



This document consists of notes compiled and revised across the four week project

My chosen escapism is sleep. during lockdown, i would sleep away the day. I recognise that it's unhealthy, but I didn't really care at the time. I would wake, read a book, and fall asleep once again.

"I suppose lockdown turned into a dream for you".

Yes it did, lots of people associate the conditions of lockdown to dreaming, or actually dazed themselves so much that it felt like it. For me, so much sleep meant I was perpetually in a semi-waking state, affording me many lucid dreams and drawn internal monologues of imagined realisations about the non-real universe existing in my dreams.

"trapped in your own head?"

No, I'd say I was bored and alone. Nothing really interested me and the world was distant and vacant, only blue light imitations of reality were offered to me.

Dreaming offers an escape. Theories are still quoted on how dreaming could be the "guardian of sleep". Your mind tricking you out of reality to relieve your real senses. This is a theory used by Sigmund Freud in his argument for dreams existing as "wish fulfillments" to the mind. To Freud, all dreams have the purpose of fulfilling a wish that can draw your consciousness away from your body. In "The Interpretation Of Dreams" Freud presents a method of analyzing your dream under the premise that to understand how your dream fulfills a wish, you can understand your psyche, therefore discover the source of mental illness and such.

Freud offered a try at rationalising dreams and their content, which results in the same problem which occurs in philosophy. Freud was a trained physician in an age of revolutionary science, read in German idealism and romanticism as part of natural-philosophy of the day, and therefore seeks solutions to problems by digging down, categorizing, picking apart the pieces of an object to discover its base elements and root source. But in applying this logic to dreams he creates a science of a poets game, often even quoting works of writers and poets who produce work based on dream-content associations.

Being able to understand your unconscious desires(wish fulfillment) will enlighten you and show the inner mechanism to understanding of your mind - this has been met with contention, proven wrong and proven not to deliver. Freud is titled as the "father of Psycho-analysis" and often of psychology, but since then the science of psychology has flipped to exclude as much as possible theories produced by Freud and his successors.

I parallel this with some theories in philosophy, with the goal in metaphysics to unravel the universe rationally and realise philosophy as a science - This being met with contradiction and debate long enough to know that there will not be a final interpretation of reality and Being.

dreams are confused, incoherent and exist only in the psych, which means they make no sense bound to reality but Freud insists that if you can dream it, it will originate from experience and through this argument makes wild associations, the most famous of these are phallic innuendoes.

Here is Freuds example, of his own dream, that he uses to demonstrate dream analysis.
dream analysis (my Irma)

****This is Freud's interpretation of his dream about Irma one his patients, feel free to skip****

Dream of July 23-24, 1895

A great hall - a number of guests, whom we are receiving - among them Irma, whom I immediately take aside, as though to answer her letter, and to reproach her for not yet accepting the "solution." I say to her: "If you still have pains, it is really only your own fault." - She answers: "If you only knew what pains I have now in the throat, stomach, and abdomen - I am choked by them." I am startled, and look at her. She looks pale and puffy. I think that after all I must be overlooking some organic affection. I take her to the window and look into her throat. She offers some resistance to this, like a woman who has a set of false teeth. I think, surely, she doesn't need them. - The mouth then opens wide, and I find a large white spot on the right, and elsewhere I see extensive grayish-white scabs adhering to curiously curled formations, which are evidently shaped like the turbinal bones of the nose. - I quickly call Dr. M, who repeats the examination and confirms it.... Dr. M looks quite unlike his usual self; he is very pale, he limps, and his chin is clean-shaven.... Now my friend Otto, too, is standing beside her, and my friend Leopold percusses her covered chest, and says "She has a dullness below, on the left," and also calls attention to an infiltrated portion of skin on the left shoulder (which I can feel, in spite of the dress).... M says: "There's no doubt that it's an infection, but it doesn't matter; dysentery will follow and the poison will be eliminated." ... We know, too, precisely how the infection originated. My friend Otto, not long ago, gave her, when she was feeling unwell, an injection of a preparation of propyl... propyls... propionic acid... trimethylamin (the formula of which I see before me, printed in heavy type).... One doesn't give such injections so rashly.... Probably, too, the syringe was not clean.

This dream has an advantage over many others. It is at once obvious to what events of the preceding day it is related, and of what subject it treats. The preliminary statement explains these matters. The news of Irma's health which I had received from Otto, and the clinical history, which I was writing late into the night, had occupied my psychic activities even during sleep. Nevertheless, no one who had read the preliminary report, and had knowledge of the content of the dream, could guess what the dream signified. Nor do I myself know. I am puzzled by the morbid symptoms of which Irma complains in the dream, for they are not the symptoms for which I treated her. I smile at the nonsensical idea of an injection of propionic acid, and at Dr. M's attempt at consolation. Towards the end the dream seems more obscure and quicker in tempo than at the beginning. In order to learn the significance of all these details I resolve to undertake an exhaustive analysis.

Analysis

The hall - a number of guests, whom we are receiving. We were living that summer at Bellevue, an isolated house on one of the hills adjoining the Kahlenberg. This house was originally built as a place of entertainment, and therefore has unusually lofty, hall-like rooms. The dream was dreamed in Bellevue, a few days before my wife's birthday. During the day my wife had mentioned that she expected several friends, and among them Irma, to come to us as guests for her birthday. My dream, then, anticipates this situation: It is my wife's birthday, and we are receiving a number of people, among them Irma, as guests in the large hall of Bellevue. I reproach Irma for not having accepted the "solution." I say, "If you still have pains, it is really your own fault." I might even have said this while

awake; I may have actually said it. At that time I was of the opinion (recognized later to be incorrect) that my task was limited to informing patients of the hidden meaning of their symptoms. Whether they then accepted or did not accept the solution upon which success depended - for that I was not responsible. I am grateful to this error, which, fortunately, has now been overcome, since it made life easier for me at a time when, with all my unavoidable ignorance, I was expected to effect successful cures. But I note that, in the speech which I make to Irma in the dream, I am above all anxious that I shall not be blamed for the pains which she still suffers. If it is Irma's own fault, it cannot be mine. Should the purpose of the dream be looked for in this quarter?

Irma's complaints - pains in the neck, abdomen, and stomach; she is choked by them. Pains in the stomach belonged to the symptom - complex of my patient, but they were not very prominent; she complained rather of qualms and a feeling of nausea. Pains in the neck and abdomen and constriction of the throat played hardly any part in her case. I wonder why I have decided upon this choice of symptoms in the dream; for the moment I cannot discover the reason. She looks pale and puffy. My patient had always a rosy complexion. I suspect that here another person is being substituted for her. I am startled at the idea that I may have overlooked some organic affection. This, as the reader will readily believe, is a constant fear with the specialist who sees neurotics almost exclusively, and who is accustomed to ascribe to hysteria so many manifestations which other physicians treat as organic. On the other hand, I am haunted by a faint doubt - I do not know whence it comes - whether my alarm is altogether honest. If Irma's pains are indeed of organic origin, it is not my duty to cure them. My treatment, of course, removes only hysterical pains. It seems to me, in fact, that I wish to find an error in the diagnosis; for then I could not be reproached with failure to effect a cure. I take her to the window in order to look into her throat. She resists a little, like a woman who has false teeth. I think to myself, she does not need them. I had never had occasion to inspect Irma's oral cavity. The incident in the dream reminds me of an examination, made some time before, of a governess who at first produced an impression of youthful beauty, but who, upon opening her mouth, took certain measures to conceal her denture. Other memories of medical examinations, and of petty secrets revealed by them, to the embarrassment of both physician and patient, associate themselves with this case. - "She surely does not need them," is perhaps in the first place a compliment to Irma; but I suspect yet another meaning. In a careful analysis one is able to feel whether or not the arriere-pensees which are to be expected have all been exhausted. The way in which Irma stands at the window suddenly reminds me of another experience. Irma has an intimate woman friend of whom I think very highly. One evening, on paying her a visit, I found her at the window in the position reproduced in the dream, and her physician, the same Dr. M, declared that she had a diphtheritic membrane. The person of Dr. M and the membrane return, indeed, in the course of the dream. Now it occurs to me that during the past few months I have had every reason to suppose that this lady too is hysterical. Yes, Irma herself betrayed the fact to me. But what do I know of her condition? Only the one thing, that like Irma in the dream she suffers from hysterical choking. Thus, in the dream I have replaced my patient by her friend. Now I remember that I have often played with the supposition that this lady, too, might ask me to relieve her of her symptoms. But even at the time I thought it improbable, since she is extremely reserved. She resists, as the dream shows. Another explanation might be that she does not need it; in fact, until now she has shown herself strong enough to master her condition without outside help. Now only a few features remain, which I can assign neither to Irma nor to her friend; pale, puffy, false teeth. The false teeth led me to the

