

THE ANNANDALE DREAM GAZETTE

VOLUME 1, NUMBER 1

Gentle reader, gentle dreamer:

Welcome to this, the first issue of the new Annandale Dream Gazette. There have been, to be sure, other editions of gazettes with the same name, but those (three, so far, to my knowledge) all failed— or shall we say, were aborted—simply because their basic premise was misguided. Yet what, I hear you being bold enough to ask, leads me to believe that this, too, won't end up a miscarriage of some ill-conceived attempt to attach the right name to the wrong intention? What, in other words, might have been so wrong about the energies lurking behind previous issuances, and what is so self-assuredly different about this eugenic enterprise?

It would be difficult to withhold my natural bias, as editor of this eternally resurgent and hopefully this time long-lived journal (*The Daily Thaumato-graph*, it may someday be alternatively called), yet a brief sketch of the history of previous editions (and their editors, such as I know them or know of them), as well as an elaboration of my vision of the true nature of this experiment, may serve to convince you that this time it will be different. This time, we know what we are doing.

The first, the authentic, *Annandale Dream Gazette* was a short collection of anonymous dreams published under the auspices of the originator of the essential idea for such a publication. It was thus closest—till now—to an uncorrupt motive, an *Urmotiv*, from which subsequent attempts unfortunately—and with drastic results—deviated. Yet even that first seedling—planted by the great American poet Robert Kelly, who lived (and may still live, for all I know) in the small upstate New York town of Annandale-on-Hudson—withered under the neglect of its first editrix, a student, as it happens, of Kelly himself.

Kelly's idea—and it was he who also provided the name we have chosen to retain, despite the shift to a different, albeit equally rural and academic, topology—was an elaboration in 1979 of a small theoretical essay on “The Dream Work” that he had published in a 1971 collection of obscure essays entitled *In Time*. I refer you, dear reader, thither for the details of his erudite argument. Suffice it to say that the gist (and what ever really continues, beyond the *Geist*, *Zeit*- or otherwise?) of Kelly's reasoning was to reaffirm that dreams are autonomous artifacts, as legitimate as works of art, and should thus be made public. Corollary to this notion is that dreams within a community are messages, of and to the members of the community. Simple enough.

Nevertheless, simple though the idea may be, previous editors seem to have had a difficult time holding on to their belief in this—let's face it, ancient—conception of the function of the dream. For beyond the perhaps excusable lack of discipline on the part of that early disciple in bringing the first *Gazette* to greater maturity, the two subsequent attempts to revive the idea (neither of which had its epicenter anywhere near Annandale, New York, by the way) fell victim to the very idea that the poet was propositioning against, namely that dreams are interpretable allegories whose sole function is the transcription of some more conventional reality.

One, the second, editor was not a poet, but rather a Freudian analyst who thought publishing people's dreams was a great idea, but hardly for the purpose of establishing a community. Rather, his real interest was to see what everyone participating was really up to. His editorial tendency, which I intend to avoid at all costs, was actually to edit—in some cases, rewrite entirely—the participants' dreams, overlaying whatever sexual interpretation he wished upon whatever “manifest content.” The second volume thus ended when this lay analyst divulged the name

of one of the dreamers for whose dream he had supplied a rather murky and incestuous interpretation, and the dreamer, presumably out of shame, committed suicide by overdosing on sleeping pills.

The third editor took fewer liberties with the dreams, but greater liberties with the dreamers. Also a “psychotherapist,” with a pseudo—(is there any other kind?)—Jungian bent, this editor published—without their knowledge—the dreams of his so-called patients. While the dreams were included in the *Gazette* anonymously, the dreamers themselves were hardly unknown to the editor, who utilized the intimacy sometimes afforded by dreams to manipulate—usually sexually, but occasionally financially, as well—these unwitting participants. The *Gazette* was shut down rapidly when he was sued for malpractice by one of his more attractive patients after she discovered he was publishing her dreams.

Thus it appears that the curse of this journal has been the inability of its successive editors to simply let the dreams be, leading to a situation in which the *Gazette's raison d'être* is automatically compromised. It occurs to me that such compromise must by its very nature interfere with the dynamic of publication, and every time cause the experiment to fail.

Yet how do we know—since the very idea has, like Marxism, proven thus far incapable of being developed according to its pure, theoretical outline—that the whole idea is not simply wrong, totally unworkable? Why should I—or anyone else, for that matter—once again take up the banner of the *Annandale Dream Gazette*, now certainly a tired name at the very least?

Short of making promises of the sort that might cause me, were they not kept, to be liable to various litigation or, worse, be murdered in my own bed, it is precisely because I am aware of the failures of my predecessors that I believe I can avoid them. I certainly won't bother to ana-

lyze or otherwise interpret these narratives of REM sleep that I choose to publish herein. Secondly, I intend to keep the Gazette alive by inviting dreams from everywhere—every space and time, and without (conscious) censorship, such that the energy to carry on will be generated more by fermentation than editorial fiat.

With this in mind, and with no other comment, I would like to present the first dreams of the latest, yet truly first, volume of the Annandale Dream Gazette. By the very act of reading this introduction and the dreams that follow, you, sleepy reader, have been invited to participate. Let the dreams begin.

—*The Editor*
January 18, 1992
Theta, New York

THE DREAM GALLERY

§

This was a witchy dream. It was in a cathedral, maybe in Florence, there was a big dome, only it wasn't in Italy. That was what was so funny—it was like it was around here, but it didn't seem odd that such an ornate and enormous cathedral should be stuck out in the boondocks, and everyone who went to it was a farmer...they were all dressed in plaid shirts and overalls or else country dresses. I'm sitting in the middle of a congregation. Some kind of service is going on. It sounds like Latin, but it isn't, and it's not Italian, but there's chanting, I can't see where it's coming from. I look straight up into the dome above me, expecting to see ornate Renaissance paintings of religious scenes, but instead, along the walls of the dome are a lot of bloody arteries and white tubes branching everywhere. In one part, the branching becomes literal, like trees. I realize this is not a cathedral dome, I'm really inside a breast, and these are just the milk ducts and blood vessels going to the nipple at the very top. Like God is going to suck from this breast. But in the branchy part, there's an owl, looking down at me. It says something to me, like it was telling me something about who I was and why I was there, but I either don't remember what it told me, or I couldn't understand it.

So the owl, of course, starts to ask, "Who?" For some reason, I say "striga," which I think is Italian for 'witch.' The owl winks. Then, while the owl is perched on this artery, it flaps its wings—just once, but enough to cause a huge wind. People's hats are flying off—I don't know why they're wearing hats in church—and nobody knows where this wind is coming from except for me. I look toward

where I think the altar should be, expecting to see Jesus on the cross, but instead it's Michelangelo's David.

He's still a statue, except his sling seems to be moving in the wind, and instead of a rock, it's got food in it. I look closer, and see it's mostly Halloween candy (I had this dream around Halloween). I remember noticing Mars and The Milky Way on the wrappers sticking out. While I'm looking at him, I begin to notice that he's not circumcised, and I'm thinking to myself, "That's odd. Wasn't David a Jew?" when all of a sudden, he looks straight at me, and he winks, too. I can't help noticing that he's getting an enormous erection, the size of a baseball bat, while he's looking at me, and I'm incredibly embarrassed because I'm supposed to be in church. Everyone is giggling and they all know he's getting a hard-on because he's looking at me, and I'm real worried they'll find out that I'm getting off on it.

Then this witch-owl is flying down from its perch, also looking at me as it descends, and finally perches on the tip of David's thing. Now I notice he's circumcised. The two of them are looking at me, and the owl is saying "Who," and then every one of the farmers and their wives turns around and they all start chanting "Who." David, meanwhile, is getting excited from all this, and he closes his eyes. Then out of his giant bat-penis comes a lot of white stuff, not like sperm—more like milk. I keep telling myself it's "white ink." The stuff shoots straight up to the top of the dome, and goes straight out into the sky through a hole that's right where the nipple would be. I woke up and my right nipple really hurt, I guess because I'd been squeezing it hard.

§

I'm preparing to go teach my Cosmology class. This week's lesson is to be about Parmenides, but every book

that I think is the text for the course turns out to be Heraclitus. I realize this means I really should be teaching Heraclitus. "Everything flows from this decision," I tell myself. All my Heraclitus texts turn back into those by or about Parmenides.

I've never had any desire to sing in a rock group, and I'm not particularly fond of rock & roll, but someone has persuaded me that I'm good—they can tell from the way that I speak that if I had a microphone in my hand, I could really charm them—the audience—so I'm willing to give it a shot.

We're not doing a real performance, just rehearsing, but we're in some kind of auditorium anyway. I don't know any of the numbers, but it doesn't matter, they say—they make up different songs every time, and nobody knows what they're going to play until they play it.

One girl in the group—she plays the drums and looks a lot like a girl I know who works in the health food store—tells me I will just "know" what to sing when it's time.

The next thing it's not a rehearsal anymore, and I'm playing a Fender bass, even though it doesn't have any strings. This is a real performance, but there's nobody in the audience. The band is playing and they're looking at me like they're waiting for me to start singing. Since I don't know the words to the melody they're playing, I start singing some lines I remember from the Iliad—about ships—and everyone in the group thinks it's great stuff, I can tell. Now there are thousands of girls in the audience, and they're going crazy, tearing off their clothes. I put down my guitar to go out into the audience and sing, like a night club crooner, when the drummer pulls me back on stage. She tells me they would have ripped me to shreds, and I should never go out into the audience when I'm singing "real songs."

§

Adventurer. Explorer. In his house. He was like a master. We were listeners to his stories. Lots of books. One — by him — was real thick. On the left pages, some kind of story. Embedded on the right pages were color photographs. Close-ups. People kissing. A flip book. Kind of pornographic. He was embarrassed, made us put it away. We left. He got real angry at us. Violent. Chases us. I think tried to kill us.

§

I was sitting in my study, listening to Saint-Saens' cello concerto (op. 16), when my wife barged in, ecstatic. "Oh I just love Dvorak," she said, only she pronounced it "door-vak." I became furious with her, because she wouldn't admit that it was Saint-Saens. She had the mendacity to point out that the piece was in fact a piano concerto, that she had yet to hear a cello since the piece had begun. Of course, she was right about that, so I wanted to throw my glass of wine at her, but then I recalled I was drinking a '62 d'Yquem, and that would have made it a terribly expensive disagreement. Somehow she knew what I wanted to do, because she said "Go ahead and throw it—it's only a '63." This infuriated me more, because that was such a terrible year for Bordeaux. I looked at the label, and of course, she was right. And it wasn't even d'Yquem, but some second-growth sauterne.

I began to wonder why all of a sudden, all the little details in my life were wrong, and why my wife, who is ordinarily oblivious of such things, was now so superior to me in this regard. I picked up the Waterford wine glass with the *deuxieme cru*, and was ready to chuck it at my wife, when I

noticed the glass did not have the heft of lead crystal, and wasn't, in fact, Waterford.

Curiously, the fact that both the wine and the glass were inauthentic gave me permission to heave them at my superior wife, since I would not, it occurred to me, be losing the real thing. All of a sudden, as I was about to throw the glass, I realized that throwing such second-rate objects at my wife, who, after all, had done nothing except correct me (twice), would not have the desired effect. I decide not to throw it. My wife kisses me.

§

I felt like Venus being born. I remember feeling incredibly alive. My skin was tingly, I was sensitive everywhere.

There were lots of animals around. Furry kind ones, like out of a children's book or a Disney movie. It was a little like a cartoon—there was so much bright color, and a lot of little animals were scampering around. But there weren't any people.

It occurred to me that maybe I was in a movie or a painting or something, and the reason there weren't any people around was because they were all outside the dream. I began to feel real shy, exposed. I tried to look outside the frame I was in, but I couldn't figure out how to do it.

I began walking down a fairy tale path. I had the feeling I was going to meet a troll or a hag or I was going to walk by some gingerbread house or maybe a woodsman's house where there was an ax murderer. I was also a goddess, and everything was magical. What's the word—immanent? The sort of Rilkean idea of the gods being in everything. All this time I know I'm being watched, but it's too much trouble to cover myself while I'm walking, so I don't bother.

At last I come to a little bridge. “This is where the trolls are,” I said out loud. I started crossing the bridge, when all of a sudden I felt this thing on my back, and its claws were on my hips, while some other claws had reached around and were digging into my breasts.

I was scared to death, but I didn’t wake up. I kept telling myself, “Don’t worry. You’re being watched. They won’t let it hurt you.” Only I didn’t believe it, and I didn’t know what this thing was. I started to scream. I wondered whether they—whoever “they” were—could hear me.

When I started screaming, the thing on my back jumped down and came around in front of me. I realized that it was a troll. He looked kind of like a little man, only some of his features were more animal-like. He had bat ears, and was furry. He was very ugly, but not terrifying. I felt sort of sorry for him. He was so short his face was about even with my crotch. He rudely put his long furry nose in there, like a dog when you have your period, then he looked up at me and said, “You’re new here, aren’t you? I can tell.”

