

Nursing Student Dream Diary

Volume 1

March through May, 1976

Vincent T. Migliore

Blossom Hill Books

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Author: Vincent T. Migliore

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These changes were motivated by the idea that such extensive dream records may have value for academic researchers, such as by psychology students, teachers, and professionals.

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The History of the Journal

This journal was written when I was 32 years old, attending nursing school. It was a stressful period following a difficult divorce. This precipitated a mid-life crisis, resulting in a re-evaluation of my life purpose.

Before this breakup, I was a psychology major in college and had an abiding interest in dreams. Amid the chaos of the divorce, I turned inward and started a dream journal. The hope was that an understanding of the subconscious mind might provide clues to dealing with the emotional turmoil generated by the divorce. Adding commentary, the papers became a mixture of a dream journal and personal diary.

One decision that grew out of the strife of breaking up the marriage was that I wanted to start a career where I could help other people directly. One where I could receive real-time feedback for the service I was providing. My first choice was to become an X-ray technician. In researching the matter, I repeatedly received advice to become a nurse.

“Once you have that license, you can go into any specialty that you like.”

A nursing degree, however, requires four years of study, if you live in California. I would not be able, financially, to support the children, go to school, and pay the rent for so long. Another opportunity presented itself. In brief, I was able to enter a 2-year Licensed Vocational Nurse program and, with experience from my psychology classes, was able to challenge much of the course work of the first year. This allowed me to get the LVN nursing degree in 18 months.

An LVN nurse is called a Practical Nurse in some states, or for males, an Orderly in other settings. The LVN does not have the same responsibilities, nor privileges of a Registered Nurse, an RN. An RN can start IVs and create patient Care Plans, for example, while the LVN cannot. Still, the degree would provide the goal of being able to help people directly. After certain milestones in the LVN program, the student can qualify for a Nursing Assistant license, which allows one to work in a hospital during non-school hours.

This is where the dream diary begins. I was working as a Nursing Assistant at Stanford

University Hospital in Palo Alto, California while finishing up the LVN classes.

The journal consists of several hundred pages of mostly type-written text and a few pages of handwritten notes. These were stored in the attic for a few decades, and later transcribed to make them more readable. No editorial changes were made. This was to retain the flavor and stark honesty of the original narrative. The language can be crude and even X-rated, but to alter it would diminish the impact of the experiences as recorded. I did, however delete the last names of other individuals involved so as to guard their privacy.

One final note: My ex-wife was named Judy. I also dated another person named Judy after the divorce was in progress. The reader should be able to tell which is which from the text.

* * *

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March 1976

March 14

Today, obviously, I start typing my dreams. I decided to apply again to the LVN program at West Valley College. This will keep my chances alive, and give me at least until August to decide if nursing is my career. Meanwhile I feel it's best to take related courses, especially anatomy and physiology.

Dream:

I was in a train that wasn't moving, and I was a nurse or some kind of medical worker. With others, I was on my knees to do the work, at a square hole in the floor of the crowded boxcar that we were working in. It seems the lowest the patients were allowed to go was the floor of the boxcar, but I, as a medical worker was permitted to reach into the hole and work with my hands as low as the level of the timbers in the rail bed. I could not, though, go below the top of the ground, such as into any holes between the timbers, because if the train moved suddenly, I could lose a hand.

Other fragments, but vague. Feeling this morning as I got up that I should definitely take Anatomy and Physiology.

Bowling tonight with Judy.

This dream probably refers to the "deeper" level I'm permitted to work at because of my understanding of the workings of illness and disease, such as psychosomatic illnesses. This also emphasizes the positive, healing side of the problem. Don't go too deep, like playing God or you could get hurt, "handling" of it could be hurt. This would seem to encourage continuing in nursing.

March 16, Tuesday

Things still looking good at work, socially. Last evening went to a Gripe Session party at Linda S.'s house, and it was really good, especially for me to air my opinions on psychosomatic medicine. Some good points brought up in response to me were:

1) The adjustment the individual is in took a long time to develop, and a short hospital stay is not the way to solving it.

2) It is almost impossible, and some times inadvisable, for us to intervene, except when the family or individual exhibits behavior that is directly contrary to good nursing care. The best point by Dr, R., the psychiatrist, was that my observations were true, but that is really a job for preventative medicine and mental health.

Dream:

I'm on a beach watching as an attractive woman in a horizontally striped bathing suit is partially disrobing, and finally runs into the surf topless. Meanwhile there are two good looking, muscular young men talking about the girl, and the girl is just as eager as they to engage in sex with them, but one fellow begins talking abusively of the girl, saying "You've got to keep the bitch in her place".

The girl has come in, though, and overhears this remark and is shocked and hurt.

I also notice that the beach is polluted with black tarry stuff, and I see a horse coming out of the water. Looking down I see dung on the beach, this was before the girl ran into the surf.

Now the viewer recedes as if in a panorama shot in a movie overlooking this beach, with a car driving on a road behind the beach. As I see this scene some letters appear in the upper left corner, like movie credits, with just the letters "OMUUB" or possibly "OSUUB" and the scene changes into a hospital setting, with heart monitors. A narrator begins telling about the poor monitor nurse or clerk who gets abused by the staff every time a monitor light comes on. The light signifies some one has come off the monitor, which makes the staff (here two male nurses) very angry and they punch this clerk around a little bit every time this happens.

Comments:

The first part is obviously aimed at averting damaging remarks about girls, which hurt them. OOB means out of bed, with OM probably meaning old Man, for old man out of bed, which refers to my annoyance over constantly getting old man Kaplan on out of bed every 5 minutes. This

was my gripe at the meeting last night too, over people who want to be sick.

Pollution of the beach is corruption of spirit, horse coming out of the water is symbolic but not sure of what, probably referring to balance in the sex life. Refers classically to the 7 glandular centers.

March 18, Thursday

Can't recall. Just two flashes of Joanne K., the sexy looking nurse at work, and something about the margins on the typewriter.

Saw Sue this morning, or Wednesday morning. Reading Edgar Cayce's *Story of Jesus and the Church*, which I find very interesting. One point indicates suffering and disillusionment lead to the realization of self's will being the same as the Fathers' will.

Yesterday at work I gave Mr. Kaplan a shave and really felt good about it. It makes me wonder why I hate to serve him at his bidding, but like to serve him when it comes from me. I don't like to be manipulated, even if he needs the attention. This is the patient who I felt wants to be sick.

This morning I went to breakfast with Linda and Mary Ann from work. Looks like a developing thing with Linda.

Dreams:

I. I'm inside a huge cage like a lions cage at the circus. Inside is a group or a class of students learning how to do tricks with the lions. This day we have to learn to put our heads into the lions mouths. I look around me and Anita, possibly Danny too, is taking the lesson with me, and I feel there is no way I'm going to let that lion put its teeth around my head.

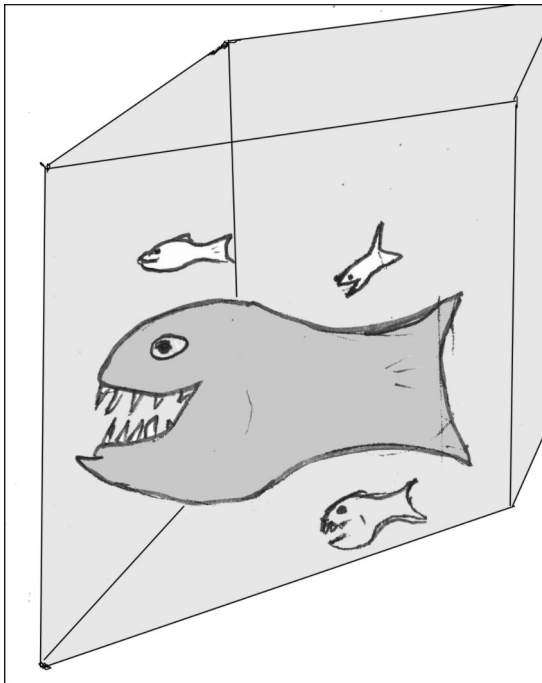
Now the lion's teeth become like a small cage themselves, with this smaller rounded cage beginning to descend on my head (something like a round bird cage). Now Judy is there and she calls to or shouts at the lions and they get up and start to walk away, but walk right into Anita, knocking her down. The lion is really gentle, but he unwittingly sits down half on top of Anita. Anita is yelling and slightly distressed, but not hurt.

II. I'm in the solarium at work and it looks big and bright, with a huge glass wall letting the sun in. I'm sitting on a bench and I notice there are two fish tanks in the solarium. As I look at one tank I see it contains one specie of rather mean looking black fish. One of these is much larger than the rest,

being about four feet long and two feet in diameter about the head. **Figure 1.**

Now this bigger fish swims out of the tank to the top of the solarium window, and I realize the whole glass wall is one enormous tank, and what I thought was the tank was actually the feeding compartment for the fish. Well, this huge fish swims up to the top of the window, as if for air, then comes back down and rejoins the other fish in eating some food. It's then I notice this fish has long narrow teeth that are growing at slightly different angles, like loose teeth, giving them a jagged-rock appearance.

Figure 1. Tank with small and large fish.



As I'm observing all this Barbara N. walks in next to the bench on which I'm sitting. I tell her I'm finished work and I just wanted to relax for a minute. She responds but I don't get what she says. Anyway, we both continue to observe the fish as they seem to change in form to little furry creatures, like hamsters or something, very cuddly. As I come closer one comes very close to me as I pet it. I'm puzzled at the change and how these creatures can have fur in the water and still stay dry. I notice too that one or two are hanging upside down like possums, adding to my awe and interest.

Now I have an apple and I'm thinking of feeding it to one of these little pets. But then I find myself walking on a new sidewalk, sections of which are still under construction, A few sections between squares still have holes and boards to pour the concrete into, and some of these have pipes running through, waiting to be covered by the next pouring of cement.

As I walk over one of the crosswise gutters I see one has just been filled in with new yellowish-white concrete, and just as I step over it I feel something flip in my hand as if a tiny piece of metal moved as I stepped over this hidden pipe. Then I found myself with a little magnet, using it as a sort of miniature metal detector to confirm by a type of "divining" that below this yellow cement the pipes did indeed run. It worked accurately, and

I could confirm this by observing the pipes coming out the sides of the sidewalk on its unfinished borders.

Now I'm back at the nursing station eating a second apple. I see it has a big brown cone shaped object inside the apple and as I eat around it I'm wondering what the hell it is. **Figure 2.** My suspicions are confirmed as I see a little hole near the apex of this little cocoon, and out of it crawls a little worm with tiny legs like a centipede's. I take the apple to one of the large square waste baskets and shake the worm out, then I shake the garbage to see this worm fall to the bottom of the basket.

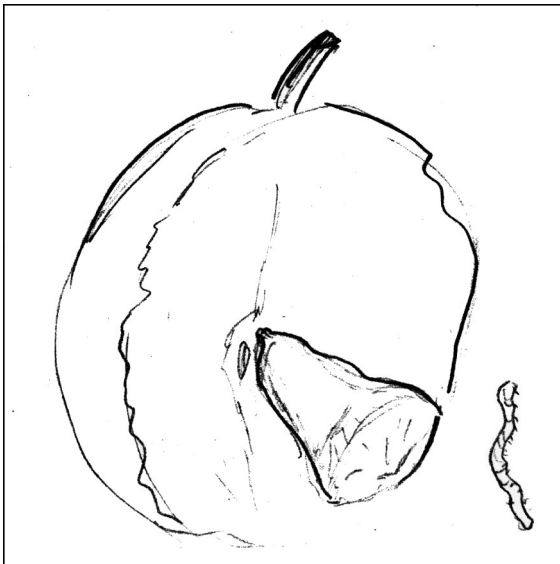


Figure 2. Bad apple: A half eaten apple with a bell-shaped cocoon inside and a worm with tiny legs.

Now I look over the counter into the Intensive Care Unit as a patient is having a respiratory arrest. The nurses are gathering around, a little restless as the doctor that is there is not doing anything, just letting the patient lie there on the floor as respirations have stopped and the heart rate is dropping dangerously. One or two nurses are even yelling at the doctor, and I hear now his name is Dr. Kennedy, and he's a scholarly looking black man. Finally, he picks the small female patient up by the neck to observe this rather pathetic looking glassy-eyed specimen. Then a nurse and a patient are in the same bed and they pull this now recovering woman into bed with them almost to protect her from the heartless physician.

* * *

Lions are potentially ferocious nature unintentionally hindering the kids, even when calm.

Huge fish is great spiritual growth, but ugly looks represent big mouth, sharp words (probably for patients), and lack of proportion.

Apples may refer to overeating of this fruit, of its juice. Slimy fish into warm, cuddly pets means I should be that way more often to others.

I am the primitive doctor that needs to show more compassion.

March 19, 1976

Dream:

Fragment of viewing a bunch of big Idaho potatoes. I'm standing on the side of a country road looking across the road at a house I feel is ours. The grass around this house is fairly tall and thick, giving the area a back-country appearance. The place belongs to me and my brothers who are there goofing around a little. They start running across the road towards the house as if in a race, but I stop as soon as I'm on the other side of the road and lay down on the soft sandy shoulder of the road as the others continue on into the tall grass.

A big truck comes down the road and passes me, raising a little dust. Then a small blue car comes up the road and wants to turn in where I'm lying. It seems we share a driveway with this other older house in which live some young men. While driving in these other young men see my brothers fooling around acrobatically and ask for assistance in lifting one of their numbers into an open window or something of their house, as they had locked themselves out. At his request John comes running toward the house carrying one guy in his outstretched arms as if he weighed nothing, while

I'm shouting half in jest "Yippie! We're going to have a party."

A fragment of being in the nursing station and seeing a bunch of greenish tomatoes in a box or on the floor of the head nurse's office. I try to pick out one without too much green on it. Thinking I like and should eat more acidic fruits and vegetables.

March 20

Dream:

I. I'm going on a trip to New York with Judy, ex-wife, and when I get there I realize I didn't bring my white uniform. In fact I hadn't packed or brought anything at all. We're in a library or classroom with a desk at the front and Judy is asking the lady seated there for permission to take some girl out of class early. But, the woman seems reluctant to release the child. She makes a few phone calls and can't seem to find the parents, but just then the father comes to confirm our story and pick up his daughter. I see him approaching by looking through a tall glass enclosure in the wall next to the door. His name is Hank and his wife is Carole and as he sees me we give each other a familiar wave.

II. Vague idea of "Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore." As I'm thinking this I see this woman

going on a trip, and she's being chased by the police, with several narrow escapes. At times the woman seemed to have no clothes on, at least from the waist down. There was, however, nothing sexual about it.

III. I find myself in a big wooden floored room like a gym or roller skating rink or something, only we're playing what I feel is rugby, though it's indoors. At opposite ends of this room, like goals, are two small archways or smaller rooms, each itself divided in two and containing a wooded bar, similar to an armrest which the players use to steady themselves at the end of each run, or to push themselves back into play. It all looks very familiar. I also have the feeling we're down in Brazil.

Now, I'm back in the library as Hank is filling out some papers. I glance out the tall window and see a beautiful large tree just outside the building. There are several words in the tree but I can't see it clearly enough to read the message.

March 21

Today I went to the Unitarian Church in Palo Alto. They're having a singles dance this Friday. Yesterday I took the kids up to Mt. Hamilton, then to the movies. Judy took a good seminar at the Living Love Center, and their program seems

excellent. I've just enrolled for a four day seminar on Mind as Healer.

Dreams:

I. Someone had stolen and was running away with a little white plastic phallic symbol. It was a man and I thought the thing was some kind of vibrator, but it turned out to be the container for the stick deodorant that I use, Old Spice.

II. Fragment of thinking I'd found the church I've been looking for.

III. I look up and see many people or soldiers parachuting out of air planes. I'm in a clean and quiet but old residential section of houses, with no trees and only a few people on the streets. As the parachutes land I realize these are actually soldiers come to take over our country. Another resident and I decide to try and prevent the takeover, and we start running along with this one big fellow who is an invader. Running down the street there are several apples rolling along with the traffic of people; too many apples, and I have the idea of stuffing these apples in the big guys face.

Next I find this fellow lying on the pavement in a propped up position. Not sure but I think my buddy had stabbed the invader, who now has a long oozing abdominal wound. Not sure of what is

next. I find myself seated on the ground next to this injured fellow and my buddy is urging me to stab him too, but I reply that we (the invader and me) have an "agreement", that if he doesn't try anything I won't harm him. But even as I say this the big fellow begins WRESTLING with me and I realize I can't afford to let him win. I finally break his grip on my wrist and feel now its my obligation to cut him some more. Besides, my buddy is telling me to cut him still. So I take the serrated knife and inflict two or three superficial slicing type cuts into the arm and chest of this bare chested invader. The wounds don't seem to bleed though.

* * *

Wrestling with self, problems

Cutting ---- Self sacrifice?

Apples have appeared a lot lately. Perhaps dietary advice: An apple a day keeps the doctor away.

March 22

Can't Recall

I've been reading *Alive* by Read, the true story of survivors of an air crash in the Andes. Been reading it non-stop and didn't get much sleep.

March 23

Insulted and hurt by Candy C. today as she doesn't like my sense of humor. Also felt I was considered incompetent by Maggie, plenty of food for reevaluation of myself.

Several dreams, but I can only recall one:
I'm looking over the shoulder of Maggie as she's seated at the heart monitors. In her hands is a red felt-tip pen that has started to leak causing quite a mess. Maggie gets up and goes to the sink, and returns with clean but still wet hands. Then I see she's fixing the pen, the point of it had come out, and she was replacing it, while the water on her hands somehow prevented the ink from coloring her fingers.

