

Nursing Student Dream Diary

Volume 2

June through August, 1976

Vincent T. Migliore

Blossom Hill Books

Title: Nursing Student Dream Diary, Volume 2.

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Description: A detailed dream journal and personal diary of a male nursing student in the 1970s, with comments.

ISBN 9781257865406 Ebook

ISBN 9781257974276 Paperback Edition

Revised August 15, 2025.

Primary category: Literary Collections: Diaries and Journals.

BISAC code LCO 015000.

Secondary category: Body, Mind & Spirit: Dreams.

BISAC code OCC 006000.

Country of Publication: United States.

Language: English

Search Keywords: Dreams, journal, diary.

Author: Vincent T. Migliore.

Blossom Hill Books, Folsom, California.

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

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The History of the Journal

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

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

One decision that grew out of the strife of breaking up the marriage was that I wanted to start a career where 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 my psychology classes, was able to challenge much of the course work of the first year. This allowed me to get the LVN nursing degree in 18 months.

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

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

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

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

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

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June, 1976

June 1, 1976

Last night I went out to dinner with Jane and had a really nice time. We went to Clementine's restaurant, then for a drive around the residences of Stanford. Finally, back to my house for a chat. I really like her.

Today is the last day of class for Diet and Health in Disease. The final is Monday. I have to get an A on the final to get an A for the class. This is important to me, as I've got an A average so far. I called Dr. Cummings today for an appointment, as I still have a slight burning on urination, and I want to get a blood test.

I just got off the phone with Jane, and she is really nice. Sue called and wants a date Friday.

* * *

Dream:

I was an agent and a delivery person for precious rocks and diamonds, and I was on the first of several drop offs. I enter this shop and close two glass doors behind me, to shut out the public. I didn't want anyone to interfere or see the transfer of these valuables. The glass doors, however, don't close right and the little brass lock didn't catch. I sort of half hold the door shut and turn to the little old shop keeper and bring out the valuables. He goes through a procedure of weighing the items on two different scales or three different locations on the same scale. Maybe he had to measure the various items on respective scales.

Anyway, he is having trouble and comes up with an incorrect total. He begins fussing with two or three pennies that seem to be used to calibrate the scales. I'm getting impatient and tell him that the delivery is right. I yell at him, "I know that you know that the total weight is correct," because I can see that with his expertise as a jeweler he has "a feel" for the scales. He knows how to adjust even when the scales are a little off.

Another younger jeweler is next to us at his own bench, and he looks over smiling at me. Now,

there's a different agent of my company on the phone, and he's just informed me that there's been a theft of some kind. He's saying on the phone that it was an inside job; that someone in the company was working with the thief on the outside.

While he's talking I see seated on a sofa behind him two people, a man and a woman, and the man looks suspicious as he eavesdrops on this conversation, ostensibly reading a newspaper. The other agent informs me he's got a plan to trap the thief though. A handsome young man is pretending to be in cahoots with the thief, but he's really a confederate, and this cover flushes out the "inside" man, who turns out to be Valerie B., wearing an old fashioned bell sleeved coat. (She's an RN from work, a tall girl not too attractive, with a scar on her lip.) The agent says something about "Why didn't you tell me," and Val answers in a manner indicating she did it for love of this guy, saying "It's free, you know." He replies that it would have helped him to know that he could use "your mind, your actions."

Something vague, related to trains, catching trains.

* * *

Not sure of the interpretation. Jewels, and precious stones may refer to knowledge, or special talents I have, giving them to others, weighing them properly. Fussy jeweler may be aspect of self, doubting. Val may be corruption and misuse of this knowledge, in the name of love, but actually for selfish purposes. If this is true, the dream may refer to my tendency to hold back or deny my Christian beliefs in my dealings with Jane, as she is from a Jewish background.

June 2, 1976 Wednesday

I'm a little disappointed as I thought I'd go out to dinner again with Jane, but she can't make it. I'll be going out with her Friday. This next week or so I'll be pretty busy. Thursday is an LVN challenge test, and tennis final. Friday is a doctor's appointment, and Sue B. wants to see me. I get the kids at night, and date with Jane requiring a baby sitter. We may go to a play or a movie, Saturday Judy goes to a concert, and I've got the kids. Sunday is a birthday dinner for Joan H., RN. Monday is a final in Diet and Health, and next Thursday is the other half of the LVN challenge test.

* * *

Dream:

I'm in a room at the hospital, possibly room 218, and the room is all cleared out, nothing on the floors. Several doctors and people are milling around busily in the room, as it's going to be remodeled. The doctors are looking at the floor where there are several white spots there that have to be sanded out. They have an odd procedure of covering the white spots, that look like paint smears, with dimes, to indicate to the floor man where to sand. I point out a few of these spots to one of the doctors, and as he has no more dimes, so I lend him about 5 or 6 so he can cover the spots.

I then go out of the building to another part of the hospital, and there's an entrance to a big glass-walled lobby on the ground floor. But, as I enter the foyer to the lobby, where the stairs are I see a white clad fellow, and he's looking at me. I get the impression that he's a queer, so to avoid him I take a detour to the 2nd floor, and come down the other side to the lobby again. The lobby is all filled with nurses, and staff, mostly out of uniform. One nurse is giving a lecture and demonstration, or "in service." I sit down to listen to it, and she's

demonstrating several kinds of new nursing devices.

She passes around an apparatus for the nose, which includes a glass rod, and some connecting tubing, and we're supposed to pull the glass rod out of its cover and smell it. Everyone is making a grimace as they test it, but when it comes to me I really can't smell it that well, but I make a face anyway. Now, I feel like I have to be going somewhere and I really don't have the time to sit there. But, as everyone is listening to the speaker, I'd be very obvious and a little rude to just get up and walk out.

* * *

Preparation of the room by the doctors is mental preparation for groundwork of entering the medical field, i.e., in getting ready for the LVN program this September. The lending of the dimes shows a need for financial planning and investment. Queer represents the fear of meeting that new effeminate male nurse who I've encountered lately in ICU.

June 4, 1976

Yesterday was a long, hard day. In the morning was the first part of the LVN challenge exam, then to Judy's for yard work and a nap, then to tennis class. Today was filled with running around to the stores. including the doctor for some tetracycline. Tonight the kids are over, and Mary is babysitting as I'm going to see *One Flew Over the Cuckoos Nest* with Jane. Tomorrow I'm taking the kids, or possibly just Danny to Fremont raceway.

* * *

Dream:

I was at a union meeting, or club meeting in an old greenhouse. In fact, the club still has some plants growing in the old place, and as I stare at the beds of vegetation, I'm thinking how many different things people can get involved in, and it's just the way they vibrate that makes them choose this or that group to belong to. In the middle of the meeting a messenger comes in and announces a

little emergency, requiring all the people to get up and leave for this other place. It may be some kind of demonstration. They come back again and resume the meeting, but I feel disinterested, thinking these are dull people, no life, no excitement or enthusiasm. They get up and leave again, for another demonstration, but I don't feel like going with them.

I go into a long hallway, and it seems to be a school, or other public place. There's a restaurant nearby. In the hallway is a partition, though one can see through any one of a number of breaks and holes in the partition. I'm taking a shower on one side of this partition, and as I go to the stall, I see Kathy B. coming down the hall towards me. As I'm nude I don't want this nurse to see me. I go to the other side of the stall and begin to urinate in the urinal, but as I do so, I see there's one of these holes in the wall, and she can see me. I feel a little ashamed, knowing I'm exposed, but she can't see my face. I turn a little to the side as I continue to pee. I feel ashamed of my little pot belly, which is exposed too. Finally I get some clean white underpants on and I feel a lot better. I grab the soap and begin to walk out. The soap is wet and gooey in my hand. I turn on the shower for a

minute to rinse off my hand, being careful not to get my underwear wet. The shower splashes on some older people eating at a table at the restaurant that is right next to me. I apologize.

* * *

Getting clean clothes on and the soap may show the need to clean up sexual attitudes. Feeling better after doing so and cleaning my hands up.

June 5, 1976 Saturday

Last night I went to see *Cuckoo's Nest* with Jane. I really like her, and I think she likes me, though she's not very physical. Today it's to the car races with Danny, while Anita goes to a party.

It was tough getting through work today, June 6, first night back.

June 6, 1976

The car races, drag races, that I saw last night were pretty nice. Old friend Tall Chief was there, with his blown alcohol dragster. When I woke up today I called Jane to see if she wanted to go to the surprise birthday dinner for Joan H. from work, but she didn't have enough notice. I went over there a few minutes, just to see her. I had told her on the phone that I really like her. Joan's dinner was just great, and she was surprised and pleased. Several vague dreams.

* * *

I was on a team of the military, and we were in an open, grassy hillside with a nice panorama, and our job was to investigate an old hulk from WWII. It looked like a crumpled jeep or piece of artillery, and after examining it in detail and disassembling it we decided to put it back together. I was spending a long time working on a stubborn screw, nut and washer assembly, that was holding a plate on. I kept turning the screw, but it wouldn't tighten up. There was also a slab of leather under the

washer making the process more complicated, as it began to wrinkle up under the washer. I kept trying. Then, I decided that as long as we were preserving this piece of history, I'd like to put a little personal note under the washer, so that in the future if any historians took the hulk apart again they'd find my little note. I thought I'd simply put my name and the date.

Next, there was a scene of two rather refined young ladies sitting amid a variety of antique furniture. They dressed in old circa 1900 clothing. They each had a check book sized leather purse, that opened up into an 8.5 by 11 inch pad of yellow paper. I got the impression that these were diaries, and it was the custom to carry these around in their purses and keep their diary. On seeing this I got the idea that I should not leave just a note in the artillery piece, but should leave an entire diary.

I wake up and I'm in a parking lot, and looking around I see it's dark outside. I look at my clock and see it's 3 O'clock, which I find very confusing, as I usually wake up in the daytime. Finally I figure out that it's 3 AM., but still can't figure it, because that means I should still be at work. Anyway I get the impression that I slept too short.

I look up at the stars, and see a few shooting stars,
and a thin white cloud.

On a street I see a car go by with a male nurse
inside, and on the front window is a license plate
that says LNV, and I'm thinking I'd like to get that
license, because it's so close to LVN (Licensed
Vocational Nurse). Now, I'm following the car, or
simply moving in the same direction as the car,
and we're moving along as if in a train, and I'm
watching the store fronts go by. I can tell that we
started at Times Square, and we're moving east
towards the water.

The street signs show us moving along Broadway.
The street looks half familiar, and as I go along I
see the store fronts move by I get the impression of
a narrative going on, but not quite a voice, just
impressions that the traveler is becoming more and
more sensitive to the occult store fronts and
schools etc. that become more frequent as we
approach the water on the east side. There are
occult book stores and tarot reading shops, and
spiritualism schools.

I then find myself in a karate school, and there are
several people in the class, all in white uniforms of
this martial art, loose fitting. A couple of doctors

walk in the class as if to make rounds. Then I see a girl who has a severely damaged foot from a misplaced kick in the class. The instructor is consoling her, and her foot seems well on the road to healing. The instructor then shows her his own foot which is damaged too, in fact, the toes are missing. Then the toes are there, but the big toe is very small and paralyzed, and the second toe is enlarged. He's explaining how the second toe has taken over the job of the big toe.

The doctor comments that the place looks lively today, and I feel like projecting this image as I walk around full of pep in my gray tee shirt, that I wear for tennis. Then, the doctor walks up to an old familiar, thin Japanese type fellow who is lying on a bed or examining table right there in the class. The doctor takes a look at him and says something about "Wouldn't you feel more comfortable being in a place where it's alright if you're sleeping all the time?" The old man just smiles, indicating that he likes being there in the class.

June 7, 1976 Monday

Today I woke up to the alarm, so I can't recall the dreams too well. I know I had two, but all I can remember is sitting down playing the guitar and singing as Judy listened. I was playing *"If I were a carpenter."*

I had the Diet final today, and I had a B going into it. I had to get an A on the final to get an A, so I studied, and I think I did real well. On May 25 I promised myself that I wouldn't go to a porno shop any more, and I haven't so far. It's these little promises to myself that I feel is the dialogue with the God within. To thy own self be true.

I'm just about determined now that the kids will come with me to Albuquerque on the 17th or 18th. I hope to have time enough to stop at the Grand Canyon. I haven't called Jane today. I don't want to over do it. Yet, I want her to know I'm thinking about her, and I want to be with her. There's a chance we'll be going to Carmel this weekend. This evening I want to go back to sleep before work, as I got up early for the final. The urethritis seems to be completely gone. I'm still taking the tetracycline.

June 8, 1976 Tuesday

Last night at work I found out that another male nursing assistant is going to start working on nights for the summer. This and the fact that one girl NA on evenings is transferring makes me feel this is the time to request a transfer to evenings. I'd need this to go to school in the fall. Also, I want to be there when I request 3/5 time. It'll be less to adjust to in the fall.

Today is election day, or at least primary day. I plan to vote against the nuclear shutdown proposition, and for Reagan. I'm still taking the tetracycline and it's having it's effect, mostly in a distended stomach, nausea, and diarrhea. But, I feel the urethritis is gone, and a coincidental sore in my mouth is clearing up too.

Just before work last night I had a nap and a few fragments of a dream.

* * *

I was on a local street just a few blocks off Flatbush Avenue in Brooklyn. It seemed like E25th Street. I was giving a girl a lift, though there was no apparent vehicle. On the way towards the main street I saw another girl, and she needed a lift to her house which was also on Flatbush Avenue. So, I picked this other girl up too, and she was more attractive, and reminded me of Sue Smith at work, though it wasn't her either. She had short black hair, possibly brown. I dropped this nice girl off at her hotel, which happened to be right next to the movie theater. I'm attracted to her, but I don't want the first girl to know this. Now, I go back to my vehicle with the first girl, and I see it's now a motorcycle. It has fallen over, but is OK, and I pick it up and prepare to drive away.

* * *

This may represent the conflict I have over Linda S. and Jane. The motorcycle is my independence.

Very restless sleep, as taking the tetracycline has caused what is known as a super-infection, since the normal flora and fauna of the G.I. tract is killed off by this antibiotic, leaving only the resistant strains. Anyway, I feel miserable and very

nauseous. I slept most of the day. It's election day, but I didn't vote, I opted to go to dinner with Jane.

* * *

I was in a church, a very large structure, and I was sitting on the right side as you face the speaker. Pastor Walker, from my old church in Brooklyn, was the preacher. He was asking participation from the audience, asking them for a witness. Meanwhile I get up with several others, and begin pushing what looks like a gurney, only with rounded, surf board type tops. We're pushing these carts in a kind of steeplechase, up and down a slight incline. On the way back the pastor again asks me for a witness, and I'm thinking of some of the things I learned, like how to push the gurney properly, and relate this to other things in life. Finally I say something about it being important what you do about what you know, what you do about your ideals.

June 9, 1976 Wednesday

I slept really well last night, more than 8 hours. Still a little dizzy, but the nausea is mostly gone. I had a nice long talk with Jane. Tomorrow is the second half of the LVN challenge test, and I have to study for that. I'm taking the test so I can skip certain classes for the LVN degree.

* * *

Dream:

I was in church and decided to leave. But, it seems I'm in my car, and I have to drive through the aisles to get out, being careful not to hit any of the people sitting in the pews. One area in the pews is empty, and I get the idea that a car had run through a pile of dog crap and there was a danger of it being flung all around. I was hoping it wasn't my car that did it. I see an image of the rear fan on my car doing that, but at the same time feel I didn't do it. Now, I see Pat P. and her husband approaching the church as I leave. She comments that I should be staying for the service. She and her husband are all dressed up, and following right behind them is their son, a little boy about 5 years old dressed in a

brown suit and white shirt. His brown hair is neatly combed to the side and I greet him.

I see an image of one of my brothers, either Richie or Sandy sleeping on a bed with my green pull-over shirt on. I'm still leaving the church, and I tell my brother that I'm going to Albuquerque, though I get the impression that I'll be traveling north towards Oregon. Anyway, I've decided to travel by motorcycle, and it's a little stand up kind of motorcycle, like a scooter. To help keep my balance I think of putting two supporting sticks to the front of the scooter, and attach them to my leg, as a supporting brace.

* * *

This is the second reference to church, maybe I should go back. Pat announced the other day she was pregnant, so this may be a prediction. Brace self for the trip to Albuquerque?

June 10, 1976 Friday

I've noticed lately that I get inspirations to write certain things as I'm driving home from work. I was thinking today though, that there's been a real change in my attitude about girls. I used to think having a lot of different girls, and a variety of sex experiences was the ultimate goal. But, now I not only think it's right to have just one girl, but I feel that way too, I feel I only want to have one girl. But that girl will have to be special to me. I used to think I was incapable of being faithful to one girl, but now I know I can be, and if I find the right girl, I'll want to be. I think this recent episode with Judy W. had a lot to do with this change in attitude.

* * *

Dream:

I was walking in a wooded area, that later I found out was a park in the city. It was a nice, densely vegetated wilderness type park, and I'm walking along a path with my brother John. There's a path through the woods, that looks like a seldom used road, being nothing more than two tire-mark paths. In the road ahead we see two fellows wearing army surplus hats like the one I have. I feel a little

threatened by these strangers in the woods, but John is very close to me, and as they get closer I see they are harmless. I notice now that one of the hats is in the triangular shape of the colonists, like a bicentennial hat.

Both the hats are a different, lighter shade of green than mine. Now in the woods John shows me a poem cut into a tree by a previous naturalist, and it's a poem by Bob Dylan, who I feel in the dream is a great person, a great outdoors man. Then, he brings me to a deeper part of the woods, and amid some bushes he shows me some more poems cut in the rock. I notice there's ankle deep water between the smooth gray rocks, and there are previous water marks on the rocks. I say something to John about how well Dylan hid his work, not only in the woods, but according to the water mark on the rocks, the water was much higher (about 18 inches), which meant the poems were even more hidden then.

Then, next to the tree I see an entire closet set into the tree. It's filled with books and boxes that I recognize as belonging to John, from our house long ago in Brooklyn, probably 4th Street. I feel that these things are in part mine, but give the credit to John, and I feel excited about seeing all

those old things again. Then my mind focuses on one of the boxes that I knew John had, and contains a whole bunch of girly magazines. Also present are old notes and school books and childhood items.

* * *

The woods represent the path I'm taking. I'm with my "brothers" and don't have to worry. Many treasures in my past, maybe I should write about them, as there's greatness there, Dylan.

Yesterday was a good day. I took the last half of the LVN challenge exam and did pretty well. So, it looks like I'm as good as in the program. Also, I found out I got an A in the Diet final, and thus an A for the course, keeping my average at A so far in Nursing school. Thank God.

June 11, 1976

These two dreams were sort of vague, and the first seemed to be part of a continuing saga.

I'm in a car and I'm stopped at a railway crossing, watching a train go by. On the train is nothing but the locomotive and many identical little cars, that look like little black cells, or cages, made from black fencing. In each cage is a pair of prisoners, only, I had the feeling this was all part of a movie crew, and they were filming a movie. Something about going along the road parallel to the train, and meeting it at a different crossing.

Next, I'm sitting just outside the glass doors of a local hospital, watching more filming going on, I'm seated on a little folding chair, and there are others with me doing the same. Mom is in the seat just to my left, while the doors to the hospital are just to my right. Now, there's an energetic fellow about 35 years old and a little chubby, dark skinned with curly dark hair, obviously Italian, and he is the director of the movie taking place. He's explaining things to us about the movie. He says the hospital is ruled by "trittia" (?), which seems to mean fist in Italian, indicating the Mafia rules it.

He also says the church, which is a strong factor here in Italy, wants the hospital to be in the union.

Now, the action begins, and I'm a lot closer to the filming. I'm in a room watching as several bad actors are talking about a robbery or something. Either they're bad actors or dumb gangsters, because they seem pretty disorganized. Next, it's indicated that the latest rage in the country is a new game played with a time machine, or some kind of computer. It consists of a big display board and a puzzle, all connected to a computer. On the puzzle are about 20 famous figures of history arranged in squares, all saying a great speech of theirs or something. The object of the game is to see and guess how history would be changed if the player programs in a different word or sentence in the speeches of these famous people.

A very interesting game, and I see some of these gangsters are playing it, too. One fellow I see is rearranging the pieces of the puzzle in a corner where the picture is of Jesus on the cross, all very colorful. It also seems that through the time machine component of the game one can travel to and experience the events in history as the player changes them.

Now, I find myself involved with two or three of the others as one of these time trips is taking place. About three of us on a small raft on the ocean are being buffeted by winds, and a rough sea. All of a sudden a huge fish rides up and swallows us, raft and all. I'm a little scared at this, but someone reverses the time machine and replays it in slow motion, so again I see the fish appear and just as it's about to swallow us they stop the action. Now I can see in the side of the mouth of the fish is a little hole, and the others are discussing this. It seems that in history the three on the raft survived the consumption by the fish, and now they knew why; it was the hole in his jaw. I was a little relieved by the stop in the action, and as I focused in on the light coming through the hole in the jaw I woke up temporarily.

I was in a store or a library, or perhaps even a nursery school, but they sold toys there. The kids were with me. As I look around I see two different girls in there too. One looks real nice in a light blue dress. Another has a beige blouse on and as she bends over I can see a good portion of her boobs. I want to leave the store, but the kids want to stay and sample the toys. They seem a little

annoyed at me. But, I feel the store doesn't want to play babysitter.

* * *

The first dream I won't pretend to know how to interpret, though the fish and crucifix are common symbols. The 2nd may be self as a child involved with temptations, wanting to play.

June 12, 1976

Last night I went to Linda S.'s for dinner, and also there were Joanne and Tim K. and Nancy and Chuck R. We had a really good dinner and talk, and later we played Jeopardy. I stayed over, but didn't have intercourse with Linda. I'm trying to end it.

Dreams:

I was in a group of people, as in a class at an outside event, with lots of crowds. I was sort of hot, and I kept changing my shirt. I had two or three shirts on, and I took them off, leaving only

one on. I woke up a few times, too hot in the strange bed.