It was a little uncomfortable talking to a troll whose face was down there, but there wasn’t anything I could do about it, so I tried to pretend he was an animal so I didn’t have to be embarrassed. I said, “I think so. I was just born,” and the troll said, “So it would seem. Do you know about them?”

I assumed he was talking about the people watching me, and I said, “Yes. Who are they?” Then he said something like, “They’re just people. You can do what you want, and they can’t hurt you.”

What he meant was that somehow, all this magic that was surrounding me was at my disposal, and I could use it to stop the spectators from interfering with what I was supposed to do. I remember feeling isolated and cut off, though, as if all I would ever have as friends were trolls and furry animals. The troll must have read my mind, because

he said, “That’s not true. Remember who’s who.” The rhyme was very exaggerated and seemed important. The sadness went away. I woke up wondering whether I ever got across the bridge.

§

An old college chum, JK, is now a famous hack novelist and journalist, and is married to an award-winning journalist. While he has always been friendly, the last time I saw him, he and his wife were a little snooty. In the dream, I am at some public event or place. I am talking to someone else, when I recognize JK driving up in an old Chevy with his wife. I take the person I am talking with around to the driver’s side, to introduce him to JK. JK recognizes me, perfunctorily says hello, and promptly backs out and drives away, as if to avoid talking to me further. I had not expected that the distance between us had grown so great. I remember that seeing him previously, he had referred to me, while introducing me to his father, an ex-attorney general of the United States, as “intelligent.” I thought at the time it was because I was a poet, and had not “sold out.”

§

In the first part, I remember there being a lot of food. I don’t know where it came from, or who made it, or why it was even there. It was outdoors, or maybe under one of those tents where they have graduations and things. Under something.

There were a lot of people, but they didn’t seem to have anything in common. I didn’t know whether any of the food was for me, but I was starving. I didn’t know who to ask if I could have some.

The people there were all milling around, but they didn’t seem to be saying anything to each other. They all

had food, except no one was getting it from the giant table where all the food was. There was everything: lobsters, caviar, chopped liver in the shape of a pyramid, huge things of ice cream and everything you needed to make your own sundae. The hungrier I got, the more stuff seemed to be on the table, which went on for miles. And the more I didn't know who to ask if I could have some. I thought I was going to die of hunger.

All of a sudden a very nice man dressed in a white linen suit and wearing a polka dot bow tie and a panama came up to me and introduced himself. He said he was "the editor of this little party" and that I should enjoy myself—he pointed at all the food. "Food for thought," he then said, and walked away with a big grin on his face.

Since this editor gave me permission to eat, I figured it was OK. I didn't bother with the real food, but made myself the biggest banana split I could. I took a sharp knife that happened to be there and split the banana down the middle, and then I put a lot of ice cream, four or five scoops, in between the halves, and put all the other junk, like whipped cream and nuts and maraschino cherries all over it.

When I finished making it, I looked up, and all these people with their dainty watercress sandwiches with the crusts cut off were staring at me like I was either crazy or wonderful. They all started laughing. I thought they were laughing at me, until the "editor" made his way to the front of them. He looked at me tenderly, and they all quieted down. He took a silver spoon out of his jacket pocket. It had a half-moon at the end of its handle, and he stuck it into the whipped cream. He lifted off the cherry, which was covered with whipped cream, and he put it in my mouth. Everyone ooh'd and aah'd. For the first time in my life, I felt totally satisfied.

§

I am back in the old country. Marina—this is my wife—is still alive but she is really dead. Like for real. It is during the war, and we can hear the bombs, and they are coming closer. Do we go into the basement? Marina, she tells me the basement crowded, and we should never get in. She tells me I will be dying because I am the man but she is the woman, and this makes her very sad. What is so sad is that she is the one dying, really.

The bombs come. Marina looks at me like to say goodbye. She says this is why war is so good for people. It is helping them learn to know each other. She says she is never knowing me before. She says now that she knows me, I can die. She is no more sad. I can see the light from the bombs. It is not like it really was. The light is blue. I go out onto the street to see it. I am in the middle of this big blue light. Then I know that I never see my Marina again. I know she is happy, and so I am. I wake up and remember I am here, in America. I look out my window and the sky is very blue like in the dream, and there is also the blue on the American flag. There is Marina's beautiful blue eyes.

§

The second part, we were still outside, it's at my house, I think, by the pool. The editor is still there, and my kid sister, only she's in the pool down at the other end. The editor was still dressed in his white suit and tie, while I was in a one-piece tank suit. He was telling me he was one of the "Old Ones."

I tried to get him to take off his clothes and go swimming, but I got the feeling he was scared to. I thought maybe because he was old, like a dry tree, and the water would somehow destroy him, so I dropped the subject. He

told me to go ahead, though. He said he wanted to see me die.

I was shocked, of course, but then he said that I hadn't heard him right, that he wanted to see me dive. That was a little better, but I still wasn't sure what he'd said.

I went up on the diving board. I'm aware why he wants to see me dive...he can't take his eyes off my ass, but he keeps pretending he's not looking, and he wiped his glasses every time I looked over.

I decided he could look all he wanted, because for some reason, I didn't want to go in the water, but I couldn't get off the board, either.

I began to pace up and down the board, and I knew he was watching my ass all the time.

I went to the end of the board one last time, and looked into the deep end. No wonder I didn't want to go in: I could see myself lying on the bottom of the pool. I was bloated, or obese, and my face was all puffed up and my tits looked like balloons that were going to explode.

The editor kept yelling "Die. Dive. Die. Dive." I didn't have a choice. I jumped high into the air, hoping he might save me if he liked my body. I hit the water and closed my eyes, so I wouldn't have to see my gross body under water. I woke up.

§

One of my patients—a young girl of about twenty—calls me at home. I remember feeling quite alone as the phone rang. It just kept ringing, and I kept thinking my partner would get it. For some reason I thought he was in the shower, so it doesn't make sense that I would expect him to get it. (Contemplating this now, I realize I expected the call to be for him, even though I knew it was my patient, because I imagined the phone call would be erotic, and my partner is bisexual.)

When I answered the phone, my patient giggled "Guess who?", which I promptly was able to do. She said she had a dream she wanted to tell me, only she hadn't dreamed it yet, and thought if she could talk about it with me, we could—as she put it—;"come to an understanding." As her the rapist, I was amused by this inversion of logic that is so characteristic of dreams.

It begins, she tells me, in my office. She is recounting some early memories of her father, who had been a private detective when she was a little girl, taking her around with him to spy on unfaithful husbands and corrupt executives. She is divulging to me a story about being taken to a brothel—we all recall that scene from Huston's overstudied film, do we not?—when I get up from my armchair and walk over to the window behind her.

As I pass, she notices I am wearing "Chanel Number Seven." Right in the middle of her dream, I interrupt her, and begin describing a 'fracas'—her word—that is apparently taking place on the street below.

Just as she gets to this point in my dream about her dream, my partner does emerge from the bathroom. I put my hand over the receiver (which feels furry), because I don't want my patient to hear how upset I am—my partner has indeed been taking a shower, but with all his clothes on.

He is in a three-piece suit—he's an investment banker—dripping from head to toe, as if he's been pushed into a swimming pool.

What is funny is that at precisely the moment that I notice his fly is open, I hear my patient screaming on the other end of the line—she has been continuing to narrate her undreamt dream all this time—"and your zipper was broken!"

I return to my phone call, but the phone is dead. I am furious with my partner for dripping all over the fur rug in the hall. But I don't seem to care why he showered with his clothes on.

§

The moon is full. I decide this time, I am going to wait for them, maybe even go with them, if they'll let me. I sit outside the front. It is getting very cold. A skunk and a raccoon tempt me, but I stay. A dark car drives by very fast, one that I don't know, and again I am not tempted. Shooting stars amaze me. The moon amazes me. I wonder if I am also the moon.

I hear them at last. Faint yips at first, from all corners. Or like a circle. The yips get closer. Louder, more of them. I also hear the tinkle of wind chimes. The yips get so close together, it is like a howl. I hear breathing, but I can see nothing, even though it is very bright out and I can even see my shadow. I do and do not want to go back inside. The door is closed, and the lights are out.

Then a howl, from a single direction. The leader. It will be him who decides about me. He will be the first one I see.

He is. He is large—much larger than I thought—almost as big as a wolf, or bigger—and white as the moon. His eyes are red. He has a sense of time.

He stares at me, sits. I sit. The others arrive. They are large, too, but not as big as he is. The girls are small, dark, shy. They stay back. They do not sit, are nervous.

He and I understand each other. I am too small, too soft—would not survive. They eat garbage, road kill, sheep. They have to run to stay warm. They need food all the time. They can't last long without something. They might eat me.

Would I eat a cat? The moon smiles. The girls are pretty. He sees me looking at them hungrily. He growls at me. They all growl at me. Then, I guess, they just go away. The circle of yips gets bigger. I look down—he has left me his shadow.

§

We're playing a gig at the Philharmonic, so it must be '46 or '47. It's Ella's night, but we haven't done much rehearsing. We do a little warm-up number, and then she scats like crazy on Flyin' Away, and everything's cool. Her next number is supposed to be the JATP theme, How High the Moon.

Now we always do that number in G. Ella says she wants to do it in F. That's a weird key for that song, but Ella can do it if anybody can.

All of a sudden, there's a lot of confusion. She's the queen, so we have to do it in F, but nobody knows where the melody goes, and even the rhythm section gets all mixed up. I don't think we had Buddy on drums, though.

Ella takes off, and she's doing her thing, but there's still all this confusion. Even Pres and Turk can't keep up with her.

Finally the light goes on, and Bird gets it: "we're doin' this in F!" So he cuts in with a solo that's fine. Then Roy blows just a note and backs off. Then he finds the key, and comes back in. Ella finishes the number and there's big applause. There's so much applause it's like because we were lost and then found our way. So much I don't even want to wake up.

§

It is my birthday, and I am being taken out to dinner by a man I would like to marry, except he is thinking of becoming a priest. We are eating at one of those Japanese restaurants where they serve raw fish. I ask him whether Catholics still have to eat fish on Friday and if that's why he took me to this restaurant.

He gets very, very angry. “I’m marrying the church,” he yells, and then starts cursing me and calling me all kinds of names. He calls me a Jezebel, a Delilah, a harlot, and so on.

This is a side of him that I’ve never seen before, and I’m relieved I don’t have to marry him.

He starts putting these magic spells on me, telling me I’ll never find love, never get married, never be happy until I learn to like fish, he says. At first I’m very anxious, and actually feel nauseated, not only in the dream. The nausea is like being in love. The more he curses, the more in love with him I become. The reason he is becoming a priest is because he is really in love with me, and can’t deal with it. I get up from the table, and right as he’s cursing, put a piece of raw fish into his mouth with mine, and he shuts up.

§

That people emerge from behind trees
that the spires of onions grow from baskets

§

I dreamed there was an attack on dreams. That dreams, it was decided, were indesiderata?

§

I am at one of those illegal fetish stands in the Congo. On a table under a tent are a lot of strange things, like rhinoceros and elephant tusk, dried bats, and severed hands of monkeys. I am trying to find out what these “monkey’s paws” are used for—;I am very upset that these things can be sold without any compunction. The little man at the table is talking to me in his native tongue, which I don’t understand. He sees that I don’t get it, so he begins to gesture.

At first, I think he is just being obscene. Then I sort of understand him: if I rub the monkey’s paw between my legs, it will give me power over men, because my children will be strong as an ape. I understand, but not why.

Some American tourists, a couple, stop by the same table. They are both dressed in dirty linen suits and are sweating a lot. The man picks up a monkey hand and begins to fondle my breasts with its furry knuckles while his wife watches. This, too, is a kind of sign language. I understand from this that the paw will keep me safe from “the man who is pursuing me.” Then he points to one of the dried African bats on the table. “Do they really live?” he asks me, like I should know. “They’re really owls.” All of a sudden, a bat wakes up and flies toward my neck. The man and his wife start laughing uproariously.

§

Suzy and me are playing the game we always play where we try to get someone to guess which one of us is which. Whenever someone guesses right, we always change ourselves so he guesses wrong. So in this dream we’re playing the game with Daddy. We’ve never been able to fool him, actually. He can always guess when we’ve switched, and he always knows when I’m Suzy. So we can’t hide from him like we can Mom.

We have a mirror, though. Daddy guesses I’m me just when Suzy is hurrying back into herself, so I’m trapped. I just know I’m going to lose, when Suzy holds up the mirror. She says, “Look, Daddy...you aren’t you!” So Daddy changes his mind and guesses I’m Suzy, and knows he lost. He looks real sad, so I tell him it’s OK, he’s himself. He knows he will never win again. It’s not going to be fun anymore.

§

I just dream in colors. This one started out a cloud of cerulean blue, then changed to these hashings that were more like copper sulfate. A loud, cab-like yellow started to modulate from the south, I mean below the horizon, and then dispersed into little candle flickerings. The yellow candles against the copper sky made a sort of feeling-green. Not like envy or Spring, or even not like money, which is more of a brown, anyhow, but more like the weeping of a weeping willow. It's not a sadness, but a watering, a consoling.