governess; I now feel inclined to be satisfied with bad teeth. Here another person, to whom these features may allude, occurs to me. She is not my patient, and I do not wish her to be my patient, for I have noticed that she is not at her ease with me, and I do not consider her a docile patient. She is generally pale, and once, when she had not felt particularly well, she was puffy.[10] I have thus compared my patient Irma with two others, who would likewise resist treatment. What is the meaning of the fact that I have exchanged her for her friend in the dream? Perhaps that I wish to exchange her; either her friend arouses in me stronger sympathies, or I have a higher regard for her intelligence. For I consider Irma foolish because she does not accept my solution. The other woman would be more sensible, and would thus be more likely to yield. The mouth then opens readily; she would tell more than Irma.[11] What I see in the throat: a white spot and scabby turbinal bones. The white spot recalls diphtheria, and thus Irma's friend, but it also recalls the grave illness of my eldest daughter two years earlier, and all the anxiety of that unhappy time. The scab on the turbinal bones reminds me of my anxiety concerning my own health. At that time I frequently used cocaine in order to suppress distressing swellings in the nose, and I had heard a few days previously that a lady patient who did likewise had contracted an extensive necrosis of the nasal mucous membrane. In 1885 it was I who had recommended the use of cocaine, and I had been gravely reproached in consequence. A dear friend, who had died before the date of this dream, had hastened his end by the misuse of this remedy. I quickly call Dr. M, who repeats the examination. This would simply correspond to the position which M occupied among us. But the word quickly is striking enough to demand a special examination. It reminds me of a sad medical experience. By continually prescribing a drug (sulphonal), which at that time was still considered harmless, I was once responsible for a condition of acute poisoning in the case of a woman patient, and hastily turned for assistance to my older and more experienced colleague. The fact that I really had this case in mind is confirmed by a subsidiary circumstance. The patient, who succumbed to the toxic effects of the drug, bore the same name as my eldest daughter. I had never thought of this until now; but now it seems to me almost like a retribution of fate - as though the substitution of persons had to be continued in another sense: this Matilda for that Matilda; an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth. It is as though I were seeking every opportunity to reproach myself for a lack of medical conscientiousness. Dr. M is pale; his chin is shaven, and he limps. Of this so much is correct, that his unhealthy appearance often arouses the concern of his friends. The other two characteristics must belong to another person. An elder brother living abroad occurs to me, for he, too, shaves his chin, and if I remember him rightly, the M of the dream bears on the whole a certain resemblance to him. And some days previously the news arrived that he was limping on account of an arthritic affection of the hip. There must be some reason why I fuse the two persons into one in my dream. I remember that, in fact, I was on bad terms with both of them for similar reasons. Both had rejected a certain proposal which I had recently made them. My friend Otto is now standing next to the patient, and my friend Leopold examines her and calls attention to a dullness low down on the left side. My friend Leopold also is a physician, and a relative of Otto's. Since the two practice the same specialty, fate has made them competitors, so that they are constantly being compared with one another. Both of them assisted me for years, while I was still directing a public clinic for neurotic children. There, scenes like that reproduced in my dream had often taken place. While I would be discussing the diagnosis of a case with Otto, Leopold would examine the child anew and make an unexpected contribution

towards our decision. There was a difference of character between the two men like that between Inspector Brasig and his friend Karl. Otto was remarkably prompt and alert; Leopold was slow and thoughtful, but thorough. If I contrast Otto and the cautious Leopold in the dream I do so, apparently, in order to extol Leopold. The comparison is like that made above between the disobedient patient Irma and her friend, who was believed to be more sensible. I now become aware of one of the tracks along which the association of ideas in the dream proceeds; from the sick child to the children's clinic. Concerning the dullness low on the left side, I have the impression that it corresponds with a certain case of which all the details were similar, a case in which Leopold impressed me by his thoroughness. I thought vaguely, too, of something like a metastatic affection, but it might also be a reference to the patient whom I should have liked to have in Irma's place. For this lady, as far as I can gather, exhibited symptoms which imitated tuberculosis.

An infiltrated portion of skin on the left shoulder. I know at once that this is my own rheumatism of the shoulder, which I always feel if I lie awake long at night. The very phrasing of the dream sounds ambiguous: Something which I can feel, as he does, in spite of the dress. "Feel on my own body" is intended. Further, it occurs to me how unusual the phrase infiltrated portion of skin sounds. We are accustomed to the phrase: "an infiltration of the upper posterior left"; this would refer to the lungs, and thus, once more, to tuberculosis.

In spite of the dress. This, to be sure, is only an interpolation. At the clinic the children were, of course, examined undressed; here we have some contrast to the manner in which adult female patients have to be examined. The story used to be told of an eminent physician that he always examined his patients through their clothes. The rest is obscure to me; I have, frankly, no inclination to follow the matter further.

Dr. M says: "It's an infection, but it doesn't matter; dysentery will follow, and the poison will be eliminated." This, at first, seems to me ridiculous; nevertheless, like everything else, it must be carefully analysed; more closely observed it seems after all to have a sort of meaning. What I had found in the patient was a local diphtheritis. I remember the discussion about diphtheritis and diphtheria at the time of my daughter's illness. Diphtheria is the general infection which proceeds from local diphtheritis. Leopold demonstrates the existence of such a general infection by the dullness, which also suggests a metastatic focus. I believe, however, that just this kind of metastasis does not occur in the case of diphtheria. It reminds me rather of pyaemia.

It doesn't matter is a consolation. I believe it fits in as follows: The last part of the dream has yielded a content to the effect that the patient's sufferings are the result of a serious organic affection. I begin to suspect that by this I am only trying to shift the blame from myself. Psychic treatment cannot be held responsible for the continued presence of a diphtheritic affection. Now, indeed, I am distressed by the thought of having invented such a serious illness for Irma, for the sole purpose of exculpating myself. It seems so cruel. Accordingly, I need the assurance that the outcome will be benign, and it seems to me that I made a good choice when I put the words that consoled me into the mouth of Dr. M. But here I am placing myself in a position of superiority to the dream; a fact which needs explanation.

But why is this consolation so nonsensical?

