

Gloves Dreams

What follows is a document of dreams of cast and crew, recorded over the weeks of rehearsals. We kept our names anonymous, while we made our dreams known, confusing our personas in advance of dreams as foreground, intending to meet in a space and time outside of rehearsals, and furthermore, outside of space and time, ours outside of hours; everyone, whether actors or designers, a part of a continuum constructing a luminous rolelessness, a ceilingless bottomlessness above and underneath the stage.

9-1-14

First very much snow—slanted, traversing through it. Then suddenly at a fair. I keep eyeing two girls with an older woman. They seem unhappy, complaining about something. I finally walk up to them and ask if any of them would like a drink. Their eyes light up and they begin walking with me. I wasn't suggesting they come with me, but they do. Then we stop at a tent selling chicken of all kinds. The combination of chicken options are mathematically challenging. I don't know what to choose. One of the girls is engaged and knows exactly what to do. I open my wallet and realize all of my cards have been stolen. I gasp, but then realize I have many \$20 bills, because I have sold many of my things at the fair. I look under tables where all of my possessions are. I look up and my aunt is propped up like a mannequin, wearing a mink coat. She is posing like a mannequin, but she is acting bawdy, telling crass jokes to the people who walk by, advertising the coat. She sort of winks at me and has a look on her face like she has a cigar in her mouth, but she doesn't. It's the

way her mouth is crooked.

Then T. comes home and all her friends swarm around me, loop in unassuming ways around the room, and clean up the space. T.'s eyes are like sunrise, crystalline. I am nervous that I haven't received the blessings of my teacher to use my toothpaste. I ask her about this. She doesn't know my fear of toothpaste, only my feeling like I have not received my teacher's blessings. She said to me, "Teachers always know they are giving transmission," meaning that a blessing is always being given, regardless of whether the students, such as myself, know it or not.

~

Father was being escorted towards the gathering by relatives, the women all much shorter than he. I could see only the top of his head above the wooden gate and moved to an odd angle to peak in on the scene. He was younger and bearing the look of himself in the 70's, with large glasses and swept hair, beatles charm. I watched him move towards the outdoor stairs, old san francisco stairs, aunts and cousins around him. He was wearing a salmon pink colored shirt. I never saw where he went, we were both swallowed by different crowds.

9-2-14

Anne Waldman is my mother on Rosh Hashanah. We are on the east coast, celebrating with the Q.'s upstate. We are sitting around talking, as dinner is almost ready. Anne, or Mom, says she is going to go upstairs to get ready. Time passes and it is

clear that she is taking an overwhelmingly long time to get ready. Her vanity is revealed, at least to me, by this passing. I look around the dining room table and see that people are tense in waiting. People looking up at the ceiling, tapping their feet. I ask if anyone would like a glass of water. A middle aged woman says yes. I go into the kitchen and for the life of me cannot find a cup that I think is suitable. I am feeling frustrated when suddenly Anne, Mom, walks down the stairs. She has intricately applied makeup, tussled her hair, and looks more cat-like than ever. She is strikingly beautiful. The colors of her face, and the edges of her bone structure are carefully in conversation with the colors she has applied. Suddenly a light like a lighthouse, or a search light with one color or two moves around the room. A noise is also heard, like an alarm, though quaint. A man who resembles Joshua Clover but more subdued, and a bit British, pipes up and so it seems that this is his phone, or something belonging to him. I stand up, or I have already been standing. Suddenly I realize, "OW!" He has stabbed me, slightly, yet strongly, on the top of my head with a dagger. It is at that moment that the Rosh Hashanah ritual begins, and an older man there who resembles my uncle, with a black beard, begins leading the first prayer. The ritual instructions are said, involving objects on the table and language meant to charge it, and I scream and say something about how I'm sick of men leading this! Why is that assumed?? I bend the book, but I don't tear it because I still feel its holiness. And, I've just been stabbed in the center of the top of my head. "Go to hell!" I say to the man like Joshua Clover. The people there are astounded by my display of rage. I clod away to the bathroom and this disgusting vomit like bile like substance pours endlessly out from the mirror, or directly underneath it, chunks

of bright pink and yellow or more precisely puce and maybe a greyish tan.