On the pavement of a residential street I see a thick clump of dry leaves, and I go walking through them. I'm a little concerned, since there are lots of bugs and spiders in these leaves, but I shake off my boots, and none are on me. Then, I see a really thick string of a spider web, then the entire web. It belongs to a huge spider who's crawling along the street beneath the tree his web is attached to. I get a shovel as a couple of my brothers, including Joe, show up. I drop the shovel's spade on the spider cutting off his legs on one side, then the other. Now, Danny is there with me near the sidewalk, and he steps on the softball size body of the spider, but this is not enough to crush him, and I yell at Danny not to do that as it's disgusting. A few more shots from the shovel, and the spider is finished off. Real gross.

Again I'm at the concert, waiting for it to begin. The performers are on stage. Suddenly I realize there's an electrical problem holding up the show, and no one is doing anything about it. Since I know something about electricity, I volunteer my services, and find myself repairing a wall socket. I make the repairs, but then as I'm standing up to

leave I hit the wall, and knock out the wall board. This pulled the thick wire out from the outlet from behind. So I start to repair that too. I need a soldering iron, but I see there's one just to my right, as many in the crowd watch what I'm doing.

I also find some solder, and begin to get the iron ready by melting the solder onto it. But, then as I put the wire onto the iron a bunch of brown crumbly stuff appears. Then I remember an old trick of cleaning the iron with a cold wet cloth, or sponge. When I do this the crowd is amazed at my know-how, but I feel impatient, thinking I'm holding up the whole concert. Finally I get the idea to skip the whole thing, and just plug the wire into a different outlet. I do this and it works, and the music begins. Then it stops for a second as the plug fell out, and I go back and do it better. I see the plug looks like a special high voltage, many pronged plug, but actually it's just a 3 prong plug, with a special frame to hold it in place over a two plug outlet. Part of this frame gets screwed into the outlet at the unused side. I call for a screwdriver and do this, though it's still a little loose. Finally it's working, and I go back into the concert area.

There's quite a crowd there. I go back to the outlet again, and some of the park technicians had

repaired the plug even better than I had. Now, I see there's several tables with free cake etc., and I plan to get some. I also see large crowds entering the place, and I think I'd like to get some action on the girls there. Just then, I notice horses etc. entering the gate, and I realize there was a local parade for the town rodeo, and the parade and people from that are entering too. I can't find my ticket at the entrance, though I have a booklet and blue papers, so I go back out to the food area, planning to get some cake.

Just outside, on the opposite side from the cake is a booth with some Chicanos serving a new kind of Mexican vegetable. There's quite a crowd at this booth sampling the green things. I see they're something like cucumbers, cut the long way, and a nice Chicano behind the booth offers me one. I take it and eat it, and it's really good, tasting like a slightly pickled cucumber. I make an OK sign to this guy, indicating I really like it.

June 14, Monday

Yesterday I took the kids to Vasona park, and we went on a rowboat. This Thursday starts my vacation, and I decided to stop at the Grand Canyon on the way to Albuquerque.

Dream 1:

I'm in what looks like an airport lobby, lots of space. In one corner is a counter selling life insurance, the one shot kind you buy as you go on a plane. There's a girl clerk and a middle aged man behind the counter, and I'm thinking what a dead-end job that must be, after 25 years as a clerk the man is finally "district manager." What a joke. But, then I see that this little business also rents to us, the hospital, the use of a bunch of stereo hi-fi equipment, that is used for the heart monitors.

These monitors are heaped in a neat stack just to one side of the counter. It looks like a sale for stereo equipment, but we know it's used only for the hearts. So, the middle aged man begins to lecture on the equipment and its use, and my opinion of him changes, to one of more respect, Next, he says he has an insurance test for us to take, as it seems he's also the insurance agent for

us at the hospital. It's a questionnaire on the way we make beds, to see if we all do it the same. Then we have to eat a bowl of macaroni salad, and I see there's a little rice mixed in with it. I see too that there are a bunch of hairs in the macaroni, which for some reason does not disgust me or stop me from eating it. I'm telling myself, or someone, that I figure it's part of the test, concerned with bed making, and that I only pull the hair out of the food if I feel it on my tongue, or if it gets to be too much. I somehow feel that the bed making questionnaire is related to the hair in the food.

I'm in a classroom with other students, and we're waiting for the teacher to start speaking. One skinny kid in the class has a radio going, and is talking too, preventing the lesson from starting. The teacher says something to this guy about being quiet, and he takes his sweet time about complying, being rather defiant and rebellious in his attitude. I'm a little surprised and a lot angered by this, and in a low key but vicious voice I tell him he'd better shut off that radio or I'll shut him off. That is, speaking calmly, I tell him to shape up or we'll get into a fight. He's skinnier than me, so I know I can beat him, but I begin to think I shouldn't talk to him like that. I just about decide

to tell him it's nothing personal, and that in fact I think he's "got a lot of balls" in standing up to the teacher like that, but I never do tell him, because as soon as I decided to a sense of relief came over me and I felt we were friends.

The next thing I knew we're in the class again, talking to each other, and we seem to be good friends. He shows me a studio card. The card opens up into a huge poster, on the inside of which are a bunch of scenes of kids causing messes for their folks, scenes of calamity and defiance printed in blue-gray ink. One I remember is a little toddler who has made a mess of his mother's kitchen, then he puts two nipples from his bottles onto his chest as boobs, while spraying milk out of his mouth all over the kitchen. It seems the card is something of a joke, and contains a little pornography, but anyway, everyone in the class wants to see it and is grabbing for it. There's one old Jewish guy there too, called Epstein, but he looked like a Jewish fellow I used to work with in Customs. He ends up with the card.

* * *

Thoughts:

I have respect for the occupation of others. Dietary and health advice. The second dream seems to show the havoc released by rebelliousness and defiance of the "teacher." Kitchen scene shows this attitude in diet matters.

I just want to mention the vast array of intense and interesting visual images received in these dreams. I wish I had the time to draw them all, as they'd be quite a treasure, but it would take at least 3 hours a day to do this. Maybe I could do one a week or so, just to get the idea of the variety and fantasy involved. I know some painters draw (pun) from the subconscious.

* * *

At work we talk of a GLE, which stands for a "good learning experience." The term GLE, though, has come to mean a work detail that is not too desirable, but is good for the individual and his education. Teachers use it a lot in nursing school, and now the staff nurses joke about the odd jobs at the hospital as being GLEs. They're often heard to say, "Hey, we got a GLE for you."

I was thinking now of changing shifts to the evening shift, so that when school begins in September, I'll be able to move right into part time, 3/5 work, on evenings. I was thinking I'd like to stay on E2A, but it would be a GLE for me to be assigned to different floors, especially orthopedics, where I'll probably end up as a male nurse anyway. I prefer the ER right now, or some research hospital. I was thinking lately too about how easy it would be if I only knew clearly what Gods will was. Then I'd know if I was doing right or wrong. I was wondering if GLEs aren't like messages from God. They tell you to do things you don't want to do, but you know they are good for you.

Why would I be reluctant to work on a different floor? Because I feel afraid of not being able to cope with new and strange experiences. But, if there was a complete trust in God, I'd have nothing to be afraid of. Therefore, I shouldn't be frightened by GLEs or working somewhere else.

June 15

Today I received the letter of acceptance for the LVN program.

June 16

Vague dream of taking vital signs in the hospital.

June 17

Again, fragments of working in the hospital.

I left for vacation, taking Judy's car, we drove to near Bakersfield. Slept in the car.

June 18

Dream 1:

I was on a roller coaster. I'm looking at an animal's body, and it is part cow, then horse, then human body, with boobs. Scene of a big busted girl helping someone at a resort. I see another friend at the resort, and I show Ludvig D., my ex-boss, a picture of him and a girl. I joke about it, but he is afraid of blackmail from the picture. I try to tell him I wouldn't do that.

* * *

I drove to the Grand Canyon. Spent the night in a campsite in the Kaibob National Forest, just south of the canyon. It was very hot driving, especially through Needles California, where it was 105 degrees.

June 19

Dream fragments

I see big busted girls. There's a meeting in a nursery school, and the family album with photos is there being shown. Nurses are checking into the hospital with their behinds showing. I'm meeting a bunch of nurses for the trip down the Grand Canyon. I'm supposed to bring the food.

Ludwig, my old boss from a previous job, is giving me a book entitled *God and the Third Reich*, with his notes and comments. There is a dog run over by a car, and Danny cries, but the dog is better again.

* * *

We started hiking down the Canyon about 7:40 AM. Very Beautiful. We hiked with breaks till about noon, when I realized we'd never make it to the bottom, but we did get down about 4 to 4 1/2 miles. We took a long lunch break, then started up. The uphill climb was at least twice as hard as the downhill. The trek was not bad physically, but the heat was unbearable, and we had to drink continuously to keep hiking. At about a mile from

the top we were down to one can of beer and a bottle of 7-Up. I started rationing that, thinking we were really in trouble. But, thank God, several people offered us water. I got back to the car about 4:00 PM, dying of thirst. I drank about a gallon of dirty ice water in the bottom of the cooler. Then we went to the stores for souvenirs, and the post office. Then we rented a motel room down in Williams, Arizona.

June 20, Sunday

I'm at a table with a person named J. J. Mullen, III, possibly Miller, and he's a tall fellow; he changes into a cop, and seems a little queer.

Note: This may be, in real life, Mather, which is one of the lookout points of the Grand Canyon, named after one of the first explorers and geologists of the canyon.

Now, there's a fragment of a chubby young person, a boy with feminine parts, and I get the impression he wants a change of sex operation. I'm told he's the 4th generation first son to be named J.J. Now, sexually excited, I lean over this half reclining

feminine body, except that it has a long erect penis, and the person is asking me to bite his nipples, I'm thinking it's really a girl, but the penis hasn't been removed yet. I bite the tip of this penis without touching it with my lips, then I suck on the nipples.

I see a scene of several people seated at a table, including brother Joe. On the table are several dishes, with a few plates containing ice covered pieces of avocado in a salad. These I point out to my brother as being the best thing to eat. I'm in front of the house on California St. and Joe is waiting for a lift from me. Something about babies and John and Mom. There are two babies, and one reminds me of Anita. I pick up and hold one of these infants.

Dream fragment of seeing several lizards. I see Joe with friends, then his wife riding behind one of his friends on a motorcycle. Joe is driving a moving truck. I point out his wife to him, but he's not concerned. There's a slight implication, almost like a joke that his wife is running around with this guy, but it's not true.

* * *

It being Father's day Anita and Danny surprised me with a package of presents there in the motel room. Several cards, handmade, and a tank-top shirt.

Today we drove the rest of the way to Albuquerque, and arrived about 3:30. It was good to see them all, Mom, Richie and Flo and Mike and the baby Curtis. I held him, fulfilling the last dream, and reminding me of fatherhood. Also good to see Billy, Jerry, Judy and Linda. That evening we all went to Flo's mother's house for dinner. Next day, we just mellowed out and took in a movie. Also got new tires for Judy's car.

June 21, Monday

Dream:

I'm in a graduating class and everyone is signing autographs. Two nude girls are half reclining on chairs, and they indicate they want people to sign their names on their breasts. One extroverted fellow, who reminds me of Barry Braun from junior high school. He goes over to the girls and starts joking and pinches and pulls at one girls breast. These girls and their boobs are very exciting to me. I want to go back and sign their bodies, but now they have their clothes on again.

I go to a cafeteria. I see a fenced off area blocking what looks like a reservoir, but people are on the other side fishing. I want to fish too, so I jump the fence. Now, I see they're fishing for "sand fish." They have fishing rods and lines going into the soft wet sand. On the ends of the lines are special tubular weights that penetrate the sand as easily as if it were water. There seems to be a change in the water to sand, then to water, then sand again. J. J. Mather is there, too. Judy tells me three people are waiting for my signature.

Dream fragments of seeing Telly Savalas, the TV star, and thinking of what Cindy L., an old classmate of mine, had said about him, that is of sticking his bald head up her pussy.

June 22, 1976 Tuesday

Dream fragment of seeing a cute girl, probably Jane W., and it seems she had three boyfriends, and she dropped them for me.

* * *

Today I went to the Sandia Mountain tramway ride with everyone. Really nice ride and view. In the evening Richie's friend took us for a ride in a 4-seater Cessna. Anita and I were a little scared, but Danny loved it. A little windy, as there were small thunderstorms in the area.

June 23, Wednesday

It seems this was the second time I was attempting to rob a group of my friends from the hospital as we were gathered in someone's living room for a get together. Joan H. and others were there, in plain clothes. I'm with two other robbers, and in entering and seeing my friends I feel really embarrassed that I'm robbing them. Just to show I mean business I cock the action of the rifle I'm holding. Sue B is there too, and I feel really odd doing this so I make a deal with them that if I just give up and leave them alone they would not press charges, and pretend nothing had happened. We agree to this, and I feel the only thing I lost was the cost of the gun.

I'm in a space hospital which changes to a regular modern hospital with a crib-bed next to a window. In the crib are a man and a child, and both are sick and vomiting. The window is open and it's cold. I wake up then feeling cold. Dreaming again, I'm fixing the rubber insulation around the window, as the blast comes in. Now the bed is a bath tub, and just the man is in it and he seems to be slipping on black smudges in the tub.

June 24, 1976 Thursday

Dream:

I feel like I'm superman, and my help is needed in various parts of NYC. I have the power to just concentrate and will myself to different parts of the city. It's like flying. The last place I will myself to is a back alley in the ghetto in Harlem, and at first it seems real dirty, but then really clean. I see three beds are positioned in this alley and they are rented out, like a motel or something. On one of these is my aunt Dot, sleeping, with her legs exposed except for a pair of pantyhose. She looks very thin, as I stare half in disgust at her crotch.

I'm with Mom and my brothers in a Holiday Inn, and we're all dressed up. Richie and a few of the others dance with Mom, but I don't really feel like it. But, just to make her feel good I dance with her.

Now, I'm on the top of a mountain or high hill, like Skyline Drive here near Santa Cruz. Richie and Flo are there and there are two little houses filled with trinkets and trip souvenirs. Richie has the idea of setting these places on fire and burning them down, and Flo seems to agree. But, I don't agree and as he sets them aflame I get a garden hose and

begin watering down one of the places. I see some big white postcards getting wet as I do this, and I'm thinking I'm ruining them anyway, even without the fire.

* * *

Today we started the trip home. We reached a place near Needles, California, a rest area where we slept in the car. Kids were excited to see a shootout with police from a car and camper driven off the road on the way this evening.

June 25, Friday

I have a dream fragment of Judy showing me the garden with corn growing.

We drove all day today and made it home about 4 PM. It was good to be back.

June 26

I can't recall much of dreams. I went to a party this evening and met a few girls, and got the phone number of Denise S., a really cute girl. We saw the movie *Swept Away*.

June 27

I had Linda S, and Sue H. over to the pool for a swim.

June 28, 1976

After nap dream:

Someone is playing haphazardly on the organ, like a child at the keyboard, but then the parent takes over and begins playing *When the Saints Go Marching In*. Then a chorus of male voices singing *What a Piece of Work is Man*, from from the play Hair. I remember thinking as I listened to it that they were singing all the words correctly, and that

I should listen and get the words right, as I play this song often on the guitar.

Dream 2:

Mom and I and one or two of my brothers, possibly Jerry, were sitting down to play a card game. It was a new game to me, possibly called trump, and my brother was explaining that it's not too difficult to learn, that it's something like poker, only harder. But, I'm reluctant to stay, I want to go to a Trellis event that's on this evening. I tell my brother to wait one second before starting, as I thought I heard my alarm clock going off. I'm to meet them at the card table of basement play area of this big department store. On the way to the basement I see the Hi-Fi stereo and TV department, and Ozzie Nelson, from the old TV series is there with a nearby salesman. It seems he's won a prize on the TV show, and the announcer is a little surprised that Ozzie wants to take the girl demonstrating the TV as a prize instead of the TV.

Back in the basement a skinny fellow who reminds me of my old friend Joey P. from Brooklyn, is dealing out the cards and explaining the game. The last card for each player is turned over, and the dealer laughs as he turns up a joker, indicating this

puts him out of the game. The next card is a king, and I feel really hopeless, because chances are my card will not beat the king, and I've lost even before I've begun.

June 29

Dream:

I'm in the hospital in room 218 at C bed, and the patient and Will J., another orderly, is having a pushing argument with a patient. I'm surprised, thinking none of the staff would ever do this. Will seems determined, and the patient wants his perspiration-wet bed changed, so to avoid the conflict I volunteer to change it myself.

In another room there are three girls visiting, and the TV is on, and I see this is annoying an old lady patient. I pull the curtain around the bed to separate the girls and the old lady.

I get the impression that this one patient has been picked as a special spy trainee of some sort. He is a light Negroid type fellow, and he's in the middle of a large barracks type hospital. But the spy organization goes through great pains to insure his

education. They have a special machine cut out of the roof, a square allowing sunlight and mechanical access to this soldier. Then dovetailing sections of a jet fighter plane appear in this hole in the thin green roof, and the soldier is lifted up the hole, as the parts of the plane, the two wings and the pointed nose and the fuselage are molded and fitted to the contours of this man.

I'm on a balcony, taking something to a lady friend. I go upstairs to an apartment with a huge bedroom, and Sue is there.

Dream 2:

I'm going to work on the day shift, and it's 10 to 6 and the inter-shift report started at a quarter to 6AM. . Feel bad about being late, and hoping Barbara isn't there. I'm talking with Barbara, the head nurse, and I begin to stutter. I say "Wow, I'm beginning to talk like Billy Bibb," the stutterer in the *Cuckoos Nest* movie.

I went to a Trellis talk on spirit communication. I feel it's over between me and Jane as I haven't been able to see her since I came back from vacation. I think if she wanted to see me she would. I broke promise to myself in that I visited a porno shop in Albuquerque, and then again since

I've been back. I think I'll try to go the month of July without it.

Today I felt happy, and I praised God, and thanked Him. I went through the day thinking of the blessings He shows us. I tried to think of others, knowing that as I treat others, they will treat me. As I work for His will, others will be kind to me. And what a surprise I received at the end of the day! A blessing beyond my imagination! A flow of kindness from Heaven! Yes, God thanked me for thinking of Him, a shower of Happiness. Thank God! Praise to the Source of all goodness! Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost! I pray that I'm always mindful of God's presence and love, in my time of sorrow, and in my time of joy.

God shows us His love in his handywork, In the sunset, and in the wind. In the grass, and all the little creatures that crawl on the ground. In the balance of the bugs and the bees, the birds and the trees. His wisdom we see in the wonders of the leaf, and the life of a butterfly, the balance of the planets, and the cycles of life, from the seeds of trees to the mating of the mackerel. His pattern for man is permeated with love and justice. In our

cycle of rebirths, and in the forgiveness of the Cross, in the meeting of karmic debts, and in our building our own future, in our sharing of fellowship, and our growth to Heaven, we come to know the beauty and wonder of God's loving plan for us. Oh, God is good! A father and a friend, we can turn to Him to share our hardship and our blessings. Praise God!

This evening I went to call Jan, and when I picked up the phone she was already on the line. She had dialed me, and I picked up the phone before it rang. We had a beautiful conversation.

Today I sold the car, did some domestic chores, got my mail finished, and took the kids out for dinner, and shopping. A good, productive day.

June 30, 1976

Dream 1:

I was at a vacation resort in Europe with my brother Sandy, and two very cute sisters were there. They both looked like the girl I met at the Trellis talk on Monday, Karen B. Sandy was pairing off with the one and I was with Karen. Her sister's name was Bobbi. As Karen and I are

walking together we look back and see Sandy and Bobbi arguing, and Karen says something about it being good to see your partner when they're mad, to see if you're really compatible. Meanwhile, she and I are walking toward the plane to leave early, and I get the impression she doesn't mind leaving early because she found what she came for. I feel really good about her too, feeling much love for her. As we go back to the plane, I realize we still have a few days vacation, and I'd like to stop at one of the other European countries before going home. I mention something about perhaps stopping in New York.

Dream 2:

I was wrestling for quite a long time with a seemingly invincible man, who at times looks like a big version of Dad. He seems to be made of rubber for no matter what I do he seems unhurt, and unaffected. Some of my brothers are helping me fight him too. Nothing seems to work. Then we retreat for a while to a doorway, and I run in and wrestle him hand to hand, whereas before I was hitting him with things too. Also, while in there another invincible rubber person is there for a short time, a baby, who is unhurt when I pick it up by the feet and slam it against the wall. Finally, I'm

thinking the physical things don't seem to hurt the man, but maybe the emotional, or "humanitarian" things do, and as I'm thinking this, I and a brother discover that of all things a simple finger squeeze makes the man give up. That is where the finger is squeezed at the nail and the first knuckle. I wake up relieved.

I wake up thinking about food and being hungry.

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July, 1976

July 1, 1976

Dream:

was walking with several others in a single file line through the back alleys in a street in Brooklyn. We were going through many doors, up a slight hill, then down a slight decline as we climb over the rubble and over fences. I could see into the back windows of many of the tenement houses, and it was a dark, cluttered neighborhood we were going through. Over a fence I see a tree trunk rising up and a spray from a hose as (I assume) a lady is watering down the tree. As I go on to the next house I see into the basement, and the water from the hose has wet the floor. The next several houses I see the same thing through the basement windows of each, only now the water is several feet deep and flooding the basements with murky green water. We finally come out of the alley onto a sidewalk, and it's much cleaner and brighter. There's a little girl with a bike that I want to borrow to ride.

I'm standing in the entrance to a restaurant, near a dark foliated partition. To my right are the main tables of the dining area, and to my left is a long upholstered seat with several people on it and tables for cocktails in front. It's very crowded, like a lounge and looking at the table nearest my left is a young girl, Penny B., a young girl I knew as a child in Brooklyn, only now she's a little older, maybe 20 years old. I tell her I know her and ask if she knows me. She indicates she certainly does know me.