A black spot flickered in the center, and began to move back and forth. Sort of evil, of course, but not because of the blackness. Instead, maybe the way it moved—tiger-like, stalking, purposeful.

Streaks of blonde hair emerge from the candles, like they're dissolving. The black spot begins to multiply, only each time it gets a lighter shade of grey. This is good. The tiny grey-white spots now highlight the blonde hair.

An aggressive Martian-red spear flies across from the left, and then another one. The hair disappears, and the whole dream is a solid orange for a very long time. I am very frightened, because nothing is changing. Silver crescent moon shapes drift in like blood cells. A silver fog takes over. I hear water rushing. My confidence is restored.

§

It is the kurban of B†m. The walls are hung with purple velvet, and the hall is lit with thousands of candles. Prince Igor has been eyeing me the entire evening. He is so handsome but he is too sure of himself, so I pretend not to notice him. Nevertheless, I know someday we shall be together—it is orgained.

The lamb has been sacrificed, and all have eaten. Everyone is drunk, perhaps too drunk to continue on to the graveyard to celebrate the ancestors. No one seems worried about completing that part of the ritual.

Wolves begin to howl outside, and everyone becomes very quiet. Hardly anyone moves, despite their drunkenness.

Then, a glowing man enters the hall. He is carrying a book, or perhaps it is an icon, covered in gold. He walks straight through the crowd of people, toward me. He stops right at the place where Igor can no longer see me. He smiles at me, and I feel warm inside. I forget about Igor.

This man picks me up like I weighed nothing, and sets me down right on top of the table where the lamb has been carved. I can feel the lamb grease soaking through my skirt.

Igor looks at me with fierce jealousy in his eyes, but he is stared back by the glowing man. It is as if Igor cannot move because of this man's eyes.

The icon painter lifts my skirts. The lamb fat is all over my thighs, and I begin to slide around in it. The man rubs some of the fat on himself, and penetrates me easily.

Everyone is watching this, but still no one moves to stop it. I am not embarrassed, for some reason. The man at last has his climax, and I notice that he does not seem to be glowing as much. However, when I look at my thighs, covered in lamb fat, they seem to be glowing a little, as do my hands.

The glowing man falls out of me, then he tucks himself in. He looks me straight in the face. From his gaze, I learn how I shall die. He leaves the hall. Igor at last comes over to me, his sword drawn as if to kill me, but I wake up. I am sweating everywhere, and have a fever.

§

Just a phrase: "defense Manichaeisms." Nothing else.

§

I want to infect her, I know that much. I am swimming in a shining pond with a whole congregation. The congregation is made up of therapists and editors, but they all look like me. I don't think any of them are patients. We all see her at the bottom of the pond. She is bloated, like she is already pregnant.

I swim down to infect her. There is a pellucid bubble around her, I cannot get near her. As I try to break the bubble, my hands and feet get caught in the jelly of the dream. Everyone in the congregation swims down to help me, but another bubble has formed around me, another layer, so they cannot reach me. They bounce off and die.

I am caught in this zone. I am running out of air. I begin to die. The weaker I get, the more the bubble gives, so that I get closer and closer to her. She wants me. Finally, I break through. I am almost dead. I see my body float back up to the surface. Now I am her, watching him struggle to infect me again.

§

I am everybody. Today the nurse threw the cat out and I thought it meant me.

§

Venom. venenum. a love-philtre. What do you suppose a 'love filter' is? I had to drink it. Venus was a snake. Maybe she had to drink my love filter. Anyway, I remember someone telling me that venom was a love filter. Kind of like out of Romeo and Juliet?

§

I am driving a very long time to see my boyfriend. He is married but separated. I don't have a boyfriend in real life, at least not at the moment. I am driving forever, when I come to a bridge. I don't remember there being a bridge on the way to his apartment, but I had forgotten that he had moved. There's a troll booth, and the woman inside is wearing like a Nazi uniform. I'm supposed to give her something, some money, but I don't have any. She says, "You have very pretty hair. It's a lot like mine." I don't know what she means by this, so I don't do anything, but the gate is still down, and I can't go. Then the gate goes up, and the woman says, "See you on the bottom."

Then I'm in my boyfriend's apartment. He is waiting for me. He really loves me. I get there, and all he has on is the pair of linen boxers that I gave him for Christmas and a boy tie. I notice under the boxers that he's got an erection.

We don't even say hi. It's been so long since we've seen each other, we just start kissing. He presses real close to me, and I can feel how hard he is. "I'm glad to see you," he whispers—obvious bad joke, right?

So we start making out. I'm getting horny and I ask if we can go into the bedroom, and he says, "Sure," so we go off to his bedroom.

When we get there, it's quite romantic: there are candles everywhere, and soft sheets, and a Madonna CD is playing. There's only one problem: his wife is sitting on the bed. Who do you think she is? Right...the troll booth lady. When I see her, I want to leave, but my boyfriend says, "It's OK. Your mother just wanted to watch."

I don't know why he called his wife my mother...they don't look at all alike. Anyway, I no longer want to make love. I feel tense. My boyfriend, who is now totally naked, goes totally limp. He puts on his clothes. I see that I'm na-

ked, too, but I can't find my clothes. I ask him where they are, and he says, "They're in the mirror."

There was more, like I think I went into his bathroom, and it was back outside, but I don't remember any details.

§

Do past life experiences under hypnosis count as dreams? I don't want to go to the trouble of writing mine down unless they do.

§

It was the day they were killing the cats. My stepfather came in from the fields describing how he chopped up the first one. He said he had to pull his little furry arms out of their sockets. He acted sad but enjoyed telling us all the details. I asked them why they were killing the cats and they told me because it was going to be 10 below. They were moving to Alaska. I asked them why they wouldn't bring the other two to the vet and get them put to sleep. My mother looked irritated. "Why should we?" My stepfather told me he'd wanted to do that, but mom wouldn't go for it. I pleaded. Finally she agreed, but she wasn't happy about it. They piled the cats in the car, two, and I watched them pull away. The bumper sticker on the back of the Jeep Wagoneer said 10 below. The smiley face after the 10 below.

§

There's an insect I am trying to catch. It had a peculiar name, which was probably important, but it's gone. When I get close to it, it's in a window sill under a lamp, I see it has an elephant's trunk and wings like a grasshopper. In fact it's green like that, only the trunk fades to yellow toward the

top. For a bug it is very large—a few times larger, thicker than a real grasshopper. I want to capture it so I can put it outside.

I can only capture it by pinching its wings behind it. I didn't want to hurt it. If you pinch a moth's wings, you can rub off the stuff that protects them. So I capture the grasshopper, and go to put it out the window. It's like the window in the upstairs bathroom, because there's a roof just outside it. As I am lifting the screen to put the bug out, I see that my old black cat, Bela, wants to come back in through the window. When I try to accommodate the cat at the same time, I must do something wrong, because the bug with the trunk bites me—with teeth. Thinking about it later, the trunk and the "pussy" seem pretty clear, but I don't know what it means. I think the elephant aspect has to do with forgetfulness. So that I am "bitten" by some memory having to do with the phallus.

§

As she fades away, she gets more beautiful, but also more thin. So that as she recedes into the universe, she becomes more like the sun, but thin, like a golden strand. I want to kill her, that is, I want to make her look into a sundial. Except in the dream, it is a 'saint dial.' Time would only be if she could cast a shadow. I want to strangle her with her blonde hair. I mean herself. I want her to be a reflection of the sun or the moon in a very deep pool. I want to feed her, she is so thin, but she is too far away, too beautiful.

§

A giant man, who was shining exceedingly bright, but was horrifying at the same time. He was made mostly out of metals, which were finer at his head, and baser toward his feet. His head was gold, and his chest and arms were sil-

ver. His stomach and upper legs were brass, while the rest of his legs were iron, except for his feet, which were a combination of iron and clay. Out of thin air, a large stone just drops on his feet and smashes them. All of a sudden, the rest of this man crumbles to the ground. It turns into such fine dust, that it's like the floor of our threshing room in summer—it all blew away when a big wind came. The stone that fell on his feet then grew into a huge mountain.

§

Why in God's good name am I doing this? Why am I telling someone else, who I don't even know, my very private dreams, to do what with I have absolutely no idea? I am not a shy person, but my problem with narrating my dreams is that I don't know what they are revealing about me. I often imagine—no, I am certain—that sometimes the people I tell them to are laughing at me because they can see things in my dreams that I must be blind to. Yet they deny they are snickering, or imagining I am some vile slut, and pretend to be simply listening.

So why am I compelled to reveal my dreams once again? Because this dream recurs...

It is always at a Christmas party, or around Christmas, because there are still decorations and lights and Christmas cards. Everyone seems to know everyone else, and they are all having a good time, except for me (who knows no one) and a man who is sitting by a secretarial station near the door. He keeps looking at me, as if he knew me, and keeps patting the place on the couch next to him, a gesture that suggests I should come and sit next to him.

I don't know him, but I'm aware he's "the boss"; this is his company that is having the party, and for some reason he is not really a part of it. He is sitting there almost as if he were being punished. In fact, sometimes when I have this

dream, I imagine, or else he tells me, that he is being punished, for a crime he says he only wants to commit.

I am very nervous about sitting next to him, but he has a kind face, and I don't know anybody else, so I sit down.

He starts telling me everything about his employees: how miserable they are, how bored with their jobs, their marriages and so on, so that I begin to wonder what sort of boss would say such things about his employees. I wonder what he must think of me.

I guess he can read my mind, because he tells me I'm different. He says he loves me, and wants to prove it. Then he waves his hand like a magic wand, and everyone in the room disappears except for him and me. All the decorations and furniture are gone, too, except for the couch, which is now a sort of bed.

I notice how attractive he is, now that no one else is around, and I want to get closer to him. The next thing I know, he is waving his hand above his head. "This is true love," he says, just before he vanishes into thin air. I am left alone on a large bed in an empty office. It always ends up like this, and I always wake up feeling ashamed.

So why do I keep telling everyone this dream? Answer that!

§

I'm working on a new computer game, based on an idea I talked about with this strange poet I met a long time ago, before I got into games. The idea is to have a game where the rules change dynamically. The closer you get to winning, the more likely it is that your strategy for winning isn't going to work anymore—so that your real strategy, if it's possible, has to be one level up—it's got to be to always know ahead of time when you're going to have to give up

your strategy and then abandon it before the computer realizes you even have a strategy it can bust.

In this dream, I'm trying to figure out how to have the guy—Leisure Suit Larry or whoever—get into this babe's pants before she can figure out that he's getting pretty close. No, that's backwards. What I'm working on is how I can make the game so that the closer the guy gets to making it with her, which is winning the game I guess, the less likely she is to finally come across. So then the guy who finally gets her is going to be the guy who has no plan, at least not one the computer can analyze. The smartest guys, even those whiz-kid chess players, have the least chance of getting the girl—unless they're really smart, like those guys who supposedly get 800s on their math SATs because they got every answer wrong, which is statistically impossible unless you know all the right answers. (Can you imagine doing that and then fucking up royally by accidentally getting one goddam question right?)

I'm getting all hung up on designing this girl. Not so much her looks, but her behavior. I've got to make it so it looks like she'll come across with a few simple moves, but then she's got to get totally illogical, from Larry's point of view, the more he uses strategies that seem to work at first.

I start messing with her logic. I start programming all kinds of nested conditional loops which execute even under fuzzy conditions, so that Larry doesn't have a chance in hell of getting laid. This chick's circuits are wired so that she's always analyzing what the guy chasing her is up to, doing all kinds of pattern-matching operations, backtracking, inference engine stuff. But the closer the guy gets, the more his strategy is working, the more computation-intensive it gets to block him.

I'm almost finished with the code, when the girl starts to disappear into hyperspace. This isn't supposed to happen; she's supposed to be graphically static until the game is started.

I can't finish programming the game without her, so I've got to go in and get her. Which is a problem: I've just coded it so I can't have a strategy for getting her, because if I do, she'll figure it out and go even further away.

It's kind of a disappointing dream: here was the solution to this dynamite game problem, but I can't get at it unless I can forget everything I knew about how to catch her. Unless I can forget wanting her. But I can't. I can't forget what I've made her into. It's like she's always going to be afraid of me and confused. I wake up thoroughly pissed off.

§

I am hosting a publication party for M., one of our newest young writers. His first novel is clearly going to be a smash, and there are lots of people in attendance. The reception is being held in an unorthodox venue, however: it is in fact more of a banquet, and it is for the most part taking place outside, although some of the guests seem to be drifting in and out of a large Georgian mansion above the river.

The extravagance of the banquet—as if the great chefs of Europe had convened to outdo each other—seemed terribly out of proportion for promoting a first novelist, but it wasn't coming out of my budget, so I didn't care.

A fair wisp of a girl, a sort of Cinderella figure, is milling around looking quite lost. She apparently knows no one, and I wonder how she got invited. I overhear someone saying she is the girlfriend of our young guest of honor, but I find that hard to believe, as he has been ignoring her completely.

She is obviously unused to the protocol at such affairs, as she is quite ambivalent in her approach to all the

food. She doesn't seem to realize that no one will care if she eats it (although no one else seems to be enjoying it).

