

Nursing Student Dream Diary

Volume 3

March, 1977 through June , 1977

Vincent T. Migliore

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Disclaimer

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The Amazon exclusivity contract does not allow public domain distribution nor reprinting by any other distributor. The Remy Vance (dreamy Vince) version will no longer be available through Amazon. The same is true for the three books used to make up *A Comprehensive Student Dream Diary*, which were titled *Student Dream Diary*, Volumes 1, 2, and 3.

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.

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 he 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 his 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 hand-written notes. These were stored in his 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: His 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, 1977

Note: There was a long stretch from September, 1976 to the present where no dream entries were recorded.

March 23, 1977

Last night while studying I got a call from Sue, and she wanted to meet me for a drink. I met her at a place near her house, and she was with a friend, Jim, who left early. Sue and I danced for a while, and were feeling good. I took her to my place, and we had a great time in bed. I went home feeling guilty.

I got to bed about 1:45 AM, and had a restless night's sleep. Some of the thoughts going through my head: You're a hypocrite, thinking you're a Christian, and that you wouldn't go to bed with a married woman; What God has joined let no man put asunder; You jump into bed with the first girl that comes along; Your ideal is to treat others the way you would like to be treated, but you didn't live up to that.

As I lay in bed though I got other thoughts also; Don't condemn yourself; It's over and done; don't worry. Have a little trust in the ways that God

works; you're feeling really sorry for what you did, and have gained a clear understanding of the sin involved, so you've already paid the price and repented; if you reform now you won't suffer from it any more.

One of the dreams I had involved stepping stones, an expression Edgar Cayce uses a lot in his readings, "Your problems can be viewed as stepping stones or stumbling blocks." In dreaming of scaling the stepping stones without falling, I view this as a positive sign in thinking through this problem. Sue called this morning and seemed to indicate that all was OK between her and her husband. They made love last night after I left. Still, now I want to go back to my former ethics concerning married women, and this time really live by what I profess to believe.

I have a fragment of a dream of wearing my brown brushed cotton pants, and thinking I shouldn't be wearing them, as they were the ones I had on when I got the poison ivy, and some of the oil may still be in the fabric.

Several guys are in a semi-serious foot race across a field, and it's done as a sort of warm up before class. I'm with them and wonder if I should save my energy for the main race or try to win this one. As I run along with them there's only one runner ahead of me, but he tires and collapses in front of me, and in fact slows me down with his weight as

he drops in front of me. I keep running hoping to win the race, but my legs won't move as fast as I want them to. The finish line is actually the door to the locker room, and as I approach it one other runner overtakes me, and enters the locker room first. I run and tap the door but don't go inside right away. The last few yards of the race was over a grassless stretch, and the first runner left bare foot prints in the damp dirt.

Now, inside the locker room, which is actually a shower room, I see Jonelle, half reclining, half sleeping on one of the benches next to the showers. I also see a tall, chubby fellow taking a shower. I walk towards the lockers and see a broken violin or guitar case sitting there, and I think it might belong to the big fellow. I see an old friend Paul M., and he's very tall, and I have to look up to him as we talk. He's telling me about how his mother was in an iron lung in this very same shower room, and she almost died when the quake struck, as the power was off for almost 20 minutes.

I look past his talking figure to the ceiling which is composed of sheets of old, half rusted metal, perforated with holes to let the steam and water through for the showers. I see the chubby fellow is sleeping with some sheets or covers, and I'm not sure if a girl is in there with him or not. I see a small girl sleeping on a bench. I'm taking a shower now, and I see Jonelle on the side on a bench watching me. I raise my leg to wash it, in such a

way I can talk to her and she won't be able to see my genitals.

She can see my butt, but I don't care about that, in fact I feel it's good. As I shower I splash some water on the chubby fellow by accident. I go for a towel, with a little difficulty in finding one.

I go to class, and in class we have to draw pictures of people in the class, and I have some drawings in my notebook, which I feel are good renderings of people, and I want to hang them up. Some of the girls in the class hang their pictures up on a board on the side of the class, but I don't see mine up there. I'm talking to a friend about girls, and I whisper in her ear, "I wish I had the nerve to ask out Maureen K." I see Maureen there, and she looks very pretty.

Outside a building is a lawn with several large stepping stones forming a path to the sidewalk, with grass between the blocks of stone. I cross these stones twice, thinking the blocks are different sizes and heights, and one has to be careful in scaling them not to trip.

March 24, 1977

Dream:

It's as if I'm watching a movie that transforms into real life. I see a man who has gone berserk, in a glass office building. He's spraying bullets onto another glass building from the one he's in. It seems as if automatic fire is coming from near me, as the bullets hit the glass in a wide arc across the street. I find myself on the ledge outside the windows, and I'm very afraid of falling.

I start scooting along, head first, on my back to look for a way off the ledge. I notice the ledge is soft, like leather seat cushions. Inside one window is a clean cut, white-shirted young office worker with blonde hair and thin, Scandinavian features. He sees my plight and opens the window to let me in. I call for him to get another person to help pull me in. **Figure 13.**

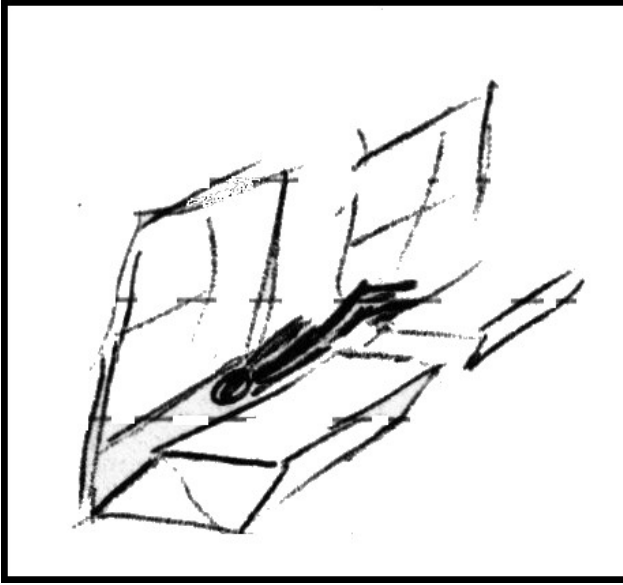


Figure 13. Crawling on window ledge.

Inside, I see my old friends, Guy and Joan P., and we're all watching TV. I see a fellow with Down's Syndrome, and I try to communicate with him in pantomime, but he responds in perfect English. I help him collect sacks of mail and put them in his wagon.

March 25, 1977 Friday

There's a bureau in the upper floor bedroom of an apartment, and a plumber is standing at the top of the stairs, and says to me that there's been an overflow in the pipes, and I see that some of the toilet fluid is inside the top drawer of my bureau. It's also on the edge of my mattress, but I can remove the cover without the mattress needing to be changed. The plumber is assuring me that the clothes in the top drawer will be OK too, but I see fecal material in there, and decide to dump the whole drawer, socks and all, into the laundry.

I see a large bedroom, and there's a leak in the roof. At first it's a tiny leak, and seeps toward the wall, but then, I hear it raining outside, and the leak begins to drip on the floor next to the bed. I see also that the water is multi-colored, like a rainbow as it seeps through the ceiling.

I'm in the front doorway of an apartment with Judy, and the place is bare except for the large pieces of furniture, and some boxes. She has packed and we're about to move out, and she did all the work. Now, it's as if we're moving into a new apartment, and the old tenants had a lot of neighbors and friends dropping in all the time, and I'm hoping that these same people won't be hanging around with me when I move in. I feel that they will gradually decrease their visits and I'll

have my space back again. The landing at the top of the stairs is sloping downward away from the door, and I feel this is a sort of weakened structure.

Yesterday after school I went over classmate Sue's house, and had a nice long talk, and dinner. Sue L. called later and said her husband was angry, which worried me. I told her I thought the date for lunch Monday should be canceled. Denise S. called.

March 26, 1977

Dream:

My family and I are camping in a summer home. Several of us are crowded into a few rooms. I'm cold and feel I should get the blankets out of the closet.

I'm in a city looking for the right subway train to take home. I ask some girls if the subway entrance behind me is to the Lexington Express. I go into the subway with them, and as everyone rushes to get a seat, I just want to get near to the subway system map on the wall. The map is no help and I get off at the next stop. This stop is very crowded with tons of people. When I step off the train a

man's dogs chase me, but I remain friendly and we get along OK.

I'm back in the room where my family is camping.
I'm reading newspapers.

* * *

My brother Richie flew in yesterday and stayed overnight.

This morning I went to a High School carnival with Richie, Sandy, Paulette and her kids, my kids and Denise. Good time. Later to work.

March 27 1977 Sunday

The police are after me and I have an intense feeling that they are right behind me and about to catch me. I pull my car over to the curb and go into a small, one floor store that sells beer wholesale. I feel that entering the store and leaving the car will hide me from the police.

Inside, the place looks like a clubhouse, a sort of hangout for tough young adults. I go into the back room of the place, and I see there's a back room to that too, and another room beyond that one also. These back rooms are barren for the most part, and I want to look into them, but instead I see a refrigerator, and a pile of cases of beer. In the refrigerator are just a few cans of one favorite brand, and I feel I should restock it from the pile on the floor.

One bottle is broken, and I see other people there in the room, possibly John, or Joe. I get a little anxious thinking one of my brothers may have parked his car outside so the police could trace me into the store. Now, the place seems like my former house on E. 35th Street in Brooklyn. Judy and I and a grandfather are there looking around. I feel good that I will be able to fix up the yard, but grandpa doesn't like the way I'm doing it.

Judy told me recently that she was spending 200 dollars to fix up the yard. This morning went out to breakfast with Sandy, Paulette and Richie. Sandy told us about a book on life after death, called *Life After Life*, and Richie and I went to buy it. Then to work. I asked Maureen out to the ballet yesterday, and she ignored me today, so I assume the answer is no. Love life is nil right now.

March 28, 1977, Monday

I'm in a foot race with other young men, and we're running down a familiar curve in Flatbush Avenue in Brooklyn. It's crowded with shoppers and they hinder my rapid progress. There's a strong feeling of competition and achievement with another runner, but no animosity. Resting in a room after the race, I'm thumbing through a comic book and the action seems to come to life, which shows three girls dressed in short, white ballerina costumes, with long, pointed clown hats, and they enter the apartment with me and my fellow runner in it. There are three guys and three gals now, and I feel we are going to have sex. I'm in bed waiting, and an almost empty jug of red wine is passed to me, and I take a swig or two.

There's a class assembly, of all the people in the nursing program. I see Mrs. Reigert, and she's

concerned about the pictures she wanted me to take for her, and she's smiling. We all take seats in the balcony, and I see the stage below and the orchestra is empty but then begins to fill up. I'm sitting in the front row seat of the balcony, and in fact, my chair seems to be suspended right over the edge. The balcony is swaying, and there's nothing but a small support in front of me, and I'm afraid of falling. The class is happy and talkative, and they are passing around some pictures. I see they are actually large, about 10 by 10 inch color negatives.

I find myself at a table talking with a familiar young fellow with a chubby, little boy face, and blond hair. He's telling of an accident he had where he cut his thumb on a saw, making a two inch cut in his thumb, and still leaving "snails" of metal inside, which I take to mean bits of coiled metal. He recognizes me, and I him.

* * *

Since Richie was here this weekend I didn't get much homework done, and I called in sick to work today. I also cut the Human Relations class to study for the test in Neurology. I spoke with Sue L. and we agreed not to see each other for a while. I feel it's wrong to get involved with her.

March 29, 1977

Dream:

I'm driving a car with other people in it, like my family. We're going along a parkway and come to an underpass and slow down. Mobs of poor, weak people are all around us and are stopping cars. I get a sudden sensation as if water is splashed or sprayed onto my face, but it's not cold or wet. I realize these people did it and they're trying to stop me. I see them now gawking at us like zombies in the car windows on the passenger side. I feel they want food.

I find myself upstairs in an upper room, or possibly on the top deck of a ferry boat. I'm on one side of the room with some friends my age, and on the other side are two men. Between us is a small room, like an office of rough wood, with open windows or spaces from the waist level to the top, about 7 feet high. This little room is inside the room we are in. The two men on the opposite end from us are pressuring us somehow and we are avoiding them.

One has a crude bow and arrow, thick and short, about two and a half feet long. He's trying to shoot us, but he's not holding the arrows right. He's all

flustered, and in the end seems harmless. As he tries to aim at us, we throw short, thick, little hammers, sticks, and hatchets at him, that we find lying around the ferry. It's not really a passenger ship. We fling these tools at him to try to prevent him from releasing the arrows on us. The other man with him is quite calm, and is dressed in a cheap suit.

I get an idea to climb onto the roof of the little room and jump on him as he's loading the bow. But the other fellow sees me through the glass climbing up on the room. He doesn't get excited, though, and finally communicates to the archer that I'm coming, so I stop before I jump or get to him.

I overturn a little table onto him and he scrambles up into a little cubbyhole in the ceiling. I pursue him and grab an arrow out of his hand. He's really flubbed his attack. Just then someone, maybe his companion, pokes me in the ribs with a stick. It's half ticklish there. I get an idea and start yelling to everyone, but directed at the two people who were pursuing us. I say, "Hey, they found plenty of food outside," as if there is no more need to bother us. I wake up.

After nap:

Danny and I are at the top of a series of modern, smooth-walled corridors that slope downward. The corridors show to any person taking a tour a series on interesting little educational exhibits. It seems like a familiar place that we both may have visited before. I go down the first slight incline and I'm watching one display, when I see that a bowling type game is the "reward" for finishing this first part of the tour.

I'm thinking Danny would like the game, as it's something like Ski-Ball. I see a young girl standing in the area where two halls meet, and she's adjusting her American Indian style loin cloth, exposing her rear end. I'm thinking of walking past her and grabbing her ass. This girl changes form and I see her 2 or 3 more times.

There's a very chubby, almost repulsive, young boy walking into this girl, and another with glasses on. I'm thinking of going up to the girl with glasses and feeling her breasts.

* * *

Denise called this evening. She's an interesting girl, platonic so far, but I wish I could sleep with her.

I've been feeling really good this evening, thinking about some of the things said in the book I'm reading, *Life After Life*, and how it ties in with what Edgar Cayce says: How people at death see the "Light," and how it is so loving; to think it's all true.