9-3-14

Dreamt of father again. My mother was carrying all his things out through the hall. He had bedbugs.

9-4-14

LA style apartment complex. We all hung off the wrap around balcony/walkway outside our front doors, looking over the courtyard, where others hung about. A young girl and a baby who wasn't hers, with keys to an apartment that wasn't theirs. The baby wanted other babies "where are all the babies" it asked, though it looked to young to speak. But there were no other babies, we looked for them, the courtyard superimposed by a bustling park on a sunny day, but no babies, just loungers and joggers and lovers, no babies. A large deep grey dog approached us on the balcony. It was stately and friendly and the baby took to it right away. But the dog reacted psychotically. Walking away and then back again and back and forth seeming confused and then it began to growl small growls that escalated and it seemed to grow in size until we all went back into our houses and the baby and the girl climbed the stairs towards the apartment that wasn't theirs, the grey dog following them slowly. I kept pulling back my shades and peaking out the window, as others did, and in the courtyard remained, sitting, one middle aged woman, cold as stone, as she had been, all along.

~

A whole scene -- *forget* -- about a Kitten whose name is “Black-est”

9-5-14

Multiplications of meaning, furiously and calmly compressed. Cushions stacked on top of each other and then released. Our name, or only your name, in a video game--but you know the code that allows us to enter the game and exit unscathed and we can make money by doing this, and a curve around a mountain leading to the summit is an equivalent of the action of this ruse.

~

I have recently moved into an apartment that is not actually a home but is furnished like one. The apartment is on the ground floor of a large building designated for office space. Getting from the street to the apartment is a maze. I am confused because I know this is not where I live but it is also my apartment and it is also an isolated space where no one will find me because no one really should be living there. I'm confused and walk down the long hallway to look in each room. Every time I look down the hallway I am reminded that I have very recently looked down the hallway for the same reason.

Now, outside the dream, I'm realizing that every part of recalling this dream, each part sparks a *deja vu*. It feels sort of like a *deja vu* of a *deja vu* of a recall of a recurring dream.

9-6-14

The only part I remember is guns. Guns fired at us from a mafia, or a gang. We kept on shifting. Some people were unaware of what was happening. Sometimes I was in a room with people, even children, and many of them were having a nice afternoon or evening, and had no idea that at any moment gunfire could invade the whole joyous scene. At one point I return to my room, hurriedly leave a movie being screened, dash upstairs to collect my things because I have the feeling we're about to be attacked. I have so much clothing, and many pants that I've never even worn. There are so many tags on them--it seems like more than usual. I tear the tags off fast, almost ripping the past. (I meant to say pants). And why am I doing this? I have to get going. A comrade, a friend, tells me that once the gang shoots out a city, they don't come back when they feel like "the city is onto them." I ask him what that means. He said that once a shooting happens, when the city is told about it, the gang doesn't go back to that place, so I don't have to worry. I almost feel that law has a horizon, or a rising and setting, or a gentle but fierce equator that I feel rising in miniature, with a sword's edge from my stomach upwards. Law is connected to time, and I don't have a reason to worry now. The gang has already been here. But I'm still worried.

9-7-14

I am enrolled in a prep school but barely go to class and do like all this parkour shit all over the building. I think my body is

male.

9-8-14

danny is still dead. i am at jodee and nicole's house. there is ice cream. they send me downstairs to the basement freezer to get a piece of key lime pie to eat with the ice cream. danny made great pies and they've kept an archive of them in the freezer, in trays, with different slices labeled in fancy script cards, like the place cards at a black tie wedding. some of the pie slices are labeled in french. i don't speak french. i can't figure out which piece is key lime so i start sampling slices. i know i am doing somethin bad by eating this preserved pie memorial, but i also don't want to fail at finding the piece of pie they have asked me to bring them. i can feel my shame growing. finally i go back upstairs and say "there is no key lime" and they say yes there is it's labeled in french "amandine de limon" here we'll help you find it. i don't want them to come with me though, or they'll see i've desecrated pie memorial. i walk back down wood steps into basement and open the lowboy. i see the key lime pie. it's a tartlet. it's labeled in french just as they said.