To put her at ease, I go up to her and introduce myself. I want to tell her to relax and enjoy herself, but a look of utter terror comes across her face, as if I had just told her I was going to kill her or rape her or something. I was a little put off by her response to my gesture of hospitality. But then, she seemed to change her attitude, because she smiled, and asked me, curiously, if all this were "food for thought."

I nodded, and left her at the long table. I later saw her gorging herself—which seemed strange for such a slender young woman—on all kinds of fattening food.

All the other guests were laughing at this girl, and I began to feel sorry for her. I felt it was my obligation to set her at ease. For some reason, I reached into my jacket pocket, where I usually keep my fountain pen, but instead of a writing instrument, I pulled out a little silver spoon. Not knowing what else to do with it, I spontaneously decided to remove the cherry from this girl's sundae and place it in her mouth. She enjoyed that. Even though the sexual symbolism is obvious now that I tell the dream, at the time there was nothing erotic about it—I was merely feeding this girl, helping her. I remember feeling as though I were teaching her something.

§

I am an expert witness at my own trial. It is supposed to be a malpractice proceeding, but it has turned into a murder charge. The prosecution is showing me, and the jury, orthochromatic photographs of the corpse of a woman whose breasts are swollen to enormity by tumor. I have seen such cases, by the way—invariably a combination of aggressive adenocarcinoma and delayed treatment due to denial by the patient. In this case, I am apparently

being held responsible for this woman's death. The district attorney is asking me very sternly, "Is it not true that 5-FU is cytotoxic? A simple 'yes' or 'no' will do."

I try to explain that fluorouracil is standard chemotherapy for breast cancer, but the judge makes me answer. I have to say, "Yes." The prosecutor rests his case. I know from the looks on the jurors' faces they will find me guilty. I know I am to be hanged, because I prescribed 5-FU even though I knew it was too late to save the patient. I am being blamed for the woman's denial.

§

Time stands still when they take me, like when you've been driving a long time and sometimes can't remember how you got where you are. I never remember travelling, I just know they've got me, and are going to perform their experiments on me. I can't describe them. They're not like doctors or Nazis, but they don't seem exactly like aliens, either, even though I know that's what they are. It's getting so I can't tell if the time between the abductions, when I think everything is back to normal, is real or something they're making me think between experiments.

The next to last time they took me, they implanted something. They put it up me, like a birth control device, but I think it was more the opposite—a seed, an egg. But I think it was supposed to modify my brain more than my body. My thoughts. My thoughts were different.

Then I was back in Chicago, which would be OK, except I don't live in Chicago and had to take a train all the way back. Which was expensive, and I don't have a lot extra to spend on travel these days.

The last time, if it wasn't really the same time—I don't know why I would believe they would do that to me, fool me about time, but maybe it's what they did to my brain with that implant—the last time, they took the implant out.

I was in a doctor's chair, like in the gynecologist's—there were stirrups and a big hole and it was made out of a metal I'm sure they don't have on earth because it glowed kind of green. I don't think I was undressed, but I could feel the operation¹⁹⁷; they were taking the implant out of me. Maybe it was a thought-recorder—that occurred to me.

They weren't hands. They were feelers, with little suction cups on them. They were very warm and slimy, but the suckers stuck to my legs. I knew the feelers were fishing around inside me for the thought-recorder. They were up there so long, I thought it might have gotten lost. I thought they would kill me if it was.

They finally got it—it was a strange sensation. I've never had a baby, but it was like having a baby, only made up of thoughts. I could feel the thoughts pushing my legs apart. It hurt like hell, but one of the aliens told me telepathically to relax, I was doing them a big service, and no harm would come to me. I think he could read my mind.

Anyway it hurt. I hope they're finished with me, but I don't think so. This has been going on most of my life.

§

My heart was the Ace of Pentacles

§

At first it is winter. Leafless trees, northern hardwoods, a few spindly pines...tired juniper. Bittersweet brambles. Frosted compost underfoot. Winter birds, a goshawk or small owl. Sound of a waterfall?

The fiery red bittersweet berries become eyes. Faunal. Feral. Everywhere. From the shining eyes, constellations, with unmistakable outlines. Sounds of swift footsteps be-

hind me. The animals of the constellations flee. I sense their fear. It is for me.

As the hot breathing comes upon me, it is summer. Green maple and oak leaves. Fermenting compost. Live vines. The animals return, to watch. Their eyes, the eyes, the shining dots along their contours, are now fireflies. The breathing is the breath of the marsh.

§

I dream I no longer see 12:34. I used to see this number all the time, much more often than would be statistically probable, whenever I would look at a digital clock. I have always interpreted this Hermetic/Qabalistic sign as an instruction "to begin," in other words, to stop wasting time. How is it possible, though—in what time span—to dream that one no longer receives such messages? Has the message changed? Or was I simply wrong about what it meant and where it came from? I don't think the dream is true. If nothing else, I am likely to encounter those numbers when I at last leave my body.

§

Robert actually sent me his lama, or perhaps more correctly, the lama was able to visit me. Whether thru Robt or not is unclear, as Robt is not himself in the dream.

I am at a table with this man. An old movie I have some interest in watching is on the TV in this public place—a restaurant? Maybe the lama is doing psychic readings like one of those tearoom tarot readers. In which case, it is my turn.

Although I am mildly distracted by the movie, I attend to my interlocutor. He is talking to me about my choices. He seems very accurate in his perceptions of what I am up to, & what is going on. (There is some kind of

black veil between us—in front of my face—I know it is there, yet I see the lama clearly...except for his eyes. Maybe he is wearing dark glasses.)

He gets down to business: he tells me, in regard to my choices, that I may, as a consequence (of my chosen priorities), have to give up [writing] “the book.”

This is terribly upsetting, and I inform him that is impossible, that he is missing “the whole point.” Seeing how disturbed I am by his suggestion, he backs off a little, as if he had just been provoking me to get in touch with my own seriousness... to show me where my false priorities (symbolized by the movies, TV) would lead. Then the “session” is over. Others are waiting. I want to talk more, but he more or less ignores me.

§

I am willing to leave my wife for her (I almost wrote ‘life’). It is classic: she is young and pretty, and cruelly pretending to care about me. I know she does not, yet I am quite casual about my decision to—move in with her? I guess she is rich, because we are sitting by her pool.

It is getting very hot, and I am getting very horny. Because I have ostensibly left my wife for this passionate romance, I would like to get on with the passion part. I suggest that we take a swim, but she declines, claiming to have her period.

Instead, she comes over to my chaise and begins to pull down my swimming trunks, which I think are really silk boxers. Of course this makes me erect, and I am watching this woman’s beautiful blue eyes looking up at me—she is kneeling, and resting her chin between my thighs. I assume she is about to go down on me.

All of a sudden, her eyes flash with retaliatory hatred, as if I have wounded her. Her mouth is open, and I notice she has very, very sharp teeth. I want to stop her from do-

ing what she is about to do, but I am paralyzed. I can feel her teeth slicing into me. I know it should hurt, but on the contrary, it is exquisite.

I look down and realize why it feels so warm and wet: my lap is literally filled with blood, and blood is flowing from her mouth. Her teeth no longer seem as sharp. She is laughing.

Finished with me, she stands up and straightens out the bottom of her bathing suit, pulling at the leg bands with her fingers. She then jumps in the pool. The water immediately turns red. She disappears in it.

I wonder if my wife will take me back after she notices the fang marks.

§

“Blood Lilacs” was the name of a recondite film by Cocteau. (Didn’t he write a play or something called “Blood of [the?] Poet”?)

§

DREAMING OF HIM

There was a stranger
in my bed when I got home
and leaping forward to greet him
what I had on was a pair of stockings
which were pulling
there
where stockings never do
ah, so they were pantyhose
not at all a pair

but one
where
we hugged on air
his curly hair
my long-razed wasted
not pulling where
fucking delighted to be
his fingers through my hair
but wait!
becomes a party
and grandmother walks in
past a kooky doo,
through a geranium,
and the bare-breasted
who are sunning on the lawn
I snap the shades
lift the windows wide open
pulling them
there.
many more are coming.

Shit.
He was gone.
All day I try to summon his name.

§

To my mousa
Well, I got you back. In my dream, at least, but a good
sign, perhaps. Oh, to really get you back!
The pretext was to see your mother. She was di-
vorced, and had kept a lot of professional television and
photographic equipment. She was watching four giant

TVs, each with a complicated control panel, and the same
program (a talking man) was on each screen.

I came into your room to see you. You were very cold
to me, did not acknowledge me. I thought, actually, you
might be suffering from a nervous breakdown. You were
detached, and petulant, childish. Which is what I love
about you anyway, but this time it was extreme. You were
really going to make me work.

You paid scant attention to my apologies, for you (& I
as well) knew they were false, and not the point. But I
wanted to do anything to get at you again, make you smile. I
felt so bad about leaving you—having to leave—and I
wanted you back, but you were aloof. And beautiful. And
crazed, impenetrable.

Then, it happened: the spark of inadvertent contact. I
touched your toe, as you lay on the bed silently, and all of
your defenses crumbled. No longer could you deny your
desire to have me touch you, to have me want you. Yet it
was the innocence of the touch—when I awoke, I associ-
ated it with the passage in *Lolita* when Humbert helps Lo
do her toenails—that was important to you: touch that was
not aggressive, not erotic. The accidental inspiration.
From then on, you stopped playing your game, we were
friends again.

I began to get ideas: though I did not let your mother
know there was something between us again, I approached
her about making better use of her darkroom. She only
liked to print snapshots, but I wanted to do “books”...but
not photographic books. I just wanted to take advantage
of the equipment.

When I woke up, I felt good. This dream is the first
thing I've written since you left me. Since I made you leave.
I felt the possibility of renewal. Of course, tomorrow is
Easter! Happy Easter.

§

I am in the prison, but I done nothing. They take me because I am there working in the garden when I see everything is why they take me. I try not to look, but Miss Suzanna—is it ok I use the real name?—she knows I work there. She is in the cabana. I dont look, I do my job, but I know she leave the door open a little. She is very pretty, but I know she is only teasing me, I cannot have her. I keep my eyes on the weeds. I look at the grass where it is too long. A tiny spider, he is climbing on a dandelion and then only my clippers. I look at him crawling down the blade to where it join the other blade. The blades is shiny, and I am watching the spider, when I see her. In the blades, she is standing, naked like the baby, in the door of the cabana. I close my eyes, but it is too late. Missy brings with her the police to where I am cutting. She says I try to rape her. She calls me filthy, and some bad names. I say nothing, for I know it will be worse if I tell the truth. As they take me away, I look at her. I see spiders in her eyes, and I am glad because I know how she hate them.

§

I am having a rather unusual argument with a colleague: we are talking about the proposed revisions to the axis I diagnoses, but we can't seem to find our way to discuss the same disorder at the same time. For example, when I mention the new symptomatology of major depression, she perceives me to be talking about panic disorder, almost as if she didn't hear me. In my attempt to communicate with her more fully, I present a sketch of an ex-patient who I believe would be reclassified as bipolar on the basis of the proposed criteria, yet even as I am discussing her case, I recall that in real life, the patient suffered

from one of the eating disorders. In the dream, I recognize her condition to result from “a latent wish to have been abused,” which of course is absurd, yet I feel I must write down this significant insight as soon as I awaken.

My colleague begins to disagree with my classification vehemently, insisting, first, that it was her patient not mine; that the young woman was both paranoid and suicidal, not bipolar; that she had chronic and florid hallucinations about being spied upon whenever she was about to go swimming; and that, frankly, “I had my head wedged.” Whereupon she reaches into her briefcase, withdraws a chocolate cream pie, and pushes it right into my face. Funny. Very funny. Wait till our next dream!

§

X is in a room next to me. I can see her in there, but it is as if she is not permitted to come into the room with me. My wife leaves, though, and she comes in. She is crying. I feel compassionate toward her, as always, but there is something I don't trust about this. Am I being manipulated? (Crying is always manipulation, of course, so the question is motive.)

She tells me she needs somewhere to live, implying that her mother has kicked her out of her own house. She is desperate, having very little money and less time. She sits across from me and asks if I know of anywhere for rent.

Now, we both know that I have an apartment for rent, but it is probably more than she can afford. She knows I would lower the rent for her, but the larger issue is whether N would want her downstairs. I am coming under X's spell, when N walks in, accompanied by a large man wearing dark clothes. It very quickly becomes clear I cannot house X even though she seems to need something very much. I am morally torn. I wake up, and my heart hurts. I interpret

the dream to mean that although I have room in my heart for X, she cannot occupy a space there.

§

At a Japanese restaurant, we are given fortune cookies, but it doesn't seem unusual. When I open mine, there is a piece of fish inside, only it's pink and it looks like someone's tongue. The fortune is written on it. It said something like "Prudery is a form of avarice." I think I actually got a fortune like that once.