One woman said she was so pleased to be in its presence, that it has a PERSONALITY, a sense of humor. It reminds me of the bumper stickers from a local church: "It's a Joy to be a Christian."

This evening I saw "*The Human Machine*" on KQED, the public television network. I joined the group.

March 31, Thursday

Dream:

Many students are walking across a large grassy field, on campus. Several students are around me in a dormitory, and I'm preparing to go to Sacramento to take the nursing boards. One other fellow says to me that today is a Thursday, and the boards are Friday. I'm thinking of going up a day early to be well set the day of the exam.

* * *

Last night I took the kids out to O'Connor Hospital for dinner and to meet some of my classmates.

This week I'm in the Recovery Room at school.

I'm almost finished reading *Life After Life*, by Dr. Moody.

* * *

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April, 1977

April 1, 1977

Dream:

Hal, the apartment manager for the complex is in charge of drugs in an emergency, but is taking some himself. He becomes tipsy. I ask if he wants something.. Then I take over the responsibility for the drugs.

* * *

The kids are over for tonight. We went to the movies this evening. The last day of school was today. Easter vacation in one week.

April 2, 1977

Vaguely recalled dream:

Young prisoners are awaiting sentencing. Two old people are guarding us. One runs away. I see fellow students Kim and the nun, Sister Jean. I see they're discussing something about a penis. I see

there's blood on the tip of the penis. The girls consider this as semen. Kim and I escape from the guards.

There's a baby present and I see the pretty face of a woman I saw in the movie last night. She has distinctive blue eyes and blond hair.

A chubby-faced fellow is working at the hospital on E2A. We find the Darvon on the shelf. I see the person counting the drugs is Wayne. He's a gay guy but not effeminate. A few guys teased and picked on him when we lived on 4th Street in Brooklyn. I'm thinking of asking Wayne if he remembers the time when Kevin was picking on him and he turned and kicked Kevin in the nuts with his knee. Girls were watching this at the time and Kevin made a fool of himself.

Three giggling nude girls are reclining on the grass with their backs showing. They are waiting for their picture to be taken.

* * *

I took the kids to the park after work.

April 3, 1977

There's a small gas tank type compartment on the side of a truck, and several people crawl up inside, but I find the space too small and confining. I feel a sudden, strong fear of being closed in inside it, feeling suffocated. I wake up fearing if God should ever require that kind of suffocation of me.

There's a beautiful, brilliant green lawn on the right side of grandma P.'s house in Long Island, NY. Further past the lawn are areas of flowers. I'm playing with Danny and find his little hand fork used for gardening in the dirt. I'm walking with this little tool as a black limousine pulls up near us on the grass and my swinging head nicks the shiny black car. They want to know who I am.

I water the lawn with a hose, thinking to keep the lawn looking nice. Someone has to water it every day. Maybe I can hire a teenager to do it. I start watering behind the house and on the other side, and I find more concrete over there than lawn. I see it's raining now, no need to water.

I'm upstairs in the house with Danny and other family members. It seems the Mafia is in there too. A stout, well-dressed Mafia man is there and Dad

tells him of a new, sure-fire business offer, in melons, cantaloupe, with so many tons of guaranteed business. The Mafia man agrees to finance the project with four-fifths the money required, not to worry about that, the deal is good. I see a small white bag with blue candy inside.

* * *

This morning went to the Good Samaritan Methodist church on Homestead Road. It was a very enjoyable service. I plan to go back.

Grandma's house is the focus of many emotions. As kids our family had many good times there. The last time I saw the house, however, we didn't go in. I saw our family name on the mailbox, as the house was on my mother's side, and I didn't know any relatives who might be living there, so I asked Mom about this. I asked who owned it and how they were related to Dad.

She replied, "That's a side of the family we have nothing to do with." This made me think they were mobsters or something. I never asked again.

April 4, 1977

Dream:

I go to the hospital for work, but then leave immediately and see some tough guys sitting and lying on the ground outside the buildings. I go back to my nursing stations on E2A but find the place empty. A few people are there moving beds into the new wing, and I feel I'm missing out on the big change.

* * *

This morning, Bill A., in my class, calls for me and we went out to play tennis, had breakfast. Then we went for our state board pictures and for a few games of pool. Good time.

April 5, 1977

Dream:

Several people are staying at a deep woods encampment. I decide to hike back out of the country into the city again. The first portion of the walk is up hill. I can't find my old brown shoes or a bag of my things. I find myself out of the woods

where the road crosses the beginning of a highway, which runs next to a canal.

There's a road on each side of the canal, and a highway on the right side. The roads on each side start off as a narrow, paved walkway, but later on widens. I don't know which side to take, but my nursing teacher is there and helps me to the road on the right.

* * *

Last night Denise called just after 3:00 AM.

April 6, 1977

Dream:

I'm climbing on some high rocks with other people around. I'm on the top and look down a sheer cliff and become frightened. I feel there's a force pulling me off, so that even if I don't move I might fall, and this scares me. I'm thinking of taking my belt off and strapping myself to a hollowed out area of the rock, so I don't fall.

I see a brown wooden ship on a calm sea. I see under the water, emerging from the side of the ship

is a huge, smooth white cylinder that reminds me of a phallic symbol. Now there is a clamor, and the front of the ship rises up as if it's going to sink. Someone is in the water and I see a flash of a blue fin. It's a shark, and I yell to him to watch out. He just plays with the shark like it's a toy.

* * *

Upon awakening I felt these dreams relate to the dangers of some of my sexual attitudes. I went out with Bill A., from school the other day, and selfish ideas entered my head.

Today, I went on a bike ride with the kids. I'm working on taxes. I watched a TV story about the Heisman Trophy winner, Capelletti.

April 7, 1977

A queer organist wants me as his love. I find myself against his body. We both have our clothes on. I'm making fornicating movements with my hips. It feels good, but I push off from him in disgust. I yell at him, "You're queer and I'm not. Every minute spent with you is away from other girls."

I donate money to the organist, then get on a bus. The drive is careless and goes through three stop signs. I don't say anything, figuring as long as there's no real danger it's OK.

* * *

Today went on a bike trip to Fisherman's Wharf, over the Golden Gate Bridge to Sausalito, then back by ferry. Tons of fun!

April 8, 1977

Fragments of dreams. Judy is reclining nude and Anita is exploring with her hands. She puts one into Judy's vagina. She just lays there, seemingly with the attitude that Anita should learn whatever she wants. I feel a little repulsed and walk away.

I see a roach scurrying around on the ceiling.

* * *

Today I did the taxes again. There's no getting out of it. I have to pay \$144 federal and \$15 state taxes.

Today is Good Friday, the last day of no school and no work. I still have much studying to do.

April 9, 1977

Dream:

Something about living in a prison camp town. The guards are trying to round us all up, but we're revolting, using voice signals. I'm on a street and two guards call me, but something blocks out the area between us in a perfect black square. I run and hide in the grass in an empty lot. They find me, but a bunch of us revolt with some success.

* * *

I've been interested in getting a zoom lens camera. I wrote to pen pal Hiroko in Japan about buying one.

Last night I had the kids over, but got a babysitter and went out to a dance. Great fun. Met Jan C.

April 10, 1977

I have a key, and put it in the lock of an apartment door, and enter the apartment. Inside is a girl, and I realize it's a co-ed apartment that I'm living in. I see several girls there.

April 12, 1977

Can't recall dreams.

Last night I went to Beth's house, my classmate, and we went out for pizza. Tonight I called the girl I met the other day, Jan, and we had a nice talk, and we're going out to dinner Thursday. After Jan, I called another friend Pam, and she's heavy into philosophy and head trips, and we had a great conversation which lasted from 10:00 PM until midnight! We made tentative plans to write a book together.

April 13, 1977

Vaguely recalled dream. Several soldiers are busy on a dirt field. One asks who was that volunteer that just walked away, and the answer seems to be "Quinn." I see an overview of a series of trenches where the soldiers are staying, and it makes a neat

row of squared off trenches, all connected by two trenches on the sides, making a neat square. I'm thinking there should be guards posted outside the foxholes to warn us if any of the enemy troops are approaching.

Fragment of seeing an enemy soldier come up to the edge and point his rifle down at me, though I'm not at all afraid.

* * *

After nap:

I'm working in a large room, like a neat garage and there's been an accident, and I'm helping care for the victims, as if this were an emergency room. Two of the patients are OK, and sit up and chat from their beds. One has died and is covered from head to foot in a shiney blue robe, almost elegant. The piece that covers the head is stiff and separate like a mask of the same color and material. I see a small column of water going in and running out, and I get the feeling the water is irrigating the person's brain, which makes me feel queezy. I remark to myself that it looks as if they got him in the post-mortum sack already. though it looks a pretty shade of dark blue, like satin.

I'm in a modern apartment, and my old hippie friend, Richland, is sleeping in an alcove in this place. I wanted something from him but as he's

sleeping. I decide to just leave. I drop a coin, and as I'm bending over to pick it up I see he's awake and holding a rifle to my head as I get up. We joke about this, as he says for a second he might have shot me thinking me an intruder. I take the rifle and jokingly comment that it was loaded too, as I pull back on the bolt, and see the back of a bullet in the chamber. I shake the bullet out and see that my hand is full of change. What I thought was a bullet was just an odd combination of quarters, dimes and pennies.

* * *

Only a few weeks left of school, and I'm getting impatient to graduate. This week I have Mrs. Barr as instructor at the hospital, and we start the last system, cardio-vascular, at school on Friday. I'm almost finished taking slides for a show, one of each student, for graduation. I'm really on a natural high today, thinking of Jan and Pam.

April 14, 1977

Part of dream from yesterday, April 13:

I found a guitar, and looking at it closely I see it's a 12-string guitar. I was glad at finding it. I pick it up and play and realize it once belonged to someone else, and now it's broken. In fact, now

only a few of the strings are still connected. Part of the base is broken. By manipulating part of the frame as you play one could alter the tension on the strings and thereby alter the pitch. I realize this is how the previous owner played it. I pick it up and try it myself.

* * *

Today, I can't recall the dream. Just one fragment of looking through the viewfinder of an SLR camera.

After nap:

Three girls were playing with bikes on the street. They were my age and could do acrobatics and tricks with the bikes. I engaged them in some friendly competition. One of them does a handstand on the pedals, and I admit I can't do that. Another girl shows me patterns on a piece of paper, formed by her tires running it over.

I'm lying down with two of them, in bathing suits without tops. I see they have small, male-like breasts, and I'm not at all excited. I see the third girl, though, has rich, dark hair and is very pretty. She is dressed and I think I'd like to meet her.

April 15, 1977

I can't fully recall this dream: Something about Mom.

I'm watching an amateur team baseball game from the first base side and the pitcher is very angry. He throws the ball with malice at another player and a little scuffle almost ensues, but is prevented by other players.

Inside a building a big giant of a guy is angry and several of us are around him. A screen gate separates me from him, and in trying to lock it, it swings open. He comes in. He comes in though and grabs me and pins me to the ground by the shoulders. He has a big, ugly head that looks vaguely familiar, like a red-headed Irishman. His eyes are bulging and widely separated. He reminds me now of a male version of Valerie, the night nurse at Stanford. In holding me now, the giant and I are really friends, and I know he won't hurt me.

* * *

Last night I had a lovely date with Jan. We had some really neat conversations all night and we came back to my house for wine. I played the guitar for her.

April 16, 1977

Dream:

Walking along a street I come to an old guitar store and walk in. The store is filled with many old, even archaic stringed instruments, like antiques. I play a bass fiddle and hear it has a loud, mellow sound. I don't want to touch it any more as I see an old man is teaching a guitar class in his shop. I see many different kinds of stringed instruments, some I'd never seen before, like a few in square frames.

Now I'm in a modern record shop. I select a record and I'm dressed in a modern blue suit. I look very good. I bring the record to the seated, poised and intelligent proprietor. We're discussing this latest production of works by Stravinsky. We talk at length on Stravinsky.

Something about a back room in the shop and a girl waiting for me. A new fellow comes into the

shop and I tell him the girl “asked me to leave and come back in ½ hour.” I say it in a matter-of-fact tone, as it’s slightly demeaning to both of us. She means to say I want to see him for a short time, then see me again.

I feel it’s urgent now to go up this large hill, to Stanford, to see Elizabeth G. My bike is parked beside the shop, but I decide to borrow the bike of the fellow inside. It’s a modern 10-speed bike. I hop on and start pedaling, but it’s in first gear. I’m thinking I’ll have to either switch to a lower gear or work hard to get my speed up for the hill ahead.

Back in the guitar store I’ve completely forgotten about all else as I put a mouse into a plastic bag which contains another plastic bag full of pennies, just about equal in size to the white mouse. Now, I want to puncture the plastic bag to prevent the little critter from suffocating. I puncture it over the pennies so as not to hurt him. The mouse moves with stiffness sometimes and I wonder if it’s deranged.

* * *

Antique instruments may be an archaic remnant of my talents with stringed instruments. Perhaps I should take a guitar class. Stravinsky seems to

denote the artist himself. One dream may be possible advice on girls. Possible advice to “either switch to a lower gear or work harder.”

The kids were over. We saw *Black Sunday* at the drive in last night.

April 17, 1977

Dream:

A long, smooth, thick log is lying on the side of a hill. It's cylindrical, like a large brown telephone pole. Bill from school is helping me move it down the hill. At one point it's balanced crosswise above another log. I sit on at the fulcrum as it teeters on top of the other log. The top log comes to rest. It's my job to saw it in half. We pick a spot where there's a large crack in the wood, so we only have to saw about half the thickness. As I saw at it, the log turns into a huge side of pink ham, and I'm slicing the meat.

I'm thinking there's an awful lot of meat here. As I'm slicing deeper into the meat, I come across a softer, redder inner section, like the gut of the animal. It's red and disgusting.

I'm with Judy and Bob, and I'm about to go out to the store for some wine. Judy asks me to pick up a Playboy magazine. For some reason this excites me. As I leave the apartment I see into the window of another apartment. Inside, a young couple is making love in their bed. I pretend not to see as I walk by on the wooden walkway. But actually I'm intensely interested. I come out on the side of the apartment complex a group of people, possibly a mix of American and Asian people, are watching some event in the near distance. They're taking pictures in a festive atmosphere.

