe your experiences thus far about the themes “Bad Ideas, Dreams, and Sex,” what would you say?

**L:** A lot of the time I have bad ideas and I don't necessarily follow through with them, and sometimes those ideas pertain to sex. I've dreamt of non-realistic situations that you can't just make happen because they're definitely not a good idea. I think it's interesting that you find this in your deep innate desires.

I dream every night and I remember those dreams, and when I am awake [I recall the dream] where I acted on that bad idea because I had no control over it. [In my opinion, bad ideas] work the same in the real world as in the dream world; I think you can sort things out better in your dreams and if you have a bad idea you can use the dream as an opportunity to sort through it without having to make it a reality.

**K:** Can you tell me a recent dream of yours so we can look it up in this Dream Dictionary?

**L:** I have a lot of dreams about my teeth falling out, probably because it mirrors my real life. I've had dreams of my teeth disintegrating, because my teeth are not in the best shape at the moment.

**K:** The front teeth tell about your closest relations or childhood relationships. The other teeth signify the males in one's life. If in anyone's dreams the teeth have lots of damage, that signifies hope for joy and prosperity; a hopefully more attractive future. If the teeth are wider than usual, that signifies a more immediate prosperity, which is good news for friendships. Dreams that one tooth has grown longer than the rest means you will soon be in a relationship trouble, or perhaps one of your friends or relationships is sick or in trouble.

**L:** A lot of these interpretations make it seem like my life is falling apart.

**K:** Do you take your dreams seriously? Do you believe that they hold any significant meanings?

**L:** I do feel that dreams have meaning, in the sense that there is something that I'm working through within my own subconscious. So I'm not being told anything by an outer source but from within myself. I think I have dreams that I know are trying to tell me something and other times I think, wow, that was an acid trip! I don't quite know what that was, but it's clear that it's my inner desire for what it is. I've also had night terrors—[for example,] I know that I'm going to have weird dreams if I eat cheese before going to bed. Or if I eat chocolate, I'll have nightmares! I do feel dreams are connected to the waking world and inform our experiences through our deepest desires, and that these influence each other vice versa.

**K:** What is your Astrological Sign? Does your sign indicate you are more prone to making or going through with bad ideas?

**L:** I'm a Capricorn, which I think is funny because I have a tattoo of it and I'm also wearing a Capricorn necklace! My sign is analytical and hardworking, and I think that maybe my dreams allow me to not follow bad ideas, because I have a lot of time to contemplate stuff before I go through with it. Or if I do, it's more on impulse. I do not desperately believe in my sign, but I think that if I were to make a connection there would be truth there, to a certain extent. I know I don't have to be that way but I think [the stereotypes and tendencies of my sign are relevant to an extent].

**K:** Would it be a bad idea to tell your friends and family about your dreams?

**L:** I tend to tell my family about my dreams, and I share the full details of the dream.

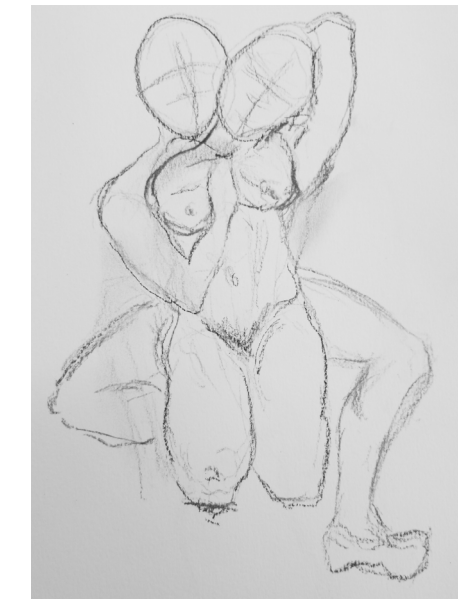
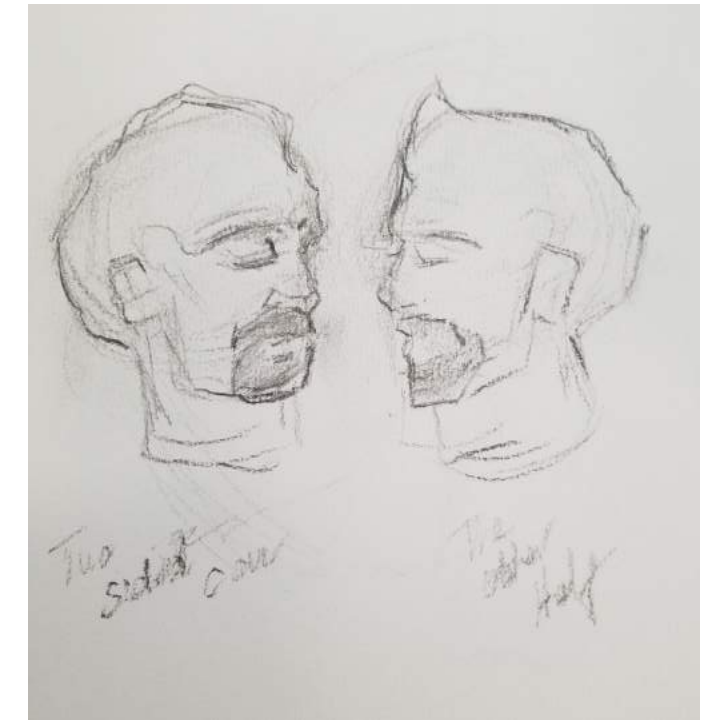
Sometimes I over-share my dreams with them, and they listen and simply nod. Sometimes I'll text my close friends and say I had a dream and this [something] is going to happen. So I'm pretty okay with sharing my dreams.

**K:** What has been the worst idea you have had in your dreams and in reality?

**L:** I had a recent thought of dating somebody and again of dating them in a dream, and in the dream I knew it was wrong, but it was clearly because I have feelings for that person. I told myself, you can't do anything about it because it's not a good idea, it's a bad idea! I'm not going to go through with it unless the relationship changes!

**K:** I once had an odd dream that I had sex with a friend who I would never consider in a sexual way. What would your response be to a friend who admitted this to you?

**L:** I think it depends on the person, and in some cases if it's somebody that I liked but didn't know that I liked them in that way, and they said, “Hey, I had a sex dream about you!” I would most likely respond, “Would you like to act it out?!” On another note, it would be weird to be approached with that. [I don't know how] to respond to that. I think it is about reflecting on some kind of desire, because I have had sex dreams about people I have never considered, and thought to myself, where did that dream come from? I had one about Elon Musk recently and don't really know why, and it was clearly weird because I don't even see pictures of him that often. Yet he was in my dream and it was a sex dream! I feel that contemplation on these kinds of deeper desires and would change the dynamic of the relationship to an extent, [if I were to be approached with this kind of admission].



**K:** When someone asks you to describe your experiences thus far about the themes “Bad Ideas, Dreams, and Sex,” what would you say?

**SR:** First, I would want to talk about those things individually, and then I would talk about them in relation to one another. I would try to set them up in an order that would allow me to see a linear pattern that would reveal some significance. But that might not be the case, since there are seldom connections between my dreams and my sex life. I’ve had dreams about sex before and often it’s with people with whom I would realistically want to have sex with. The only connection between those dreams and my sexual life has been that I came to this realization about my desires: I dream about people I wish to have sex with. This ties into the bad ideas theme because sometimes it’s a bad idea wanting to have sex with a person [I’ve dreamt of]. That’s why there are innumerable difficulties about the things that have led me to [want to sleep with these people], which I would never blame any dream for my acting on the desire—it is the desire that has produced the dream in the first place! Sometimes dreams have allowed me to consciously confess to myself that I desire somebody in a sexual or sentimental way, and maybe that was something I didn’t want to accept before. But then a dream happened where I found myself wanting to remember more of it, and I realized that’s actually a current desire. But having sex with these people—at least, the last person that I dreamt of—is a bad idea that I’m definitely not going to fulfill. I don’t think that the three themes inherently mix; I think that in my personal life they have just been casually connected to one another because dreams are a valid medium to connect many areas of our lives, and bad ideas plague all areas of our lives; so I think it’s only natural and probable that these three themes might combine.

**K:** Can you tell me a recent dream of yours so we can look it up in this Dream Dictionary?

**SR:** The two last dreams I had, I forgot in the moments right after waking up. But I had this dream maybe two weeks ago: I dreamt I woke up and I opened my eyes and I was back home. I was in a small storage room in my house. As I walked out of this room, there was a friend of mine, a girl, and she’s completely naked. She’s covered in water or oil, and just after that, I realize that I’m completely naked as well. She’s crying and crying, asking me for forgiveness, repeatedly saying that she’s sorry. I’m completely confused by this because I have no idea what she’s talking about. She comes and hugs me and we stay hugging for a while. Meanwhile, I’m just wondering what the fuck is going on, why we’re both naked—even though it’s pretty cool and what I wanted, but I was really starting to question what was happening. Then we crouched while hugging and I remember I was trying to pay attention to how her body came into contact with mine—her breasts against my chest, her arms touching my back, and just trying to really let that sink in. I tried to absorb every single interaction, every bodily sensation, trying to take in as much as possible, so I can then recreate the experience in my mind and relive it. Of course, this has never been successful. Regardless, I always try to collect all these feelings. Maybe, in this dream I knew I was dreaming and I tried to remember that feeling for when I woke up, because it was never going to be a possibility [in real life], even though I highly desire the experience again.

**K:** The theme that I see recurring within your dream is that of nakedness. Based off of the Dream Dictionary, to dream of a naked man signifies fear and terror. To dream of a naked woman signifies honor and joy, provided she’s beautiful and has clear skin. On the contrary, if you dream of a naked woman who has wrinkles, who is old and ugly, that signifies shame, repentance, and bad luck. If a man

dreams he sees an ugly woman in a painting though, the luck will not be as bad. If you see a naked woman painted, or in a beautiful statue of marble, gold, silver, or bronze, this signifies good luck and success in business. If a husband dreams he sees a wife naked, it signifies deceit. If a wife dreams she sees her husband naked, it signifies assurance and success in her enterprises. For a man to dream of himself naked signifies poverty.

**K:** Do you take your dreams seriously? Do you believe that they hold any significant meanings?

**SR:** The word significant is a bit tricky. Of course I acknowledge that the dreams I told you about are a reflection of my true desires, which I consciously recognize and did recognize even before the dream. But it was just a dream. While it helped me fully realize the depth of my desire, I don’t think that the dream was trying to tell me anything new. But then again, there are many parts of that dream: Why was she wet? Why was she crying and telling me she’s sorry? If I try to interpret my dreams I could invent many contradictory meanings, and that just makes me think I could potentially argue for any meaning. I could say she is a reflection of myself that is asking for forgiveness from myself, for things that are not correct or moral. Or maybe she’s asking me for forgiveness because she knows we live in a society with rules that won’t allow us to fulfill this dream, without it being something that many people would frown upon. It could be all these meanings or more. I find myself mere steps away from interpreting my dream concretely.

I enjoy my dreams and find them interesting, and I won’t deny that they *may* have a specific meaning, but I don’t think there is ever going to be a way to ensure that the interpretation of the dream is correct. This leaves me uninterested in discussing it because it just turns into a pointless contemplation. So in the end, I never take the time [to try to interpret my dreams].

**K:** What has been the worst idea you have had in your dreams and in reality?

**SR:** I don’t think I’ve ever had an idea in a dream [that I can act upon]. In my waking reality I may have had the idea to recreate what happened in the dream, but I obviously can’t. I can’t convince her to fly back home with me, or get naked and oiled, and to tell me she’s sorry.

**K:** I once had an odd dream that I had sex with a friend who I would never consider in a sexual way. What would your response be to a friend who admitted this to you?

**SR:** I would find it funny. I don’t think it would be awkward. I think I would be worried about them thinking it’s awkward, because I’m simply not the type of person to react to this kind of thing. Maybe it’s because I’ve had many dreams with this experience and I’ve learned to process them as something normal. Or maybe it’s me trying to convince myself that they are normal but in reality they aren’t. Dreams are a story from the past, from imagination, that shouldn’t be enough for me to change how I behave [in real life] towards people. I would never act differently or interpret their actions differently [based on a dream]. [If someone were to show sexual interest] I would need to have factual evidence [before reacting]. I would give my friend the benefit of the doubt; because if I were to hear that story from them, before changing the relationship, I want to allow them the opportunity to express their feelings to me and to be assured that how I look at them, treat them, and how I feel, is not going to change whatsoever. And if it changes the dynamic, it wouldn’t be a positive or negative change, it would only add an information factor on top of the relationship.

**K:** What first came to your mind when you saw the ad, received an email, or the direct request for this interview?

**AB:** I saw it on Facebook and the word that attracted me was sex—because when I thought of sex and bad ideas, I hoped it wasn’t talking about pregnancy! (haha) Though for someone who went through an experience of sexual exploration I feel I want to talk about it. When I was drowning, I found no one like me to share these experiences with. I found gay people but they were white, and they have their own white dynamic and family, and a very individualistic society. What for them is a bad idea is to not ever come out; but for me, I come from a Middle Eastern background where families are bigger and my coming out would affect them all. In that regard, this was the moment where I understood representation and thought: I am a practicing Muslim, and most queer people that I run into do not share my views; they are willing to compromise their beliefs and actions [while I do not]. Some people try to change what Islam teaches, but I say, let’s call a spade a spade—you’re going to live your life, but at the same time let’s not play games. If you continue to omit the second half a Qur’an verse, which actually explains the view, you cannot claim truth. Yours is just another point of view. For me, what constitutes a bad idea has actually been a public coming out; because it would hurt my family and it hurts the community. Because I live in a culture that is family-oriented and being queer is not accepted. It can even be a crime. The concept of what is a bad idea is relative and that’s what is important—because I was pushed to come out to myself, forced by some [well-intentioned but misguided] OCAD students, who were too eager to liberate me. I came out when I was not ready for it, and it caused me so much trauma, including suicidal thoughts and self-loathing.

**K:** When someone asks you to describe your experiences thus far about the themes “Bad Ideas, Dreams, and Sex,” what would you say?

**AB:** I think the push to conform to a certain identity or identification ties into forcing myself to come out. I was asked in my first year if I was a Marxist and I didn’t know how to explain it. Or a Socialist? I was asked, “Which one are you?” And I said, “Neither.” They told me I had to pick one, so I replied, “Neither.” [This identification only happens] in the West, since in my country we do not have these terms and it does not make sense to us. Within this [Western] culture they think that all that a person is is a Muslim. Because they were born and raised here, they assume that this is the world and this is how it should be, and this goes back to colonialism. That’s basically what colonialism is—they shoved Western culture down our throats. My friend is doing a thesis work on a similar topic. She is originally from Pakistan and has been visiting Toronto. Her thesis relates fashion and cultural identity, referencing both her original culture and Western culture. She receives bad looks here for wearing her traditional outfit, but if she were back home in Pakistan, she would get bad looks for wearing Western clothing. So she’s conflicted—she can’t find a balance between both cultures, and even worse is the conflict of being forced to conform to only one identity.

It is a bad idea to expect others to conform to one ideal of expression, because you can’t talk about certain things without disregarding the points of view of others. Just like how I was supposed to come out because others thought they were liberating me. Freedom of expression should come with inherent respect and boundaries. If someone’s homophobic, I do not agree with their point of view, but I allow them that freedom of expression.

**K:** Can you tell me a recent dream of yours so we can look it up in this Dream Dictionary?

**AB:** Because my dreams are actually related to this exact topic, it needs more context for you to understand my dream. I am a YouTuber, therefore I share most of my life experiences online. I just had this dream where I was getting married; which was as creepy as hell because I was more excited about vlogging it than I was about getting married. I was at my aunt's house, of all places, and I walked into a room there that doesn't exist in real life, and suddenly I was getting married to my cousin! Which in Middle Eastern culture is normal, but at the same time, the creepy part is that this cousin doesn't exist in real life—it was actually my uncle who has two daughters, both of which were there as attendees. Then my “cousin”, that day of this supposed wedding, walks into the room and my first thought is, “Crap, I can't login anymore! And I don't want to get married to her.” In the middle of this suspense, as my bride walks in, I knew I was dreaming, but I still wanted to see her face to know who she was. Unfortunately, I never got the chance to see her face.

**K:** When someone asks you to describe your experiences thus far about the themes “Bad Ideas, Dreams, and Sex,” what would you say?

**AB:** The underlying connection behind all my dreams is things that I am trying to find out, or I'm trying to bridge a gap between both cultures. I feel that's what this dream was, but I'm not entirely sure that's what the dream actually meant. Because I was being forced into a marriage, because that's what people do—we have to fit in. I saw it as my Western and Eastern sides colliding. My Western side is the vlogger and my Eastern side is the getting married to someone. I was wearing an Arab outfit and in an Arabic country, but doing what I would do in North America instead.

I'm working on a video right now, which is about a chat between two people who essentially represent my Western identity and my Middle Eastern identity. Both these identities have a conversation amongst themselves about my identity crisis. The reason why I have been procrastinating on this project is because I'm trying to refine it to perfection; [I feel I need to do justice to such a complex topic].

**K:** Do you take your dreams seriously? Do you believe that they hold any significant meanings?

**AB:** I take my job seriously, but when we talk about dreams we're obviously talking about *sleeping* dreams, not hopes and inspirations kind of dreams. I don't take those [sleeping dreams] seriously. I feel like they do have an aspect of truthful meaning, however they're not clear enough to be taken seriously. As Muslims, we believe that dreams have three levels to them: a vision from God, your subconscious mind communicating with you, and simply a dream for the sake of a dream. Personally, I don't look deeply for a meaning in my dreams.

In the dreams I often had as a child, I was getting kidnapped by a monster right in front of my parents, who would not notice that I got kidnapped. There were two dreams that I had, and I made illustrations of these childhood monsters for a class project graphic novel last year. One of them was a beggar from back home: she wore bridal clothes, had frizzy hair, her face was ugly and melting and green, and it was creepy as hell. She looked like a witch but in Arab clothing and she was begging. I was in the open market with my mom and the moment my mom looks away, this person comes and puts me under her cloak and kidnaps me! The second monster was an orange orangutan, but more muscular and with a tiki mask. He used to show up upstairs in my house, so whenever I went upstairs he would appear there to kidnap me. The market and my home where the two places I was regularly dropped off at.