§

The round voices of
children pass thru
the circle
killdeer over the stony mound
do feign their wound
is it really their voices,
distant, sentimental distance of
a dance they do not
call a dance—
perhaps summer happiness, a
birthday a name
day is magic enough
come play with us you
listen to the season's
early life
*
Yet do the women dream
of my death
call for, announce
my body still
he did have
physical being at last

insisted upon by song
if they do
tell me the means
& what it does.

§

I dreamed that I ran into my bedroom to fetch something or find out something, you know how it is in a dream, and in the bedroom, in the corner, something was standing. And that something turned round and I saw that it was a [peasant] with a tousled beard, small and—terrible. I wanted to run, but he bent over a sack and began fumbling about and muttering in French, quickly, and pronouncing the r's in the French way: "Il faut le battre le fer le broyer, le p, trir..." And I was so terrified I tried to wake up and I did wake up, but it was still in my dream. And I began asking myself what it could mean. And Kornei, my husband's valet, said to me, "You will die in childbirth." And I woke up.

§

old woman in swoon dreamt she was being transported in flight by Herodiana: with an impulse of joy she had thrown open her arms, spilled the vase of water meant for the goddess and found herself stretched out on the ground
...metamorphoses and flights only in dreams.

§

After hearing my explanation as to why my brother is the way he is, the old man asked, "Is there blood in happy families?" I woke up pondering not the answer, but the meaning of the question.

§

I had met this man before. (He looked like the arrogant Russian ,migr, who used to run the Four Continents bookstore on 20th St. in NYC.) I never trusted him, but I am with someone who is taking me to see what he considers to be a neat software product which “answers questions.” I recognize the guy with the software as someone who once tried to sell me an overpriced system that didn’t live up to its claims. I am confident that his question-answering software is the same. He has credentials in mathematics and linguistics, according to a placard on a display table, but still I don’t trust him.

The demonstration involves two toy trains. I decide to confuse the system by asking one of the trains, What is your name? The train begins to move, and the table has to get longer to accommodate it. Finally the train spits back a muffled sound that I cannot hear, but I think it is a number. I have demonstrated to myself that this system doesn’t work very well. The arrogant man doesn’t like me, because I threaten to expose him. A little old lady is considering buying the software, and I try to stop her. I ask her what her application is, and she says “putting in page numbers with Page Maker.” I try to tell her first, that there are better natural language processors out there, and second, that she doesn’t need to use such software to accomplish her task. She falls silent, almost catatonic. In fact I try to warn others in the room that this Question answer software won’t do what they think, but no one seems to listen. The arrogant man wishes to get rid of me, so I leave. (I remember having to step across a lot of horse shit, all lined up in rows.) I return, and find that another “little old lady” is selling old poetry magazines and other interesting journals. While it pleases me that the man has some taste (he has obviously collected these magazines and is now selling them), I am

still annoyed that he is trying to fob off his overblown system that clearly doesn’t work

...

I try to return what I thought were cigarettes to a corner store, but it turns out I have shampoo or hand cream. The man tells me I didn’t get it there, but then offers to buy it back anyway. I thank him, but decline, realizing that I can use the cosmetic.

§

John C. told me he was HIV+. He couldn’t understand how he had become infected. I think I was secretly glad, because I was envious of his sexual successes with young women.

§

And the trees that came out, two hundred, those are the Watchers and the giants that came out of the women.

§

I am some kind of Zorba the Greek character with wife and two kids, although during parts of the dream I am not in his body, but observing, standing alongside myself. In other parts I am his wife. I have grey hair, straight and 5-6" long, brushed back, and a salt-and-pepper moustache.

I have spent all of our money on an old boat. The boat is lapstrake, torpedo-shaped, with fine lines, but stripped of fittings, hardware and machinery. The long, stout oars, which are meant to project through square openings in the hull, are broken.

Nevertheless I navigate the boat slowly into a canal and suddenly we begin to move, then faster and faster in the current. There is no alarm on my/Zorba’s part, excite-

ment and abandon rather, as we begin to race along the canal. It's important that I make the correct turns into other canals, however, or we may float into...? The sea? A cata-ract? I have a chart. Where's the chart, Daddy? It's here, here in the chartbook—the book is a nautical magazine modeled on Playboy, with a name like “Seabuzzard” or “Keelbottoms.” I leaf through it, looking for the chart, but miss it among the snatch and boob shots. We continue to move down the liquid canal with its smooth walls. As I begin to take the POV of my wife, a lanky, arty woman, the oars work a bit, the old motor begins to breathe life, and I wake up.

§

We are going up to Dracula's house. It is early spring. I am standing up upon something looking through a grove of pine trees where a party of people including myself will come walking through, eventually to stand where I am now, which is in front of a building. The building behind me I never see from the outside during the dream. I never see the people walking here either but see the setting and know we have come through there. There is some snow left on the ground. The ground is wet. Of course, we do not expect to find him or anyone at home in the abandoned house.

In front of the house is a fountain or a reflecting pool that has been covered with stone slabs. There is ice over the rock and some melted water. It is greenish. It looks cold. We know there is water underneath and wonder how long the fountain/pool has been covered. There is the knowledge of having gone up onto a stone porch and through curtained French glass doors to enter a room that resembles a study. I do not see it in the dream, but know it.

Next I am sitting in a chair looking across a room. I am in the right hand far corner (south). People sit to the left

and in front of me. I am looking at an older man who is balding, has glasses and a small beard, dark hair, a little overweight. He has a cane—I know no such person. All the people here are older than I. It is almost as if we have signed up to play one of those weekend detective games, but we have not. There are large wooden doors to my right opposite the glass doors which we have closed. The wooden doors are locked. It is dark in the room again. The man I have described hears sounds in the house, beyond the doors. They are either people pillaging Dracula's home, or spirits that have come to pillage Dracula's home. For some reason we all feel like we have the right to be here but these “spirits” do not. The man suggests that we dress like ghosts and go scare the “bad” spirits. He says this mostly to me. Everyone thinks I would be the best one for the job. I notice that all the furniture has drop cloths. That the doors are locked poses no difficulty for some reason. Someone hands me a dust cloth to throw over myself to look like a “ghost.” I hear the noises beyond the doors now. I laugh. Put the sheet on and head out to scare the ghosts.

Chaos ensues. It is hard to remember. People and things were running up and down stairs. At one point I worry that my sheet is too short and my shoes can be seen. The ghosts might know I was a fake but that doesn't seem to be too much of a problem. The plan seems to be working and everything is really very amusing. We are rousting the ghosts. I remember coming to the top of a set of stairs and seeing a trunk, an old trunk with red velvet on it around the bottom. It is ornate. I sit down on it and watch the confusion. The people I came with are having a great deal of fun. The night passes this way. I sit on the trunk.

In the morning I come down a large set of stone stairs that curve from south to north (descending) and to the left. The place looks as if there has been a party. The study should be on this end of the house but it is not. It is an entry way with marble floors and two sets of doors. The left

hand doors are open. I walk across the floor. Someone walks by me and out the door. Under the stairway is a statue, I think of a woman. The statue is wearing a mask. I notice it has green stones for eyes. Very flat opaque stones. The mask is simple and rather ugly, somewhat Mayan in style. I take it off the grecian style statue and hold it in my hands. I look to my left and through the open doors. There are pine trees and melting snow, some morning mist, maybe mountains in the background. The sun is rising. I hold the mask up in front of the door and gaze at the face. It is made of bronze, maybe. I can see the sun through the cracks and joints in the mask. Their eyes are so green. It is somehow very ugly and very beautiful, I don't want to leave it. Someone walks out the door, my concentration is broken. I lower the mask and the dream ends.

§

I am a jock at an art school. I have a girlfriend (S.) in the wings, but keep ogling/hitting on/seducing young art students. One girl is beautiful but unobtainable, another is beautiful, ethereal, wafts down halls with long hair flowing behind, carrying her sculpture, which is something like a red fireplug. I hit on her (succeed?) S. is crying, sitting on a bench, I'd known she was nearby, but not watching. I think I can run a line of b.s. on her—convince her to stay with me, but she blows me off, tearfully tells me to go away.

Later—years—I'm still the same jock asshole and I see her now at a distance near a swimming pool—she is blonde in a black tank suit—has blossomed into “the woman I should never have let go,” and she dives/falls into the water.

§

I tried to warn you, did I not? Were there not pockmarks upon the faces, and did not the dry trees succumb to the stubbornness of Belial? Not fall?

Oh the laughter. Degeneration who made me fall into matter. I who saw all. I saw her Provokess of Lust I saw her hole garden. I spit upon her with a man to follow her I made trees grow up everywhere there was always water.

But you, you impious editor. You, you impious editor. Did I tell you believe in her it would be like telling you believe in the carnation of your own vector, wouldn't it? and would you?

You laughed at her. You saw her naked, and I placed food and water all around her and made you want to commune her. I made you and yet did I warn you.

I put pockmarks all over you your face I made her leave the garden without looking at you I made tall trees fall and bar the way. And I made you wake up, no?

§

We all were dreaming it, I'm sure of it, the same thing, weren't we? About the Watchers? So much lust, and glowing, the feeling of wings. Their strength, pushing him toward me, everyone dreaming in support of them, but how could I wake everybody up? Even now, this is being written in my dream, like I'm in some novel I can't finish, I can't be myself again until it's over, but I must, I can see them so clearly, I see the intercourse they want with humans.

Not exactly vampires: their lust is so indirect, fallen, angelic, but they work through him! He is not one of them, are you, and he resists. I wish he wouldn't. The wind from their wings is irresistible, his resistance is turning his desire

into hatred, he must let them act—or is the hatred theirs, as well?

The images! All the images are mine. He is following them, like a troll in a forest, gathering my images, assembling them like some immunologist gathering molecules to build a model of the enemy, whom he wishes to destroy. He makes me dream. Everybody's dream. Of him. Coming after me. in a dream. I cannot wake from. They are making him. Make me.

§

There is a forest and a ridge in the forest. In the forest on the ridge is a house difficult to get to. I am a young boy of about fourteen. I have already been slain by a vampire, but that was myself, as a woman. Now I am a boy, very young and I am naked. As a boy I escaped through a trick. Now I return to the house of the vampire, as if to make sure that there is no way to rescue myself as a woman, how I am most familiar with myself, after all.

He expects me. The vast wooden front door is opened by him and leaves from the forest blow into the house onto the dark blue rug. He is very tall. I cannot see his face. He is dressed like a gentleman but his voice is deep and unreal as he speaks to me. It is unlike any voice I have ever heard or as the impression will have it, any that I shall ever hear again. He has been expecting me for dinner. I am nervous but excited. It is almost as if I am seducing him. I am aware that I am about to die, but yet I am ready with the trick. If only I can do it again.

I follow him across the rooms only to sit down at the dinner table. It is extremely high and hard for me to reach. Just as it was before. I see little of the house or him because I keep my eyes to the floor in humility and obedience. Some servants come in to serve, but no food is laid on the table. We sit at opposite ends of the table. He talks to me.

My hands are busy with a key that I have hidden on a ledge on the underside of the table. I conceal it on my person. This is the trick because I am naked and he thinks he can see everything. As he turns away, I slip the key into the door and return to the table.

The door stands ajar with the key in it. He gets up from the table to hold me and turning into his embrace I run and slip through the door. He is furious. I have done it again. How this could be I do not know. I can hear her, myself, in the back of my head as I run through the forest, but where is she?

§

As a matter of principle, I saw as my primary responsibility in the role of editor an obligation to intervene in the texts themselves as little as possible, to the extent that I was loath even to correct certain revealing typos or stylistically significant instances of substandard English. So it is thus not as editor, but rather as dreamer—participant—that I now enter the fray.

There is, of course, a girl, younger than I by more than the number of years allotted according to an Arabic rule of thumb, but, as neither I nor my dream (a crafty zeugma, if there ever was one) is (am?) in Arabia, the difference in our ages perhaps is of more numerological than sociological interest.

I cannot say this dream in fact recurs; were it to do so, I would be tempted, from my editorial vantage, to include each variant anew in these pages, at appropriate places. Or, were the dream to recur without variation, I might even, like some latter-day disciple of Borges, include an exact replica in several places, one for each time the dream recurred, not changing a word, in which case the effect might be akin to passing by one of those fetish stands lawn ornament shops where hundreds of mass-produced copies of

Michelangelo's David or the Venus de Milo, standing nonchalantly in a rugged yard enclosed by cyclone fencing, beg the speeding motorist to slow down, reconsider, perhaps even brake violently a hundred yards past the unpaved entrance, and without any thought that he might be observed by a nearby lawn enforcement official, throw the old Dodge Dart into reverse, back up unsteadily along the gravelly shoulder, then drive up the entranceway to the ramshackle store wherein sits the bored vendor of these statuesque beauties, and begin to haggle meaninglessly over their worth until at last a less-than-perfect specimen purchased at a higher-than-retail price is tied to the Plymouth's red roof.

Yet though the dream is not recurrent, there is something so familiar to me about its manifest content as to suggest that the neurologically inspired narrative is *deja vu*, or, perhaps even better, archetypal.

So where am I as the dream opens? It is difficult to pinpoint, geographically, but judging from the rarity of the atmosphere, I might guess the Himalayas. For some reason I am sighted like a hawk, so that I can see all the animals literally miles below. Among them I espy, despite thick forestation and foliage cover, a man and a woman, both rather skimpily clad (especially considering the ambient temperature), and holding hands as they walk about the clearing.