I go into a drugstore and there are three girls working there. The one in the center seems to be applying for a job. She's an attractive blonde, but a dingbat type. She faces me while still talking to the other two girls. I see she's nude and has huge breasts. I'm thinking, I have to get me some of that! The girl on the left is also pretty, with dark hair and a dark nylon body stocking on. I look at her breasts covered with the see-through nylon, and she's attractive too. I go in another door and realize, paradoxically, that I'm inside Bob's apartment and he's sleeping. I reach for one of his magazines. I decide not to take it and I retreat from the apartment.

April 18, 1977

Dream:

I see a dam with two levels in it. The two levels are connected by flues, and these form a wall. Boats are cruising between the wall and the edge of the reservoir, and I'm in one of the boats. The water is flowing out of the one section and into a lower one. I'm afraid the boat may be pulled down, but we're OK. **Figure 14.**

I help push a man over the wall. Something about rain. I have a camera and someone is holding it for me, but he is swimming in the water. I wonder if the camera is alright. My boss (abstract) is there and he has pictures made from my camera, so I know the film is OK.

I hear the phone ringing, first two long rings then two short ones. It's as if the person had hung up during the ringing, but this happened twice and I answered the phone on the second sequence.

Judy wants me to baby sit all day, but I say no way.

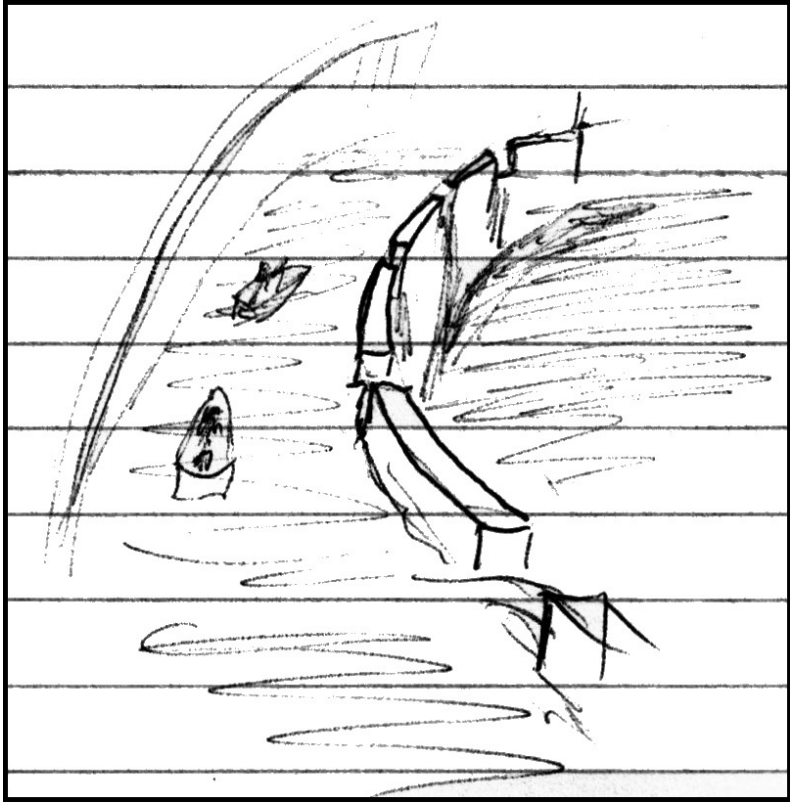


Figure 14. Boats along a dam.

* * *

For some reason, the dam reminds me of body fluids, with the walls being a semi-permeable membrane, possibly separating vascular and interstitial fluids. This may mean I'm dehydrated.

The telephone and Judy's request came true as a message from her was received from her. She wants me to take the kids and live in her house this Summer, and she and Bob will get an apartment.

Jan called today; we had a nice talk. We'll go out Thursday to the "Cosmic Concert" at De Anza Collage.

April 19, 1977

Dream

I'm looking through, getting used to a zoom lens on a camera. Several sleeping bags are piled up next to one another, and mine is next to a wall.

Today was a good day in school. I'm team leader, and today I saw two heart catheterizations in the X-ray lab. Very interesting. It was fascinating to

see the contrast dye coursing through the pulsating heart, all the live structures showing up on film. I had the oddest sensation: that all the medicine men of the past, all the shamans and early medical pioneers should see this, or WERE seeing it as they looked over my shoulder there in the lab.

Yesterday, I realized I lost my white work shoes, probably, of all things, from leaving them on top of the car and driving off. Funny, I guess!

April 20, 1977, Wednesday

Dream:

My brothers and sisters are walking leisurely along a boardwalk. On the left is the beach with people playing in the sand, and on the right several shops, stores and concession stands. I'm in my white nurse's uniform, and at one point I'm standing in a doorway to a shop, and I'm very obvious in the white outfit. I see Mom go into a bank along the boardwalk to get a loan, then a light skinned Negro girl calls on the telephone to inquire where Mom is, to answer the loan request. I say she'll be right there, but I don't know where she is and a confusion of responses arises and dies.

I'm in my kitchen, and I see Dad has bought some food. He has a huge pile of Pop-Tarts, jelly filled breakfast pastries. The pile is between the refrigerator and the wall, and it's just overflowing onto the top of the refrigerator. I look inside the freezer, and there's a dozen or so of individual dishes of a new kind of cheesecake desert. I'm thinking how good they are, and I'd like to have one.

I'm sitting on my couch, and one of these deserts is on the floor, and I've accidentally put my foot into it, starting to smear chocolate all over. I look up, and a short young fellow is standing there, a teenage stud, with no clothes on and tattoos all over his body. On his right thigh is a scene of a woman sucking a man's cock, and as I look at this I see Denise from my class stooping in front of the fellow mouthing his penis. Denise has big breasts, and she alternates putting his dick between her boobs, then in her mouth. His dick is long, about 20 inches, and sometimes soft, and Denise is just getting it ready and hard.

To the right, in a kitchen chair is my instructor, Mrs. Reilly, and she's watching all this with cheerful amusement. Mrs. Reilly in a joking manner comes up behind the kneeling bodies, and jesting, pretends she's going to step on the guy's balls with her high heeled shoes, as she says

something to the effect of, "Oh, Denise, I didn't expect you to be on a thing like that!"

Now, the two making love seem to fade away, as a young fellow comes out from the left, and starts making fun of Mrs. Reilly, doing a sort of frantic dance like the twist, and this fellow looks like a miniature version of Sammy Davis Jr.

* * *

Today was a good day, as school went well, and I spoke to Jan tonight. The dream may refer to my position in life right now. I was thinking of borrowing some more money from Master Charge this week, but decided against it right now. I had borrowed \$200 last week to pay the taxes. I bought some things to repair the broken light on my VW today. The obscene scene may reflect my recent close work with Denise, and a young stud type patient in the hospital.

April 21, 1977

Dream:

I go out of a small building where I was working, and go along some zig-zag streets to a series of small buildings on a block that is half residential

and half small business. On top of one of these small buildings I left a half eaten buttered roll and now I want to go back and retrieve it. I find the roll and I'm wondering if it's stale. I see a flea has landed in the buttered part, which offends me. I pick up the roll and part of the bottom sticks to the roof, and I pick this up and eat it.

I go back to the small place where I'm working and decide to go in a side door, as I'm late in returning. I get through the outer door, but inside, in a vestibule, it's crowded with large sacks of some kind which are leaning against the inner glass door. I decide to simply go in the main door in front. As I walk in, trying not to be obvious, I hear Dad taking a shower just inside the inner glass door. When I enter, Dad shouts "Boo!" from the side and begins joking. I see a soft plastic burgundy colored star hanging near us, like part of a shower curtain. I have a heavy coat and gloves on as I enter. I sort of ignore Dad's joking. I look up at the clock on the wall. It says 8:30 PM and I was supposed to be back at 8:00.

* * *

Sounds like dietary advice. Too much starch in the diet? Cleansing needed?

April 22, Friday

Last night I took Jan out to see the Cosmic Concert at De Anza College. It was great, and we had a beautiful evening, very romantic. I couldn't sleep well last night, thinking about her. In the morning I spent over an hour drifting in and out of sleep, with several dreams at that time.

Dream:

I decided to take a hike to the shoreline with rocks, and Danny is coming with me on the trek north, and as we walk along I'm thinking that the hike takes the better part of a day, and Danny might not be able to make it all the way, so I change the destination to a series of rocks in the sea, along a local street. As we walk there I see several old TV sets sitting on the sidewalk waiting for the garbage men to pick them up. It seems there's one or two sets in front of each house, as we go past, and some of them are really old, like old radios with the big cabinets. I'm thinking I'd like to take these sets, and an occasional night table that I see, and salvage the wood or the electronics or whatever. Danny and I arrive at the shore and look at the sea and the rocks, and the dream fades.

* * *

Something about birds flying away. Danny and I are now at an outdoor pool. Danny wants to get to the other side, and simply runs across the water. He does this so fast that he sinks in only about up to his knees as he reaches the other edge.

I feel like warning him about getting his pants wet, and that he might sink in over his head. Beth is on the other side of the pool with him, and her son. I point out to her what Danny just did, as we're both surprised. Danny is in the water again, this time with a story book, and in the water he drops the story book which sinks deeper and deeper. Danny tries to go after it and I'm afraid he'll drown if he doesn't come up for air soon.

I'm looking from a little bridge above the pool, and I decide to jump in and save him. On the way down I'm wondering if I should throw my wallet to the side of the pool so the money won't get wet. I splash into the water, and open my eyes trying desperately to find Danny under the water, and hold my breath. I open my eyes but don't see him, and I'm hoping he either comes up or someone else saves him. I can't hold my breath any longer and start breathing under the water, and now with my eyes open I'm really awake and realize I was dreaming. I drift back to sleep.

* * *

Several people are around, and one of them comes up to me in a confiding fashion and invites me to a meeting of his club. They are all Jew haters, and he asks me if that is my sentiment, too. I accept his invitation, but tell him that I don't hate Jews, and that in fact I may be related to Jews.

We go up on a rooftop where several members are in army uniforms, and the roof is surrounded by a wooden fence, like an encampment ready to ward off any attacks by the enemy. I feel they are a bunch of radical, deluded vigilantes, and many have rifles. At one point I'm given a rifle, like an M-16, and I'm following my friend up the stairs. In the middle of this rooftop fortress is a large windowed room, a sort of control center which keeps in telephone contact with other centers run by these Nazis.

The people there decide to have a party, and there are several girls there and I feel I can have a good time. As the dancing starts a band begins playing and it seems we're not on the roof of an apartment house any longer, but at street level. Now, the local residents, all low class Negroes are looking in over the fence at our dance. I'd like to get out of there without being hurt. Now, all the blacks start making a motion with their fingers, as if flicking something off their thumb with their middle finger, as one would for a piece of snot. I'm not sure of the exact meaning of the menacing gesture, and I go

up to a group of Negroes inside the compound to ask them. I see one fellow with straight black hair, but underneath I can see the kinky Negro hair. They tell me in a round-about way that it means they don't like the dance. Suddenly the mood changes, and everyone is walking away from the dance, and the house in the center, that was the control room. The crowd is dispersing and everyone seems ashamed and subdued. The house and the bandstand had been set on fire, and is now just a smoldering, charred skeleton.

I go back to the high place where this compound was, only now it's not on a building, but on the top of a high hill. There are steep hills and cliffs on all sides of the hill, and I'm rolling along paths up there on a pair of roller skates. It's a lot of fun rolling along these paths, and they are all little hills and swerving curves right at the edge of the hill. I feel they are constructed in such a way that you can't fall off the hill, the worst you can do is run into a tree. Some of the paths are gravel covered, but I feel I can will them into being blacktop covered paths.

I meet one of the girls I had seen at the Nazi dance, and I tell her of an idea I have. I was thinking of making a car horn that wouldn't be as loud and disturbing as a regular horn, but then seeing all the rows of flowers on the hilltop, owned by the vigilantes, I thought we could make fragrances

from the flowers, and have an aromatic warning device in the cars, so that when you press the horn, a sweet smell will be emitted and warn the other drivers by way of smell. She stops as I talk with her, and I see she is very sexy looking, in a knee length skirt.

April 23, 1977

Remembered from yesterday:

I parked my car in the street and someone was closed in near me and damaged my lights again.

Today:

I' m floating in a pool with others, on my back. I feel tense and start to sink. I realize that as I relax I float better. I concentrate on relaxing and begin to float very well. Completely relaxed I see I'm floating quite buoyantly now, that my stomach is 6 inches out of the water, floating very high.

* * *

Today I called in sick to work so I could go to Jonelle's barbecue with Jan. The party was good but afterwards was better. Jan lit a fire in the

fireplace and we had a pleasant evening talking, back rubs, and finally to bed. It was a most enjoyable sharing, love-making for at least three hours.

April 25, 1977

Dream:

There's a strange scheme by Mafia people to collect insurance on my brother John, as he is going on a plane trip, and they are planning to have the plane blow up or crash. Dad is the leader of the group and I see him arranging these things. There's a large public building on a seaside area. One side is the courthouse and the other is a plane or bus depot. Some Mafia men are making changes to official records to set up and show that the last person murdered a messenger, then tried to skip town with his pick up cash for drugs. A ticket stub is planted to show he traveled to a different destination.

Now the men get into a black limousine. The well dressed man in charge says, "Let's get out of here. We shouldn't be seen in here."

There's a judge and court in front of the limousine. The idea is to kill John in a plane crash, and I'm to go with him, but I'll escape by falling into a chimney or chute on top of the house. Then I would slide down the chute into a hamper or laundry basket.

From on top of a staircase I look down and see that the chute ends in an exit into a laundry hamper, but someone has moved the hamper from the hall back inside the apartment.. Dad moves it back out into the hall, but I feel there's no guarantee at all that when I jump out of the plane into the chute that the hamper will be in place.

Inside the apartment I see several young wives of the mobsters talking. I go inside where John and others are preparing for the trip. I feel it's wrong to let this plot go on, so I tell him of the plans to save his life.

April 26, 1977

Vaguely recalled dream:

I'm taking care of two pleasant grandmotherly type women in the hospital. I see a scene of people, possibly including these two women, smoking marijuana.