Comments:

Maggie is the monitor or conscience of self, "pointing out" fault in self, red passions, while in fact her "hands are clean."

Sue called today making some kind of weird offer,
I think where she wants to pay my rent for a
private apartment in return for my "favours."
(Crazy!)

March 24, Wednesday

Finished reading "Alive" today, about the Andes
survivors, an incredible experience.

Several dreams in fragments:

I. I'm in the hall at work on E2A and Joan H. is
there and I'm wondering if I should ask her for the
date I have to go bowling on Sunday. I see her
walking in the hall and she seems very happy. As
I'm standing there waiting to ask Joan for the date I
look down and see a hole in the top part of the toe
of my shoe. From out of this hole is coming small
gobs of cotton.

I never get to ask her as she turns and goes down
the hall with a nice looking guy, possibly Will, and
she's all bundled up against the cold. I get the
feeling she's going for a ride on the back of a
motorcycle with this fellow.

II. I'm driving in my car to a familiar complex of
buildings, and as I look for a parking space I can't
decide which of two buildings I should go into to
eat. I take a course for the one nearest the corner,
but when I get inside I see the place is being all

torn down or renovated inside and the food counter is no longer there, but I see Doug, Candy and a doctor standing near the rear and Doug indicates that we can still get an egg sandwich or something simple there in the rear.

Now I'm concerned about getting back to the hospital on time and its a long distance, but I see a bunch of kids riding their bikes on a plaza between me and the hospital, and I'm thinking of offering one of them a dollar or two to give me a ride on their bike to the hospital. Somehow though they all seem to go away and I start running to the hospital myself. I have on my yellow shirt, and as I'm getting all sweaty I'm thinking when I get there I can take off my sweaty undershirt and still not smell too bad.

Now I go into a classroom, and as the class is not yet in session there are a group of students talking among themselves, and someone tells me they are High School students studying Pre-Med. Then something obscure about a girl there and the thought was "kiss and make up," which seemed very agreeable to me as the young lady was very good looking.

Again in the hospital I hear someone is looking for me and Danny. It seems we were missed by someone.

III. I'm trying to call Sue several times from different phones, but I'm frustrated each time. First the phone doesn't work, and then the push numbers are all mixed up, then some of the buttons are covered by a plastic shield, preventing me from dialing properly. Finally I get the whole number dialed, but the operator comes on and says the lines will be busy until 2:15 PM, and it's now 1:30.

IV. I'm in an apartment with brother Joe. I have a sweater lying on a chair, and in the sweater are a bunch of sweets. Also in the kitchen I've just finished making a butter and jelly sandwich. As Joe sees me walking by I ask him if he wants some of the sweets. Then I offer him some of the sandwich. Then I say have one or the other, or give me a bite of both and take the rest, or give me a bite of just one and take the rest. Finally I say take it all if you like, I don't care.

* * *

I. Reflects feelings of inferiority about asking Joan for the date to the bowling league this Sunday.
III. Frustration or blockage in trying to talk to Sue.

March 25

Dream:

A company had to move and I recommended a place on Marsh Rd. since it is a developing area and the real estate will be worth a lot more in the near future. We find a 4 story walk up building and four rather dumb or senile businessmen are examining this dark gray structure. They walk up and are exhausted by the climb, and the leader drops his briefcase down the stairwell just as they're about to reach the top landing. They don't seem to mind going down again to fetch it.

The big leader of this group begins to speculate just where the briefcase, or attache case has landed and he concludes it's suspended in the air several inches above a drain at the base of the stairwell. I cannot be sure if he's correct or not. It might be just over a toilet bowl.

Anyway, two of the four come downstairs but exit at the 2nd floor stoop instead of going all the way to the ground floor. But I'm on the ground floor and I'm sorting through a bunch of mail as I hear a grandmother and grand-daughter talking inside an apartment that's near me. Thinking I want to sort all the mail before this old lady comes out and sees me, but then I think if she has a granddaughter she must have a daughter about my age, too. Most of

the mail is for Wilson, including two *Readers Digest* type magazines. Then I want to clean up my old clothes and underwear before this lady sees me. Danny and Anita I see now are in the room with me.

March 26

Can't recall any dreams after 4 hours sleep, though I woke up refreshed.

Off work last night, and I had a full but short night. Went to tennis class and made some tentative new tennis friends, Roger and Sue. After class I went to a different part of the campus to meet my old yoga friend, Jan. We started talking about psychosomatic medicine, and she introduced me to a friend of hers who is into the same trip. So we had a long talk and I was very excited, and began thinking I have the resources and the desire to write a magazine article on the subject. In fact, this morning, when I pick up my paycheck, I plan to stop in at the medical library at Stanford and later if I have time go to the Mountain View Library. After School I went to the movies to see *King of Hearts* and *Quackster Fortune has a Cousin in the Bronx*.

I'm thinking today that dream #V of March 1, 1976 is actually coming true slowly these days as I gradually come to the realization that maybe it would be best if the hospital were torn down and replaced by some kind of psychotherapy.

Today I went to the medical library at Stanford and spent 3 hours confirming my beliefs about psychosomatic medicine. In fact, I was surprised at the extent of it, including things like cancer, time of death and illness, etc. I would still like to research further to see if any of this knowledge is circulated in the nursing journals, though I doubt it. I'm very encouraged to go ahead and try to write something myself from the nursing angle of it. I've got lots of encouragement from other medical workers, nurses and especially Judy W.

All this stuff being true I've yet to determine the proper role of the nurse, and of myself. I'm beginning to think its all a game. Maybe all of life is just a game, but it still has to be played. I wonder what God has in store for me now, now that I see through it all. Exciting to think about.

I had the kids over tonight. We went to miniature golf, then out to Ken's Pancake House. Been trying to get a date for bowling substitute for Judy on Sunday. Called Linda S. but she can't make it. Marilyn C. is next.

March 27, Saturday

Dreams:

I. I was standing on a curb with my brothers and there was a parade in progress and the street was very crowded and noisy from the parade. We were about to join the march on this big dark fortress, and we were thinking of joining the early part of the parade so as to be one of the first into this fortress. But I realized that the parade was actually a battle march against this walled structure, and the first ones in were the most likely to get killed, so we avoided joining the parade.

II. I'm in an apartment with Mom and Dad, and I've got the stomach cramps of diarrhea. Mom and Dad are constantly talking to me as I enter a bathroom with a glass window in it. Another bathroom a little down the hall also has a window in it too, but larger, and I pick the one that affords me the most privacy. Even as it is, I'm thinking of putting one of my orange towels over the glass for added privacy. I also notice as I walk into the room that the back of the bathroom has a locked door leading into another apartment, and I can see there's a young mother doing some domestic task, like ironing. **Figure 3.**

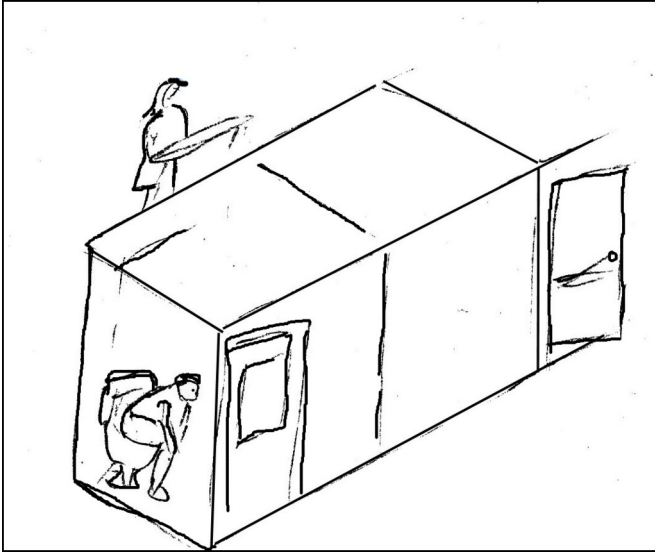


Figure 3. Bathroom toilet next to another apartment.

I immediately feel like a Peeking-Tom, and I don't want her to see me watching her but she does. Anyway, I sit down on the bowl, and Mom is still talking to me, and I'm still sick from the diarrhea, and I feel like telling Mom to shut up!

Now I get off the bowl and looking inside I see a creepy brown lizard-like creature with rounded appendages for a tail, arms legs and a rounded but roughly triangular shaped head. **Figure 4.**

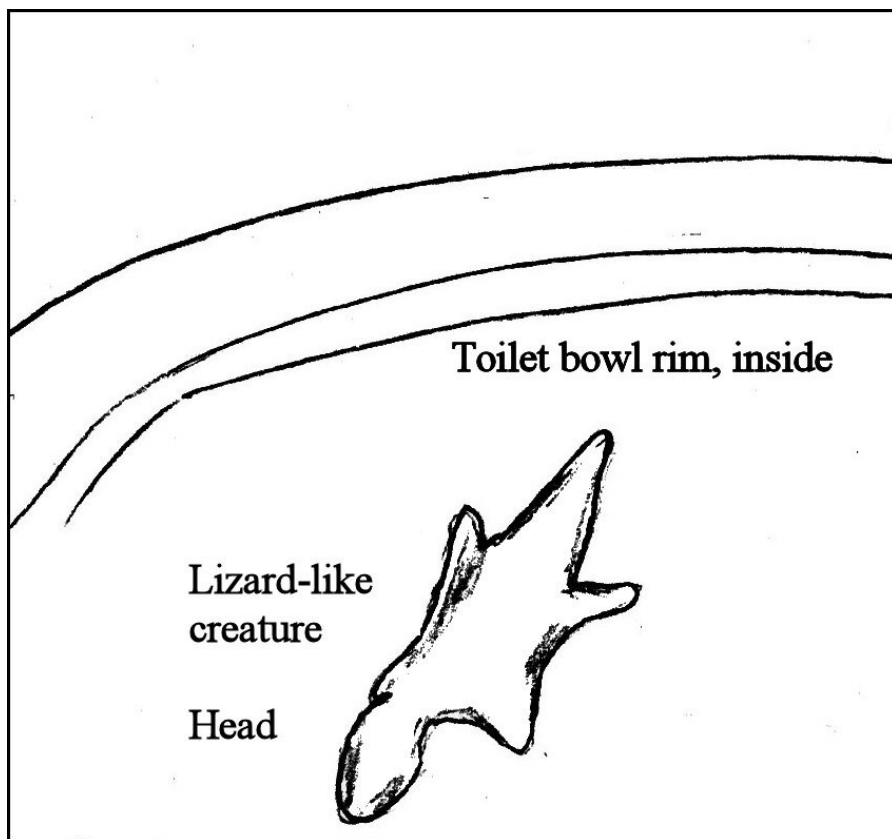


Figure 4. A lizard like creature in the toilet bowl.

It has no eyes but as I move its head follows me as if watching. I immediately want to crush or kill it, but it moves very fast. Now it's on the yellow blanket of my bed, and looking around I see an old pair of tan, soft slippers, and picking one up I swat the thing and kill it, or at least it's gone.

Vague area, but next I'm concerned over two large trilobite type creatures, like big bugs, maybe huge 10-inch pill bugs. I wrap them up in a piece of carpet or a blanket, and with brother Richie helping we carry it out to the sunlight next to a fence in the yard. **Figure 5.** Only Richie is a little careless and allows his hand to get stuck in the clam-like opening on one of the creatures, though he's not hurt or concerned. Then I run back to the house and get a little axe or hand hatchet and begin to hack at and kill these ugly bugs. With one stroke I almost hit brother John in the head and I tell him to watch out. As I'm hacking then I purposely unfocus my eyes so I don't have to gaze upon the ugliness of these things.

Comments:

This probably refers to “fighting a bug” so to speak.

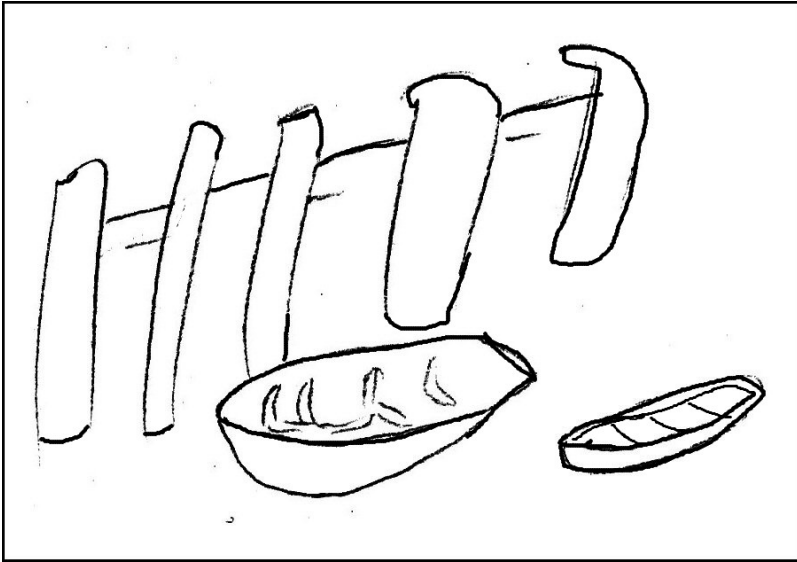


Figure 5. Big trilobite type bugs turned on their backs by a fence.

Later in the day I took a nap before work and had the following dream.

III. I'm camping in a very heavy forest, in a tent with several others, but immediately in front of the tent is a dirt road with traffic on it. There's talk of the Sasquatch being in the area and we are a bit frightened and want to get out of there rather quickly, so we all board a bus that stops right in front of our tent. Once on the bus we're still a little worried wondering if the Bigfoot would have any

trouble piercing the armor of the vehicle. Even as we worry the monster comes out from the woods and starts climbing into the bus window, but just as quickly my fears begin to diminish as I see the "monster" is no more than a little black haired monkey. He's still a smart, more humanoid, specimen though and a scientist on the back of the bus begins to train this beast.

IV. I'm at a race track watching as a lone white car is in some kind of race around the track. I see it's driven by several sort of wild youths. As the car goes by me I see one blond haired fellow leaning out the window to help direct the car, as the windows are quite gray, almost black. I'm standing on the side of the arena, near a fence, with Danny watching the race against time. **Figure 6.**

Danny now begins to walk towards the track and I'm concerned for his safety. Meanwhile the one car becomes two and they continue to race around the track. I go to retrieve Danny, but he's safe anyway as the two cars come to a halt for some kind of repairs. I see brother Richie is one of the mechanics, and he's emptying the gas tank of one car through a hose into a bathtub next to the track. I'm wondering if there's a fire danger.

Just then the girls, the wives, call everyone to lunch, but the drivers and mechanics, going by the rules cannot use anything outside of their own stuff so they stay there working. I go over to the girl's table, and see all kinds of food but particularly an oily Italian salad and bread. Next, for some reason I leave the cleared arena area and going up a slight hill I enter a path that's a sort of foot-race track through a dense jungle.

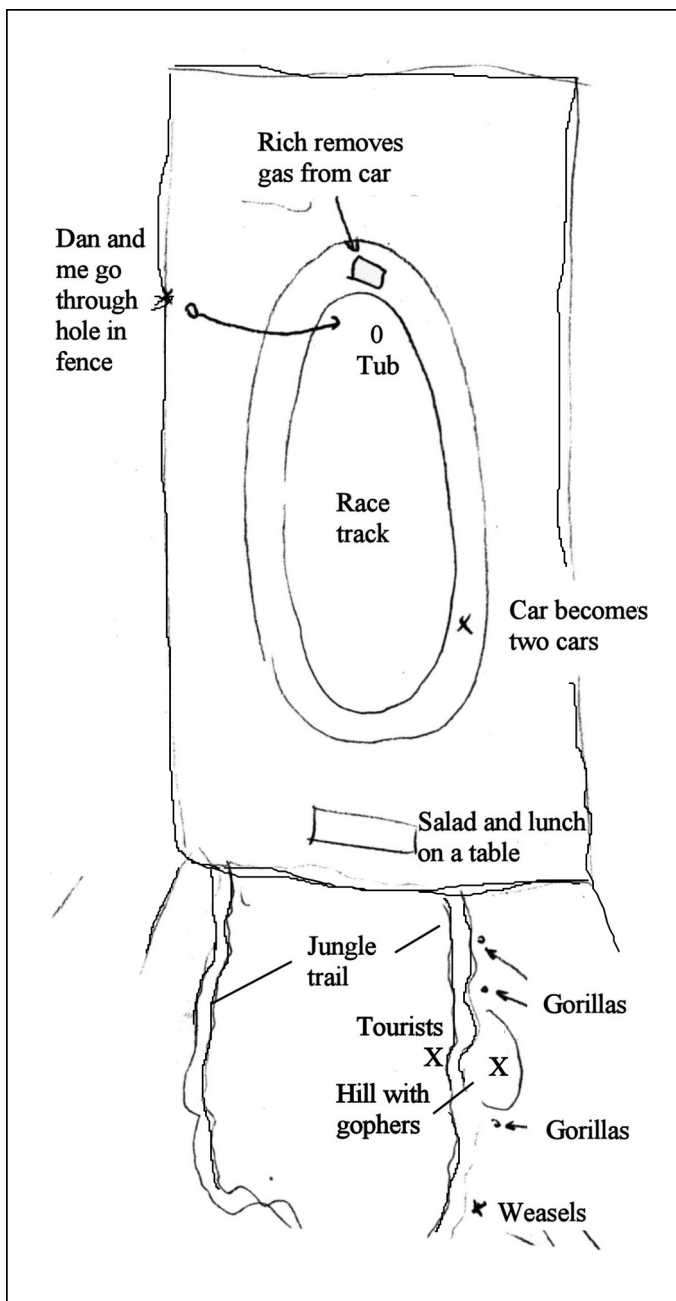


Figure 6. Race track and jungle trail.