The next thing I know, I am down in this valley, and I can see the woman bathing in a pool under the spray of a very high cataract. I seem to be peering at her through a crevice in a stone wall, and I can also see part of the man's buttocks just to the right of my direct line of sight, on the other side of the wall. I recall being frustrated because my glasses were preventing me from getting closer to the hole, yet without them I would have been blind as a bat.

A strong desire comes over me to insert my penis into the convenient hole, as if the organ might possess another use, as some sort of periscope into the world occupied by

this curious couple. Yet I find that because I have been watching the woman showering under the waterfall, I have quite an erection, so that not only is the passage now way too small, it is also at an inopportune angle. Then I recall the tumulus at Newgrange, and tell myself I shall have to wait until the winter solstice for everything to be at the proper angle to penetrate this wall. Thus abandoning my fantasy of intramural copulation, it occurs to me to say something to the man standing on the other side. I whisper something—I don't remember what—or else I say something in a disguised voice. Whatever it was I said, it seemed to have had an effect, desirable or otherwise: the man on the other side immediately took off running toward his mate at my subliminal (or whatever the Latin might be for 'through the peephole') suggestion.

At first I was enchanted by my own verbal power. Since I myself would not be able to meet this woman literally in the flesh, I thought I might at least get some vicarious excitement by observing the pair of them, the man acting out, I hoped, my own desire from beyond the garden wall. So I watched with relish as he overtook her in the foam. I remember trying all the harder to get my face closer to the hole, such that my glasses fell off my face and landed on a rock.

I felt for them along the ground, and when I at last found them, one of the lenses had shattered. With my single eye, then, I returned to my watch. Yet I hardly witnessed a scene of passionate, primal embrace. On the contrary: the man was nowhere to be found, while the woman....the woman struggled for a second and finally collapsed into the bloody water at the base of the cataract. I noticed a buzzard or eagle circling overhead. You can imagine the feeling of guilt that possessed me when I awoke.

§

I keep seeing mirrors everywhere. No—sometimes they are windows at night, or the curved screens of off televisions. I try to use them to see around corners. The shadows and reflections play tricks. I see a bottle in one of the reflections (a glass of water?). I know it is a little stopper bottle of echinacea, but for some reason, the label in the reflection reads, backwards, of course, “euthanasia.” I try to change my angle of vision so the label will be right, but I can’t seem to make it OK. I hoped that nobody put any of it in the glass of water.

§

The kids are back home, only we’re living in the house I lived in when I was a kid. It is supposed to be Xmas, but everyone is very gloomy. I ask my son why nobody is happy, and he turns and says, “Don’t you know? SHE is dead.” I am terribly upset by this, except I don’t know who SHE is. Both my wife and my daughter, who are standing in the kitchen, seem fine.

I beg Robby (my son) to tell me what he means, but he says something snide like “If you don’t know, I’m not going to tell you.” When he says that, he and his sister (Mary) both start laughing. My wife is looking at me with a very sad face, like I was a dog that has just been run over. I hear a voice, it is coming from somewhere else, maybe upstairs. “The spirit is now at work in the Children of Disobedience,” it says, and I wake up wondering who the Children of Disobedience really are.

§

Driving west along Rte 66 in Oklahoma. Almost every mile there are billboards with clumsy pictures of evil-looking fanged snakes, saying “See the Dance of the Serpents—Eden Caves.” Since the main reason I am taking Rte 66 is so I can stop at all of these roadside attractions, this one is definitely unavoidable.

The next thing I know, I am in an underground cave. I can hear a tourguide spewing his canned but amusing patter, but I cannot see him. The height of the cave gradually dwindles until I have to bend further and further over, and finally I have to crawl on my stomach.

The tourguide is no longer audible. I suspect I have gotten lost, but I have to keep going: there is no place to turn around.

The rocks along the passage are sharp, and I can feel my clothes being ripped as I crawl, and my breasts and thighs begin to burn with pain from the cuts. Still I have to keep going.

Eventually I see some light, and I can hear the faint slithering and rattling of a den of rattlesnakes. Strangely, I am relieved rather than frightened to death, which I would be in real life. I continue to crawl toward the light, toward the snakes, too, I guess.

Now I can smell my own blood. I can feel it on my face, and I realize the snakes, who can sense warmth from a great distance, must know that I am coming. Their rattling gets louder.

At last I reach an interior chamber. Soft daylight is coming in from somewhere, and there is room for me to stand up. I can see thousands of Western diamondbacks all around this cave, and they are all looking at me. Yet I don’t feel threatened by them; they seem to be expecting some sort of performance.

In the middle of the cave is a stillwater pool. Steam is rising from its smooth surface, so I gather it is a hot spring. I decide to wash the blood off my body. As I bend over the water, I see that all my clothes are gone, and that there is blood all over me. Worse than that, though, is that all the cuts I got while I was crawling through the passage resulted in little patches of skin being partially torn off, and in the dark reflection, my skin looks like the scaly pattern of the diamondback.

I become so enchanted by my own snakiness that I can't stop looking at myself. All of a sudden, the rattling and hissing in the audience becomes very loud, and out of the water comes this giant white snake. This is what they've all been waiting for. I am struck by how kind and gentle this "dancer" looks, even though I believe he is probably dangerous.

He rises up out of the water, so that his eyes are level with mine. He begins weaving back and forth hypnotically, and I realize I am supposed to do this too. I feel kind of silly, dancing with a snake in front of a bunch of snakes, but in the back of my mind I know this is the only way they'll let me out of the cave.

There was something sexy about the way this snake moved, and when he slithered up between my thighs, I could hardly stand it. The dance goes on for awhile. Then the snake I am dancing with stops and looks right into my eyes. His eyes are those of a man I was once—still am, I guess—in love with. He wants to say something, but realizes he cannot talk. This is a dream, after all, not a fairy tale, I tell myself. There is great sadness in his eyes. He slinks back into the pool, this white worm. As I watch him go away, I see that my skin is no longer bloody or scaly, and that I have all my clothes on.

§

Black men were breaking in from the basement. I didn't know where to hide.

§

I was driving a girl to school. I don't know who she was, or why I was driving her. We weren't saying very much to each other...she was listening to heavy metal on the radio. When we got to about two blocks away from school, she turned down the radio, looked at me and said, "Did you hear that?"

I didn't answer. Then she said, "It was a voice, like an old woman's. It said, 'You're going to die very soon.' " I hoped the voice was addressing her and not me. At last we got to the school. It was a Catholic girls' school: there were nuns and all the girls were wearing blazers and pleated plaid skirts. Then I realized why the girl in my car was going to die: she was dressed wrong, she didn't fit in. I realized I was going to have to kill her. I think I actually woke up crying.

§

It was raining and I couldn't get back inside my body.

§

I think it is Moscow, because through the heavy snow, I can make out storefronts along the street, and instead of having unique names, the stores display signs reading simply "Consumer Goods," "Shoes," "Vegetables." The signs are printed in Roman letters.

One store seems a lot fancier, a lot more Western than the others. It has neon signs, and the window displays

aren't quite as dreary as the other stores. This stands to reason, since the store is called "Fur and Linen." Both to get out of the snow and cold, and to look at the materials, I go inside.

Instead of there being nice display racks, the goods are all displayed on mannequins. The mannequins are all bald and draped with odd combinations of fur and linen. All kinds of garments are made of fur or linen or both: caps, stockings, shirts, coats, underwear, even shoes.

One of the mannequins turns out to be a salesperson. She comes up to me, hands me some clothing, and without saying a word, points toward what I assume is a dressing room.

Because I am in a foreign country, I don't want to insult her by not going to try the clothes on, even though I can tell I'm not going to like them. When I get to the dressing room, it is covered with revolutionary posters, and I notice that all the faces in the pictures have cut-out eyes, like in an Abbott and Costello haunted-house comedy.

I try to change into the clothes I have been handed, but the garments are so shapeless and poorly constructed that it's hard to figure out what goes where. But I keep feeling I have to put them all on—it is some sort of test, or puzzle—so I find a way to put everything on. I am certain I look ridiculous—bits and pieces of torn or mangy fur/linen hang from my skin, and I am so exposed I feel cold. I remember hoping I wouldn't have to leave the dressing room just to be polite. I want to change back into my regular clothes.

Of course, I eventually notice that there are real eyes lurking behind the cut-outs. I don't know what to do: do I stay dressed in these ridiculous rags, or do I change back into my street clothes and risk being seen without my clothes on?

I decide to be bold, and I go out into the store wearing the clothes I was given. Standing around looking at me are

all the mannequins. They are not alive exactly, but they are arranged as if they were all staring at me. The salesperson, who is now not a mannequin but instead some sort of KGB agent, wearing a uniform, comes up to me. "We enjoyed seeing you again"—again!—says the KGB lady—"now you are one of us."

She is right: I can no longer move. What is funny is that when I woke up my right arm was actually paralyzed for a few seconds.

§

My friend Francine is reading a story she is still working on to the rest of my the creative writing class. The story is supposed to be a mystery about a crazy girl who is going to be or already has been murdered by her teacher, who everyone thinks she was having an affair with but really wasn't.

While Francine is reading, everyone in the class starts looking over at Nanci—I think because we all imagine the story is somehow about her. Everyone knows she had a crush on Mr. Prescott (the teacher) and even though he's very intelligent, a lot of people think he's strange. In real life he's very rugged and silent, all bottled up, but in the dream he's friendlier, maybe a little crazier, too.

Someone, it might have been me, finally realizes that Francine's story is really going to happen, that it's more than just a story—it's almost a report of something that has actually happened. I stand up in front of the class, and I grab the notebook away from Francine. I want to prove to the class that my theory is right. But when I look at the notebook, instead of the text of a story, there is a photograph. It is a picture of Mr. Prescott lying on the ground. He is soaking wet, and I can tell that he is dead. I am also aware that this is a different ending to the story Francine was reading—that I have changed the ending by getting up and

taking away the notebook. I try to think of a way to undo what I have done, to make it so no one will have to die, but I can't. I can't.

§

When I saw your advertisement, I said to myself, "What fun!" and immediately went back to the inn (where I saw the notice) and began rummaging through my journal, where I write down the occasional dream as well as my notes on day-to-day events, to see if I could find something suitable. I'm a little concerned that the dream I am submitting won't fit with your request, as I am obviously not a member of your community, but I am glad at the opportunity to contribute, nevertheless.

I'm afraid the best dream I could find was this:

I am on the train from London to Dover, I suppose to pick up the ferry. Although I was in fact very young during the War, I still recall it vividly, and in the dream I remember being worried about the train being hit by a German rocket. Strange, isn't it, that I should be contemplating going on holiday in France whilst the Germans are bombing us. It seems that the time of action in this dream is somewhat muddled.

I am passing the time with a Wodehouse novel, when I decide to put down the book and look out the window for a bit. As I glance at the passing scenery, it seems quite artificial, even plastic.

The train suddenly comes to a stop. We are very near Dover, because I can see the cliffs, only they, too, seem unnatural, too picture-perfect. This is very curious, and I press my face to the glass to see why everything is so unreal.

Then, off in the distance, I see first two giant pillars of flesh, and then an enormous hand-like thing heading out of the sky straight toward me. As it gets closer, I see that it is, indeed, a hand, at the end of a gigantic arm that

seems to belong to a monstrously large lad of school age, about first-form. I realize he is about to pick our train up as if it were a toy. Except for his size, he seems a perfectly darling little boy, still in shorts, with skinned knees.

In no time flat, he is picking up the entire train. I can see the engine and other cars dangling in air. It becomes clear to me now why everything looked so artificial: the whole panorama was simply this giant little boy's elaborate and expensive playroom, complete with phony towns and Cliffs of Dover.

This boy had an unfortunate cruel streak in him, and I at last understood what was happening: for his own amusement, he had decided he wanted to make the train fall off the cliffs. He seemed to have no idea that inside the cars were sounds of suffering and torture, and that we were all being dashed about willy-nilly as he clumsily picked up the train.

For a second, I thought we might get through to him, as he briefly held the car I was in up to his face. He seemed to be looking right at me, and I began banking on the window and shouting at him with all my might to put us down. Then, almost in utter defiance, he began to laugh maliciously, and I knew we were done for. He started to imitate loud crashing noises, as boys his age will do, and the last thing I remember was the sound of the train hitting the channel, and the water rushing into my compartment.

§

It feels like I have to wake up, and yet it is always very dreamlike. Someone knocks at my door. I get out of bed, leaving my wife still sound asleep. A voice on the other side of the door tells me we have to go again, "there are more of them," we have to go "to the edge of the sea."

I get dressed and go down to the dock, while several other men are huddling around in the dark. Some of the

men are like ghosts, and some of them remind me of my own ancestors or friends I have lost. The others are real, like me, and have been awakened to take the boats to Brittia.

As we get into the boats, they begin to sink so that the gunwales are almost level with the water. There are always many more of these ‘souls’ than I have counted at first. The boats are very crowded, and I am worried we will capsize, but we never do.