I have been having nightmares even recently, but I'm getting to a better place in my life. Through my dreams I can tell when somebody is going to die and I hate this so much because it messes with my life. The person could even be in full health when I see them—this happened with my uncle: He was talking and he said one sentence and suddenly I got the feeling that this would be the last time I see him. Some people are lucky because they die in their sleep, they do not have to suffer. And the following Thursday he did die in his sleep. Same thing with my grandmother: My grandmother was going away to travel for treatment, and when I saw her in the airport I also felt it. My grandpa dropped my grandmother off at the hospital and she was fine, and so was he, but I got the feeling that he would pass as well. There are times where it's a false feeling, but for me, it's usually very accurate. I can also tell when people are born. For example, when my cousin gave birth: [In a dream] I dropped my cousin off at the hospital, and all the lights coming out of her body woke me up, so I called my mom and [coincidentally] she told me that my cousin had given birth [in real life] and they named her Light (Nour). I'm not a psychic.

**K:** Would it be a bad idea to tell your friends and family about your dreams?

**AB:** This is actually very tricky, because as Muslims we believe we should never talk about nightmares. Because apparently if you talk about them they become real. But you can talk about your dreams. Personally, I don't think of either as good or bad ideas, I think it's all just talk. But more specifically, I would not talk about my dreams of death to those who I know are about to pass. It would put an extreme and painful burden on them to tell them they only have a few days left to live.

**K:** Yes, that would be a heavy burden. It is worth noting that when people are gravely ill or at a mature age, they begin to consider their

own mortality. But the truth of the matter is we are all dying right now, even as I talk to you, we are dying.

**AB:** This got morbid very fast. With my dad—my dad was terrible to us [my mother and siblings]. Now that he is older and some of his friends have passed away, he feels lonely and is trying to assert himself on my life. I am 28 now, and I have had to raise myself, and he does not have the right to just come into my life to talk to me and try and teach me how to do things, when he should have taught me how to do these things when I was five. Now is no longer the time because I actually got to live those mistakes and learn for myself. And even when I'm dealing with client work, he interjects with opinions and then calls me arrogant for not following his advice. He also gave me a hard time for going to dance classes last week, which I spoke to him purposefully over the phone about, to gauge his reaction with something less severe than coming out. In his response he said, “but you're religious and you're not this way,” and my response to that statement was, “but you barely even know me.” Just because you have the label of father does not mean that you automatically know better, I thought to myself, but did not actually end up telling him directly.

**K:** What has been the worst idea you have had in your dreams and in reality?

**AB:** When I wake up I don't remember my dreams. The dream I just told you about was an anomaly. I don't have lucid dreams recently. Just sometimes I can't tell if it was a dream or a *deja-vu*.

**K:** I once had an odd dream that I had sex with a friend who I would never consider in a sexual way. What would your response be to a friend who admitted this to you?

**AB:** I would ask them, “Would you like to try?” (haha) I'm uncomfortable with the question

which is why I started joking about it. I don't know what I would think about it. Does that mean they have a crush on me secretly that I did not know about? I had a similar dream but that person is so repulsive to me and he's my best friend and he's very brotherly. We are together 24/7. First of all, I don't find him attractive. Second of all, he's straight as hell. Third, he's homophobic. And fourth, he's married. He's one of the first people that I came out to, so it's been a challenge when he noticed the change in me, when I stopped talking to him after I came out to myself. He noticed when I stopped talking to him as often, and I said that I was going through something that I can't talk about. This made him very curious and then he tried to play a game to entice me into his personal life—as we are both nosy people—in order to get me to confess what I had been hiding. Here is the crazy part—going back to one of my dreams: I dreamt of him getting married and so I asked him during our weekly conversations, “Are you getting married?” He replied, “No.” He messaged me the following morning asking to speak over the phone however. I was sleep-deprived after pulling an all-nighter. I was agitated that morning because he was acting mysterious in our conversation, and I had also dreamt of him getting married. Within the dream he would approach me wearing all white and would embrace me and then walk away. This in fact was a recurring dream I had when I first asked him if he was getting married. This was also the first time that my schoolmates heard me curse because I was so sleep-deprived. Eventually I told him, “You have to tell me because it's really stressing me out!” Finally he said, “Yes, I'm engaged and I'm getting married in 4 months.” Is that not crazy? He then turned the question on me and asked what is going on with me. I said, “I still can't tell you,” and then this is where he started to guess things until he arrived at the question of, “Are you gay?” and that was when I fell silent because I promised myself I would never lie. He could see my face and hear my silence because we were both

on a video call [and my answer was obvious.] This was very hard on him because he's a very traditional person. This is why I mentioned that we don't make sense as friends.

**K:** The original themes were “Bad Ideas and Dreams”; but after I recalled telling a sex dream to a friend, is how “Bad Ideas, Dreams, and Sex” came to be. How would you have interpreted the relationship of just “Bad Ideas and Dreams” though?

**AB:** It's very personal when you ask various people, because this will include what is currently occurring in their life. But I would say we think about ideas and we do bad ideas. For Christ's sake, we go to OCAD and that's a bad idea! On a serious note, I would say that every person is different. For me it was always a battle of identity and that is my interpretation of the themes: the idea of coming out.

My biggest interpretation from our conversation about these themes is protection of myself and of other minorities, and those struggling with their identities, whether I agree with it or not. Which brings us back to freedom of expression: I know people who are homophobic and I don't appreciate their point of view, but at the same time I want them to be honest with themselves, because I feel that I can convince them of my point of view until they are comfortable with it as well. For instance, I would never give somebody advice on religious views because I am still coming to an understanding of my own views. My interpretation of the themes would be to help people arrive at a place of self-acceptance, and from there they are able to explore themselves at a deeper level of understanding, where they don't feel threatened. In that way we can reach a dialogue and we can talk about things safely, and generally care about each other.



Silkscreening my Dreams



that sign in chinatown told me if the sky  
turns orange, everything's gonna be okay



The whole world turned blue and started to sink.



More shoes = more drugs.

## EXTRA CREDIT:

### DAY DREAMIN' WITH MY HIGH SCHOOL GUIDANCE COUNCILLOR

How often do you have dreams?

*I dream most nights. Quite vivid dreams. I sometimes wake up and still think I'm in the dream.*

How long do they usually last?

*They last mainly for little vignettes. Sometimes they are reoccurring so new pieces of info or observances come up each iteration.*

What do you dream most about?

*It's usually something to do with people. Talking to them or them talking to me. I usually have a task to do, or an act to follow; so not much from my end in the conversation. I'm mostly listening and acting on a task.*

Do you think dreams are meaningless?

*I think dreams are from our reality. Something that happened in the day that we dwell on or are concerned about. So we process it in unusual ways as it absorbs into our unconsciousness and memory.*

Do you consider any of your dreams as bad ideas?

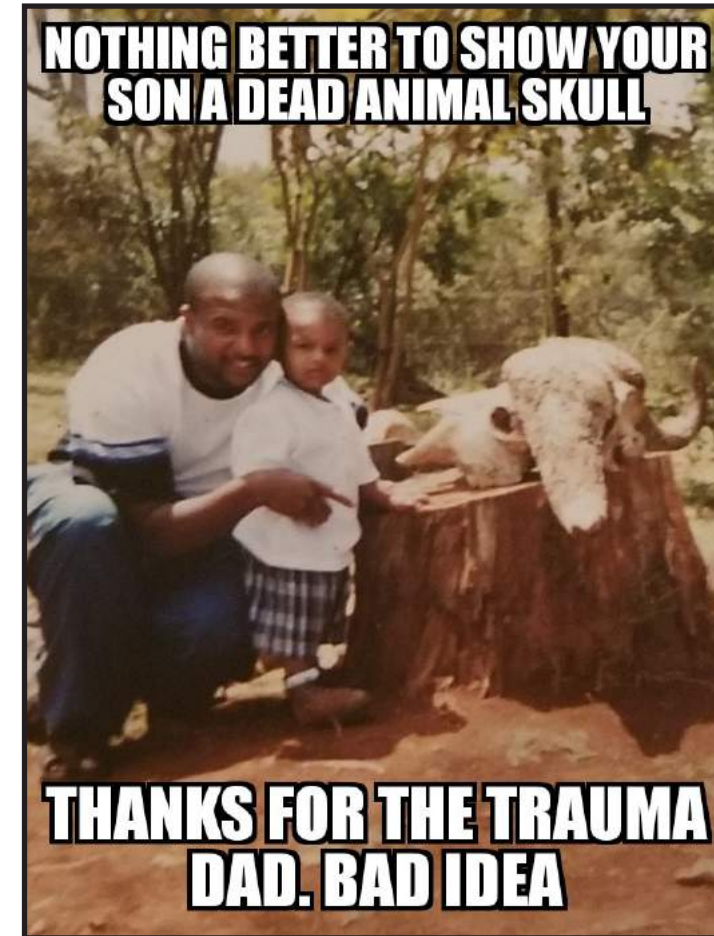
*It could be "what ifs" type of thinking, or alternate responses, like, I wish I did this or said that. Sometimes a dream is just a dream. Sometimes it could be an expression of what we didn't do or wanted to do.*

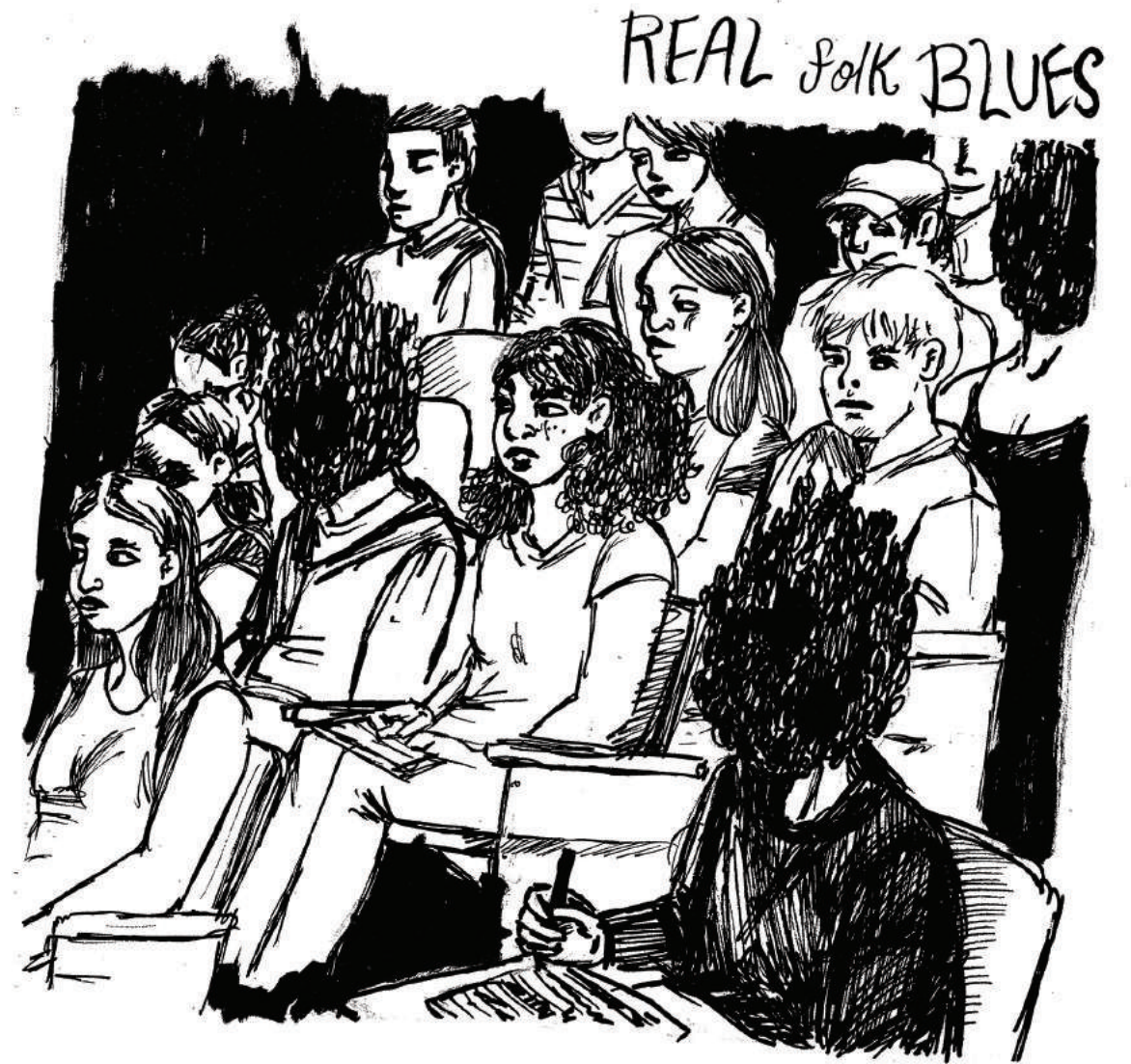
Do any of your dreams come from bad ideas or do any of your bad ideas come from dreams?

*I think dreams can come from bad ideas. We may not be able to do what we wish, but we can't hide from our mind. Or dreams come from our conscience perhaps, showing us our darkest secrets in the dark of night. Some people have dreams and write them down right after they wake up. Since dreams are abstract however, I don't think anyone would use their dreams to have [manifest] bad ideas.*

Do you regret anything you've done that's considered a "bad idea"?

*Of course. We make mistakes and wish we could do something different or take it back. Or start over. But that wish is just a dream, a waking figurative dream. We don't have to act on our dreams, but we do wake up and live; with good ideas and with bad ideas, we live with the consequences that follow.*





WRITTEN & ILLUSTRATED BY CLEOPATRIA PETERSON

It's possible there isn't a worse idea than picking a topic out of spite. Isn't it a bad idea to write an article in response to people thinking gender is a dangerous topic? It's the first day of class and Jordan Peterson has been referenced enough for me to know I'm in a class with potential transphobic peers. The only danger that comes from gender is stupidity and ignorance. Gender is dangerous for those that don't conform to society's expectation of it. Donald Trump has tried to define transgender out of existence. The real bad idea is how academic institutions refuse to treat transgender students like human beings—with respect and basic decency.

Being cisgender comes with privilege. This privilege allows for an easier navigation of academic institutions. It's systematic. Society values the binary, him & hers, hers & his. It's what we grow up with and it's ingrained since we take our first breath. This system was built to serve those that are cisgender and it is obviously working. The lack of education surrounding intersex and transgender people is proof. So what of the people that the system doesn't serve? Ask yourself if you're comfortable with dismantling a system that is built for you and succeeds only at the expense of others. If you aren't, sit with this and question why.

I reached out to peers who have faced dealing with being trans in academia.

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I wanted them to lead the discussion, to tell me about problems they have faced and are currently facing. Most importantly, I asked them to tell me what they felt needed to be changed.

Yahn\* experienced being outed in front of their whole class. A professor that had known them prior to starting hormones and changing their birth name called out this change in front of a lecture of over twenty students on their first day. Yahn has given up on seeing their chosen name supported on the my.ocadu website despite having complained and filling a form for it over a year ago. They have stopped correcting people if they're misgendered, and by doing this, Yahn isn't being seen for who they really are. It's extremely harmful to one's well being to be seen as less. They should not have to correct people; it's a heavy emotional labour to have to desperately try to validate your existence to every person you meet, to not know if every new face is going to get it right or wrong. Terrence had to go to Ryerson's lawyer to fight for his identity to be deemed valid. He was misgendered by staff during this whole process. Not being able to have his ID reflect his name affected him getting access to OSAP funding, which was necessary to pay for his tuition. Countless students face being misgendered by their professors, fellow students, and online academic portals every single day. They are put in situations where they have to email

professors before their classes even start, and fill out form after form in an attempt to change information that does not represent who they are.

It seems the only thing that spurs change is publicly shaming an institution. Once the media knows you've failed, it's a little easier to try to rectify your mistakes. Will Carpenter wrote "Hello, [Birthname]" in 2016 as a broadsheet, which was later published on Medium. It spearheaded the process of making it easier to change your name at OCAD. In his broadsheet article he details his mistreatment by OCAD as they refused to properly change his name from his birth name. It caused him to drop out.

Transgender students are still dropping out of school. It's not just because academia is hard. It is because this system is failing them and the emotional abuse is a heavy burden to bear.

Consider your course load. Now throw in depression and anxiety which are unfortunately commonplace experiences for university students. On top of that, imagine adding the stress of having your whole existence invalidated by staff, students, and your online portal. Being a university student is hard. Being a marginalized university student is even harder.

An effort was made to educate faculty with the recent publication of "HANDBOOK: Supporting Queer and Trans Students in Art and Design Education." It was a three year project that came to fruition in a beautifully designed publication. It's a shame that most professors I have asked about this publication have never heard of, seen, or read a copy. The "HANDBOOK" is an important work that has become a little dated—as it was originally supposed to be a three month project that grew into something larger. Most of the information is supplied from students, and was collected during sessions called Dream Chats, community discussions held to support LGBTQ2S+ students and what they wanted to see changed at OCAD. A third of those students who were a part of the publication dropped out of school because of this system and it's failure. The publication is over one hundred pages long and I struggle to see how people who are uneducated about the impact of homophobia and transphobia would willingly read a 100 page document teaching them to better themselves for the sake of their queer and trans student peers. You can buy the publication at Art Metropole, Glad Day, and in Amsterdam. Unfortunately, this is useless if it's not being disseminated through the faculty of OCAD—the purpose for which it was designed.

**WE CAN  
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BE WELCOMED.**

The faculty who need it most are not going to engage with this content unless they are forced into doing it at risk of a penalty. They are part of a system who gives them a gentle tap when they have committed a wrong against their students and even fellow faculty. There need to be repercussions. Faculty needs to be given mandatory sensitivity training. AODA became mandatory for all staff to take this year and there need to be measures taken to ensure a module is created to facilitate this for transgender students and more. The "HANDBOOK" could have facilitated that module, but I think it has fallen short in doing what this publication was designed for. In recently speaking with Shamina Cherrawala, one of the editors of the "HANDBOOK", there has been a push to make the publication free, available online, and easily accessible to OCAD's faculty. I hope through this the faculty will be open to engaging with the issues that students feel are important.

In my conversation with Terry and Riley they stressed the importance of faculty being educated and proactive in calling out acts of hate. Our professors are in positions of authority and with that comes power. Most of the time, that seems to lead to abuse. However, there are also professors who facilitate safe spaces for those within the margins. Students are much more likely to listen to a professor than their peers. With better sensitivity education we can have a push for all academic spaces to be safer for those who need it.

