

# Such Dreams Conquer the World

by Jim Gold

Papa Jones sat in wonder before the sun. Why was it shining so magnificently that morning? Not a cloud in sight. Perfect temperature. A slight breeze blowing. Zephyr of happiness, easy and gentle, helping to create such a beautiful day.

He sat on his porch in awe.

Then he saw his neighbor, Duane Dualism, crossing the street to visit him.

“Good morning, Mr. Jones,” said Duane, tipping his black- and-white hat. “I see by the smile on your face and the shine in your eyes that you’re feeling wonderful.”

Dualism pulled on his suspender, and snapped it. “What’s the matter?”

Jones stiffened in defense. “Nothing’s the matter, you fool,” he answered. “Everything is fine.”

“That’s what you’d like to think,” Duane countered, “but as you know from your lessons in Greek polytheistic philosophy, something is always wrong.”

“I only read monotheistic books,” Jones declared. “Besides, Plato only wrote about the idea of being wrong, not its actuality. What would be the matter, anyhow?”

“It’s a beautiful day, that’s what’s the matter.”

“You’re crazy. What’s wrong with a beautiful day?”

“It makes you forget your purpose,” Duane explained. “You must always move toward a magnificent goal. Otherwise you get depressed.”

Jones blinked. “. . .How do you know that about me?”

“I observe you every day from my house across the street. My windows give me a good view and perspective. When people face you directly, they can often see you better than you can see yourself.”

“You mean you watch my moods from a distance?”

“Yes. From the first floor, I get a realistic view. And from the second floor, I can peer into your brain--your moods, your thoughts, even your dreams.”

“I didn’t know that. Do you see dualism in my mind again? Maybe you came for another reason. Is it time for our session?”

Dualism nodded.

Jones rose from his chair and lay down on the porch.

His neighbor stood over him and waved his magic finger. “Let the therapy begin.”

A hypnotic cloak slowly descended upon Jones. Soon, with Duane hovering over him and ready to listen, he entered the deep recesses of his mind.

At first only grunts emerged first from his mouth. Then, actual words began to form, followed by complete sentences.

“Realistic goals are fine,” he muttered, “but I also need unrealistic, unattainable goals. I want to glow, move, nay speed toward the shining light. Though such lightning travels may fill me with dread, they absorb my mind, and, in a strange way, make me happy.”

Duane smiled, and stroked the semicircular canal in Jones’ left ear. “Go on,” he purred.

“Although periods of rest and ecstasy are part of my trip, these ephemeral blips are only moments. When new struggles emerge, my dual nature—revolutionary and accepting, resistant and happy, negative and positive—will help me conquer them.”

Duane smiled in satisfaction. His teeth shone in the sun. “Dream on, my friend,” he said. “Such dreams conquer the world.”

from Carlos the Cloud

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