

# Our Dreams Are Such Stuff As We Are Made On

by Theodore Dalrymple (September 2015)

The other night—actually, early in the morning—I had a strange and disturbing dream. Normally I do not attach much importance to the symbolism of my own dreams, which are often banal and indicative of a most elementary or basic need, such as that to relieve myself. But this dream was very odd; as usual, it woke me before its denouement, but unusually I was able to remember it, or a good part of it. [more>>>](#)