I'm in a church during a service. A former pastor of mine, Pastor Walker, is leading the service. A man in the congregations stands up, making a verbal protest. Not sure what follows, but possibly everyone leaves.

Some of the people that were in the congregation are seated around the edge of a large room, at a square of four long tables, facing each other. It seems like a town meeting or something, only I realize the people seated opposite to me are Mormons. People are arguing. One side wants to do some kind of social service, but the Mormons want to build bomb shelters.

I hear, or speak, that even though we seem divided, we both have the same ideal: to help others. It reminds me of a saying of Edgar Cayce, that different ideas are OK if we have the same ideal.

I'm standing in an open field. I see an object overhead. I see a jet plane taking off and flying low over the runway. As I watch it from behind, I can see a square box of electronics in the underside. I put my palms out facing the plane, with my fingers down. I find this enables me to fly in an erect position after the plane. I rise up and fly to Santa Cruz, California. With a braking motion from my hands I decelerate and land in a street one block from shore. People are walking by and shopping, and they stop to stare at me, really surprised. I just land and walk away as if it were nothing, but I feel happy inside. I feel I have psychic power to do this now.

I see a newspaper and a quote, possibly relating to the book *Life After Life* that I've been reading.

* * *

Although Jan was not actually in any of these dreams, she seemed to be present at times of semi-consciousness.

Called Jan last night. Her ex-husband is in the hospital for cardioversion. We'll go out Wednesday night. I love her.

Judy McC. Found out she was pregnant last night, at work. Many people from work are interested in

the *Life After Life* book (Raymond A. Moody is the author.)

I've been reading about the experience of death, astral projection, and the Being of Light.

After nap.

Dream:

There's a tunnel with a sand floor and pipes and structures inside it. Several of my brothers are playing around inside while I'm just outside of it. I have some change, some nickels and dimes. I decide we should play a game where I put a coin in a blue sock and throw it, like a sling, into the tunnel for the others to find and keep.

At first I say we'll take turns and throw 20 cents each, two nickels and a dime, but then I see I have more coins, so I'll throw more. I put the first nickel into the sock and fling it, wondering if I should hold on to one end of the sock. The nickel goes off zinging to the right side of the tunnel and hits the enameled side of the wall with a "ping." It then ricochets off to a jar on the left side, again making the particular sound of a coin falling into a glass container.

There are two jars, or bowls there and my brother Joe looks inside. He shouts with joy as he finds not 5 cents but a 50-cent piece. I wake up with the word “reticulocyte” on my mind. (These are immature red blood cells.)

* * *

The dream about Mormons may refer to Will’s sister. We’re going over there for dinner tomorrow. They are digging a huge food storage pit in their basement. It’s probably the “bomb shelter” in my dream.

Felt bad tonight, wondering if I’m good enough for Jan.

April 27, 1977

Dream:

I see the field of a farm and I get the impression that a father figure owns the land. He sends or spreads fish on the land to fertilize and help things grow. They grow better and faster because of him and the fish he sent.

* * *

I wake in the middle of the night with the impression that God is the father and the field is the earth, and the fish is Jesus.

Out to Cathie and Craig's for dinner. Really good time. Good talk with Jan afterwards.

April 28, 1977

Can't recall. Fragment of seeing curtains in my room, but this may have been while half awake.

After nap:

There's a line of shovels delivering large white irregular stones. One stone falls off to the side where there's a pattern of circular tanks bubbling with cobalt blue liquid. The white stones are boiled in them to turn them blue. Denise C. is there and takes one stone to replace the one dropped. Several times she puts her hand into the hot liquid without being burned. She pulls out a soggy blanket but still the tank spills no fluid. A girl child is there and gives me some change. A tank worker is there and takes a quarter.

Judy (ex-wife) is visiting me and shows me several cars. One is an orange one belonging to neighbor Marilyn C. Judy and Anita and I camp on a steep hillside, just beside the highway.

April 29, 1977

Dream:

I'm looking at the joints of a wooden shelf, as I had seen at Cathy and Craig's house on Wednesday. The joints were rounded and used dowels as nails. The word "dovetail" came to me.

I go to the seashore and see the rock at the surf level. I see caves in the rocks. The sea seems curiously scary for some reason, as if there is something to see there. I go further down the beach to an old boardwalk area with old wooden boat docks. There are two other guys and we're looking for a secluded place to smoke some marijuana, but there are too many cops around.

I'm walking along a street and decide to hitchhike. A fellow in a small foreign car stops way ahead of me. At first, I'm a little angry, thinking he's not picking me up. Then he waits for me. We make

several small angle turns to get into a main street, probably Stevens Creek Boulevard, near where I live. The street is alive with glitter and signs. He says he's going all the way down to School Road, and I want to get off just before that.

On the way, I look in a store window and see a man assisted in walking by his wife. The man is nude and fat and ugly. He's tall and has some kind of skin disease, where he cannot wear clothing. The woman pushes a wheelchair with a large, white terrycloth towel on it. As the man walks to the street rain is falling on him. People seem to be staring at his exposed genitals.

The driver and I, and another fellow, stop at a room on the side of the road. I've decided to write a book, and there's a happy atmosphere as I announce this. I take some pictures of the other fellows, as I want to document the writing of the book.

April 30, 1977 Saturday

Last night Jan met the kids, as we went out to a drive-in movie. It was something of a disappointment, as I didn't get a chance for warm cuddlies with Jan, and the kids didn't like the movie, and Anita was feeling bad to begin with. Anyway it was good to be in her company.

* * *

Dream:

I'm sitting on the side of a street, and I see a few people around the back of a bus, including a cop. The driver is complaining and crying that his hands hurt, as he was trying to fix something in the back of the bus and he got some kind of acid, or burning liquid on his hands. They are waiting for an ambulance to come, and I go up to them to offer my assistance, thinking I'll tell them I'm a nurse, but then deciding against it, as I'm only a student. I sit down on the street again, and I see it's actually the steps of a church where I'm sitting. Along come some male friends and sit next to me, making me think I do have male friends after all. We seem to be at a wedding now, and we're all singing Mexican songs.

I get a phone call, and I recognize the voice as Jonelle's. She wanted to know where I was last Monday, as we were supposed to meet at a banquet at a restaurant, Felicio's, or Fidelio's or something.

But, I'm thinking that Jan is my girlfriend, and I have no more desire to see other girls.

A teacher hands me back some test results, and I got 55 points, missing only two questions. Later I wonder if I forgot to fill the answers in to the questions on the back of the paper.

I'm being pursued by someone, and I keep eluding him by running and hiding behind fences in back yards. Several times he almost gets me, but I finally elude him and escape to the streets.

* * *

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May, 1977

May 1, 1977

Called Jan last night from work, and I really felt good afterwards.

* * *

Can't recall the dream very well. I see a picture of several people in my class, and I'm in the upper row with a laughing face. Everyone in the class has a mate, and now someone is touching me with their hand. Many thoughts of Jan, but I'm not sure if these are conscious or dreams. Something about a wedding. I'm playing with Danny, and feel an intense love for him. I see Jan looking about my house, looking at things.

* * *

I was going to go to the top of a mountain near Castle Rock today, but, as I approached Saratoga it started raining, and I came across the Saratoga art fair, which was an experience. To work in the afternoon, doing a "special" on a young Japanese fellow.

Sue B. called the other day and wants me to meet her for a chat on Monday, but I've decided any contact with her is immoral. Tomorrow Jan is coming over for dinner, which I'll cook.

May 3, 1977

Last night Jan came over for dinner. I cooked. It went well. We talked and had fun. Then we made love all evening. It was heavenly!

* * *

Dream:

I'm working part-time as a security guard, a couple days a week. My shift is over and I'm about to go home. In the building I was guarding I see a meeting of men taking place in a basement room. It's evening. On the street several cars are parked and I see a small Volkswagon "Bug" pulling up. It's painted dull (flat) yet luminous tones of yellow and green. The driver seems a little angry and aggressive, as in parking he bumps the car in front and behind him. He gets out of the car and puts a square package on the sidewalk.

There's some shouting and commotion as someone from the building recognizes the package as a bomb. The driver seems angry and pulls out a gun, firing four shots. I feel like an uninvolved viewer of the situation. Police and others begin to close in on the fellow and he stands in the street next to a car. He shoots himself in the head, four or five times without collapsing. His face is a ghostly, waxen hue with a tormented look.

One shot has caused a tiny trickle of blood from the temple. The last shot is followed by what looks like a spray of mucus from his nasal area, but still there is no damage to his head. I have a gun on me, my own. I don't want to use it as I'd have to explain it to the police. Besides, there's nothing I could have done to stop the fellow, short of shooting the gun out of his hand, and I'm not that good a shot.

Now my gun is missing and I realize my fellow worker took it back. Again, I store my gun in a cabinet in the building, and when I go back to fetch it, it's gone. The same fellow has taken it and I retrieve it from him with a scowl. I check the revolver to see that it's fully loaded, and put it in my holster. I'm thinking this fellow is a real thief.

He should be reported, but I tell him if he gives me the gun back without trouble I won't press charges.

* * *

This dream is difficult to interpret. I don't think it refers to Jan. Perhaps to a future event? The gun may be holstered anger or retaliation. Maybe Sue B. is suicidal, as I won't be seeing her any more.

It may also refer to the time I was a US. Customs Inspector. I had a gun at that time.

* * *

Dream after nap:

Driving in my car, I stop at a public building, possibly a High School. I get some tickets for a cultural event. It's evening and I keep changing my mind about where to park on the pavement. I dent the front left fender, then I hear a bang and feel my glasses jam into my nose. I can't see

anything that I hit. I keep trying the lights and they go on very bright. They stay on for several seconds after I turn them off. The front left fender is now really dented. As I drive I'm thinking the car is damaged.

May 4, 1977

Last night my evening class was canceled and I dropped in on my friend, Pam C. I've been wanting to get together with her and her husband and with Jan. Rick, her husband, was not there, but we killed a bottle of wine, a few beers, and a pizza. We were having a good time talking about nursing, life, and philosophy.

* * *

Dream:

There's a Volkswagon Bug parked on California Street, across from Judy's house. The oil has to be changed. I see a scene of the oil draining from the rear engine. I'm searching for the right tool to use on the oil pan screw, the right sized wrench. There's a box of wrenches on the street near the

car, but the oil is already draining, so I don't need them.

I think maybe I should bounce the car, by standing on the fender, in order to shake out the last of the oil.

* * *

I wake up having slept poorly. Overindulged in beer and pizza.

I called Pam at 6 PM.

I called Jan twice today. I feel bad that she hasn't returned my calls yet. I feel like she doesn't want to call me. I feel ridiculous, that I shouldn't worry so much over trivial matters.

After nap:

A woman is sitting in a movable seat in a TV camera platform that can glide to various camera positions. The only problem is the controls for the operation of this platform are in a balcony booth just to the side of the platform. There are men in this booth directing the production of a movie, and one of the men is a jealous husband of the woman

who is riding passively on the movable chair. I feel as if I'm watching her and the chair as the seat is moved around, and that for a second I'm riding with her. I feel the man wants to harm the woman to get back at her.

Out to one side I see a rough sea. The men in the balcony now, are having a discussion on the construction of the building we're in. They look like army men in civilian clothing, and one fellow with short gray hair and spectacles is comparing the construction of this place with other army projects. He seems to know what he's talking about.

Vague. Waiting for the movie production to begin, the jealous person sends down a wooden mechanical arm and tries to push the woman off the platform with it. I'm standing nearby. I see some zebras, and a field of red roses, and an iron fence, which makes a pattern of vertical lines. Suddenly there is rapid motion and I see glimpses of the field the fence, and the roses speed by me. I have a camera and take pictures in rapid succession. Then the field and the zebras again. I leave the area and put some books and things down on a bar. A man with an attache case, and a cheap, blue business suit sits down at the bar from the other side, and is about to order a drink. He seems weary from a hard days work. He is tall with a stooped over posture, and a hairless head.

His attache case is near my things, and I'm not sure if he took it, but I accuse him of stealing my credit card. I get really violent verbally and yell at him, but he doesn't have my card at all. I don't feel any regret, and I don't apologise.

May 5, 1977

Dream:

I'm lying asleep as someone, a woman, is examining my mouth. I lie there passively, pretending to stay asleep as she inserts her finger in my right cheek. She touches my gums between my upper and lower teeth at the back of the jaw.

I go to class and looking around I see new and different faces, mostly young guys. I realize this isn't my class, but it's interesting, about psychology. The clock shows 11 AM and my class starts at 11:30, so I figure this is the tail end of the previous class. For a moment it seems as if the class is a church. Now there is no instructor, but the students are talking in little groups, in their high, old-fashioned wooden chairs.

I'm given a piece of paper with three names on it as a pretty young girl comes up to talk to me about yoga. She fondles my genitals. I write "Stickly Prothem," her name, down below the three other names. She has deep eyes and wants me to join a group for yoga at Stanford.

I'm leaving a building and I believe it's one of several buildings of a hospice. It's a special place for dying people. I get the impression that the oral exam (above) has determined I have throat cancer, several nodes being affected. I'd rather die than have radiation treatment and a radical neck operation. As I leave the building I hear a commotion in a driveway off to my side. Someone has died and one of the nurses says his "neck burst." When I hear that I feel a sudden sharp pain in my neck.

* * *

Yesterday at school we saw a film about Hospice in England, where terminal patients are given high doses of pain meds, enabling them to "die with dignity."

I was a little upset, as I called Jan twice and she didn't return the calls to her office. I called her at

home and found out she hadn't received the messages. We had a nice talk and then I went over to see her for about an hour. We had a good talk. We discussed the kids accepting my sleeping there, a dream I hope comes true soon.

Talked to Judy last night. The divorce will probably be final July 5th.

Called Pam to iron out any problems with her husband. I don't want to start anything sneaky and she agrees.

I feel very much in love with Jan. We'll be going on a picnic Sunday morning.

* * *

In the dream last night, the name Stickly Prothem, is probably a variation of "sickly problem," or maybe "sticky problem," and may refer to sexual temptations.

Today was a good day. I had another long talk with Pam. I had great rapport with Jan, talking with her about 40 minutes on the phone. This evening I painted her a picture for Mother's Day.