**We do need it.**

We live in a world that is seeped in systematic hatred and it has put people at risk. These people have always been at risk. There has never been a day that a transgender person isn't at risk of being assaulted, murdered, or abused. We can only create change through education. In a space of academia this should be welcomed. We need to go forward, not backward. Going back has never served us well and it will continue to fail us. We need to change and we need to be better.

If your privilege has served you, consider how to use it to do better. Others aren't even afforded a choice.

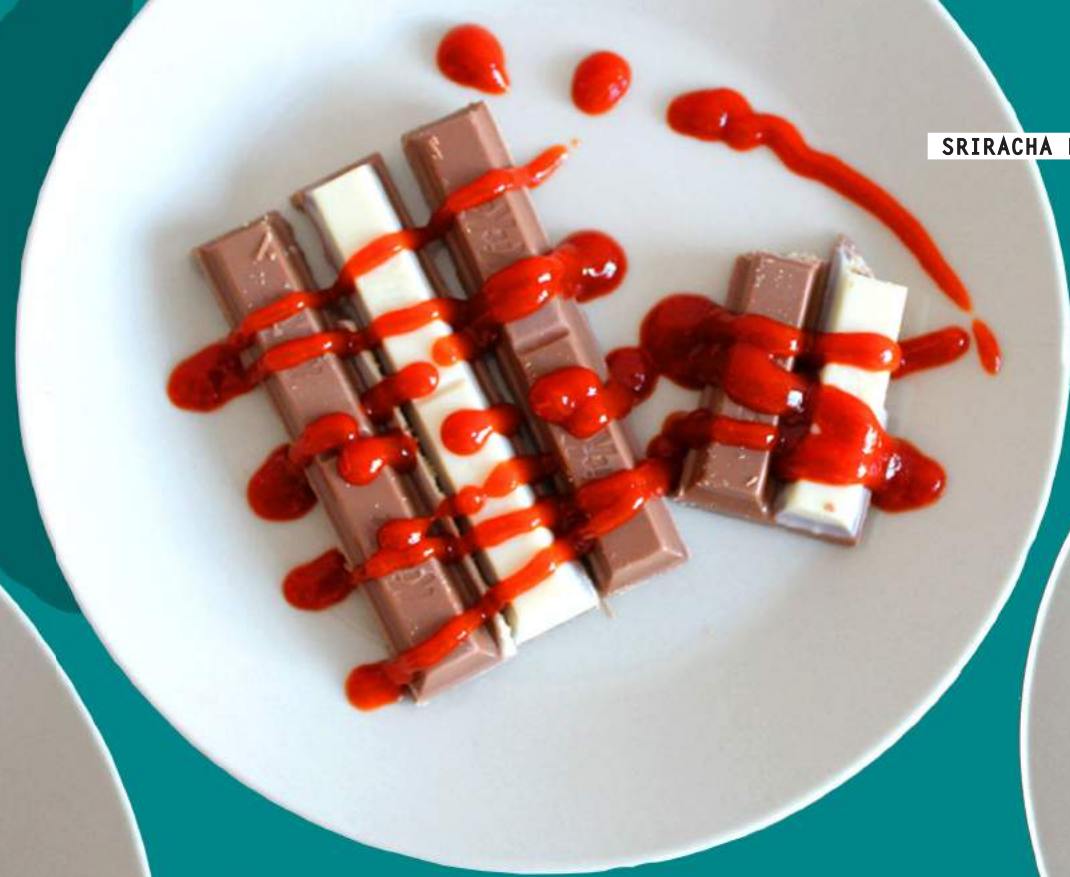




TUNA WITH STRAWBERRY COMPOTE



ALL-DRESSED CHIPS AND MILK



SRIRACHA KITKAT



SWISS ROLL WITH HUMMUS QUENELLE



CHOCOLATE SPAGHETTI



YOGURT AND KIMCHI WITH AGED CHEDDAR

# Gender / IDentity



*in the images: unknown*

Gender today, is still “discussed but not discussed”. It’s still a bad idea to bring up this topic in certain circles; some people understand and some don’t. However, progress is being made. Modern culture is starting to acknowledge the gender binary *spectrum*, not just M or F, and we’re moving from the rigid traditional thinking into a more open-minded perspective about what really defines each of us, as our identity. From what I can tell, each of us only know ourselves, and what we become each day; all of that is up to us. *So why is it that who we are and what we become is anyone else’s business?*

I grew up in a suburban town, east of Toronto; somewhere with a population of exactly 119,675; in a neighborhood with only a small percentage of ethnically Asian residents. I realized while growing up as a minority, that being different is a nightmare—not just because the color of my skin was different from those around me, but I also knew I was different because of my personal gender identity. However, growing up, I thought nothing of how I expressed my gender; I just dressed the way I dressed, and was accustomed to living my life of getting bullied and tormented by others around me. I wouldn’t called them peers, because we were dissimilar in many ways, but people who were supposed to be my equals. The worst part was teachers doing nothing to help me, simply telling students in my position to ignore it. As if I could ignore something I faced daily. In a way, my identity has always been about comfort actually, because even though others acted in certain (often negative) ways towards me, I knew who I was on the inside. And the gender construct? I can say it’s basically bullcrap, The terms we use as labels of genders are similar to branded clothing. Or should I say, they should just be like branded clothing—something you put on for the world around you but does not define you. But even then, clothing itself is universal, while gender is complex yet simple. It’s not easy to define, but the idea of each person knowing themselves is worthwhile. The idea of gender carries a balance, it’s both good and bad to place a label on ourselves; we know who we are, and what we identify as, and how we are individual—we just need others to allow us to be who we are, and not place that label for us.

*“You look like a boy.”*

*“That’s so unladylike.”*

*“Girls don’t do that.”*

*“Boys don’t cry.”*

*“The washroom for your gender is on that side.”*

*“You don’t look gay/lesbian.”*

*“You can pass as straight.”*

*“Which boy/girl hurt you for you to turn gay?”*

...

***What’s it to you anyway??***



who is the photographer?

*What defines a photographer?*

*The skills?*

*Talents?*

*What makes a photographer, a photographer?*

*Who is behind the lens?*

*What makes the person have the title photographer?*

*Are we entitled to be called a photographer without formal education,*

*or do we call ourselves something else?*

In today's modern society, can anyone call themselves a photographer just by holding a phone?

Some photographs can be controversial because of the statement the image expresses or portrays; however, through the photographer, the image can create a conversation and reaction.

The idea of "through the lens" can be limitless because of the infinity we can capture.

The image itself can either correlate or not relate to what someone sees behind their camera or lens.

If the image is given a backstory, the photograph can be manipulated into fiction, narrating a truth beyond what is real.

*"Photography today is more accessible than it ever was before.*

*In that way, what we do for art and documentation has become archival to history of photography.*

*But what we contribute to society as photographers today is a majority of branding."*



## DREAM ASTROLOGY

A CONVERSATION AND COLLABORATION  
BETWEEN AMY HUNTER AND EMMA-KATE DEUCHARS

05—OCTOBER—2018

### DREAM ENTRY

It's pretty blurry, but I remember walking through my hall, from the bedroom to the front, to answer repeated knocks at the door. When I get there, I see Toby hushing me with his finger to his lips. After a few minutes of confusion and mouthing misunderstood words, he tells me the police were at the door. I never learned why.

Later or earlier, I'm walking down near Queen's Quay—I assume because Toby's working there right now. It's night out, just streetlights, a lot of them, more than normal. I'm walking up a hill after an underpass and there's an out of place store window, lit up and glowing a warm glow. A man in a toque and a functional jacket, something like a Misty Mountain windbreaker, lectures me on the continuing value of DSLR cameras.

Another time, separate again, I'm in a hallway that seems between inside and out. I am able to see several kitchens as if I'm looking in from the backsplash on the counter. Though different, each one has a Keurig next to an electric kettle.

### SLEEP QUALITY

I woke up several times this night, which may be why I had several dreams. My sleep was pretty poor quality, with moderate tossing and turning.

### ASTROLOGICAL READING

#### *Venus goes Retrograde —*

“Venus Retrograde for a Virgo means communication in almost all aspects will be tricky and frustrating. This also means that there will be tension, and Virgos should hold off on making any big decisions from now until the retrograde is over. For those with a Virgo star sign, this postponing of big events and communication censorship can create stress for these highly organized and communicative individuals.

...Something to also be aware of during this Venus Retrograde is your financial status. Virgos love to splurge on self-love products and anything to do with pampering the soul, even actively spending money is a way for these highly wound creatures to give themselves some slack.”<sup>1</sup>

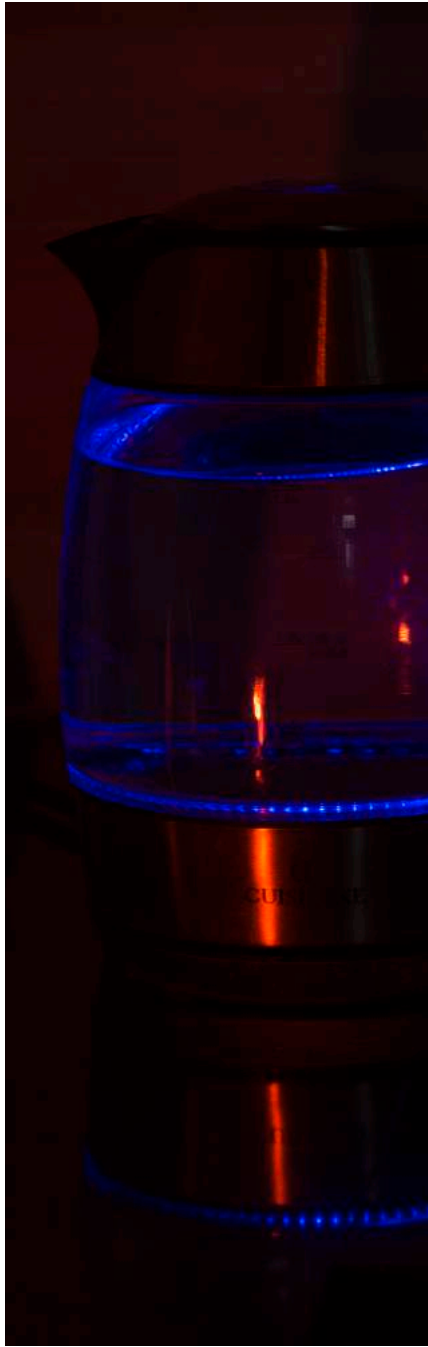
### INTERPRETATION

*There is a direct correlation between the dream at the door with Toby and the frustration with a lack of communication at this point in the retrograde. His mouthing to you and misunderstanding brings confusion and you never understand why the police are at the door.*

*The bright glow of the lit up store and street lights in the ladder part of your dreams this night seem to indicate that you're still on the right path and being guided to some specific thought.*

*Perhaps the fit and functionality of the man in the toque helps you decide that he's a respectful source to get info on a DSLR from.*

*Again, in the dream where you can see into different kitchens, it seems like you're looking for a sort of high level convenience or practicality. This is most likely because you want things to be less frustrating and carried out when they need to be.*



06—OCTOBER—2018

DREAM ENTRY

In tonight's dream, Toby is clearing out some type of mess or trash pile, some clutter, and I'm happy about it. He's taking armfuls of our unnecessary stuff outside, and the ground is right outside the door, even though we are in our 17<sup>th</sup> floor apartment. One of his armfuls contains my childhood stuffed animal, Sparky, and I am barely able to swipe him from Toby's arms in time to save him from the dump.

INTERPRETATION

*The dream you had on October 6<sup>th</sup> is clearly indicating that at this time you are looking for more reassurance and structure, because of the Retrograde throwing you off. Dreaming about your boyfriend cleaning and tending to this need for structure makes complete sense and gives you solace. You not being able to swipe Sparky from Toby in time to not throw him away may be due to a lack of communication caused by the Retrograde.*

08—OCTOBER—2018

DREAM ENTRY

In my dream tonight, I discover a gaping hole in my right back molar, one I'm waiting to get work done on in my waking life. Later, one giant molar in the front of my mouth—out of place and protruding—appears with another gaping hole in it. For some reason I'm in my Dad's bathroom and I'm wailing about the tooth while he tries to console me.

ASTROLOGICAL READING

"A new moon in Libra activates the area of your chart connected to personal finances, and since this lunation corresponds with [new] beginnings, this is an excellent day for a money manifestation ritual.

...When there is a new moon in Libra, a long overdue balance is sure to follow. In this dream on the 8<sup>th</sup> of October, the dreamer finds comfort and solace knowing that, eventually and sure enough, the thing that is giving them the most grief at the time will be solved."<sup>1</sup>

09—OCTOBER—2018

DREAM ENTRY

All of the bottles of Castille soap in this nondescript department-type store have pump tops. This is a good thing.

SLEEP QUALITY

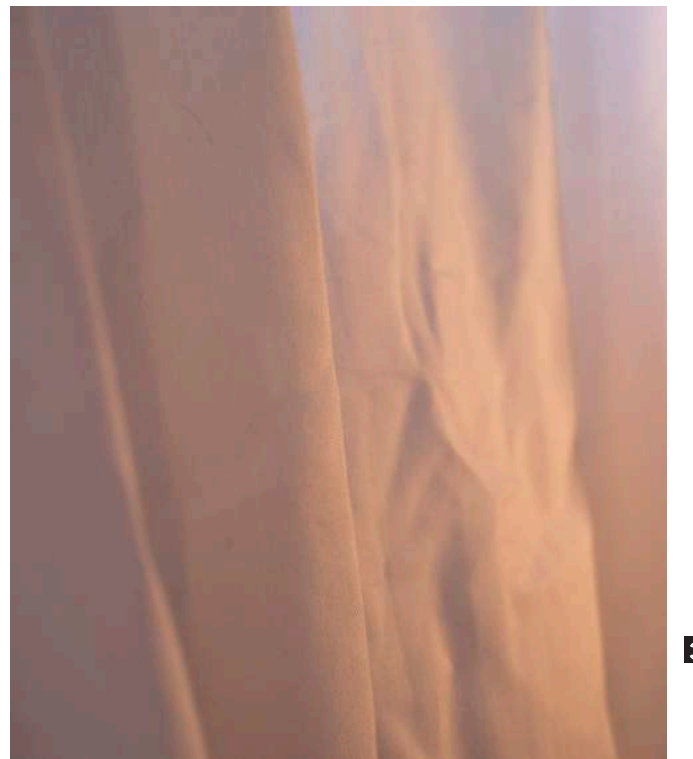
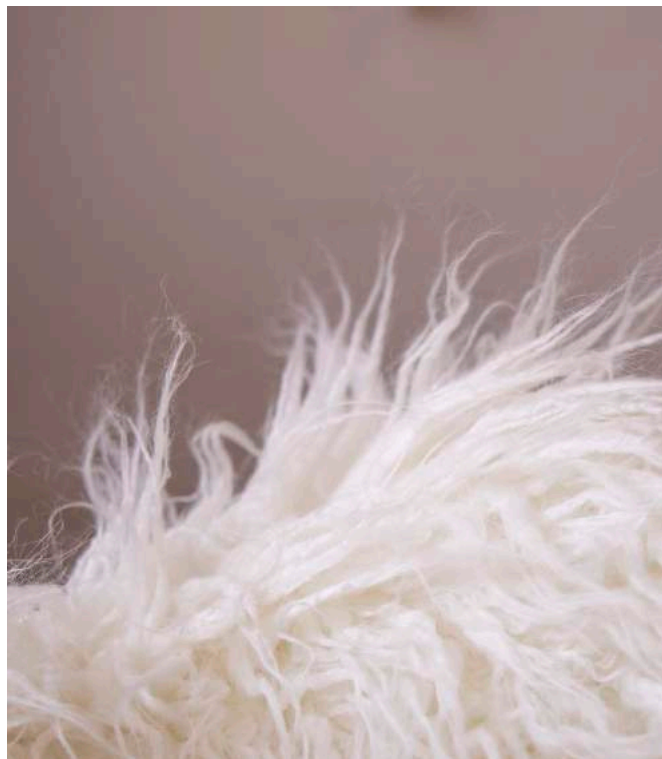
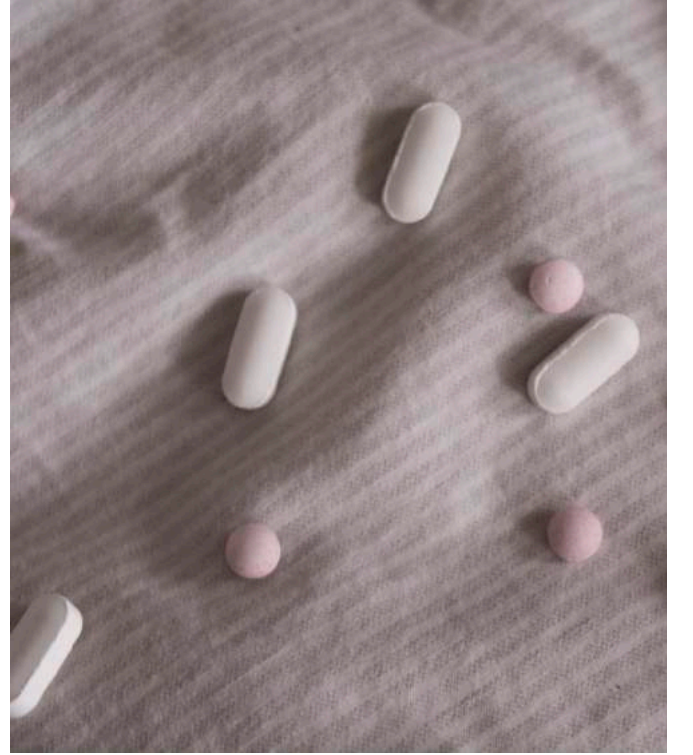
My sleep was much better than the past few days on this night.

ASTROLOGICAL READING

"The new moon in Libra takes full effect this evening, in the dreamer's psyche and overall, by giving the dreamer a dream that is satisfying; and ultimately balances and neutralizes the out of whack energies that can naturally form from the Venus Retrograde at the beginning of the month."<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Faragher, Aliza Kelly. "What October's Horoscopes Predict for Your Zodiac Sign." Allure, Allure Magazine, 30 September 2018. <http://www.allure.com/story/october-horoscope-predictions>.