Running along this jungle trail like an athlete, I see many jungle animals and some of them scare me a little. I see first a sinuous tree trunk that it takes only a little imagination to perceive the shape of a gorilla. Then I see three somewhat threatening brownish-red gorillas sitting on the little cliffs overlooking the trail to my right. Then I see about four tourists watching a whole hill full of rather still gophers. I get the feeling that the gophers are to predict the weather, but I don't know the interpretation as all the gophers are very still, all facing the same direction and the sky is overcast. I also see two otters, and two yellowish, thin-skinned weasels, cuddling next to each other.

As I run I'm getting slightly more apprehensive as I don't know if one of these gorillas is about to start chasing me. Just then a lovely bird flies right in front of my face, making me flinch. Near me it seemed whitish, but passing from my left eye to a tree to my right I see it's more brownish. Finally I get back to the arena.

* * *

I've been having diarrhea lately. Also concerned about backsliding as I was thinking of never again going to a pornography store, though I did go today.

According to Edgar Cayce the gorilla represents low mindedness, and this has become the threat, the Jungle Pathway.

March 28

Dreams:

I can't recall too clearly, something about a girl, followed by me tugging against, or wrestling with Cyndy L.

I did my federal taxes last night and was surprised to see we'll be getting back \$ 212.

March 29, Monday

Dreams:

I. I was a passenger on a bus along with a whole class of 5th graders, and I felt sort of self-conscious, but a little superior, and Tarquinio (marriage counselor) was the teacher and bus driver. He began driving thru residential streets, and then began to drive very fast, so I was afraid of a crash. The other students were afraid to say anything because they knew Tarquinio was sort of self confident and didn't want to hear it.

Now I'm on the street by myself and I have to follow the bus route by myself on foot. I'm pretty sure of the way but at one point have to stop and think. Then I recognize the last stop that Tarquinio had made which was a dead end courtyard next to a private house, and near the school. Only now, I see there's a little black boy playing by the fence, and the entire yard around the house is rich dirt turned up into huge rows as if for planting. An old black man sees me by the fence and begins complaining about all the little unexpected expenses of buying a new home. I try to sympathize with him by saying that a few garden hoses and trash cans and you've spent \$1000. But, he continues to complain and I realize he thinks I'm his real estate agent or something, so I tell him I'm just an inspector for the city. I'm wearing my white uniform at the time.

II. I go into a house and see Candy C. (an RN from work) and she's living here with her mother. She seems hungry and I suggest to her to buy some snacks for the house, like mixed nuts and crackers.

III. There's a man on the ground and me and another nurse are trying twice to put on his scultetus bandage.

IV. I'm reclining on a bed or couch and a dentist is working over me. He's about to work on that lower left molar that I'm always getting food stuck in. He's going to repair it. My teeth are all numb on the lower left, and I put my finger in my mouth to indicate which tooth is the one bothering me. Then the dentist looks again and seems concerned as in pointing to the tooth my nail cut my gum. Then he said it wasn't serious. Now brother John comes into the room and in the course of talking to me he changes into someone similar to Ed H. the low life playboy I knew from work. He indicates that being gone only 5 minutes he's won over \$5 in a card game.

I continue to talk about money and I learn he wants to borrow some, so I lend him \$2 saying I'd give him more, but I just lent some to some girls. Now, as I'm waking up I see my dirty underwear and stuff pushed into a corner, and I don't want Hazel to see them.

Interpretations.

I. Course of life, especially with respect to guidance, going a little too fast, and on my own.

II. Dietary advice.

III. I did this last night at work.

This morning at the end of my shift a great thing happened, and things are now really looking up. I had a nice talk with Jennifer A. the Respiratory Therapist, and I even asked her tentatively to go to the party that Linda S. is having April 10. The best part though was the super friendly way she greeted me, where I felt the good vibrations. This girl is quite probably the most divine looking creature I've ever laid eyes on.

Last night I finished the taxes, and went to the Mountain View library and got out some books on psychosomatic medicine. I also saw an ad for a symposium on UFOs, with Allen Hynek, Jacques Vallee, and Tom Gates as speakers, so I immediately signed up. It's for April 4th.

March 30

Vague and fragmented in parts of a dream:

Judy is pulling things out of a bag or purse, and she pulls out a collar for a puppy dog, and I get the feeling that she's going to get a puppy. I want the cat and the bird, and I'm hoping that they get along living in the same house. I put the bird cage with the door open on the floor near the sliding glass door here in the apartment.

Next I'm in the kitchen and I see a spider hanging from his thread and I go to kill it. Here the sequence becomes vague, but I kill the one spider only to find a rather complex web, which I pull apart, feeling rather queezy. Then there are 5 spiders and I get a spray out and kill them too, but I now sense that I've killed only 5 out of 11, though I don't see any others. I go to a different part of the house and when I come back, the biggest of the spiders is there, the mother spider. I try to kill it but it gets away and I'm a little panicky, thinking it might be on my body. I grab the string its hanging from and try to break it but the line is very strong and I can't break it. Meanwhile, or once during all this, the spider lands on the floor and the cat watches it scamper across the floor.

Looking in the mirror I see I have beautiful long black hair, with just a hint of a few gray hairs running through it. I go to the nursing station from my bachelor apartment.

March 31, Wednesday

Dream:

I was at the nursing station and I had just made a little structure out of tiny cubes of wood and pieces of toothpick. As I held it up it looked like a small house or something with two little posts or chimneys sticking out the top, and the nurses all applauded me, though I felt it was nothing. There were two little holes in the uppermost cube into which the toothpicks fit, making the construction simple.

Next I was both an observer and the patient as the nurses were discussing someone with a sexual need. It seems the nurses policy in cases like this is to get two volunteers, two nurses to help this fellow ejaculate, that is, give him a hand job. As I was sort of hoping and as it turned out the two volunteers were Joan H. with Cyndy L. doing the work. Now we all go into the room, 222E, and it seems more like a party than a sexual affair, and in

fact when a bunch of nurses get there the idea is to have a little dinner party.

Now the patient is wheeled into an aisle in the center of the room, and taking the little wood structure I've made, I light it on fire, it taking a while to catch, but it finally does. Then the others around me have wood, too, and we get a little blaze going there and place it in the groin area of the patient, on top of his covers. I'm no longer the patient ostensibly, anyway.

Now the patient's relatives come in the room and I explain to them that the burned out little fire on the covers is due to a little party we were having for the patient. These relatives are all tall, farm hand, type people, all big and strong with country clothes and thin eyes. The one I focus on has a blue plaid shirt and curly grayish but dark and sandy hair.

As if to prove what I said, the patient is now sitting up and we all have before us pretzels and orange juice, which seems like an odd combination. The patient even dips the pretzel he's eating into the orange juice, and I feel a little disgusted at this.

* * *

Comments:

The patient is self showing transformation of sex drive into something more constructive and socially acceptable. Dietary advice.

* * *

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April, 1976

April 1

Dream:

I was at the nursing station and I wanted to read these two charts. I found myself on a different floor and I'd finished reading them, and realized they are never supposed to leave the floor, the nurses may be looking for them. So I walk back to the floor unobtrusively, and without being noticed I put the two charts on the top of the chart wagon.

Now I see a scene of a type of medical picture, or X-ray, a cut-away view of the perineal area, taken in a bottoms-up view. It showed the interior gluteal muscles, the anus, hemorrhoids indicated, and other unidentified organs. Now, I'm not sure if it's the same chart, but I have a view, as if looking through glass of a window or something, looking at a reclining black man with an erection showing, and revealing a slightly contorted, or bent penis. I receive the idea that a bunch of doctors are in a serious discussion of this man's sex problems. It seems he's maladjusted, and is having marital problems. I get the idea that he masturbates a lot, and has gotten into the rather perverted habit of

using two pieces of beef, or some kind of meat for his masturbating. I see a picture now of two cuts of red, grisly meat sitting in ice on a butchers counter.

Next I go up to a unit clerk's desk, or maybe it's a desk in a clinic area. Anyway, I begin talking with the clerk behind the counter and I feel like I have to confess or explain my mistake in removing the charts, Just as I'm about to zero in on my purpose in talking to this clerk, a drunken, or perhaps deranged old man noisily pulls a chair up to the counter next to me, to my left. He's a rather boisterous old guy, and rather rude as he interrupts us.

* * *

Comments:

A Black man is self with maladjusted sex life. Medical view may refer to diarrhea I've had lately, or may refer to sex also. Doctors discussion shows spiritual help. Meat shows that this in diet leads to advanced sexuality. Drunkard, unknown.

* * *

Not sure of occurrence of this dream, but probably April 2.

I was driving along a country road at night and there were woods on both sides of the road. Lights from my car, and maybe a few lampposts provided some illumination. I was driving the car and was waking up as if out of a sleep, as I drove, and I was turning around looking out the back window, as the car was going backwards It was out of control anyway, and I was beginning to panic. I shouted to myself that this is no dream, this is real life, and that I must get control of the car again.

* * *

Comments:

A car going backwards is backsliding, out of control. Need for will power, giving myself my own direction.

I've been thinking of Jennifer A. an awful lot lately. Hope to ask her for a date this coming week.

April 3

Last night I went out to dinner with the nurses, the assistant head nurse was leaving. Good time. Slept over at California St., as Judy stayed over at Dick's house.

Dreams:

I. I'm looking at Jennifer's face and it's beautiful as usual, but then it changes to a somewhat reddish or flushed skin. Then it changes back again and we're near a swimming pool that's part of a club or something. I ask her if she wants anything and she begins reciting a whole list of food items, and she's smiling for a while before I realize she's only kidding. Not sure but she may have been ordering breakfast, with steak and eggs, bacon etc.

II. I wake up in bed and realize I've been sick. I look back on my bed scratching my anus as I see there's a Chux on my sheet with some fecal matter in smears all over. Now I'm more of an observer as I clean my own rear end and see a big clump of dark mucous covered feces in the Chux. It's well formed into little balls, viscous inside and sticky. I roll up the Chux to collect the clump and begin to

clean it up.

(Chux is a brand name for a large water proof pad used on the bed of incontinent patients.)

III. I'm standing by the elevators at work. The doors open and a half smiling Jennifer comes walking out and passes me as I stare at her with a rather stern face. I go back to the nursing station and in front of it on the floor is what looks like a big fly. A maintenance man is there and he covers it up with a plastic or cardboard or plastic coated bucket. Then he throws a solid object into the bucket making a "clunk." I look in to see what it is and I see it's a thick bolt.

I go into the conference room just as report is starting. In fact, at first I thought I was late along with Kathy B., but report has not started yet. As I enter the room I see they've really cleaned up the place. Everything is put away so there are no papers or anything showing, just the wooden cabinets. There are no papers out to write my assignment on, so I look in a drawer and find some loose papers, selecting one I can use. As I'm moving about in the room I realize I have an erection in my pants, and it's pulling in such a way as to be highly visible to all the girls there, and I want to hide it. I look up to see if anyone is

noticing and sure enough Joan H. has noticed it but isn't saying anything.

* * *

Lots of thoughts of Jennifer, I can't interpret any of it, though nothing looks bad, and the pool is a good sign, spiritual exercise.

Another reference to the bowels, and it may be dietary advice. Erection problems shows I am injecting sexuality into the work environment inappropriately.

April 4

Woke up feeling miserable this morning after 11 hours of fitful sleep. Went out for a little tennis practice, working on the old backhand.

Dreams:

I. Glimpse of a smiling Candy C., RN, with a new short hairdo. It was frosted, round and loaded with hair spray, giving it a sticky, glossy appearance, almost like candy.

II. Many people are watching a tall office building that's on fire, although the fire seems to be out now

and all I can see is this tall structure. The crowd seems to linger around the area in a parade type atmosphere. At one point I see an old man with a huge old mechanical pistol and he's cocking it and clearing the chamber. I feel like turning him in for displaying that weapon in public, but it's obviously unloaded and not illegal.

At least the cops don't seem to be concerned. Then I hear a little commotion as someone says there are still some 6 people trapped in a room on the 9th floor. Not at all sure if these numbers are correct. They may be 6 & 9, or 9 & 11. Then in the crowd I see cousin Anthony's wife. He's a New York cop. She doesn't see me though as she's talking with another young lady. I continue on through the crowd.

III. I find myself sleeping in a bed and I have the feeling that it's a bed in a rented room, and the landlord is a plump Mexican fellow. I see this rather pleasant guy standing above me as I lie in bed. Something vague about his son being there and this man loving his son very much. As I lie there I'm trying to hide a rip in the sheet. I don't want him to see it as it's his bed linen. But, even as I speak and try to move I keep extending the tear as he watches, I curse a little myself to show him

I'm not doing it on purpose. As I get up now I see that the bed is actually rented by a girl too, and I'll be sleeping with her in the future. This is exciting to me. Then I see the silky blue bedspread is really huge and extends way past the girl's side of the bed onto a big area of the floor.

IV. Now I'm in the lobby of a shopping center, a multi-floored area, though it may be the lobby of the building that was on fire in the dream above. It's still crowded with people and as I walk down a stairs I see a guy with a very funny hairdo. It looks kind of like a wig, all curly brown hair, dull colored like a teddy bear. Some women behind me laugh at this fellow and he looks up whereupon I feel embarrassed and sorry for him. I see he has a very plain but pleasant looking wife with a nice slim figure and a stylish but simple skirt and jacket on. She's carrying their baby child who has red hair. I'm thinking all this time that I hope she's not hurt by others laughing at her husband's rather dumb hairdo. I'm also thinking what a lovely person she is and what a good wife she is to her husband.

I ask her how old the red haired child is and she replies they've had him 3 weeks, and I get the impression the child is adopted and is actually

older than that. She now goes back up the stairs which I had descended, and I follow her. At the top I see another young fellow talking with some adults. This guy too has a real old fashioned hairdo, a head of short but rich black hair, cut a little longer than a crew-cut, and sleeked way back on the sides and almost forward on the top. I continue to stare at him for a little bit. He's a good looking fellow.

V. Still in the lobby, I find myself sitting next to a young guy who looks vaguely familiar. Then I recognize my old buddy Eugene from my childhood days in Brooklyn. He had a Down's Syndrome brother, and lived on 3rd Street. I kick his foot in an old familiar way and say "Hey Gene, don't you remember me? If you don't remember me I ain't going to tell you." Then I tell him my name but he doesn't seem to remember, So I tell him about our old pals Nelson, Anthony, and Louie. He just sits there pondering, chin in hand.

VI. I'm walking down a hall at work and to my right is my ex-wife Judy. But then I look and I see she has freckles and looks really cute like Judy Mac. She's half crying and saying something like why we're ending the marriage. I feel confused thinking I'm married to Judy Mac. and if that's the

case I'd want to stay married. But, then I look again and I see it is in fact my wife Judy. I say nothing else. Still in this lobby, or maybe the hall, I'm carrying my glasses and I accidentally bang them on something, and again later. The third time this happens I ask myself what the hell I'm doing, as if I wanted to break them. I look at them and in fact they are beginning to be torn away from the frame, so I repair them.

* * *

Comments:

Hairdos may mean outdated or weird thinking. Building on fire is bodily passions. Thoughts on being married. Broken glasses may mean I am not seeing things, or not wanting to see them regarding the marriage. We are in the middle of a divorce at this point.

April 5

Dreams:

I. I'm at an airport terminal. I see a fresh little boy: he goes around pushing people. I see him push a little girl down in a path, then he turns to walk away, but then turns back, says he's sorry by the friendly hand smack used among Negros. As I'm observing all this I have the feeling that this is some kind of test, and that the friendly gesture by the boy is a turning point. The two kids were about 5 years old each.

II. (Meghan is Mrs W.'s granddaughter, Judy W.'s daughter.) Meghan bursts into my room as I'm sleeping, and a young lady comes to fetch him, but it isn't Judy. Then several other kids come bursting into the room, too, followed by more mothers fetching them. But, one boy stays in my room and I explain to him that I work nights and sleep days, as I'm slowly losing my patience and temper. He doesn't get the message so I practically yell at him to close the door from the other side and let me sleep.

* * *

I've been sick still this last day, and I've been thinking that Edgar Cayce says "What you criticize you become." This may be the reason I've been sick in spite of my reading on psychosomatic medicine. All that reading has given me a poor attitude towards the patients, losing a lot of respect for them, and thinking "this is what you want."

April 6

I'm still sick with what I think is the flu. Yesterday I sent a note to Jennifer asking for a date, very excited about that.

Today after the test in Diet class I went to get an LVN application, but they won't be out until Monday.

Dreams:

I. I'm at the hospital going from room to room when I see Linda S. and another nurse in what looks like an electric golf cart. Linda turns into my path intercepting me. I think of the cart is the crash cart.

II. Fragment of moving into or sleeping at an apartment rented by my brothers on 4th Street in Brooklyn, across the street from where we used to live.

We had a 2nd or third floor apartment in the building.

I've been meaning to mention that the halls in my present apartment at 1885 California St, Mountain View, have red carpeted halls, which is reminiscent of dreams I used to have years ago.

Mostly about living in a hotel with red carpets, and feeling sexually liberated.

Dream after nap:

I'm in room 218 at work as Valerie is taking vital signs on the patient in C bed. I'm leaning against the sink watching her, and another nursing assistant is standing by her not doing anything either. Finally I say to her that she has to confer with us NA's, because I'd be lazy enough to just stand there and watch her if she let me. (I've taken a sort of humble attitude here.) Anyway, she agrees, and says for me to go to room 45. (There is no such room.) I walk down the hall looking for this room and finally I see another set of numbers below the originals, and under 214 is the 45.