I ask about her sister Jo Ann, (a very beautiful girl I used to have a crush on). But, instead she begins telling me about her very handsome brother, indicating he's a maitre-D in a big fancy restaurant. She then says he's a big time pimp too, and for some reason I'm not surprised by this, although I barely perceived she said it, it being more like a disembodied voice saying it. Then she said she was studying to be a maitre-D herself. She indicates that her father is in the business, too. In fact the father is the owner and maitre-D of this restaurant. I see him walking around and Penny introduces me to him. I give him a quick handshake. Penny meanwhile has helped herself to her third dish of appetizers.

The father is a thin middle aged man with a black suit on. He's rather handsome but he seems to have a worried look on him all the time. As he's running around the restaurant I'm thinking I really should talk to him again, as that quick handshake really wasn't very polite on my part. But as I'm thinking this I hear a noise. Like a rumbling from beneath the ground, as a subway car passing under foot makes shaking sounds. Now the father seems panic stricken as he runs towards the door mouthing a subdued cry as he doesn't want to upset his customers. He's crying "La policia! La policia!" as he seeks help from them and his sons. I go outside and see that some troops are moving into the area, and my brother Bill is with them. It seems there's a general mobilization as if for war. I look down a vent under the ground, and see a whole underground complex of rooms where troops are stationed. I see a bunker where they are to sleep.

Now there seems to be a different episode, as I'm away on a trip with the kids, and there are two beds for four people, my two kids and my two sisters. But Danny wants to sleep with Anita and one of the sisters, making it 3 and 1, instead of 2 and 2. Besides, Danny keeps getting up for things instead of going to sleep, and he keeps making

noises and this is all very frustrating and maddening to me.

Back at the restaurant, out in the street there's a crowd gathered to see what's happening underground. It seems many familiar people are there in my family. I tell Penny and the others I think its some kind of secret maneuver for the war effort. The soldiers were trucked in, then marched underground to the downtown San Jose area, so the spies couldn't tell we were mobilizing. Meanwhile the father has sent two of his sons across the street for a gun, a rifle. on coming back across the street, El Camino Real, they almost get hit by the traffic.

Now the next morning, I look down the vent/peephole to the underground chambers, and I see they are all now deserted. It's a little upsetting to see nothing but the mess and dust covered bunks down there. It seems they all moved off to the battle.

I feel it's my duty to enlist to the service of my country. I find myself in the ranks of the army, a little late, but there no less. My troop has already started to march away, and falling in behind them, I actually join up with a small contingent of four

French soldiers. These four are continually changing position as they walk, and I find it difficult to keep in step with any of them. Finally I'm in the ranks of my own countrymen, and I notice it's a co-ed army, and that's why no one really seems to give a damn about keeping in step. I look on as a young fellow is trying to flirt with the girls in the troop. As we march along I see one or two swimmers in a store window. They have on the phoney "bald" head cover that swimmers sometimes wear to increase their speed. The troops come to a stop in the march and one of the girls wishes out loud that the commander will order at ease, which he does, then she wishes "divide" which means to disperse, and he orders this too, much to the relief of the troops.

* * *

Comments:

The flirting fellow may be myself. Underground forces are subconscious factors mobilizing for a battle, possibly the upcoming schooling.

I went to the movies and saw David Bowie in *The Man Who Fell to the Earth*.

July 2, 1976

I can't recall much of the dream. I was awakened by the phone ringing and, sweet surprise, it was Denise S. We went to play tennis then out to lunch. She's really cute. In the afternoon I took the kids to Eastridge shopping center, and bought new tires for Judy's bike, for her birthday. In the evening I went to a Trellis party, and I was glad to meet Karen B. there. I'd seen her last Monday at the talk, and tonight I got her phone number. She seems like a "live one." Beverly was there too, but I spent most of the time with Karen. She's really cute, too, and very sexy looking.

July 3, Saturday

Fragment of dumping a bunch of limp lettuce into the sink and thinking this lettuce is no good any more, no vitamin A is left in it.

I'm doing a million small chores and odd jobs around the house. Biked to the library and did

shopping, and got the pictures out from the Grand Canyon.

July 4, 1976

Today is the nation's bicentennial.

Dream:

I'm in a department store, or a food store with a huge lobby in front of the counters. As I walk up to the counter I meet with a smiling girl, very pretty with curly blond hair, and pale skin with a million freckles. She's talking to me and indicates she really likes me, and I say I like her too, but hesitate to take her in my arms at that moment. I feel like saying something like "Well, let's get it on!" but I'm too shy. Instead we begin talking about the flour we came to buy. She's got a box of flour for 73 cents, and I've got a slightly different kind for 79 cents. Mine says something about "thin sliced" while hers is regular. I see an image of a meat sandwich on the box.

There's a few young men working as mechanics on a car, and one of them seems real tough. A policeman comes up to this one and begins talking

to him, and draws his gun. From where I stand I can see the tough guy is hiding a tool under his coveralls which he uses as a weapon on the cop. He takes it and stabs him in the chest. But, this doesn't seem to penetrate or hurt the cop. He just backs away and continues to hold the gun on the fellow. Then the hood takes the screwdriver, which is now an electric one and stabs him again.

This time the cop backs away and is angry, and finally shoots the guy in the upper chest. He collapses bleeding to the floor, and right away we all go into action to try to save the fellow. I don't know what we can do, but I see a pallet full of packages, and opening them up we find one marked "cutting tools." As it's opened I indicate that all of the contents are sterile in the original package. But, many people are milling around and many are taking things out of the package, and I see bits of dirt and wood have fallen in, contaminating the contents. I tell them to take out a tweezers, and give one to the cop, as it seems the intent is to take out the bullet.

I next find myself at a family reunion dinner, and my little brother Jerry is there, now about 3 years old. He's smiling at me and wondering why my left eye is missing, and my two front teeth. I tell him I

lost my eye in an accident with a fishing hook. At the same time I'm wondering if I shouldn't go to the doctor again, maybe that eye can be restored again. I see myself looking into a mirror and thinking I wouldn't be nearly as attractive with only one eye, and no front teeth. Now, I'm in a little, humble and simple house or apartment, and Mom and Dad are there. Mom is yelling at Dad for something, and I go to Dads' aid. I find he's very weak in body, and that he's been drinking and is having difficulty walking. I help him up, and then we're all at the reunion dinner again.

Now the dinner is more like a huge assembly, or banquet. There are hundreds of people, and a stage in front with honored people making speeches. Now, I feel sleepy at the table, and glancing around I see two or three different kinds of bread. One is a sweet moist loaf, and I take a huge knife and cut myself a piece, offering one to Dad too. Then, I see a really big loaf of bread, about 18 inches square. I cut off a piece of this too, with difficulty, as the loaf is only a few inches thick. Then I eat it, noticing it's got little pieces of fruit in it, or raisins. I'm very hungry.

Now, I realize that there are doctors in the audience, on the stage, and the shooting victim is

brought into the hall and they volunteer to operate on this fellow, right there on stage. Meanwhile another doctor is on stage right next to the operation, and he's playing music on an organ. I'm thinking how pleasant it must be to have your operation while soft sweet music is playing. The organist doctor is a very pleasant, jovial middle aged fellow, and as he plays he gives us a little talk, and tells something of the procedure of the operation. He says we should be quiet, as the last sense to go under the anesthesia is the sense of hearing. Nevertheless, many people are still talking and joking, including one girl in the first few rows who begins to annoy me. Many in the audience, including myself begin whispering "Shush." Now the operating doctor is finished and lifts the limp head of the victim, showing a red, unconscious face. The music and pleasant time continues, and I look behind me and see Mom and Dad in a row behind me, and Jo Ann K. is back there too.

* * *

Higher forces attacked by lower, then higher prevails and aids the lower. Much dietary advice : eat more bread.

July 6, 1976, Tuesday

Dream:

I'm on a visit to Richie's house in Albuquerque, and there are all rocks and hills around his house. I go outside and walk up a rocky hill, and notice all the rocks are the same color, very sharp edges, and contain no fossils. Then I go behind his house where there are more rocks, and a canyon, all very barren. I walk out to a place on a cliff in order to get a better view of the valley below.

I'm walking through a series of rooms and doors in an office building. In one of the rooms I pass my boss, though I don't know who he is. As I walk I realize I'm going on a trip soon, and I'm gathering my supplies. I'm wearing a blue shirt, and every time I use my left arm the shirt rips a little more at the shoulder and armpit. It reminds me of my ripped yellow shirt. I finally realize the shirt is ripping because it's too big for me, and when tucked in at the waist this pulls at the armpit every

time I lift my arm. I then see a pile of blankets on a table, and my green tank-top shirt. I'm thinking I'll change into this shirt, not only to avoid the ripping, but because I'll be going for a car ride with Mom and the family, in the car to New York, and driving in the car will be pretty hot.

Now, passing into another room with drawers on one side and tables in the middle, like outdoor cafe tables, I begin to look through one of the drawers and find my old slide rule, which I decide to save. I sit down at a table and a navy man and an army officer, both in dark uniforms, sit down at the table with me and begin talking. They buy lunch, and it seems there's little cubicles to take the food out of, as in Horn and Hardart's restaurants. Now I begin narrating what's happening, as if I were telling one of my brothers. I can't believe it; these two men from different services, usually old rivals, sitting and eating at the same table, I say. It also seems that I got the meal too, and that because of them we only had to pay the military rate, a few pennies for the whole meal. Then, someone sits in a chair right in front of me, but I don't seem to mind, although he's so close my knees are touching his chair.

Now, I'm in a bus or train depot, and I was just handed my tickets to Albuquerque. I go running through the terminal to the train. It seems late and I'm afraid of missing the train. I see it's on track 2, and go running through a glass-door lobby, down some steps with gold railings, then up again trying to get to the right track. Up and down these stairs I go at a hectic pace. I can see where I want to go but there are so many stairs and detours before I can reach it.

Finally I come up on the right platform, but, the train is pulling in way down the track from where the steps let me off. The train, which looks like one of those Airstream travel trailers, is just pulling in, and I'm running to reach it on the platform as its doors open. There are other people with me trying to catch it too. I make a flying leap and I'm not sure if I made it. I'm half awake, or seem to know that I'm dreaming, and I keep repeating to myself "Did I make it? Yes, I did. Did I make it?" It seems I believe that by hoping or simply believing I made it that I can force my dream to continue, and in fact show that I did make it. I find myself still on the platform looking down the track. The first silver trailer train seems to be right in front of me, but I don't care now. My attention is on the track where

I see cars coming, particularly an old black automobile, and I seem to be on a sidewalk, rather than on a train platform.

The black car pulls up in front of me, and there's a bunch of young girls inside. Two reclining girls in the back seat offer me some kind of fruit, and I'm not sure if there are girls or an older couple in the front seat, but somehow I suspect a trap, and refuse the fruit. One of the girls sees me looking at her, and they are nude. She leans back and tweaks her nipples, teasing me. She offers a pear, which I like, and accept it. I take a bite of it, but then, suspecting this might be drugged or poisoned I just hold the piece in my mouth and pretend to chew it, but don't. I'm thinking if they put something on the skin of the fruit I'd get it whether I chewed or not. I feel the taste of the skin in my mouth, wondering about this. Then I feel sleepy and wake up.

* * *

Bareness of rocks reflects recent thoughts that the pictures of my vacation show more of rocks than relatives. Striving to catch trains, and obstacles are my struggle to figure out how to go to school full time, support Judy and the kids, and pay for a

place of my own. Incident of the fruit and the girls is my recent rejection of sex just for pleasure, as with Linda S.

I called Karen B. for a date this Saturday. She's busy then but suggested Thursday. I felt really good about her.

July 7, 1976

I'm in a bus or train depot. Mom, my sister Judy, and my kids are there, and Danny is riding on my shoulders for a minute. Then, running around, he stops and begins playing on the ground, and I come behind him and write a big "Dan" on his back. I write it with lemon glycerin swab, except that it's a little brown, but not as dark as the Betadine (disinfectant) swabs we use at the hospital. Then there is something about being opposed to the doctors, and sister Judy is standing there with a prosthesis, a wooden leg from the calf down. We're going to take a cab home, and while waiting I see newspapers in a stand.

I'm in a movie and there's a young girl behind me about 11 or 12 years old. She keeps annoying me

by dropping pennies and hair from her brush onto me. Then she and I are down in a little carpeted cubicle right in the floor in the isle of the theater, a little sunken room. It seems Engelburt Humperdinck is the star of the movie, and I hear his name several times. The movie is empty except for us. Some confusion as to who the movie is about, since I see a fragile looking character, and I'm thinking his name is Axelrod, but then we're back to Engelburt. Then in the cubicle I turn to her, and she's giggling, and I grab her from behind and feel her little boobs. I ask her "How's your cunt? You hardly even have one, do you." She seems glad I'm doing it.

* * *

This morning before I went to sleep I went to the airport to pick up Pauline. This is the first time I've seen her (mother-in-law) since Judy and I split up. She seems to be taking it well though.

July 8, 1976 Thursday

I'm watching my friend, Tall Chief, and he's just bought 100 sheep, or cattle, young ones, and he's bringing them out to the desert to start his own little ranch. I'm a little surprised because the cattle had just been raised on a nice cool farm near the city, and now he was taking them out into the hot, harsh desert, and I wasn't sure they could take it. Chief gave the impression he was settling his land, and that he had a right to it.

There's a row of high voltage power lines going through the desert where he is, and he decides to tap some of the electricity for his own use. From one of the towers, below the insulators, hang three hollow tubes with open ends, about 3 inches in diameter each and attached side by side. Chief takes a cable and touches one of these tubes, and where they touch begins to glow with heat as the electricity is tapped from the power line.

At work at the hospital I see many high school kids taking a tour of the place, and passing the nursing station. They're all guys, and they're here to find out about careers in the medical field. I'm wondering why only the guys are interested in

becoming doctors, where are the girls? Then I hear a voice, "Isn't that what you really believe?" meaning that I really think only guys are qualified to be doctors. But, I protest, and say no.

At the nursing station, I'm viewing the well defined muscles and movements of the back of Amy's neck, one of the nurses. Maggie is there too, and she sings a little song that's supposed to be a joke, but it's just two words, "he's nuts." I don't get the joke, and I say so. Finally, I get the message that she said "he dies," and I get the impression she was crying.

Now, I'm late for report, and the report room seems to be a sort of a lounge, with trees and bushes just outside of it, and a wooden walkway. I step outside for a second and pick up a couple pens and pencils that are on this wooden floor, since I need them for report, and they're a safety hazard on the floor. I also get a ruler for my assignment sheet from a brick planter out on the porch of this lounge area.

Then, I leave the hospital and go to the parking lot, where I get into a green Ford Mustang. Sitting in the front seat, I start calling out some figures I'm reading off the dashboard, like off the odometer.

I'm calling these figures to another person, another nurse, as is done when a blood transfusion is given. In fact, I get the feeling, the conviction that we're talking about a person who's died, and the figures are blood values, and the car is the body of the victim. It seems the first figure I call out, 116,000, is the main blood value, which is correct. Then the next value, or type is correct too. But, the lesser known factors have values that don't match, (the infusion to the patient's values) and it's this that caused the death. The first value may have been for penicillin.

Dream fragment, or being half awake as I was overcome by a strange fear of being old, or sick. I felt very vulnerable, and hopeless. I thought of the concept, then, of Cayce's, that as you help others, you are helped. I prayed then not to forget that, and to try to remember to dedicate my work to helping others.

* * *

I went on my first real date with Karen B. I really like her.

Thinking too of a few things lately. First, I learned of the visualization technique of the Dr. Simonton of Texas, and its use in curing cancer patients. The

biggest factor in determining the success of the technique is for the patient to have a new purpose in life, a new motivation. I was wondering if it's the lack of purpose, the lack of direction that caused the disease in the first place. Cayce says to approach the light and the shadows will fall behind. Resist not evil.

I also want always to remember running out of water in the Grand Canyon, and the many people who helped us by offering water. I learned it's not on self I can depend, but all blessings are from the Creator.

July 9, 1976

I can't recall much about the dreams. There were several fragments of going some place, or doing something, only to be followed by a few nurses. It was as if I were the leader in some sort of activity.

* * *

Comments:

I have the kids this evening, and we went to play miniature golf with several people from E2A at the hospital. Afterwards we went to Sue and Linda's house for an impromptu party. There I formally met Terri Lo C., who I've seen in ICU. She's really cute, and joked much with the kids. I'm looking forward to a friendship with her.

July 10, 1976

I'm in a pool of clear, formless water, and Danny and Anita are in there with me. I have an erection, and I don't want Danny or Anita to see my penis. I wash Anita's hair, and I feel both sensual about her body, and repulsed by the idea of sex with her. She

has clear smooth skin, and I'm washing her hair without soap, just to "get the dust out."

I'm in a haunted house, or a place where there's some kind of horror show going on. All these horrible things are going on, scary masks, and monsters are popping out. But, nothing scares me except a vision of a corpse in a bed with a blanket pulled over its face. The blanket is yellow, just like the one on my bed. As I climb a ladder on the side of the room this corpse comes up behind me and touches me, or at least that's what I thought it was. Actually it was Ray W., and he'd taken a piece of dried fish and was touching my arm with it to scare me. I was no longer afraid after I learned this.

Dream fragment of Lilly from work saying she'll call me if she wants to switch days off with me.

* * *

Ray is an old friend turned rival, as he and Judy went out when we were still together. In fact, Judy once moved in with Ray for a few weeks but it didn't work out between them. This was early in 1975. Ray is a sort of poorly adjusted fellow with a

lot of sex problems, very smart, but no savoir-faire.

Lilly had mentioned last week that she wanted Saturday off, and she once switched with me to my benefit, so I offered to switch with her this Saturday. But, Friday when I left work she still hadn't confirmed if she was going to take a vacation day or switch.

This morning I went to look at an apartment Will Johnson wants me to share with him. Then into the pool with the kids, then to Linda's house for a game of tennis. In the evening I went to a Trellis party, but it was a bore.

July 11, 1976 Sunday

Dream fragment:

I'm being pursued by some kind of official. He's got a gun, but I'm some kind of magician, and can make things appear and disappear. He's following me around a bunch of boxes and partitions. I make a few decoys appear and vanish, then I levitate above the boxes and discover an M-16 army rifle. I

pick it up and level it at the pursuing fellow, but don't shoot. I back up into a white room, like a bank vault, and I'm trapped in there. I have a black oxygen mask on that's suffocating me more than helping, so I rip it off. I also think it's too bright in there, so I switch off the light.

* * *

Comments:

Suffocation is probably a physical stimulus, as I had the pillow over my face, and the light is probably from the morning sun coming into the room. I'm half awake as these dreams ended.

This afternoon Karen called and we went for a hike near Stevens Creek. Really nice, intelligent girl.

July 12, 1976 Monday

I can't recall any dreams. I've more or less decided to take the apartment with Will J. from work. I've wanted to move out to be closer to school this fall, and Will had asked me to share an apartment with him. I thought I'd look over the school housing file

first, and I did that this morning. Calling a few places and thinking it over this evening I decided it would be best to have a place where I can come and go and do what I please. And, Will's place is within biking distance of the two hospitals where I'll be doing the clinical work, though the biking distance to the school is a little further than I'd like.

Right now the two main girls in my life are Karen B. the social worker, and Terri Lo C., the RN from work. Both are really cute.

July 13, 1976 Tuesday

I have several fragments of dreams.

A person is being pursued by a policeman. Scenes of handcuff's being put on wrists. I'm at the hospital helping a nurse change a vaginal dressing on a big old woman. The vagina is oozing a thick serosanguinous liquid, and I turn away in disgust. I see a fragment of my penis aching, and a scene of a catheter being put in.

I called Karen tonight, and she as much as told me she doesn't want to see me any more, which came as quite a surprise to me, though I'm not as hurt as

I thought I'd be. Denise moved, and I don't have her new phone number, so I have practically no one else to call except Linda S, who I want to cool it with. The only thing I have then is Terri, but I don't even know if she's interested.

July 14, 1976 Wednesday

Dream:

Judy and I are in the same house, and for some reason we decide to try it again by going back together again, specifically to go to bed together. But, we're no sooner in bed than we begin to fight. She goes off yelling and screaming and I feel if she wasn't so short tempered we could have made it. She begins yelling that she's going to see her boyfriend Joe, and I'm wondering if it's Joe B., but it's not. She says she actually has 4 boyfriends named Joe

Meanwhile, I'm in bed with my sister Linda, and she is much like my brother Robbie. Like him she has cerebral palsy, of the legs. But, as we sleep there she's cuddling her butt against mine, and I really feel we could have a good time sexually, even though she's my sister. But, now Danny and

Anita are awake, and before I can get on with it I have to put them to sleep. They obviously don't want to go to bed, but I take Danny in my arms and tell him how nice it is to get into a nice warm bed, and he goes to bed.

Anita though has gone into the kitchen and is making a peanut butter and jelly sandwich. This I find very frustrating and I tell her to hurry up, since I've been awake 24 hours and need some sleep. I take the jelly jar and bang it to show my impatience, and a small chip of glass breaks off the jar, but the whole thing doesn't crack. My anger is growing and before I know it I'm shoving the half made sandwich down her throat, with jelly overflowing out of her mouth. Now she gets mad and is going to throw the jar, but I stop her, and in fact begin to take a more objective view of what I'm doing to her, so I stop mistreating her, and just tell her to hurry to bed.

Now, I'm in bed with the covers over my head as "Joe" rings the doorbell. He's driven a motorcycle to the front of the house, and I spy on him as Judy lets him in the front door. I pretend to be asleep. He's a medium built smiling fellow with a pale complexion and a black pointed beard with a mustache. He looks very much like a Greek.

Meanwhile I'm wondering what Bob thinks of Judy seeing this guy. (Bob is Judy's boyfriend and roommate right now.)