CRYSTAL XIONG



ANEKE BELFIELD

DRAW YOUR NIGHTMARES

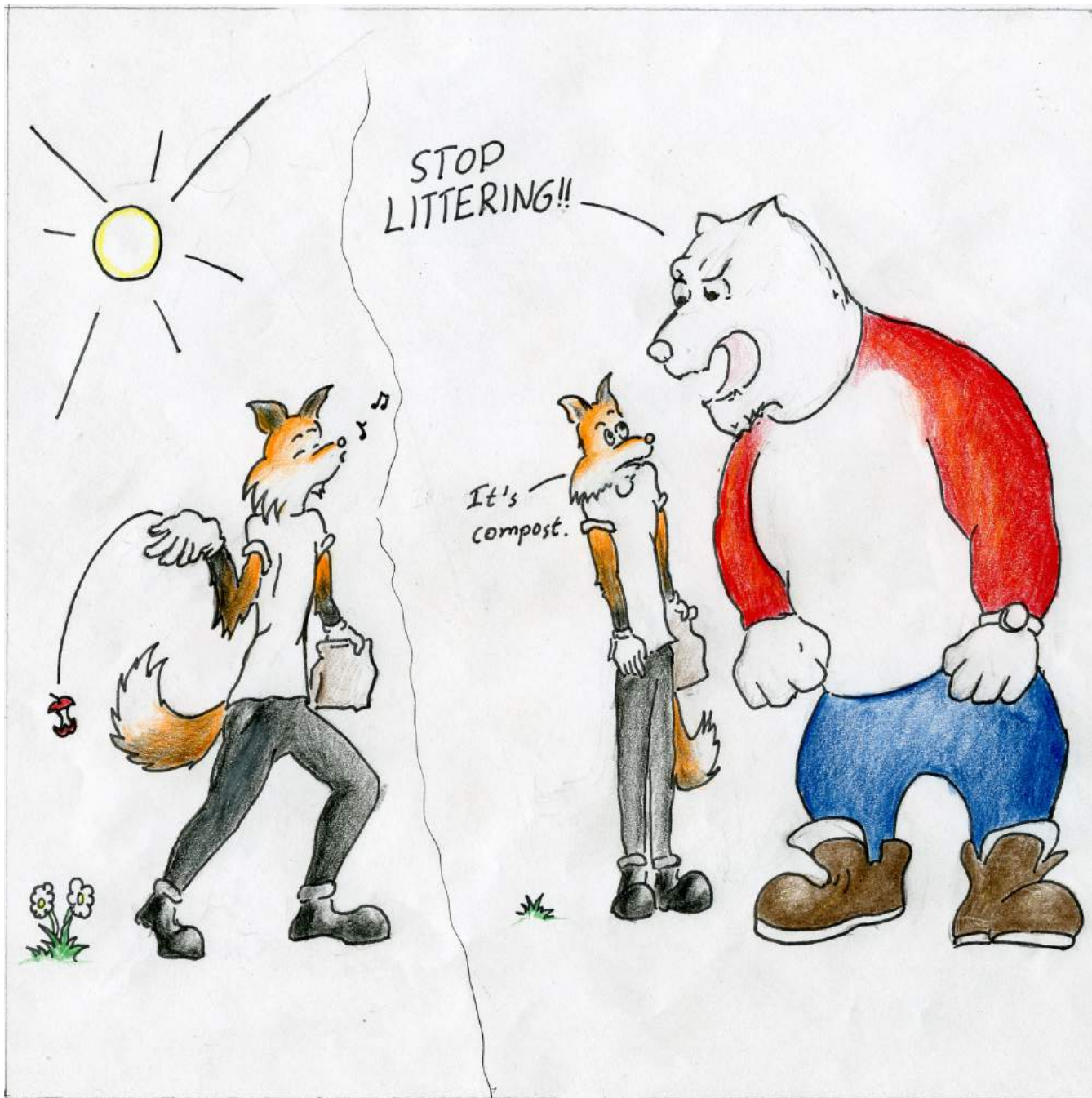


DEMI HUANG



Sully, how do you think we can best power the planet?

I mean, governor, we have a giant thermonuclear reactor in the sky. I'd say that's a good place to start.





*Natasha:* When I was seven, my mom had an argument with my sister. It was at our old place back home. I saw my mom go upstairs afterwards and I tried to talk to her but she refused. She said, “Later,” and walked slowly to her room. I knew what ‘later’ meant. I was terrified but I followed her anyway. I snuck into her room and hid under the bed, while she stood in front of her dresser, just staring at herself in the mirror at first. I waited. I didn’t utter a word. Next I saw her, she took an old sewing needle, covered in dried blood, with the old thread still attached. She raised the needle to her face and punctured it through her nostril. Then several times in the exact same hole. She felt every inch of it; the feeling of the needle sliding through flesh and the thread lagging behind. She was trying to make a piercing with sewing-thread and I never understood why. I never understood why this happened.

I hoped desperately that she would stop, but her ritual wasn’t over. She poked her cheek with a small knife—one with a razor sharp blade that terrified me even at a distance—and used it to carve around a bit of cheek. She took that piece of skin off. On the dresser in front of her lay a display of a skull, a foot, hands, and several more body parts I couldn’t identify. She would peel the skin off of her cheek and put it in the same place on the skull, almost as if she was completing a puzzle. And then she would repeat the process on her foot. She would cut an area of skin, peel the section off carefully, remove it from her body and put it on the display instead. The display always had pieces of skin. Of course she bled, a lot, but that never stopped her from peeling—whole chunks of it. You can see her teeth through her cheek the same way you can see the inner flesh of her foot. There was so much blood... there was always so much blood in the house.

*R:* Is your mother still with you?

*Natasha:* Yes, she lives by herself back home.

*R:* Natasha, your mother passed away 16 years ago. You attended her funeral.

*Natasha:* Lies! Lies! LIAR!

*Carlos:* It was a long time ago, probably me when I was 8 or 9. I remember about three things from it specifically. My little brother and my cousin somewhere in the backseat, and I was in the driver’s seat of my mother’s CRV. We were driving down a road that I know very well, Highway 7.

After having our evening meal at a restaurant, we were on our way to a place that’s on Highway 7 & Leslie Street. I’m not sure why that intersection specifically, but what I remember for certain is the fact that we were running from something. Driving, I mean. We were definitely trying to escape something. It was a figure, a woman. She had this burning red face. You can see her scorched skin falling off of her face. It was terrifying and I don’t know how or why she was chasing us but she was. The feeling of desperately trying to escape and the heightened fear is the only thing that remains with me, to this day.


The car is the first thing I always remember. I believe that’s when she first appeared. We were driving away trying to get to my grandpa’s place... Wait—that’s it! That’s why I was trying to get to the intersection of Highway 7 and Leslie Street. That’s where his shop is. He owns a chandelier shop! It was the only lit thing on that road. It’s interesting because it’s a chandelier shop; a place filled with crystals. It was really a sanctuary. I remember running in. I was no longer in the car and it was safe. Everywhere else was just dark.

*N:* “Interesting, so why bring it up now, Carlos? Why this story specifically?”

*Carlos:* Because it happened again. It was the same experience, being chased by that same figure. This time I was in a bus. I was taking transit after a long day and there she was again with that same burning red face. I couldn’t move or scream... and I was alone this time. I couldn’t think but I stopped at this one stop where it felt right to get off at. It was my grandpa’s house. He owns a really big house. I felt so much safer in there. And whoever this entity was... she was just gone.

*N:* “Do you recognize this woman?” I asked as I unraveled an old photograph from my pocket. It was a photograph of his grandmother. Carlos paused for a second. He was stunned. He has never met her before but the sheer horror in his eyes grew more and more evident by the second.

*Carlos:* It’s her!



The first dream I remember  
after ending up in jail was of my  
wife and I flying, or floating...

Then I woke up, staring at the chipped gray paint of the  
metal bunk frame above me, and immediately took a piss in  
the stainless steel toilet bowl that was roughly two feet from  
where I laid my head to sleep.

“EVERYBODY LOOKED, under the dock, but it wasn't a rock...” J sings perversely, making light of the insanity, attempting to turn the grim reality of what they've found into a surreality.

Of course, many people here have weapons hidden away, hard pipes and MacGyvered (but still damn near professional-looking) knives; but something about this man's barely even hidden, almost blatant display of a large hunk of granite hustled in from the rec yard—no mistaking the grave import of its intended use—is more threatening. It's brash; it makes a statement—a very, well, *concrete* one.

“...It was a rock lobster!”

He doesn't even realize: the owner of the rock—he has no inkling he's been discovered. So J's song doesn't turn him red, and wouldn't because it couldn't: Jamaicans don't blush. But they do walk around in only their boxers and flip-flops, staring eerily out the twelve-man room's window in the middle of the night; and they do, apparently, sleep with honking skull-crusher rocks beneath their pillow, beneath their bed. What sleeps near him—a comforting stone teddy—what rests below his brain as he dreams, is something that could forcefully, resoundingly, put an end to yours. Finally, sentence over—*early release*. Ironically, in a sick, Twilight Zone fashion, a dream come true.

Poor O, the man who sleeps above him; the man who made the startling discovery. And they've argued before, *beatedly*, so this rock he's discovered, for him it carries added weight. Almost as if it has his name on it.

“I swear to God, that motherfucker takes a swing at me with the thing I'm gonna rip it from his grubby monkey paws and beat him to death with it. If he goes for it, that first shot better count 'cause if not I'm wrenching it away and cracking his fucking skull. And I won't stop 'till it's dust.”

“How'd you find it, anyway?” asks Panama, his two gold front teeth shying away behind a serious look. Normally you'd see them catching the sun at this hour—just before lunch on 'Fried Chicken Thursday' (a federal prison institution)—glinting in the middle of an easy smile and infectious laughter... but right now he's uncharacteristically stoic, very concerned, and so they're hidden behind his lips.

“He didn't even bother to hide it, dawg. I mean, not really. Come over and take a look, it's right out in the obvious.” Panama steps toward O's living area, an inhumanly tiny space he shares with his bunkmate, the Jamaican. “I was just arranging shit on my locker and I look over and there's this fuckin' big ass rock right fuckin' there, right under where he lays his evil dome.”

“*Tuh*.” Panama makes his signature sound as he spies the Jamaican's maybe, *probably*, weapon. “I told you he was crazy.”

J says, “Yeah, dude is totally fuckin' weird.”

“I'm tellin' you guys: *he's crazy*.”

How many meals a day? They provide three but he only eats two, opting to skip the meager breakfasts. So two meals a day, times 365, times 20. Good thing he bought a calculator on commissary; the numbers are really piling up. He's not that good at math but his new number seems to be double his last, which means it will drop even faster. There's also 'good time' to factor in: in federal prison you only do 85% of your 'bid',

receiving 15% of your sentence off as credit—credit you can spend on your life—if you are a good boy and stay out of trouble. At last tabulation, using the calculator, that 15% was a fair amount of meals knocked off his twenty year sentence.

But he's thinking, off-kilter seriously—*heavily*—about abandoning his meager return; because he's pretty sure bashing someone's brains in disqualifies him.

O and his late night reading habits.

Back to the calculator for a refiguring. Time to subtract.

“Just go over there and look,” Panama urges D-Bow. D-Bow lumbers toward J, who's in front of O's locker, a four foot tall floor-standing model which is mere inches from where the Jamaican rests his head at night—twelve grown men living in a 20' by 20' room makes for some extremely cramped quarters. J is pointing beneath the head of the bunk where both O and the Jamaican sleep. “Look where J's pointing.” D-Bow's large, warrior's forehead is scrunched up in puzzlement as he comes around the foot of the white metal frame.

J says, “He's got some protection,” just as D-Bow sees what he's pointing at.

“GOD DAMN! Got hisself a big ol' boulder, don't he? Got hisself a *headcracker!*”

J starts laughing hysterically.

“Old boy's Looney Tunes!” D-Bow adds, emphatically. “Straight fuckin' Looney Tunes!”

J doubles over; D-Bow's reaction is just too much.

Panama, however, is still serious. He's been in prison much longer, has worked his way down from more violent penitentiaries. He's seen things go very wrong on more than one occasion. These environments are explosive, volatile. “I told you he was crazy.”

Bars of soap. How many if he uses one every week and a half? But that defeats the purpose: that makes his number smaller. How about steps? It's 32 steps up to his third floor room in the 11<sup>th</sup> Unit. He climbs up those steps, on average, roughly 9 times per day. 9×64 (32×2 for both the up and the down, the descent and the ascent). How many steps is it that he will take total before this is over? How many is a step too far?

He gets out his calculator.

“What I want to know is how he's going to explain it to a CO when it's found.”

Panama immediately attempts to answer his own hypothetical scenario's question with an exaggerated, but mostly dead-on Jamaican accent: “*Oh no, rock no mine mahn. Be havin' no rock mahn, nah me, nah idea how dah big rock be gettin' dar mahn. Dah big rock beelow me head, nah idea mahn, be tellin' ya da bumbaclod, be smokin' da spleef mahn ya think I be puttin' dat rock there mahn.*” Panama drops his jaw, forming an oval with his mouth, gold teeth sparkling, eyes wide in his poor, clearly innocent, imitation Jamaican's mock horror at being accused of such a thing. “*Be doin' no sucha thing mahn. Nah me.*”

Seconds. Oh God, how many seconds? This is the smallest unit he's gotten down to, a big number he still hasn't quite calculated (his calculator's screen doesn't seem to have enough space for the digits of this astronomical number) but he's going to eventually, because once he has and the numbers start dropping off it, they'll really be dropping off and he'll be out in no time, before he even knows it. And what a way to occupy his mind, counting up to this enormous number that is in fact rapidly decreasing even as he counts up to it.

It's 5AM and he's been up all night—this is day three—and he's made it 5,623,559 when all of a sudden—

“RECOUNT! RECOUNT IN ELEVEN!” is announced over the loudspeaker.

The men all go back to their assigned rooms—their shared twelve men cells—and stand at the end of their bunks waiting to be counted by their captors, known to them as “Correctional Officers”. Panama is laughing, smiling, and snapping his thumb and index and middle finger, index pointing at Patron. The Patron fires back his own mock six gun back, leaning against the frame of his and Axel's bunk, playing as if he's been mock wounded. Nasir is leaning against the window sill, green wraparound earbuds pumping tunes into his bobbing head. O's counting Mackerels —‘compound currency’, a dollar a fish—and D-Bow's looking at a ‘Don Diva’ magazine.

J chuckles to himself and says, “How much they get paid and they can't even accurately count a couple hundred full grown manchildren the first time around?”

Panama says, “Hey, at least it's just the 10PM count they fucked up, not the 5AM bed check and they're back in here shining flashlights in our eyes again while we're trying to sleep.”

“Lock us away in Never Never Land and even check up on us to make sure we don't have nightmares. I feel so safe,” J replies.

Normally the Jamaican is playing Solitaire at this hour, but tonight, during both the first 10PM count and the recount—even during the 4PM count—he was just laying in his bunk staring at the waves of metal wire supporting the bunk above him; O's. He stood up, as required, when the cops came in counting heads, but he just stared off. He looked intent; he looked focused. Like he was daring infinity to look back at him.

The light is flashing all in his eyes, flicking from the end of a wrist—a presence he senses from a dark, faraway place: a place of numbers.

“Hey, I think there's something wrong with this one!” she shouts to the second counter, her failsafe. “He looks *catatonic*; he's not reacting to the light.”

No one else in the twelve man room is awake when the second CO comes in. Just the Jamaican.

—the bitch made him lose count. There isn't even a moment's hesitation once he snaps back to something approaching reality—his ticket out was in the numbers

and the bitch made him lose track of the numbers. He was getting closer every second; the unimaginable, incalculable number getting smaller, dropping even as it grew; and his dark, black mitt is around the huge hunk he smuggled inside in his green prison coat with the thin, yellow lining, gripping it with fury and vengeance tensing his muscles around something tangible before he knows it—and two people in dark blue outfits become various red pastes and puddings, caught unaware and unprepared for a cornered animal attempting to become a kind of mathematician...

Panama's eyes are saucers, wide enough to have seemingly fixed in that state permanently, as if there's an outer limit to shock that once reached you cannot come back from. His breath hangs in the air, a hot fog that his startled orbs float in while his body slowly begins to register the cold that's been nipping at his consciousness for hours. There's quite a mess inside—quite a scene—to be both analyzed and cleaned up.

“Dude, *holy fuck*, did you fuckin' see that?” J is deliciously awe struck, still reeling from the brazen brutality that barely even seemed real. His brain is still struggling to process, flashing images of the grisly scene that he couldn't help but watch become grislier. Men shouting and the godawful gurgles of bloodsounds, the wet dull thuds and the sickening crunches that both told him not to move a muscle and screamed that he needed to find the exit immediately. It went on for so long he even started counting the blows the Jamaican rained down on their bodies—vicious, animalistic—and connecting with an intention that made it seem as if he was lightening the load of a twenty year weight with each and every hit.

It took nearly five minutes for the back up to make it to the Unit and overtake him, long before J had lost count—it had seemed to take forever. And all the while he had been frozen in his bed, him and ten other men just watching, transfixed, both unable and unwilling to do anything to stop the crazed creature before them from making a mess of the two bodies, just hoping its ire wouldn't turn further outward.

“Wasn't that shit nuts?”

“*Tub*. This place is about to become a warzone,” Panama says, matter of factly. This is new to him, but it's still just another variation on the violent themes of prison for him.

“A circus.” O throws in his preferred term.

“Shit O,” J begins, “you're just lucky you weren't up fuckin' around reading Lee Child with that book light of yours. Remember the last time you two got into it? Damn man, I don't think King Kong could have wrestled that rock from him.”

Two hundred some odd men stand outside their Unit in the harsh morning air of a New Jersey fall. The whole building has been evacuated, not just the twelve who occupied the murder scene. Eleven of those unfortunates are outside, but one has found a new home.

—  
*\*This work of fiction is based on a true story.*

Something about clocks + kayaks in my dream last night...

HERE'S 2 THE DREAM



going out again even when your heart isn't quite in it, even when everything makes you feel like throwing your typewriter & quitting. here's to letting the feeling in here's to hustling hard & earning not nothing.

# TAKE A NAP



WISH PIECE III

Whisper your dream to a cloud.  
Ask the cloud to remember it.

Your dream, in a castle with no way out - you were in someone else's story

woke up because I had to get out of that dream.

