About Dreams Which Confuse Fantasy and Reality

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A brain is not its thought.　When it claims that it is, it sounds like it is saying just that which it has contradicted.

I'd like to ask the person who said that all behavior is a command of the brain: how do you then explain that action and speech are different? Do you say that it is because the left brain's thoughts and the right brain's thoughts are different from each other? A brain doesn't understand itself. Just as sometimes I don’t understand myself.

Dreams are a good example. I break my neck on the nonsense of dreams every morning. However, even if I had a mysterious dream, it is forgotten beautifully after thirty minutes, and I return to the boring real world.

A bad dream is sometimes the reflection of stress and frustration. Or, it suffers from self-contradiction, so that a brain may ask a dream for a solution. A dream is a physical phenomenon of the brain.　Both emotion and pleasure are products of the brain, they can be reduced to their physical properties.

We can also trace the origin of politics and culture and religion to the brain. Ancient politics depended on the dreams the shamans had, and their interpretation of those dreams. Neuroses and hysteria originated in the interpretation of dreams, too. If a vision of the future is seen in the dream, it is taken to be God's divine message. Religion begins from the dream which the founder of the religion dreamed. The border between dream and reality used to be not important. In the industrial civilization we need that border just as a convenience for living. No matter how many troubles a person has, he or she is saved by the dream which he dreams.

Everybody holds troubles in their heart. Sometimes this is trauma, and then therapy is necessary: healing and psychoanalysis. If the trauma is left alone, it will cause hysteria and neurosis, and then become a deep wound on the wrist. The injured person must be able to interpret themselves so as to be analyzed by others. But the person who can give a clear definition to his worry needs neither psychoanalysis nor fortune-telling.

Characters in recent mystery or romance or fantasy literature drag out each and every trauma, and from this they spin their story. A story becomes the start from which out the damaged self can recover.

It seems that there are many injured people, who try to write a story for personal

healing. Because of this, it is said that the population that writes and that which reads are almost the same. In poetry, there are more writers than readers.

Popular novel writers still obsess over character, hunting for alter-egos. Politics is also based on this method. The process that lifted Bush to the Presidency was something like that of a character hunting for an alter-ego, too. In his mid-30s, he was lost in the dark forest halfway through his life, like Dante. He suffered from alcoholism, and from business that didn't go well. He asked God for rescue, was born again, and now believes he became the President by God's revelation, is carrying out God's justice, and does so by striking evil. In this way, Bush is like the hero of a fantasy novel. The people who voted for him now must subscribe to this fantasy.

More than fiction, good poetry is good medicine, which acts directly on the heart. The effect is even stronger if the poetry is accompanied by melody and pleasant rhythm. Since ancient times, an excellent poet was even considered to be a shaman, able to cure sickness. Pain cuts into the flesh more deeply than any medicine. In the same way, distress is deeper than any word, and it sticks in the heart. The medicine which is effective against the pain is hard to take, and the word which is effective in distress is difficult to understand.

But it is necessary for the person with deep worries to listen. Therefore, the person who expects to be injured deeply in the future should get accustomed to the word as a powerful drug before he too becomes lost in a dark forest.