

## Some Ramblings on Dreams

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Bedtime can sometimes be kind of like our own, personal theater. When we go to sleep, we get a ticket to see a random film – it could be any type of film running the gamut from cutesy romance films to poignant dramas, from unnerving thrillers to traumatizing horror movies, and even whole overly abstract art-house productions. Sometimes you do not even get to see anything, or perhaps the film is so lackluster that you can only remember some bits, almost as if you had slept through it. It is almost as if a tiny director dwelled in our brains, and the films he releases almost every night of our lives are what we call our dreams. To this day, very little is known about the origin and the significance behind these strings of images, sounds and feelings that we produce in our slumber. Are they the result of our brains trying to release bottled-up emotions? Do they stem from some sort of creative impulse intrinsic to us all? Are they messages from a higher entity? Windows to a plethora of different universes, perhaps? Their intriguing nature is, without a doubt, one of those unfathomable conundrums of life that keeps me up at night, hence my dedicating the following paragraphs to rambling about dreams and the mystifying worlds therein.

I am of the belief that the sole reason for the existence of this prolific filmmaker that resides within us is to provide us with a diversion from the ennui that litters our daily lives. The man has literally no faith in us getting to kiss our crush (never mind other shenanigans I am unwilling to discuss in this essay), traveling around the world, flying high and living out (mis)adventures in reality, but because he is a nice chap, he offers us these emulations of life where we can do this and much more as some sort of consolation prize, out of pity. He pampers us by showing us scenes where we are the heroes of the day; visions that we want to cling to, hoping to never let go. Sometimes, he gets excessively experimental (and a tad overconfident) with his work – he starts throwing in whatever comes to his mind without rhyme or reason, and what started like a run-of-the-mill dream may wind up becoming an incohesive, incoherent, incomprehensible collage, akin to what one would expect from a very obscure cult classic, that will not net him any Academy Awards so much as make its viewers laugh derisively at his brainchild. (At least that was my reaction when somebody told me they had had a scarring dream where they skidded along a highway in a tractor while escaping a herd of naked bald men who could run at speeds nearing Mach 1.) Some other times, he gets a creative block, walks out and lets us take over as directors, allowing us to experience things that would otherwise be impossible to conceive in real life (that is, the joys of lucid dreaming).

Regardless of his many flaws, it cannot be denied that when he manages to harness his ambition and his best ideas, this little talent within us can produce pieces that could put names the likes of Kubrick and Spielberg to shame. Pieces that leave us spellbound, loath to go back to our worldly,

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\* 2º premio del Concurso Literario USAL en Lengua Inglesa – Categoría ensayo (2019).

magic-deprived lives. Pieces that make us dread the moment our alarm clocks go off to drag us to school, work, and other reservoirs of bleakness and woe. Pieces rife with real artistic value which some of us can (and will) use to our advantage. As stated before, I am slightly inclined to think that dreams may be some sort of “externalization” of our inner creativity. As such, it would be a pity if they were to go to waste, disregarded as mere images generated by our brains at random with little to no essence to them. Our wildest dreams may make the best stories, I believe, and it is wise to keep track of them even if we do not consider ourselves creative souls. Moreover, considering our inner film-making virtuoso's condition as a physically non-existent fictional character, the odds of us getting sued for plagiarism if we borrow his ideas are virtually nil (unless you somehow manage to dream up the exact same thing as someone else, mind you, in which case I regret to tell you that you might be the unluckiest person in the world). Perhaps all dreams are, in pieces of fiction waiting to be expanded upon by a bold dreamer.

And, as is the case of fiction, dreaming can be highly addictive. Dreaming allows us to live out magical adventures – sometimes scripted by our inner director, and some others consciously crafted by us ourselves... how could this not be addictive? We all want to go back to the realm of dreams when we are being presented with a pleasant vision that is cut off abruptly, for we ache to enjoy its conclusion (and the world seems to conspire to make sure that this happens all the time). However, it is when we start giving up on reality and craving these fictions that dreaming becomes dangerous. When all in life seems glum and hopeless, we may yield to the coziness of dreams, where nothing hurts and where everything goes our way, and where we can be the ones we desire to be. At times like these, it is dire that we find a way to “transport” our dreams into reality and try to make them come true, since eventually the dream will be over and we will be forced back to our own realm, blind to the aspects that make living worthwhile.

Dreams can be fun, exciting, mystifying... they're like works of fiction, subconsciously put together by ourselves where we are the main characters of our very own wacky escapades, made to help us deal with the monotony of our daily lives. Works of fiction where we are able to break all the rules that constrain us in the real world because, in the realm of dreams, so long as we can imagine it, we can have it – at least until that pesky alarm clock butts in, that is. Dreams, good or bad, may be the seed from which a breathtaking, never-seen-before story may sprout (so if I were you I would look out for those oneiric goldmines). All that aside, marvelous though dreams may be, it is important not to let ourselves get caught up too deeply in them – we must carry our antics to the real world and live out our adventures where they will stay with us forever – for dreams, marvelous though they may be, are transient, whereas real experiences are permanent.