* * *

Comments:

The above dream may refer to my changing attitudes about a mate. The basic reason our marriage broke up is that I've always thought of Judy in a sisterly manner. But a mate may have to be sisterly as well as sexy, as in the dream. This references also the need for patience and love as in caring for Danny. This must be shown for Anita as well. The jelly sandwich may be dietary advice for myself and Anita.

I told Will I'd move in with him this month sometime, probably next weekend.

July 15, 1976

I'm still a little upset about Karen telling me to buzz off. But, I decided it'd be best not to call her, though I've been thinking of it. If I insulted her I want to apologize, but if it's my personality I shouldn't care.

I went to two banks to find out the most efficient method of borrowing money to go to school, but I'm still not sure what to do.

* * *

Dream:

I was watching this ceremony in honor of an old soldier or Indian, can't be sure which. The affair was taking place in an old stucco or adobe fort in the pioneer days. The old brown fort had many Indians, Mexicans and soldiers around it, and the architecture looked more like an old biblical walled city than a fortress. Anyway, I was a formless observer, with a bird's eye view of the activities, just slightly above the heads of the participants.

One of the last but most impressive gifts given to this old gentleman is a hand-made rug. He's standing there humbly in an old blue military jacket. The rug is in the same basic ochre brown shade as the walls of the city in the background.

There are several scenes on the rug, and as I move around the area, there is a stop-action, and a pop, or flash as the movement leads up to one of the scenes depicted on the rug. In other words, the rug contains glimpses of the activities of this old fellow in the life of the city, captured in time, as it were.

As I rise up and view the city, there is one of these stop-actions, and I see the same scene, a silhouette of the skyline of the city imprinted on the rug. There are other actions depicted, but I can't recall them, perhaps one of the market place.

I had a long dream of Terri Lo C., but, all I can recall is a short episode of talking with her in ICU at the hospital. It was a very friendly and happy dream. I was happy to have this occur, as I rarely dream of recently met people, and this may be interpreted as indicating a future relationship with her.

* * *

I'm in a class and the teacher is discussing alcoholics. There are a few scenes of the subculture of the alcoholic, and they all seem to be skinny, withdrawn hippie types. Rather quiet with an "honor among thieves" type of exclusivity. The teacher is explaining how the subculture members exclude strangers, and will not really accept anyone new unless three of the club members are familiar with him, and his introducing sponsor is already in the group. I asked for a clarification on one of these points, and the teacher took off on a seemingly unrelated illustration by drawing three little houses on the blackboard.

He made lines on the sky above the houses indicating it was raining. Then explained how it rains with different intensities in different parts of the city, indicating this by lighter lines over the middle house. Then, he gave us a mock telephone conversation; "Hey man, is it raining over there?" asked the end house.

"Yeah, man, it's raining a little bit. How 'bout where you are?"

"Hey, man, it's pouring over here."

Next, I find myself in the house of one of these little units of the subculture. The other members of the group are ignoring me for the most part, but I don't care. Mainly because there are a few girls in the place too, and it seems like a quiet dance party atmosphere. I ask one of the girls to dance, and she does, but holds me almost at arms distance. I say to her, "Hey, are you trying to keep us apart?" whereupon we begin to dance real close. But as I dance I realize she's really short and young, about 12, and I'm a little embarrassed. We dance a close dance anyway.

July 16, 1976 Friday

Last night I went over to Linda's and she paid for us to go play miniature golf. Stayed over night.

Dream fragment of seeing Judy and "Joe" again, and he looked the same as in last night's dream.

I'm in the hospital and a nurse and I are changing a patient's bed. The patient is a young woman, and she's crapped in the bed. There's shit on her backside and on the sheet.

I'm in the lobby area of a big apartment complex, and looking out toward the curb I see a big fruit wagon approaching. Next to all the grapes and everything I see Terri Lo C. She hops off and we begin fooling around and laughing. I get some lemons and squish it in her face, then lick and kiss the juice off, as she seems pleased. Then, she looks at me and asks, "Well?" I feel like it's up to me to propose going out with her or something. Now, there's a pipe organ on the fruit wagon, and a little boy is fooling around with it. I ask him if I can play, as I want to let Terri hear me play something. But, when I try to I can't play very well, and I let the kid play again.

* * *

I applied for a loan through Fireside Thrift, at 18.25%. I applied for \$2500, expecting that if I need more I can charge cash on Master Charge. I also saw my staffing supervisor about going onto evenings and working three fifths. Everything looks good for the fall, except Judy seems reluctant about signing anything to help me get the loan.

Today the car passed the 100,000 mile mark, and I believe it's direct gift from God that the pretty old thing is still running flawlessly.

This evening I went to Jo Ann and Tim's to celebrate his birthday, with Linda.

July 17, 1976

Dream 1:

I'm traveling cross country and I'm in Tennessee or some place similar, going towards New York.

Mom and the family and I have stopped at a country church, which is big and modern and full. The long winded preacher is giving a sermon and he interrupts it to say something about the seating. It seems he doesn't want people to sit so close to the door in the back, as they often leave early. But, even as he says this I look back and regret that I didn't sit closer to that door.

I'm holding a plumb line as I sit in the middle of the congregation, and I believe it's affected by the magnetic field in the room or something. It's just a square metal block held on a string about an arms length long. As I hold the string, the weight seems to sway toward me all the time, as if indicating me. It is also swaying towards the door, which is behind me, and I look up at the door and see people leaving. I leave early, and in the church yard I see someone left the hose on and water is flooding the place a little.

I come across some people talking about welfare,
and it seems the welfare department makes
payments in units of \$2.30 each.

* * *

Dream 2:

I'm in the upstairs part or balcony of a train depot.
This later transforms into a hospital. In one room I
see what is billed as an Ali boxing match, but
when I look in I see that big friendly black orderly
in ICU boxing with a little midget, or muscular
little kid, who is so short he has to stand on a chair
to box. The little kid is Ali, and it's obvious that
even though he's strong he doesn't even compare to
the big orderly. Ali tries, but then is beaten as the
other fellow is landing soft love-taps, not enough
to hurt him. I'm thinking how weird that is.

Fragment of a dream of seeing the crazy gunman
in the movie *Taxi Driver*, and he's the next boxer,
but he's a midget too.

In other rooms other things are going on too, but I
can't recall what they were.

There is a group of guys in an underground community which has just been set up on the moon, or Mars. The scene is in a long tunnel, filled with modern doors etc., and is a pioneering space venture. These young fellows are a close knit group, and as they joke there in the hallway, one of the tubes connected to their tunnel lights up indicating they have a visitor, a new recruit just sent up from earth to help out with the mission, and join them.

When he arrives he's viewed with something less than acceptance, and they decide to put him through a sort of initiation procedure.

The guys pull from little tubes in the floor several logs about 6 inches in diameter and 10 feet long. These bare logs have chains on the end which kept them from falling down the tubes. The boys pick up these logs, bazooka style, as if they were light, and begin to poke at and tease the new recruit with them. It seems like he's in trouble, but he takes it passively and calmly. Then they force him to sit down, and he really looks defeated.

One of the crazier of the fellows in the group then takes a knife and makes a light incision in the left thigh of the victim. He cuts an outline of square

about 3 by 6 inches in this guy's leg. Then, he takes his knife and using the dull side begins to push back the skin at the border of the square, and it appears he's going to remove the square of skin as if it were a skin graft. I feel this is going too far. Suddenly, the victim reaches into his jacket and pulls out a knife of his own and stabs his torturer in the chest killing him.

Now, all the other fellows gather 'round and congratulate this guy for standing up to the bully in the group. At first the guy accepts it humbly, but then begins to take advantage of his power. He goes around whipping everyone into following him and his ways.

He comes up to me asking if I "got it," meaning am I with him. I say "not yet." I seem in doubt about this guy. He asks again, and I finally say "I got it" meaning I'm behind him, and he pats me on the back with his sword and hugs me, but I still feel it's an alliance with a threat behind it.

* * *

This week the Viking Mars spacecraft is due to land on Mars.

July 18, 1976 Sunday

Dream 1;

Driving through Brooklyn, I have to get from one side of Prospect park to the other. This is always a problem. I find myself driving up the numbered streets to 5th St. This is the block where I used to play with Lenny and my friends. Looking on the corner, the old candy store is there, and up the block a little is the driveway area where we used to play. A bunch of kids are here now playing.

I go up to an old familiar doorway, it's aunt Dotty's house. What's the number? Is it 32, or 32A? On the other side of the street I'm standing with a friend, admiring the houses. It appears that now they are very beautiful brownstone houses, all beige and brown and yellow and tan, all earth tones, and very beautiful. The rows of these houses form a pattern and a design that we find most striking and pretty. They are brownstones, but have a Victorian look about them, too. I just stand there admiring the patterns and effects of these houses. Some are slightly different, and for some reason they remind me of the Grand Canyon. One house has even deteriorated so there is like a hill of red clay soil in

the front of the house, but this doesn't detract from its beauty. The wrought iron fences in front of the houses add to the patterns.

Now, on the side of the street there's a break in the houses, and we can look down into a garage way, or sunken lot from the sidewalk level, down into this area. There are several cars parked there, and my brother Joe is with me and indicates that Joyce, his wife, just bought a new car, and that it's down there. I ask which one it is but he doesn't know.

Dream 2:

I'm in a church like building that's housing the national Democratic Convention. Even though I'm not a Democrat, I go inside to listen to the proceedings. I take a seat among the delegates, and they're making their platform and formulating their budget at the same time. One fellow makes a proposal, indicating the cost, and it's voted in. The chairman then indicates that with this last proposal they now have 27 to 28 per cent of the budget allocated. Much of the rest has to be reserved for the big boys, the big time Democratic politicians to figure out what kind of programs they want to spend the money on. I'm surprised that these

amateur looking delegates are allowed to make up even the 28% spent so far.

I leave the convention and go out into the street, and it looks like New York City. The streets are busy and windy, and a few birds fly by. Then, a businessman and I see a really huge bird, and it reminds me of reports of this huge bird-monster reportedly seen in Texas. Sure enough, as I look in the sky I see this is the huge bird. Its size seems to change all through the dream. I see it flying near me and it seems as big as a dinosaur, and seeing a closed-in, covered alley I run in there, knowing the creature is too big to fit in. In the alley way is a garbage man dumping garbage down a dumbwaiter type mechanism. As I go into the alley the bird lands and it looks like a big penguin or something as it waddles down the lane toward us. It's ominous as it approaches, like a vulture with a brown breast. I run and hide in a bin in this dark and dirty alley, and lock myself in, but realize the top is open, and I get visions of this big bird tearing at me as at a mouse, and I'm pretty scared. Then I realize I'm dreaming and I wake up to look at the clock.

Dream 3:

Several doctors have been invited to a party, and one is supposed to give a lecture, but instead he begins playing the guitar. At the party we're intermingling when I feel someone steal my wallet. I chase after him and grab his arm and wrestle him to the ground. I finally get my wallet, but continue to hold the guy and I get help from a cop, a lieutenant, and we break the guy's arm. Now the entire party is made up of policemen. The cop that helped me is still with me when we see someone, maybe the same guy, take a gun from off a low table. The cop shoots him. Then, I'm being yelled at to clean up the house. I have to sweep the kitchen area, and I ask for the dust pan and brush. As I ask for those things I feel like I've regained my dignity, and I see that it's Judy who's yelling at me. I seem to put her in her place, and I no longer feel like a slob slave.

Dream 4;

I'm looking across an alley and see a bright children's room, with Raggedy Ann doll drapes. I'm thinking it's a pretty child's room. I'm on the corner of 6th Avenue and 4th Street in Brooklyn, doing something with Judy. Danny is there too, and Anita calls to us that Danny has just gotten

sick. He's vomiting a clear burgundy colored emesis. I start to go to him but he runs away, running out into the street.

I'm afraid that he might get hit by a car, and I see a big truck coming, but the driver sees me waving and throwing my brown pillow, and he sees Danny too. So he stops in time and I chase Danny down 4th street where he runs into our old house. I'm crying and sad and mad at the same time. I want to catch Danny and yell at him to watch out for cars when he's in the street, no matter how mad he is.

Comments:

I feel this last dream has meaning for myself, but I'm not sure of the exact message. The key may be the last sentence: to be careful even when you're angry.

July 19, 1976 Monday

Last night I went to talk to Terri Lo C., and she seems really receptive. I didn't have the nerve to ask her out yet, but I promised myself I'd do it today. I figure we could go to the planetarium with the kids.

Dream 1:

I was driving in a car, going south on El Camino, right near the overpass at highway 85. Judy and the kids are in the car with me. On the sidewalk I see a silly looking man with curly blond hair scurrying along, trying to hitch a ride. He's going the opposite direction as my car, but I notice it's "The Bird" Ridvich, the famous pitcher. So, I make a U-turn and pick him up. He has to be at a game real soon in Mountain View, and I drive him there.

Rumor has it that whenever you please this fellow he'll give you free tickets to see him play. But, he never offers the free tickets. He offers to take us out to dinner, but I say, "Oh, you don't have to do that." Meanwhile in dropping him off in front of the stadium, I keep hinting we'd like to see him play. Instead he thanks us, and shakes my hand, thumb grasping style, then hugs me, and I realize

what a big fellow he is. So we part, and other kids are there, and recognize him, as we are left there. He had a big powerful hand, I'm thinking and sort of sad we didn't get the tickets, and wondering if we should have taken the dinner offer, or better yet, ask him to our house for dinner. He'd probably have liked a change of pace by eating with a family.

Comments:

Ridvich is the latest talk of baseball, being a rather odd pitcher for the American league. He talks to himself and the ball and has the habit of getting down on his knees to smooth out the pitcher's mound. He's a tall lanky fellow, well liked and has very curly blond hair.

Dream 2:

I'm in a baseball game playing left outfield, and I'm staying right near the foul line. I'm not really very familiar with playing and I make a few good catches, but I find myself not playing in the right positions sometimes. The hitters notice this once when I run all the way to the shortstop position for a fly ball.

One hitter interprets this as inexperience, and hits the ball lightly, placing it expertly to go to me. But, I'm doing great, catching the balls, and making a couple bare handed catches. The opposition can't seem to score against me, it either goes foul, or I catch it. Now, it's three out, and several of my fellow players, including Ridvich are sitting against the fence. The previous play I noticed the third baseman was sort of crowding me, first because he was in too close, then because he was out too far. Now we all get up and walk in to hit, and I ask who's turn it is to hit, hoping it's my turn. But, Ridvich says he's up, and I don't mind, because he's the pitcher, and I'm in the top of the batting order, so I'll be up soon after him. Then as we walk in he asks me if I want to play a game, meaning chess, as we wait to hit. It seems he has a reputation of being a chess expert, and I know I don't compare to him. I accept anyway, and say only if it's with a limit of three seconds per move. I wake up.

* * *

Comments:

Baseball, and being on the field is "playing ball"

and means the activities of life. I shows help and invitations from those higher than me. I should accept their gifts. In such a case I can feel invincible as no one can hit against me.

I called Fireside Thrift today and the loan for \$2500 has been approved, but they want the furniture and the Datsun for security. I'm hopeful Judy won't be too opposed to signing that stuff away.

July 20, 1976

Last night Fireside Thrift called Judy, and she was upset, as was predictable. But, she agreed to sign for me. All of this led to some doubts of weather I should do all this. In analyzing my motives I find too much is for the self glory and not enough is for the service of mankind. And this has made me feel bad. But, at least I'll have the opportunity for service and growth being a nurse, and the alternative is a life of meaningless drifting.

Dream 1:

I'm inside a house, and in there is a square tunnel,

and it seems to be leading to a secret place. I'm in a little square plastic foam raft, and one of my brothers is in the rear of the craft as I row with one oar. Brother John is in a boat ahead of me, and I'm rowing to catch up to him. The wind is blowing against us though, and the current, or waves are going in the wrong direction too, but with persistent rowing and strength that seems to come easily I take long hard strokes and propel the boat forward. At one point I see the rear of the craft sinking below the surface with my brother in it, but I keep on and we're OK. We come to a door with a note left on it from John. It says something about "I am ahead, follow me." Inside the doorway is a walkway leading to a big house, nicely furnished, and again I get the impression that this is a secret place. I'm looking in some of the doors off the corridor I see several rooms, and some are bedrooms, others living rooms, and even a kitchen.

On the floor of one room, possibly a kitchen I see a pretty girl in a reclining position with her legs spread as if waiting for some kind of sex. Next to her is her little child who she is playing with. Then I go on to the main meeting place of the house, and it looks something like the nursing station, with all pretty girls in regular dress sitting around. I'm

looking around to find one who fits my taste. They are all good looking, but I want to choose one who appeals to me. It's not a crude place, like a whore house, but more like a family place where you pick your mate.

I finally see one I think I like, but I don't pick her out yet. I'm leaning on the counter at the station, and there's a double mirror arrangement on the far side of the counter, and I'm bending way over to look at myself in the mirror. As I'm doing this, a friendly fellow comes up to my side and explains that this is the hair shampoo area, and I get my hair washed, and dried. As the dryer is running I'm thinking this will clean my hair and straighten it too. Then I feel something rolling beneath my feet, as if I were standing on a moving dolly.

Dream 2, unclear:

I meet Dad in a large courtyard, and he's holding Danny. He's holding two plastic bags, and I take a cookie out of one and eat it. There's a parking lot to one side of this courtyard, and a few people are looking at this old, ice blue Volkswagen Fastback, just like my car, only older, but extremely well preserved, such that it is a work of art, a collectors item. There's a woman admiring the car with me and the crowd, and I get the feeling she wants something from me, and I avoid her. I then go inside the court house, and there's a trial going on, possibly between me and Judy. As the people enter for the trial, the House officer, in charge of the proceedings, makes an announcement. He says that there will be no trial, because from his evaluation of the case both sides have their merit.

Comments:

Rowing is the spiritual exercise that gets me to the place for mate selection, which I'm doing at the nursing station. This is not a crude activity, but does involve sex, and family.

Avoid woman who admires only the physical body, the car. Legal difficulties between Judy and I

have merit on both sides. Hair washing is cleaning
up of thoughts

July 21, 1976 Wednesday

Viking 1 landed successfully on Mars yesterday.

* * *

Dream:

I was sitting on the window sill of an apartment in a tenement house in Brooklyn. Some kind of activity or family event was going on inside. For some reason I had to light a match, and threw it out the back window. Then, thinking this might start a fire I looked down into the back yard, and, sure enough, the match had landed in a puddle of oil, and was burning. As I watched the area of flames spread, and just to the left of the pool of oil was a kitchen stove. The flame was in the stove now, too, under and around the burners. I ran downstairs, and turned the hose on and watered down the flames, and the stove, which was just beginning to turn red hot in some places from heat. I thought I should shut off the gas supply, but this would only

lead to the danger of a gas explosion. The fire was finally completely out.

Me and the kids are hiking in a high mountain trail, and the terrain seems fairly dry and rocky. We hike down over a sharp hill, and come to a much greener area on the mountain, It's grassy here, and much cooler, and for some reason prettier. But, just as we're entering this area we hear a commotion above us and one of the kids says there's a big cat on the rocks above us. I keep straining to see but I can't find him.

Finally, I see a big spotted cat, like a tiger approaching us, and though it looks like a tiger I think it's a lion. Later, it changes to a mountain lion type cat, with the classical yellow-ochre hair, and no mane. It comes stalking down at us at a frightening pace, and I don't know what to do but gather the kids around me. I feel really defenseless wondering what to do, and just as the cat comes running, another man who was behind us goes running off ahead of us down the path of the mountain. The cat seeing him goes chasing after the guy, and I feel a wave of relief.

I'm thinking I should go to the aid of this fellow I continue down the path too, and pick up a big

branch, actually the exposed white root of a tree, which I hope to use as a weapon against the animal. Then, I start thinking in a better-him-than-me sort of attitude, hoping the cat is satisfied in killing the man. I'm also thinking the stick alone won't be that effective against the cat, and I might be of some aid to the fellow if he is still alive if I could start a fire and make a flaming torch or two.

I find myself in a little cabin trying to make a fire by rubbing a stick inside a wooden trough with sawdust inside. I keep the back and forth motion going for a while and the end of the stick is getting hot, but the motion is also pushing away the kindling. I ask Anita to help, and I get very frustrated when she refuses. Finally, an old man and Marilyn C. are in the room with me, and the old man pushes all the sawdust to the end for me and the fire gets started. Marilyn helps with physical things and advice about the lion.

I forgot to mention, that just as the cat disappeared over the edge of the mountain, a brown deer followed it running down the path, and I was hoping that the lion would go after the deer, as a sacrifice to the lion, and save the man.

Comments:

Last night I talked to Judy about signing for the loan, and she wants to wait, hoping for an alternative. She plans to go down to welfare and see if she can get Aid to Dependent Children started early, instead of in September as she had planned. This would mean between food stamps and the aid money she would not need any money from me, and Bob would help her too. In other words I wouldn't have to support her at all, and I wouldn't need the loan. I just figured out that I could live off a salary of three fifths of what I'm making now, so everything is just fine. Things are looking up. I should have trusted God all the time.

July 22, 1976 Thursday

Drea, fragments:

Something about a doctor and a nurse. I'm at the hospital, on the second floor. I open a refrigerator and look for something to eat. There's a package of mozzarella cheese there, half used and wrapped in Saran Wrap. On top is a slice and a half of the cheese, and I eat it. I'm looking for something else, too. The whole refrigerator is filled with bottles of soda, Pepsi. I decide to take a glass of milk, then have trouble putting the container of milk back, because all the soda bottles are in the way. I decide I'll take the glass of milk down into the hospital parking lot, where the nurse is walking to her car, but halfway down the steps I drink the milk myself. The girl involved seems very much like Diana P., the RN I work with.

* * *

Problems again. Will is bugging me for half the deposit on the apartment, and I just spoke to Judy and she's not going to ask for aid until September. So, I don't know if I'll need the loan or what. My

plan right now is to call the loan company tomorrow and tell them I don't want the money until September, and ask if I should sign now or then. I talked to Terri again last night, and I really like her. I'm still not sure if she's interested in going out with me though.