~

i am staying in a house a bunch of friends have rented for a vacation. it is unbelievably beautiful, panoramic--I never want to leave. Mooseface Skynice keeps hitting on me, and while I'm attracted to him, or realize my attraction in the dream--I feel insecure because he has a girlfriend, who is also my friend. Mooseface keeps coming closer, flirting in different ways. Why am I thinking of raspberries? At a point we are in what feels like

a hot tub but the jets aren't on and the water is sort of luke-warm, but it looks like we are in the downstairs kitchen/laundry room. A bunch of friends are hurrying to go swim in a river, somewhere in the mountains it takes a while to drive to. I don't know what to do. I don't go with them. Then Mooseface and his girlfriend say they are going to drive to a lake, one different from where everybody else went. They ask me if I want to go. I say I do. So we get in the car. (I'm sitting in the back like a little kid). At a point his girlfriend takes what he thinks is a wrong turn but she explains to him that she knows what she's doing. He takes a big rip from a bong. She asks for some too, and I'm a little nervous because she's driving on a windy mountain road, above a ravine. Earlier in the dream, he was so nervous about the owner of the house we were renting from. He had to prove something to him, or cover over minor ways we had ransacked the house. Another friend is there, who also looks like a moose, but more like a moosemouse. He is a happy-go-lucky guy, standing up and folding his laundry as I pass him through the laundry room into the living room. Something dark and religious convening in the room, or in the dream--I can't see it, but I can feel it as I type now--in the back of my neck and elbows--a shroud and an admixture of dread and overexposure.

~

it's a big multi-plex. lots of people inside. instead of theater screens there are winding halls leading into various rooms. i come upon one with a sign that reads GRAPHIC NOVELS ILLUSTRATED OBSCURE.

i like comics, so i got pretty excited about that, but this gate-keeper character tells me, "i don't know if this material is appro-

priate for someone like you.”

“meaning...?”

“you look like a nice girl.”

i am getting frustrated and forcing the politeness by this time.

“sir, i am an adult, can you please just let me in?” he abides, yet when i entered noticed that, instead of really gnarly hentai shit, it was this chamber of thousands of artifacts with no graphics or titles or anything. just blank pages. there is a girl and a boy, roughly my age, in the room as well. girl is evidently really happy and surprised to see me.

“oh my god! you were in that noise band with ____! the one with the science name?” (which is true, i.e. that happened in real life, and i was so disturbed because i feel like the inverse situation is my lived reality, i.e. i remember almost everyone i meet yet feel pretty inconsequential/forgettable, so in the dream i was wracked with an intense guilt and embarrassment.)

remind her of the name, answering “yeah i was”

“you guys played with the nylon sock connecting your heads”

“yeah”

“that was crazy!”

“i hated it.” (also true)

“ahhh...we [gestures to the boy] toured with you guys in the Palisades. you had that portable TV and wouldn't talk to anyone.” (that part's not.)

me, again: “ohhh...yeahh!” [NO IDEA]. “um...that's cool that you're into comics!” she laughs and says that she's only in here because her boyfriend got her into them. that makes me sad but i say “ohh, ok, yeah, sure sure, well, how do we get OUT of here?”

as soon as i ask, i'm in this kind of rundown bungalow...has a real late-60s suburb vibe (according to my imagination) and i have this sponge mop and am wiping away what seems to be vaseline, that is covering the walls. there's a guy in the room, not sure how i'm related to him but i'm obviously very invested in ridding his home of all this transparent plasma stuff. "I'll leave you to this, and go work on the other two rooms."

"ok," sez me. then....i am attacked by feral cats! (kittens, really.) a herd enters the room, and they are trying to swipe at and bite me but i realize i can't feel anything.

"HEY. what's up with the cats?!" i call out.