Dysentery. Some sort of far-fetched theoretical notion that the toxins of disease might be eliminated through the intestines. Am I thereby trying to make fun of Dr. M's remarkable store of far-fetched explanations, his habit of conceiving curious pathological relations? Dysentery suggests something else. A few months ago I had in my care a young man who was suffering from remarkable intestinal troubles; a case which had been treated by other colleagues as one of "anaemia with malnutrition." I realized

that it was a case of hysteria; I was unwilling to use my psychotherapy on him, and sent him off on a sea-voyage. Now a few days previously I had received a despairing letter from him; he wrote from Egypt, saying that he had had a fresh attack, which the doctor had declared to be dysentery. I suspect that the diagnosis is merely an error on the part of an ignorant colleague, who is allowing himself to be fooled by the hysteria; yet I cannot help reproaching myself for putting the invalid in a position where he might contract some organic affection of the bowels in addition to his hysteria. Furthermore, dysentery sounds not unlike diphtheria, a word which does not occur in the dream. Yes, it must be the case that with the consoling prognosis, Dysentery will develop, etc., I am making fun of Dr. M, for I recollect that years ago he once jestingly told a very similar story of a colleague. He had been called in to consult with him in the case of a woman who was very seriously ill, and he felt obliged to confront his colleague, who seemed very hopeful, with the fact that he found albumen in the patient's urine. His colleague, however, did not allow this to worry him, but answered calmly: "That does not matter, my dear sir, the albumen will soon be excreted!" Thus I can no longer doubt that this part of the dream expresses derision for those of my colleagues who are ignorant of hysteria. And, as though in confirmation, the thought enters my mind: "Does Dr. M know that the appearances in Irma's friend, his patient, which gave him reason to fear tuberculosis, are likewise due to hysteria? Has he recognized this hysteria, or has he allowed himself to be fooled?" But what can be my motive in treating this friend so badly? That is simple enough: Dr. M agrees with my solution as little as does Irma herself. Thus, in this dream I have already revenged myself on two persons: on Irma in the words, If you still have pains, it is your own fault, and on Dr. M in the wording of the nonsensical consolation which has been put into his mouth.

We know precisely how the infection originated. This precise knowledge in the dream is remarkable. Only a moment before this we did not yet know of the infection, since it was first demonstrated by Leopold. My friend Otto gave her an injection not long ago, when she was feeling unwell. Otto had actually related during his short visit to Irma's family that he had been called in to a neighbouring hotel in order to give an injection to someone who had been suddenly taken ill. Injections remind me once more of the unfortunate friend who poisoned himself with cocaine. I had recommended the remedy for internal use only during the withdrawal of morphia; but he immediately gave himself injections of cocaine.

With a preparation of propyl... propyls... propionic acid. How on earth did this occur to me? On the evening of the day after I had written the clinical history and dreamed about the case, my wife opened a bottle of liqueur labelled "Ananas,"[12] which was a present from our friend Otto. He had, as a matter of fact, a habit of making presents on every possible occasion; I hope he will some day be cured of this by a wife.[13] This liqueur smelt so strongly of fusel oil that I refused to drink it. My wife suggested: "We will give the bottle to the servants," and I, more prudent, objected, with the philanthropic remark: "They shan't be poisoned either." The smell of fusel oil (amyl...) has now apparently awakened my memory of the whole series: propyl, methyl, etc., which furnished the preparation of propyl mentioned in the dream. Here, indeed, I have effected a substitution: I dreamt of propyl after smelling amyl; but substitutions of this kind are perhaps permissible, especially in organic chemistry. - Trimethylamin. In the dream I see the chemical formula of this substance - which at all events is evidence of a great effort on the part of my memory - and the formula is even printed in heavy type, as though to distinguish it from the context as something of particular importance. And where does trimethylamin, thus forced on my attention, lead me? To a

conversation with another friend, who for years has been familiar with all my germinating ideas, and I with his. At that time he had just informed me of certain ideas concerning a sexual chemistry, and had mentioned, among others, that he thought he had found in trimethylamin one of the products of sexual metabolism. This substance thus leads me to sexuality, the factor to which I attribute the greatest significance in respect of the origin of these nervous affections which I am trying to cure. My patient Irma is a young widow; if I am required to excuse my failure to cure her, I shall perhaps do best to refer to this condition, which her admirers would be glad to terminate. But in what a singular fashion such a dream is fitted together! The friend who in my dream becomes my patient in Irma's place is likewise a young widow.

I surmise why it is that the formula of trimethylamin is so insistent in the dream. So many important things are centered about this one word: trimethylamin is an allusion, not merely to the all-important factor of sexuality, but also to a friend whose sympathy I remember with satisfaction whenever I feel isolated in my opinions. And this friend, who plays such a large part in my life: will he not appear yet again in the concatenation of ideas peculiar to this dream? Of course; he has a special knowledge of the results of affections of the nose and the sinuses, and has revealed to science several highly remarkable relations between the turbinal bones and the female sexual organs. (The three curly formations in Irma's throat.) I got him to examine Irma, in order to determine whether her gastric pains were of nasal origin. But he himself suffers from suppurative rhinitis, which gives me concern, and to this perhaps there is an allusion in pyaemia, which hovers before me in the metastasis of the dream.

One doesn't give such injections so rashly. Here the reproach of rashness is hurled directly at my friend Otto. I believe I had some such thought in the afternoon, when he seemed to indicate, by word and look, that he had taken sides against me. It was, perhaps: "How easily he is influenced; how irresponsibly he pronounces judgment." Further, the above sentence points once more to my deceased friend, who so irresponsibly resorted to cocaine injections. As I have said, I had not intended that injections of the drug should be taken. I note that in reproaching Otto I once more touch upon the story of the unfortunate Matilda, which was the pretext for the same reproach against me. Here, obviously, I am collecting examples of my conscientiousness, and also of the reverse.

Probably too the syringe was not clean. Another reproach directed at Otto, but originating elsewhere. On the previous day I happened to meet the son of an old lady of eighty-two, to whom I am obliged to give two injections of morphia daily. At present she is in the country, and I have heard that she is suffering from phlebitis. I immediately thought that this might be a case of infiltration caused by a dirty syringe. It is my pride that in two years I have not given her a single infiltration; I am always careful, of course, to see that the syringe is perfectly clean. For I am conscientious. From the phlebitis I return to my wife, who once suffered from thrombosis during a period of pregnancy, and now three related situations come to the surface in my memory, involving my wife, Irma, and the dead Matilda, whose identity has apparently justified my putting these three persons in one another's places.

I have now completed the interpretation of the dream.[14] In the course of this interpretation I have taken great pains to avoid all those notions which must have been suggested by a comparison of the dream-content with the dream-thoughts hidden behind this content. Meanwhile the meaning of the dream has dawned upon me. I have noted an intention which is realized through the dream, and which must have been my motive in dreaming. The dream fulfills several wishes, which were awakened within me by the events of the previous evening (Otto's news, and the writing of the clinical history). For the result of the dream is that it is not I who am to blame for the pain which Irma is still suffering, but that

Otto is to blame for it. Now Otto has annoyed me by his remark about Irma's imperfect cure; the dream avenges me upon him, in that it turns the reproach upon himself. The dream acquits me of responsibility for Irma's condition, as it refers this condition to other causes (which do, indeed, furnish quite a number of explanations). The dream represents a certain state of affairs, such as I might wish to exist; the content of the dream is thus the fulfilment of a wish; its motive is a wish.