July 23, 1976

Dream:

I am a doctor, and a patient comes into the large examination area. He has very bad eyes, but is reluctant to let anyone look at them. When we try he squints as if the light hurts him. But, then he comes closer, and I look at his eyes. They are very diseased, and I get the impression it's cancer. Looking closely I see his pupils are huge, and eccentric, going up and outside the area of the colored portion of the eye. One could also see the thick boundary at the iris, and see into the back of the eye. There I could see the cells were diseased, and little fibrous clusters were sprouting out of the surface, like hairs.

I take a full page of notes, on the left eye alone, then it's too late to do the other eye, so I sent the

patient home. Meanwhile, I feel like I'm not expert enough to treat this ailment, that this requires a specialist, and I'm just a regular doctor. Therefore I write "consult" on the top of his examination sheet. I give him Valium to help him sleep, and I feel undecided as I realize I could prescribe anything I want to for this fellow, including MS, morphine sulfate. Now, looking out the window I see my office is in a long building or pier on the water, and I stick my head out and see some old dust and empty soda cans on the roof. I throw them off into the water. Looking back into the hall I see several people in a party setting. Diana P. is there, and it seems she's about to make love to someone, possibly a black fellow.

* * *

This evening I took the kids to see the Golden Gaters tennis team play at the Oakland Forum. Several nurses were there including Terri, but I think she doesn't care that much about me. My only hope is to grow in a relationship with her. The game was really good, though the kids were bored. Afterwards we went over to see the last inning of

the A's game at the Coliseum next door. On the way back we saw the tennis players waiting outside and I got Evonne Goolagong's autograph.

July 24, Saturday

Dream:

I'm in an old familiar house that is crowded with people and beds, and seems a little run down. Judy W. is there and she's telling her mother-in-law, Hazel, that she and Norm are thinking of staying over for the night. I find this very exciting, thinking I might be able to sleep with her again. I go sneaking around through a couple rooms to reach a room right next to where she is, and I intent to peek in on her. Next thing I know I'm in bed making love to her, but it turns into Judy M., my ex, and I'm feeling her vagina, as I see a hard waxy deposit on the outside. Judy begins yelling at me and demanding something sexual from me, and I lose the erection I had and walk away. I go to the bathroom and seem to be urinating for a long time. I wake up and realize I wet the bed a tiny bit, though my bladder is not distended or anything.

Dream fragment of seeing a young freckle-faced girl, and I'm thinking of putting my dick in her mouth. Then decide to make it more decent.

* * *

Started moving today, but won't move in until tomorrow, the 25th, my un-birthday.

July 25, Sunday

Dream:

I'm in a downtown area and many buildings are on fire. I'm looking for a route to escape. It seems we have to go towards the flames to find a way out. Also there seems to be crumbling buildings and bricks in the area.

Dream 2, unclear:

I'm in the Emergency Room with nurse Joan H. There are other workers there, including a big fellow behind a desk, and it seems like a public event more than an ER, as they are giving out brochures with instructions on what to do. I look at one of the brochures, wondering if I should go in

and get that big cut on my thumb looked at. I read the literature and see there's a list of signs to look for in deciding if your wound needs attention. This includes bleeding, swelling, pus, etc. As I have none of these I decide to go upstairs to work. I feel in a hurry, though I realize it's still too early for report.

I wave goodbye to Joan, and feel there's something uncomfortable about my clothes, like my belt is too tight, and then I realize I'm wearing my old green pants, and they have a huge rip in the crotch. I wish I had a needle and thread, but then I get a safety pin. I go up to report, but there are no beds there. The place is different, and there's only one patient on a bed on the side. I look into a crowded room and all the nurses are there holding some kind of election, for union representation.

Partial dream of viewing nurse Diana P., and she's getting undressed for a physical exam. It's then we see that she has a penis, and this is a secret of hers. The rest of her body is beautifully feminine. I'm wondering at first if she is really a man wanting to be a girl, and I'm thinking how her face does look a little masculine. Then, I hear it mentioned that she's all female, with this extra male appendage

that she plans to have removed surgically. I have a feeling that I like her.

* * *

Today is moving day, and there was still a lot of things left over to move.

I took a nap about 5:30 waking up with a very clear impression of this dream, and a strong feeling that it should be written up into a science fiction short story.

Dream 3:

There's an old man working as a security guard at the front door of a big military building. The old man's job is slowly being phased out as he is replaced by a new electronic device that identifies people by their individualized body odor. A special device scans the doorway area and is capable of distinguishing the employees and screening them despite changes in cologne and after shave etc. There's something powerful and scary about this fellow, but I go up to him and talk to him anyway. Maybe, it's the knowledge that he'll soon be replaced by the machine, and this would upset him. He's an old veteran of the place, and, as is so typical of government jobs, they are opposed to

firing him. But, day by day, the scanner is taking over more and more of the security operations of this military, secret building.

Now, there's a scene of a male and female secretary taking orders for feeding into the security computer, and because of the sequence of numbers, the key numbers being 6, 1, fed in this sequence triggers a laser device to enforce the security. It seems after much debate that a board of security advisors put this weapon into the computer, whereby anyone crashing the gate would be shot and killed by this laser. They figured that anyone even attempting to enter illegally is fair game. Unfortunately the sequence of numbers mistakenly fed into the computer programmed it to shoot to kill the very scientists it was supposed to protect, and admit.

As the two technicians discover their error, they try to run to the doors and warn the incoming scientists and military men. But, it's too late, and 14 to 16 of them are shot and killed by the flawless accuracy of the computer. To complicate matters, the computer has several anti-tampering devices which prevent the program from being aborted. And the defensive design of the building prevents

the shutting off of its electrical supply without destroying the generating plant.

So the lethal program is allowed to stay in the scanner, though it's harmless to the general public, being programmed only for the scientists. The remaining ones of course stay away, but I can go to the building. Another complication now arises, as the machine starts to go haywire. It starts making a whining noise every time it scans an individual. Since the scanner is pointed out the front door it picks up people coming out of a movie across the street, and makes a beeping whine as a bus of kids goes by, the whine going on as a child enters the scan, and off as the window partition on the bus passes by. The scanner also has developed a personality, and makes friends with people, including me. It asks me where I was after the change, when the old man was moved. Now, it's up to the military games people to try to outwit the computer.

July 27, 1976

I can't recall dreams. I've been getting the impression that Terri doesn't care one way or the other about me.

July 28, Wednesday

Dream:

I'm in a second floor apartment that is new to me and there's a knock at the door. I see it's a husky red haired man who looks pretty tough to me and would normally scare me, but he was smiling. Then, I recognize him as my uncle Joe, despite the red hair. I shake his hand and welcome him in. The next part is vague, but I'm in a hospital setting, or capacity, and I'm investigating heartbeats. As it turns out, uncle Joe has a heart problem, and I discover it's PAT, premature atrial tachycardia.

I go up to the top floor of some sort of government building, and some officers are working behind a big desk, or counter. Will, my roommate is one of them, and I ask them after seeing a big door if this is where the jail is. They say "Yes" and I continue

talking with Will. One of the officers has to go to the back now and escort two Chicano type prisoners somewhere in handcuffs. In the middle of the escort, one of them punches the guard in the face, and I go to his aid. I begin wrestling, wrestling, wrestling, for a long time with this fellow. Now, there are kids playing around us as we wrestle, and one of them left a toy truck near us and a sharp piece of metal came off the truck, and this fellow rolls onto it and is stabbed by the metal, and jumps up hurt. I feel sorry for him.

Now, a vague and strange thing occurs. I have the large amethyst crystal rock of mine in my hand, and I smash the guy with the rock in my fist. The blow crushes both the rock and the guy, and it's as if the rock and the man's body are one, because they both disintegrate in my hand. As I wake up I'm feeling sorry for the fellow.

Dream fragment of Carol G. eating an egg salad sandwich.

July 29, Thursday

Poorly recalled dream:

I seemed to have dreamed of the hospital a lot. There's an impression of there being a little bug, like a tiny beetle in the room, and it lands on my right ring finger. It's near death, and it looks wet and dead on my finger, but I breathe on it and it revives a little bit.

* * *

I got to know Jonell W. pretty well last night at work. She's a new RN on nights, and she seems anxious to go out with someone, dropping hints all over the place. She's very attractive, and I hope she'll go somewhere with me.

Today ends 30 days of abstaining from adult book stores, and I promptly resumed, as I've been feeling very sexual lately. I'm thinking of trying to go one week without any vices at all, like no sex, no junk food, no indulgences.

July 30, 1976, Friday

Dream:

I'm walking in the streets of Brooklyn, as if searching for something or someone. Across the street I see a bunch of brother John's old buddies, and I go towards them, expecting them to say "Hey, it's Happy's brother," as that is what they used to call him. I see they are in the middle of a stick-ball game, and they're gathered on a stoop, going to the second floor to wait their turn to bat. I see cousin Lenny there on the court, and cousin Joe up on the stoop. I go up to cousin Joe, as I've always liked him best, and he's sitting up there watching the game pensively.

I ask how he is, and he indicates he has to go in for an operation on his eye. Meanwhile we're both watching the ball game, which is taking place crosswise in the street. It seems odd, as there's a big hole in the street, right where the pitcher's mound would be, and the players and cars work around this big hole.

As I realize what Joe is saying a picture or model of the eye and face is before me, and it's an electro-mechanical rendering of the anatomy of the left

side of the face. It seems the operation consists of the doctors plucking out the eye and looking at and touching the various tubes and stuff to see if anything is reddened or infected. Joe tells me they simply touch the tubes, and even though the patient is sleeping, if it's tender, he'll move. He says also that they will push on the tubes where they go into the brain from the eye socket, and this makes me feel sort of squeamish.

There is a big jumble of gray wires coming out of the back of the eye, being probably the optic nerve, then two more black wires, or tubes much thinner. I run my finger over one of these and find the sore spot is not in the gray bundle, but in this tube right behind the eye. It's only slightly tender, and is not swollen. The wires have enough slack to them that it doesn't affect the eye when it is pulled out for examination. The bunch of gray wires are banded together, and the one black tube that has the tender spot doesn't go into the hole to the brain, but into a sheath of skin on the side of the eye socket. See **Figure 11.**

I'm having a nightmare, and I seem to know I'm dreaming. I'm very frightened and begin calling for help, though I can't seem to blow enough air past the vocal cords to make a sound, though my mouth

is forming the words. I seem to know Will is in the next room and I keep shouting "Help!" but it comes out low, and I don't know if he hears me.

Next, I get up and walk out of my room into the hall, and I can't be sure if I'm dreaming or really there. I keep asking for help. I find myself in Will's room asking him for help, and saying I've been having a bad dream. In talking to him I can't remember his name, and he says it's Bob, so I keep calling him Bob. Then I go to the front door, and open it and there's some cats and dogs, but I can't remember which came in and which went out. Maybe I wanted to put the cats out and let the dog in.

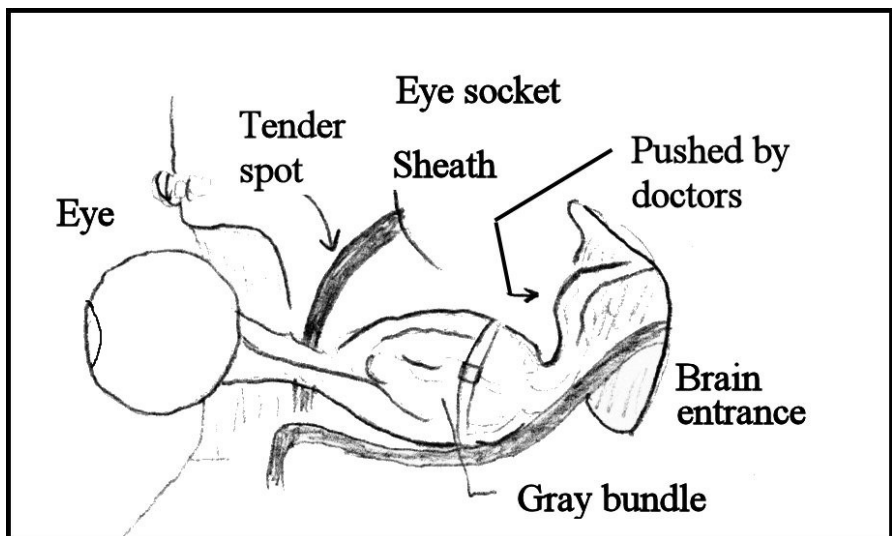


Figure 11. Image in dream about an eye problem.

July 31, 1976 Saturday

Partial dream:

A bunch of sailors at a port or ship AREclearing through paperwork as they board the ship. I'm seated at a desk near the ship, processing green sheets similar to the ones I use at work. I find a group of these sheets on the floor after everyone had cleared through. The top of the sheets had the addressograph stamp for "EAB, San Diego," which I interpreted as Edwards Airforce Base. I gave the papers to someone to forward to San Diego.

I'm on the stoop of a small local street, with several people in front of their houses talking about the strange times we live in. Particularly, there's an old man talking about the rapid changes taking place in these times. I agree with him, indicating that prices have doubled since 1960, and that soon it will be seven times. I was saying that there are indications that we are in the "Final Days." He seemed to agree, citing all the disease in the world, particularly cancer. An old lady asked what I was going to do, and I said that if I was sure it was the final days I'd reform then. But, even as I

said it I realized if I'm going to reform at all it should be before the final days.

Comments:

I took Danny to the drive-in movie last night, and had a lot of junk food, Decided when I woke up this morning this should be the start of seven days of resisting all temptations and vices, avoiding particularly junk food, sex and bad thoughts, and emphasizing good thoughts, good deeds, good health, my ideals of positive actions.

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August, 1976

August 1, 1976, Sunday

Dream:

The nurses were throwing some kind of party or celebration, and wanted me to go into the doctors quarters and invite them to this event. I was reluctant to enter because I knew the doctors didn't get much sleep, and they were sleeping now. But, I go in anyway. There I see the puffy faced old doctor and he gets up, walks next to me and falls on his knees and begins to pray. He's praying to be allowed to get enough sleep, and I'm really embarrassed by this. I walk out and go up to the top of a huge tower on the top of a high hill, and several people are going up there to join the party. To our delight we see the two invited doctors making their way up too. They are doctors Conally, or Connors, and the other name I'm not sure of, possibly Wright. Anyway, Dr. Conally is in a happy mood now, and is smiling. It seems he had agreed earlier to come to the party, but that when I woke him he wasn't in the mood.

Now, I see him walking leisurely in a park on the side of a steep grassy hill, chatting with others. Danny is there and comes up to talk to him. It seems the doctor has a false hand, and is removing it as Danny talks to him. He shows Danny the hook prosthesis he has underneath, and Danny is fascinated and asks innocent and cute questions of the amused doctor. The doctor is saying that he uses the hook in some kind of competitive event, possibly in fights.

Dream fragments: Thoughts of Judy B.

Dream :

Yesterday was the first day of seven of trying to lead a good life, no junk food, and good behavior. It went pretty well. At work I got to work with and talk at length with Judy B., and really fell for her. She's divorced with two boys, and is an LVN. She's very beautiful and seems to be about my age. Things are looking up. Today is the last day of the summer Olympics.

August 2, 1976 Monday

Dream 1:

Me and Sue S. and Will are in a big bedroom of our new apartment, and it is obvious that Sue is moving in with us. There are two double beds in the bedroom, and Sue is about to get in bed with me. Will though seems a bit concerned, and I assure both of them I won't be making demonstrative love there. Will then proposes putting Sue up on the sofa bed, but I say it's OK, Sue and I will be just fine. I get in bed with Sue then, and we don't make love, but I have in my head to at least cuddle up to her in the night.

Dream 2:

I'm in a car with Dad driving, and the rest of my family is in the car too. We're heading down highway 101, and as we travel I seem to break away from the car, and have the ability to travel down the highway as if floating next to the car. I'm looking at the planes which seem to be landing and taking off just to the right of the highway, so I conclude there is an airport just over the shrubs that block my view of the ground.

Dad now pulls the car to the side of the road, and a cloud of dust from the shoulder obscures my view of the car for a while, and I'm concerned about losing Dad in the traffic, Again I look at the planes taking off from the airport, and it seems they are very familiar, like I've been at that airport before, watching the planes. There's something about being on a trip to Europe, or around the world. My attention focuses on a fat bodied jet taking off, a very familiar plane. More of the trip I took comes back to me. There's a scene of me looking at dates on a calendar, and I see I've been away ten days, from the 13th to the 23rd.

Dream 3:

I see a clear appearance of Candy C. She was looking at me in a rather sad way, and was talking seriously to me. Then she paused as if to emphasize what followed, and said very emphatically, "I love you...I love you." I didn't know what to say, as I like her, but I wouldn't say I loved her. I felt a little sorry I couldn't honestly say the same thing back to her. I sort of looked to the side, then woke up.

Comments:

The first dream refers to ideas I've been having. Sue is looking for a place to live for a couple months while her place is being renovated. We've also been a lot closer lately. The second dream may refer to self in the role of father, which is getting lost in my travels down the road of life. Airport to the right and planes represent ideals, and may refer to recent good behavior.

Last night was a very satisfying me, as I really got close to Jonelle, and as much as asked her out to the city, but, we couldn't find an appropriate date. Meanwhile, Sue S. was a little jealous of me and her hitting it off so well. So, I have to decide whether to work on Jonelle, or Judy B., or to date both of them or what. At any rate, it's a choice between goods.

I'm still maintaining my no junk food diet. Good works and good thoughts are a lot harder, though.

August 3, 1976 Tuesday

Dream:

I'm taking care of many patients at the hospital. It seems I have a lot of work to do, and I'm pretty busy. I'm interrupted by Any, one of the nurses, who asks me to watch one of her patients.

Meanwhile, there's a school show going on in an auditorium, put on by young children, and I want to see it. I leave the patients for a second and catch a glimpse of the show.

Jonelle is one of the nurses on the floor with me, and she's finished taking care of her patients. It seems she's just won a contest, and there is a celebration which declares her the winner. This is as a member of some kind of service organization, like the Jaycees, and the prize is a load of money from the Republic of Panama, whose economy the organization had been supporting. Jonelle was very pleased, and I'm thinking the award is only as good as the economy of the little country.

Mom and several others are seated in an old living room, in a place that looks about the style of the 1930's or thereabouts. I'm cleaning out a garage or storage area, and I pull out a long tray, about one

inch deep and two by fourteen inches on the sides. It's a block with four shallow bowls formed into it. When Mom sees me with it she mentions it to her friends, how it reminds her of the little bowls like the old Italian families used to use for a type of snack, where lemon pieces were put in the bowl, and other things added. Now she laughs as she and I see there's still a few old lemon skins in the bowls as I clean them out.

I'm thinking how old and corroded these old peels must be. I hope they're not rotted or diseased. I find myself scraping out the insides of these lemon peels, and there's some softness to them and growth inside as I scrape with a shell like instrument, even going right through the skin at one point, but, in general they are in remarkably good shape for having sat in this tray for so many years.

I am still sitting in this living room the action continues, and it's as if we are there participating, and watching the action on a TV at the same time. Later this switches to complete observation, as a film, or TV. Anyway, Mom and I are sitting there and out of the storage area, somehow connected to this old lemon peel tray, comes a girl, about 26 years old, clad in the baggy, long dress that marks

that period in history. She enters this living room of the same period, a strange, mystic smile on her lips as she comes slowly down some steps. She has a full face, and long black, wavy hair. She's been hiding, or hibernating in a container in the storage area. As she enters there is a mother and daughter in the living room, and the daughter is about the same age as this girl entering.

Now, we get the impression that this strange hibernating girl is the sister of the other. Very odd: the girl survived all these years out there. Now, she seems well formed, but just a little sickly as the two sisters meet. The girl is now nude, and as she approaches her sister Mom and I can see her pubic hair and breasts, as we watch all this on TV. I'm about to comment to Mom how liberal they've gotten to show nudity on late night TV, but I stop myself from saying it. At any rate the whole idea of this sister emerging from the garage is very odd.

Now, a male figure is there, and he's taken it upon himself to orient and educate this girl. Mom and I are watching it all on TV. The man, who is very much like W. C. Fields, takes the girl on a boat ride around Manhattan island to show her the sights. As we see a scene of the New York skyline I indicate to Mom how it is different from today's

skyline, how there is no Empire State building, and no World Trade Center towers.

As the two travel up the Hudson in their little boat, they pass the Holland tunnel, and there are huge air vents on the NY side, but instead of blowing the air straight out, it is blown out under the water, causing a huge area of bubbling on that section of the river, covering a circular area about half the width of the river.

Mom mentions to me how she'd like to go see that air vent. Another scene is of the old man and the girl passing a cigarette machine, and again I notice the old outdated brand names of the cigarettes. One of them is "Phillips," which seems very familiar to me. (This may be Phillip Morris.)

* * *

Things are going really well at work, especially romantically with the girls there. I don't know if this is due to my fast or what, but things are looking up. I'm still going strong with Jonelle and Sue S. Even that doll, Sue W., initiated a conversation with me. I wonder if she got the message from Kathy B. that I thought she was very beautiful.

August 4, 1976

Can't recall, as I woke up by the alarm, to go play tennis with Linda S. After tennis, we went to Nancy R.s house, then out to a Chinese restaurant and Jo Ann K. joined us. Last night after work I took Jonelle out to breakfast and we talked about religion. Really getting close to her.

August 5, 1976 Thursday

Dream:

I'm in a wooded area of a park with my brother John, and he's practicing with a bow and arrow. I want to try my skill on the bow, too. I grab a few arrows and ease the bow from John, Now instead of just trees, there's a doorway in front of me, and on the side of the doorway is a light switch. The square cover plate of this switch is my target, but I don't want to break the switch, so I aim for one arrow to go on each of the four sides of this plate, getting as close to the plastic cover as I can. The first arrow hits perfectly flush to the left side of the square, in the middle of its length, and the second hits perfectly on the top. The third hits the right

side a little too closely, and breaks a small piece of the plastic. The fourth sticks about half an inch from the bottom. I'm indicating to John how well I shot.