May 6, 1977

Dream:

A man is walking as several people are examining him as a patient. He's skinny, and there's a hole on the abdomen near the iliac crest, and we can see inside, the spine is visible, and the bowels are small, or missing. I have the feeling there should be more food inside, especially corn.

There's a view of several drab buildings in a military compound, peopled by cartoon characters. It's as if I'm reading a comic strip, as none of the figures move. One goofy looking private has a mop, in fact a huge mop that looks like an oversized feather duster. He comes down an outdoor staircase as the word "Mop-olize" appears over his head in huge letters. The next frame of the cartoon shows several patients that were in the compound hospital running away in panic from this guy. They don't want to be mopped. There is also a huge plumber's helper, a plunger, in the courtyard, and the feeling is that they will be wiped out by one of these. As they run away I see they are holding their plastic IV bags in hand. They are in hospital gowns.

A young patient is in a bed as several medical people are around him. He's kicking and shouting as one doctor gives him an injection in the elbow. The fellow has an allergic, or auto-immune response, and is resisting the treatment being

given. I'm looking on from a distance, and I feel the fellow wants to be sick, and that we shouldn't be treating him if that's the case.

* * *

First part refers to dietary advice, as I went to bed hungry. Second two dreams refer to people wanting to be sick, a topic I've been discussing with friends lately. The middle dream may refer to panic my attitude could put patients into if I try to 'monopolize' my views onto them.

I was a little upset this morning to find out the judge awarded Judy the entire house in the divorce settlement yesterday. But, she has agreed to let me reduce child support payments accordingly, as per our verbal agreement.

May 7, 1977, Saturday

Dream:

I am awakened, and the clock says 3:00 PM, and I have to be at work at 4:00 PM, so I hurry out. I poke my head into a hospital area, or emergency room, and see some nurses working in there. I'm wondering if they need me to work today.

I'm lying down, now, with a pretty, young girl near me. There's a wooden board across my stomach, separating my upper body from my exposed

genitals. The young girl is down there, and I feel hesitant to have her touch me, as she is my sister or relative of some kind. But, she does touch me, and I feel good. I see a fragment of Jan nude, as she pulls down the sheets of a bed, and I feel a little surprised that she is taking the initiative in this.

* * *

Last night was the class party, and I was embarrassed to get handcuffed, as a prank, but the party was good. Nancy and Sue were nice company, and I sang a couple songs on the guitar.

May 8, 1977

I'm taking a bus to a doctors office, or possibly a dentist. I don't know where to get off. I'm received by a friend Guy P. Inside a building lobby I look up the directory for a Dr. Jacobson. Next to his name are several different numbers. These include 7736 and 3XX. I don't know if that means he's on the 7th floor or the 3rd floor. I'm thinking it's probably on the third floor and that the other number is a telephone extension or something.

I wake up with the words on my mind, from the TV show The Lone Ranger. That is "kemosabe." I've heard this word may come from the Spanish "qui me sabe," meaning "the one who knows me."

* * *

Today I go on a picnic with Jan to Castle Rock, a park in the Santa Cruz mountains. Nice time. It's Mother's Day. I gave her an acrylic painting.

May 9, 1977

Dream:

There's lots of food around me, lots of junk food. I see a small residential house painted bright yellow. I'm wondering if the yellow might attract bugs, like little flying things crashing into the walls of the house on the outside.

I see a big husky man standing in the middle of the street, in front of my apartment. Next to him is a young woman. I realize it's Carl, Jan's ex-husband and a friend. He's waiting for Jan to come out so they can all go to work together. They're in a car pool. Carl is nervous and smoking.

* * *

I worked this weekend. I've been thinking a lot about Jan. I'm determined to worry less about the relationship. To trust God more and to have faith in our future.

* * *

I cannot recall dreams for May 10, 11, and 12. May 11 went to dinner with Jan.

May 13, 1977, Friday

Last night I went to see classmate Lynn's new baby horse, four days old, and I took the kids. Very enjoyable. Then, took the kids home and went to Pam and Rick's house for a mellow, wine drinking evening.

* * *

Various, scattered dreams:

On a familiar campus are a few old buildings, and I'm walking around outside them. They are old style rooms with beautiful woodwork inside, as a few older women, gentlewomen of authority, are touring the school. I move to a building, the twin of the first one I see, where the meeting is taking place, and this new building is the Science Building.

Inside one of these rooms a test of sorts is going on, and I'm observing from the rear of the class. A panel of women are administering a test from a platform in the front of the room. A glass barrier separates them from the students, but there's a pane of glass suspended from the ceiling above them, at such an angle that the hand movements of the women can be seen in the reflection from this glass.

The women are working over consoles of lights, and the test is something like a bingo game. I explain to one of the instructors how, with a little practice, one could easily cheat by watching the flashing console lights in the reflecting glass. Pastor Walker is there, and he mumbles to himself that this may account in the low financial returns from the last bingo game, as many people could see the reflections and cheat.

I'm working in an emergency room. A drunken man is trying to get me to do something, but I refer him to the triage nurse, as the decision is hers. In a room three pairs of pants are lying on the floor. They are fancy, quality pants that Will, my roommate, has given me, and they have a stripe down the side, in bright earth tones. I'm walking into a living room where people are seated around on couches and chairs. It's a party, though no one is very talkative. Jan and I walk in and I introduce her to the others, but Jan S. is one of the girls there, and I can't remember her name. I introduce her as Fran, to Jan. Now, "Fran" seems really jealous and mad that I'm with Jan.

A religious group, possibly the Hare Krishna people, are having a reception in a simple building of theirs. Some tough black men are planning to enter the place and steal what they can from these guys. I feel like advising the blacks against it, as the cult would give you anything you want if you'd

just ask. If you take from them they wouldn't even be able to have these free meals for the public. Meanwhile a doorman is explaining they wouldn't have enough food to feed the black thugs. I think I should hide my money in my shoe before I attempt to talk to them.

* * *

Today I have the kids over. I didn't speak to Jan all day today, but I'll call her in the morning. Maybe we can get together on Monday. I felt a little ill and tired today.

May 14, 1977 Saturday

Something about a shop, a hospital, and a closet. There's a demonstration of arteries, as a woman is talking, and I have a plastic hose in my hand that's supposed to be an artery, and I accidentally put it in my mouth and spit out the scant drainage. Dad is telling me of a play about fatherhood.

* * *

Called Jan from work this evening, and went to see her after work. We made sweet love til 3:00 o'clock in the morning. Great!

May 15, Sunday

Pam C. and I are looking at an apartment. It has a white front door that sticks a little, and a nice interior. It's split level, and she lies on the floor relaxed, looking at the staircase, as I notice the white ceilings. The front entrance was a little zig-zag, so moving furniture in would be difficult, but there is a wide back door. I comment that we could move the stuff in that way.

Two guys and I are playing football. I walk down a street and avoid a black fellow who I fear. I come to an old house where there's a reception for nurses. I'm eating a piece of layer cake, and it's too sweet for me, as I think I shouldn't be eating this junk food.

Lynn and others are reviewing video tapes that we made in class. I come to a hospital waiting room where there are several nurses I recognize. They are in white uniform, but I'm in casual street clothes. I wave to Toni D., another student nurse.

* * *

Feeling really good and confident about Jan now, not as nervous. Last week I was told I'll be graduating with honors, along with Nancy L., and the award will be given at a ceremony May 24, but I'm not sure if I should invite Jan.

May 17, 1977, Tuesday

I'm in bed with Jonelle, and we're tumbling over each other, and I don't feel sexual or anything. She seems to have, or be wearing a large erect penis, and it touches my arm. I roll away from her and yell at her that I "just don't feel sexual." I stand up, and notice there's a wad of cream colored white-clear material, like clear rubber, or dried glue on my arm. It's the semen from Jonelle's penis. I feel freaked out by it, as it's causing an allergy on my skin, my arm is becoming swollen and a little red. There are tiny blisters too, and she comes to me to pick them off, but now the swelling is gone down and I feel better.

After nap. I'm in the hallways at high school, near the roof, and it's time I was in class, I'm late. A heavy, friendly teacher sees me and I tell her I have to go buy some paper to write why I'll be late. On the way to the door I pick up a paper construction project left by another student, and I know the teacher thinks I constructed it.

* * *

Last night I went to Jan's for dinner, but she felt sick, and I left early. I've been feeling really good spiritually lately, and good about Jan. Today at work I met Pam, and we had a nice talk.

May 18, 1977

Dream:

Cindy, a tough girl in my class, is helping me admit a pregnant woman in the emergency room. An intravenous line is started on her, and we begin to walk her somewhere, but I see the IV bottle is running too fast, the fluid is almost all gone already, and I try to tell the others. Now, as I walk there's a small child between me and the woman, and we're in a department store. Several young black guys surround me carrying knives, and confront me on the stairs, but I have a knife too, and can defend myself. I put the knife to the chin of one of them, making a minute incision.

May 19, 1977

Last night Jan and I went to see "Godspell" at the Circle Star Theater. It was a great performance, and we both enjoyed it. Afterwards we had a nice huggy-body, kissy-face session. This morning I called in sick to school. I hope to do a Nursing Care Plan, and get a good start on homework.

Dream:

Something about a shovel. I have the feeling that I've woken up, and have to decide if I'll call in sick today. I get up groggy eyed to the bathroom, and can hardly walk. I crash into the walls, and almost into the toilet, and this makes me think I should call in. In the bathroom I urinate for a long time, a dark amber urine, and it concerns me that I'm losing so much urine, but I decide it's probably for the best, and I should let it all out.

Several friends of mine, classmates are in a brick-walled, old alleyway. There are empty lots on both ends of the alley. The police are closing in on us from one side, but we're not concerned as we can escape from the other end. We go to this other end and we see that the police are closing in on us there too. To the left the lot is a dead end, with a trench in it. I see some police jumping into that, and to the right is an escape, but there's a fox hole like trench there too, and some officers are jumping into that one also. I have a pistol, and

pointing it towards them I shout for them to stop. I don't fire, but one of them fires at me, and the bullet ricochets in a zig zag down the brick alleyway, with a "ping, ping, ping."

A group of us huddle in the alley, while Cande, a girl with thick glasses stands out just beyond the end of the alley with a few other classmates. One in my group takes the pistol from me to check how many bullets are in the revolver, and I take it back and toss it up to Cande, as she may want to try to defend us. My brother Joe is in my group, and I say to him that we might as well give it up. Joe thinks we can't win, but we shouldn't surrender either.

We find an old wooden staircase in the alley, and we decide to hide in there, and not resist the police. Everyone comes with me into this very old, boarded up hallway. I pull down some side panels, and show them where to hide under the rafters of the old stairway. I then replace the panels I had pulled off, some of which were nailed and stapled in place, and it takes an effort to make it look like nothing was tampered with, and none of the nails stick out. I was concerned as they got in that they don't scratch themselves. Some of the boards I put back are very old, with rotting rubber strips on the inner side. There is also a bunch of old dirt and nails on the floor. I use a hammer and some of these nails to secure the boards.

I leave the hallway and enter a house, where I see a newborn baby lying quietly in a blanket. I stare at it in fascination, just as Dad comes walking in. Dad was one of the policemen pursuing us, and he suspects I was one of the students, but he doesn't say anything, and I just pretend nothing happened.

* * *

Police are my conscience, telling me to do schoolwork, work on fatherhood.

Recalled later:

Something about earthquakes in Saudi Arabia. I'm on a plot of hilly land which is covered by rich soil, wood chips, and bits of mulchy type dirt. I'm looking at several eucalyptus tree seeds, with opening on top in different stages of openness. In some are little worms, and in others a bug or two. Some are clean, and some have sawdust, or the shavings left by a worm. I show them to someone else.

* * *

I've been thinking lately of the possibility of going to work for a company called Aramco, in Saudi Arabia. The tax free pay for nurses on a one year contract is over 20,000 dollars. It also includes free side trips to London and local capitals, and two

weeks vacation every three months. I had this idea on a shelf since meeting Jan, as I'm hoping she will be in my future. Yesterday I found a magazine on Egypt, and the call of the pyramids came back to me. They are only a few hundred miles from Saudi Arabia.

* * *

Fragment of a young Chicano fellow in the hospital working with me. I gave him one of my little designs made with Karo syrup and food coloring, and he really likes it, and is showing it to others in the hospital with praise and enthusiasm.

May 20, 1977, Friday

I'm working in a hospital, giving fast baths and PM care to several patients. The beds, rooms and care given are sloppy.

Fragments of dream of the mandala painting I've been working on.

May 23, 1977

Dream:

Other people see I'm crying, as an Italian man dies. I'm on a dirt country road, on a hillside, and on top of the hill is a rich person's house. A fellow or two up there are playing ball, and one, then several of the balls, some of them soft balls, some rubber balls, come rolling down the hill towards me. I go to retrieve one and throw it back, but it rolls away from me, as if on its own power.

Now, I examine several of the balls. One of them has been shot at, as in rifle practice, and has a hole through it. There is a man with birds, and I think of the word "histoplasmosis," a disease from bird droppings. I see some German men sitting in chairs at an outdoor patio, discussing something. Judy is there, and one of the men is Herman R., my father-in-law. The other is a curly haired man, with darker complexion, but Anglo features. I also see one of my quiet fellow students, Michaela, standing across a table from them, and I focus in on her heavy hiking boots, which seem unlike her.

May 24, 1977

I'm going from door to door, possibly as a salesman. Chris, her son, steps between Jan and I as we are talking.

May 25, 1977

Can't recall. Jan was here until the wee hours last night. Today I signed the divorce papers with Judy, giving her the house, and me the '73 Sundas.

May 26, 1977

I see a large shelf, like a bookcase, made out of black wood, and I decide to build it. I build it, and it looks very good. I'm working on the bottom and the top. The image is very distinct, and in the back of my mind I'm thinking this is a quality piece of furniture that Pam C. would like.

Jan called last night, and I went over after the kids went to bed. We had a very beautiful love making session, the second in two days.

May 27, 1977, Friday

Dream:

I'm at school in a hospital setting, and all the students are engaged in projects where we make some design out of construction paper, forming circles, and three dimensional elaborations on the circle. I see many of the other students

are almost finished, and their work is much nicer than mine. Mrs. Moore is the instructor, and she comes up to advise me, which I find upsetting, as my work is late and of poor quality. I feel sad and depressed.