Once in room 214 I look to the right, as the room has been extended to the right of C and D beds, and another bed was there. The patient in this bed has some kind of brain injury, like our patient Jennifer M. On looking closer I see that it's Joan H. and she's had a skiing injury to the head. Its made her a little dingy, and she begins saying something unintelligible, with a spaced out look in her eye. From the operation she had her hair was shaved off

and was only now beginning to grow back, being about 1-inch long, and a fluffy snow white in color. The short hair sort of accentuates a pair of ears that stick out, too. I begin to follow her around, but she's out of it. I notice she looks very cute though, despite the short hair.

She continues pacing around in a dance-like manner. I'm following right after her and we more or less waltz into this big room, like a high school dance floor. In the middle of it is a big square vending machine, and I go to put some money in to get candy or something. After I do, the change slot begins to tinkle and a few nickles fall out, followed by a whole flood of coins, as the machine breaks and gives up all its cash.

I call to Joan to come and take some of it, but she doesn't respond, so I start to fill my jacket pockets with the coins. Then I see a couple of young boys and I yell to them to come and help themselves. But, just as they get there the proprietor, who happens to be uncle Joe, comes along and says we can't take that money. All the kids are children of our extended family, so there's not too much fuss about giving the money back. In fact, Dad is there saying uncle Joe has expenses too.

* * *

Some part about me being lazy is exactly how I've felt about Val lately.

This may mean that Joan is ski crazy.

Financial advice but what is it? Don't steal?

April 7

Dreams:

I. I'm walking across a busy street that looks like El Camino Real in Palo Alto, California. My brother Joe has come to visit me, and he's to my right as we cross the sidewalk towards the street. He's reminiscing about the old days when we just hung out on corners, with nothing to do. As he continues, I'm wondering what he's driving at. Then he says he's tired of living where he does; the quality of the people seems to be going downhill.

He starts to joke about one resident of the apartments he lives in, a fellow named Juan, and he says the name in a mock-Mexican accent, the way John does all the time. He says he'd like to sell his place and buy an abandoned dream house, something with a little luxury. I have the feeling

that he can do it, and has in fact lived where he does long enough.

Then we look up and behind us, and the terrain there is very hilly and pretty, with a really steep green cliff right behind us, topped with an observation deck, similar to an airport control tower. It's quite a sight and I say to Joe that we'll have to visit it tomorrow. Then we look at the clouds and they're all in beautiful, wispy circles in the sky.

Next, through these thin clouds I see a few very vast moving white streaks, and I ask Joe if he's ever seen a UFO. He says no, but he'd sure like to see one some day. Then we see a huge plane taking off from an airport beyond the street, and it looks really big and magnificent. I see it has 747 in huge letters on the side.

April 8

Thursday. Still quite sick today, I think it's the flu, as there is general body aches, but no fever.

Everything seems really sensitive, especially to warm and cold. Worst is the continuous hacking cough. Took off from work last night, the first time I've done that.

Dreams:

I. I was one of several sick people in a ward of about 6 beds. Me and another fellow were on the end all wrapped up in what looked like gold foil. It seems we two were the least sick of the lot. Two immobile, seated, and featureless doctors were watching over us. From the foot of the gold packaging the two of us were in an extended, jagged line, or beam, of light about a foot long, and I surmised from this that we only had one more day to be sick.

II. Fragment of being on the balcony of a tall apartment building, like a luxurious version of the building at 75 Hill St., where Mom used to live. I saw something in the sky.

April 9, Friday

Woke up this morning with that clear-headed feeling that indicates the illness is on the wane. Still coughing some and weak, but no chills or general body aches.

Today I go into work to pick up my check, and hopefully the response from Jennifer will be there too.

Dreams:

I. I'm in room 210 by the window and the patient in the bed is completely lethargic, as indicated by his limp hand which drops back when picked up and released. I see on the window attached with white tape is a medical sharp instrument which is used to poke this patient to see if he responds. Judy W. (RN) is there.

II. I'm sitting in my car and out to the side I see a really brazen porno shop. On the arcade in front are several rubber masks and items suggesting oral sex. The next thing I know I'm inside the shop and I have very sleepy and crusted eyes as I ask for change of a dollar, four quarters. This surprises me as it seems I'd promised myself not to go into these places anymore.

Next, there's a big brown dog in the shop and he comes running at me pinning me against one of the machines, with his face right by my cheek. Half the time he seems ferocious and the other half friendly. I see a man there is directing the dog at me, and this man approaches and propositions me to come to his apartment; he's a queer. He's using the dog as a threat against me.

I refuse and start a yelling, argument with this guy. I tell him I'll get the police after him if he keeps harassing me, and with this I march out the door and see a cop directing traffic on the corner. But, the man and his dog are already taking off, and feeling sorry for him now I go up to him and explain that I'm just not a homosexual. He waves me away in disgust saying "Aw, you're just not open minded enough." I think he missed the point.

III. I'm in my car again and I'm surprised to see that somehow a teenage girl has gotten into my car with the obvious intent of doing something sexy with me. But, at the same time I see a small, late model station wagon making a turn in front of me. Inside a Negro man and his wife have an oddly shaped pistol. The man gives it to his wife, and the wife kisses the butt of it, and I get the impression they're going to use it somehow. **Figure 7.**

As the car turns I see several little Negro children in the back of the wagon. I also see the license plate and figure I'll report them in, and avoid some trouble. They should be easy to find, since there aren't too many New York license plates in the state, California, as this one was. The only part of the number I can remember is the last few digits 968-9, or similar.

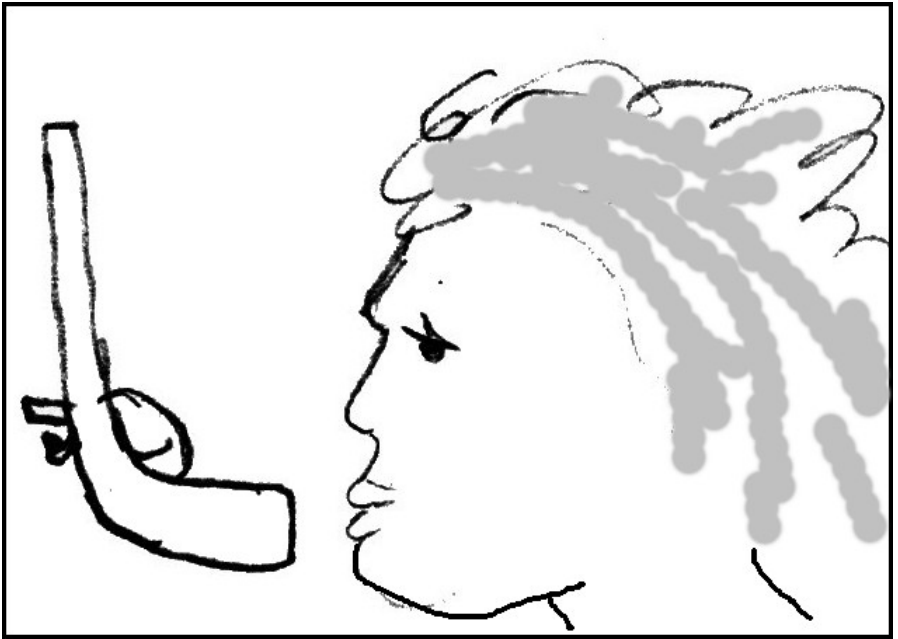


Figure 7. Kissing an oddly shaped gun.

Meanwhile, as I'm trying to remember these numbers the girl in the car comes around near me and begins fondling my genitals, though I'm not particularly aroused. I decide to drive to the west side. We're in Manhattan now, so I can find a quiet dark street and go to town with this girl.

But, after a series of turns we wind up in the private freight yard of some company, and although it's abandoned now, I don't know when or if the workers will return. I see a nice little storage room which would be good to pull the car into for

some privacy, but again I have doubts about the people returning. Just then I drop the paper with the license number on it, and drop a precious quarter with an early date that I'd been saving. I have trouble picking it up off the little square of rug onto which it had dropped. We're out of the car now. It seems there are other papers and quarters stuck under this unusually heavy square foot of carpet on the storage room floor. Finally I get my old quarter and my sheet of paper, and when I turn around the girl is gone. Slightly disappointed.

IV. I go into work, to the cabinet with the personal files looking for a note from Jennifer. To my great joy I find a letter from her, and as I pull it out I see it's actually a cassette tape. Then as I take that out I see it's many tapes, even some huge reels of tape.

V. This next dream occurred after I'd woken up and gone back to sleep, and seems to be an extension of the first dream, I. above.

I'm having a discussion with Judy W. about gassy, or gas producing vegetables. We're in a private house that's attached right to the hospital, and there are other nurses around. In one room is an organ and I feel like playing.

As I sit down at the organ, though, I feel with no formal training I really can't compete with these other players, who had just preceded me.

I begin to play "Suzanne" but think maybe they don't want to hear me sing. I start playing anyway, but just then Maggie B. starts playing on one of two organs in the next room. I regard this as interference. About this time I also realize I don't have on any pants, just my shirt and pajama bottoms. Then I take off my pajama bottoms and sit on the bench again, and finally I put on my good white pants.

April 10

I. Many scenes of self in upcoming Mind as Healer class. Fragments of a movie I saw last night with the kids, *The Bad News Bears*. Especially about Kelly Leik, the little tough kid in the movie. Was still ill and not sleeping too well.

April 11

Dream:

I was getting onto the bus as fat Jim from previous employer went to the back of the bus. In the front with me was Muhammad Ali and another famous person. I'm joking with Ali in a familiar fashion. It's hard to assess the direction of my talk, as it

seems I'm talking to Ali and about Ali as I say the little joke. I say my friend is going to fight him, and hit him so fast with his left jab that he'll get 5 punches in without him even seeing what happened.

Now me and Ali and someone else talk about the 22nd Psalm.

* * *

I'd read the 22nd Psalm the other day and was surprised to see that the words "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" are from that Psalm. This I thought was a cry of despair, when actually it was a prophecy by David and a Psalm of hope for Jesus at the crucifixion.

April 12

I'm in a line of students and we're walking in a group towards the solarium. Upon passing the bathroom at the end of the hall, I knock on the door, which is now labeled as a girls room, doing it as a joke. Then I go into a classroom and the many other students there are busy, indicating I'm late. The teacher is already going over a test, or reviewing one as next to each question on the paper we have, she's giving us the answers to each. I'm writing the answers in red ink as we go along.

Still not sure if this is a future test, or a past one, but tend to think the former.

Now, the focus is on the teacher, and he has a book which I'd had out of the library, and had underlined something of the occult, something about the Will. The teacher began to ridicule this unknown person for doing this, and he seemed opposed to the classical "occult" ideas. I stand up, half identifying myself as the one who underlined the few words, and defended the ideas in the book. Then, I went into a short but vehement speech about psychic matters, and other things unknown, and began suggesting that science didn't have all the answers, and that some interesting things had been written about spiritualism and reincarnation.

April 13

Dreams:

I. I was in a house with many doors and passageways. Brother John was there disguised as a clawed monster, like a spider or something. It was all sort of a scary game where all these things come out to scare us, but the spider-man was the only one I was really afraid of. Anita was there playing in one of the halls with two friendly dogs. I searched for different hiding places, but always

there was enough light that the monster could see me.

Finally I decided to run down to a different level of the house to escape. Again, I find a dark hiding place, but it's right near a wall light. Just then a conservative looking fellow comes into the room with someone else, and the room is now aglow with normal light. I run up to the guy and give him a love tap on the chin with my fist, as he seems to be an old high school buddy of mine. At the same time he seems to be Sherry B., the RN from work who is so jolly all the time.

II. I'm with a bunch of survivors of a plane crash or some other tragedy. Anyway, we feel close as a group, and we're touring what looks like a big amusement park or World's Fair or something. There are casinos and shows, and I pass by one audience waiting for a show, but there's nothing on stage. Now, a few in the group stop to watch a real life and/or stage show of a production of a low level comedy and soft core sex film.

All the actors in this were middle aged Jews, including one old gal who slips into a wide-mesh type of stocking like a sleeping bag. She was toying with my penis, and at one point she was heard to say "Lon GUYland" instead of Long

Island, the typical way the Jews did in New York. I left there to travel around and see some of the other sights.

As I walk around I see we are all being followed by agents, for our own protection, since as survivors we are sort of special. All the time, too, I feel hungry, and eating things as I walk along. But, now it seems I've gotten separated from the rest of the group. I begin to search around for them. Then a Negro girl comes up and asks about one of the survivors and it turns out the girl she is asking about was a little girl who survived the crash but died since then. I said it was a shame. Not sure if she died at the amusement park, or before our rescue. Next, we see a scene of the country, with snow capped mountains and streams, very pretty. I comment that one mountain in this film-type view looks like the mountain right here in San Jose.

* * *

Talked to Linda S. yesterday, and she's a little concerned about what happened at her party.

Interpretations

I. The doors and passageways are various aspects of the mental, and the various passageways of life, filled with its many pitfalls and fears and monsters. Spiderman is the entanglements and snares, while John is the fear of the wasted life. Anita brings stability and love, the dogs. Going to a different floor is a different level of consciousness. The light is brighter, no need to hide. Sherry, an old buddy, represents behavior and cheerful attitude that come with the light.

II. We are alive now, or incarnated, or survived a tragedy of a previous incarnation, but in any event we're privileged to be alive. The amusement park-casino is the temptations and cheap thrills of life. Agents are guardians. Familiar mountains mean I've been here before, still a mountain to climb?

April 14

No dreams recorded; getting over the flu I had.

Last Saturday I went to Linda's party then to work, but I was still sick. I took off work after the 12 o'clock vital signs were taken, but instead of going home I went back to the party at Linda's, having a real good time. Stayed after the party with Linda.

April 15

Dreams:

I. I was riding on a bus with brother Joe and out the window I could see a nice residential neighborhood, and on one corner I saw Danny walking, as if he'd just come out of school. I saw he had his blue sneakers, jeans and blue and white striped shirt. I said to Joe, "isn't he cute." Joe agreed, as I felt a strong feeling of love for Danny.

II. I find myself back east, having somehow raised the plane fare, I'm bedding down somewhere, and I'm saying that in the morning I'm going over to Jersey to see Joe and Joyce and the kids, very anxious to see them.

III. I'm looking at tires to cars. First it's Judy's car and she must have had some kind of accident to one of the tires, as there is a large cut in the rubber on the side, and on the outside some of the thread is exposed, and the treads are worn all the way down. The other tires look good, and I think she can get by if I buy just one new tire. Then I look at a different car and its tires, and I think it's my car now.

The tires are good but one or two are old and a little deflated. I keep looking and they eventually seem OK. But, looking under the car I see the bolt that holds the wheel to the axle has come apart, and must be reconnected. This becomes quite a puzzle for me to figure out how the bolt goes back, with all the washers and nuts in the right sequence. It seems there are two different threads on the one bolt, and other problems. Now, I see a big party or banquet to my side, and I've got to solve this bolt problem before I can join the group, in fact I'm mostly ignoring them until I do.

Now the problem seems to be subject to my thinking rather than physical manipulation, and I finally get the solution in my head, and instantly the bolt and the car were fixed as soon as I thought of it.

IV. Now, I'm at a shop, like work at Spectra Physics. Someone, maybe Paul R. is working with a plate of wax, and glass, and I feel good, because I'm familiar with the glass working technique, and I know what's going on.

V. I'm walking along the street of a foreign country and there's a politician of some kind on the same street walking the opposite direction. Suddenly, an old white car comes by with a man with a machine gun. He starts blazing away at the leader, and I start to run, only a little afraid. As I move I see it's important to keep this thick telephone pole of wood between me and the car. This protects me from the bullets. But, now the car comes back for another run with the gun firing again. Now, I run to the next block and pick a quiet brick residential house to hide in.

I have the feeling I'm in South America or somewhere in Latin America. I go into the vestibule and close the front door. I climb the structure by the door to peer out into the street to see if anything is still going on out there. As I climb up I find I can look back into the residence, over a low wall. I'm looking now into a dark living room. But, then there's a worried looking motherly

Latino type lady standing there. She doesn't seem concerned at my presence, as I try to explain to her about the attempted assassination on the street.

It seems she doesn't speak English. I'm aware later of others in the family, and finally see three daughters, one of whom, the prettiest, speaks some English. Some feeling of romance is there. They all seem unconcerned though about the shooting. It seems this type of thing happens a lot down there.

Fragment: Something about car vandalism.

VI. Now, I've joined part of the group of the party mentioned above I look up at the front of the room, and in a special section, like a choir, or table of honor at a dinner, are a bunch of girls in pretty dresses. In the front row is Linda S. from work, wearing a low-cut sexy blue dress.

A photographer is there taking pictures of people and as many people joke and laugh he takes her picture, still joking about the purpose of the picture being the revealing of a sexy dress. Linda has a large blond doll that she holds in front of her as the picture is taken.

April 16

Can't recall, fast awakening as Judy dropped off the kids.

April 17

Breakfast at my house for the night shift nurses. Present; Judy W., Mark B., Cyndy L., Joan H. Lisa F., and Sue S. Pretty good time though I was a bit disorganized. Afterwards went to Palo Alto park with Mark. Evening went to the movies and saw *Ra Expedition*, and *The Man Who Would Be King*, a very good movie based on a Rudyard Kipling novel.