An old man is involved in some kind of competition, perhaps related to the bow and arrow test I just had. He's been entered in a contest, something like the Olympics, because of his skill. He's from a small state, Tennessee, or maybe Kansas, and his home town people are sending him to the competition. He's a plump but strong farmer type fellow with a plaid shirt on, and he's riding on top of what seems like a stage coach, only it's hard to tell, since as he travels along he's raising quite a cloud of dust. He indicates he has a long way to travel, that it will take him 16 hours just to reach Sante Fe and Forks, and then he'll take a plane from there. This sounds a bit inefficient to me. I'm wondering why he just doesn't take the plane directly.

I'm in bed in my bedroom, with my yellow sheets on, and the room is slightly bigger than in reality. The room is a little crowded with people and Danny and Anita. It's time for me to go somewhere, maybe work, or school, and my bed is all covered with junk, clothes, dirty pots and dishes

and books. I'm starting to get impatient and I want to get to work on time, by 8:30 AM. I start cleaning up the bed, and I ask the kids to help. I start yelling at them as I grow impatient. Anita is good, though as she takes a few plates into the kitchen. I ask her to take some of the dirty forks and spoons too. Finally making progress.

Comments:

The first dream may refer to my aim and target in my junk food fast. Last night at work I took my first detour as we had a going away party for one of the guys, and some of the girls really wanted me to try their cake and pie. This break in the fast may also be the theme of the third dream. Or, it may be advice not to eat near bedtime.

I'm thinking now I should really continue the fast for another 7 days. I've also found I have to compromise in eating meat, (I at least avoid meat with nitrites in it) and twice I've eaten white bread.

August 6, 1976, Friday

I have a brief dream fragment of having a nude Cindy L., former classmate, in a friendly wrestling hold. Wondering if I'd have an erection, I wake up without one.

Dream:

I'm at work assigned to team 111, and the night is almost over before I realize I've been assigned to check the Red Cart, which is used for emergencies. I'm surprised this is given to me, as it is usually given to only RNs. Looking at the cart I don't know where to begin.

Then, I find a pad of papers under one of the machines, a checklist. One of the items is a saw for cutting the sternum bone, and I see this saw on top of the cart. Then, looking at the checklists for the days before me, I see the first item to check is the number of the Police Department. On one page the number looks like CO-O-0088, but looking on another page I can't be sure if it's CO-D-8888, or what. Still a third page has the number as 888-8888, and I'm really getting confused. Looking at the checklist I see it's composed of several numbers that have to be called in an emergency.

I'm looking at another nurse there and saying to her I really should call the number to check it out. I'm thinking, too, that at this rate it'll take for ever to check out all the numbers and complete the checklist.

Comments:

Things are still going good with Jonelle and Judy B. I'm thinking though that Jonelle is really too good for me, driving her Cadillac and all. I really like her, though, and we really hit it off.

It looks like I'll be getting off night shift on the 22nd of August, and I'll be starting 3/5 work schedule just as school starts.

August 7, 1976

Dream 1:

I'm washing my car, and there's other cars around mine. Some of the other cars are newer than mine, but one is a really nice foreign car, and very expensive looking. I find a ladies watch, and I look at it, then decide to turn it in to the police. I go back to my car and notice that it still has the soap

on it, and has to be rinsed off with the hose. But, now the other cars are still crowded around, and I wash a few of them off as I'm doing mine.

Dream 2:

I see nurse Kathy B. in a crowded elevator, and the press of the crowd seems to be annoying her, as she has a slight scowl on her face. Two little black boys are next to me, and seem to be teasing me, but I don't mind. One has a gun, too, but I feel I can just push him away. But, then the other grabs me by the balls, so he has me in a very vulnerable position, and it's only then that I give them any attention. I still feel I can just brush them aside if I want to, but now I'll have to move quickly to avoid any hurt to my vitals.

Comments:

Judy is talking about divorce now. It seems she wants one badly now. She made an appointment in September with the Legal Aid Society. She also said that my brother Joe called and Joyce had the baby yesterday. Sarah is her name.

I went to a Trellis party at night and saw Bev there. I met a really beautiful girl, Sandra T. Today w had a flea market sale of all the junk in Judy's

garage, and spent the day selling all that stuff, but it was fun.

August 8, Sunday

Dream:

I have a feeling that I'm a detective, and some girls are around me. I'm showing them some of the prisms and glass that's part of my collection. One girl wants to make a periscope out of it, and I feel it's to look at her own vagina, as she laughs. I have a clear block of glass with sharp edges as part of my collection, and as I'm showing it to the girl I drop it on the floor, and it breaks, splitting down the middle.

Comments:

Last night went to the planetarium with the kids. It was a show on UFOs, and at night I made a collage about UFOs.

Dream after a nap:

I see a healthy looking young man, and he's telling me that when he was 21 years old he had coronary artery disease. I say "Oh, well, it must have been treated with drugs, then."

I'm in a doctors' office lowering my pants so the doctor can examine my penis, which is thick and big, but limp. He looks at a tiny oil gland just below the head and on the bottom of my penis, that a tiny black spot on it where dirt or something has gotten into the gland opening. He says, "That's lead." Surprised I ask where lead comes from, and he says "It comes from having fleas." This is very shocking to me, and I feel very dirty and contaminated. I walk out of the office and I'm nude, and scratching at the fleas which I now see are all over my body. Little black spots on my stomach and chest.

Now there's a scene of a residential area in Brooklyn, and these are all very nice houses, possibly on E 35th street, where I used to live. To one side is doctors' office on the ground floor of a three story brick house. (This may be the same doctor as above.)

Suddenly there is an earthquake, and all the buildings shake quite a bit. This happens several times, and each time I see some other house partially splinter or collapse or break up a little bit. Fortunately, at the first shaking many of the residents were able to get out safely. But, one house I see collapse, and a man was on the second floor, and he falls with the house and seems to be killed. I'm made very alert by all this, but I'm not scared. I keep thinking "What should I do to help?"

I go back to the doctors' house, and there's a line of three or four victims of the quake waiting to see him. I seem to be his office assistant or something, as I help these people wait in line. One fellow has a wounded hand, and it's half black and half bloody, with a makeshift bandage around the wounded fingers. Just then there's another quake, and the house we're in begins to sway. I tell everyone to stand in the doorways, as these brick and wood squares would not collapse.

We are all safe, but some of the rest of the building has collapsed, including the front wall, and the structure is now pretty weak. Two of the guys who'd been waiting in the office now become rather boisterous, and decide to help the building fall and begin pushing it to start a see-saw rocking

motion. I'm afraid that it's going to collapse on them as it swings in their direction, instead of away from them. But, with one more swing the place falls away from them as one of the pushers falls into a sitting position. A cheer goes up from the onlookers, and the fellow that fell raises his arms in victory.

In yet another quake there's a small fire started, but I feel the authorities have it under control. But, walking down the street I see one citizen has a big mechanical device, with hoses coming out of it, and the hoses are running. I feel he's wasting water which the fire departments need. Running water like this reduces the pressure, too. I shut off one of the hoses, but can't figure out how to shut off the other. I continue walking up the street and come to a food store. I go in, and it seems I've just eaten a bunch of junk food, but I don't recall doing it.

In the store I don't want the owner to see me taking more junk food, but I do. I have a fry-it-yourself pan of popcorn in my hands, and as I walk out the far door I grab a package of Twinkie type cakes stuffed with jelly.

I'm at work, and someone, possibly Lisa F., is asking me of all the girls, who do I like. We're at

the nursing station, and there are several girls around. I feel sort of giggly, and indicate there's plenty of girls I like. Lisa seems to be wondering why I don't tell them, though. There's a scene of Teresa C., a student nurse, and by the look on her face it's obvious she really likes me. I'm not really attracted to her though.

Comments:

The earthquakes may refer to the recent quakes in China, but more likely a shake up of personality structure. This may be due to the recent backsliding in the sexual realm, as the week long "test" was over Saturday, and I started some old habits, including junk food.

August 9, 1976, Monday

Dream 1:

I see a long artificial mountain with snow on it. This is a slope for the practice of winter sports, and right now it's being used for the winter Olympics, the skiing part, and many skiers are going down it's four grooved lanes at regular intervals. I want to go

for a run myself, and I see that in order to keep your balance you have to stay in the ski grooves created by the other skiers.

Dream 2:

I'm in a space ship, or satellite orbiting the earth. Looking down several of us are remarking about changes on the surface of the earth. We can see plates of the continents shifting and crashing into one another. It's a huge earthquake as seen from space.

Dream 3:

I'm one of a group of students walking into a school auditorium. For a second it seems like we're going into a news bureau conference room. All the seats are well cushioned in black velvet. Even as we walk in though I can see the program is to discuss the recent pictures sent back from Mars. There's a huge mural on the wall showing a Martian landscape. It shows lots of gray, weathered rocks, formed into canyons running parallel to each other. On one ridge very close to me I see some inscriptions on the rocks, and what's this? Pictures! Clearly on the rocks are two line drawings of girls faces. One is a semi profile, and the other is a smiling face of a little girl with pigtails. **Figure 12.**

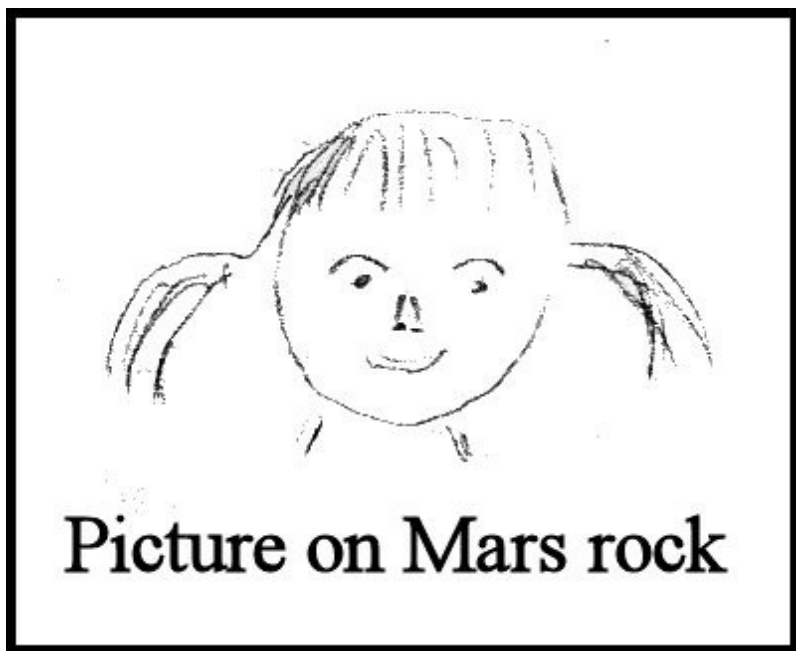


Figure 12. Mars rock carving.

This is a clear indication of a civilization on Mars, or possibly evidence of a past visit from earthlings of a previous, unknown civilization, I express my surprise to one of the female students next to me. She says, "Oh, yes! Didn't you see the latest pictures from Mars?" Meanwhile I'm thinking the space agency probably has secret, classified pictures of structures, or something too, but they don't want to shock the public. They just released these rock drawings to see how everyone reacts.

But, now that nobody has panicked, many people don't even seem to care: maybe they'll release the other photos too. I finally take a seat in the auditorium, and on the seat to my right is a copy of the NY Times, and I take it, as I want to read the latest on the Mars photos. Then, I decide to change to a better seat and move a few rows back, but, now many of these seats are already taken. Some of the cushioned seats are formed into luxurious double seated booths, and I see an empty seat in one of these next to a girl. As I get there I see the girl left two spherical glasses of cold, black coffee on the seat. I ask her if they are hers and if she'd mind moving them so I can sit down.

Comments:

This is more reference to earthquakes and Mars. This may be symbolic of big changes coming to my life, with a "new life." And/or they may be literal, reflecting current events.

I'm still wondering if and who I should be asking out for a date. Right now I could ask Jonelle, or Judy B., or the new girl I met, Sandra, or possibly Bev. Up to now I've been thinking the girl I date should only be potential life mates, but now I'm not sure that's the best or most realistic option to follow in my present position. Maybe I should just be dating for fun, and not exclude non-candidates. What it boils down to is thinking Jonelle is too good to consider as a life mate, but I'd like to take her out. I should be prepared then not to be hurt if she finds someone new.

As school approaches, I'm wondering too if I should discontinue typing the diary and dreams, as it takes so long. I could either give it up till school is over, or go back to writing in a notebook. Maybe I'll just wait and see how busy I'll be with school.

August 10, 1976

I had a rude awakening by the alarm clock, as I went to the Neil Sedaka concert last night with Linda S. and her friends. The concert was really good. She asked me to stay over and I didn't, so I suspect she knows it's over between us.

August 11, 1976, Wednesday

Dream:

I was at work at the hospital, and I was the only nursing assistant assigned to the entire floor, which included E2A and the ICU side. Just making the first rounds made me very busy, and I was barely to the east end of ICU with all of E2A to do yet when I decided I should tell the nurses that I was much too busy to help them, and they'll have to do their own vital signs. It was either that, or I wouldn't finish the 12 midnight rounds till about 2:00 AM. Then, I'd have to skip the rounds at 2:00.

I'm standing at the nursing station, and I see there's a light on in 218. I go in the room, and I see it's B bed, and the other three beds are empty, which

makes it easy for me. I ask the lady if I can help her, and she tells me she has to get up to the bathroom. I help her up, and she's peeing a little bit on the floor and the wall, and she can hardly stand up, so I'm having a difficult time of it. We finally get to the bathroom, which turns out to be nothing more than a tiled shower stall with a little potty molded out of the floor. I put the lady on it, but she keeps sliding down to a lying position.

Finally, she's done and in walking her back to bed we are pushed aside by a rude housekeeping lady. Then she goes to one of the empty beds and begins talking to a male friend as they sit on the bed. I see other people coming into the room, too, and realize these beds are occupied, but the patients were out visiting with their friends and family and were now returning. This surprised me since it's now a little after 2:00 in the morning.

Comments:

This may refer to lack of control in self and backsliding sexually. Could it possibly be that I'm meeting myself when I have to care for an incontinent patient?

August 12, 1976, Thursday

Dream:

My friends and I were in a dormitory or something, and decided to go out. We're at some beach type park with a sandy soil, but trees and bushes were there too. My friends include a small wiry fellow and his girlfriend, also skinny and a little like a typical teenager in mentality. Suddenly we hear a police siren, and one of the group says we have to get away, from what I don't know.

Before the beach we'd been watching a TV show and seeing two big fellows on the screen who were obviously gay, I'd switched the channel, but my friend said to switch it back, I'd thought it was a talk show with these gay guys, but it was actually the introduction of an adventure program, and this beach scene seemed to be taking place as my friends and I entered the television and joined the world of events inside the TV.

Anyway, one of the girls asks me to drive as we walk to the car, but I want the owner of the car to drive it. But in getting in we're in a hurry and I'm by the drivers seat, so I turn on the ignition and

start driving away as the police car enters the beach. I figure if we drive slowly the police car will not suspect us, but in an instant the siren and light is going right behind us, and I'm reluctant to speed up.

We come out of the park to a city area, and through a series of turns and with a lot of luck we lose the police. The thin fellow comes with me carrying the rifle we had with us, which I'd told him to leave in the car. His girl and the other passenger got out on the other side of the car and went a different way. I half hid the rifle in my pants and pretended to be walking with a limp. We come to a low class, crowded city street, and there's several people out on the tenement stoops, and in the street. They're betting on horses, and waiting on lines for public gambling halls and such.

I find a dark ally, with a stairway. In trying to leave this area I keep coming to a dead end where the gambling people are, and can't find my way out. Meanwhile my thin friend is calling some of his friends to help get us out. I'm thinking maybe we should use the rifle to steal a car and get away. In the middle of this, the girlfriend of this fellow shows up in the crowd, and he goes to her. I tell

him to get away since the police probably were following her expecting her to lead them to us. Sure enough, a familiar looking policeman, a plain clothes man in a brown plaid jacket, is looking down at us. I look up at him and say hello to the officer. He raises his eyebrows in recognition. Then I say, "It's over."

We are led, unresisting, to the squad car, and on the way the cop pats my pants to see if I'm carrying any concealed weapons. He feels the rifle which is now fully hidden, and I expect him to take it, but I say, "Not here, people will see." I get the impression that I meant "Dead people." As if all the witnesses were dead, or perhaps those who had crossed over, spirits.

The next thing I know the four of us, the officer and my two accomplices, were sitting in a crowded auditorium. The show is about to begin when an old, chubby Italian fellow stands up in the first row. He is that rather silly and dumb fellow who worked as a "cooper" on the pier where I worked in Customs in Brooklyn, He's holding up a little sign that says "Mink" and seems to mean "food" to him. He pronounces it "mingka." He's standing up begging for food, and all the people are laughing at him in a friendly sort of way. Then, I see he's got a

long thin cane-like stick with a pointed stainless steel prong on the end that he uses to collect the food. It impresses me how refined he has made begging, and how silly.

August 13, 1976 Friday

Last night I called Sandra T. to ask her for a date, and I was shocked when I realized she was trying to sell me insurance. Was I meeting myself?

I have mere fragments of dreams, as I woke up several times.

Dream:

I was in the ICU side of the nursing station, and the floor area was completely empty. I was sleeping on the floor there, and Joan H. came in and I spoke to her. I have a glimpse of seeing my penis, and it hurt.

I was eating Fig Newtons.

August 14, Saturday

Last night I went to the movies, and afterward made another vow to live by my ideals of "Good thoughts, good deeds, good health," only this time in considering the diet I think it's unreasonable to completely abstain from processed food, so the policy is this time to seek and buy only natural food, but if someone offers say a piece of cake at work not to refuse. The important thing is to have a well-balanced diet where the overall intake is healthy.

* * *

Fragments of dreams:

There was a pail full of clams near me which I was to use to go fishing. I was going to fix the drain on the washing machine at Judy's house. My plan was to turn up the water heater, then get a big wrench and get the end of the pipe off and clean out the pipe with the wire snake and shoot in hot water as I did it. (I called J. today, and she declined my offer to fix the drain in favor of the plumber.)

With another car on the side of the road I had determined that my car was stuck and had to be unloaded. This transformed onto a kitchen scene, and I was unloading a pantry of plates and containers. It seems I was about to move. There was a great height involved and a fear of falling. A greasy oven pan was on the counter, and the liquid fat spilled on the counter, the only dirty utensil in the kitchen. (Dietary advice? Clean up pantry, and use less fats?)

August 15, 1976 Sunday

I had a really good day yesterday, as I went to Stevens Creek Park and took in the landscape. I met three guys and got stoned with them. Then home for a nap. Then up to the planetarium, a trip I had planned with people on E2A. I was really glad to see Jonelle there. Then we went out to the Straw Hat pizza, a real good time. Then, Jonelle and Candy C. dropped into my house for a minute before we went to work. I played them a song on the guitar. This was the night I had planned to take in a pan of lasagna, as a going away gift to the

night shift. The 19th is my last night on. It was a good night, and every one appreciated the lasagna.

Jonelle and I planned to go out this Friday to a restaurant in San Francisco, then out dancing afterwards, as neither of us had to work. Things really look good with her. She's a very friendly and outgoing person. Pretty and smart, and not stuck up.

* * *

Fragments of dreams:

A tough young fellow had a pistol and had been involved in a holdup. An FBI man was there and being friendly, convinced the fellow to give up his gun. I picked up the gun and looked at the bottom for the serial number. It was 1224. Then looking at another portion of the gun I saw the full number was 78 12 1224, and I felt I had to memorize it to tell the police.

I was a delivery boy and had to give a package to an executive whom I found in the lobby of a big office building, an open area on the ground floor. The package was a book sized wad of gray steel wool, and before delivering it I had the urge to

take a bite of it. It was sweet, like cotton candy. Then I gave the package to the executive, and he was with a police officer. Later, I gave him an envelope, that was supposed to be with the steel wool, but wasn't. The executive read the note on the envelope, and he sent it out to the lab for an acetic acid test, or something.

Anyway, it seems the wool-like stuff was a potent poison, and I'd taken a bite of it. I felt that in order to live I'd have to vomit it up. I went to the curb and tried several times to force myself to throw up. It disgusted me, but I felt strongly I had to do it. For an instant though I felt this was only a story, and I was just an observer, that it didn't matter if I threw up or not. Then I was back trying to vomit again, and I had a lot of saliva in my mouth, as if I was really about to do it. In this half choking state I woke up. I had something in my throat and was coughing, but it cleared up.

I went back to sleep for a few more hours, and dreamed of seeing a huge tub of assorted nuts, like I usually buy in the small containers. I realize this is an awfully valuable tub, and began to eat the nuts, but seeing my favorite Brazil nuts there I started eating only them.

* * *

Today I made another pan of lasagna, which I plan to freeze and bring in for the next night shift as their going away present. That won't be until after the 22nd, possibly the 23rd. Kids were over tonight.

August 16, 1976 Monday

Dream:

I was late for a test for the LVN program.
Something about a girls baseball team.

There's a patient in room 202 at the hospital, and it's time for him to go to sleep. He's walking in the hall towards his room, going past me in the kitchen. There's a delicious looking piece of cheese and fruit pie in the refrigerator, and I feel like eating it, but instead I offer it to the patient. He says yes, that he's going to bed, but if I could bring him the pie he'd sure like it.

Now, I really want it myself, and taking it out of the refrigerator I'm wondering if the piece is big

enough to cut off a slice for myself and still give him a good sized piece. Anyway, I bring him the whole piece, but now he's sleeping, and his wife is in the same room with him, a second bed being in there, and she says that her husband went to bed and said to forget about the pie. Immediately I think now I can have it, though I don't eat it in the dream.