This much is apparent at first sight. But many other details of the dream become intelligible when regarded from the standpoint of wishfulfilment. I take my revenge on Otto, not merely for too readily taking sides against me. In that I accuse him of careless medical treatment (the injection), but I revenge myself also for the bad liqueur which smells of fusel oil, and I find an expression in the dream which unites both these reproaches: the injection of a preparation of propyl. Still I am not satisfied, but continue to avenge myself by comparing him with his more reliable colleague. Thereby I seem to say: "I like him better than you." But Otto is not the only person who must be made to feel the weight of my anger. I take my revenge on the disobedient patient, by exchanging her for a more sensible and more docile one. Nor do I pass over Dr. M's contradiction; for I express, in an obvious allusion, my opinion of him: namely, that his attitude in this case is that of an ignoramus (Dysentery will develop, etc.). Indeed, it seems as though I were appealing from him to someone better informed (my friend, who told me about trimethylamin), just as I have turned from Irma to her friend, and from Otto to Leopold. It is as though I were to say: Rid me of these three persons, replace them by three others of my own choice, and I shall be rid of the reproaches which I am not willing to admit that I deserve! In my dream the unreasonableness of these reproaches is demonstrated for me in the most elaborate manner. Irma's pains are not attributable to me, since she herself is to blame for them, in that she refuses to accept my solution. They do not concern me, for being as they are of an organic nature, they cannot possibly be cured by psychic treatment. Irma's sufferings are satisfactorily explained by her widowhood (trimethylamin!); a state which I cannot alter. Irma's illness has been caused by an incautious injection administered by Otto, an injection of an unsuitable drug, such as I should never have administered. Irma's complaint is the result of an injection made with an unclean syringe, like the phlebitis of my old lady patient, whereas my injections have never caused any ill effects. I am aware that these explanations of Irma's illness, which unite in acquitting me, do not agree with one another; that they even exclude one another. The whole plea - for this dream is nothing else - recalls vividly the defence offered by a man who was accused by his neighbour of having returned a kettle in a damaged condition. In the first place, he had returned the kettle undamaged; in the second place it already had holes in it when he borrowed it; and in the third place, he had never borrowed it at all. A complicated defence, but so much the better; if only one of these three lines of defence is recognized as valid, the man must be acquitted. Still other themes play a part in the dream, and their relation to my non-responsibility for Irma's illness is not so apparent: my daughter's illness, and that of a patient with the same name; the harmfulness of cocaine; the affection of my patient, who was traveling in Egypt; concern about the health of my wife; my brother, and Dr. M; my own physical troubles, and anxiety concerning my absent friend, who is suffering from suppurative rhinitis. But if I keep all these things in view, they combine into a single train of thought, which might be labelled: Concern for the health of myself and others; professional conscientiousness. I recall a vaguely disagreeable feeling when Otto gave me the news of Irma's condition. Lastly, I am inclined, after the event, to find an expression of this fleeting sensation in the train of thoughts which forms part of the dream. It is as though Otto had said to me: "You do not take your medical duties seriously enough;

you are not conscientious; you do not perform what you promise." Thereupon this train of thought placed itself at my service, in order that I might give proof of my extreme conscientiousness, of my intimate concern about the health of my relatives, friends and patients. Curiously enough, there are also some painful memories in this material, which confirm the blame attached to Otto rather than my own exculpation. The material is apparently impartial, but the connection between this broader material, on which the dream is based, and the more limited theme from which emerges the wish to be innocent of Irma's illness, is, nevertheless, unmistakable.

End of Quote

"Critic, a kindly critic of the Interpretation of Dreams, writes in Critical Literature: 'From this point on, not many of us will be able to follow Freud as he gets lost in his own intellectual ego' But Critic has not undertaken any analyses of dreams, and will not believe how unjustifiable it is to judge them by the manifest dream-content." Sigmund Freud, The Interpretation of Dreams (p. 85)

Here is my parody of it using a dream recorded in my dream diary.

- Barcelona, a hot day and lots of people sat about.

The scene of a very uncomfortable family holiday a good few years ago. I come from a large family and when we go on holiday it can get crowded and arguments always start. Because of this I would wanna get away.

- The café barista lets me work after we talk.

this was particularly anxious time for me, I would sit in cafes by myself amongst lots of chatting people, having got away from my family. Talking to the cafe barista in the dream wouldn't have happened in real life.

- We are out of coffee, I had overlooked it.

Previous day, prior to having this dream, this had happened at home, though it was not necessarily my fault. I had only finished the coffee off and the next person to make coffee had complained of no one refilling it.

I go to get coffee from a town on a high rock

The high rock and climbing is reminiscent of a video game I have recently tried in which you scale large cliffs.

- I enter the market and head to the first coffee seller and ask for coffee. At this point in the dream I am aware of the tide coming in

- I escape across the causeway, water around my heels. but I feel confident.

The town across the causeway is effectively St Michael's mount, the causeway has ankle deep water for an hour before it rises. Once, I assured my younger brother it was fine to cross while neglecting to relay this information. it made me feel clever once my 'intuition' paid off.

this dreams fulfills my wish to refill the coffee, my anxiety to approach the seller, and prove my capability which my ego believes is plenty and unrecognised.

Freud reads meaning without reason for specific selection, just because he can make an association. It's true that everything has connotations and influences but dreams are by nature - incoherent to the point of complex. Much like the literary scholar dissecting one line from Nathaniel Hawthorne's "The Scarlet Letter"; many associations and potential word-plays; paragraphs discussing potential intentionality behind one word used among many, Freud seeks something intended by the subconscious when finding links between "dream-content". But Freud uses this technique only in relation to the record of the dream, the recollection. from this point, the dream has already been translated from mental thought, whether that be the sounds, smells, visuals or feelings of the dream, into written word and from that point he interprets. "Freud was interested in slips of the tongue" says the author of the foreword Mr Oxford posh bloke Stephen Wilson, when writing about Freud's consideration of the unconsidered parts of the dream as of when it was recorded. But this both shows Freud as thinking he can see sources of dreams before the dreamer can, and also he thinks he can account for a complete dream interpretation, without experiencing the dream himself, which I would describe as like being to tell of the personality of a dog from reading the dog's entrails.

Freud, I think, came from a time of German-Idealism which emphasises emotional self-awareness as a necessary pre-condition to improving the human condition. In German-Idealism, only the consciousness is knowable and the best way of perceiving reality is through some subjective feeling or intuition, through which we participate in the subject of our knowledge, instead of viewing it from the outside. Everything is an experience, and not an object for manipulation and study, and, once experienced, the individual becomes in tune with their feelings and this is what helps them to create moral values. This approach actually occurred in response to the over-rationalisation of philosophy when influenced by the enlightenment period. Freud is against the categorizing of dreams, instead opting to have one solution to study all dreams and reworking the method based on the content and history of the patient, which I would parallel to different literary techniques.

I would like to point now that I have written too many notes on what I read and then feel they are important when they probably are not.

Modern social sciences often use Freud only as a base to explain the development of modern day theories, and treatments in psychiatry. The only mentions I have enjoyed in my scouting for Freud-bashing literature include:

- Freud's Women by Lisa Appignanesi, John Forrester - Which discusses Freud in Feminism. I found it an uncomfortable read, I returned it to the library at about 1/3 complete. Uncomfortable because of how two sided it is, how Freud's theories of hysterics and female penis envy are seriously considered.
- Freud and Psychoanalysis: An Exposition and Appraisal by Richard Stevens. - Which explains why Freud's technique never worked but gives props to him for "revolutionising". I gave up after two chapters but skimmed the rest for quotes like a good student.
- I went back to read Reassembling the Social by Bruno Latour as I could remember a description that compares Freud's technique of dream-content association with Latour's and John Law's Actor Network Theory. Latour describes Freud's short-fall in broadening his associations, and makes the argument that Freud was hasty to provide solutions to patients.