Dreams:

I. I was a cop disguised as a plainclothesman, getting friendly with thugs and then arresting them. This time though, my "client" was Mike C., an old buddy of mine. As I walk with him down a street, I tell him it's all a trap, that I'm really an agent and I want to help him escape. I tell him his friend Freddy is about to turn him in. After telling him this I run away, and climb down some kind of embankment wall, sliding down a thick black wire, or cable. I run to my car, thinking I might be identified if someone sees my car and license plate.

I come to the corner of Newkirk Avenue and 3rd Street in Brooklyn, near where I used to live, and I try to fade into a crowd of club members whose specialty is training eagles to fly. It's early morning and some of these people have the big birds perched on their arms. Then I go to my car and take the "UFO" sign off it to make myself less conspicuous. But, a doctor there sees me doing this and I feel I'm identified by all this. Not sure what I was running from, maybe from double crossing the cops.

Interpretation.

Mike is lower side of self, while self in the dream doesn't want to send Mike back to prison. Forgot to mention in the dream Mike is very worried and anxious not to go back to prison, as he was there before. This may refer to not wanting to incarnate again, or else endure some other kind of hardship again, though the former seems more accurate, as incarcerate is so close to incarnate.

Not sure of the significance but E31 St. in Brooklyn, at Newkirk is the address I saw while researching the psychosomatic medicine journals a few weeks ago. It seems one of the editors lives at 3101 (?) Newkirk Avenue, which puts it at E31 St. The fact that there's a doctor there adds support to the importance of the location. With this in mind it seems the dream may refer to illness, and perhaps the prison is the disease, with the soul not wanting the body to return to illness.

April 18

I can't recall my dreams. There's a fragment of seeing Belle P. walking by in her nurses uniform.

I went to play tennis with Linda S. today.

Dream after a nap:

I was in an airplane, in a seat behind the pilot, and looking at the pilot I saw he was chubby, with no shirt on, and reminded me of brother Joe. I reached forward and put my hand on his hip, grabbing the "spare tire" around the waist. On doing this he became very frightened, like he didn't know if I was a monster or something, coming at him from behind.

Now, I'm in the nursing station discussing this dream with Judy W., and it seems she was partly Joe as the pilot, and was discussing what had happened as if it were her, saying how the hand grab had scared her. We were also talking about some kind of difficulty communicating, and something about speaking in Spanish.

* * *

Went to play tennis with Linda S. today after dropping off the kids.

April 19, Monday

Dream:

At first I was the viewer of a young couple, then I was one of three people, including this couple. They were seated at a rather plush table with a burgundy table cloth on a round table, in a fine restaurant. The middle aged, typical Italian looking owner of the restaurant was some kind of friend of ours, and he was about to serve us a fine dinner. But, just before he reappears the fellow says to the girl to watch this, watch how he cons the old guy into a free meal.

Now, the owner seems really friendly to the couple and puts out three short glasses of wine on the table. Then, the fellow tells him to cancel the food order, that they won't be needing it. The owner says that he has to leave, and that they can do whatever they want in the house (restaurant). Now I'm there and I run around to the other rooms of this place and find the kitchen. In the refrigerator I find a bowl of small meatballs in a sauce, and on top of this are three huge meatballs. I first take the three meatballs, but then decide to take the smaller

ones instead, as it would be less obvious if they were missing. I go back to the table and we begin eating and there was also a plate of lettuce and cheese the man had left for us, and it seems the more we eat of this the more there is. For some reason I feel excited and I'm wondering if I'm going to be late for school. It's 7:00 PM.

April 20, Tuesday

Had a nice long talk with Judy W. today and went to bed late. Skipped school today. First contact, great feeling. Found out at work last night that Jennifer A. didn't get my note, and she's getting married in June.

I am now reading: *Man's Presumptuous Brain*, An evolutionary interpretation of psychosomatic disease. A. T. W. Simeons, M.D., E. P. Dutton & Co. N. Y., 1961.

Psychosomatics, How your emotions can damage your health. Howard R. & Martha E. Lewis. The Viking Press, N.Y. 1972.

The Healing of Persons, Paul Tournier, translated by Edwin Hudson Harper and Row, N. Y. 1965.

Mind and Body: Psychosomatic Medicine,
Flanders Dunbar, M. D., Random House, N. Y.
1947, 1955

Origins of Illness and Anxiety. A practical guide to
Psychosomatic Medicine. J. A. Winter, M. D. An
Agora Softback, 1966 Matrix House Ltd.
publisher, N. Y.

April 21

I. School is out and as I walk along I see two buddies, but I don't want to join them at first, but then I fall in step with them. We go into a school or office building, and on the ground floor is a cafeteria, and one of my buddies begins to get lunch there, grabbing a tray. He goes behind a counter and fills up his plate with hard boiled eggs, and crisp crunchy vegetables, that crunch and snap as he piles them onto his plate, and packs them down. But, I don't want to get my lunch there, preferring to go to the main cafeteria upstairs, where I can get the same food, only with something nice and sweet for dessert, like a pastry. In the corner I see a large pumpkin, but it's old and beginning to wither on one side.

II. Standing at the counter at the nursing station at work, I'm looking alternately at a pretty girl inside the station, then at Jennifer A. beyond her in the ICU nursing station.

Interpretation:

Deeper level wants good foods, conscious level wants sweets, this being a lesson at school.

April 23, Friday

Dream:

I'm in some kind of open air house near the waterfront. On a bed or something I see a brown shopping bag full of my clothes, and I empty it, pulling out my brown striped pants. I put them on, and check to see if my wallet is in the pocket. I worry a little as my hand doesn't feel the wallet, but I find a container of my old Spice deodorant, instead. Then I find the wallet in the other rear pocket, and feel relieved.

Now I go to a ship at the dock that is just pulling out. It's like a small cruise ship, and it's filled with kids, young school children going off on a special outing for 10 days or so. I see Anita is on the ship,

and grabbing up Danny, with Judy following we run after the ship as it maneuvers through the canals to the open sea on its way to the journey. I wave to Anita.

At one point as the ship is turning corners to the sea we all have to cross a bridge to continue to see the ship off, but the wooden bridge covers the path that the ship just passed through, making me wonder how the bridge got put there so quickly. Waving to Anita at the last point now I feel really sad and happy for her at the same time. Sad that she's leaving, as I love her, and happy that she's going on this trip that she wants.

Judy mentioned yesterday that Anita wanted to go away to camp this summer for 10 days. I went to Linda S's house tonight. Missing JW an awful lot.

While resting today I had a half dream:

First I saw a series of patterns and lines and designs, and the feeling that this was as a reward for helping Linda S. with her psychological problems. Then I saw myself traveling as if in my car, but I knew I wasn't in the car, it was just me moving. I went out into the street on the side of the apartment where the driveway is and went up to California St, and turning the corner I saw it was

dark, and I heard a dog barking. I became a little frightened, both of the dog and the dark, and I wanted it to be light out, and I shouted. Just then I had a feeling it was getting lighter out and I woke up.

April 24, Saturday

Dreams:

I. I was in the nursing station, running a little behind in my assignment, as I have the middle team and room 200 as well, to take vital signs in, and I haven't even begun yet. I go to room 200 and Dr. F., the heart transplant patient is there in bed, and his bed is very close to the sink, making it difficult for me to wash my hands. As I look at him in the semi-darkness of his room, I can see he's breathing very rapidly, and I'm concerned that something is wrong.

He opens his eyes for a moment, so I know at least he's not in a coma. Taking his pulse as other nurses come into the room, I leave figuring his minute pulse from the 15 second value I got. I'm a little confused as I come up with a figure in the 300's.

Now I go back to the nursing station, and it seems very crowded for some reason. I see there's some visitors there, family of the patients, not in uniform, and I say "What are all these people doing here?" There's a young guy in Levis next to me and another near the exit of the nursing station. This latter fellow I see in his hand is one of the private containers on the station, and I see he's stealing a watch.

He's one of three thieves, and as I yell at him to drop the watch. He finally does so and a little ruckus starts as another fellow and I decide to detain these three guys for security. The other fellow with me is Louie, a childhood

buddy of mine who is short but strong, and is now in a white uniform. We grab and wrestle the three guys, One begins to run out the door, but I catch him and pin him to the ground.

Looking back I see Louie having difficulty holding the two other guys, one arm around each of their heads. So I let him take down the guy I had arm around, and I take the two he had. Holding them on the ground they seem pretty defeated as I bonk their two bald heads together. I'm wondering when the security men will get there with handcuffs, as I wake up.

* * *

Fast breathing and pulse might be self as I'm excited about recent events with JW. Wrestling with problems at work. Also, theft reflects recent drug theft on the nursing station.

As I was making lunch today I was hoping and praying that JW would call, and sure enough she did. She may come for a visit. It was really good to hear from her, but as soon as she hung up, the emptiness was back again.

April 26, Monday

Can't recall yesterdays dreams, as I slept over at California Street, Judy being out to a concert all day. I took the kids and Mary the babysitter to a Children's Day Theatre

festival at De Anza College. Not much sleep or comfort as I slept on Judy's water bed, which was too hot.

I'm just about crazy about my friend now. Can't wait for her to call, and overwhelmed by the idea of her coming here for a visit.

Work is going well. I'm in the middle of my 6-month evaluation, and I was selected for the NA II in-service instruction, which means a higher classification and pay. Also was asked to attend the Law Workshop, a one day seminar, paid for by the hospital.

Dream:

Fragment of a dream seeing one chocolate cookie and a banana on a table.

I'm outside a dormitory and the phone rings, and I'm anxious to answer it, thinking it might be Judy. My room is on the third floor, so the fastest way up there, I decide, is to climb up the windows, like a ladder. In the first floor window I see Mike G., an old friend, and he says to be careful in climbing past the 2nd floor window, as it belongs to another old friend, Joe D. He can be mean and he might yell at you or close the window on your fingers. Both these guys are old High School buddies, Joe being the scholar. I don't think I actually got to the 3rd floor room.

Now, I'm in a dormitory with all nurses, all studying nursing and part of a live-in work arrangement, with the hospital right next to the sleeping quarters. I'm looking around this housing area. Looking out a window I see a roof area a level below me where clothes are hung out to dry, and other domestic things are done. I see one nurse down there and look around to other apartments, realizing I could see into other apartments if I wanted to.

Just then, the nurse on the roof switches on the light and I can see things much better. I call down to her and comment on not knowing where the light switch was.

Next, I'm in the center of the roof area myself and I see where the light switch is. Still checking out the place, I see a cute, dark-haired girl, and I hear someone say she's a widow. Now it seems I and several other nurses are applying for a position in this hospital, which is really an ICU floor. I'm looking at some papers and I see the letters GVS, wondering what they stand for. On an introductory letter by the hospital is a paragraph entitled something like "Policy on GVS Patients." It seemed to indicate that these were welfare or geriatric patients.

Now, I'm on the floor, and I seem to be in an ICU floor, someone hands me a sheet of paper. Back at the apartments one of the girls is explaining how each sheet of paper contains the report on two ICU care patients, and that it's our responsibility to file these sheets in a book that is kept in the apartments.

* * *

Interpretation:

Perspective from my apartment, has been a common theme in dreams, and I got the feeling that this represents psychic ability, being able to look into other peoples private lives, their apartments, which can be used or abused. Switching on the light is also a theme, obviously symbolic of "let your light shine." Climbing along windows shows the need to elevate self past crude Mike behavior, past scholar Joe, to reach Judy.

Some indications of interest in ICU, and going to school.

April 28, Wednesday

I called Judy yesterday, and she's coming down Sunday, possibly Saturday. Very glad to talk to her again and to think she still likes me, though sorry she couldn't come sooner.

Went to staff breakfast this AM, hosted by Cyndy.

* * *

Dreams:

I. I was in a room and I was playing with a pet bird, maybe a parakeet, and he was out of his cage flying around. I could see his cage and I'm wondering if and how I should get him back into the cage. Then, there's a dog in the room,

and he is running around playing too. At one point I hold the one right next to the nose of the other, but not wanting to go any closer, as the dog would surely eat the bird.

II. I'm with a group of nurses as one of the doctors is giving a short lecture, a sort of in-service, at the nursing station. I think I hear the name Dr. M. As he's speaking a little commotion develops in a doorway of one of the rooms down the hall, and we realize there's some kind of emergency going on. The doctor interrupts his instruction, and I go out into the hall with him and stand by the emergency crash cart as we continue to look down the hall wondering if it will be needed. Just then, the doctor takes a step toward me to take the cart. and steps on my foot, interrupting his progress, and I apologize, though he seems a little annoyed.

I tell one of the other nurses I how bad I felt doing that, because of the way he was leaning, I explain, we couldn't get out from under each other until he leaned back the other way. Now, I go into a different room, 218, and the other action was in 214. I see in a bed that a patient has had some kind of trouble, as I find him with a huge amount of raw chop meat in his bed, and he's shit on it as well, making a rather disgusting mess. I rush to get started on cleaning it up before the physician hears about it and begins yelling at me for this mess.

Now, I walk out of the end of the hall, and it seems there's a restaurant at the end there, and it's open to the general

public. I'm thinking of telling, or asking B. N., the head nurse if maybe we shouldn't have a partition there in the restaurant to keep the patients from mingling with the public. I'm seated at a table with several other people, and I say to one of them that Judy and I are going to get a divorce. Just then I notice that Anita is hanging onto the back of my chair and she heard that last remark. I feel bad that I had to break the news to her that way, and I try to explain.

III. I'm on an outing or some kind of trip to a foreign land with a group of other people, mostly men, but there are two women in the group. We go inside and downstairs in a large building to a long room which is to serve as our sleeping quarters for the night, the two women going off to a side room. The beds along the sides of this long narrow room fill up quickly, and I pick a bed that is just beyond a bench that breaks the monotony of this series of beds, but the bench makes a sort of sitting area, and I'm not so sure I want to sleep next to this little lounge. It's now I begin to think that these other guys are patients. I pick a bed, and as I move it to prepare it I see it's really a very short bed.

* * *

Interpretations:

I. This literally refers to the Wilson's dog and my bird when I let him out of the cage. Symbolically the bird is something of beauty while the dog is base. Don't let the

beautiful thing you've got going with Judy be debased or consumed by the "dirty dog" ideas that sometimes creep up.

II. Physician is spiritual guide, or Jesus giving instruction to his students, but when he is called away on an emergency, I get under foot. Meanwhile I have my own work to do and I don't want to be called to account by the Master.

* * *

Patient in bed is self with meat and shit being a very reprehensible picture of a sex life that must be cleaned up, probably referring to attitudes more than actions. Also, I must explain divorce to Anita before she gets hurt.

III. Trip with other patients means we're all in the same boat, a reminder that my job now is to meet self in patients at the hospital. Short bed may mean lack of enough sleep.

April 29, Thursday

My emotions are running the entire spectrum as I'm both sad and in a state of ecstasy about Judy coming to visit. Sorry we have to be so far apart, and happy to think she likes me, and that I'll see her soon.

I've been calling her every other day, and she should be down for a visit this weekend, but, then Hazel will be home, too.

(Note: Judy was the name of my ex-wife, but also the name of a new love interest.)

Dream:

I was on the steps of a busy college campus, as students walked by. I settled down in the grass for a chat with some other students. On the grass in front of me I see this upside down wine glass, and it seems frozen, or frosted. As I go to pick it up it becomes a cylinder of ice, a frozen column, and as I hold it the column breaks, and I'm holding the broken wine glass in my hand, Something about a mouse, talk of this and wonder if a dog had anything to do with its death.

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May, 1976

May 1, Saturday

Can't recall. Went to pick up Linda's friends at the airport and didn't get much sleep.

May 2, Sunday

Called Judy and she's coming down tomorrow about 2:30 PM. I'm really excited about that. Bought her a sandalwood necklace yesterday. This morning took the kids to a different miniature golf course up on Marsh Rd.

Dream:

Fragment of being in bed with a girl with small boobs, and I lean over and suck on her left nipple, I being seated on her left on the bed. Several fragments of being at work and worrying over the time, as I'm supposed to go to the new Nursing Assistant II class, at 7:00 AM. I see Marcie, the evening Nursing Assistant, and ask her what time it is. She says, or I see, that it's 8:00 AM, and I'm worried at being late. Half awake I look at the clock and wake up.

May 4, Tuesday

Made plans to go to the ballet.

Dream:

I was in a room, a living room or something, with many brothers. We were goofing around by spraying a nebuliser can of water, squirting it into each others faces. I was covering my eyes, as the mist in my eyes made me feel sleepy eyed. Mom and Dad were there too, and at one point I sprayed Dad as he came out of the shower looking strong and clean.

This morning in NA 11 class we learned about oxygen and nebulisers.

May 5, Wednesday

Judy is here now, and I've been really high. In fact I've been very nervous, and without sleep, very much in love with her. The first day here, the 3rd, we went to the park, then to bed, but I had potency problems. Next AM, after work the same thing, though I managed better. This AM she refused and her boyfriend Bill called, and between the two I realized she's not really crazy about me, as I am over her. She thinks it won't work, but I refuse to think that. Today she should get back from Santa Cruz, and we'll go out. Tomorrow it's to the SF. Ballet with Anita and Judy's niece. A real come down today and I felt quite depressed.

Dream:

I'm on the sidelines of a stage before a huge audience, and someone with me gives the impression that I'm the next on stage, that I'll have to perform. It seems like a ballet, then I see about a foot of snow and ice on the stage, and that the stage is tilted at a really steep angle towards the audience. I fear first of all that I don't know what to do on stage, and that it's now an ice show, like a ballet on ice. I think between not being a good skater, and the steep angle of the stage that I'll just fall off into the orchestra, making a complete fool of myself.