I'm with two young men, both good looking, and it seems there is a hiker who is lost in the woods of the park we're in, and it's our desire to find him. Not only is he lost, but there's a forest fire threatening him, and this same fire has made the bears in the woods flee on the same path the hiker is taking. So, he's in danger from two hazards, but as we march after him, it's the bear threat that seems foremost.

We're climbing on the sloping hills of the park, and we come across a huge gnarled tree, and there's a hint of the presence of a bear in front of us. We come to a clearing and we see a brown bear sitting ape-like near a tree about 100 yards from us. My two buddies have rifles, and one of them shoots the bear in the chest, but the bear hardly seems to notice the effect of the shot. Just then, we see two other young fellows right behind the bear. As they

approach, we see they are part of a huge company gathering there in the country park. It turns out that it's a company picnic of the Barnum and Bailey Circus, and the bear that we shot belongs to them. I feel sorry as these two guys and a good looking girl come toward us.

The next thing I know we are held as sort of prisoners of this group, and they search us for any other weapons. The girl comes to me, and we're lying supine as we're searched. The girl takes a scissors and cuts open my blue jeans along each leg to search me. Then they retire and are talking about us, as my two buddies are tied up with string, though the string is not tied to anything. They're exchanging glances and I see they're about to make a run for it. They flee and I see the coil of rope unwind as they flee.

One of our captors was a priest in black and white collar. The next scene is of us on a sloping mountainside, overlooking the camp of the circus. We're right next to a natural cave squatting there wondering what to do next. Just then, we see the priest walking below us into the cave. He's watching us, and is now dressed in his full black garb, with white collar. We stare at each other as we realize we're found out, but the priest makes no

threat to us, and we realize that his religion is protecting us, and that he's not going to give the alarm to the camp. We feel a strong sort of pact with him as he glances up at us on his way back to the camp. There's a bond between us, and we feel it's his faith that has saved us.

* * *

Today I went to Stevens Creek park again for a hike.

August 17, 1976 Tuesday

Dream:

Something about earthquakes, I expected one soon, and was talking to others about it, but they didn't believe me. Then, I looked at the moon, and it seems there were earthquakes, or moonquakes there too, and I asked my friends, "Isn't the moon the twin of the earth?" And if the moon is having quakes, the earth will too. Half awake now, I'm wondering if the seismometers are still working on the moon, the ones from the moon landings.

I'm in a swimming pool swimming its length in long easy strokes. I find I can swim the length in one strong stroke, and I feel very powerful in my ability to move in the water. I try different methods of crossing the pool, swimming like a seal, with an up and down flipper motion of my whole body, something like the butterfly stroke. Then, I try on by back, and standing up walking in the water. Now, there's others in the pool with me, too. I can't swim as freely as before because of these other people, but I don't mind. I glide from one end of the pool to the other in one stroke, then wait for the lane to clear for my return swim, but as I wait there

I feel a fly or something on the back of my neck, and brushing it off I see it's a red ant that's bitten my finger and is sticking to it. It doesn't hurt, but I'm anxious to scrape it off.

Half awake again I'm thinking of writing a science fiction story. The theme would be an experimenter who is actually being experimented on by his subjects. The man would be a sort of military test pilot, working on a space platform, and assigned to help a scientist with brain altering experiments on rats.

On a pretext everyone but the pilot has to abandon the space lab, and the pilot is asked to carry on the experiments. Things start to go haywire, then completely out of control, as the rats do all sorts of scary feats, finally congregating together to the puzzlement of the pilot. He finally figures out by the experimental computer how the rats did it, and figures the intelligence required to do it is extraordinarily high. He's frightened. Finally the rats escape and trap him, but he has the computer as a back up. Meanwhile his reports to earth are getting more and more bazaar, as he tries to maintain his sanity.

Finally the rats take over the radio room, and he is cut off, and just about to go crazy. Then, at the end, the original scientists reappear and explain to him that he was the subject of the experiment all along. He had been selected to pilot a new starship, and he was being tested to see how he handled solitary confinement, space problems, and most of all, alien intelligence.

* * *

Later today I wrote up a short science-fiction story. I called Judy W., and it was really good to talk to her. She's starting school for nursing assisting, and still having problems in her love life. I called Jonelle and she's as cute as ever.

August 18, Wednesday

I had a good night at work last night, as we had a going away dinner for Diana S. Jonelle is now a heart ache for me, as I love her but I know she's much too good for me. She's dating a dentist, and canceled our group date for Friday. But, she still indicates she likes me.

* * *

Dream:

I'm in the library, looking at books on writing, and how to write. There were several large books on the subject, and right in the middle of the subject the bookcase ends, and takes up on another shelf about five feet away. Between the two shelves is a librarian seated at her desk. She's an old but pleasant blond lady, smiling as she sees me looking.

There's something about enchiladas.

I'm waiting in a bedroom that seems to be out of doors, next to a highway on one side and an airport on the other. Mom and some other of my family are there with me.

I'm in a chair in a two bed hospital room. To my right is the wall at the back of the room, and I'm facing the side wall. To my left is an empty bed right next to me, and the far bed, next to the door is occupied, but the curtain is drawn so we can't see each other. Now, there's a salesman in the room there with a briefcase which he props on the empty

bed. At first I think he's there for the fellow in the far bed, but then I start to speak to him.

He looks very familiar, like someone I knew from childhood. He's a short fellow with an Irish face, and he's wearing just a T-shirt on top. After talking I'm sure I know him, but still can't place him. (On waking I realized it was an exact male version of Belle P., one of the nurses at work.) I ask him what he does, and he says he's a hardware salesman, but just as I suspect, he's really a gun salesman. He's selling pistols as some kind of security measure at the hospital. I take one of the boxes and open it to find a nice black revolver. Looking closely at it as we talk about how it should be unloaded, I see it actually has a bullet in one of the chambers. I take it out and show him, with an I-told-you-so look on my face.

I continue looking at the gun, and find another bullet, then a metal plug in another chamber, and several assorted loose screws. I put the gun back in its box, saying this has to be returned, it's no good. There's another box with a revolver in it too, but I don't look at that one. A visitor comes in to talk to the other patient, and his talking disturbs me. I ask him to leave, and as he does either I or the salesman walks behind him and closes the door a

little too quickly, slamming it shut after the visitor. It's then I realize I was too hasty and rude.

August 19, 1976 Thursday

Dream:

I'm at the little garden in front of our house at California Street, and all over the ground are these little test tubes with a red liquid inside. I get the impression that they have fallen from Mars. I pick one up and look at it, and the fluid is flowing back and forth inside the tube as I hold it. I'm thinking that this stuff is some kind of intelligent life. I also see a bunch of little white pods, and there's a puzzlement, as the pods are growing roots and seem to be the reproductive stage of the red tubes, but we can't find the intermediary stage. I feel like I should eat the rice pods.

Comments:

This above dream is probably dietary advice, and comes from the chicken soup I made and brought to work, that had rice in it. Also, at work yesterday I stared fascinated as one of the nurses is fidgeting with one of the blood tubes, turning it to make the clotting mass flip up and down in the tube.

Dream 2:

I'm walking in the corridors of a very familiar building, and I'm looking for a way out. The corridor I'm on though takes me to a series of rooms, or offices where people are working at desks, and this is not where I want to go. I detour from the offices to the corridor again, and I see a finely furnished room, like a men's club of some sort. In a bowl on one of the tables I see a bunch of poppy seed rolls, like they have back in NY, and I surely wanted one of these, but I knew I was not really a member or guest to this club, so I thought I'd just sort of slip in and take one while no one was looking.

I find myself in a large auditorium, and all the seats are filled, and I can't see the stage, or if anything is going on. It seems like school, as there are teachers around who want us to sit down. But, some of the people are standing up as if in defiance, or rebellion. I'm thinking that if we all stand up at once, they couldn't possibly kick us all out. With this everyone is standing up and cheering. Then, everyone starts filing out of the place, and it seems that there is no longer any other

authority than ourselves, and we can do whatever we like.

I turn around and see an attractive girl behind me. I ask her if she wants to go with me, and she says OK, but not all the way home with her. Despite what she just said it's clear to both of us we're going to go to bed together. But, on the way out we see a small and crowded shower stall in the wall of the building. There are two old ladies in it, but they are just leaving, and the girl suggests we take a shower together. The two of us can barely fit in the shower (pun?) together and when we're standing there I feel very warm, as if a heat outlet is blowing on us. I look above to a fuse box type switch and shut the heat off, which shuts off the fan.

Now, I'm very excited and happy as we start to make love. She's got a really pretty smiling face, and pure white skin. Her skin is soft and just right, and I can't seem to get enough of her. She has nice boobs and soft inner thighs which I'm enjoying. Now, as if to add to my pleasure I find out she's a virgin, but she seems to still have her panties on, though not preventing me from entering her. Then she gets up and leaves before I'm satisfied, and my

penis goes limp. I'm not really upset or anything by this.

Dream 3:

I'm walking along the street and pass next to an adult book store with a 25 cents movie sign. Just then, I'm abducted against my will into a car with a Mexican man and his two small boys. He drives away with me down and around a highway which is covered with obstructions and constructions. We pass over a section of the highway that is completely blocked except for a narrow lane on the side just big enough for this tiny car.

We take a break on the road to switch drivers, and I want to drive or run away and make my escape, but the boys want to drive too. Before this is decided another car pulls up, and the vehicle seems larger as I look, like a bus. Inside are two middle aged ladies, a blond and a brunette, and one or both of them remind me of someone, something like a young aunt Gwen. They seem to remember me and claim that I was once their (or her) lover. I look at them not believing it, though possibly one of them could be an old girlfriend over 10 years ago, but certainly not recently.

Now, it seems there are two soldiers in the bus too, and he's saying the name Alves, which transforms into "halves" and by it I get the feeling he's guessing that he and this woman, who is his wife, were two "halves" or that we had made love to each other. Not sure of what happened next, but there followed a huge shoot out, and everyone is shot. I'm shot first but I'm merely playing dead as I lie next to the couch on the floor. Then everyone else is shot too, and as they are shot little red arrows appear on the floor, as if the police were in there marking the positions of the bodies on the floor. All the arrows pointed to the victims, but mine pointed out the door, indicating I lived through it and escaped.

When everyone is shot the gunman walks out the door, followed by the last person shot. Everyone who was shot now gets up one at a time in reverse sequence and walks out the door. It seems this shooting was just to save face for the offended person, and no one was really dead.

Now there is just me and two others to leave the place, but I feel unsure of whether I should give up my farce of playing possum, or stay there. I start to exit, and on the way out I'm intercepted by a woman and a little boy. The boy seems to be sad

and angry, or disappointed in something I did, for he grabs me by the arm. Here the scene is a little confusing, as it seems the boy is grabbing my arm and the arm of a toy doll he is holding at the same time, and the mother grabs the boys arm at the same time, but there is only two arms visible between the child, the two adults and the doll. They are here transformed one into the other. Anyway the boy has a hypodermic needle hidden under the sweater of the doll which he injects into me in anger, and I'm upset to think the shooting didn't kill me, but this boy may well see my death with that needle of his. The mother is trying to stop him, but I'm not sure if I got the needle or not, or whether it was fatal or not to me.

Comments:

Being driven in a car is control of my will by others. Extramarital sex affairs are advised against. The little boy seemed like Danny, who is being hurt by this type of behavior. Red arrow indicates getting out of it, stop.

August 20, 1976

Can't recall any dreams. Last night was my last night at work on nights, and they had a nice dinner for me. I was really sad to leave all my friends on the night shift. I get the impression it's over with Jonelle. It seems she considers her true love to be this guy who owns the restaurants and photography studio, and she's just going out with me and Mark for the fun of it. Meanwhile I got the phone number of Sue W., the student nurse.

August 21, 1976

Dream:

There's a bunch of misshapen hamburgers cooking in the oven and they seem to have been put there in a hurry and are cooking unattended. I go in and turn them over. Now, I'm in the home of a rustic country family and the year seems to be some time before 1900, judging from the furniture of the house. I am at the same time the older brother of a boy about 10 years old, and an invisible outside observer, a sort of floating spot of consciousness.

The mother in this situation sees that we have too many hamburgers, and sends them in a package to a neighbor or relative by horseback with a messenger. The reason is to prevent their being wasted.

The boy is a handsome little fellow with straight black hair that covers his forehead. He's lying on an overstuffed sofa, which is covered with a drape, and he seems sad, almost at the point of tears as he attempts to tell his parents something. He stops himself, thinking his folks won't believe him, and just lies there close to tears. I see all this and I go to his aid. Not sure if I tell the parents myself, or if I become this boy and tell them, though it seems I actually enter the boy and explain to the parents. I say I'm from another time zone or something where they have all sorts of good inventions. Like the hamburgers that you (Mom) sent away, we had a big white box with a small door on it, and it stood upright, and you could store your meat in there, because it was cold inside. I try to explain about telephones and TVs too, but I'm not sure they understand.

The crying and frustration was the inability to explain all he inventions, and the lack of knowledge of how to make and refine metals and

ores needed for their manufacture. All I could see was an outdoor woody scene and a big pale rock, and I wondered how I could get metal or tin or wires out of this.

We then receive company into our house, consisting of an entire family with kids. There is a familiar girl in this family, one about 28 years old with black hair, and I seem to think I know her from playing tennis. She's a little chubby and has black hair. As they settle down I'm walking around the house and see two areas in a corner. They may be different areas in the same house, or the same area at different times. It's about ten feet square in the corner of a large room. The one on the right is made into a bar with a walk in area, and it seems odd that the inside of the bar is raised up about 18 inches, and short bar stools are located inside this area, I'm thinking either the stools should be outside the counter, or the floor inside should not be raised. The other area was also a bar, but the people who lived there before us didn't care for one, so they covered it over to produce a large square counter space. Beneath the counter were several little storage closets, with one of these little cabinet doors opening into much larger storage area where the inside of the bar used to be.

Now, I'm alone with my parents again, still explaining about the other world I come from. I suggest that they come to the new place with me. We all travel to the new world, and without knowing why I feel that they are well adjusted to it, and now I'm the boys older brother again, or some type of guardian overseeing his activities in this new modern world, actually the present. His initial impulse is to go out to a park. I'm tagging along behind him as he runs to the edge of the park where there's a dock and water.

On the far side of the pier is another park, consisting of nothing but almost barren sand dunes and loose gravel. It's very hilly there, and there's one very pointed hill, like a perfect inverted cone, covered with light green desert bushes of some sort. He goes running up and climbing on the dunes and rocks, and I follow. At one point he stops to rest amid some large jagged rocks, and there's others resting at the same place. I'm really disgusted to see a light skinned but savage looking Negro fellow come behind the boy and lean his pelvis against the boys rear end. The savage is smiling, but the boy doesn't notice what is happening and resumes his climb. Now the hill is

very steep, and the gravel begins to slide as I follow the boy up.

I begin to slip, and get really scared. I look above me and see this Negro guy is slipping too. He falls to the rocks below, and I'm sure he's hurt, but as I look down I can't see his body, just a discarded corn on the cob resting in the depths of the rocks below. The boy now is pointing and says the fellow is dead, and looking again I see he is the object below the rocks, and what I thought was corn is actually inside of his thigh which is split open. He's dead, and an ambulance is called and takes his body. I look with disgust as the attendants put him, then his dismembered leg on the stretcher. There's a similar scene as he is unloaded at the hospital, and his skin, now looking white is exposed, I see his buttocks, which seem to belong to an old man, and I focus on these as the scene changes back to the hills where the accident took place.

In the distant hills I see several antelopes and they are making love to each other. There's a type of narration explaining what's going on, and all that is visible of the antelopes is their asses, which look markedly human as the focus centers on them. I'm concerned, not wanting the boy to see all of this.

Comments:

I've been reading Victor Hugo's *Les Miserables*.
Also I've been working on the science fiction story. Today I have the kids, and I may go to Santa Cruz with them, and stop off at Candy C.'s, one of the nurses.

August 22, 1976 Sunday

I had a good day yesterday as I took the kids over to Santa Cruz, and dropped in on Candy C. We had lunch there, then went to the beach with her. It was a nude beach, but the kids hardly noticed anything.

* * *

Dream:

I'm in church, and the denomination is a little strange to me, and I think it might be Roman Catholic in name, but it's not like a mass, more like a typical Protestant service. The church is huge, and I feel just a little out of place there. The service is over now, and we go to a special room. There's several others seated in a rough circle, in a separate little service, and during this people in the

room are in a sort of ecstasy, and start saying things. I realize it's some kind of charismatic service, and people are really feeling something in the spirit. As I sit there I remain still, with my eyes closed, and I begin to feel a tingling in my hands and feet and spine, and I go into a swoon of religious feeling. I'm very happy.

Now in the church standing up is an old friend of mine, Eddie Wright (Not his name in real life), and handball partner when I lived on E25th street in Brooklyn. There are two tall girls with him, and they seem like a team, as he is tall, too. They walk to the front of the church.

Next thing I know, I'm standing in the ocean about waist deep, and others are with me, possibly Eddie, or my kids. There's a wooden structure in the water, just about reaching the surface. Looking at it I see it's a box with no top, and the sides are such that it forms a cross with its edges. It's definitely a religious symbol for me. I start working on this cross, to make it more distinguishable, or something. As I do so, I find myself back inside the church, standing next to a wall.

Now, the structure I'm working on looks more like a child's construction toy, and again I'm trying to

form a cross, but this little puzzle also includes some spokes and axles that must be fit together. There's also a wheel, like the paddle on a river boat, a steamboat. As I'm putting this together I keep touching an emergency call light that's on the wall, by accident. This light is just like the emergency call lights we have in the hospital.

After the third time of setting it off I don't bother turning it off any more. I don't pay it any attention.

* * *

This obviously has significance, but I can't be sure of all of it. It's indicating I'll benefit from going to church, Eddie was a half liked friend. Emergency light?

August 23, 1976, Monday

Last night I wrote the first draft of the first section of the science fiction story I'm writing. It seems to be going fairly well so far. This morning Sue B. called, and she wants to see me. It will probably be next Monday, or possibly overnight during the week some time. Will is away on vacation but should return any day now. He's got me concerned with his lack of a job.

Today starts my first day on the evening shift.

Dream:

I'm in an old house with several others in my family, my brothers. I look off in the distance and see a bunch of dinosaurs, prehistoric monsters. On looking at them they appear at the same time frightening, as one picks up another in his mouth, and silly as they look for an instant like men in costumes, the skin of the creatures being wrinkly, and saggy. But, terror takes over and we run back into the house. Richie is in front of me, and he's not very concerned, but I'm in a hurry to get into the basement and hide. I know there's a small cave like room down there that the monsters wouldn't be able to find.

August 24, 1976, Tuesday

Last night was the first day working evenings. It was much busier, but I think I'll like it better. I was paired up with Joanne K., and she has a nice personality and sense of humor.

Yesterday Sue B. called and wants to get together. This morning Judy W. called and I'll see her tomorrow. At 8:30 AM I have to be at the hospital for a medical checkup for the nursing program, and I'll see her after that.

* * *

Dream:

I was standing just outside of my car, the white VW, and Joe was there with his car, and possibly one other brother. I also had a motorcycle there, and I seemed to prefer driving this. We were stopped at the side of a road, and there was a sloping hill and part of it was supported by a concrete wall with a steep embankment at one part. At the bottom of this slope was an area about 10 feet wide, then a fence, behind which was an

expressway. In this clear area was a covering of wood chips, making it look neat. The expressway behind the fence was the one that runs from the Verrazano Bridge in Brooklyn to downtown Brooklyn, along 4th avenue. The spot where we were was where this highway crosses the Prospect Expressway at 17th Street.

It seems that Joe wanted to drive the cars right into this area, and down the slope. I thought it was too steep, and that the car would crash going down. Then I thought I'd take the more versatile motorcycle down, but even this was too steep, as I started down the concrete embankment. Halfway down the bike was getting too heavy for me, and I threw a rope over a metal hook at the top of the embankment, and used it as a pulley to ease the bike down. I was having difficulty doing this, and I thought maybe it would be best to give up this whole idea and put the bike into the back of Joe's station wagon and drive out of there. I told Joe we should get into the expressway and go home, but I didn't know which was the best way to go, along 4th Avenue or 17th Street.

August 25, 1976 Wednesday

I can't recall dreams. The alarm woke me up to go to the hospital for a physical for school. As it turned out the exam wasn't needed since I had one last November. I went to see Judy W. in the morning, and she just wanted to tie up loose ends. I wasn't nearly as crazy about her when I saw her. Denise S. had called me at the hospital last night, and I called her today, but she wasn't home.

August 26, 1976 Thursday

Last night went to the drive-in with the kids, and saw *Jaws*, and *Waldo Pepper*.

* * *

Dream:

I'm at work in the hospital, and it seems there's a party about to start, as there is a lot of food and stuff around on the counters. There's several trays of sweets and chocolates. A girl passes by me with

a dish of chocolate chip cookies. I'm thinking I shouldn't eat that junk food, and I don't take any.

In a small room just in front of the station is a juke box, and I see that ICU nurses are there also. So it seems it's going to be quite a party, and the juke box is very interesting. For a second there's a scene where I'm in charge of the party, and people are coming into a bedroom to lay down their coats, and I announce that all the guests can make only one or two selections on the juke box, since it's so popular.

Then some friends of mine are calling me, and though I want to stay at the party I go with them for a walk. We're walking down a street where there's nothing but drab city housing projects, very dull in their brick design. Looking at my "friends" I see there's a lot of black guys in the group, and I start clowning around with them, pretending I want to start a fight, me and the toughest guys against the little Puerto Rican fellow in the back. But, the Negro doesn't think it's funny, and I tell him I was only kidding. Then, I start thinking that this fellow is sort of dull anyway, and doesn't appreciate my humor.