"oh, didn't you know? they own this place; we are trying to make it nice for them."

in the next instant i am waking up (in the dream), and it's dark, and three male interlopers, who look about 17, are stashing cheap beers in the refrigerator, which is inexplicably in the bedroom. rather than ask, uh, what the fuck it is they are doing in the house, i say, "hey, how old are y'all? you can't be drinking! what are you doing?" they quietly chide me for even worrying about such a silly thing; they pat my head and exit en masse, leaving me very disoriented.

i'm back at the multiplex, though this time it is more like an airline terminal. i realize now what is happening--this hyperreal micro-society is experiencing an apocalyptic, epidemic situation and i have to flee. everyone is dying or going to die. am leaving out through a turnstile and the dude from the bungalow is running from behind, trying to catch up to me. "Hey, hey...you didn't finish cleaning the walls"

“I know, i’m sorry, but i have to get out of here.”
“the spores lived in the walls. you were supposed to stop them”
then i woke up.

9-9-14

I stared at mirrors until I could see myself. placing my hair in many different directions until it sat perfectly atop my head and I knew how I liked it. I stayed staring like that for quite some time. until I understood. and then I went back to what my life was.

9-10-14

i dreamed you didn’t love me anymore

~

Shan is waiting in her car. She’s helping you move what I assume are your things. She’s annoyed. She doesn’t want to wait any longer. There is an inflatable inner tube in the trunk. You place a donut in the middle of it, or if it’s not a donut, it’s an object that mirrors the shape of the inner tube. You toss it in or I do. You or I or both of us are delighted.

~

there was an oval in white paint on the concrete. wait no, there was a rectangle in white tape on the plateau. anyways it was split in half by a thick white line, each side serving its own function.

there was a horse in the distance also. and someone beside me, and we had things to do

9-11-14

“go find green land” A shoebox filled with endless amounts of coats... D had a van that was his fathers and it was filled with what I thought was going to be useful things I might like to have but instead he was basically dumping his trash on our lawn, no heavy furniture, like I'd hoped. but I crawled into the truck cause he told me to. We parked on a strip and I got out to window shop with a friend and when I went back to the van I realized we were parked by your house and I felt guilty but I didn't say hello. and you had just texted me “i hur” like you knew but we were driving and we drove to the ocean floor and there we entered a house. the house was deteriorating but there was an old woman and she sang to us about how she was lonely. it was hard to tell if she was in the same time as us for the house felt abandoned and I found many turquoise inlaid daily things like keys and bottle openers and then I noticed I was a mermaid.

9-13-14

Moroccan wedding meatballs I see as a special in the cafe I walk into late morning, and then realized in my dream I was eating a particular delicacy of meatballs in a small oval dish as other people feasted on a more intricate variety. I was eating hurriedly, like S once ate pineapple in the same dish of mine, and afterwards looked to me and asked, “Did you see how quickly I ate that pineapple?” I thought that he was displaying how his intel-

ligence was ravenously outside of physical parameters.

~

N is floating in what used to be a swimming pool but is know to be one no longer. At first I am afraid in the dream because I don't want him to be dead in the dream. He is older than he was. There are sounds coming out of his mouth but I can't understand what they mean or express. He might have been laughing I will say he was laughing. His kneecaps began to spin and then dislodged and hovered. Asteroids started to shoot out of his knees into what darkened to become space. Then, the alarm.

9-14-14

The son or the reincarnation of TNR has arrived. Now that I think of it he also resembles the King of Bhutan. Someone treats him disrespectfully--not horribly, just casually. He is riding in on an elephant, or a great perched bed similar to an elephant.

~

I am writing in cursive, quickly and immaculately. I am amazed by the flight of my writing. All letters are even--all words--the way I write is perfect form. My hands are birds, flapping, doubtless, Elizabethan--a book of Hours. Renaissance resemblances--the illuminated function of writing remembered--the body is moving--at a moment of rest--write. Cursive. Keep the mind awake. Rehearsing. Watch time achieve it's edge and flow. Age, edge of an eye or an almost cold heart because so hard, so called,

so quickly from one moment to the next. The writing is so beautiful and fast.