Now I see that the performer before me is David O'C. and that he can't skate either. He's doing rather clumsy acrobatics and handstands. Now I feel better thinking I can do a better handstand than that at my performance, and that I could even do a flip. For that matter I could sing with my guitar and be even better.

Dream fragment about Spanish only being spoken at a parade, it being at a later date.

May 6, Thursday

Dream:

There's a weird female patient on a bed in front of me. She had been incontinent of urine and the bed was wet. It was in the middle of being changed, with a clean sheet on one side and the wet one on the other, with the woman laying

on top of the two rolled up halves in the center. But I was not working on completing the bed change. I had a large art portfolio that I was thumbing through, showing different kinds of designs, patterns and collages. These were mostly abstract collages of lines and colors, and going through them I got several ideas for art things I'd like to do. I get the intention to make a huge collage about 6 foot by 4 foot, with a network of thick black lines like a road connecting about 6 squares in each of which I planned to make another smaller design like the ones in the book.

Now this big piece of cardboard that is to serve as the light gray background for the multi-collage is suspended above the bed of the woman, and one of the first parts I put on is the black cut-out figure of a hand, and it's hanging down over the bed. The woman in the bed wants me to do something for her, but I feel busy with my project. She wants me to drive her to see her father who was on a fishing trip. I said it would take too much time to drive her there, then come back, then pick her up again when her father returns.

Part of a dream about being at a party with Cyndy and Joan from work, and at one point Cyndy announces that she just got engaged to the lawyer from Las Vegas.

* * *

Judy just called, saying she's going out with her old ballet teacher tonight and won't be home. I cried for a good while, not knowing what to do, what is right, what God has planned for me, wondering if Judy loves me.

May 7

Last night Judy was supposed to come back from Santa Cruz and go out with me, but called her old ballet instructor and had a romantic reunion and discussion with him, Rich. Meanwhile, I've been agonizing over her withdrawal from me, doesn't want to make love anymore, and made it clear she's not in love with me. This morning we went out to the ballet to see Cinderella, with Anita and Dorry. Really good time, then to lunch, then she went home. I've had an empty feeling all day. Feeling there's no love in my life. This evening I went over my feelings to try to see what it is that's bugging me, actually making me sad.

1. I don't like the idea of her going around and to bed with anyone she likes.
2. Sad that she doesn't love me.
3. Feeling of lack of fulfillment, lack of meaning to my life.
4. Sexual frustration.
5. Sad that she led me on, then dumped me later.

Now I think I have to reconcile these factors with the law of Karma, that you meet yourself. This would seem to indicate a need to love others more, to have only one love, one God.

Dream:

I was walking in some kind of an office building or factory with JM and the hallways were long and narrow, with many turns and low ceilings, some of them covered with pipes. I'm taking some sort of survey of various birds, and as I know nothing of birds JM is accompanying me on this tour of the hallways, pointing out and identifying the different birds that we see as we walk along. There are at least two main categories of bird, with several listed under each. The only ones I can remember are the Finch category. She's pointing to the birds in the rafters and the pipes on the ceilings.

Now, we turn a corner and enter a large room where several men are preparing for a dance. I look up and see a nice yellow bird inside a small adjacent room. He has bright yellow feathers, and brown markings on the shoulders of the wings. As I continue to watch it, it's changing into a parrot, a rather silly looking parrot at that. And, as if to add to or capitalize on the silly looks of this bird, a silly man comes up next to the parrot and begins cuddling his cheek up next to the bird, making a sort of clown of himself. **Figure 7.**

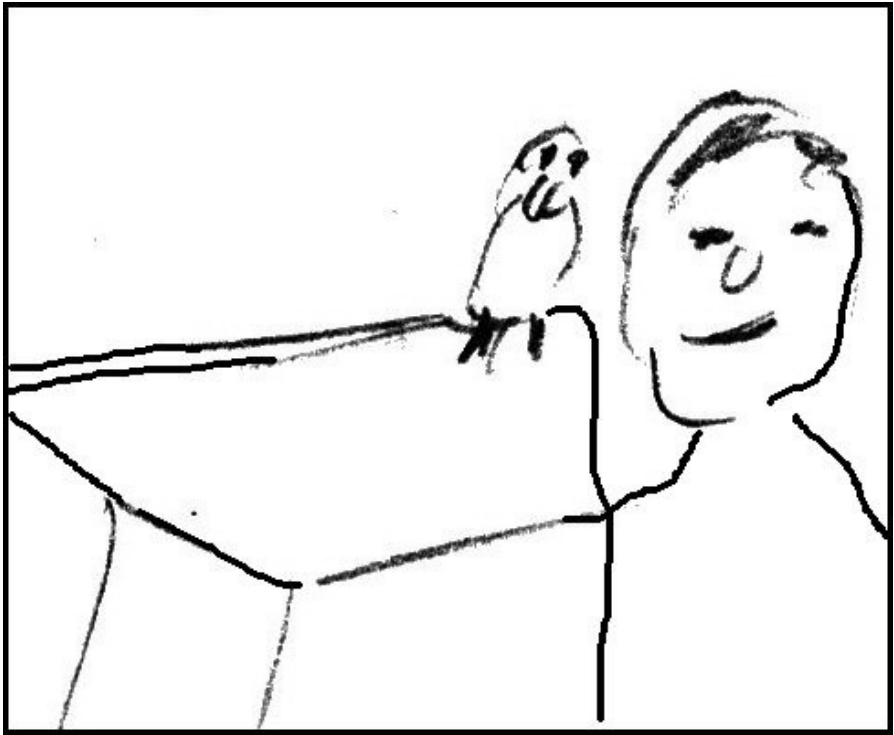


Figure 7. Parakeet cheek to cheek with a silly man.

Now, my attention is directed to the dance floor as Mom, or a mother is there. First a man is standing on his head on the dance floor, then the son of this Mom is in a shoulder stand on the floor, actually resting on his neck on the floor, with his arms outstretched, and his feet hanging forward a little. He's moving in a twitchy, jerky manner across the floor, by sudden and repeated straightening of the spine, which propel him backwards. **Figure 8.**

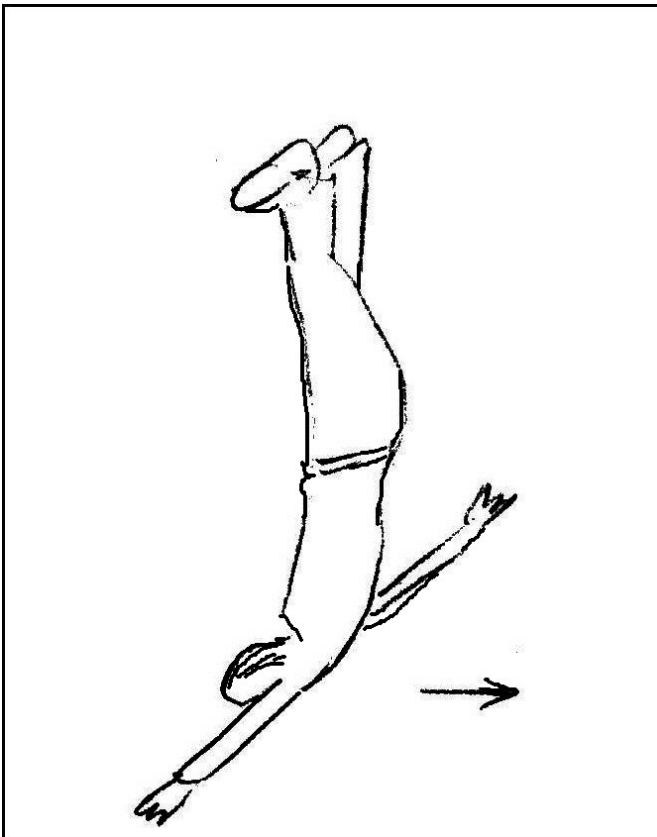


Figure 8. Dancer standing on his shoulders, moving backwards.

His Mom doesn't seem to think this is in any way odd, and in fact encourages her son to "push, push! " Next, I'm on the phone with Sue B., making a date to have sex with her. JM is there, and it seems she knows all that is going on with me. She says she knows about Maggie, and Sue, and I ask her how. She says from Ray W. and other people. Still, I go on with the date with Sue, and there's a scene of her in a nightgown. Then, JM helps me put a big white bandage on my penis, indicating there should be no sex.

* * *

Interpretation:

Caged birds are caged feelings of love, and JM is showing me the way. Parrot and silly man indicates repeated mistakes in love affairs, repeating myself and making a fool of myself, standing on my head. Indications of JM's psychic knowledge of me, my sex life. Penis has been irritated these last few days, and that may be what caused my potency problems with Judy the last two days

I've had a very slight pus drainage, and burning immediately after urination. I think this was due to Linda S., or something I picked up from the hospital. Anyway, it was there before Judy, and if it doesn't clear up soon I'd better go to the doctor, as it might be some form of VD.

Today I spoke to JM more of what's been happening with JW, and as I suspected, she thinks Hazel and Norm and all of them know exactly what's going on. Sometimes, I feel like yelling at Judy, but Edgar Cayce keeps advising "condemn not."

May 8, Saturday

Still feeling down in the dumps once in while, but on the whole feel better about Judy.

* * *

Dream fragment; is it a memory or a dream?

Judy W., a nurse from work is in the conference room pulling and adjusting her hair, as she has a new frizzy hairdo, it reminds me of Frizzy Steve, the hippie from Westwood.

I'm in an upstairs apartment where a meal is being served. The food is served and I begin eating, then realize no one else has started to eat yet, but I'm very hungry, and figure I'll eat just a little more. I think it's raviolis and something else. I see Barbara N. is at the table too, with a nice hairdo. Now, the rest of family is there too, including Dad and Mom. I go out into the hall and see that Dad had brought two large and fancy bottles of wine.

Next, I'm in the same hallway next to where the meal is and where the bureau on which the wine is placed. It seems

someone is moving out, and he left some of his stuff here, or I'm moving out, or getting my clothes together or something. Anyway, I see a pair of fancy green pants, and I try them on for size, and they are too big. I figure they must belong to the other guy. I call him and his wife and he has a pair of pants that are too small, we must have got them mixed up. Now I see a pair of white bell-bottom pants that are too big also, and he has my pair of them too. Holding these white pants up to my waist I see they are too long, and have big rips in both cuffs, making them useless. I forgot to mention that when I tried on the green pants they were too tight around the crotch, and too long.

* * *

Interpretation:

Feast is a recurrent theme, and may mean the good, abundant life I've been leading. Eating before the others and being very hungry shows strong appetite and lack of restraint and manners, being most likely the sexual appetite rather than the gastronomic. As it is I've lost 7 lbs, since this thing started with Judy my appetite being so low.

Wine is the Holy Spirit that my Father has brought for me.

Tight green pants indicates "too big for your britches" with regards so sex, the green indicating excess envy. Other person's ownership means it's with someone's wife (Judy),

and must be given back. Other white pants being too long and worn means the affair is too long and is wearing you out.

* * *

Have to make plans soon to go and visit Richie.

I've decided I'm very lonely, and should join Trellis, or Parents Without Partners. These are social groups to meet other people.

May 8, Saturday, after nap:

I'm in the entrance to a building that houses the entrance to a deep underground cavern, that's a tourist attraction, and it looks like a deep pit or tunnel in the ground. There is a group of young boys with me, and it seems the object of some of us is to see how deep into the pit we can get. One boy wants to give himself a handicap by being put in a very deep part of the pit, served by an elevator, and left there to find his way back.

In addition he's taken a "distortional" drug to mix up his senses, and add to the challenge. Up topside I've entered the first level of the pit, and one of the first obstacles to overcome is being tickled by a bunch of 15 year old girls, who grab me and start tickling. They're too young and giddy to reason with, and too old to hit, so I don't pass the first test. I only lasted 15 seconds. I ask someone if I lasted 15 seconds or one minute and 15 seconds. Now, standing there I remember the boy at the deeper level, and I wonder if I should go rescue him now.

At one point I'm in the tunnel again, shaped like a winding stairway and with a flashlight I explore the damp floor. I

thought I caught a glimpse of something moving, but it was the shadows made by the flashlight as it plays upon the little pools of water on the floor. I come up again to the entrance building and see street traffic out the open door, which reminds me of traffic on Rt 66 highway.

May 9

Very restless sleep, as in the last few days I've had burning on urination, and a slight purulent discharge, thinking I might have VD. I looked it up at work and it has all the indications of being gonorrhea. Quite sick to think I have to tell this to JW, and this right after losing her, the one I love.

I called her today just to warn her and she's pretty upset. I said a sincere prayer that gonorrhea or not, somehow God would bring peace of mind to J.

Played tennis with Sue H., RN, to help relieve some of my tension. This has to be a low point in my life. Just realized that May 7 was the 9th anniversary of the death of Fred, my father-in-law. This is metaphysically significant.

May 10, Monday

Went to the doctor this morning and he gave me quite a bit of relief as he thinks this is not gonorrhea, but nonspecific urethritis. Just beginning now to reduce the tension and anxiety I feel, but still didn't sleep well. Doctor gave me

two shots and took a culture just to be sure. I honestly feel this was the answer to my prayer. Not only will this bring peace of mind to JW, but to self as well. I called her again, and lab results Wednesday. Spoke to Linda S, too.

May 11, Tuesday

I'm quite exhausted as I went to bed about 9:00 AM, waking up about 10 minutes later to recall a very strange and vivid astral projection type dream.

* * *

Dream:

I was floating about my room in a semi-Fowlers position, feet in front of me with my brown shoes on. It seems I could float wherever I wanted to, though at times it seemed to be out of control. I floated up to the wall where it meets the ceiling. and seemed to go right into or through the wall. There was a slight resistance as my face touched the wall, and I felt as if my glasses were on.

Then, I went through the wall and I was in some part of roommate Hazel's bedroom. I had the feeling I knew I was dreaming, in fact knew I was astral projecting, and thought I should try to remember what I saw so I could confirm it when I woke up. I saw a portion of a green carpet where it meets the wall, and at the junction I could see two pieces of orange material, the string that always comes off her orange bedspread.

Next, I'm in a familiar back yard garden, and there's a desk or bureau in the middle of it and a ladies' watch on the corner of it. Thought of taking it, but I have no need for a ladies' watch. Now, I see a bunch of patients and nurses coming to some kind of course at the hospital. One of them is Jo Ann H. RN, who has a naso-gastric tube, attached to her face with blue tape.

Next is a very long and detailed dream I had as I slept well for the first time in weeks, though I'm not sure of the sequence. I was in the hospital, restraining a baby about 2 years old, as a nurse was doing some kind of procedure on the child. The baby is struggling and giving me a hard time, and I'm pretty annoyed and as an added restraint I begin biting on the baby's hand, and I'm surprised as I feel my right incisor tooth bear down on the knuckle bone of this kid, feeling the hard bone with a soft lining. As I take my hand away I see the child was biting my hand, too. We had almost identical marks on our hands, and I got the feeling whatever I do is done to me, karma.

Now, I'm in a tunnel or long hallway, and I see Ray W. dressed up in the costume of the queer barber in the movie "King of Hearts" and he's trying to touch my hips as I'm wearing a nice clean pair of white pants. First I repulse him, but being in a good mood I let him touch my hips lightly for a second.

I'm in a large room at the hospital, and Linda S is there all smiling and happy. She tells me her test was positive for

gonorrhea, and that the doctor wants to interview me about my girlfriends. I'm very concerned, but not emotionally upset. She says I probably won't get it anyway.

In the hospital again, just outside of the large main room, E218. There are a bunch of people gathered in the room, mostly visitors and family, and it seems there's a new policy getting underway, as all the people have brought in food, and the staff is collecting the food. First I think it's a type of food fund to help supply the hospital, then I think it's a new program to supply all the food to the patients to save them the cost of it.

One little boy is offering me a box filled with rich, good looking cake, and two apples, as the other nurses collect the food. I decide to take the apple and begin eating it, as the apple is better for you. Then I realize maybe I'm not supposed to be eating this food, but collecting it. I ask to talk to Barb N., Head Nurse, as I see there's a meeting in progress on the west side of the nursing station. But, although they're addressing the leader of this meeting as Barbara, it's not really her, but another nurse who they're calling Barbara more or less out of tradition.

Now, there's a play going on, an amateur skit for our enjoyment, and in a light atmosphere of clowning around and merriment. Not sure if he's part of the cast, or a joking member of the audience, but John G. is there. He's making jokes and funny comments as Patty, his wife, is coming onstage amid the props, though the play hasn't started yet.

John says things and the audience is laughing at each comment. Then, he begins to say sweet and romantic things to her as she walks behind a fence on stage. Something like "I threw in my hat and my head went with it," meaning he really fell in love with her.

Now, there's a stream between him and the fence where Patty is and in a casual manner they're both throwing pebbles from the bank into this little stream, causing little splashes. For some reason I think it would be funny to hear a large splash of someone being thrown into the water, instead of the pebbles. I do hear a loud large splash, but it's not a person being thrown in, in fact as I look I see nothing that made the splash.

Now, the players come onto the stage to take a bow amid the cheers of the audience. The entrance to the stage area is through a long corridor that looks like a white subway tunnel or something. As John and Pauline and the others come on the lights are out on stage, and I'm wondering what's wrong. Then a train comes along and there's more light, and the train is carrying the actors. But, right in the middle of the bows the train pulls out of the station to the left of the stage again, and at first I think it's part of a joke, part of the funniness of the skit, but the train keeps on going backwards with the players. I look up the track, to the right of the stage and I see an old priest in white garb with a train switch. It seems the subway system has given him the authority to use this section of the track on the non-rush hours.