I'm watching a heavy set middle aged man in the driveway of a city gas station crowded between residential houses. A car goes by with a CB radio in it, and the driver is calling for someone. The gas station manager pulls a little remote control microphone from his jacket, and exchanges conversational greetings with the fellow in the car, who is far gone down the street by now. The attendant's little hand-held device actually just feeds a larger transmitter in another part of the station, and I go over to look at this.

* * *

I didn't speak to Jan all day yesterday, and I miss her. This morning I'm trying to work out my vacation schedule, as at work they didn't give me the requested vacation time. Tonight I go to the movies with Jan, and tomorrow I help Pam and Rick move.

Just called work, and the airline, and it turns out I have the vacation on the master schedule, it just wasn't marked on our copy on E2A. I changed the return flight to June 28, so I won't have to be away from Jan so long.

Just called Jan, and she's in a good place, and I feel good now.

May 28, 1977 Saturday

Dream:

I'm on the third floor with teachers. A man wants to know when or where Jan and I went someplace. I look in the mirror and find I have a very large bald spot on the top of my head that I was never aware of before. I show it to Mom, and I'm very upset by it, hoping Jan will still like me if I'm bald.

* * *

Last night Jan and I went to the movies, then back to my place. Good time.

May 28, 1977 11:50 PM

Driving home from work in the car I get the most profound thoughts. That is where I've a lot of creative thinking, and where many ideas originate, including the story about the wizard. Lately, and tonight in the car, I thought of writing some modern day Psalms. This evening I called Jan and had expected to go over her house after work, but she canceled out, and I felt really crushed. I thought I'd write the first one tonight.

Oh, no! I feel like crying again. How can things turn out so bad? What did I ever do to deserve this? I wasn't asking for so much, and now I get nothing. What a heavy feeling in my chest! A wave of despair covers me. What's the use of

going on? It would have been better never to have tasted this sweetness, than to have it and then have it taken away. On, no! Oh, no! God help me, I feel like crying! Why does this happen to me?

But, wait! What's this?! A change?! Could it be? Yes, it is! I am saved! I never dreamed my misery could end like this! Suddenly! It looks so much better now. Suddenly, it's all changed. I was in the grave, and now I'm saved. The dirt was in my face, and now I'm uplifted. I was dying and the Healer touched me! Oh, how great God is! Oh, if I had only seen the design of God's plan. If only I had trusted Him. Praise God, for his love reaches us even at the point of death. Jesus suffered so much more than I, but I didn't keep the faith. Lord, help me to trust in you. Thank you, Divine Father.

May 29, 1977 Sunday

Fragments. I come into my old house on 4th street in Brooklyn, and I go into the building on the 2nd floor. As I go in I see Mom coming down from the 3rd floor, and it's obvious she was up there to see the man that is living up there. Now, we're down on the ground floor living room, and I see Mom is getting older and fatter.

I'm talking with Jan, and it seems I thought she liked my new silky shirts, but she doesn't. I'm surprised by this, and I tell her I'll wear my cotton shirts instead.

May 30, 1977, Memorial Day

Fragment of seeing two black and white photos of Dad and another person. Also, a picture of Beth in my class, and I think she looks ugly in this picture.

I rent a rowboat, and I'm going out to go fishing. I go through a harbor filled, almost cluttered, with small craft, and I have to maneuver my way through them to get to a channel, to get to the ocean. At the beginning of my excursion the water is very shallow, and I come across some murky green seaweed, but I get through it. I also get into shallow water so I hit the gravel and dirt on the bottom. It's a small rowboat, and for a second I have the feeling that the boat is half submerged, and I'm getting my pants wet, with my wallet getting wet, too.

There's a small corridor visible now amid the other parked ships, and I can see clear to the ocean. In the distance I see a large ship, like a freighter at anchor at sea. It's on fire. I reach the sea at the front of the harbor, but now, there's a dock there, and I get out of the boat and onto the dock. I'm going to go fishing, and I'm carrying a fishing pole. As I walk up an incline to get to the pier I have to watch the pole and hook, so that I don't catch it on others walking there. They are going fishing too. A big handsome fellow comes onto the dock, and inquires about renting a boat to take a trip on. He's joking with us about having a pregnant girlfriend that he wants to get away from, or get her away from others. The rest of us take this in a light, humorous mood. I have the feeling that I have to get back to the kids at a certain time.

I'm inside a building with other scientists, at some kind of meeting. To one side I see a table with instruments on it. I see particularly two single lens reflex cameras, and I'm thinking if I were dishonest I could steal one, but I decide simply to buy one, and I say this to someone. There are also a pairs of binoculars that one of the scientists was using to watch the car race outside. I give one of my Kayro syrup and food color pictures to someone there.

I'm at a waterfront, and looking down from a pier, or cliff, I see primitive boats with natives from different tribes in them. It seems the two tribes are rivals, and this is a confrontation, though they are not actually fighting. I meet a powerful person from the other tribe. We have a sort of half friendly confrontation, matching skills and powers. At the end of it we are simply standing there staring at each other, and we feel as equals. Our power is equal, and I confide in the other person, saying that it's actually great to find some one with such powers, as it's a lonely position to hold, having this power and not being able to share it with anyone. We agree, but instead of joining together we decide it would be best to remain in out positions of High Priest to our respective tribes.

* * *

Today I had the kids, and we went to the aquarium at Golden Gate park, a nice day, but I missed Jan terribly. In the evening I went to see her, and in the course of events I told her that I love her. She reacted like she didn't want me to, and when I went home I felt really depressed. Couldn't sleep. I realize I love her quite a bit more than she does me, but she seems to like my company.

May 31, 1977, Tuesday

Dream:

I'm helping a young mother and her baby in the hospital. The baby has a yellow blanket with a rubber nipple sewn right into the material, with a rubber square frame supporting it. I take out the removable nipple and see that the instant coffee filling inside has to be replaced, as the thick brown fluid is almost out. Something about school.

* * *

This morning I felt extremely depressed and sad, absolutely no motivation to do anything, as I was thinking that Jan just wants me for sex, and nothing else. Or so it seems. I'll see her tonight, and talk it out. I feel in a bind, too, because if I ignore it, it's still eating my heart out, and if I say anything to her I might come across as a real fool. I just called her when I got home from school, and I feel a little better now.

11:00 PM.

Jan came over, and we had a nice, long talk, and everything turned out perfectly. It seems to have been a matter of semantics more than a difference in attitudes, so this was quite a relief to me. We had a good long talk, and ended in agreement. Then, we went out for dinner at the Good Earth restaurant, and had a beautiful conversation about religion, and metaphysics. Thank God. It all ended more perfectly than I had ever imagined, just like the

"Psalm" I wrote the other day. I'm only sorry I didn't trust in God more than I did. Praise be to God!

* * *

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June, 1977

June 1, 1977

Let the earth ring with His praises! God is great. God is good. God has personality; a loving, caring Father is He. I thought the universe was chaos, but He showed me the plan. I thought life had no meaning, but He poured out his creative forces for me to use. Let's use these gifts now for His glory. Let's turn his blessings into testimonies of God's love. Let Man praise Him, even as the flower is a reflection of His Beauty; as the ocean is a reflection of His vast generosity; as the mountains are a reflection of His strength. Let us praise Him as we see His Spirit in our loved ones, His Glory in the wonders of the earth, and His Wisdom in the pattern of the universe. Praise God, our Divine Father.

* * *

Dream:

A school paper is due, and I hand it in.

There are two black guys talking in an area that looks like the check out counters of a grocery store. I've just come back from lunch, and have two pieces of fried chicken in a wrap of aluminum foil. I open the package and give one of them a piece of chicken, commenting on how greasy it is. He laughs and thanks me, and I tell him to share it with his buddy. He jokes and says he'll give me the chicken bones

back. I pick up the remaining piece, and there's a little meat on the bone, and I eat it.

* * *

Today was a fine day. There are only a few more days of school left, and I'm anxious to get it over with. The only thing I regret is that immediately after graduation I won't see Jan for 12 days. The way it looks now, I'll get a new apartment starting July 1, and have Anita move in soon afterwards, for the summer, as Judy and I planned.

June 2, 1977, Thursday

Dream:

Judy and Danny and I are in an apartment, looking out a window towards a vacant lot, or parking area. I'm showing Danny how to fire a handgun, and the bullets we fire are making little round holes in the glass. A few boats, or cars with boats on trailers pull up into the parking area below the window, and we stop shooting. I realize now that some of the bullets may be skidding into the houses on the far side of the lot, and we shouldn't be shooting. I see a policeman examining reports of the bullets, and correlating them with people getting tickets in the area.

June 3

Dream:

I see a rat of many different colors in its fur. I think of the rat as having 21 colors, as it scurries behind me at work. There are several square white boxes at knee level, with

open sides, and the rat is hiding in one of these. I look in, kneeling down to see if I can see him, and I notice inside each box is an opening to an underwater pool. This pool is just below floor level, and consists of clean, pure water. The box I look into doesn't have the rat, but I see an alligator in there, a clean, pale looking alligator about four feet long. I have the feeling that the rat tried to go in the water, but the alligator ate it up.

June 4, 1977

Dream:

I'm visiting a farm house, owned by rich people, who live in high style. I have several friends there. The master of the place presses a wall signal to summon a servant, and orders a meal for us. I get a big platter of fish, but the fellow next to me takes a big portion of it, even though I feel hungry still. I eat the roll with gravy on it that's left there. Out on the plush, hilly lawn, next to where we ate, I see some friends walking, and I join them, and see a very strange creature. It looks like a bird, or a rabbit with the face of a little dog or something.

I identify the creature as a "N____ bird." (Can't recall.) It has the features of a bird, without feathers, having fur instead, but only two feet, webbed a little, like a bird. I go off to the distance, and there's a path about 200 feet long going through a little dark forest on a hillside. Along this path I see several more of these rare birds. Some are more brightly colored now, and are mixed with flocks of pretty little yellow and black birds. On the left side of the path, amid the trees, I see a few young girls, and I think of sex,

but I pass them by, as they are only young school girls.
Figure 15.

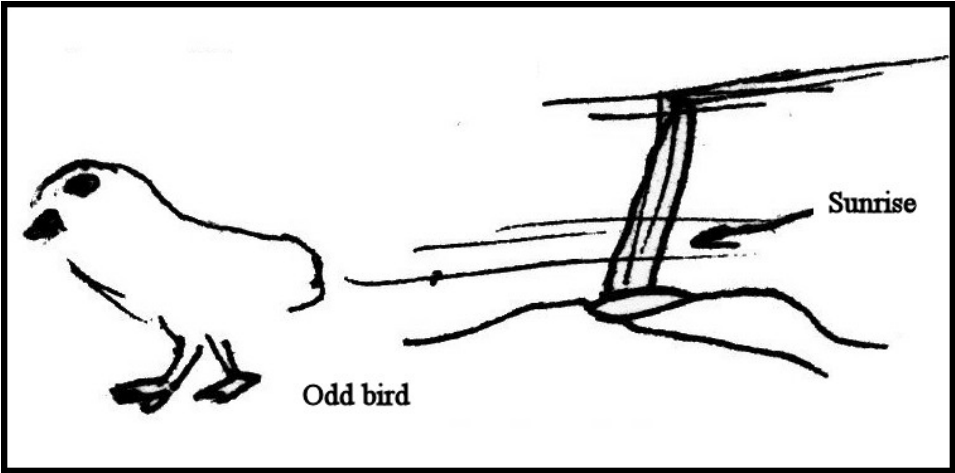


Figure 15. Odd bird.

Dream:

My friends and I are now walking on a hilly residential street, with high class houses, like L.A., or Hollywood. I comment to them in surprise that it's very late, and I see the sun coming up, in fact. It's a very beautiful sunrise, and I point out special, rare but familiar line extending from the sun. It's a good omen. Then, the sun projects an even rarer disk of light about 6 feet in diameter, onto the hillside, and we follow it up the street.

* * *

These last few days, I've been a little anxious not seeing Jan as often as I'd like, though I've spoken to her every day. Last night I took the kids to a Policeman's Circus, which stunk. I felt ill last night, with a sore throat, and nasal congestion, no temperature. Didn't sleep well at all last night, and I hope I feel OK tonight, as I'll probably be going to Jan's after work.

June 5, 1977

Dream:

Fragment of Jan saying that from now on she will love me. Took a vacation day off today, and went to the art festival on Jan's block. A good day, but I had a stuffed up nose all day, and could hardly speak. I met Carl, and in the evening Jan and I went to the movies.

June 7, 1977, Tuesday

Dream:

I'm in a 2nd floor apartment, and as I enter I see it's Jan's house. It's a strange place, and her kids are there. It seems the house had a porch on it, added to the outside of the brick frame, and recently the brick was broken through in the front to extend the living room out onto what was formerly the porch. The extension was successful, but I could see the exposed brick in the wall, and the area that used to be on the outside. I talk to Jan about this, advising her the bricks need to be glazed over, and the inner wood and area has to be plastered and painted. I offer to do this for her, and she accepts.

Now, she seems to be busy with something, and it's the middle of the afternoon. She talks to me, assuming that I'll go out for something to eat, while she takes care of her chores and company. She turns to her kids and explains what we were talking about.

* * *

Today was a good day. The psychology class I'm taking met in a restaurant this evening, with a pleasant bull session. Spoke to Jan tonight and last night. I'm having some trouble finding an apartment for me and Anita this summer. Tonight I expect a call from my sister Linda, to see if she'll come out here for the summer to babysit for me. Last night I wrote a poem for Jan.

"Old fat and ugly, that's how I seem to be,

So leave me alone, and let me bitch, Everything is bad with me,
Young, and full of energy, that's how I seem to be,
Come share with me, this creativity, Everything is fine with me.”

June 8, 1977

Dream:

I'm worrying about my uniform, that it's not clean. I see a new pair of white socks in the drawer.