One or Several Wolves is a critique of Freud by Deleuze and Guattari in their writing "A thousand Plateaus" at this point I haven't come across anything as opposed to Freud (though I haven't read that much yet). Deleuze and Guattari don't really bother deconstructing Freud's arguments, they more or less completely disregard them. They deconstruct Freud's definition of neurosis and psychosis. Freud claims that neurotics are those who are "capable of making a global comparison between a sock and a vagina, a scar and Castration", but then they somehow are incapable of perceiving larger connections within the world. Freud disregards what the pair call "multitudes" and ideas of collective consciousness, impulse and pack mentality. The Wolfman case study is used as many analyses have been made by different experts and the commonly agreed ones oppose Freud's. The pair label it Freud's "reductionist" method of psychoanalysis and they see Freud's use and development of the theory of the Oedipus complex as idealist since it tries to give voice to the unconscious but fails.

i be like omg lemme tell y'all bout my dream





Freud expresses how his analysis is a study of the margins of someone's dream, what ever seems insignificant, Freud inspects and links. "Looking at the margins of a text" is a phrase I have recently read in a Derrida's Margins of Philosophy. The western tradition of philosophy is a reading of reality and Being. Derrida points out the tradition has come no where near to a conclusion, never can, and philosophy is a tradition of re-interpreting, miss-reading and arguing about the universe. Derrida says recognising this opens up a space for other readings, aligning with post-structuralist metaphysics which associates philosophy less with science and more with poetry. language fills in an absence rather than referring to the reality of the dream for Freud. He uses any mildly relevant material to bridge "dream-content" with a conclusion, which leaves the dream un-expanded and, I believe, untapped and elusive. Freud jumps to conclusions because he must, approaching a dream with the intention of fully understanding its contents(without also analyzing) has a series of problems I ran into when recording my dreams in my dream diary.

- ***You cannot record the dream during its experience.***

Imaging if you could bring a video camera into your dream. It would be great, no one would ever have to brainstorm another creative project, they could have a kip and get all the material they need to produce a Ghibli narrative with appropriate incoherent effect and intent. Have you seen Paprika(2006)? or maybe Inception(2010)? Both are films with an entire plot about dream-consciousness and the idea of a device to look through into a dream and to even enter the dream as an observer. Perhaps with these tools Freud would be able to legitimately correlate specific details with reality since he would experience them himself. For example, in Paprika the main character and their patient experience the dream together, eventually realising that the dreams are due to regret and guilt of career choice and abandoning a friend. (Though it can also be said that the patient was led towards this conclusion(the therapist has LITERALLY gotten into their head..)) When imagining the idea of a dream, producing the object-example of a dream in my head in order to converse about the subject of dreams without imagining one dream unparticular, I think of a hazy bundle of thought. I say this because when in dream-state, I don't think I dream all my senses at once. In Inception, a dream is a complete reality, but I can dream lucidly and while aware of my body. Never have I woken up and thought "that dream smelt nice" and occasionally I remember sounds and not sights. To share in a dream would not be as easy as to just enter someone else's internal reality, just as it's not that easy to climb inside the television box and hustle with Peppa. I don't think it would resemble "reality", though obviously, I may just be recollecting certain bits and forgetting what fleshed out my dream's reality. Some dreams are so vivid that waking seems more like entering a new room though I only have these dreams when very stressed and sleep deprived.

- ***-Trouble recollecting the dream once awake.***

I think a "dream" is un-capturable. Scientific studies show that most dreams are forgotten about immediately unless dwelt upon or copied down.[insert first google search link about how long dreams last]. Despite Dahl's BFG and his dreams in jars, dreams are not material objects and cannot be realized truly in any state of Being other than experience in time. When I wake and I copy down a dream, I'm grasping at air, the dream slips through the BFG's net, there is not way I can maintain the entire thought of the dream long enough to copy every detail down.

- ***-The immense task of translating the dream onto paper.***

Only Herman Melville is capable of setting an entire scene in writing. Even if I

could remember every little detail of my dream long enough to copy it down, what about the details I can't put in words? Language fills in the absences of reality. When discussing different techniques of shipbuilding I would use the word "batten" rather than carrying around a wooden boat so that I can point at the bottom of it every time I discuss shipbuilding. But I think dreams include experiences beyond normal reality, and to translate these experiences into words waters down their authenticity. To recall a dream is similar to recalling past lived experiences, apart from the dream has no grounding in space and not really in time either. It's like remembering something you made up in your head earlier. Like you are your own interpreter, translating what you are saying in one language into another when you can't remember what you said to begin with.

- ***-Reading back the recorded dream.***

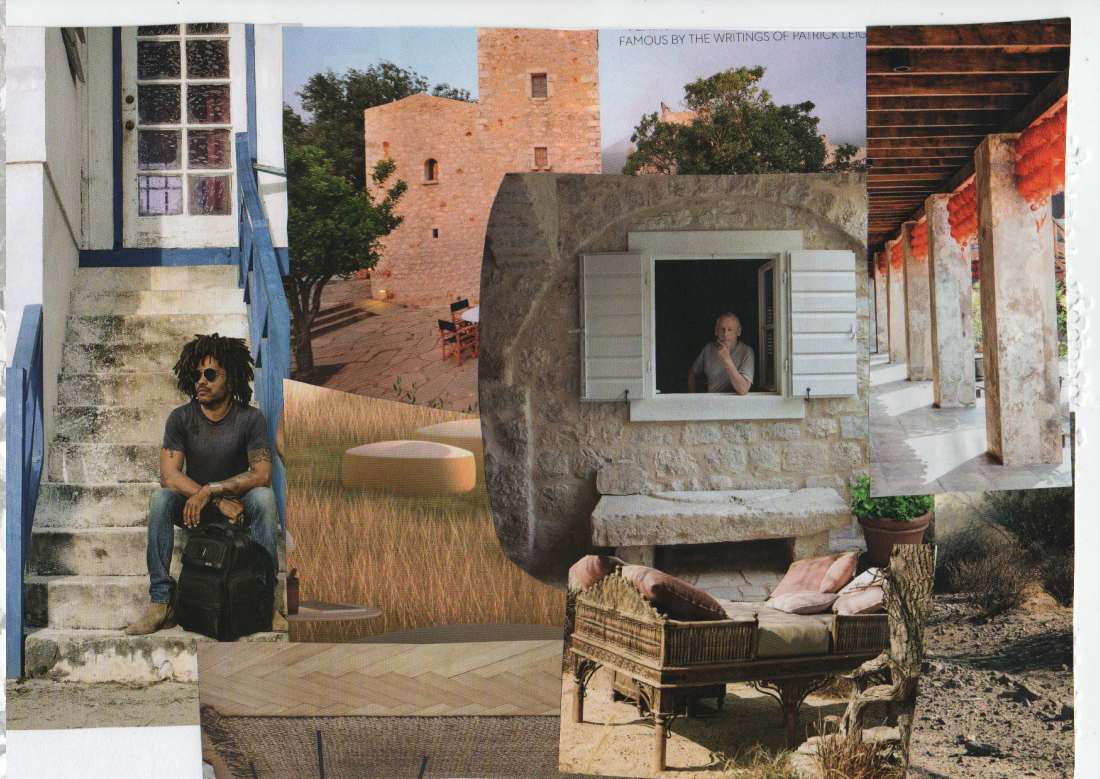
The dream now IS the paper. Unlike the word "batten", the written account of the dream stands in for nothing, since my own true recollection of the dream is gone and I now depend on the note. When I write down in my journal "I had a pleasant day today", my note stands as the record of a familiar experience and functions for as long as it is true. The dream note recorded a fleeting experience which never happened, I cannot trust it. How could Freud hope to find meaning in something so diluted and bit-compressed? Derrida argues that there is no right interpretation of a text or at least there is no way of fixing meaning on to a text, despite and indifferent to intentionality. That doesn't necessarily mean any way is as good as any other but it remains that when one reads back the dream at 10am, it's meaning could have changed by 8pm.