Now, I'm on the train with the other cast members, and it continues on backwards along the track. We pass several track switches, and I'm thinking this is just to get us on a track to take us back to the stage area. I'm also wondering if any of this will bring us into contact with the trains on the regular commute track. We pass over another track switch, but instead of reversing direction we continue on backwards, and even increase our speed. Before I know what's happening we're on like a trolley tracks, with a street on one side and a park like Stanford campus on the other. We feel a little bump and the train goes crashing off the track. We land on a grassy hillside with lush greenery and tall eucalyptus type trees.

Me and two other young men run across a field and over this beautiful green grass, up a mound and over a lettuce plant to get to another hospital for help. When the people are safe in the other hospital we start on a trip back to our home hospital. One of the victims of the crash was a good looking girl who complained of a paralyzed leg which I looked at. On our way back we pass the crash scene and my foot accidentally kicks the dismembered leg of a yellow donkey or horse. This horse now is all limp and flaccid in its death, and I get the impression that the locals have begun to cut it up to use for meat, like the scavengers in the novel I read recently, *Alive*.

I see a large abdominal incision in the dead animal, and it looks something like a surgical incision, as it has a few retention sutures in it. I'm wondering why if the corpse is

being used for meat why more of the meat is not removed from the animal. Now as I leave the area I see some local kids, some Mexican boys have propped the head of the animal up so it appears to be looking at a fountain that I pass, as I leave the area. I look at the fountain, or watering hole and continue on.

I'm on one side of the street and the two others are on the left side as we make our way back to our home hospital. The two others going first, I finally climb up a long, narrow and very difficult staircase to get back to my floor. When I get there I hear some cheering by the staff that I made it back. I tell them of the accident and it seems the only injury I sustained is a sore left shoulder. I wake up now with pain from my sleeping position in the left shoulder.

May 12, Wednesday

Repeat fragment of the astral projection, just a portion of floating again and seeing the carpet and the wall in Hazel's room.

Just remembered another thing about yesterday, a fragment of being in my car and when I turned the switch the lights wouldn't go on, then they went on, but dimly. This has occurred before. Maybe symbolic, "don't see the light."

* * *

Called the doctor today and he confirmed it was not gonorrhea. Quite a relief, and an affirmation of my belief that it was a miracle. Called JW and had what I called a terminal conversation, indicating it would not be best for me to go up and visit her this summer. In my heart, though, I certainly still want to, and I'm still in love with her, but not so madly. I hope by taking this cooperative approach I can at least retain her friendship, and maybe see her once in a while.

May 13, Thursday

I can't recall this dream fully. It's something about being in an apartment with my brother John and he was being mean to me, or I was afraid of him for some reason. It was in an old house.

I recall a fragment of a dream where several doctors are looking over a patient and trying to decide what to do. Finally one of them said in regards to trying a certain drug, "OK, we'll try this, and if all six points in the patient's body, (maybe referring to Betty P., a bowel resection patient) give out, we'll know it's the Heparin." It seemed like a negative and dangerous form of logic to me.

* * *

Comment:

This evening I went in the pool, then to tennis class, then in the pool again. Then out for a pizza before work. Heavy day at work this evening, and a full moon.

On the way home from work I was thinking how Sue B. called me the other day, and mentioned that her partner is a rather strict and disciplined fellow, but that that's what she needs right now. It reminded me of what Lee Ann M. once said to me, that she was once married to a guy that called her ugly all the time, but that's what she needed at the time. It got me thinking about my late problems. What did JW need a month ago, to be reassured that she is attractive and desirable? So I came along.

What did she need last week? A reaffirmation of her love for her husband, and that messing around is wrong. So she comes home to a loving husband and child, and gets the scare of her life in the sexual realm by my VD incident. And, what did I need? To restore my faith in marriage, that I could believe again I could be, would want to be faithful to only one girl, to think I am desirable myself, and that I could be good for someone. So, I got JW, but I went overboard, so again I got my head set on straight by her leaving.

It also showed me that I want the one I love to be good, and faithful. Not to go out with other people, and not to

drink. God knows I'm still in love with that girl. If she came down now again I'd probably start in all over again.

It hit me what all the above really means. If "your Father knoweth what things ye have need of, before ye ask Him" this would be true. In other words, if all the things we get are what we need at the time, it means there is some great Master Planner who really cares for us. So, simply trust in God, trust His will.

Now, I've got a feeling something great is about to happen, now that I have this knowledge. But, even if something bad happens I'll know enough to trust in God, and be happy. Still, I feel something good is about to happen, thank God.

May 14

Things seem to be getting better between me and Sue.

Fairly clear dream:

I was sitting in a bus or train depot, and to my right was a soldier, or serviceman of some kind. We're seated in an area of several benches, and above us and in front is a booth behind glass where you buy your tickets. There's a kind of communication between us and this office. All of a sudden the soldier next to me gets up and takes off as if he were some kind of criminal escaping. The two officials in the booth see what happened and they call me up to try and find this guy, to trace him. They seem to think I'm something special for watching that guy, and they think I'm a service man too. They issue me a ticket for the train even without showing my service ID, which of course I don't have anyway.

Now, going back to the bench I find a hand written diary left by this fellow. Between the diary and information I get from the folks in the booth I feel it'll be easy to trace this fellow. He's sort of half hiding at a place of work, which I call up to find out about him. The name of the place is "A&P Printing Co."

* * *

Interpretation:

This is a hard one to figure out. Officers may be some kind of guides, offering a ticket to ride for service. Finding a soldier may be "finding self." A&P may be the food store or more likely, Anatomy and Physiology, but the printing company I don't know.

May 15, Saturday

Feeling much better these days, and trusting in God.

Last night I went to a Trellis singles club event, and a discussion on separation, and I couldn't believe my eyes as Bev J. walked in. It was like a dream come true. She is JM's boss at nursery school, and quite a pretty and intelligent lady. She just broke up with her husband.

* * *

Many portions of this dream I can't recall.

I was at the hospital and we were watching as a man, a patient, was getting something out of one of the closets of the nursing station, and I and the other nurses realized he was doing something illegal, and in fact was getting out a syringe. I run up behind him to wrestle the syringe away, but he sees me and puts up quite a struggle for such an old man. In the struggle he jabs me in the left upper thigh with the needle, and I feel the pain, and I'm wondering what kind of drug was in the syringe.

Next part is unclear and incomplete, but I find myself on the ground floor of the hospital with this man, and he seems to be a friend or ally now. There are others in the little group too, and we seem to be trying to escape the hospital. On the ground floor is one or two cafeterias, and I walk out by going the wrong direction along the food line, that is, by walking out the entrance, around chrome rails.

Vague again for another segment:

Anita and other kids are in a big skating rink, maybe an ice skating rink, and there are two girls there. One may be JM and the other may be Bev. These girls are leaders of some sort of the activities for the kids, and there's a game about to begin. It's joining hands and skating together. I advise Anita, that for extra strength in hanging on during the swings, not to simply hold hands, but to use a double grip, one grabbing the wrist of the next.

* * *

Interpretation:

This leg injury was seen recently.

Cafeteria is continued dietary advice.

Girls are JM and Bev, teaching children, while my role there is "on ice." Don't lose grip?

May 16, Sunday

I had the kids last night. Did some garden work at JM's before coming home. Finished Diet term paper. Feel real good these days; things are looking up socially, with Joan, Martha, Sue, and Bev.

Dream:

I was on a moving train, and it's coming to a stop. I'm about to disembark when I remember my school books and I run back and find them on the seat, the train is empty.

I'm in another station now, like a crowded subway platform, and I'm with a few friends. We are about to get aboard a train, but I don't know which one to take, which one is ours. I see a sign on the station but I can't make out what it says, something like Courson & Troux, (on true course?). I finally get on one train which I feel is the right one. As we're riding I'm afraid of something, unclear. I see a view of my brother Robbie, and he's just vomited up a huge piece of meat loaf, exactly like the one J gave me a couple days ago. He seems to be wallowing in it. Can't recall the remainder.

I'm in bed, and I have to urinate. I have a urinal like the ones in the hospital, and I fill it up to the brim, as I'm thinking "1000 cc," and as I go to empty it, a good portion of it is spilled. Riding on the train I see a corpse of a naked, skinny Filipino type old man. I brush up against him as I walk by, and the kids are next to me, and Danny sees the

corpse, but doesn't seem affected by it, as I think I should have left that thing at the hospital. Someone says it's been there 3 days now, and it may start to stink soon. I think the voice was my mother's.

Next, a hospital staff member or teacher, can't tell if male or female, holds up a piece of cloth for me to cut with a large scissors, or shears, and looking closer I see it's supposed to be a doll in the shape of a little girl. The instructor is asking me to cut it in the place where a kidney transplant would be. I aim for the lower lateral back area, but because of the looseness of the thin cloth wrapped around the doll, the cut comes out in the wrong place. I try it again, and it's correct.

* * *

Interpretation:

The old man may be an old primitive habit that I killed, and didn't want the kids to see. Is meat loaf bad?

Indecision in career is reflected by not knowing which train to take. Going back for books is warning not to neglect studies, as I've been doing recently.

May 17

JW is still very much on my mind, and I feel I still love her a lot. Maybe I'll call her, and let her know. Trying to decide my vacation, whether I'll just go to Albuquerque, and probably take the kids, or try to drive someone's car to N. Y.

* * *

Dream:

I'm in a complex of little white houses, and they seem abandoned, as if by the military, or possibly some farm workers. The houses are spread out in a square pattern, and are served by a dirt road. I see that this little development is right next to grandma's house in the back where the open field used to be. I get the feeling that this group of houses is all mine, and I decide to live there, and let other people have or rent the other ones. I pick a house right on the corner, one of the first ones you come across as you enter along the dirt road. I figure this will have the most real estate value. Then, I decide to take two houses, they being small, one-room jobs. One for my storage, and one to live in. Looking out, I see the door is old and worn, and you can see right thru it, though the white plaster of the house shows it is well built.

Comments:

Moving has started, and much of my junk is strewn out on the floor in front of me. I decide I have to sort thru this stuff and store the rest. I run to another house and go upstairs to get some boxes for storage. Some family members are there with me, maybe brother Joe.

May 18, Tuesday

Funny thing, this morning, afternoon, I woke up at 4:30 PM and the alarm had been pushed in, though I have absolutely no recall of having done that, and I missed a rather crucial Diet class. As it turned out, I called Judy, and she was sick and having a lot of trouble with the kids, and having severe emotional problems, too. So, I went over there and cooked supper for her and gave emotional support, and I'd swear it was a blessing, 'cause we talked and she felt better, so maybe the clock thing was fate.

* * *

Vague dream fragments:

I was watering plants in the back yard at California Ave., and especially the rose bush behind the shed. People were standing in my way, and I didn't want them to get their shoes wet, as the hose was making quite a puddle there at their feet.

I was re-reading an old, but well kept and pretty poetry type book on life.

A familiar and well loved book, as I read there were scenes of a farm pasture, and a beautiful pastel-blue sunset, with mountains and an old wooden fence. At the end of the book there seemed to be an allusion to death, and a fearless, contented feeling seemed to permeate the story.

May 20, Thursday

My kids are over tonight, since I don't have off this weekend, and I have a workshop on Tuesday at work. I took the kids to tennis class this evening. I called the doctor again today, and there is no more burning or discharge, but a slight tingling sensation in the urethra, making me suspect there might still be an irritation. Doctor said to call back in a month for a blood test, but if anything goes wrong, or if the tingling doesn't go away I'll call him sooner.

Thinking seriously these days that I should go to school for the LVN despite the tremendous cost. I'm sure to be accepted in the challenge class and get right into B semester, thereby graduation would be in June '77. Also thinking of driving someone's car back east to visit, but Judy wants me just to go to Albuquerque, and take the kids. If I drove a car for some one, I could take Mom and the kids back to N. Y. and save her half her plane fare.

* * *

I can't recall this dream exactly:

As I was going to sleep I had the feeling of being in communication with Dad, but it was more like a divine Dad, being concerned with me.

* * *

Comments:

This may refer to the new concept I've been forming lately of Christ, as a Divine Dad. I've been trying to feel closer to Christ these days as I trust His will more now. I still say the prayers as I drive home from work. Sequence is this;

“Divine Father, thank you for all your blessings. Show me thy will, and help me trust and obey. Teach me to love, God, self, and others.”

Then, one verse of Day by Day is sung. Then three times: My goal is to serve and to trust the one God, thru good thoughts, good deeds, good health; with love for God, self, and others.

* * *

Another dream:

I'm at work, and Sue B. walks in with Joe, her ex-husband, and he looks like a transformed man, and it's obvious that he and Sue are back together. Sue seems really proud of this, but Carol G., RN, is laughing and pointing behind their backs as they walk in towards the nursing station. Gloria M., RN, is next to me and she says, "God, who does she think she's kidding," referring to Sue as either being mixed up, or deluding herself that a return to Joe is the right thing to do. Meanwhile, I feel really embarrassed at the idea of meeting with Joe again.

As they approach I'm glancing at them once in a while, trying to avoid making contact with Joe's eyes. I pretend to be busy and occupied with charts, but then I try to think of myself shaking hands with him and talking. (I was at least in part responsible for Joe and Sue breaking up, and I know Joe was, or still is angry at me for it.)

I'm in a large bed with Judy M. and she's talking to me, though we haven't slept together or anything. She knows about my girlfriend, possibly Sue B., and it seems she is still jealous and possessive of me.

Now, I'm in a foreign country, and off in the distance I see a group of tourists. The country is sort of flat, and a little muddy in certain places. I feel I'm some sort of leader of the tourists, or at least separate from them, and I go off by myself next to the natives, and get down on my knees to do some work.

My job is to take a hammer and some thick slabs of wood, about 1 by 4 feet, and about 8 inches thick, and pound the wood, which is soft and light,, until the indented area looks like the shape, or silhouette of a man. As I do 3 or 4 of these the wood seems to be getting lighter all the time, until finally I find myself pounding on an empty cardboard type box.

* * *

Am I making a fool out of myself by going backwards as Sue going with Joe again indicates? Wooden figures is self, taking a pounding, and resulting in depressed figure of self. Cheer up, fella!

May 21, Friday

I'm in an apartment, in bed with a few people, one of whom is Sue B. She's right next to me, and is holding my penis in her hand, and she says that she just squeezed gobs of cum out of my dick. Then, rolling over my chest is exposed and a fellow lying next to me grabs my nipple, and I'm very annoyed and feel this guy is a queer. I yell at him, then get up and begin punching him. He's changed appearance now, and has a beard and a weird grin. I keep punching him.

Now, I'm a member of a group in an amusement park, a type of fantasy land mainly for kids, and it seems they're going to put on some type of Halloween show for the kids,

including Anita and Danny, who are there. They are playing in another room, while I get the results of the trial of the "black something," the queer guy. It seems he was found guilty of his crime, but things are so pleasant in the park, no one really cares that he is guilty, and the furry little ducks and rabbits just want him to play with them down by the stream. I go into the other room to tell this to the kids, and I find them playing with rows of little medical cards, that change configuration by themselves, creating beautiful patterns of changing cards.

The kids next are given a sample of the Halloween masks, and I'm hoping these are not too scary for Danny. But, he takes one full mask and punches it away. The management now is setting up a structure that is for a ride through the more advanced area of the park, where more Halloween things are set up, and again I hope there are not too many "horrors" for the kids. I run away into a different area and go to a garage, or parking area, and seeing my friends big white Cadillac type car, I jump in and steal it, the keys being in the ignition. But, I realize I can't get away with it, and just drive it around the corner and get out. Leaning against the side I feel guilty, knowing they could identify me from fingerprints on the car.

Now, I see 2 or 3 young girls, and I go up to them and pull up their clothes, and begin sucking on their breast, or pussy, as the desire strikes me. I come across one 13 year old girl, and I pull up her dress, thinking she'll either scream and yell or love it. But, after an initial reluctance

she really enjoys it as I push my tongue into her cunt. I can tell from the tightness that she's a virgin, and as I lick at her I look up and see she looks like Jennifer, the head injury patient we had at the hospital about 3 weeks ago. She is smiling and enjoying this obscene act, and I see her hair is still short from where her head was shaved.

Now, there's a filmstrip being shown, of the events of the amusement park, as if taken from a birds eye view. I get nervous that it will show me either stealing the car or having sex with the girls, but these sequences are not on the film. It just shows the Halloween parade.

A dream fragment of playing on a wooden instrument, and it's my task to make the sound of a horse clip-clopping, but I'm having difficulty doing this.

* * *

Thoughts:

Amusement park, with hint of horror represents normal temptations of life. Fear for involvement of kids. Homosexual theme is inexplicable. Been feeling very sexy lately. I went to an adult bookstore today, the first time in over a month. I called J.W. and felt good about it. Very excited and can't get to sleep, which I want to do before work tonight. I went to the pool for tension release.

May 22

Many varied dream fragments:

I'm watching a game of volleyball, and some of the players are "ringers", that is they can play a lot better than the others. I see some college kids, and they're enlisting in the ROTC on campus, and I'm pressured to join, but I don't want to. Now these people fade away. I see Janie waiting for a lift from me on the corner. I see many different people fading away. I feel I have indigestion. I see Jimmy Durante walking along with his big nose.