I walk into an office and see Judy Mc. and Mrs. Phillips, a nurse from Stanford, and my instructor, respectively. I realise I'm dreaming seeing them, and I try to concentrate on memory skills while in this psychic state, to improve my observation. I state that Judy has on a green sweater, and Mrs. Phillips has on a plaid print dress. I was right about Judy, but Mrs. Phillips had on a pink outfit. Now, Judy Mc is telling me of her dreams, and one of them is about me, that she is my "pop-up bride."

The class is taking a test. As I hand in my paper, a bunch of others are on the desk in front of me. I notice some questions on the other papers that I forgot to answer on mine. I start doing the questions standing up there at the desk. Then, I start copying, cheating, from the other exams, as a film starts in the classroom.

After nap:

I'm riding in a car going over a large bridge, possibly the Golden Gate bridge, and I'm yelling at the kids to keep quiet. But, they keep on singing, and I get very annoyed, and shove my hand into their mouth to shut them up. I yell at them frantically now, as my legs seem to slip between the cushions of the car seat, and I tell them the car will be out of control if I don't maintain my cool. I wake up.

* * *

This evening Jan and I went to Pam and Rick's house for dinner. We had a fantastic time, talking and eating. In the car on the way home, however, she said some very disturbing things to me. That she felt they were very immature, felt her age difference, didn't want me to refer to her as a girlfriend, resented my mother and kids taking her in as part of my life, felt we were in different places parent wise, and that my friends tend to point out our differences. I was shocked and deflated. Later we had a long talk and I felt better. It seems she likes me, and as I summed it:

"You want me for a lover, but not a boyfriend." She seemed to agree to that. I know we have slightly different definitions, though I was somewhat insulted to think she doesn't want me integrated into all aspects of her life, and she doesn't want to be integrated into all of mine. I felt grateful she wants to keep me as a lover, though. She seems to see this as a long term affair, and seems to like me, but I still feel a little upset. Not quite as bad as I thought about it more. After talking we made love, quite a comfort to me.

June 9, 1977

I see two young men. One is a friendly young fellow, an officer from the police department, in plain clothes. He's come to arrest me or serve me with a warrant, or something. He approaches smiling, and I take his gun and look at it. At first it seems to be my old revolver, and I put it in its holster. Then, I see it's an automatic, and I take the clip out of the bottom, pull back the slide, and see two bullets in the chamber. There is also a collection of parts of bullets, "loose ends," rattling back and forth in a chamber just below the bullet chamber. I close it up, and suggest we play cards.

* * *

Today I went around Looking for an apartment. Think I found one on Royal St., at Scott Blvd. Still have Jan on my mind, and the things she said last night. I think today is not a good day to call her.

June 10, 1977, Friday

Two young girls, my neighbors in the apartment complex, Candy and Sheryl, are running and laughing with two other people. They run into a room and sit down at a circular table, and I go up to talk to them. The teacher in one of my classes has a paper for us to fill out. It shows a bunch of rag dolls in a line, facing a line of undefined partners. Some of the dolls are losing interest and drifting off into the field behind them. Our job is to make up lines that the dolls are saying or thinking.

Now I see the dolls climbing on a large structure, that looks like a section of cake about five feet tall. I see Mrs. McCandless in the hall. Now, Sheryl and Candy are there again at a table, and I go up to speak to Sheryl, and I feel I'm actually left out of their little group. I'm thinking it's easy to talk to Sheryl, but it's really Candy I like.

I'm back in class, and we're all in a circle, at some sort of encounter session. Everyone is pairing off, and I get paired off with a rather plain looking girl in her thirties. I think I'd prefer a different girl. This one is a secretary type, with short, thick, blond and wavy hair. She's got a nice face, but not beautiful, with narrow, dark rimmed glasses, on a round visage. She comes towards me, and now, she's a tall, thin woman. Our nude bodies touch, and her chest is in my face. She is tall, and my erect penis cannot reach her vagina very well. I wake up.

* * *

I still feel sad for some reason this morning, as if I'm losing Jan, but I keep trying to think positive and have some faith. I found an apartment yesterday, and I hope to have it confirmed today.

June 11, 1977, Saturday

Dream:

I'm taking a shower, and I forget to wash my hair. Something about a celebrity and a dollar. I see a couple nurses on an apartment across the way, and I wave to them. I see Jan, and Pam, and another girl. I feel like I'm half awake, and I want to write my dreams down, so I lean over the side of the bed, and find a square cake pan, and I write my message inside the pan.

I see Pam in the hospital, and when she sees me she stops, as if deep in thought, with her hand on her chin. I look at her and she has a red spot, which expands til her entire face is red.

* * *

Last night I had the kids and we went to the movies to see *Sinbad*. At home I spoke to Jan, and then, later, Pam called me. She was drunk from a party, and we talked for a long time, a good heart to heart.

June 12, 1977, Sunday

Can't recall. Last night I stopped off at Jan's and although we went to bed for a little while, we didn't make love: the first time that happened.

In the morning I had a date with her, and we went out for breakfast, then back to my place, and back to bed again, a very good time with her. Then, back to her house. We had another deep, heart to heart conversation, and a lovely time together, and I went to work quite contented.

June 13, 1977, Monday

Vaguely recalled. Something about answering the phone, then I'm late for a 1:30 boat, and have to wait for the 3:30 boat. I'm walking around, and seem to be playing with Rick. I see my brother John, and he's just gotten a haircut. Mom is there, and John starts to talk with animation, and feeling, expressing happiness and enthusiasm, like I've never seen him talk before. This surprises me, and I get the feeling that this is good for John, but he's coming across as a little queer. We see he's looking younger, and we focus in on his haircut, which is done wrong, as behind the ears it's very short, and on top it's normal length, with a sudden change in length. See **Figure 16**.

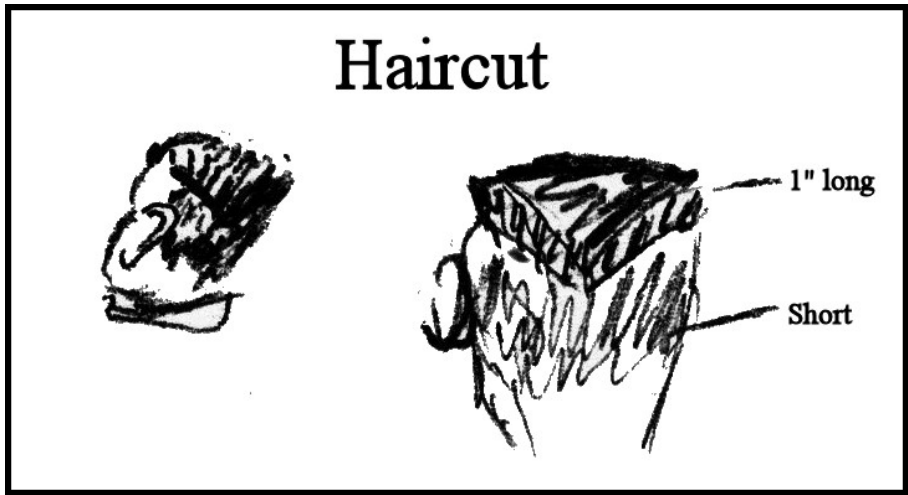


Figure 16. Brother John's haircut.

Today was the last final in school, and I did well, getting a 96 average for this semester, the highest in the class. I feel it was a gift, as I studied only two hours this morning. Thank You, God! Things are well with Jan and me. Talked to Pam today, and she wants to ignore the night of the long, drunk conversation. I'm concerned about getting an apartment, and selling my car before I go to New York on Thursday.

* * *

Another part of the dream I just remembered. I see Herman R., my father-in-law doing some physical work under the concrete stairway leading up to my apartment. As I go up the stairs, I look down on him, and see he's got some green material in his rusty brown hair, and on his well tanned back. I think of telling him that he's got "green veggies" growing there.

June 14, 1977, Tuesday

Dream:

I'm in a large house, and I'm looking in the doors of several rooms. In each I see kids sleeping in beds, and I'm to choose which room, which bed to sleep in. I see one with a child in it, and the head of the bed raised up like a hospital bed. The exposed sheet on the top of the bed has several brown spots on it, so I'm reluctant to sleep there, but in the end, I sleep there and share the bed with the little child.

I'm in New York, in a big county hospital. As I go down the hall I see Dr Rooney, and wave to him, and ask "What are you doing here?" He doesn't answer, as I'm riding down the hall on a tricycle, and he must think I'm crazy. I go to the end of the hall, expecting to find an exit, but the hall ends in a series of doors to the medical center. I return the other way, but that end is not an exit either. I can't find the way out.

Now, I'm out on the street, driving a car. I find myself going past an old house I used to live in, Uncle Dominick's on Windsor Place. I'm talking to myself, that this is his house. I go down the block, and make a left, heading toward the Prospect Expressway, to take me to Staten Island and see my family. At the end of the block I see an old store that's been converted into a restaurant, and I stop in to see it. There's a very nice lady inside, and as I sit at a little table she comes over with a big basin and washes, or soaks, my feet in it. I thought it was water, but as I look the basin seems to be filled with a pale yellow soup. The

service is very nice, and as I leave I want to tell Judy to go there to eat, and about the foot soak, I look back at the sign on the door, and it's a light blue and white sign, surrounded by white banister posts, and I think the name is "Banbeer" restaurant.

Standing just inside the entrance I see a Japanese family coming in, waiting for a table. I'm joking with them. I make a remark about us "palefaces" which the young couple thinks is funny, but an elderly Japanese woman doesn't appreciate.

* * *

Today I found an apartment right next to Kaiser hospital in Santa Clara, and I'm starting to get ready for my vacation to New York. The dream about being in Brooklyn may refer to future events there.

In the evening Jan called, and she was upset with her daughter, so we didn't talk much. It saddens me to see her cry.

June 15, 1977, Wednesday

Dream:

I'm inside a building with a glass enclosure. It's like a tunnel of glass, which lets us see to the outside. I see a small airplane going past. There seems to be talk about how it can fly at only 30 miles an hour. I stick my hand out through an opening in the glass and grab the plane in my hand. It seems to be a model about 20 inches long, with a

living miniature pilot. As I look, the pilot seems to be a robot, or mechanical device, and now it's stopped. It looks like a simple plastic soldier, but I know that it was alive.

We look at the motor inside the plane and are surprised, as this thing is flying on a totally new principle, on electricity. The inside of the plane is nothing more than a large, wide wire coil, and some electrical devices. We look at it in amazement. A little girl about 3 or 4 years old is there. She touches it, and I get the impression that it exploded, but there is no visual impression. I see a series of vague impressions now of this girl with a shortened middle finger, then with two eraser ends of pencils sticking out the ends of her fingers. Then she is older.

I'm looking at the Bank of America building from an aerial view, though, actually it looks like the Pan Am hotel in NYC. I seem to move in close and find myself in one of the offices on an upper floor. Looking out the glass windows that are all around the building, I see that the building is leaning over very far, as if it's about to fall. I'm right next to the glass edge, and I see we're almost touching a smaller building behind this one. I get the feeling we'll be safe, but those below us in the other building may get hurt.

A fellow right next to me is in an office chair on wheels, and he has rolled right back against the glass. I yell at him and everyone else in the office to move forward, and they do. It seems this balance has made the difference, as the building begins to tilt back to a more normal position. I'm hoping that this movement, and the calm behavior of the other workers will permit an orderly evacuation. I can't be

sure of what's going on on the other floors, whether there is panic upstairs or what.

Fragments now, of getting dressed, and there's a crowd around; I can't find the shower, or the right clothes or something, vague. I find myself in the shower with a neat black suit on, which gets partially wet.

Now, I'm back in the building that's leaning, and the whole scene seems very familiar, and I hear a narrative, and seem to be observing from outside, as if I were watching a familiar TV show. It shows a man sleeping in his office chair, the same one that was leaning against the glass. The narrator relates how he has stayed there in the leaning building, and he won't wake up, because he is dead.

The scene changes to one of a police officer interviewing his close fellow worker. The fellow being interviewed, in his late 30's, is saying that he had nothing to do with his friend's death, "just because (three names) are all dead now...." The officer asks if he wasn't suspicious seeing his friend "sleeping" on his stomach, as it seems he had a stomach condition, and never slept on his stomach. But the fellow maintains his innocence, and begins to relate events of someone's, possibly his own, childhood, and an incident where he took up hang gliding. We see a scene of a young fellow riding on a big dark hang glider, and crashing on a rocky hillside, but he is unhurt, as he clings to one of the bars.

* * *

Today is graduation day, and I'm picking Jan up from work, and we'll go together. I leave first thing in the morning for New York.

June 16, 1977 Thursday

No dream recorded. Last night was my graduation, and it was really great. I ran the slide show, and it came off well. The ceremony was short and pleasant. Judy and the kids were there, as well as Sandy. Jan came with me. Afterwards, we came back to my place and had an extremely pleasant love making session.

I got up really early to catch the plane to NY. I felt very contented about graduating and Jan. My brother Donald picked me up at the airport, and we went back to New Jersey to Joe's house. He has five kids and is living close to poverty. It was good to see everyone again.

June 17, 1977

This dream seemed to occur as I woke up at Joe's house. I hear Jan's voice, and she's sighing and making sounds as if she's making love to someone , or masturbating, and I can hear her as if her phone is off the hook, and I'm listening on the other end. I feel very jealous as I listen to the bed squeak, but then realise, and hope, that it's just the wind moving the curtain.

* * *

Dream:

Mrs. McCandless is sleeping on a cot on the ground floor of an office building, while the class is waiting for her on the 14th floor. I go down to see her, then back up to the class, and some of us want to leave early, but I hesitate as I think she's somewhat of a strict teacher, and won't appreciate anyone leaving early.

Danny and Anita are fighting, and I grab Anita and hit her. Danny sees this and hits her too, kicks her and finally throws a rock at her, and I feel this is quite unfair.

I'm talking with a girl, and I see the sky get cloudy and rainy. I'm sleeping on the sidewalk in a sleeping bag, and it starts to rain, and I feel very weak, I can barely crawl to a doorway. The door is to the "Hawaiian" hotel. I finally make it in, and inside I see the girl and some friends, and I recognise them as Carol G. and her husband, Dennis, and Lynn. They look like cowboys.

June 18, 1977, Saturday

Yesterday I went to the city from Joe's house. I took some pictures from walking around 42nd Street. I went to Guy's studio on 52nd street, then home with him to have dinner, and meet his new wife, then back to Joe's at night.