- LEAVE YOUR MESSAGES \* LEAVE YOUR LIGHT \* LEAVE THE FIGHT \* LEAVE THE ANGER \* LEAVE YOUR PHONE \* LEAVE THE INTERNET \* LEAVE THE RAGE LEAVE THANK-YOU NOTES \* LEAVE A TIP \* LEAVE

- LEAVE A TIP \* LEAVE BREADCRUMBS \* LEAVE ME \* LEAVE YOURSELF \* LEAVE YOURSELF \*

Don't follow the fleeting dreams, some of them are meant to be forgotten in the morning, some dreams are remembered only for a moment, some other stuff like river gates.

11:08:16 AM ET  
01-SEP-2018

- wolfbane
- doll's eyes
- desert rose
- pheasant's eye
- horse - chestnut
- snakeroot
- windflower
- columbine
- flowering thistle
- bella donna
- angel's trumpet
- heart of Jesus
- suicide tree
- wild carrot
- hemlock
- lily of the valley
- jimson weed
- bleeding heart
- fox glove
- pigeon berry
- poinsettia
- snow drop
- fire lily

floating in forget-me-nots. Maybe it was a bad idea to build strong sandcastles, but it was hard + you were proud of yourself

REMEMBER HOW WIDE SHE WAS SMILING WITH HER TEETH.

REMEMBER AND THEY WERE FILMING US FOR T.V.

LIFE LIVED  
LIFE TO COME

AND WE WERE IN SOME KIND OF SWAMP AND THEY WERE BRACES FOR SOME REASON AND MY MOM WAS WEARING GREEN

but couldn't remember



You will receive a gift from an unusual source.  
1 9 12 27 28 34

I opened a book and the page was...

\$1.00  
ÉCLAIR  
41 44  
INTERED/  
INSCRIT

- LEAVE YOUR LIFE \*
- LEAVE YOUR JOB \*
- LEAVE YOUR FRIENDS
- \* LEAVE YOUR TAXES

- \* LEAVE YOUR TAXES
- \* LEAVE YOUR BICYCLE
- \* LEAVE YOUR DOOR
- OPEN \* LEAVE
- YOUR SCHOOL \* LEAVE
- YOUR TOWN \* LEAVE
- YOUR PAST \* LEAVE
- YOUR SELF \* LEAVE
- THE BAR \* LEAVE THE
- BED \* LEAVE THE
- PAIN \* LEAVE THE
- CITY \* LEAVE THE
- NOISE \* LEAVE
- THE PROVINCE \*
- LEAVE THE COUNTRY
- \* LEAVE YOUR PARENTS \* LEAVE
- YOUR LOVER \* is too much for me,

Intuition can go wrong.  
Sometimes love tells you lies.

It doesn't seem like such a bad idea anymore.

My drinking is killing me.

Too MUCH COFFEE!!

i need poetry to remember my dreams. recollections of our imaginings, how does one describe a fragment? by leaving space between, these things are slow i know but they are also fleeting. we are meaning-making entities, we are atoms ~~single~~ single units of light we are unbalanced and easily influenced. sometimes i am sad and motion-sick. sometimes i live metaphors of the ocean to comfort me, city sounds melting my bed into the dream sea. the stone canoe gets lighter with each being that boards until it can finally fly. thats the way the story goes. no one told me that fantasy would ruin me. now im trying to trade in all my fictions for poetrys. anyhow.

somewhere lost in my daydream. its time to listen again. its time to let them back in again. half-asleep. being one place and another. i never lock my front door anyhow. premade spaces that we claim with all the matters we've collected. your energy in this room. a phantom slouched into the couch. anyhow.

comforting myself with memories of protection. the value therein their images and i think how i ought to write this stuff down. poetry my inadequacy. drift into another daydream now. its only you in the room. you are a boat floating in a wide truth, expanding. no one has to understand these things inside your head but you anyhow.

after all,

**ANTS** /antz/, n. <sup>1</sup>This represents your desire to become part of a team.

**BE•ING NA•KED IN PUB•LIC** /'bēiNG 'nākid in 'peblik/, *situation*. <sup>1</sup>This is showing your inner desire to join a nudist colony.

**CHURCH** /CHerCH/, n. <sup>1</sup>God is reaching into your subconscious to tell you it is time to rejoin the church. <sup>2</sup>Represents someone talking too much. <sup>3</sup>Fear of the unknown.

**CO•MMUNE** /'kām̄yoon/, n. <sup>1</sup>You're in a cult; call your dad.

**DICE** /dis/, n. <sup>1</sup>This is your unconscious desire to play Dungeons & Dragons, so grab a group of friends and play a game.

**DISH WASH•ER** /diSHwôSHer/, n. <sup>1</sup>Represents your need to declutter your mind.

**FLY•ING** /'fiiNG/, n. <sup>1</sup>It is time to go back to school to get your pilot license.

**HALL•O•WEEN** /'hale'wēn/, n. <sup>1</sup>This is your inner desire to reconnect with the child inside you. <sup>2</sup>You secretly loath Christmas.

**HELL** /hel/, n. <sup>1</sup>It is the end of days. Prepare for the rapture. <sup>2</sup>Your in-laws will soon visit.

**IN•TRUD•ER** /in'trooder/, n. <sup>1</sup>Congratulations! You or your partner is pregnant.

**KNIGHT** /nīt/, n. <sup>1</sup>This means you need to stop having others fight your battles for you.

**LICE** /lis/, n. <sup>1</sup>You are itching to try new things in your life. Make some changes in your daily routine. Maybe try a new tea tree shampoo.

**MIDD•LE A•GES** /'midl 'ājiz/, n. <sup>1</sup>This is your brain's way of showing your desire to return to a simpler time. <sup>2</sup>Represents growth. Or regression. <sup>3</sup>If you are the middle child, this represents your burden. Or lack thereof.

**MYS•TE•RY** /'mist(e)rē/, n. <sup>1</sup>Someone is hiding something from you in your everyday life. Be sure you keep an eye out for this secret.

**OU•TER SPACE** /ouder 'spās/, n. <sup>1</sup>Aliens are contacting you in your sleep and showing you what they are seeing at the current moment.

**OWL** /oul/, n. <sup>1</sup>Your brain is trying to warn you that someone is watching you sleep.

**PAN•CAKES** /'pan,kākz/, n. <sup>1</sup>Your brain is trying to ruin your diet. <sup>2</sup>Represents guilt.

**PRI•SON** /'prizen/, n. <sup>1</sup>This is your brain's way of telling you that you have to stop falling asleep watching Forensic Files.

**REV•O•LU•TION** /reve'looSH(e)n/, n. <sup>1</sup>An inner desire for a sudden change in your life.

Noemi and I were sitting on  
a sinking dock. Watching two  
moonrises happen side by side  
in the sky but were happening  
in completely different countries.  
The bright white moon against  
dark sky and soft glowing moon  
against pinkish sky.  
Water was black but I wasn't scared.  
Just trying not to drop my phone.

Documentary - kid (8? 9?) had to be  
locked out of kitchen. Eats everything  
and silently pukes up green sludge  
everywhere. Massive amounts. He got  
upset, tripped, smacked head into  
wall and fell backwards onto puke  
and garbage bag. Covered in it.

I was with a homeless man in a meat shop.  
He forked a chunk of raw chicken off the  
ground and into his bag, then he said,  
"once I woke up to a dead dog and thought  
I had killed it and everyone else was dead."

Went to Texas. Sitting on a hill,  
looking over the industrial part  
of town by the ocean. Drank a weed  
fizzy iced tea. I kept going off  
to a room with Craigslist things  
and touching all the little  
electronic but old pay machines,  
the adding calculators.  
ACABEMAD - All Cops Are Bastards  
Except Mom And Dad



Rough Draft:  
Visual Audit

**Kensington MARKET**

This is a visual analysis of design based on a survey of categories including product design, price, strategy, branding, signage, graphic design, and posters that relate and connect to the market. There are many different elements and principles of design used in these categories to show effective communication and provide the viewer with information.

A total of 100 photographs were taken in the neighbourhood of Kensington Market. There are a total of 27 categories design and 62 graphic designs within the range.

**awkward white space**

**awkward white space**

**SUMMARY**  
After analyzing the vernacular and graphic design in some examples, there were many important details that were communicated through the use of elements and principles of design. One of the main principles found in these designs is emphasis. This helps to create a focal point and bring attention to what is most important. Emphasis can also be created by contrast through size, shape, color, and placement. All of these elements support and clarify the design.

**LEGEND**

balance	shape
contrast	texture
color	vernacular
	graphics

**This kind of resembles the Nazi symbol (bad idea)**

- no hierarchy?
- too many colours

**Rough Draft:  
Typography Poster**

**too much negative space**

**KERNING!**

**Crop the letters**

**tension**

Bodoni is a series of serif typefaces designed by Giambattista Bodoni in 1798. The typeface is classified as Didone modern and was inspired by John Baskerville. Bodoni had along career and his designs varied in many different ways.

abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz  
ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ  
abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz  
ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ

Not a good idea to be using Christmas colours

## Police arrest suspected thief who looks like Ross from Friends

Social media appeal for suspect had many noting resemblance to actor David Schwimmer



▲ Blackpool police's image of the alleged thief, left, and actor David Schwimmer, right. Photograph: Blackpool Police/David Schwimmer/PA

“THERE IS NO SUCH THING AS BAD PUBLICITY.” I begin to contemplate this catchphrase while I’m speaking with G. Their job in Public Relations has goals like any other in this industry: to create attention, gain traffic, expand customer base, in short—make money. G works at the office headquarters for a popular video streaming website; so popular that it is one of the 100 most accessed websites in the world. With video categories such as “Blow Job,” “Big Tits,” and “Threesome,” I begin to unravel the unique challenge G faces in their line of work: How do you create publicity when mainstream media will avoid talking about you at all costs?

Though working for a porn company, G clarifies that their objective is remarkably simple: to gain as much positive acknowledgment in the media as possible. A creative and challenging job, by the sounds of it. “It’s often frustrating,” G laughs. “Too many people thinking they have the Best Idea Ever!”. I’m intrigued by this observation and ask them to explain further. “The preferred mode of communication is email thread; which has an implied hierarchy but everyone on the team is looped in—including the supervisors and vice presidents. So naturally, you get a lot of people in different departments overstepping their roles and trying to contribute in hopes of impressing the VPs.”

Our conversation meanders through the bureaucratic process and starts steering towards a more personal note. G loves the notion of “bad ideas” and is quick to share that they’ve had plenty. They also make an interesting point: that the measure between a good idea and a bad idea, when it comes to public relations, is success. How much web traffic did it generate towards the site? How many mainstream websites talked about it? Which social media platforms did it spread to? How many retweets, reposts, likes, or shares did it garner?

G tells me about one of their most recent ideas, demonstrating the fluctuation between “good” and “bad” that’s possible. In the UK, a search warrant went viral when the security footage of a liquor store burglary showed the robber having an uncanny resemblance to Ross from the TV show *Friends*, a.k.a. actor David Schwimmer. Knowing how quickly viral trends die out, G explains that they had to act fast. They came up with the idea to issue a fake press release, offering Schwimmer a \$1 million dollar contract to star in a *Friends* porn parody. At best, they were hoping Schwimmer would retweet the offer and draw attention to the porn website. At worst, mainstream media would do that for him. When neither happened, G explained that although it was a good idea in theory, it could be defined as a bad idea because it was not successful. The team had already moved on from the PR stunt, but G followed up with me just over a week later, informing me that quite a number of mainstream websites had picked up the story after all, many reissuing their fake press release in full. “It can happen this way sometimes, sort of a domino-effect—one website picks it up, and then a few days later another one, and so on,” G says. “I thought the hype had expired, but it turned out to be a slow burn that ended up doing really well overall. So I take it back! Even my bad ideas are good!”

Throughout the few weeks G and I had been in touch, what surprised me most was how corporate their job was, or for lack of a better word, normal. While I wasn’t expecting salacious details—after all, this is a website streaming service, not a studio—I found the regularity to be a refreshing discovery. The systems they have in place are not unlike any other digital company—their product just happens to be porn.



# WHAT DID YOU WANT TO BE?

BY PAIGE & BROOKE McBURNEY

## WHAT DID YOU WANT TO BE WHEN YOU WERE 10?

*Paige:* Around this age, I had a weird belief that since my father and I were both middle children, that meant we were going to live the same lives; so I thought I was going to be a lawyer. I didn't hate the idea of being a lawyer, but it wasn't the most appealing thing. Looking back on this, I feel so silly for believing this, but children tend to think silly things.

*Brooke:* When I was 10 I thought I would grow up to be a chef or own my own restaurant. There was always something magical about how food could bring people together and how calm taking the time to prep the food made me feel.

## WHAT DID YOU WANT TO BE WHEN YOU WERE 15?

*Paige:* Now that I was aware I could be anything, I started thinking about what I wanted to be, and my dream job shifted slightly. Instead of being a lawyer, I wanted to become a crime scene investigator. I loved any true crime show. I thought it would be both interesting and rewarding.

*Brooke:* I struggled a lot with mental illness in my teen years and into my early 20's, and to be honest I didn't want to be anything. From the age of 12 to 18, I didn't think I needed to figure out what I wanted to do with my life because I didn't think I would be here.

## WHAT DID YOU WANT TO BE WHEN YOU WERE 20?

*Paige:* While this was only three years ago, there has still been a change in what I wanted to be. When I was 20, I was finishing my first year at OCAD, and all I knew was that I wanted to be an artist. I fell in love with art school and this year changed my life so much.

*Brooke:* When I turned 20 all I wanted to be was happy, and to live a life that I thought was fulfilling. So I got myself into an intensive group and individual therapy.



## WHAT DO YOU WANT TO BE NOW?

*Paige:* I don't know if I will ever be sure of what I want to be, but right now I'm having an internal struggle. I'm conflicted between my love of art, my love of books, and my love of animals. I want to run a print studio, own a book store, and run an animal rescue all at the same time. I don't know what I'll want to be next year or the year after, but the end goal for me is to do something that will make me happy. What I've learned from the people around me is that it's never too late to try something new.

*Brooke:* It changes with the day, but I think I would enjoy doing something in the culinary industry, maybe open a tea shop. Or become a fashion designer, or interior designer. I've had a tough time figuring out my path because what I love and what makes me happy changes on a daily to monthly basis. The thought of choosing one thing to do for the rest of my life is beyond overwhelming.

## WHAT IS A DREAM YOU REMEMBER FROM YOUR CHILDHOOD?

*Paige:* A lot of my childhood held conflict in my family. Though when I was young I didn't fully understand what was happening, I guess subconsciously I knew something was wrong; because one of my most vivid childhood dreams is about being hung from a willow tree at my elementary school. I was pretty young when I had this dream and it still gives me chills to think about.

*Brooke:* When I was a kid I had a nightmare that I was kidnapped and held hostage in a dark place by a very creepy, sadistic man. Afterwards, I actually asked my dad if I was ever kidnapped or assaulted. He reassured me no such thing ever happened to me, but it really messed me up for a while.

## DESCRIBE YOUR DREAM LIFE.

*Paige:* Right now my dream life is to eliminate anxiety, or at least have less debilitating stressors.

*Brooke:* My dream is to live somewhere with a lot of land, by the water, surrounded by many rescued animals, with my twin sister.

# DREAMS / BAD IDEAS

**Who are you?**  
[My name is...]

"Whoever the fuck you think I am." —Graduate from RHSS

**What were your dreams as a child?**  
"I dreamt of becoming a doctor, only because I remember telling my great aunt that I wanted to be an art teacher when I was five years old, and she told me that I wouldn't make any money doing that." —Graduate from SJASS

**When did those dreams change?**  
"They changed when I learned that I must fulfill responsibilities and that I can't just be anything I want to be; rather, I have to be something that is attainable." —Graduate from PPCSS

[Not all of them changed though.]

**Why did that change?**  
"They changed not because I knew that these dreams were unrealistic, but because people around me told me that it would be impossible or unfavorable if I pursued these dreams." —Student from LCSS

"They also changed because I knew that my dreams do not solely involve myself, I understood that." —Graduate from CPSS

**Where would you want to be right now?**  
"I wanna be right where I am—sitting in my living room with my brother, my sister, my dad, and my puppy, with the Duke vs. Kentucky NCAA basketball game in the background." —Graduate from SMCSS

**How are dreams possible?**  
[Depends on what dreams mean.]

"Dreams become possible when the person has the right resources, support, and circumstances available to them. Yes, I could say hard work and determination, but then again, if I dreamt of being Kobe, I know that would never happen because I am a 5'3" Filipino girl who doesn't have the same genetics to physically or mentally play basketball like Kobe." —Graduate from SJASS

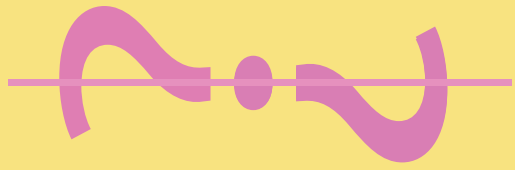
Groups of adolescents from Mississauga answered survey questions in regards to what they think of dreams and bad ideas, with no particular context provided, which allows a kind of intuitive response. Any similar answers that were given have been paraphrased. Other responses remain as quotes.



Special thanks to the current and former high school students from Mississauga that participated in this solicited interview. Thank you for your representation. Make the best out of bad ideas, and get closer to your dreams!

"When Einstein's greatest contribution also contributed to the creation of the atomic bomb." —Graduate from FMSS

where do I start ...



HALF A DOLLAR

Point Five

ARE DREAMS IMPORTANT?

ABSOLUTELY.

WHAT IS THE MEANING TO THAT MEANING?



IS THERE MEANING TO DREAMS?

how do we even begin ...

**WHO ARE YOU?**

WHAT ARE BAD IDEAS?  
XXXX  
XXXXXX  
XXXX

WHAT ARE BAD IDEAS?  
XXXX  
XXXXXX  
XXXX

WHAT ARE BAD IDEAS?  
XXXX  
XXXXXX  
XXXX

**WHAT DO YOU DO? &**

HAS A BAD IDEA TURNED GOOD?  
+++  
++++  
++++  
++

WHAT DO YOU CONSIDER A BAD IDEA?

IF \_\_\_\_\_.

WHAT DO YOU CONSIDER A BAD IDEA?

IF \_\_\_\_\_.

WHAT DO YOU CONSIDER A BAD IDEA?

IF \_\_\_\_\_.