~

Many bodies floating in the water, the thing is to reach down in the water and grab an arm or a leg and flop it over the sides of the rowboat, not to capsize, and to tow the bodies in — only the ship that's approaching is creating suction that's pulling the floating bodies down underneath the big boat and into the propeller where they'll be chewed up. Got to row fast and tow those floating bodies home.

~

I was in a golden yellow hotel room with T and we were skirting around obscene behavior with academic conversation. G came through the door and went strait to the bathroom to take a shower. Now the stakes were raised, which had the usual effects. When she came back out she approached us casually on the bed and T made a comment about her breasts which seemed to be a gesture of loyalty towards my physique or maybe a way to get rid of her. I was appalled and reacted immediately grabbing our things and saying goodbye. presumably goodbye forever and T got ready to leave to, re adorning himself in professional attire and following us out the door. We tried to speed our pace but we were confronted at the end of the carpeted hallway when T asked If Ide rather take the stairs or the elevator. I opened the door to the stairwell and G went through as I watched T press the up arrow to call the elevator.

9-15-14

We are making love luxuriously but this isn't supposed to be happening. I look out the window to you and my actual love is there. You softly gesture to take off my bra, as I am diagonally sprawled out on the bed. We can't stop rolling over each other--creatures of each other--why am I seeing my sexuality in you? Do we have something to say to each other, to bond with each other? I am with you when I see my actual love out the window. Did he see us? Have I wronged him? Why would you put me in this position? It is something about your place of power. You want your power out of you. But your power is also the cause of your grievance, and the sword by which you twist like caduceus around the wound you can't quit vexing, wringing your hands in abandonment--no one is helping you--no one is listening. Sexuality like a lion, like a blindness pours over me and sieves and retards and retreats--annoys the intricacies of articulated pain. No personal selves, no remembered pains, no resolvable wounds--no healing even--only this rapture of no selves as being distinct from each other, and this secret at its surface at the time our bodies touch, adulterously.

~

I met a boy on a hilly street between orange apartment buildings and it was apparent that we would continue our lives together, he said the right things, though he was an unusual suspect, and with his girlfriend. I called my mother to see if she recognized him. I was wearing something resembling google glasses. She said she might have seen him somewhere but that he was obviously the

right one. She was very pleased. We laughed and his girlfriend didn't seem to mind. Earlier I'd been in a new American type hipster bar, off white with plants hanging from the ceiling. A busy place with fancy cocktails and I sat at the bar because I was a harder worker than the other customers and one of the employees was trying to convince me of predestination. He gave me two gorgeous bundles of a tiny variety of grape. I asked him for an extra single little grape and he was not happy about breaking them from their perfect clumps but he did, and then he sat down beside me. I noticed he was married as I dropped the single grape and we watched it roll and bounce along the floor between legs and I jumped up to keep it from its potentially hazardous future. I tossed it in the trash bin and we, also, had laughed and kept laughing.

9-16-14

We are walking huddled together up San Vicente in Santa Monica late at night. We hear music, maybe Roy Orbison, and approach it, wondering if there's a party. You see a man dressed in white, sitting on the lawn, and you pause, almost paralyzed, and walk away from him. I ask you if you want to turn around and you say yes. A feeling of fear. Then he comes walking towards us and he knows who I am, then who we are. It is Wade, from high school. He gives you more of a tender, embodied hug than he does me. I try to hug him with tenderness but it is careening at an angle, or he won't fully accept it, but he seems happy to see me--both of us. He invites us into his house, onto his lawn where the party is happening. Suddenly it's daytime and with a 1970s ethos to it. An older woman with red hair, and some-

thing slightly distorted about her face and speech comes up to you. She appears she has spent too much time in the sun. She speaks to you at first gently, but then begins to point to people in private conversations around the party, and says, "And then I had to deal with this person telling me this about you." The camera shifts to the next person, "And then this person,"--"Then this person." The movie suddenly becomes a horror movie, because of the feeling of it, of breaking betrayal. The "camera" moves away from filming her face and now films pools of light that ladle and undulate under her hair. Her hair is now not red, not old, but soft and dirty blond, ashy, poodle-like, loosely tied together. When she finishes her speech, we decided to leave. Oh, but before she gave this speech, when you had first walked into the house to fetch firewood for the fire, she was not an older woman, but was Remy Olivier from elementary school, my friend who bullied me incessantly. Remy spat her tongue at you, then walked towards the fire. You followed behind her, carrying a piece of firewood. Instead of yelling at her, you kissed her on the cheek, as a sign of peace. That was when she turned into the old women from Ireland, and began giving you compliments before she lapsed into spite.