Communicating the contents of a dream can be paroled to discovering the inners of an object, post-structural philosophy like Harman's use of Object orientated ontology has a duality to all objects, the inside and the outside, the outside is the one that appears to us and which we can discover and experience, while the inner nature can never fully be revealed. As part of reading for a lecture, we have recently been made to watch a [long] Tim Morten lecture in which he describes a building passing through time and how through studying it pass through time we can begin to taste the inner nature of the architecture(or something like that etc.).

These four points are subjects to explore. I am less interested with techniques to analyze the contents of dream, and more interested in the re-realisation of the dream. Don't get me wrong, I'm sure there is a correct and appropriate way of using the contents of a dream in psychiatry, but also to some extent, I think they only 'mean' what someone decides they mean and/or mean lots of things at the same time.

How can I determine the best interpretation of a piece of language by considering, enacting it in different ways. I should try enacting the dream in different ways to potentially rediscover the experience of it. There are exercises of this with literature and religion, for example Shakespeare's texts are acted out and parts of religious scripts sung in hymns or mantras, through this the texts are realised in different ways and can mean different things. With dreams it is more difficult.

collaging? A visual method of recording. (Or maybe not recording but visualising a recording.)



Have a computer read it? Eliza is an early Natural Language Processor(NLP) from the 60s and acts as a therapist through a computer. It responds to your input by rephrasing your input and asking a question - a recognised technique that is attributed to some bloke called Carl Rogers.


My bot listens and encourages while you explain your dream. In this way, you recollect your dream through conversation. I think this probably works better than a note since it can prompts neglected details that could go unnoticed. This version of my bot is Freudian because after 8 questions it will try to compile your dream but fail, resulting in it choosing one of five generalised conclusions, a truly hasty conclusion. This satirical therapy has mainly resulted from my inability to get the NLP i was working with to string the inputs together in a nice way. I didn't want it to just list your responses, I wanted it to sum up the conversation, but my test method was too entertaining.



tk

Elijah, Your Dream Interpreter.

"Hi, I'm Dr Elijah. I will be your interpreter for today. Give me your dreams and I can tell you what they mean."



I am a pessimist.

Submit

Dr Elijah : What was in your dream last night?
maths equations, lots of them.
Dr Elijah : I'm not sure I understand you fully.
I said maths.
Dr Elijah : You say you said maths ?
By maths I mean, maths equations.
Dr Elijah : Can you elaborate on that ?
It is a logical pass time taught in schools and higher education.
Dr Elijah : Please go on.
I just did.
Dr Elijah : Do you say you just did for some special reason ?
No, I'm just short tempered.
Dr Elijah : Are you saying no just to be negative?
I'd rather be a pessimist than an optimist.
Dr Elijah : What does that suggest to you ?
I am a pessimist.

Interpretation

(I am a pessimist.)

Dr Elijah says : Hatred for your family drives you to want rid of them.

OK

on38/python.exe "c:/Users/Ainarikiaz/

Functioning Python 3 code.

```
import tkinter as tk
from tkinter import messagebox as mb
import random
import logging
import re
from collections import namedtuple
import string
```

```
try: input = raw_input
except NameError: pass
```

```
log = logging.getLogger(__name__)
```

```
class Key:
    def __init__(self, word, weight, decomp):
        self.word = word
        self.weight = weight
        self.decomps = decomp
```

```
class Decomp:
    def __init__(self, parts, save, reasmb):
        self.parts = parts
        self.save = save
        self.reasmb = reasmb
        self.next_reasmb_index = 0
```

```
class Eliza:
    def __init__(self):
        self.initials = []
        self.finals = []
        self.quits = []
        self.pres = {}
        self.posts = {}
        self.synons = {}
        self.keys = {}
        self.memory = []
```

```
def load(self, path):
    key = None
    decomp = None
    with open(path) as file:
        for line in file:
            if not line.strip():
                continue
            tag, content = [part.strip() for part in line.split(':')]
            if tag == 'initial':
                self.initials.append(content)
            elif tag == 'final':
                self.finals.append(content)
            elif tag == 'quit':
                self.quits.append(content)
            elif tag == 'pre':
                parts = content.split(' ')
                self.pres[parts[0]] = parts[1:]
            elif tag == 'post':
                parts = content.split(' ')
                self.posts[parts[0]] = parts[1:]
            elif tag == 'synon':
                parts = content.split(' ')
                self.synons[parts[0]] = parts
            elif tag == 'key':
                word = content.split(' ')[0]
                weight = int(parts[1]) if len(parts) > 1 else 1
                key = Key(word, weight, [])
                self.keys[word] = key
            elif tag == 'decomp':
                parts = content.split(' ')
                save = False
                if parts[0] == '$':
                    save = True
                parts = parts[1:]
                decomp = Decomp(parts, save, [])
                key.decomps.append(decomp)
            elif tag == 'reasmb':
                parts = content.split(' ')
                decomp.reasmb.append(parts)
```

```
def _match_decomp_r(self, parts, words, results):
    if not parts and not words:
        return True
    if not parts or (not words and parts != ["*"]):
        return False
    if parts[0] == "*":
        for index in range(len(words), -1, -1):
            results.append(words[index])
            if self._match_decomp_r(parts[1:], words[index], results):
                return True
            results.pop()
        return False
    elif parts[0].startswith('@'):
```

```
root = parts[0][1:]
if not root in self.synons:
    raise ValueError("Unknown synonym root {}".format(root))
if not words[0].lower() in self.synons[root]:
    return False
results.append(words[0])
return self._match_decomp_r(parts[1:], words[1:], results)
elif parts[0].lower() != words[0].lower():
    return False
else:
    return self._match_decomp_r(parts[1:], words[1:], results)
```

```
def _match_decomp(self, parts, words):
    results = []
    if self._match_decomp_r(parts, words, results):
        return results
    return None
```

```
def _next_reasmb(self, decomp):
    index = decomp.next_reasmb_index
    result = decomp.reasmb[index % len(decomp.reasmb)]
    decomp.next_reasmb_index = index + 1
    return result
```

```
def _reassemble(self, reasmb, results):
    output = []
    for reword in reasmb:
        if not reword:
            continue
        if reword[0] == '(' and reword[-1] == ')':
            index = int(reword[1:-1])
            if index < 1 or index > len(results):
                raise ValueError("Invalid result index {}".format(index))
            insert = results[index - 1]
            for punct in [',', '.', ':']:
                if punct in insert:
                    insert = insert[:insert.index(punct)]
            output.extend(insert)
        else:
            output.append(reword)
    return output
```

```
def _sub(self, words, sub):
    output = []
    for word in words:
        word_lower = word.lower()
        if word_lower in sub:
            output.extend(sub[word_lower])
        else:
            output.append(word)
    return output
```

```
def _match_key(self, words, key):
    for decomp in key.decomps:
        results = self._match_decomp(decomp.parts, words)
        if results is None:
            log.debug("Decomp did not match: %s", decomp.parts)
            continue
        log.debug("Decomp matched: %s", decomp.parts)
        log.debug("Decomp results: %s", results)
        results = [self._sub(words, self.posts) for words in results]
        log.debug("Decomp results after posts: %s", results)
        reasmb = self._next_reasmb(decomp)
        log.debug("Using reassembly: %s", reasmb)
        if reasmb[0] == 'goto':
            goto_key = reasmb[1]
            if not goto_key in self.keys:
                raise ValueError("Invalid goto key {}".format(goto_key))
            log.debug("Goto key: %s", goto_key)
            return self._match_key(words, self.keys[goto_key])
        output = self._reassemble(reasmb, results)
        if decomp.save:
            self.memory.append(output)
            log.debug("Saved to memory: %s", output)
        continue
    return output
return None
```

```
def respond(self, text):
    if text.lower() in self.quits:
        return None
```

```
text = re.sub(r'\s+', ' ', text)
text = re.sub(r'\s+', ' ', text)
text = re.sub(r'\s+', ' ', text)
log.debug("After punctuation cleanup: %s", text)
```

```
words = [w for w in text.split(' ') if w]
log.debug("Input: %s", words)
```

```
words = self._sub(words, self.pres)
log.debug("After pre-substitution: %s", words)
```

```
keys = [self.keys[w.lower()] for w in words if w.lower() in self.keys]
keys = sorted(keys, key=lambda k: k.weight)
log.debug("Sorted keys: %s", [(k.word, k.weight) for k in keys])
```