I start thinking about this program I once saw on TV about the different kinds of Negroes, and the commentator was saying about one type, "considered by many to be the only 'true' Negro." And I was thinking about these different types. The true Negro I thought was the slouching bulbous headed type, that are very dull, and often criminal. These fellows walking with me were not that kind, they were light skinned and Arab type. Still, I wanted to go back to the hospital party.

One of the black guys now says, "Hey, lets go to the ____." (Possibly lay away plan.) This I take to mean a type of sex shop. Instead, we keep going down the streets, and I'm thinking of just fading back and leaving them, as they come to a right hand turn. Looking down the alley to the right I see what I think is a bum sleeping on the ground, and say to the others I don't want to go down there.

Again they call me, "Hey! Hey!" in an urgent Negro voice. Then I see the alley is not that bad after all, the object I thought was a bum is a garbage can, and there's a policeman there, and the alley is something of the back of a shopping area or depot of some sort. Many people are walking around with packages and things, and all these

Negro friends hustle up to the trash can, and start banging on it like it was a bongo drum.

I begin to walk around and explore this area, and I see a little trashy news stand. Again I'm thinking of wandering off and leaving these guys. Behind me is the trash can with my friends crowded around, and a billboard showing a picture from a movie of Jerry Lewis. In the movie he's stealing candy from the news stand that's just to my left, and I realize this is the exact spot where the movie was shot.

In front of me, and past the stand is the entrance to a very creepy and run down hospital. I see a nurse walking in, and a sign over the door saying 49th floor, making me think there are many more floors above and below this one. The scene looks very familiar, as if I were there before.

Fragment of a dream about finding a bicycle wheel for Judy's bike, among motorcycles, etc.

* * *

Negroes may represent my lower nature. Desire for the festivities of E2A and ICU, but I'm led to baser things. Advice to avoid junk food. Jerry Lewis I

respect for his serious work in fighting multiple sclerosis.

August 27, 1976

Can't recall dreams. Last night I stayed over into night shift for four hours overtime. I stayed late talking to Jonelle and Judy B. about religious problems. This conversation made me very close to them, and was started by a remark I made to Jonelle about her being "too good for me." She was offended by it, which made me feel really good, and now I think I have a good chance of going out with her.

August 28, Saturday

Dream 1:

I'm reading Victor Hugo's big book, *Les Miserables*, and inside is a cartoon about a UFO, and the caption says something about "let the dead have their dead," which I interpreted as meaning the UFO beings are spirit creatures. The caption was in a foreign language. I was excited to think

the great author would address himself to this subject. Then, I was reading another cartoon about UFO's from a newspaper.

Dream 2:

I'm at a tennis court looking and waiting for a partner to play with. It seems a little like the Fremont HS courts. There's an empty court and I turn around to see Tim W., but he has another fellow with him, so I'm not sure if he wants to play with me. Him and his tall friend are just standing there talking. Then, many other people come to play tennis, and I'm afraid I'll lose my place, as they all begin crowding around.

Dream 3:

I'm at Joanne K.'s house with a lot of company. We were finished with a meal, and I was sitting in the kitchen in a chair as she was stretching to put some things away. I was looking at her back, as she put these things away, and I saw she was a little weary and that her dress was a little loose fitting for her. I asked what she was afraid of, and then seeing her typical housewife duties etc., I answered for her, "being stuck in this house for the

rest of your life?" I felt a little sorry for her, and in fact all married people. I decided to help her with her chores, and going back into the dining area I see the table needs to be wiped off and I volunteer to do this.

My brother Sandy is there in the dining room too, and we have to get our white hospital uniforms back on, and they're laying in a heap on one of the chairs. My legs feel heavy and slow, and very tired. There was a scene earlier of Joanne holding a baby and the baby had big black rubber boots on, which I thought was odd. Now my feet feel heavy too as if I were wearing heavy boots. Anyway I pick out a pair of white pants and when I try to fasten the button in front I realize they are much too small for me. I feel my stomach and remark that I've gotten pretty fat. Then, I see Sandy and his pants are too large, and I say we must have our pants mixed up. We decide to switch.

August 29, 1976 Sunday

Dream:

I was buying a notebook, possibly for writing my dreams in.

I was in a tall, old tenement building in an old section of a city. I was climbing up the stairs, then down again, and finally through a tunnel of concrete underneath the house. All the people there were Black. There was a very poor white woman there. She had blond hair and a nice face but with a tired look, something like Sue's. We find on the ground floor a bowl full of macaroni with ricotta cheese, and we begin to eat it. I have the impression that this girl is very poor, and that the macaroni belongs to the landlord, the landlady of the house. She is reluctant to eat it, but I assure her it's OK, thinking all the while of the quote, "and from the poor shall be taken even what little they have."

This girl and I then go walking along the streets, and it's similar to NYC. We walk along 9th Avenue, and I'm looking for 42nd Street. We pass some sex shops, but I'm not interested, and we walk by. I give her some money.

* * *

This morning I went to the Sunnyvale Presbyterian church. It was nice but not great. On the way home I saw my old Lutheran church and decided to go to that one too. It was really good. I saw some old familiar faces, and the Methodist minister gave a great sermon, as Pastor Lindstrom was away.

August 30, 1976 Monday

I had another nice talk with Jonelle, and she's on again, off again, as she's still interested in me, but in Mark a lot more.

Fragment only of a dream:

I'm hugging my pillow and thinking it was Danny, and I was saying to him, "I love you."

August 31, 1976

Yesterday I went to Marriott's Great America amusement park with Judy, Anita and Danny, for Anita's birthday. We had a great time, and it's a neat park. In the evening I went to help Cyndy L. move to a new place. We went out for pizza and beer afterwards, and had a great time. I met her roommate Sue.

Dream 1:

I was in a small town in the country, either Santa Cruz, California or Saratoga, on a street with small houses. I was renting a room from an older lady. The place was old and rustic and sort of hippyish. I pulled down a shade on an old little window.

Possibly in the same town is a small poor house and Sue S. lives there. I meet her and she tells me she's living with two guys, and she wants me to move in with her. I'm a little surprised by this, thinking the guys wouldn't want me.

Dream 2:

I was swimming around a pool and there were several expert swimmers in the pool with me. I could tell them from the others by their shaved heads. Some of us were playing with a ball, like soccer in the water, where we had to hit the ball to one end of the pool. I tried to play in their game, but when I hit the ball they said it was no good, and I couldn't understand why. Later one of them explained to me that you can't shoot from a distance closer than one third the length of the pool. I felt glad to be included into their little game.

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September, 1976

September 1, 1976

I talked with Jonelle last night and she's on again. We're planning to go to the Renaissance Faire, but the dates of our days off don't coincide.

Dream:

I was looking at Joanne K., and her face was very red, around the cheeks, as if she'd been sleeping on it.

I was in a bakery, and I wanted to buy a cake for brother Joe, as I was going over there for a visit. Looking over the glass counter I see a nice chocolate layer cake, and the sign says \$ 1.85. I point to this cake and say that's what I want, but the woman cuts off one slice and gives it to me. I eat it and continue to wait for the rest of it. I keep telling myself it couldn't be \$ 1.85 for just one slice. After a long time, I realize this cake is too expensive. At that price the cake would be ridiculous to buy, so I look at others. I see a one layer, coffee type cake in a commercial type

package, and a plain pound cake, and I decide to get these.

* * *

Clue: The price you have to pay for sweets is too dear.

September 2, 1976, Thursday

Dream 1:

Fragment of being with Joanne K., thinking since she's married I shouldn't get too close to her, but she had on a low cut dress, and was leaning over a rail, and her huge boobs were partially exposed.

Dream 2:

I was with a group of guys, possibly a class, and we were on lunch break from the school. We decided to go to the movies, since we knew we'd have a good 2 hours for lunch. We all go in one car, and when we get to the theater I see that I've already seen the pictures. One is a David Bowie movie, and the other is some kind of science fiction movie, both are good, but I've seen them before.

We sit in the second or third row, and we're very close to the screen. There's a girl, one of the nurses from work, sitting right next to me, to my left, and I'm reclining sideways in my seat so I can sort of sleep, and watch this girl at the same time. I like her. As I'm lying thus the usher of the theater is walking up and down the aisle, and seeing me keeps shining his flashlight on my face. The light to my side is very annoying, and finally I excuse myself from the girl and start to turn around to sit right.

Then I see it's not the usher at all, but the projection of the film. It seems the screen is too small, or the projected image is too big for the screen, and some of the light is cast on the first few rows of the audience. I begin to study these first few rows of the audience, and it's composed of a mob scene of young kids and rowdy teenagers, few of whom are paying any attention to the movie. All of them are cast in the light from the projector,

Looking at the screen, I see I'm much too close, and the movie is distorted and difficult to see. I tell my friends I'm going to move to a row more to the rear. Walking up there I see it's more crowded, but there are some empty seats, I seat myself, then remember I'd taken off my shoes in the other seat,

and they're still down there. At the same time I decide the movie is not worth staying to see, and that I'll go back to Stanford, I go down again to the second row, and while bending over looking for my shoes I see almost everyone has taken theirs off. There's a black teenage girl in one seat, and she has a long wooden stick. She jumps up and surprises a kid who is in her way by swinging the stick at him, and striking him.

As I'm bending over to retrieve my shoes, she starts swinging that stick to hit me in the ass, but at the last minute I see it out of the corner of my eye, and I block it with my hand. Then, I grab the girl by the shoulders, and threaten her with something like, "Hey, stupid, if you hit me with that stick again I'll break your neck!" Then I get my shoes, which are right in front of these two black fellows. I'm hoping they were not insulted when I used the word "nigger" on the girl, but as I got my shoes they were just sort of chuckling at what I did.

As I leave the theater I can't see any of my friends who came in the car with me, and I'm thinking they may have left too. But in the street I can't recall what the car looked like that I came in, so I don't know if they left or not. Anyway I feel it's safer to go back to school than to stretch the lunch

hour any more. Now, I don't know how to get back to the school, and I start walking down a tree lined residential street. I turn right at the corner, and walk another block, and seeing a lady I ask directions. She points to the right again, to a green sign at the next corner that indicates El Camino Real, a popular street name in California. I go to El Camino, and not knowing how far it is to Stanford I decide to take a bus. I see another fellow waiting for the bus, and there are several bus stops and several busses passing by at high speed, but none of them stop. There's a special lane for the busses, and little wooden trellises indicating the bus stops, but all the busses just zip through. I'm even surprised to see a group of three busses using this special bus lane, go in the opposite direction.

Meanwhile I start to walk up to Stanford, but finally one of the busses stops for the other fellow, and I run to catch it too. I ask the driver how much the fare is to Stanford, and he gives me a very confused answer. He shows me a map indicating the rates between points, and saying we're now at Irving Street. I see that Stanford is in fact very close, and I could have walked. It's only a few more blocks, and I finally figure out the fare is

only seven cents. I decide to give the driver twenty cents, and call it even.

Comments:

The theater is my summer vacation from school, and the shoes are my foundation for study. The light in my eyes is to wake me up and get me back to school, to studying. The lady indicates the "right" way, to the "Royal Road" back to class. (El Camino Real means 'The royal road' in Spanish.)

Will came back yesterday. Jonelle is on again. Judy goes to the welfare department today. I'm closing out our old joint checking account, and there's 42 much needed dollars left in it, so I want to get a new tire for her bike. There's less than a week left before school starts, and I want to begin, or rather finish, studying the material covered in the first semester.

September 3, 1976, Friday

Dream 1:

I'm in a hall, a long corridor, and I see a little parade of animals. First an elephant followed by a dog, who in turn is followed another animal I can't recall.

My attention is focused on the dog. He kept walking in the corridor, and on one approach I could see he was limping. He was a well trained dog, and being in pain he came right up to me as if knowing I could help him. I make him roll over, and at first he leans way back upside down, but his hind legs are still on the ground. Then he goes back the rest of the way and I examine his feet. Finally I see a large black splinter in the left rear paw, and I get some utensils to start to work on it.

It occurs to me that the last animal in the parade will follow the dog anywhere, while the dog will follow the elephant.

Dream 2:

I wake up in a bed in a hospital room. I feel very tired, and even a little disoriented, but I know I'm confused. I try to get up but I feel very tired and

weak, I think I've had some kind of operation, but I don't feel any pain from a chest incision or anything. Now, I look up and see Joanne K. is my nurse, and I ask her a few times where I am. She tells me I'm in room 218B, but I keep asking, and then she's speaking very low, so I don't hear her. I thought she said 218Z once, but of course that couldn't be. Finally she opens the door, and it's a two bed room. On the door I see her pointing to the number, and it's 218B.

Dream 3:

I'm in a large house, something like an old mansion, and I'm walking around looking at it. Maybe Judy and the kids are looking at it too. I go to the front yard, and there's a type of flea market going on there. A crafty, low class business lady is there selling clothes, and I'm thinking I'd like to get Danny something new to wear. The lady is selling used clothes as well as new, and Danny is dressing himself in the old clothes, which look OK, but you can tell they're not new. He puts on a pair of blue pants, and he's working on a shirt. Judy is there to the side. I'm not sure if I want Danny to have the old stuff, maybe the new would look better. Finally I take a good look at the pants,

and they look worse the longer I stare, and they seem too short for him anyway.

In a flurry I say come on, they're no good, but in the end I'm not sure if he's still wearing them or not. I see to the side a thin bookcase, and a picture book with the cover torn off. I thumb through the pictures, and they're all old black and white pictures of children. They are of artistic quality, and when I see some of them are taken around the beautiful architecture of the City College of NY, my old college, taken many years ago. I decide I'd like to have them to hang in the walls of my room. I buy the book, and possibly some clothes, and the book cover, and leave.

Comments:

I've decided it would be best to simply write my dreams in a notebook when school starts, so as to have more time for study. I may start this very soon.

September 4, 1976, Saturday

Dream 1:

I was with an old fellow, or middle aged, and he had just gotten out of prison or something, and I was guiding him. I took him down a long ramp which I realized was an entrance to the roller coaster ride at the Marriott's Great America amusement park. This is the roller coaster with the loops called Turn of the Century. I thought as long as we were on the ramp to the ride we might as well get on the ride ahead of the crowd. We get into the seats, and glancing back at my friend, I see he's changed. Before he looked like one of my patients, Manuel M. , and now he looks like a chubby, pink faced fellow. I see the seats are very close to each other, and it's hard for him to fit in.

The ride starts, and I'm a little scared thinking of that first fast drop. I now feel very sleepy, and decide to close my eyes throughout the entire ride. It half seems as if I'm sleeping in a bed, but I can still feel the car moving. We go down the first drop, and I have my eyes closed, and I'm thinking how much less frightening it seems this way, half asleep. I continue this way through the upside

down loops, and don't even notice them, Now I'm almost awake.

Dream 2:

I'm in a subway train depot with Judy, and it seems we were there before. Only now it's raining above us and the rain is leaking down into the area where we are. It looks similar to the ramps and waiting area when we went to the amusement park with the kids. We come to a fence separating us from the stair to the train, and there's an open gate in the rail, and several people are running through without paying. I'm considering doing the same with Judy, but I see the token booth and I look inside.

I see a concerned young lady, the token sales person, and she's half getting up to see the kids. Then a young man runs through the gate. The train is pulling in, and they're sure to get on board and get away even if she did chase them. I feel now it's wrong to crash the gate, so I take out of my pocket 30 cents to buy two tokens.

There's some writing on the wall of the subway area, and I had just written it. It seems there were several errors in the script, and Judy was

correcting them. Even though I knew what the errors were, I was unable to write it correctly. (This refers to an article, an autobiography, I just read yesterday on strokes.)

Dream 3:

Fragment of getting an egg out of the refrigerator for breakfast. I started to break the egg, then went to put it back, with a crack in it. I saw there was another half cracked egg also in the refrigerator, and both eggs had their shells broken, but the membrane inside was holding it together.

Fragment of looking closely at a nickel. The coin was of slightly new design, or possibly an old coin.

Comments:

This fragment about the coin, and one of yesterday about an art book came true today as I took the kids to the De Anza Flea Market.

I've decided that this will be the last typed dream for a while, as it's imperative that I get down to studying. I plan to continue to record dreams in a notebook, until I feel I have time to resume the typing.

Sept. 5, 1976, Sunday

Things are fairly settled now between Judy M. (ex-wife) and me. She's going to a Legal Aid lawyer this month to see about the divorce. She's also starting to receive welfare, so I won't have to support her. I'll be working three days a week starting September 8.

I don't have a regular girlfriend right now, though there are plenty I can date.

I've been reading *Les Miserables*, by Victor Hugo, and last night I read several chapters about convents.

Dreams:

Many wisps of dreams about convents.

Dream 1:

I'm in a school yard. It's all paved, and on one side is a rock wall about 8 feet high. There seems to be a kind of celebration going on, as school is out or something. Everyone, all the students, start cheering and throwing rice. I cheer too, throwing my nursing book, a big book, up into the air. Then,

everyone and I are throwing macaroni, uncooked, and there's piles of it on the ground.

Then, several security police come in with clubs, and although they don't intervene in the macaroni throwing, their presence sort of subdues the festive air. I'm with a group of girls and I get up and walk to a different part of the campus. I follow one of the guards down a stone staircase, and I'm thinking I could jump him from behind, but I decide not to.

I come to another area where the macaroni is in a pile about 3 feet high. I want to throw some more of it, but I'm afraid there's someone under the pile. A girl gets in, and a few inches down in a man is almost suffocated by the pile of macaroni. I'm not sure if he's dead or what. I begin imagining I'm in the pile myself, thinking I'd be able to breathe because of the holes in the hard pasta. I wake up for a short time.

Continuing the dream: I go back to the rock wall and look for my nursing book. As I'm walking, I see two Jewish fellows, brothers or twins. They're walking along talking to each other. They have curly black hair and heavy black glasses, with an

Elmer Fudd (cartoon character) look to them that is so typical.

A fragment of seeing a slimy green frog on some sort of stem or shoot, and it slips back into the water.

Comments:

The macaroni probably refers to eating too much pasta and starchy foods, especially at the drive-in with the kids last night. Frog slipping may be a sign of sin in self, as I had a sudden urge last night to see a skin flick.

September 6, 1976

Dream:

I was visiting San Francisco; for an instant my parents were with me. I was looking over the bay waters from a walkway at the top of the funicular, leaning on the rail. Then, I started to walk down the funicular stairway, along the west side, and I came to a narrow sidewalk that was a tourist attraction. A young girl was saying to passersby that they'll have to pay a fee for entering this section.

I come to a corner and a young fellow asks me for the fee. I ask "Well, how much is it?" He replies something about the girl having already told me, implying that I wasn't paying attention to her. This was true, but I still thought the fellow was being nasty and unnecessarily sarcastic. I say "A dollar?," and he says "Now you remember!"

I open my wallet and get out a dollar bill, and I notice I have two dollars with slightly different inscriptions. I'm thinking they might be the older silver certificates, but they look different than that. I decide to save them, thinking they're rare. Anyway, I pay the seated gate keeper a dollar and

go in to wait on a seat on the bus. Actually, there's no bus, just a bunch of open air seats. I'm standing there surveying which seat to take. Only a few are taken. Then, the bus driver, a neatly clad man in a shiny black uniform, begins announcing that there's betting on the bus ride. He says you can't bet directly, but you must put your money in your hat, and leave it with him. Right away I'm skeptical, thinking the guy may just run off with the bets. I realize soon the bus company could be held to account. Just then one guy puts money in his hat and leaves it on the counter before me and the driver.

Another fellow starts asking about the betting and he begins to chatter, as if in a different language, but it's actually the language of betting. The bus driver understands all this and says, "This fellow knows something about gambling," (or betting). The driver then begins to answer him, explaining how the game and the betting works. Meanwhile, I go and sit down in a seat to the left side of the lawyer, the fellow who was chattering. I also decide not to bet, just to sit and observe.

The driver goes around and gives a set of about 25 dice to each player. One has to expose his dice, and each has a black symbol on it corresponding to

the four sets of playing cards, that is spades, hearts, diamonds, and clubs. Spades checks diamonds and hearts, though the last two are black. Each die has one small symbol on it, but some of them can be formed into a larger pattern by combining several of the dice side-by-side.

For example, the lawyer to my right had four or six dice that formed a large black diamond. Another guy had nothing, only one die with symbols. The driver then came around to check everyone's "hand." The lawyer won many points, having the big black diamond symbol. Meanwhile, I'm still thinking no one knows how often these large dice symbols appear in each hand, so you don't know what your odds of winning are. The lawyer, however, who somehow I think of as virtuous, won his bet. The driver gave the lawyer his reward.

I had my green hat with me, sitting on the table in front of me, and the driver, seeing I wasn't betting, passed on to the next fellow. Now it seems, all the people there are having a pot-luck dinner. I have been cooking some lasagna and raviolis, and some patties made of egg and bread crumbs fried in oil. Everyone's taking the food. I'm concerned because I want a piece of that patty.

There's some big, heavy guys in front of me, taking some food, including large chunks of the patty. One says to the other, "Here, have some of this." He gives some to the other guy, calling it by a name as if he were familiar with what it's made of. Anyway, there was plenty left for me.

Dream 2:

Fragment: I'm away from the food area now, and I'm with Anita and Danny. For some reason I'm annoyed and impatient with them.

Now I'm amid a crowd of passengers again. I see one of the heavy fellows that was ahead of me at the food line. He says his job is called a back-strainer. There's a little round stage among the seats, and a show is about to go on. People are dancing on the stage. The next act shows a big woman dancing, clad only in a tight fitting , flesh colored body stocking. I'm staring at her nipple, thinking it's really not necessary to see a nude in a play like this.

Looking closer at her, I see now she has no boobs. In fact the big girl is one of the heavy fellows who was on the food line. He's still dancing and now has on a red patterned slip-over top. He just has

this covering part of his head and his hands in his armpits with his elbows sticking out into the red cover, flapping his elbows like a bird. He's supposed to represent a big ugly monster, though he's not scaring anyone. We all realize this is just his dance.

* * *

At this point, as hinted in the September 3rd report, the dream diary returns to hand written notebooks.

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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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