WHAT DO YOU DO ON A DAILY:  
3 TASKS THAT YOU DO ON A DAILY:

WHAT DO YOU DO ON A DAILY:  
3 TASKS THAT YOU DO ON A DAILY:

WHAT DO YOU DO ON A DAILY:  
3 TASKS THAT YOU DO ON A DAILY:

ARE DREAMS VALID?

YES OR NO





INTERVIEW #1

**When did you start doing drugs?**

When I was 17 I smoked weed for the first time and continued after that. I'm 23 now.

**Did someone introduce you to drugs?**

No one really introduced me, it was just around all the time. It was bound to happen out of interest. It's almost like a part of life now. Everyone tries something at some point. And you kind of just have to get over it and hopefully you don't become addicted to something too heavy.

**Have you tried any other shit?**

MDMA. Mushrooms. That's pretty much it. MDMA is a psychedelic; it's not similar really, but at high dosages it could be.

**There's weed and there's psychedelics. Is there reasoning behind taking MDMA or shrooms?**

I started smoking weed with the intension of not doing anything else. The first time I took molly, I remember talking to a friend earlier that day, saying I would never do it. This is how it is, at a point I tried hard not to do crazy things, but if the timing is right and I'm not in a fatal position, I'll probably just try it out of curiosity and a learning experience, as much as a pleasure experience. Just so I know what people are talking about when they do talk about it. Same with shrooms; I think you should be in a good place in life before you do it. And I did it late in life, like 21–22. Someone gave me some one night at a party; I was kind of hesitant but I did it. But then like a week later I did a bunch. Like a full-on trip.

**Can you talk a bit about what you're expecting when you're going into these things, and why you particularly smoke more weed than you take shrooms?**

Weed is a lot more accessible and short lasting, and the effects it has on your day to day life isn't prolonged; it's not as strenuous on your body or your head versus, like, shrooms. You can do shrooms a fair amount of times in a month, but if you did as much shrooms as you smoked weed you would never be here completely. It's good to get away and be somewhere else with shrooms, and you find things within yourself, and you take that with you to the outside world. It's a little help. With weed, I just smoke it to enjoy; with shrooms I take it to learn and grow. I don't smoke weed to grow; it doesn't help me grow, it's just something I enjoy doing. And even with that, you need to show weed some respect, because it's a powerful thing when done irresponsibly.

**Do you consider the heavier things as something you take in isolation or something you do with a bunch of people?**

I prefer to do everything alone. For the most part, there are times when you're with a group of people and you enjoy it, you have a great time; but there's an equal chance that could go completely downhill and you wanna get out of that situation and be alone; or someone else kind of weirds you out because they can't handle their high properly. And that fucks it up. It's supposed to be an enjoyable thing, and it can go downhill very quickly. For weed and shrooms I tend to do it by myself because I only have to worry about myself. A thing you hear a lot about shrooms is "trip sitting", and people being afraid they can't handle it and being paranoid. I've never had a bad trip with or without people. I've had sections of the trip that weren't as good as others, but I've never had it be like, "Holy fuck, I need this high to stop." I think a lot of it is the power of the mind. If you have some control over what your thoughts are, those dark times you have on a trip of acid or shrooms—you can either take that experience and break it down psychologically, and ask why you're having it, and flip it into something else—instead of trying to live in that moment and being like, "Holy fuck, this is the worst." I'll be asking, "Why is it the worst?" Why is it happening like that? And how can I like find a positive aspect in this bad part of the trip? I think even in a normal head-space, people often think about feeling shitty, rather than why they're feeling shitty, to fix it and not feel shitty anymore. It might be a naive way of thinking but it works for me.

**Can you talk about a bad trip?**

I have pretty bad anxiety and I've had low self-confidence most of my life; it's almost like I got used to it. So I know it's gonna be like that sometimes, where—I was sitting in a living room and there were giant black figures hovering over me like silhouettes, like human silhouettes. I wasn't afraid but I could see why I could have been afraid if I thought about that differently. It could have been terrifying to me but maybe if I thought about it like, "Maybe these are protecting me. They could be some dark energy, but it doesn't feel like they're harming me,"—because I thought of that, it didn't fuck me up at all. It had no effect other than a positive one; it made me feel good.

**Would you suggest others doing it?**

I would say do it when you feel like you're ready to do it. But if you don't feel like you can do it, and don't think you can enjoy it to its full potential, then don't do it. That's easy to say when you're older, but when you're younger and you get introduced, drug peer pressure is a major thing—the need to be part of a group is very important to a teenage mind. But I would say do it when you actually feel ready. There's a lot of time in the world to try random things.

**Was there any point in time where you've taken a break?**

There's a lot of people who smoke weed every day. I don't really feel the need to talk about how much weed I smoke, but it's very important to know when your body and mind need a break from it. You can get weed brain super hard. It's important to have an understanding of yourself, so you don't push yourself. Last winter I took 4 months off; I didn't want to be in my house smoking bowls. It helped me think a lot clearer, and my body felt a lot better. I was able to readjust properly. And then I can go back into it. Same with shrooms; I only do it when there's a transition period in my life because it's a learning experience. I feel that you move forward in your life with a clearer head and more knowledge.

**Has it ever gotten to a point of heavy addiction/fiending?**

I also don't think there's a problem with that either. It's when you hold yourself back from something and when you battle with yourself, that's when things get kind of weird. I drank a lot, until I couldn't drink anymore. And that was it; and then you move forward and grow. When you're constantly battling with yourself, that's almost as bad as doing it a lot. If you want to smoke cigarettes, just smoke; as long as you know when you've had enough. It's important, very important, just to know when you've had enough. It's okay to find out from time to time—I do it, like, all the time—where you feel kind of shitty. I think, when you get like that, it's easy to lose grasp of yourself; or if you don't like something about yourself, it's a very good coping mechanism—where you do something because you think it helps, but it doesn't really help, but it's a good disguise for help.

INTERVIEW #2

**What kind of drugs have you done?**

I think the order was weed, M, K, shrooms, E, xans, coke. We used to do whip; it's when you go to the grocery store, and you flip the can of whipped cream and you push the gas out and you inhale it. It suffocates your brain for about 20 seconds. You get a intense high.

**When did you start consuming any form of drug? Why did you start doing it?**

I'm pretty sure I started smoking cigarettes at 14. It was just curiosity. I had no form of guilt—I didn't think, "Oh, is this bad for me?" or, "Oh, drugs are bad;" none of that stuff. I was literally, "What does it feel like? I want to try." It was, "You want to do this?—I'm down." And I was always like that; I was always like, "What is it?—Ya sure?—Cool?—Let's do it."

**What was your progression between the start and stopping doing drugs?**

When I first started the main thing was curiosity. But during grade 9 I was going through a lot of things in my life, and I was super depressed. So I did a lot of drugs because I was depressed; that was my way of feeling better. But I didn't realize—as cliché as it sounds—that's what people do. When they don't feel good, they do drugs. But I was around a lot of people who did it, so it was normal. I didn't care about myself. It was weird because, looking back I kept wanting to try more, and I just wanted to do more and more. And then there were times where I had really bad trips that made me question everything, but then the good trips made up for it. It was all those things. My first really serious relationship, my ex, was super bad; super mentally and physically abusive. What happened was he had past drug problems and nearing the end of our relationship he went back on drugs. He got addicted to heroin and I broke up with him, but the break up was so bad that I started doing coke. And my life just went downhill, and I was so addicted, for over a year, and it wasn't fun anymore. I spent like \$20,000 on coke. Maybe even more. It was to the point where I was shaking in the bathroom, and I would do it at home. I didn't even sleep, I didn't eat. I did it at school.

Then I started dating my other ex, and he was addicted to lean. He was also on house arrest, and throughout that whole relationship he was always at home. So, he would always do drugs at home. So then it was normal, because everyone was doing it. It wasn't so much, "Hey, do you want to do drugs this weekend?" It was, we were doing it every day. I eventually broke up with him too. But throughout that whole period, I was doing it. Every time I did it, it was like false happiness. I knew the way I was feeling was fake, but it was so good because my life was so bad. It made me think about my family—which was shitty because I have such a good family, and they love me so much, and they had no idea any of this stuff was going on.

And it made me feel bad, because I was thinking about them, and my body, and the person who now lived in my past self—how I'm so driven, motivated, and organized. Even when I was doing drugs, I still got straight A's and I had 2 jobs. I pushed myself to do so many things but my life was shit. And I couldn't smell through my nose for like 2 years. And I would bleed from my nose and I would spit out blood. I was so skinny. I didn't know how to be happy, and I knew it was wrong, and I kept talking about how I wanted to be better... I didn't go to any rehab, I literally just stopped by myself. I just took everybody out of my life.

I was struggling so much on my own, and then I met John. He didn't do any drugs. That was probably what I needed at that point in my life.

Even though I probably shouldn't have gotten into another relationship, he was the better guy. He was a good guy. He didn't do drugs or go to jail. He took care of me and was good to me and went to the gym. I even stopped smoking, but it was because I was around someone who was a positive influence. I think that without him I would have been okay still, but it just would have taken longer, because I wasn't even thinking about those things when I was with him.

It's been a couple of weeks since I met John and I've been sober. It was a motivation. He helped me a lot. He didn't even know he was helping me—I didn't talk about drugs, I didn't talk about those things. I was ready to move on with my life, and he had different friends. My closest friend—we were best friends—he went to jail and he was on house arrest, and I visited him. But I cut everyone off. I stopped chilling with them and I just chilled with Kevin and Danielle, and they were my safety net because they were never like me. I was the one doing all this shit. All I thought about was how much I probably hurt them. How much I put them through. I would never wish that shit upon anybody; I was going through so much and I was so sad.

#### Were there any withdrawal symptoms?

My mental state was pretty bad. Even now I get random feelings where I can say I'm fine and I can do it again, but part of me thinks, "What if I snort a line and what if it's all over for me?" I'm an anxious person, and I felt that my anxiety was all conditioned since I started doing drugs. And it really fucked me up mentally. You're not in the right state of mind when doing drugs; you go to a different place, and sometimes that place is not nice. And sometimes when I smell weed it gives me a bad feeling. It reminds me of high school, when it was just us smoking weed and running from the cops. The smells takes me back to a negative place in my life. All those feelings—it's bad, it always takes me to a bad place because I know that I love drugs, but I know I shouldn't do it. I didn't love myself, or care about myself at all. I didn't care about my mind or my body. The reason I stopped was for them [my friends], and that was my main motive; and underneath that was for myself. I didn't think I deserved it and I did get moments where I wanted to go back, and it made me angry, 'cause if someone tells me "no", it makes me even more mad. It makes me angry, but I hated the person I was.

Even if my friends asked me for some and they paid me, I would go to the kitchen and mix that shit with baking soda. And give them less so I can have more, and I didn't give a shit if they were my friends. I was literally a fiend. If people were looking at my hands they were constantly shaking. If I sat in the bathroom by myself I didn't even know who it was. It was so crazy that I let it go that far and it wasn't even that long ago, but I feel like it's ancient history. It was 2 years ago.

That's another reason why I can't go out and party; I can't relate to people, because they don't know that I've done this already—I've already lived that part of my life and I'm over it. No, actually, I was a fuckin' drug addict, and that's why I don't do it. I'd go home because I don't want to ruin my life; it's better now, because I'm so used to being sober. But sometimes it's boring,

sometimes I wish I could do drugs again; I think I can do it and be fine, but I don't know if I can do coke and be fine... I don't know. I was going to do it, in July, but I didn't. Because I was having an anxiety attack about it, because I felt that way about it, I thought I shouldn't do it. There's too many love-hate feelings about it, but I think maybe I could do it for one day and that's it. But there's an evil part of me that's like, "No, I'll get hooked instantly." But it's been 2 years so I think I'm fine. This isn't that important to me anymore; it's fucking \$80 for a gram. I used to finish a gram in an hour, every little piece.

#### Describe your mentality when you're on drugs.

If I was sitting here, the room would be brighter, it would be lit up, like every single thing. This chair would be brighter, and everything around me. And I would feel happy, like, happier than I usually am. Like, x3. And the thing about coke is, the more and more you do it, the more you need. Every 15 minutes, because it would go away. Because that feeling, you want it to stay. I would be so happy. And I would think of my life and all the possibilities, and I would talk about so many beautiful things. I would have deep talks with everyone and everyone would be my friend. Imagine perfection—there's no such thing as perfection, but feeling that—and everyday life is just boring after.

#### How does the come down feel like?

It literally feels like the room is dimming. It feels like someone took a switch and is slowly pulling it down. Also, you can't sleep on coke—so I would lay in bed, and it slowly comes down. Even when it's out of your system you can't sleep on it. It takes 4–5 hours. Why would I want to be up for 4 hours feeling like this, when I could get back on and feel so much better? That feeling takes over your whole body and mind. When I'm coming down I felt like I was just dying. All of the coming down experiences are bad. When I did K for the first time, it was too much. It was the first time I ever snorted anything in my life. There was a girl there, and we didn't know she was a K addict, and she made our lines and the lines were huge. It was fucking huge. She could probably take it but I couldn't. I did it and I K-holed. You become paralyzed. You can't move. You're looping. You're stuck. And it's normal—people laugh at that shit, but I was so scared. I was stuck. I don't even know how long I was there, but I thought, "I want this to be over." And I left and I didn't say bye to anybody and just walked home by myself. There was nobody there for me. I was sitting on a curb really fucked up for 4 hours by myself. Fucked up.

That's the worst feeling for me, because not only are you coming down from the drug, and feeling like you're dying, but you realize you're also alone. It's fine when you're doing drugs with people, but nobody cares if you're okay, or if you got home. That moment, made me feel a different kind of lonely. It was so intense. I hated myself so much, and my chest was closing in on me. Walking home, it took me an hour and a half when I was 15 minutes from home. But no one said anything. It made me realize that, in life you only have yourself. Coming down alone just makes you feel like, "What the fuck am I doing in my life?" You feel like shit. You feel terrible. All the light is going away.

## INTERVIEW #3

#### When was your first experience with drugs?

My first experience with drugs was 5 years ago when I was 15 years old—not including weed—it was magic mushrooms. Weed is not really a drug.

#### Why did you start taking shrooms?

My friends had started doing molly, and I wanted to try something that wasn't weed, and wasn't molly. So, I found some mushrooms and I did those.

#### Do you think that the first trip was a good one and it put you on to more drugs with the right mind-state?

My first trip was really good. Eye opening, as people would say. When you do shrooms, it makes you feel like everything is divine and alive. Everything seems super wondrous. We were walking through the park and someone had written on the wall, "You are beautiful," and it made my eyes water. The simplest things seem so big and meaningful, and you look at natural things in life and what a miracle it is that they have formed. Like, pinecones are trippy as shit. If you look at the bottom of the pinecone, it all starts at one point—it's Fibonacci.

#### Explain your drug process.

It started maybe at 7 p.m. We got to the table, we opened it up, we divided it. There's three of us but one of us didn't want to do it so we split it in half. We ate those and we made the third person lick the crumbs. And we were sitting around waiting like, "What should we do?" So we decided to smoke a joint. We make the third guy lick the crumbs of the joint. And we were just hanging out playing video games, until we got hungry, so we ordered a pizza. And then that's when it really started happening. It was fucked. The guy who ate the crumbs and licked the bag of shrooms was so high, he called the pizza place and was like, "How many slices in every size?" and, "How much is it for every size?" and kept asking until they hung up on him. So we called back and immediately after we left the house, my legs felt rooted. Like, rooted into the ground, very earthly. And wobbly in my thighs, and everything became quite heavy. We had gotten the pizza and got back to the house, began to eat, and the food felt weird in my mouth—the texture; your senses are elevated. So the cheese is cheesy. I ate that and it tasted like, "Wow, this pizza is so good." And we ended up tripping the fuck out, looking at the ceiling, and just listening to music.

At one point we were throwing pasta noodles at the wall. It was spaghetti noodles, 'cause it would stick to the wall and would make a shape of a creature, and we could like, see things in the pasta. But it was just pasta falling down the walls. And then when my mom's friends came home, they were like, "Why the fuck are you throwing pasta at the wall?" And we were like, "We're higgghh." Then we just hung out upstairs, and played guitar, and video games, and TV, went for a walk, and smoked some weed. And it just got quiet. And that was it.

I genuinely felt like I had an extremely eye-opening experience and I knew so much more after that time. I felt like I definitely became full of myself, because I was like, "Wow dude, I'm so woke. I understand the world now. I did mushrooms." I see that attitude in a lot of people that do mushrooms. I've done a lot of mushrooms over enough of a period of time that I've come to realize, that's just what mushrooms do to you. So I don't really take people seriously when I see them like that. That's the after effect of mushrooms; I feel like it's not as bad as other drugs.

#### Do you think drug trips produce the same analytical qualities as dreams?

I think that if you look at any aspect in your life when you're on mind altering drugs you will see it from a different perspective, that you would not be able to see when you're sober. Mushrooms is the drug where you look at an aspect of your life and try and decode it, like you would in a dream.

#### What other drugs have you done?

Salvia, molly, acid, xans, and lean. I've mixed molly and mushrooms, and molly and acid.

#### Is there any one in particular that really fucked you up in a bad way?

A really bad combination for me was molly and acid. It's really good and harmonious if you do it properly, which I had not. When you do molly, you get the come down, and it's a really bad come down. It doesn't matter how high you go, you always fall down. I had timed it so that I peeked on acid at the same time that I peeked on molly. Acid is 12 hours and molly is 3 hours; so by the time the molly had worn out, I was still on a good level of high on my acid trip—so acid trip high on a molly come down. I ended up in the fetal position, and it was so bad; I just kept thinking how shitty of a person I am and all my flaws. It was like opening your eyes and you just see a bunch of check-boxes—it's different for everyone, but I saw a list of things I was doing right or wrong, and check-boxes with X's or checkmarks—and all the boxes had X's on them. When I closed my eyes it was the same thing. And I was like, "Fuck, I'm doing something wrong." But it's way more than seeing boxes; you see shapes that morph into them. The most fucked up one—faces would melt into skeletons. "This is fucked. Why am I seeing this?" It was so bad, all on the same trip. And I was like, "I'm never doing this again." It really got me fucked up. I had gone in overconfident and I thought I had perfected the timing and I thought it would work out perfectly, and that the come down wouldn't hit me—because I was fairly experienced with molly—and so I thought it would be fine; but I wasn't, because I was vulnerable on acid. Ever since then I have never done a full tab. It's always less than a full tab.