None

```
for key in keys:
    output = self._match_key(words, key)
    if output:
        log.debug("Output from key: %s", output)
        break
if not output:
    if self.memory:
        index = random.randrange(len(self.memory))
        output = self.memory.pop(index)
        log.debug("Output from memory: %s", output)
    else:
        output = self._next_reasmb(self.keys['xnone'].decomps[0])
        log.debug("Output from xnone: %s", output)

return " ".join(output)
```

```
def initial(self):
    return random.choice(self.initials)
```

```
def final(self):
    return random.choice(self.finals)
```

```
def run(self):
```

```
    main_panel.insert(tk.END, '\n' + e.get())
    sent = e.get()
    if sent == "":
        return
    root_window.c = int(root_window.c) + 1
    if root_window.c == 8:
        if mb.showinfo("Interpretation", str("(" + e.get() + str(")\n\n") + str("Dr Eljah says: ") + random.choice(Answer)):
            quit()
    output = self.respond(sent)

    main_panel.insert(tk.END, '\nDr Eljah: ' + output)
    e.delete(0, tk.END)
```

```
eliza = Eliza()
eliza.load("doctor.txt")
```

Answer = ["Hmm, you are clearly crazy.", "Drink more water regularly.", "An obvious example of mere sexual frustration.", "You are a loner and long for human interaction.", "Your intellect was questioned and you wish for your potential to be recognised.", "You are ugly, this is an attempt to regain lost beauty.", "Hatred for your family drives you to want rid of them.", "You resent your husbands lack of potency and inability during sex and wish for a better lover"]

```
root_window = tk.Tk()
Title = tk.Label(root_window, text="Elijah, Your Dream Interpreter. \n", bg='yellow', font=(Arial, 20, 'bold'), height=2, width=25)
description = tk.Label(root_window, text="Hi, I'm Dr Eljah. I will be your interpreter for today. Give me your dreams and I can tell you what they mean.", font=(Arial, 12, 'bold', 'italic'), height=5, width=70)
Title.pack()
description.pack()
photo = tk.PhotoImage(file='elijah.gif')
doc = tk.Label(root_window, image=photo)
doc.pack()
e = tk.Entry(root_window)
e.pack()
```

```
root_window.c = int(0)
tk.Button(root_window, text="Submit", command=eliza.run, font=(Arial, 16, 'bold')).pack()
```

```
main_panel = tk.Text(root_window, height=30, width=70)
main_scroll = tk.Scrollbar(root_window, command=main_panel.yview)
main_panel.configure(yscrollcommand=main_scroll.set)
main_panel.insert(tk.END, "Dr Eljah : What was in your dream last night?")
main_panel.see("end")
main_panel.pack()
```

```
root_window.mainloop()
```



One good idea to come from discussing my project was "The Dream Police". I didn't like dreaming if it meant shite like I had an Oedipus complex, so why not has something that stops you dreaming. The Dream police see you dreaming and put a stop to it. It could be a machine such as one of those ventilators that help you breath while sleeping, apparently they stop dreaming. It could be a Darren Brown style speculative hypno-therapy in which I can hypnotise someone into not dreaming or convince someone that there dreams mean nothing or something. Yet again, in attempts to ridicule Freud, I could write a circular argument down and it could act as a tool to convince of a reality.

Read this before you go to sleep.

If you don't want to dream tonight and you do dream, the Dream Police will put a stop to it.

Did you dream? No? Then it worked obviously. Yes? Then you clearly wanted to dream and you're a wanton dreamer, breaking the dream law.

Incriminating bot?
A presumptuous psycho-police analyst-officer enters the room
A topic wholly related is the one of predicting anti-social behaviour.

"I might dream of punching Nick in the face because I might want to punch Nick in the face but I'm not actually going to, officer, I swear."



tk

Stop! Dream Police! Hands in the air and turn around slowly.

"Now then, we are going to have to ask you a few questions about your dream last night and check your not subconsciously up to anything."

ink we would get borec

Submit

```
Detective Neilsen : What was in your dream last night?  
i lived  
Detective Neilsen : hmmm, You say you lived ?  
yeah happily ever after  
Detective Neilsen : Now don't beat around the bush, I'm not sure I und  
erstand you fully.  
i married a prince  
Detective Neilsen : I'm not buying it!, Can you elaborate on that ?  
he was a frog  
Detective Neilsen : Now don't beat around the bush, Please go on.  
now hes a human  
Detective Neilsen : hmmm, What does that suggest to you ?  
i shouldnt take lsd  
Detective Neilsen : keep talkin', Do you say you shouldnt take lsd for  
some special reason ?  
boredom  
Detective Neilsen : hmmm, Do you feel strongly about discussing such t  
hings ?  
no i think we would get bored
```

Reading of Rights

(no i think we would get bored)

Detective Neilsen says : Die Die Die! *BANG* ... few, that was close, that pycho was about to snap.

OK

ok maybe you're innocent since y

20, 'bold',), height=3, width=25

ur not subconsciously up to anything

DESIGN/2.2/DreamPolice.py"

My final experimentation is built on the idea of recording the dream through a dialogue, again with a computer. It is composed through several technologies in order to provide agency for re-constructing a dream. It translates the dream less directly than the ideas of the machines in Inception and Paprika. It depends on the idea of the record which is created acting as a reminder, since it cannot truly visually reconstruct the dream, the images inserted into the collage are ones generic to the language heard by the machine.

It works using four parts, My NLP chatbot prompts the user into recounting the dream and providing contents. I have experimented with different ways of recognizing details in the inputted responses using NLP but I have only a basic input system working. But if working, my code finds nouns and significant phrases in the conversation it has with the user. Using these phrases, the code sends them to a Google web search API which returns generic images of the web. These are the first images at the top of the page when the phrase is searched in Google Images, I like this as these tend to be ultimately generic in terms to the language, the web has chosen these to represent the language and vice versa (lang rep img). These images are cut out using a content awareness tool part of OpenCV. This leaves a cut out with transparent background. This cut out is scaled to the background. These are all added to the same image in random places, creating what I'd call a Dada like collage dreamscape. The random placing is good because it creates a collage rather than tries to recreate a reality like scene.

This code does not reproduce the dream, it creates from what can be remembered from it.