I see a distinguished black man and he's some kind of dignitary who's associated with the Stanford faculty. I meet him as some kind of medical worker, and he asks me about this sore on his lip. His upper lip has a long split down the mid-line. I look closer at his big negroid lip and the wound, and see it's got a very slightly wet, even purulent area deep inside, though in general it seems to be healing well. I'm told that he got the lip injury from working in the hot sun on his motor boat, or sail boat, that he built himself. I also get the impression that his ulterior motive is to take out these young girls on his boat, and that somehow the lip was punishment for this selfish intent. I tell him it's easy for us to control the pain, with drugs, and that the danger of infection was slight, but we may have to irrigate it to prevent infection.

* * *

Thoughts:

Janie had asked me the other day to give her a lift from Patty's party tonight. Black man is primitive self in high class environment, showing sickness as a result of bad attitudes.

I had a lot of fun with the "invisible ball trick" at work, where someone throws a ball, make believe, and I snap my fingers holding the bag, so it sounds like a ball really hit inside the bag.

May 23, Sunday

Last night I was at Patty P's party. She's an RN. Good time, I played the piano and sang Suzanne.

* * *

Dream fragment of seeing the nude rear end of Diana P. RN at work.

* * *

This evening I went to Joan H's barbecue, really good time. Linda S. came with me as she just got back from vacation. Then I went bowling with JM, and we won all four games, as it was the end of the season.

May 24, Monday

I'm off tonight, and tomorrow is the Law workshop at the Holiday Inn, sponsored by Stanford. Slept most of the day. Just about figured out it would not be best to try to drive to N.Y. this vacation. First, the pace would be hectic, then the arranging of a car is still up in the air, and third, the timing is off, because Mom will be just getting there, to Albuquerque when I arrive, and she's not going to want to leave after just 2 or 3 days. It's too late now to change my vacation, and besides, Judy has been pressuring for me to take the kids for a few days on my vacation. I like to think I'm doing things for other people once in a while anyway, even if I do think of myself first.

* * *

Dream:

I see three guys driving a car into a park. It's nighttime. As they are driving along the path gets lost, and I find we must have made a wrong turn or something, since we're now going along a very shallow creek, with many small rocks in the inch deep water. It's a canyon land park anyway, so it's hard to say where we got off the road. As we go along I catch a glimpse of something moving in the bush, something dark and bulky, and I immediately get visions of a bear, or some kind of mildly scary creature. Now, as we're on the stream, I realize we definitely cannot go on, and as we stop, I see a figure approaching from up the creek, and this is very frightening. It looks like the figure

of a tall dark woman, but it's hard to see because of the dark. I can't decide whether to get out of the car and run, or try to hit her with the car, or try to turn the car around and escape. I choose the latter, and we get back on the path and escape.

Now, the scene is of the same park, but at the entrance to it, it seems brighter, like daylight. There are several boys walking along the paths, and 2 or 3 young, Boy Scout fellows are walking the path out of the park, as I watch from a high balcony overlooking the edge of the park where it meets the city. It's like viewing a suspense movie, because I don't know if the 3 of us escaped this lady in the dark path, or if these Boy Scouts were to fall victim to her too.

Just then, I see a sports car pull up along the path, into the brighter light, and the 3 occupants are a bit relieved to have escaped the figure in the dark. But, now the figure is coming out of the dark part of the park, too. Me and the boys are determined to find out just who the hell this person is that scared us to death back there.

As it approach I see it's not a woman, but a big, hunky and tough looking young fellow, and he's smiling in a roguish sort of way. He begins to climb up a long, thin metal ladder to the balcony I'm on. Just as he reaches the top, he either loses his grip, or someone makes him fall, and he lands hard on the ground at the foot of the ladder. I go down and talk to him. He's still sort of half smiling, and his eyes are

uneven, like one bad eye, and this makes his whole face seem sort of distorted, like half and half of something.

As I talk to him, he changes into a small Irish looking fellow, with freckles, and small pug nose, seeming more friendly. He's got a roughly square piece of metal or tin in his hand, and I get the impression that it's from a car wreck. He begins to explain that somehow he lost his sweetheart, possibly in a car wreck, and that he had to investigate her loss, to find out what happened. That's what he was doing in the park.

Now, he begins to get sentimental, as I begin to understand him, and he pulls out two pictures in frames. One picture I just catch a glimpse of, but I can see it's this fellow, two kids and the girl in a family picture. The other is a wedding type picture of him and this girl. Both pictures have the glass broken, and I feel there's been some sort of accident or tragedy. Now, I focus in on the photo of him and this girl, and I'm immediately struck by the fact that this girl has sleepy, thick and puffy eyelids just like Toni C. from work. Looking closer I see the girl has a chubby Irish face just like the guy, and, in fact, the picture shows them cheek to cheek, and they both look very similar, I see now that she has an eye deformity too, giving that half and half type appearance, too. As he continues to explain his loss I feel a wave of sympathy for him, and hugging him, we begin to cry together.

* * *

Interpretation:

This is obviously symbolic of the recent things I've been going thru, but I'm not sure of the interpretation of it all, or its meaning.

The getting lost and off the path, and meeting the dark woman refers most likely to JW, though it's hard to think she is in any way evil, or it may be just the "in the dark" way I handled it all. Anyway, I had certainly gotten off the path onto rocky ground. Escaping and returning to the light is my current readjustment and enlightenment. Looking from the balcony and getting to understand the fellow is the overview, and understanding of the situation. Broken pictures are broken relationships with JM and broken family. I wonder if the broken glass represent a sin of mine that broke up a relationship. The distorted faces reflect this too, being "two-faced." Understanding is coming. Crying for the loss.

This guy and girl are JM and I, and I feel the understanding of his tragedy is to understand what Judy's gone through, and ultimately what I'm going through.

May 25, 1976 Tuesday

Dream fragment of having to pretend I was the husband or boyfriend of someone else. Worrying about getting up in time for the seminar.

Today I went to a Law Workshop by Stanford. I had a good time, especially the lunch. It was held at the Holiday Inn, Palo Alto. I went to J's to help plant the kids garden. Then, to a Trellis event. Trellis is a singles club.

May 26, 1976 Wednesday

Dream:

I was drawing blood for a sample, using a syringe, on the arm of a little baby, with small blue veins. The child was only a few months old, possibly Danny. I was concerned not to hurt him. I got the vein on the first try, then changed syringes, leaving the needle in place, like the nurses do at work to get more than one tube of blood at a time. I'm using one of the vacuum tubes, so the blood fills up fast. As I change the tube, or syringe, the needle stays in place, and it looks like a little piece of metal stuck in the arm, about the size and shape of a staple. I'm afraid this will slip inside the arm causing harm to the child. but, it doesn't. I reattach the other tube without incident. Other non-medical people are watching me.

* * *

Worked days today, to follow Rosemary W. to learn colostomy care. Actually went with Pat E., though. Over to Linda S.'s to play tennis, then supper, and played the guitar for her.

May 27, Thursday

Worked days yesterday in order to follow the colostomy nurse, and get experience for my NAI card. (Nursing Assist. 2.)

Dream:

I'm on a court trying to throw a small rubber ball into a basketball hoop. Several times I miss, and several times I hit the edge of the hoop, and I start to get very frustrated. Finally, I get the ball in and there's a cheer from the crowd around me.

Next dream is very vague, difficult to recall.

Waiting in a medical office to be called in. Other couples are around me, and it seems to be in a foreign country. I notice I have on pretty poor looking clothing, while the young men around me are well dressed. I walk out of the office, and I seem to be in a complex of buildings, and I've just come out of the high school. I go out onto a rising, circular balcony, and looking back at the school, I see under the basement of the school building is another floor or two, housing a cement factory. In fact, there are several cement trucks there with their mixers turning. I'm thinking something about the noise of the gym, or if the basement of the school was appropriate for the noise of the trucks. Now, a little girl about 2 years old, the child of one of the other couples, comes running out on the balcony near me. I catch her as she gets too near the edge, fearing she might

fall. I'm feeling I like this little girl, but I don't want to have to baby sit for another kid. The father comes to my aid.

* * *

I learned at the law workshop the other day, at lunch with other workers on my floor, that Toni C. just broke up again after a one week reunion with her estranged husband. She was sad and depressed, but not weepy. This may relate to her in the dream I had the day before the workshop.

Today I had a few problems. First I went in to the hospital on my own time to complete the colostomy requirement for my NAII. My head nurse saw me and said it was illegal for me to be there. Then I went to the medical library to do some research on psychosomatic medicine, and spent 2.5 hours searching for the books, and half an hour reading the articles, none of which was particularly interesting. Then I went out to my car to find a parking ticket.

Tonight is school, then work one night, then 2 days off. Nothing planned.

May 28, 1976 Friday

Dream:

Several doctors are walking along a parking lot then patio. Cyndy L., RN, is with them, and we're looking at a display of many different flavors of ice cream. I see a chocolate one that looks particularly good, and I want to get that one. One doctor wants to know if they have a daiquiri flavored ice cream.

I'm viewing or participating in a relay race, and instead of batons the runners have to pass on a big fat syringe filled with water. I'm thinking it's a little dangerous, as someone might get stuck in the hand-off. Viewing the hand-off area for a while. I take my syringe and water a spot on the lawn that's too dry for grass to grow. I'm wondering if these squirt syringes aren't some kind of practical joke, where someone gets water in the face. **Figure 9.**

Racetrack: view
the hand-off
area

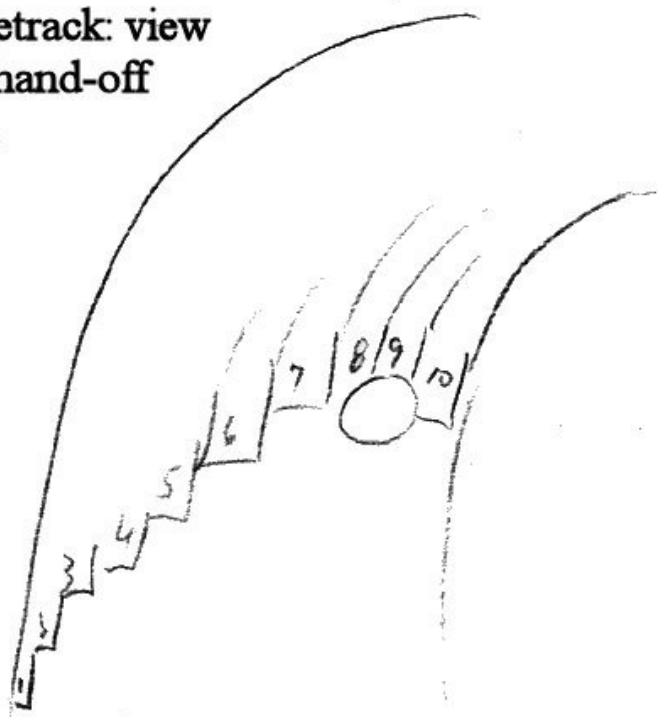


Figure 9. Race track baton hand-off area.

* * *

Work was busy last night. We had a full moon. I composed a poem:

The Orderly's Lament

No matter how meticulous, no matter how I train,
Whenever I touch a urinal or make a Foley drain,
I try to be so careful, but still don't understand,
Whenever I work with urine, I splash some on my hand!

Note: A Foley catheter is a tube inserted temporarily into the bladder that helps urine drain for patients that have urinary tract problems.

May 29, 1976

Today I went to Santa Cruz boardwalk with Linda S. and the kids. Last night I went to the drive-in with them.

Dream:

I'm in a garage with others, and we go out for a walk. As I'm walking along I see a barber shop, and on the wall is a little magazine, with a nude skier on the front cover. This was exactly the photograph I found as a young teenager in my brother John's dresser many years ago. The title on the cover said something like *A Summer's Dream* in dull brown colors. Now, as I stare at the photo, it becomes a real life situation that I'm witnessing.

There's a man, a professor type standing on a snow covered mountain slope, with several small, rather bare fir trees around him. He's fully clothed, and there's a fragment of someone doing a flip on skis, as seen in some television spots. Now, this professor is somehow the same fellow who made the flip, but, he was a little late coming out of the maneuver, and his skis got a little bent in the back. About 8 inches of the rear of the skis were bent up to a vertical position, but were not broken off, more like they were formed that way. The gentleman seemed a little confused as to how this could happen. Next, as he stands there, a native girl, like an Eskimo or some kind of Indian, comes sneaking up behind him by sliding down the slope on her stomach, like a snake. She's smiling, and the man

turns around, but the girl hides behind a tree. Then, she slides closer, and the man turns again. This time the girl doesn't have time to hide, but just plays possum, hoping he won't see her. But, after a minute he sees her. Now, he seems very excited as he turns her over in the snow and begins to play with her.

He takes off some of her clothes, and in an instant there's a close-up scene of his penis entering her vagina, much like a porno movie. The girl has tan skin, and her pubic hair has been sloppily shaved off, leaving patches of short hair, making the scene half sexy, and half gross. Now the man falls back and comes in great gobs on the girl's leg.

Through tossing and turning the girl winds up with her head covered in the white cream, but it's not sexy at all, nor so gross, more like just inconvenient. Now, the mess is partially cleaned up with a cloth or something, and I'm putting this into the washing machine to clean it.

Fragment of looking at, wielding a long, very curved sword. It's a circular section about 4 feet long, and curving through about 150 degrees of a circle. Then a flash of finding a straight sword.

I'm in a series of office buildings, going from room to room. I find myself in a room with the kids, and there's a man present who's in a play acting like he's a doctor. With the kids falling in behind me I grab this "doctor's" shoulder and start to dance, like the bunny hop or something. Now,

the doctor gives me such a look, and I realize, he's not acting, he really is a doctor. We, talk about urethritis.

May 30, 1976 Sunday

I went to a Trellis party last night, and had a really good time. First, I realized the hostess was Lynn T., a good friend of Judy's, and we really got to know each other pretty well. I was the last one to leave the party, and after I helped her clean up, we sang some guitar songs together. The best thing though was I met a really cute girl, and we had a romantic and dance-filled evening. She seems like a lot of fun, and I'll call her today. Her name is Jane W.

* * *

Dream:

I was at work, and I thought I was late for report, but then I realized it was the previous shift that was late because they went to a party. It's about quarter past the hour and report is supposed to begin at a quarter to. Everyone is talking in the report room, which is now in the doctor's lounge for some reason. Then Gloria has a couple poems that she wrote, and wants to read, but a fellow in the room says he'll read them. Gloria reads one, then this fellow sings the other. It seems the poem is really a song. I'm thinking it's great that this guy is not too shy to sing in front of everyone.

Now, I'm very sleepy, and I feel anxious that I haven't written out my assignment sheet yet, nor have I gotten report. I decide to make rounds on the patients, then get the Rands document and fill in the assignment sheet. At the same time, I look out and see there's call light indicator board right outside room 208, which we can see from the doctor's conference room. Room 222 is lit up, but that's not one of the rooms I'm assigned to. Also, the previous shift people start to come back. I go to room 222, and a few kids are there, running around. I want to hit them or something to check their wild behavior. Then, I go around the corner to room "34", to see a girl. Sue H., RN. See **Figure 10**.

Respiratory Intensive Care Unit (RICU)

Treatment room used for
nursing shift-change report

Storage

Head nurse

ICU
Counter

Monitors

Utility

Kitchen

Housekeeping

Doctor's office

Room 222

Room 218

Room 216

Room 214

Room 210

Room 208

Room 206

Room 204

Room 202

Figure 10. Respiratory ICU.

May 31, 1976, Monday, Memorial day

This evening I have a date with Jane, and I'm a little nervous and excited. I was concerned there for a while about finding something good to do. There seems to be nothing happening today, and I can't stay out late because I work tonight. The only thing I could think of to do is play miniature golf, which is quite a step down for Jane, since she just got back from Europe. Just called her now, and we're just going out for dinner.

* * *

Dream:

I was driving my car to California Street, and I saw the entire block was surrounded by FBI agents. I knew they were after me, and that I couldn't get away, so I gave up gracefully. I drove right into the block with them around me, putting my hands up for them to see, and holding the steering wheel steady with my knee. I let the car coast to a stop in front of the house, but it bumped a car slightly as I stopped. From the house I could see Judy and the kids.

* * *

Comments:

This dream may have been prompted by a TV show I saw today. It may also refer to giving up self, symbolically, though I can't think of anything I've sacrificed lately.

* * *

I was on a balcony watching trains go by. There are 4 tracks, and on the 3rd track from me I see a train going from left to right. The two middle tracks seem to be for express trains, and the two outer ones for local stops. The train going by is empty, and as soon as it passes, I see another train from the opposite direction on the same track. This puzzles me, as I wonder how they didn't crash, but, looking to the right I see there's a switchover in the track, and a loop beyond that.

I'm in the rear of a group of cops, all with guns drawn. It seems we're making a movie, but then we're in a crowded doorway, and I'm stuck in the back behind these taller fellows. One idiot type has his gun drawn, and I had taken it away from him. I now give it back to him. Everyone has dark revolvers, but I seem to be a detective, and have a sleek silver automatic. One loud, round faced cop in front of the door begins talking crudely, something about getting a piece of ass.

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About the Author

Vince Migliore is a writer and researcher who has been recording his dreams since the 1970s, delving into the subconscious mind. For many nights, more than one dream was recorded, usually with commentary. After the first year of nursing school he was able to work as a nursing assistant (NA) while completing his degree. This journal and diary were completed after a difficult divorce and contains many adult-themed struggles. It is intended as a resource for social and psychological studies as well as for the curious reader.

Related works by the author, via Blossom Hill Books:

A Measure of Heaven, Near-Death Experiences

ISBN: 9798288782763.

Mirthful Memoirs of a Male Nurse, ISBN: 1453818332

Male Nurse Diary and Dream Journal,

ISBN: 9781300002116

My Year of Dreams, ISBN: 9781300178460

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