#### Are there any drugs that you think you could take and still function normally?

Maybe LSD. You feel slightly impulsive—it feels like you're on a ride, like you're constantly moving forward; but if you take it in a small dose, it keeps you from being stagnant throughout the day so you keep on moving. And you stay goal-oriented. It makes me feel like a machine; I can just move through processes and understand them—because I work in programming, so I can just understand how things would connect more easily.

Like if you're drawing, you can pretty much visualize it from the paper, and just trace the image that your eyes are projecting. But it's easy to get side-tracked.

#### **What do you do to not let drugs take control of your life?**

You need to know that it's a mind-altering substance, which isn't permanent. Unless you come to some mind changing realization that really really really opens your eyes. But there's always the half-life of the drug, which means it will linger in your system, it doesn't leave immediately; you will still feel the effects for some time. But like, it's the substance, you're not the only one that will feel that way. So sure, you might feel like you've gained some profound knowledge, but so has everyone else that has done this drug. So don't feel super special because of it. It's not an accomplishment to have gained your knowledge from doing a drug, and then having that change who you are as a person. It would be good to know yourself before you go into it, so you don't lose yourself. If you do drugs at a younger age, it's more likely to shape who you are as a person as you grow up, because it has such a lasting effect.

#### **INTERVIEW #4**

#### **How long have you been taking drugs?**

It's been 10-11 years since I started doing drugs at 13 or 14. The first time I started was at a small house party. It was offered to me by friends. It was impulsive to take it; I thought we were just going to chill, but then there was alcohol and drugs. So, it was like, "Yeah, I fuckin' smoke, and yeah..."

#### **Other than weed, what else have you done?**

Coke, xans, MDMA, acid, shrooms, oxy, morphine, adderall, PCP, kedamine, GHB, and meth probably without knowing what it is. I took MDMA at 15, so a year or two years after smoking weed. I was selling it, and I wanted to try it to see what I was selling.

#### **Between the different variety of drugs you've taken, what was the reasoning behind taking most of them?**

It was just my personality; if I tried one thing, I want to try them all. I was

interested to see how they would affect me. I tried G once too—it's fucked. It's a liquid, you drink it. A lot of body-builders do G. I had a little head rush, my heart was beating faster, everything was a little woozy, I was still good—but an hour in I fell onto the ground and couldn't move; it paralyzed my whole body.

#### **What other drug do you consume more than weed and why?**

Probably coke and MDMA. Coke is a drug you can do a lot of per night; you can do it every weekend, and the high doesn't last that long so you can keep doing it. With molly you feel really good, and everything is amplified, so any other drugs that you do, it will just make it feel even better—most of the time, at least. On molly, you get an overwhelming feeling of ease; there's no worries, you're just happy. Unusually happy. You tap into a side that's not jaded from the world, you're happy to be alive. That's the feeling molly gives you; that's why a lot of people like doing it, because it makes them way happier than their usual self. With cocaine, you get talkative, you feel a rush of power, you feel like you're in control. You feel like you're the "man". You feel like you can accomplish something.

#### **Do you consider the heavier drugs in isolation or socially?**

Most drugs are a social thing; at least, that's how most people feel safer doing them, because you want to be with someone just in case something happens. Most drugs I do are in a social setting. Sometimes I do psychedelics on my own just to see what it's like, but it's not that fun. When you're alone it's hard to enjoy it—for me, at least. Personally, I want to talk to someone. Sometimes, when you're done exploring what's on your mind, you're just like, "Okay... what now?" You want to share everything—I'm up here, but I can't replicate it to anyone else.

#### **How would you describe the best feeling you've ever had on drugs?**

I think the best feeling is from mixing different drugs. I remember mixing 6-7 drugs together: it's called barney. It's aline, oxy, coke, xanax, molly, and some other shit I don't remember, all into one line and you snort it. And it's such a weird high that you get to a level that you can never get to otherwise. It's kind of like an out of body experience, but it's not a psychedelic. It's like, "Hey, you're about to die but it feels great." It feels like you're on a mountain,

and you breathe in the air, and you can feel all the oxygen going through your whole body. You feel everything in your body; you feel more wholesome, or more in tune with everything. And you can hear very clearly. You can hear certain things you don't usually hear—you have super hearing, you can hear everything in your body, and it syncs with the environment you're in. You feel like a super human.

I went into a sauna, and it cleared my nasal passage; and even then, when you're breathing hot air and you're really fucked up, it feels super weird. Your senses are amplified. I felt like I was one with the sauna, like I was the hot air. And afterwards I jumped into this super cold pool, and it felt like a rush of all my cells coming back to life. It's like if you're a dry flower and you're drinking water for the first time in weeks. That's why it was the best feeling, it was something you would never feel regularly. You feel like a totally different human being. Sometimes I think that you're supposed to feel like that all the time, but your brain is just dampening everything. It's hard to rank them because they're all so different, but that was definitely one of the best ones.

#### **Are you very conscious of the fact that you're on drugs when you take them?**

It's hard to say; it depends how much drugs I did. If you do drugs and you're still aware, then you haven't done enough, in my opinion. I feel like you should go until you're not aware, because if you're aware, it's like you're limiting the high, because you're scared of something. I tend to let go so that I feel everything. I think holding back would give you a bad trip, it would make you anxious. "Am I too high,"—people always think about those things. I think about that also, but if I'm too high to be in public, I'm just not going to go out.

#### **Do you think you can function on a normal basis on any of these drugs?**

Yeah, I've done it a few times—doing a bunch of drugs and doing my job. It was more like a forced scenario; like, "I'm fucked up right now but I have work later." It's either you suck it up and go to work or not. I just went to work. My mindset is, "What can I do to make it easier on myself?" If I focus hard enough, I can fake it that I'm okay. You still feel it but no one knows what you feel if you're good at hiding it.

#### **Can you talk about any bad trips that you've had?**

I did shrooms one time, and I ate way too many, and then I went to the corner store which is like 200 ft. from my house. I tried to buy a pack of cigarettes, but I was blacking out while I was walking—so I would blink, and I was in the middle of the street. I would blink again and I was in the store. I blinked and I had the cigarette in my hand. And then I was blinking and I was on the wall, slouching over, and the guy at the corner was like, "Are you okay?" We bought a pack of cigarettes and by the time we walked back to my house, we finished the whole pack—which is weird because it should have been a 2 minute walk. But in those 2 minutes it felt like 3 hours. When I checked the time it was 2 hours that had passed. I think any person who saw me would be like, "What the fuck is wrong with him?" I was with another person and they were probably like, "What the fuck is going on?"

#### **Has there been any experience close to that one?**

I remember taking so much cocaine that I thought my heart was going to explode. I remember I sat down in the afternoon, for 6 hours, and we did 6-7 grams of cocaine. You're supposed to do a gram a night between 2 people. When you don't really know your limit, you think you can do more and more and more—my heart was beating so fast I could hear it through my ears, and I was like, "Fuck, my heart is going to burst."

#### **Have you ever learned something about yourself from taking drugs?**

I don't think you learn anything—for me at least, I just experience new feelings. It's the same regular feeling you always feel but in a newer way. It's like an updated happy.

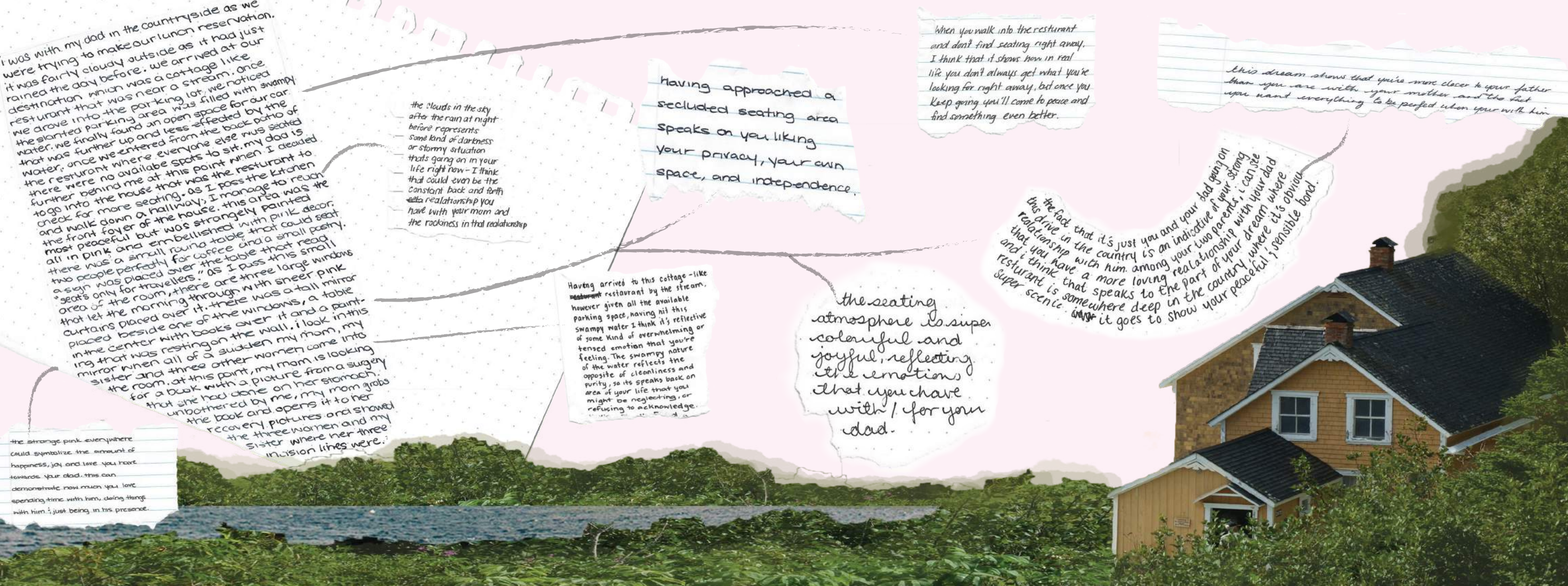
I think it's the motive behind doing it that matters: If you're taking drugs to learn something about yourself, then chances are you probably will. Because you're seeking it and drugs open your mind, laying a path for you to walk down that you usually can't when you're sober.

—

**THANK YOU TO EVERYONE WHO PARTICIPATED.**

**WORDS/PHOTOS BY JEREMIAH SACDALAN**





I was with my dad in the countryside as we were trying to make our lunch reservation. It was fairly cloudy outside as it had just rained the day before. We arrived at our destination which was a cottage like restaurant that was near a stream. Once we drove into the parking lot, we noticed the started parking area was filled with water. We finally found an open space for our car that was further up and less affected by the water; once we entered from the back patio of the restaurant where everyone else was seated there were no available spots to sit. My dad is further behind me at this point when I decided to go into the house that was the restaurant to check for more seating. As I pass the kitchen and walk down a hallway, I manage to reach the front foyer but was strangely painted all in pink and embellished with pink decor. Most peaceful but was a small table that had two people perfectly for coffee and a small sign that read "seat's only for travellers." As I pass this small area of the room, there are three large windows that let the morning through with sheer curtains placed over it. There was a tall mirror in the center with books over it and a painting that was resting on the wall. I look in this mirror and three other women come into the room. At this point, my mom is looking for a book with a picture on her stomach that she had done on her mom, my unbothered by me, my mom grabs the book and opens it to her recovery pictures and showed the three women and my sister where her three incision lines were.

the strange pink everywhere could symbolize the amount of happiness, joy and love you have towards your dad. This can demonstrate how much you love spending time with him, doing things with him, just being in his presence.

the clouds in the sky after the rain at night before represents some kind of darkness or stormy situation that's going on in your life right now - I think that could even be the constant back and forth relationship you have with your mom and the rockiness in that relationship

Having arrived to this cottage-like restaurant by the stream, however given all the available parking space, having nil this swampy water I think it's reflective of some kind of overwhelming or tensed emotion that you're feeling. The swampy nature of the water reflects the opposite of cleanliness and purity, so it speaks back on area of your life that you might be neglecting, or refusing to acknowledge.

having approached a secluded seating area speaks on you liking your privacy, your own space, and independence.

the seating atmosphere is super colourful and joyful, reflecting the emotions that you have with / for your dad.

When you walk into the restaurant and don't find seating right away, I think that it shows how in real life you don't always get what you're looking for right away, but once you keep going you'll come to peace and find something even better.

the fact that it's just you and your dad going on this drive in the country is an indicative of your strong relationship with him. Among your two parents, I can see that you have a more loving relationship with your dad and I think that speaks to the part of your dream where restaurant is somewhere deep in the country where it's obvious super scenic. It goes to show your peaceful, visible bond.

This dream shows that you're more closer to your father than you are with your mother and the fact you want everything to be perfect when you with him.

<sup>1</sup> *Countryside* — To dream of the countryside suggests that you are seeking a simpler way of life. You need to take some time for yourself to relax and free your mind. Alternatively, it indicates a sense of freedom and/or openness that is lacking in your daily life.

<sup>2</sup> *Cloudy* — To see dark or stormy clouds in your dream symbolizes depression or anger. It indicates an impending eruption of emotions. Alternatively, it represents a lack of wisdom or confusion in some situation. Thus, the dream may be a metaphor for your "clouded" way of thinking.

<sup>3</sup> *Cottage* — To see a cottage in your dream represents comfort, peace, and serenity. You prefer a quiet life of simplicity. The cottage may also represent an altered sense of reality and thus may be a means of escaping the responsibilities and problems that may be associated with your home. You need to approach life's difficulties one at a time.

<sup>4</sup> *Swampy water* — To see muddy or dirty water in your dream indicates that you are wallowing in your negative emotions. You may need to take some time to cleanse your mind and find internal peace.

Alternatively, the dream suggests that your thinking/judgment is unclear and clouded. If you are immersed in muddy water, then it indicates that you are in over your head in a situation and are overwhelmed by your emotions. Clear water is more favorable.

<sup>5</sup> *Pink* — Pink represents love, joy, sweetness, happiness, affection, and kindness. Being in love or healing through love is also implied with this color. Alternatively, the color implies immaturity or weakness, especially when it comes to love.

<sup>6</sup> *Round table* — To see a round table in your dream indicates evenness, sharing, cooperation, equal rights, and opportunities for all. It also symbolizes honesty, loyalty, and chivalry.

<sup>7</sup> *Three* — Three signifies life, vitality, inner strength, completion, imagination, creativity, energy, self-exploration, and experience. Three stands for a trilogy, as in the past, present, and future; or father, mother, and child; or body, mind, and soul; etc. A dream with the number three may be telling you that the third time is the charm.

**you deserve it**

do you really?

**i'm young,  
i should enjoy life**

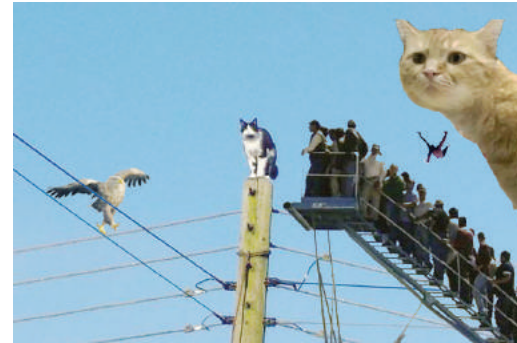
you should enjoy your savings later

**oh, but it's on sale**

oh, but you can't afford it

**okay, but i *need* this**

no, you just want it





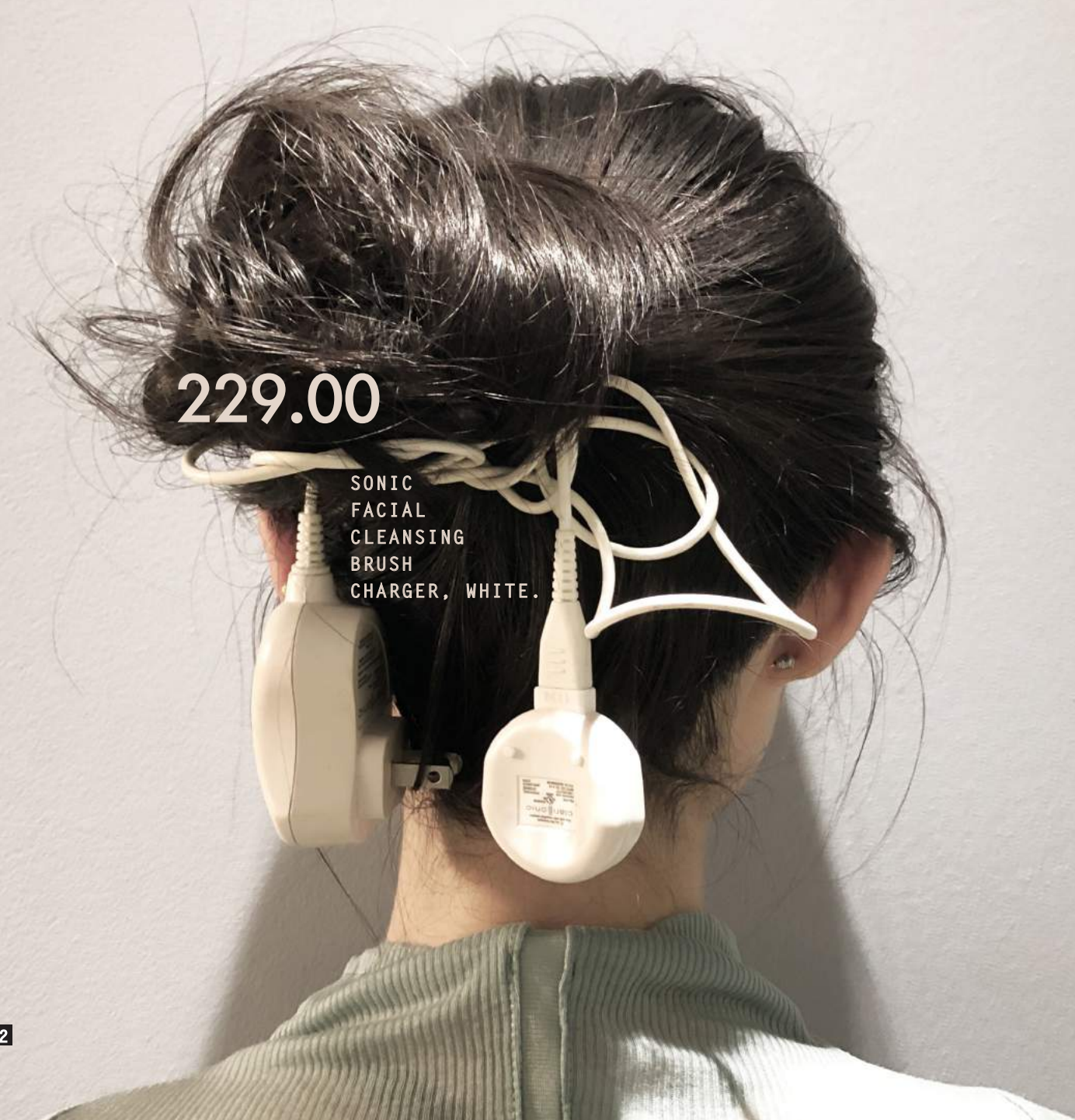
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I WAS NEAR GRADUATING FROM THE UNIVERSITY OF SYDNEY, JUST A WEEK BEFORE MY FINAL EXAMS AND PREPARING DILIGENTLY, WHEN I HAD A SERIES OF DREAMS ABOUT MY GRANDMOTHER.