The bot asks until you stop and the Collage is created.

```
llagedream/imagesearchandask.py"  
What was the setting of your dream? hell  
Were there people there? (y/n) y  
who? ditto  
And who else? pikachu  
Were you using a tool? (y/n) y  
What was it? gun  
What else was in your dream? no
```



The Functioning version

```
import PIL
from PIL import Image, ImageDraw, ImageFilter
from backgroundsubtractuse import subtractbackground
import random
import os

def collagemake(scape, counter):
    background = Image.open('C:/Users/Ainarikiaz/Documents/Year 2 BA DESIGN/2.2/collagedream/Images/background.jpg')
    character1_search = 'C:/Users/Ainarikiaz/Documents/Year 2 BA DESIGN/2.2/collagedream/Images/character1.jpg'
    character2_search = 'C:/Users/Ainarikiaz/Documents/Year 2 BA DESIGN/2.2/collagedream/Images/character2.jpg'
    thing1_search = 'C:/Users/Ainarikiaz/Documents/Year 2 BA DESIGN/2.2/collagedream/Images/thing1.jpg'

    character1_png = 'C:/Users/Ainarikiaz/Documents/Year 2 BA DESIGN/2.2/collagedream/Images/character1.png'
    character2_png = 'C:/Users/Ainarikiaz/Documents/Year 2 BA DESIGN/2.2/collagedream/Images/character2.png'
    thing1_png = 'C:/Users/Ainarikiaz/Documents/Year 2 BA DESIGN/2.2/collagedream/Images/thing1.png'

    subtractbackground(character1_search, character1_png)
    subtractbackground(character2_search, character2_png)
    subtractbackground(thing1_search, thing1_png)

    character1 = Image.open(character1_png)
    character2 = Image.open(character2_png)
    thing1 = Image.open(thing1_png)

    w, h = background.size
    new_height = int(h/3)

    w_im, h_im = character1.size
    new_width = int(new_height * w_im / h_im)
    character1_resize = character1.resize((new_width, new_height))

    w_im, h_im = character2.size
    new_width = int(new_height * w_im / h_im)
    character2_resize = character2.resize((new_width, new_height))

    w_im, h_im = thing1.size
    new_width = int(new_height * w_im / h_im)
    thing1_resize = thing1.resize((new_width, new_height))

    collage = background.copy()
    collage.paste(thing1_resize, (random.randint(0, w), random.randint(0, h)), mask=thing1_resize)
    collage.paste(character1_resize, (random.randint(0, w), random.randint(0, h)), mask=character1_resize)
    collage.paste(character2_resize, (random.randint(0, w), random.randint(0, h)), mask=character2_resize)

    pic_count = counter
    while pic_count != 0:
        dreamthing_search = Image.open('C:/Users/Ainarikiaz/Documents/Year 2 BA DESIGN/2.2/collagedream/Images/dreamthing' + str(pic_count) + '.jpg')
        dreamthing_png = 'C:/Users/Ainarikiaz/Documents/Year 2 BA DESIGN/2.2/collagedream/Images/dreamthing' + str(pic_count) + '.png'
        subtractbackground(dreamthing_search, dreamthing_png)
        dreamthing = Image.open(dreamthing_png)
        w_im, h_im = dreamthing.size
        new_width = int(new_height * w_im / h_im)
        dreamthing_resize = dreamthing.resize((new_width, new_height))
        collage.paste(dreamthing_resize, (random.randint(0, w), random.randint(0, h)))
        pic_count = pic_count - 1

os.chdir('C:/Users/Ainarikiaz/Documents/Year 2 BA DESIGN/2.2/collagedream/Images')
collage.save(scape + '-dreamscape.jpg', quality=95)
```

```
from google_images_search import GoogleImagesSearch
from imgoning import collagemake
import time
import os
import glob
```

```
gis = GoogleImagesSearch('AlzaSyAQIQkEqsF8CcjKHK0HUQu_zL3eUogs', 'b93a4d05151dc7d5b')
```

```
dream_setting = input("What was the setting of your dream? ")
whoask = input("Were there people there? (y/n) ")
if whoask == 'y':
    who1 = input("who? ")
    who2 = input("And who else? ")
toolask = input("Were you using a tool? (y/n) ")
if toolask == 'y':
    tool = input("What was it? ")
```

```
gis.search(search_params={'q': dream_setting, 'num': 1, 'fileType': 'png'}, path_to_dir='C:/Users/Ainarikiaz/Documents/Year 2 BA DESIGN/2.2/collagedream/Images', custom_image_name='background')
time.sleep(1)
if whoask == 'y':
    gis.search(search_params={'q': who1, 'num': 1, 'fileType': 'png'}, path_to_dir='C:/Users/Ainarikiaz/Documents/Year 2 BA DESIGN/2.2/collagedream/Images', custom_image_name='character1')
    time.sleep(1)
    gis.search(search_params={'q': who2, 'num': 1, 'fileType': 'png'}, path_to_dir='C:/Users/Ainarikiaz/Documents/Year 2 BA DESIGN/2.2/collagedream/Images', custom_image_name='character2')
    time.sleep(1)
if toolask == 'y':
    gis.search(search_params={'q': tool, 'num': 1, 'fileType': 'png'}, path_to_dir='C:/Users/Ainarikiaz/Documents/Year 2 BA DESIGN/2.2/collagedream/Images', custom_image_name='thing1')
    time.sleep(1)
```

```
n = ""
pic_count = 1
while n != 'y':
    dreamthing = input("What else was in your dream? ")
    filename = ("dreamthing" + str(pic_count))
    gis.search(search_params={'q': dreamthing, 'num': 1, 'fileType': 'png'}, path_to_dir='C:/Users/Ainarikiaz/Documents/Year 2 BA DESIGN/2.2/collagedream/Images', custom_image_name=filename)
    if pic_count == 10:
        break
    n = input("Is that everything? (y/n) ")
    if n == 'y':
        break
    pic_count = pic_count + 1
```

```
collagemake(dream_setting, pic_count)
```

```
#files = glob.glob('C:/Users/Ainarikiaz/Documents/Year 2 BA DESIGN/2.2/collagedream/Images/*')
#for f in files:
#    os.remove(f)
```

```
import cv2
import os
import numpy as np
```

```
def subtractbackground(search_img, without_back):
    os.chdir('C:/Users/Ainarikiaz/Documents/Year 2 BA DESIGN/2.2/collagedream/Images')
```

```
BLUR = 21
CANNY_THRESH_1 = 10
CANNY_THRESH_2 = 200
MASK_DILATE_ITER = 10
MASK_ERODE_ITER = 10
MASK_COLOR = (0,0,0,1,0)
```

```
img = cv2.imread(search_img)
gray = cv2.cvtColor(img, cv2.COLOR_BGR2GRAY)
```

```
edges = cv2.Canny(gray, CANNY_THRESH_1, CANNY_THRESH_2)
edges = cv2.dilate(edges, None)
edges = cv2.erode(edges, None)
```

```
contour_info = []
contours, _ = cv2.findContours(edges, cv2.RETR_LIST, cv2.CHAIN_APPROX_NONE)
for c in contours:
    contour_info.append((
        c,
        cv2.isContourConvex(c),
        cv2.contourArea(c),
    ))
contour_info = sorted(contour_info, key=lambda c: c[2], reverse=True)
max_contour = contour_info[0]
```

```
mask = np.zeros(edges.shape)
cv2.fillConvexPoly(mask, max_contour[0], (255))
```

```
mask = cv2.dilate(mask, None, iterations=MASK_DILATE_ITER)
mask = cv2.erode(mask, None, iterations=MASK_ERODE_ITER)
mask = cv2.GaussianBlur(mask, (BLUR, BLUR), 0)
mask_stack = np.dstack([mask]*3)
```

```
mask_stack = mask_stack.astype('float32') / 255.0
img = img.astype('float32') / 255.0
```

```
masked = (mask_stack * img) + ((1-mask_stack) * MASK_COLOR)
masked = (masked * 255).astype('uint8')
```

```
c_red, c_green, c_blue = cv2.split(img)
```

```
img_a = cv2.merge((c_red, c_green, c_blue, mask.astype('float32') / 255.0))
```

```
cv2.imwrite(without_back, img_a*255)
```