



## WINTON

with tony greenway

**R**ecently, I've been having a recurring dream. Well, two recurring dreams, if you include the one where I'm stuck in a lift with Halle Berry. Actually, the Halle Berry one starts off pretty well, until I push the ground floor button, raise an eyebrow and enquire: "Going down?" whereupon she immediately turns into Dale Winton and shouts out: 'Okay jackpot-seekers: release those balls!'

It's about here that I wake up screaming. (What would Freud say? Sigmund, I mean. Not Clement.)

But the other dream - the one I have most often - is even more disturbing (if that's possible). In it, Handy Andy - he of Changing Rooms fame - has phoned in sick, so the producers ask me (Cack-Handed Tony) to step in, despite the fact that my tool-kit seems to consist of a pair of curling tongs and a Swiss Army knife. Things do not go as they should. Linda Barker asks me to rustle up an MDF mantelpiece, but I don't have a big enough drill-bit to finish the job (Freud would have a field day with that one). Laurence Llewellyn Bowen, meanwhile, instructs me to make a curtain pelmet; but I don't hear him properly and make a German helmet instead (which is absolutely useless when you are involved in any interiors makeover dream not specifically located in 1940s Nazi Germany). Then Diarmuid Gavin appears and asks me to move a shelving unit from a first floor apartment to a fifth floor apartment (God knows why: Diarmuid Gavin does gardens doesn't he?), but the lift gets stuck between floors and - wouldn't you know it? - bloody Dale Winton turns up *again*. The producers finally fire me when I help Carol Smillie re-upholster a sofa, but inadvertently end up stapling her hand to an antique lacquered table (an incident which, luckily, doesn't devalue the table - French, 17th Century, note these characteristic inlays - but does wipe the grin off her face). Carol is immediately

rushed to Holby City where Rolf Harris is giving an art masterclass while Trude Mostue stands in the corner sexing a tree frog. Then I wake up.

So what's all that about, then?

Well, you don't have to be a dream therapist to understand the Halle Berry thing: you just need to have seen *Monster's Ball* and the last Bond movie, and own a spectacularly vivid imagination and an unrealistic sense of wish fulfilment.

The Changing Rooms nightmare is pointing to my lack of expertise in the field of DIY. This is not news. For instance, the other day I decided to fix my 18-month-old daughter's height-measuring chart to the wall. An easy enough task, you might think - except, when we got her to stand next to it, we discovered that I had either positioned it all wrong or she has had a sudden growth spurt and is currently six foot eight. So if my subconscious self is trying to tell me that it thinks I'm crap at DIY, it's not the only one. So does my wife, my father-in-law, my immediate next door neighbour (sorry about the fence) and the joiner we employ to rectify all my mistakes.

Even so, just to make sure there wasn't a bit more to this dream analysis business, I decided to look on a dream therapy website; and, sure enough, I discovered that my 'chakra' needs retuning (as does my radio on a Saturday afternoon, when Dale Winton introduces Pick of the Pops Take 2). Also, if I read this website right, I think my brainwave harmonics are out of whack (I wondered what that humming was).

I'm not the only one, mind you. My friend Joe desperately needs to reposition his centre of energy. "I had a really awful nightmare last week," he admitted to me.



"I was sitting in a pub and everything was really hazy and blurry. I developed a raging thirst and kept downing everyone's drinks - even the wife's Vermouth. Then I couldn't find my arms; and when the landlord asked me to pay the bar tab, I couldn't get my wallet out. It just wouldn't come out of my pocket. I felt myself falling away, away, away. It was horrible."

"Hmmm," I said. "In this dream, were you sick in the cab on the way home, partly over my shoes?"

"That's right!" he said awestruck, as though I had some devilish access to the portal of his mind. "How do you know?"

Because I'm still trying to get the sodding things clean in my conscious life, that's how.

Anyway, I don't need a dream therapy website to tell me why I'm dreaming. I know why I'm dreaming: I'm watching too much TV.

At the moment I feel a bit like those college kids in the *Nightmare on Elm Street* films who are afraid to go to sleep lest some terrifying, razor-fingered demon leaps cackling from the shadows of their unconscious minds.

Pah. They had it easy. In my case, come my nightly entrance to the Land of Nod, I'm terrorised by the entire cast of the BBC's Light Entertainment department.

Pass the staple gun. ●