Once we are out to sea, a voice tells me the rank of each of the passengers, and the name of his father. I wonder why there are never any women on these excursions. When we land at Brittia, all the souls get off, and the boatmen sail back home. The entire trip seems to take about an hour, but considering the true distance to Brittia, it would really take all day and night.

When I wake up, I am always very tired.

§

Concerning the regulation of the swimming pool: People are in the swimming pool. I am at some valve which regulates either the temperature or the compositional balance of the Water. The valve says “30.” Adjustment does not indicate which direction I am going. A Van Johnson type figure tells me I have put too much in (too much what? heat? chemical?) So I back off the valve to please everybody, & then decide if I adjust it slowly enough to my own comfort, no one else will notice.

§

A dark haired man and two blond girls.

§

He had died and become a snake. I was sitting with a woman at a big table in a small room and we watched as the snake went around and round in circles so fast that it would hover above the table and then hurl itself into a wall. He was angry at us, was trying to kill himself or was trying to tell me something. I remember the snake hovering by my head and I flinched.

§

Some of my buddies and myself are sitting around drinking a few beers and watching skin flicks. Next thing I know, hundreds, maybe thousands of black crows come flying into the room. Somebody yells that they want our eyes, and to cover them, but I don’t. The room gets literally black with these things, but they don’t seem to want to hurt anybody. I kept trying to watch the video, and every now and then there was a glimpse of flesh. All of a sudden, the birds just up and fly away. I can’t say as I blame them: on the tube now is some sappy movie like my wife would rent. We’re all bored.

§

Staying at someone’s house w/S, L & N. I go look in the room where N. is asleep to check up on him, momlike. I see him describing two circles with his finger at the top of his mattress. Then he begins to masturbate—looking like he is just moving his upper thighs against his penis, not his hands at all. He is moaning and twitching. The door is open & either he comes out—or we can all see him inside thrashing about, making noise. When he stops, I caution S & L never to repeat to anyone what they had just seen.

§

I have not wanted to go there because that is where my fathers are. It is a dark land, and their language is dark. They call me with wailing to their underworld, their cries are not for their pain, but for mine.

I receive messages of death nightly. Waking up is dying. The call to the underworld I take as an invitation to encounter the fact of my own death, to avoid envy.

They say that if I just gesture to them, bow toward the orient, that will be enough. They will be able to save me from my vampire, for I will have shown them I know they are there. Then I won't have to wake up. I won't have to die.

§

Something with Amy, don't remember, then Cindy was practicing at Bard, came down to find me, leave with me, got in my jeep, said something about how she couldn't, it was impossible to find a piano, all the kids, no chance for her, I said I knew the situation well. We were driving over the dirt near Bard Hall or the mods, I had somehow gotten or fallen out, thought there was a dog, was terrified, trying not to show it, but was furtive about getting back in lest the dog notice and bite me. So I was trying to stuff myself back in through the elephant ear window, almost could get my legs in but not beyond, kept trying, kept staring at the dog, worried, dog felt as if embarrassed not for me but for itself, as if the poor creature felt someone (me) were making demands on it. Then I saw that it was a child/dog, mythical sort of creature but also like one of those horrible dolls, all acrylic except with a human face. Finally it spoke, saying, "I don't want to speak because I don't have anything to say. Why should someone speak when they have nothing to say?" It seemed the creature felt I had been trying to elicit

speech from it. I was shocked, relieved to learn it would not attack me and hastily, synchophantically [sic] agreed, "You're absolutely right, I always feel that way myself. Quite right, etc." Not sure if/how Cindy responded to all this but when we got to whatever point, she got out, then burst in to a song and dance routine with a man, seemed like a local person, while I watched.

§

Robert came to me & said: "Let him be—he will lose his lust for others and soon he will lust after himself." As he was walking away, he turned and said, "Don't take care of him—he will learn to love himself."

§

I am buried under the ground, and nothing is left of me except my left side and right foot. A tuft of grass is sprouting from my left nipple, and above the ground I can hear people singing "Black eyes and white breast" and saying "Mary must not cross the river."

§

I have been ordered to select sufficient weaponry from a warehouse full of confiscated antipersonnel ordnance. I am personally inclined toward the heavier artillery, but am told the nature of the mission requires more transportable equipment, so I decide upon the Kalashnikovs. Except the boxes were labelled "AK-43" instead of "47".

My C.O. advises me of the mission. There is "a tribe of spies" hiding in the woods. He says he can tell me no more, the mission is top secret. It is my mission alone.

I can take only two of the guns, and head out of camp. I have no map, no directions, no radio support. But somehow I know where I'm going.

Soon, I hear voices. They are singing. I keep going, and at last I see them. There are no more than a hundred or so, and I'm pretty sure I can take out the entire encampment.

As I get closer, I see these spies are like angels: they all have wings. They don't see me, or don't pay attention. Finally, a little girl with wings sees me, and points me out to the others, who stop singing, but don't seem interested in me.

Since I've been discovered, I have no choice: even though I am outnumbered, they are unarmed, so I can't retreat. And even though they look like angels, I remind myself they are spies. I lock and load both Kalashnikovs, and commence firing.

They all go down instantly in a bloody heap, except for the little girl who first saw me. She is smiling, and beautiful. "Thank you," she says, "for liberating us." I don't know what she means, and this makes me very angry. I ready my weapon, and take aim right between her eyes. She gives me a puzzled look before she is thrown back by the impact. I feel very superior, that I did not give in to her little spy trick, and I still have ammo left, in case I run into more of them.

§

I don't think I've ever dreamed about shitting before, but in this dream, I am trying to take a shit in a prison bathroom. There don't seem to be any bars around, but there are loudspeakers in the corners. It might be an insane asylum, but we all know we can't just leave.

It is a long room with bare bulbs and crumbling walls. Strange insects are crawling out of the holes in the yellow-

ish plaster. There are about 20 toilets lined up, with no dividers between them, and each throne is occupied. I can see through a window a long line of men waiting for a toilet to free up. I don't know why, but there is a large wall clock in front of each toilet, although none of them tell the same time.

Except for a few crazies down at one end, who are naked and screaming while they are jerking off, all the men are dressed in the clothes they would normally wear at work: overalls, priest's garb, hard hats, etc. I don't remember how I was dressed, but the guy next to me, on my right, was dressed like an editor or a professor: bow tie, suspenders, horn-rimmed glasses, etc. In fact, he was just sitting there, reading a magazine; I don't think his trousers were even down.

As I sit there, I am reading the Bible. I look up at the clock. It was around 12:30, and I knew I had to go, even though I had the feeling I wasn't "finished." But when I look for toilet paper, there isn't any.

I contemplate ripping out pages of the Bible, but one of them is supposed to have been soaked in a drug, and I don't know which one.

Meanwhile, the man next to me notices I am fidgeting. "Time to wipe?" he asks me rather bluntly, to which I say, Yes. He begins ripping pages from his magazine—very carefully—and handing them to me. Before I crumple them up, I try to read them. The first page has the banner, "The Psycho Gazette," or maybe it was "The Psyche Gazette." I wad the pages up and wipe myself.

§

Ever since I started writing down my dreams, I stopped having them.

§

I am a prostitute. It is a long time ago, like ancient Greece or Egypt, except the bar I am working out of is curiously modern: lots of neon, loud heavy metal. A nice looking man walks toward me, I guess to proposition me. He holds out his right hand, in which there are three very shiny silvery coins. On one, his own face is imprinted; on another, there is a bird “trapped” (I thought) within a triangle; on the third one, I see my face. Even though my face is actually printed on it, the coin is also like a mirror, because when I change my expression, the coin-face does, too.

I take the coins and put them in a small leather pouch. We go upstairs to a bedroom. I take off my clothes.

The john just looks at me for awhile, then begins to undress. “You are the beautiful Alco. I used to be you,” he says. When he is at last undressed, I see his body is covered with tattoo-like markings of the same birds trapped in triangles. I am disgusted by the tattoos, but I feel sorry for the birds—as if they were alive. Then I look down and notice that he has a fleshy pyramid where his penis ought to be. I remember being afraid he was going to try to put it in me, because it “wasn’t the right shape.”

§

We are at a long picnic table in the middle of a field. Men sit across from the women, and there are packages in the middle of the table. The packages have been cut in two. We are supposed to take our halves, and somehow put them in us. I ask the man next to me what he thinks is in them. He says it is a ‘mixture’ and I will see what they mean.

In another part of the dream, we have gotten up from the table and have all gone in separate directions. It is a bit like hide-and-seek: we are supposed to find the person who

was sitting across from us, or at least the person who got the other half of our package. When we find each other, we have to mix our bodies, I guess so that the original package will be conceived. I don’t remember if I found my other half in the dream.

§

In a swamp, summer. I can hear the peepers. On a raft. Trying to get away from a snake that can roll itself into a ball and jump. I finally get away.

Later: in a living room or bedroom, watching a domestic comedy on TV. In comes the pet, an elephant the size of an enormous dog. He jumps up on the bed, as if to go to sleep. Then he notices me, jumps down and starts attacking me. At first I think he is just being playful. Then he angrily bites into the back of my neck. I turn to my wife to get him off me, but I realize she will be no match for this huge animal. I wake up abruptly; it is the middle of the night. I have no doubt this was a vampire, and I’m pretty sure I know who it is.

§

This is true: I wake up in the middle of the night a lot, and imagine I am having a heart attack. I don’t usually have any symptoms, but my anxiety makes my pulse go faster, which helps confirm my suspicion. I don’t know why this happens, and I never remember any dream I might have been having to wake me up.

§

It is a long time since I’ve had a dream I can remember—it’s as if I had to move in order to have any dreams worth remembering. I just remember moving. Moving.

Boxes everywhere. I wondered who was in them all, I didn't have that many friends. Then I began to wonder if maybe they were all dead. I went looking among the boxes I was looking for one in particular, I wanted to see if an old girlfriend of mine was in one of the boxes.

A burly man—I assume he was one of the movers—is about to pick up a large wardrobe box. Stamped on it in block letters are the words “CAUTION—WET.” I know my girlfriend is in the box, and I tell the mover to put it down. He begins to argue with me: Can't you read? Besides, she's not dead yet.” He's telling me she's not in the box at the same time he's telling me she is. I want to get this cardboard box away from him, but I realized he's too big. Then I see, coming out of the bottom of the box, a few strands of long black hair. I am relieved, and let him put the box on the trunk. When he lifts it, it is as light as a feather. I am worried again, because it could be my girlfriend. (I am worried that her eating disorder has come back.)

§

On board a luxury ocean liner. Pursers and cabin boys are all dressed in white, the sun is beating down starboard, the sea is calm. Some of us are milling about near the smorgasbord. Others idly play backgammon or shuffleboard, or read or chat. Everyone, to tell the honest truth, is bored.

In the middle of this bourgeois serenity, sirens and whistles go off, and the loudspeakers start blaring. We are being instructed to man the battlestations. Helmets and life preservers are given to everyone: old men in their deck robes, spinsters dripping in pearls, singles in nothing but bathing suits, now all wearing helmets. It's ludicrous: despite the military urgency with which we are being commanded to our posts, the ship remains, in fact, a cruise ship. There simply are no turrets or guns or towers or anything

at all resembling what might be found (I would think) on a battleship.

After some time of confusion and panic, we decide to mutiny: all at once everyone stops their frantic searching for their battlestations, and just stands in place. I guess this protest works, because the captain finally comes out on deck. He is wearing linen shorts and a bow tie, but we all seem to recognize he is the captain.

He tells us what the problem is: apparently the radio intercepted the wrong message. The ship is not really about to be attacked, but the real message he received was that one of the passengers is going to die before we reach shore. He says he knows who it is, but he cannot tell us—we have to discover it for ourselves, he says. Everyone looks around, as if to see who it might be. I notice through the crowd a young woman in her early twenties. She reminds me of myself, only she's blonde, and her mouth is a lot bigger. She is very frightened, like she knows it is her who is going to die. She sees me looking at her. She stares back at me in horror. “It's me,” I can see her say, but she is only mouthing the words, not really saying them. I want to tell her I know, so I can stop it, but I can't. I can't say anything.

§

A museum. Paintings, sculpture, lots of photographs. A room with deep red walls, where a series of enormous Polaroid prints is hanging. All the pictures are of me, at various stages of my life. I am both shocked and secretly thrilled. A group of young boys is gawking at a photo of me nude: I am bending over, and looking back in the direction of the camera, and there is a sly, kind of sexy grin on my face. The boys are giggling nervously. I don't want them to recognize me, because then they'll know how I look (or

used to look) without my clothes on. I keep my face turned away until they finally leave the room.

All of the other pictures of me are ordinary snapshots, which have been blown up to life size. One of them is of me in our backyard in Rhinebeck. There is a portable radio next to me. (A picture like this was actually taken once, by my little brother. I tore it up when I found it in his drawer. He cried when he found out I had torn it up. I was flattered.) My eyes are closed, I am sunbathing, but there's something—maybe the angle, or the lighting—that makes it seem like I am dead. I am beautiful: tan, thin, healthy, but also sad that I have lost all that.