* * *

Dream:

I'm on a beach, as the tide is coming in, and the waves are breaking further and further back on the beach. It's getting

people's blankets wet. It seems now the waves are coming from the inland side of the beach, where there's a town and a shore front road. The waves have caused local flooding, and a resulting traffic jam, as people try to get out of there. A dark friend wants to go drinking, but I don't want to. I'm thinking how I can avoid or elude him, possibly by taking the car. The streets are blocked with crowds of Negroes and waves. The water seems to be very high in the sky, inland, but as I look I see a clearing in the distance, and even see the sun breaking through the clouds.

* * *

Today was a relaxing day at Joe's. In the afternoon I took the kids to see *Star Wars* at the movies.

June 19, 1977

Dream:

I had been living in an apartment with Ed Holder, a low class type, and I come home and find he's moved out. Now, my brother, Joe or John, is there and I see the place looks different. I see a large octagonal table with clothes on it like drapes, in the form of a cross. My brother says Ed is gone, and I ask if Jan is still here. He says yes, and I'm considering living with her.

I'm to meet Joan P. in my Thursday night psych class. In the class I see is all strangers, like engineering students. I have the wrong class, the teacher is "Kinechic" instead of "Kinke." I see Carol and Lynn, and a third cross-eyed girl. I look for Joan.

* * *

Today I went to NAY. 52nd street fair, then to John and Patti's for a great visit.

June 20, 1977, Monday

Dreams:

I go to my psych class at 7:30, and it's just ending. I feel sad, as I know I won't be there for the next and last session. I meet Lynn, and I tickle her crotch, and she gives mine a stroke, and it feels very sensitive. I see a pretty girl at a dinner table in a fine restaurant, and it seems her father owns the place, and the table is set and looks plush. She has just broken up with her boyfriend, and I feel like I'd like to go out with her, but I don't want to be just "another guy" to her, I want something permanent.

A person is helping a gray haired, middle aged man into the bathtub. As he sits down I see there are two pretty young ladies on each side of the man, locking elbows. It seems sexy, as everyone is nude. But, now the other person helping the man turns into an exact mirror image of him, and they hug each other, giving a rather queer appearance. Their chests push against each other, and then their faces, which distort to a flat surface, like two balloons pressed against each other. It looks lustful and disgusting. The two girls on his arms have disappeared, then, the men are gone, too.

I see my nephew Joey come in with a ball to play in the bath water. I wish he wouldn't, as the water is dirty from the men, but, as he stands in it I see fresh water is coming in, and it looks cleaner and fresher now.

* * *

Last night had a good visit with John and Patti, with a nice spiritual conversation. In the morning I took the train to Brooklyn, called Joan P., and then went to see Dave O'C. at his newsstand at Grand Army Plaza. We had lunch together, and another good spiritual conversation over a beer. In New York I went to the 48th Street pier to contact old Customs friends, via letter. Got a bus to go see Mom upstate. The sun broke through the clouds after a short storm as the bus was coming into New Jersey.

June 21, 1977, Tuesday

Got in to Mom's at 1:30 AM last night. Jan had called, and I called her back, for a good talk. Can't recall dreams. Fragment of a chorus of girls singing.

Today I went to a shopping center with Linda and Jerry, and Judy.

June 22, 1977

Dream:

Dad had dug a series of trenches and mounds of dirt in a garden, probably for irrigation. The work was still unfinished. I thought I'd hose down the mounds of dirt, get some of it back into the trenches, and prevent dust, but my actions just made mud, and I felt like I goofed. I see one young tree was planted in a low trench, so that the lowest branches were almost at ground level, except that the dirt was not filled in around it. I'm at school, and I see Dad is angry that I made the mud, and tracked it on the floor.

I see a few young black children that nurses Jonelle and Barbara have adopted, but now the kids are starting to act up, and I think they regret it, and would like to give them back.

* * *

Today I went for a bike ride into town, into Canandaigua, and saw the lake, and went to an amusement park where I won two stuffed toys for the kids. This is in upstate New York. In the evening I went shopping again with Mom and the kids. Relaxing day.

June 23, 1977

Dream:

Fragment of seeing stock prices, and that I'm to sell Spectra Physics stock at \$11. I'm walking up a ramp to an elevated highway. There are no cars there, but I encounter some people and policemen. My feet seem magnetic, and stick to the metal ramp. There's been an accident, and cars or trains have crashed, preventing traffic from flowing along the highway. I have to get uptown to work, and I'm getting anxious. I don't know if it would be better to go down off the ramp and around a different way to work, or wait my turn and go past the wreckage slowly as there's a single file line going past.

I realise I haven't been to work in a while, and I'm due back. The place sounds like Spectra Physics, but I get visual images of working with drafting, etc., like Otis elevator company. It's 8:00AM now, the time I'm supposed to be there. I want to call in, but the telephone lines were all cut by the wreck. A cop tells me they are all out, but I try to call anyway. I get a recorded message that refers me to a different number, but I don't try it.

Fragment of buying a small bottle of clear liquor in a store. Jan and I are watching TV. She leans forward and rests her arms on my knees, and I stroke her back.

June 24, 1977

Can't recall dreams.

This morning I got up early, took a plane home. I've been anxious to see Jan again. Flight home was uneventful. It was good to get back into the SF Bay Area. Jan was at a dinner, but came over about 10:00 PM, for a nice reunion.

June 25, 1977 Saturday

Fragment of walking along with my brother Joe, and he says he'd like to paint. I think I'll get a set of acrylic paints, and give him my set of water colors.

I'm in school, and I'm just about to leave, but I notice it's a strict high school, and they might think I'm a student trying to cut out of school. I show them one of the cards in my wallet. I have two, a VISA card, and my Master Charge. I show them the VISA card, only John G. and another fellow are at the door, and for some reason I have a card belonging to Herman Fernandez. John realizes this is not my card, and calls me by name. I feel guilty about using the card, but the fact remains I'm an adult, and don't have to stay in the high school.

Two young fellows are about to engage in a race that involves running around the block, and retrieving objects out of a small, square hole in the street. The hole contains the prize, and one of my charge cards. It seems the hole and the objects in it get covered up with water periodically,

and the contestant has to reach inside the water to get the prize out. Meanwhile, several onlookers also sponsor the race by throwing contingency money into the hole, some of it \$100 bills.

The competition involves a lot of preparation before the actual running. This activity is complicated and cumbersome, and it seems the one contestant is better prepared, so that he practically has the race won even before it's begun. I go to a window and lament, almost crying, as I feel sorry for the loser of the race. He wanted to win so badly, and he has the higher motivation. Then, the race begins, and the under dog wins! I'm very happy.

Two young black kids are playing in an empty lot, and are launching brown glass bottles and glasses high into the air, and they come crashing down but don't break. They are made of a special kind of unbreakable glass, though one object has a chip in the side as one of the kids examines it. I look up and see a primitive looking red, cylindrical rocket ship is flying around the lot, too. It goes very high, then dives several times into a food stand that's near us. A pilot is steering the craft, and I'm surprised it doesn't crash. Now, the craft lands, and it looks like a children's ride. I see my brother Robbie getting into it, and fastening a chain across his chest so he won't fall out.

I'm in a medical office, and a sick man is lying on a table, a tall, heavy man. Vague dream. I want to get the recent pictures I took of Jan, but I can't find them. I'm up on a roof top, and the edge of the roof contains a wall, and inside this wall are filing cabinets. The wall is broken in one spot, and sticks, bricks, and parts of the cabinets are

falling out. I think the file with Jan's pictures is here, but it's not. It's been removed and is downstairs now with the patient. I go down and find them, but I don't want to show them to the patient now.

* * *

Last night Jan came over, it was the first time I've seen her since coming home from vacation. Good time. This morning I felt sort of bad, but I don't know why. I feel sexy and nonspiritual, and like I made love to her but enjoyed it less, as it was more mechanical. Feeling slightly better today. I plan to go over and take the kids tonight. It's good to be home.

June 26, 1977 Sunday

Rob and Dad are in an upstairs room. Dad seems angry. Rob gets out of bed and stands up bracing himself against the bed. (He's paraplegic.) He uses a urinal and I go to empty it, but spill some of it in a box. The box is holding a sleeping bag, getting the corner of the sleeping bag wet. But, we figure it will be OK.

I see Marilyn C., a neighbor, lying down, nude, and her breasts are prominent, very exciting. Her kids are there too.

* * *

Today I went over to Jan's apartment, as she just traded off with Carl. He's going to live in their house with the kids, and she will live alone. She has a lovely apartment, and we

went for a swim, then made love. Afterwards we went to her friend Gloria's house for a dinner and a good evening. Then back to her house, for another good time. I was a little disappointed, thinking I would be able to sleep over, but Jan couldn't sleep with me there, so I left. All in all though it was a beautiful day.

June 27, 1977

I've been doing a lot of thinking about Jan, and what happened last night. Maybe part of it was being greedy, but I felt sad at not being able to stay over.

* * *

Dream:

I'm living out of a suitcase, as many of my brothers and sisters are, including Dad. On the side of the room I find a bunch of sex magazines, and they are for sale, \$3 each. I decide to buy three of them, but, as I give them to the cashier, I see one is actually for \$4, and another is \$6, so the total is almost \$15. I pull out a \$20 bill, all the while looking at a special magazine that is now \$25, and another at \$32. I think of stealing these while paying for the others. These more expensive ones have a particular title, like "Holiday Girls," or something, and I don't buy one, but when I go back to my bed I see there are a couple on the side of John's bed.

I pick up a couple, and I don't want Joey to see me with them. I figure I can sneak them into the bathroom through the side door, then enter the bathroom through the front

door past Joe, without him suspecting. Once inside the bathroom I want to take a shower, but it doesn't work. I attach a hose to the sink faucet, and run the hose to the next room, but it is being refinished as a bathroom now by workmen, and is not ready. When I get back to the sink my nephew Bengie is there, and the warm water is coming out of the hose. He sprays me to make a shower. I go out the front door of the bathroom, which opens into a yard where several people and families are having a picnic at tables. Exiting the bathroom I step down onto a picnic table top, then a bench, all the while Bengie is spraying me with the hose in a fine mist.

As I descend I shout out "Water Man," and all the people applaud, but, as I go toward them they turn away, as they don't want to get wet from the hose. I find myself sleeping on the grass lawn, but the grass is thin on the lawn, and the hose has made the ground slightly muddy, so I'm sleeping on grass and part wet dirt. I wake up.

* * *

This probably refers to my sex life. I shouldn't be so greedy, and need a cleansing. Today I turned in an application for Kaiser Hospital.

* * *

June 27, 1977, continued.

Oh! Where is my help. Things look so dim from here. I know I should feel happy, but all I want to do is cry. I'm lonely. I'm cut off from love, and I don't know what to do. I can't beg for it. I try to trust in God, but my situation seems

hopeless. God, help me to trust in your ways. Help me to have faith in the pattern you have planned for me. Grant me the patience to get through this rough hour. Let me think of what the best solution would be for me. What do I want out of this problem? Of course, it's a gift from God. I pray dear Father, that you will deliver me in my time of need. Grant the love I seek, and restore the hope in my heart.

I called her, and she loves me! I was such a fool to doubt it! Thank you, Father. Yeeeeeeeeehaaaaaagh! Love is mine, a gift from God! Oh, why can't I be trusting all the time? My every wish is granted, but still I don't have the faith and patience that I owe God in advance. Praise God, for He is good.

June 28, 1977 Tuesday

Vaguely recalled. I see John in a hallway, and a suitcase is nearby. Something about my hands being cleaner before I start.

I'm in bed, and there are two little black kids off the side of my bed. One of them starts to climb into the bed, and gets his wet sneaker on it, making a wet, dirty spot. I brush off the dirt, so the mark is only slight; more from the water than the dirt. I push the other one off, too, and he seems to resist me. I push hard, and just about bite his arm, too. Meanwhile, off towards the head of the bed, there is a table with two business executives in suits. They are explaining to one of the black kids that they are not allowed to stay here.

* * *

Upon awakening I have the feeling that the black kids represent primitiveness in my sex life, and I'm pushing them out, which is a good sign.

Last night I spoke to Jan about just such a thing, how the intercourse part of our sex life is less important than the closeness. I was feeling sadly when she called, but felt much better afterwards. Later, she called again and invited me to have lunch with her at her office today, and I felt really good then.

I have an ad in to sell my Volkswagon, and I've been getting a good response. At least three people are interested. I sold some shares of Spectra Physics stock yesterday, and should get the money from that soon. Today was the day I was scheduled to return from New York, and Mom couldn't find anyone who wanted the ticket. I guess it goes to waste, and I feel sorry about that. I've been calling in to work, but so far they haven't needed me.

June 29, 1977, Wednesday

Dream:L

Mom and I are riding in a car, in an old section of town where there are just one story warehouses and garages. The streets are clean except for some fragments of glass in the path of our car. We swerve to avoid the larger pieces. There are some natives in the area, and we hear a shout of "Italians go home." It seems a little odd that these low

class people want us out, and discriminate against anyone in a different class.

Meanwhile, I see an Italian looking fellow with a Puerto Rican guy lighting off fireworks, They lit one and ran away, but it only made a small pop, like it was defective. They stand next to a building and throw some more on the ground, in preparation to lighting it. I can't see clearly, but it seems as if they are throwing bits of light, nail sized metal, that make a characteristic tinkling sound as they hit the ground. These pieces of metal somehow make up the firecracker.

Mom drives around a corner, and stops and we enter a small two story building. I see an old elevator that is used for a garage, and a small child is playing in it, though I know he shouldn't be there. There is no door on the far side, facing the garage, and the floor is a little warped, making it a little dangerous for a small child to be operating this elevator. The young boy is standing near a big clutch handle that operates the thing, and the doors close.

I turn around and see Mom is in a bed, in a small dingy room. She's accompanied by a young medical girl with a clipboard, and I realize this is a poor looking room, but is actually part of a free community clinic of some kind. I look at Mom sitting up in bed, and I wonder if she's pregnant. Thinking this is a bit of a shock to me.

* * *

Last night started another painting. I have a buyer for the car, and it will be sold today. Packing for the move. Still in love with Jan.

This ends the dream diary after my graduation.

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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 was 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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