IN MY DREAMS, WE ARE IN RURAL CHINA AND SHE LIVES AT OUR OLD HOUSE –IN THE TOWN WHERE SHE GREW UP, A 6 HOUR DRIVE FROM THE CITY, EVEN THOUGH SHE MOVED TO LIVE WITH OUR FAMILY IN THE CITY 10 YEARS AGO. SOMEHOW SHE IS THERE INSTEAD. HER OLD HOUSE HAS POOR LIGHTING, NARROW CORRIDORS, AND WALLS MADE OF RAW BRICKS. THE ROOF IS TOPPED WITH DRIED WHEAT GRASS. SHE REPEATEDLY SPEAKS TO ME IN THE DREAM ABOUT HER ROOF LEAKING FROM THE RAIN, SAYING SHE NEEDS SOMEONE TO FIX THIS PROBLEM FOR HER. SHE NEEDS SOMEONE’S HELP IMMEDIATELY; IT’S LEAKING, SHE SAYS, IT NEEDS TO BE FIXED.

A YEAR LATER, I WAS FINALLY GOING TO SEE MY GRANDMOTHER AGAIN. HOWEVER, WHEN I RETURNED TO CHINA, I FOUND OUT MY GRANDMOTHER HAD ALREADY PASSED AWAY. A YEAR AGO. I WAS SHOCKED, BUT I WAS ALSO ANGRY. I HAD BEEN VERY CLOSE WITH MY GRANDMOTHER; FROM THE TIME I CAN REMEMBER ANYTHING, MY GRANDMOTHER HAD ALWAYS TAKEN CARE OF ME. WHEN I LEFT FOR AUSTRALIA SHE WAS SO WORRIED ABOUT ME THAT SHE COULDN’T EAT FOR DAYS. I HAD LOOKED FORWARD TO FINALLY SEEING HER AGAIN, AT LAST. OF COURSE MY FAMILY KNEW THIS, ESPECIALLY MY MOTHER, BUT THEY WERE MORE CONCERNED THAT HER DEATH WOULD HAVE A DEVASTATING IMPACT ON ME BEFORE MY GRADUATION, SO THEY ALL KEPT THE SECRET FROM ME. AND NOW I KNEW.

WHEN I ASKED MY FAMILY WHEN EXACTLY SHE DIED, I WAS EVEN MORE SHOCKED TO FIND OUT THE DATE –IT WAS THE WEEK BEFORE MY FINAL EXAMS, EXACTLY THE TIME WHEN I DREAMED ABOUT HER ROOF LEAKING. SHE HAD SAID SHE NEEDED SOMEONE’S HELP TO FIX IT IMMEDIATELY.

I HAVE NEVER BELIEVED IN SUPERSTITIONS OR ANYTHING SPIRITUAL, BUT MY DREAMS OF MY GRANDMOTHER HAVE CHANGED MY VIEWS COMPLETELY: MY DREAMS HAD PROJECTED SOMETHING FROM REALITY.

## SPIRITUAL CITADEL

INTERVIEW 2: LILLIAN ZHENG, MEMBER OF SETH MATERIAL LEARNING GROUPS IN VANCOUVER, BC.

MY AUNT LILLIAN LIVES IN VANCOUVER, AND RUNS HER BACKYARD GARDEN LIKE ART. SHE IS IN EARLY RETIREMENT AND SPENDS MUCH OF HER TIME CONTEMPLATING LIFE. WHENEVER WE SPEND TIME TOGETHER, SHE PROVIDES ME WITH GREAT INSIGHTS AND KNOWLEDGE. SO I CALLED LILLIAN AND TOLD HER ABOUT THE STRANGE DREAMS MY FRIEND TANYA HAD. SHE DID NOT GIVE ME ANY RESPONSE OVER THE PHONE, HOWEVER, A FEW DAYS LATER I RECEIVED AN EMAIL FROM HER WITH PAGES AND CHAPTERS OF SETH MATERIAL. SHE SUGGESTED THAT I READ FROM THESE AS REFERENCE, TO HELP FURTHER INVESTIGATE TANYA’S DREAM PHENOMENON.

I SELECTED THE QUOTES BELOW FROM THE CHAPTERS LILLIAN GAVE ME, TO DRAW OUT IDEAS ABOUT TANYA’S DREAMS.

**“When you consider the soul, however you usually think of it, in such a light –unchanging, a psychic or spiritual citadel. But citadels not only keep out invaders, they also prevent expansion and development.”**

JANE ROBERTS, *SETH SPEAKS: THE ETERNAL VALIDITY OF THE SOUL*

**“A man’s thoughts and dreams are more far reaching than he knows. They exist in more dimensions; they affect worlds of which he is unaware. They are as concrete, in effect, as any building.. The dream world is constructed within a field that you cannot physically perceive, but it has more continuity than the world you know.”**

THE SETH MATERIAL ON DREAMS, *SETH QUOTES: CHAPTER 14*

**“Your dead relatives survive. They often appear to you in the dream state. You usually interpret their visitations, however, in terms of your own station of reality. You see them as they were, confined to their relationship with you, and you usually do not perceive or remember other aspects of their existences that would not make sense in terms of your own beliefs.”**

**“This is true of a life. It is true of a dream. The information is not practical in your terms, because it denies your direct experience. Upon request, however, and with some practice, you can suggest in the middle of a dream that it expand to its larger proportions. You would then experience one dream wrapped in another, or several occurring at one time –all involving aspects of a particular theme or probability, with each connected to the others, although to you the connections might not be apparent.”**

THE SETH MATERIAL ON DREAMS, *SESSION 786: PAGE 139*

**METAPHORS & NIGHTMARES:**  
AN ARTISTIC JOURNEY THROUGH DREAMS

COLLECTION BY EMA DAN  
ARTWORK BY FANGDA WAN

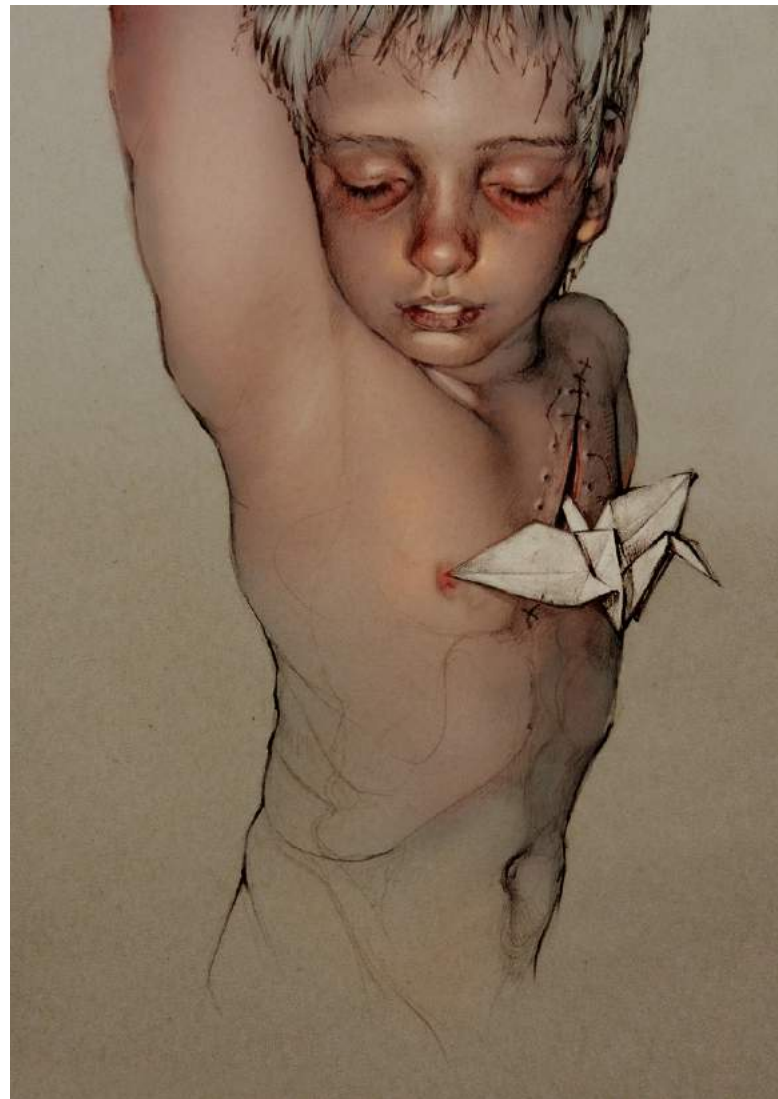


When I asked art students to “draw your nightmares”, I never would have imagined that I’d start a friend’s journey into healing and self-discovery through art. Of course, I didn’t create the artist, he was already one of my favorites. His name is Fangda Wan, and he’s best known for highly detailed futuristic images, animation, and character concept designs. After I asked him to draw his nightmares, I expected one drawing. But every few days, another one would come, and another, and another. And during this time, we talked and I found out that I had sparked a very therapeutic activity for him: as he drew his nightmares, he was able to reflect, and process his own feelings, his history, former events in his life, grievances, tribulations, and all of this was coming through in his new nightmare artwork. I was getting to witness his art therapy as he drew highly personal fragments of trauma and fears, pieces of his childhood stitched together with imagination, and turned into fascinating, deep metaphors, often involving a single male lead.

The goal of drawing one’s nightmares was to explore the ultimate intersection between “dreams” and “bad ideas”. Fangda’s goal in this exercise became to explore his dreams and find freedom from these bad ideas. We talked about how these dream images made him uncomfortable. “My nightmares are more about stressful situations, things I can’t change. [In these drawings] I put them in a more poetic way.” The images he drew for me are visceral, compelling, and ominous.

“These are what I felt when I thought about my childhood. [In my] bad dreams I am usually the child I was, facing stressful situations. Often being naked, or my dirty secret being found out. Facing judgments from school, public, and parents.”

One of the most personal dreams, is the drawing of two pink-haired twins; the boys represent two sides of his young self, one of which he tried desperately to kill. “I pushed this little boy out of my body. I beat him constantly, trying to kill him.



*IN ORDER OF APPEARANCE:*  
“DIAMOND BOY.”  
“I NEVER HAD A BIG SURGERY OR INJURY  
BUT I KNOW SOMEONE WHO DID.”  
“PUPPET ARM BOY.”  
“NEEDLES FROM MY PAST.”  
“PINK-HAIRED BOYS.”  
“YOUNG SOLDIER.”  
“BOY WITH SWORD.”





But when I grew up, I realized that that part of me is so innocent, the feelings he had, the simple desires." He talks about how this kind of self-inflicted torture is irreparable: "I ended up killing a part of me. I don't think I killed him. Not yet. But he stopped growing, he's been out of me for so long, that part of me will always be a 10 year old boy."

In the drawing with the train, titled *Needles From My Past*, the train is taking him back to the small neighborhood from his childhood. "I can't go back to relive or fix anything anymore. Even those parks I used to play in are now all tall buildings, someone else buried it and started their lives on top of it." "Needles from my past [is] the feeling that when we were little, we ran around playing, getting hurt; we tried to sew up our wounds by ourselves. But we were so young and clumsy, we left needles everywhere under our skin. And as we grow up, our skin pushes the needles around the surface. It hurts everywhere but you can't see what's hurting you."

His dreams about other people in his life are similarly filled with sorrow. The drawing *Puppet Arm Boy* portrays a friend dealing with depression who he had tried to save. Fangda dreamed that this friend, having lost his lust for life, and feeling pushed around like a puppet, had tried to hurt himself. "There was no way around it, I couldn't stop it. I could only be there watching him doing that and try to stop the bleeding."

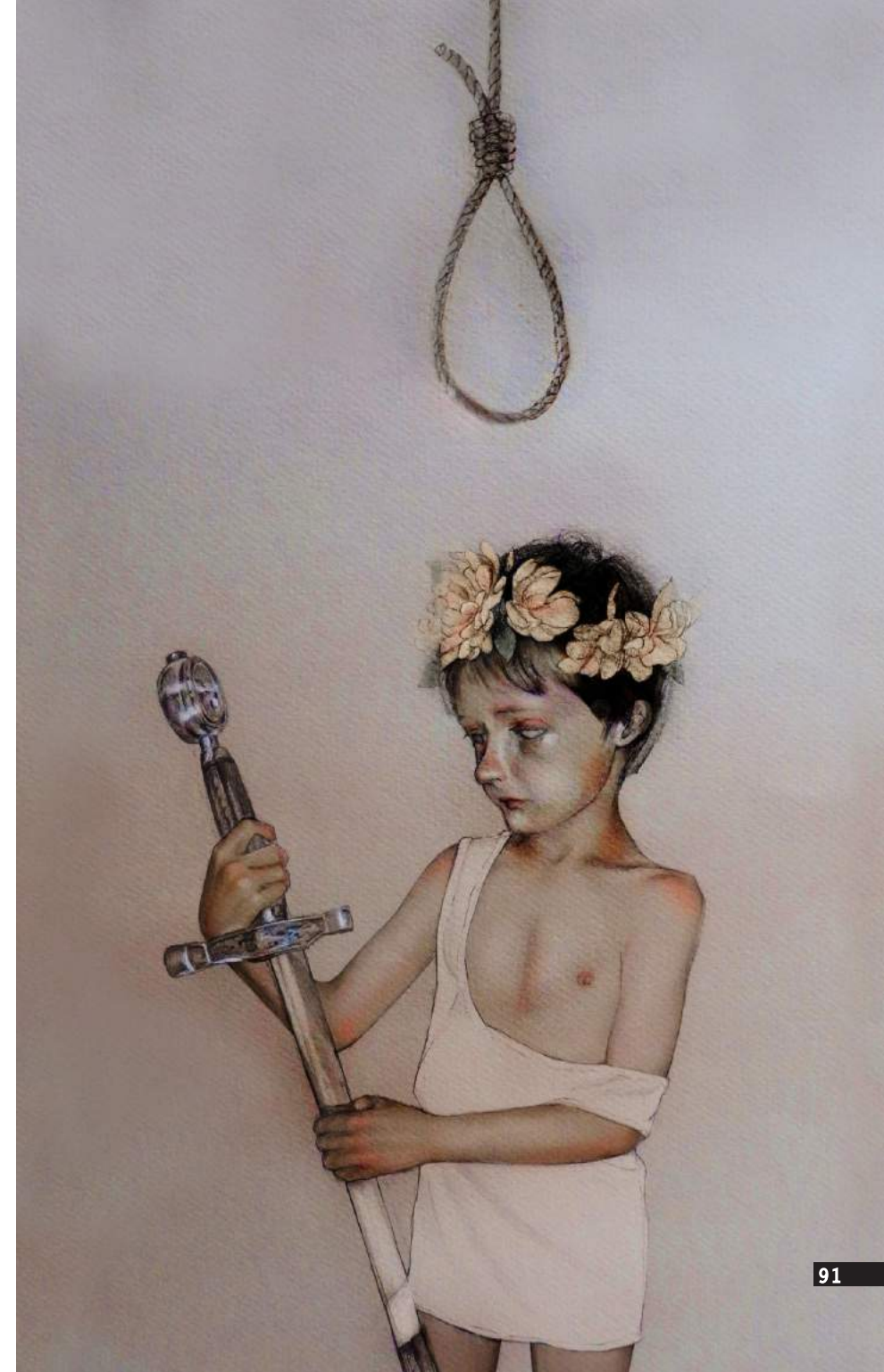
The drawing of the *Young Soldier* was the last one of this series. "I had this dream in which I first heard that my grandmother was seriously sick. She passed away just last month, but I had this dream half a year ago. My grandma was a super nice person, like the nicest person you can imagine. But in my dream, she became so violent and aggressive, asking me why I left, why I went across the ocean. And she threatened to kill my mom to make me stay." In order to understand why the effects of his grandmother's love and wrath are represented as a boy soldier,

Fangda explains: "I was planning on working on a drawing about a young soldier. And I kind of combined the two ideas. A mother sends her child to war and the same mother ... sews up her broken child who died in the war. The same iron and steel from a mother's kitchenware can be made into bullets and swords. The same thing that raised you, kills you in the end. Same with love."

"The one with the sword is about me and my bad experience with the Chinese education system. Weirdly, it is a common motif for my nightmares. [I dream that] I went back to my old school, dealing with exams, and I always fail due to all kinds of reasons. In my dreams I would try very hard to make it up, but I'm always being told that I failed, there is nothing more to do, I'll have to leave school and go home. And sometimes I ended up killing myself in the school as a threat to the teacher to let me pass the exam or give me another chance. Same thing could happen in my home too; I always dream about failing at something and not being forgiven. I ended up helpless and getting injured."

"In my dreams I actually try really hard not to fail, and weirdly, I sometimes face these situations naked or without pants." [laughs] "I'm totally embarrassed and helpless to a point that I kill myself. But then I feel sad because I tried so hard to be good to the school, to my parents, but I'll never be enough. I have weird nightmares, sorry. Not really the traditional ghost or monster chasing you to death kind of nightmare."

He smiles as he tells me these stories so openly, but it's obvious that they speak of deep hurt and haunting emotional matters. They inspire him when he draws animation, in much of his other work, but to draw the inspiration itself is raw and new. He said that in drawing these dreams, he has discovered art therapy.





DRIFTING

—KONG CAI [ LAYOUT ]

—HUAJUN WEN [ PHOTOGRAPHY ]