I turn around to see if anyone else is in the room, because I want everyone to know it is me in the picture. I also want the boys to come back in, so I can show them this picture of me. But no one is in the room. In fact, the museum is closed: all the halls are dark, except for small lights above the paintings.

I go out into the halls to find someone, but absolutely no one is around. It suddenly seems important for me to get out of there, to escape. I begin to quicken my pace.

As I walk quickly past all the art, I realize that each of the rooms contains pictures or statues of someone who is dead: there are gruesome pictures of people in morgues and hospitals, and there are rooms with stage coffins or photo-realist sculptures of people who were murdered or killed in accidents. I know now I have to get out, but I can't find the exit, and there's no one around to ask.

At last I see some light at the end of a hall. I run toward it, thinking it is the exit. I finally reach two glass doors which open out onto a street I recognize as 57th St. in New York (I can see the Russian Tea Room and Carnegie Hall across the street). I try to open the doors, but they are locked. I try banging on them, but the people on the street don't even notice me. I glance up at the transom window for some reason. It reads, backwards, "Museum of the

Dead." I woke up screaming, even though I wasn't particularly frightened. I was embarrassed because I was staying at my mother's house, and woke her up.

§

Dig this: blind dreaming. No shit: I can't see a thing. It doesn't seem to matter, except I bump into things. The whole dream is like that: nothing, just walking around, hearing stuff and bumping into things. To be honest, I've always been scared shitless of going blind. So here it is—no biggie. Didn't bother me at all. Not very interesting dream, though.

§

I was reading the abominations of Leviticus before going to bed, which I think explains this dream—at least some of it.

There is a major attraction between me and Jill, a girl in my linguistics class. Actually, I hardly know her, and she doesn't really attract me much, but in the dream we can hardly keep our hands off each other.

We decide we are going to make love. There is a bed in a room that is not very private—there are other people around for some reason, and they seem to notice our flirting but not to care much. Anyway, we go into this room, and I begin to undress. I ask her whether we're using birth control. I am proud of myself for remembering to ask, but slightly embarrassed that I still put the responsibility onto her. Anyway, it doesn't seem to bother her.

Not that birth control makes a difference: as soon as we are in bed, she turns into a cat. Not a tiger or panther, but a regular house cat. I wonder how I am going to enter her, there being such a size difference, but we try anyway. Of course it doesn't work, and she is visibly disappointed.

Now, right in the middle of this passionate but frustrating session, we are suddenly surrounded by rednecks in a pickup truck. They are outraged, and are accusing me of rape or some other crime. I start getting dressed, and they point to some blood on my legs or feet as proof that I have violated this girl—I don't remember whether she's still a cat—I suppose so, because I think it is the crossing of species boundaries that is fueling their outrage. I try to tell them that the blood is from something else, though I'm not convinced they're wrong. Underneath it all, I understand the unnaturalness of what I have done (or tried to do).

§

My son is the art director for a major publisher in New York. He oversees book design, and I think some of the advertising, too.

He phones me to say he has found a new girlfriend he is very serious about and asks whether I would like to meet her. To be honest, I have never liked any of Charlie's girlfriends, but I'm always willing to give them a chance, so I agree, and invite them over for a Saturday afternoon swim and lunch, thinking that dinner would be disastrous if I absolutely couldn't stand the girl.

I go all out to make an incredible feast for them, thinking that then Charlie couldn't blame me for not trying.

I am right in the middle of a soufflé—why I would make a soufflé for an afternoon meal I'm not sure—when Charlie and his new girlfriend arrive. I am annoyed from the outset because they are early. Charlie introduces me to a stunning young lady who is, as usual, probably half his age. "Mom," he says, "I'd like you to meet Luisa." That was odd, because she did not look at all like a Luisa. She was very polite, and when we shook hands, she looked very deeply into my eyes. She whispered—though I don't think

I really heard it, it just seemed to come from her, from her eyes—"Save me." I didn't know what she meant.

I told them they should go for a swim, and right there, in the middle of my kitchen, the girl drops her shift to the floor. She leads Charlie through the sliding doors to the pool. I go back to my cooking, because I realize that my soufflé is going to be ruined.

Some time passes, because I am about ready to start taking things out to the porch table, when I hear a commotion out by the pool. I look out the kitchen window and see Charlie and several neighbors running around frantically. I rush out to see what has happened.

Charlie is behaving like a madman. I am upset, but at the same time I can't seem to help laughing at him—he looks so crazed with his glasses on crooked and his hair going every which way. I try to calm him down, but he can hardly speak. He points to the pool. I look in, but can't see anything. "She's gone," he says, still pointing at the pool. I am not surprised, because Charlie's girlfriends always seem to just disappear. (One time he was even questioned by the police about a girlfriend who eventually turned up in Idaho or somewhere.) I still don't understand why he thinks she's in the pool—there's no one there. (A few days before having this dream I saw an old French movie on cable about a man who is supposedly killed and thrown into a pool but his body disappears.)

Charlie looks at me with hatred. "you killed her!" he shouts at me. "You hate all my girlfriends."

I am offended and want to deny it, but I cannot. I somehow feel responsible.

§

I am on the Internet, except it is like an enormous map, where you just point to some spot and the whole wall turns into a message. Even voices come from the wall, and

there are pictures and music and text. I decide to test this system out by pointing to a lot of places at once, just to see what happens. The wall literally lights up, and thousands of voices start talking at once, some in different languages. Some of them are louder than others, and it becomes clear that I am looking at and listening to people's *dreams*.

I am amazed that I can just tap into everybody's dreams over the Net. It is very confusing, of course, trying to separate them all out, but just the images and sounds were incredible (even though I don't remember any of them now). There was one dream in particular, way up at the top of this map/wall, which became real vivid, like it was addressed to me. It was definitely not *my* dream, but someone else's, and it was trying to *tell* me something.

There was an image of a girl, looking up at me with a frozen stare on her face. She is very thin, but bloated at the same time. I am having a hard time understanding her, because her voice sounds like it is coming up with bubbles, like she is talking under water. I guess because this is all on some sort of giant computer network, text—like on a computer monitor—starts to show up on the part of the wall where this 'dream' is. The text is a shorthand transcription of what she is saying. I'm not sure of the exact words, but the gist of it was that this *wasn't happening in my dream*, this girl was *real*, and that this was really going to happen, she was going to drown or be killed or something unless someone on the Internet could stop it.

I got nervous, because I didn't know how to tell whether this was really happening or whether she was telling the truth or even what I could do about it if she was. I don't know exactly how to explain it, but this dream network (the 'DreamNet?') was somehow capable of telling everyone who was signed on what was going to happen in real life, of predicting the future, while they were dreaming. Kind of like **listserv.reality.watchers**. The only problem was, I had never seen this girl before, and had no idea (be-

cause I wasn't sure exactly how the network worked) how I could find her or even find out whether she wasn't already dead. I also had no idea about how to broadcast the message I was getting...I wanted to make sure everyone on the network got it, but I didn't know how to make that happen.

§

After writing down that dream about the DreamNet, I went right back to sleep, and I was able to plug right back into the Net, as if I had just logged back on...it was as easy as that.

Anyway, I tried to go back and find the same message from the girl, but up in the area of the map where it had been in the first dream, there was nothing but a blank spot, as if it had been erased. This time, however, I seemed to know more about how to use the DreamNet, because I was able to start scanning the map for other dreams that were posted as 'responses' to the message that I had received in the first dream.

In all the responses, everyone seemed to know about this girl: who she was, how she had died, etc. They even seemed to know who had killed her (she had definitely been murdered, they all confirmed that), but they all seemed to think that she was already dead. This bothered me, because in the first dream, she was clearly not dead yet, but was going to die unless someone stopped whoever it was that was trying to kill her. It seemed important for me to convince everyone on the network that she wasn't dead, that she didn't have to die, but we'd have to somehow join together (don't ask me how) and literally dream up a way to stop it from happening. When I woke up, I understood that I could never get back to the 'DreamNet', but that it really existed (somewhere—virtual reality?) and that I had done what I could to prevent the girl's death.

§

We're doing a by-pass, and we're about half-way done. When I insert the cannula into the left atrium, there is a strong ejection, suggesting that the organ is still very healthy, except for the clearly diseased left descending and some necrosis in the LV. I probe the LDA with a catheter to make sure it's clear, and then I prepare to attach the proximal end of the saphenous for the by-pass. Everything is going fine, until I notice that the vein is too short, it's not going to reach past the sclerotic segment of the artery. I don't know what to do: the team is standing around looking at me, but they don't realize the problem yet. I wonder if I can get away with stretching it or something.

The OR door suddenly swings open. In barges a huge policewoman with her service revolver drawn. Like I'm some sort of criminal, she yells at me to stop what I'm doing, or she'll shoot. Nervous as I am, in the dream I am also relieved, because it means that if the patient on my table dies, thanks to the interruption by this policeperson, my fuck-up will never be noticed. The cop then tells me, in an authoritative way, that I am operating on the wrong patient. She says I am going to have to give up medicine, and then—in a completely different tone of voice—she asks me if I want to borrow her gun...presumably to commit suicide. I look down at my patient and see that all his (or her) blood has in the meantime been pumped onto the floor. It's the end of my career, either way.

§

A high school football game is going on in the background throughout the dream. A guy rides by on a bicycle that has the front of an old Cadillac. Later, a second guy has a similarly converted bicycle, except the front looks like

a Triumph motorcycle. A high-speed Am-trak train comes roaring around the bend, even though there are no tracks. When it gets nearer, I see it is not really a train, but separate vehicles. In the front of a hardware store, on the floor, I see a "replacement unit" CD-ROM drive, which I am tempted to steal, but I look up and see all the closed-circuit cameras. I wonder if they put it there on purpose. The football game comes back in at the end somehow, something to do with the band, I think. I keep remembering to get things for my dog, and then I remember he is dead. The cat wakes me up.

§

Nightmare abt a serial killer. Maybe because I had a bowl of cereal before bed, and the milk didn't taste right.

§

A pile of white cooked spaghetti. The birds are flying down to get it and they take it up and make wonderful soft nests.

§

I am a child again, searching dusty used-book stores for rare old science fiction magazines, in particular *Astoundings*. I am looking through countless tattered issues, stacks upon stacks, for a priceless serial entitled "The Empire Never Ended." If I can find it and read it, I will know everything. That was the 'burden' of the dream.

§

I analyze brilliantly yet cogently the internal schizoid monologue of the character of Horselover Fat in Philip K. Dick's *VALLIS* as articulating the problem facing those

who seek the truth. This analysis now, upon waking, seems obvious, but in the dream my own narrative voice was able to dissociate in just the manner of the psychotic protagonist that I felt I understood Dick's true meaning empathically.

Later, I take issue with a woman in some sort of television (?) audience who is emotionally and vehemently proposing an overly simplistic etiology of all eating disorders—but especially bulimia—as sexual abuse. I argue that her conception of the 'foreignness' of the sexual impulses is wrong: that the impulses are aberrant only in the social terms of an inequality of power. Said this way, this, too, seems a pedestrian realization, but in the dream I felt I had stumbled across something original. Perhaps the subtlety of my insight did not translate into waking consciousness.

§

Is this going to go on forever? Am I ever going to wake up, or am I dead? How can I possibly end this dream, if I can't get outside myself to wake myself up, or tell someone what's going on, that I'm trapped here and there is this giant community of people like me, all dreaming, some of them even dreaming about me, about me being dead? Does it matter that no one hears me, that I am just part of this community of dead or silent dreamers, or that I soon will be if no one wakes me up or maybe wakes them up? Isn't there anyone who understands me? I mean, they all (you all) understand me, can't you change your own dreams so I can wake up? Please?!

§

They are breaking through. Wolves in catalpa trees, the long beans for tails. Can see through me, tell what I'm

up to. As if another literature could intrude, overlay my plot. Roaming cybernetics, dualism the source of paranoia. The wolves then remember to come down from the trees, as if to steal my book of everybody else's dreams. It is not certain I will be able to continue thinking the way I am thinking. What I am thinking of. The wolves know, they dream knowledge.

§

I am continuously eating Snickers bars while reading Kharitonov's novel *Linii sud'by, ili Sunduchok Milasevicha* (*The Lines of Fate, or Milashevich's Small Chest*). As each wrapper falls on the floor, either my mother or I think it's really my girlfriend comes and picks it up. She reads them like fortune cookies, except they seem to be telling her some kind of story. Then she reads one, shouts something like "Oh God! We're all going to die except you!" (meaning me), scowls at me, and runs out of the room pulling out her hair and screaming. I put down my book, which I can't read anyway because it's in a language or alphabet I don't know, and start following the traces of blonde hair like Hansel and Gretel in the forest. As I pick up each strand, I have this feeling of being closer to her than ever before. I say to myself that if they never end (the strands of hair), I will eventually be so close to her that I will actually be her. This frightens me (I mean, what if she is dead?) but also is exactly what I have always wanted, it seems.

[END OF THE DREAM GALLERY ANNANDALE DREAM GAZETTE VOL. 1 NO. 1]