

Imaginary journals

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Une vague des rêves:  
A found dream journal



### Editorial note:

This journal was found tucked into the back of a second-hand book bought at a stall at the Jericho Street Fair in August 2002. Its dream author is unknown. A till receipt, for £1.95, which appears to have been used as a book mark, suggests the date of composition may have been 1975-6.

7 December

I was driving out of town on a motorway, not alone I think. We came to a steep mountain and the road went straight ahead or there was a turn to the left. The turn to the left had a sign saying

**VERY DANGEROUS**

although it looked as if it went round the mountain side rather than straight over it. But I of course went on straight and soon it became incredibly steep—far steeper than any car could really manage. The cars were still going up but only one way now. I put mine into first and I began to realise that it was impossible to stop—that if the car stopped or seized up I would just plunge back, thousands of feet—for the road was all steep now, more like a ski-track in fact. I carried on grimly, afraid and finally got to the top. At the top there was a platform, surrounded by ironwork, a bit like the top of the Eiffel tower. I stayed in the middle and didn't look out too much. To get down, everybody seemed to have abandoned their cars.

There was a revolving machine with ropes and a block of wood on each side that you held on to and which let you down like on a helter skelter. Except that as people grabbed the ropes, they broke. I was fairly sick with fear but inevitably clutched one and found myself going down OK, with the usual feeling of relief and thinking, well, now that's over. I realised as I got down that it was in fact only the monastery on the top of a rock-like hill outside Florence (which next day I realised was actually Athens). There had previously been a train but they had just made this road up. From the bottom I could only see green at the top—no sign of snow.



9 December

In car park, in car with K--, driving through a large castle-like building in order to pay to exit. Turns out to be a Colditz-style German prison castle, full of labyrinthine passages. Eventually we abandon the car in a grassy cul-de-sac and begin to walk. I stoop through dark, coaly passages, to find a room with men playing cards. Is this the way out? I ask, pointing to the cellar.

--Ye...s, they say, as if my question were rather an odd one. K. and I press on, she always walking behind me. It becomes more and more like the shafts of a hand-worked coal mine. I stumble through, having to put my hands on trickles of water on the ground. I'm afraid of the rats. She follows me. Eventually I get to a light on the roof—like a basement window set into the street. It's broken and I look through. I see the car, parked where we left it. K-- is fed up, asking why I'd taken such an obscure way out. I have no answer.



10 December

With K. again in a concert-hall room, probably the Festival Hall, sitting down on chairs before the performance. About two rows in front P-- is standing, she turns round and stares into my eyes. K-- knows who she is and I'm vaguely embarrassed since she looks a little strange and out of it. In fact, it is the girl C-- and I met at R--'s birthday dinner, who'd reminded me of P., and who still does so.



20 December

Hand-clapping game with boy in an empty street, maybe the High Street. A white, foreign police car stops and arrests us, and we get in the back. The policemen are foreign, on an exchange they tell us. The policemen get out. We sit in the back, not thinking of leaving. Eventually the foreign policeman comes back, and sits with us talking. He complains about social isolation, not getting any girls. Suddenly he lies across the front seat, and passes out.



Memories of two dreams, January

1

walking through backwood with group of friends. Suddenly one said 'The Race!' and we all began walking very fast, having quickly acclaimed the idea, and all knowing what to do. Soon we were in a prison or castle, of typical gothic type, rushing up stairs, across landings, through low-ceiling enclosed spaces—a general environmental obstacle race with a definite, prescribed course, known to all, and an envisaged end. Going down what seemed to be a cross between a chimney and a coal-shoot, though not dirty, simply tunnel-like and going downwards, I became stuck at the opening at the bottom, which went into a room, and woke up. On waking I realised that I knew this dream very well, had had it many times before, and knew in my dream that I knew it very well as the beginning of the race.

2

With K-- in a previous, now forgotten, episode. We came to a railway station, and in the platform sheds were arranged different compartments with wax-models of various people sitting in them. I walked up to one and saw Dylan Thomas sitting sideways—his real body, not wax, but he was dead. Suddenly he stood up and began walking towards me. I was scared, he began to come very close, but I thought very deliberately, it's only my imagination that's brought him to life. If I just stare at him he'll stop a few feet away. And he did, without saying a word.



21/22 January

Going to a wedding. Walked along passage our of a kitchen garden, with the Duke of Kent behind me making some facetious remark, me thinking some dismissive, don't care thought related to his work as an architect. Then having brunch in a restaurant with my father opposite me, Uncle E-- also at the table. We were going to a wedding. Whose? Not mine I think. That would be later, and his seat would be empty.

Earlier I had been with my father driving his old Humber car which he had kept and lent to uncle E-- while he was away. I remember considering whether he should not have rather lent it to me, although I already had a car, and then making complicated and detailed calculations about the petrol consumption and deciding I couldn't afford it anyway. But then neither could Uncle E.





25 January

Pulling out a whole cluster of cocktail sticks that had stuck in my throat.



February 3

In a room, unrecognisable, with a lot of people. J— comes in and stares at me without saying anything. Suddenly he moves away and begins to talk to P--. I watch them knowing what they are saying. They are talking of all the things I forgot to tell them. They know them all already after all it seems. A divided experience. No one, W—remarks mysteriously, really dreams any longer of the Blue Flower. He lingers there, waiting for me to take him on over the surreal. But the room is already too full of people who are languishing there like melting ice, and I refuse point blank.



19/20 February

There was a violent child murderer/rapist/attacker at large. I am staying in a house with many people there—no one I know from real life—but people with whom I am on good terms. They are in no way threatening. In the middle of the night, we are all scared. I get up from my old-fashioned bed that has a dip in it. Upstairs, a girl states that she was with her child on Blackheath, when she saw this woman talking to her child, and suddenly she realised that this was the maniac—a woman not a man. Feeling of added revulsion and fear: why did we automatically assume it had to be a man? Imperceptibly from being merely afraid because she is at large, we come to accept the fact that she is in the house, that by now she has gone to sleep in my bed.

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