

It all began by accident. The swimming pool was empty on that morning. For some reason not even the lane ropes that separated the swimmers from each other were there. Standing on the edge of the end wall of lane 5, I was preparing to dive in. Nothing was moving, except the clouds reflected in the inertia of the water. When I hit the water my body felt as though it were a stone breaking a mirror and the world splintered into a thousand slivers.

The idea of making this book or the experiences contained in this book was the fruit of an athletic activity whose primary purpose was to bring about a little more fortitude to a body somewhat enfeebled by age. When I registered for the morning swimming class I could not have imagined that what began merely as an attempt to transform the remnants of tobacco into mucus, to fortify my lungs, and to strengthen my muscles, would become the ticket to a much vaster world: to swim was also to remember my dreams.

Contact with the water so early in the morning, my mind still empty, the synchronicity of arm strokes and my body gliding, the measured breathing, produced a certain detachment from my more immediate reality. The more independent (reflexive) my movements, the freer my thoughts and the more unpredictable the associations between them. The water was apparently acting as a soothing element of the sometimes traumatic shocks with the strange and unknown. A succession of thoughts and association of images were so chaotic they could only be justified by the brief inference or confirmation that they were what I had dreamed the night before.

Redreaming a dream recently dreamed. Replaying a dream amidst the white tiles in a box full of water. The filling-me-up and the emptying-me-out, surrounded by the voluptuousness of bubbles that flow out of my mouth like souls and words. Bubbles are like convex mirrors that dilate outer space, forming images. Bubbles are like the pupils.

In the water my eyes were closed and a profusion of bubbles flowed out of me. Between the sky and the tiles my body filled with memories of recent dreams, a chaotic rendering of images and sounds visiting me for a second time. Between one stroke and another, I tried to express through my submerged mouth the memory of a dream fragment--a single word, a sigh, an image in the form of a sentence. Telling dreams underwater, catching them inside bubbles. Feeling sound as matter and time. The dream time trapped in the reality of the bubble. The past, present, and future - compressed into the space of a simple moment - were ready to explode. I opened my eyes to see time explode.