So back to the earlier moment--we leave, and you are deeply saddened. As we walk away, she and Wade both say how much they liked you. We are walking away in the night now, but then suddenly you are driving a car--the two of us talking--but then suddenly she appears in the passenger seat and leans over and starts kissing you. I grab her by the hair and shake her around. I yell at her and am righteous and lucid in my anger. You smile, picking up on this. Then I ask, "Where can we drop her?" You

add, "Is the daytime fine?" She says she can walk to her house from where we are.

~

after traveling through detroit on the subway
i arrive at the end of the line
and i have to wait on the platform alone
until a train comes
to take me back to the airport

9-17-14

we were in a condo
with a wood fire stove
my sister was considering buying it

~

Salta was actually all about salt. Whenever they danced, salt was thrown at them. The audience was invited to bring salty baked goods. It was understood that all the dances they performed were essentially about salt, about human beings' bodies being composed mostly of it, and the water it floated upon, mingled with, throughout their forms.

~

grandma lived in a giant vaguely indoor lake landscape. There were alligators in the lake and sometimes they'd bite her, but she

had her big black dog to protect her. I wasn't sure where grandma was, but I was there and I was a little scared. I wasn't used to the alligators, and it was about late afternoon and they started swimming all around me. I was on a platform a few inches in the water. Grandma's dog crawled up on my lap and gave me kisses, which was nice. Then there was a person with me. A mythical and crafty type with swampy miami style and these are all fine qualities so I was pleased. They rode a great concrete bathtub which seemed to perform some mechanical function that required its parts to be constantly rearranged. The goal was to get to the other side of the largest part of the lake. the tub wouldn't make it. there were several sail boats in the lake, but they were occupied by their own dreams. I saw a group of backpackers hop down from a distant ledge which seemed to hold the end of this world and the beginning of another sort. they took a pathway that hugged the cliffs edge and followed it to the other side of the lake, but that was 5 or 6 feet under the water. it seemed reasonable. and so I said goodbye to the big black dog, and to my new friend, and to my grandma, wherever she was.

~

At a snowy place.

Forget.

In "Baltimore" going to a familiar thrift store that is a mixture of a Salvation Army, St. Vincent De Pauls and a Village Thrift. I am with some girlfriends, A, L & ? . I haven't been here in a long time and things are now very beautiful and much more antique looking then they used to be. I'm going in the store to look for something very specific -- a piece of jewelry? I'm telling this to

L, who is debating whether to wait outside or inside, as she has a dog that is on a leash which she is not sure if it is trained as well as A's to go in the thrift store. But the dog's collar is velcro, so it's also a concern if she leaves it tied up outside (it could run loose). I'm in the jewelry section, and then I go to a book shelf.

I find, by surprise, a beautiful book. It is a dark blue cover, leather, worn. In gold antique letters I can read the title "Dictionary of the Dreams of ... (not sure exactly the names upon waking) Raksas, Gurus, Lamas, Sages..." I am flipping through it and it is a dictionary of the significant dreams of these figures. I see many photographs and illustrations of these people and their dreams. The only one I remember resembles a William Blake print (I think?) of a man with his forehead in his knees and his hair blowing beside, in a sort of grieving posture. And maybe I see a photograph of someone obvious like the Dalai Lama. I'm looking around the shelf for the other books in this series (there are a number of books in this series of volumes). I find other books of the same color and style, but not the same series. They are books about historical places or something like that.

I look around the store some more and find a beautiful foreign necklace that must be from India (I think in the dream). I am touching these particular kind of beads made out of beautiful metals on the necklace, and a central bead that seems like an ancient nose plug or an old technique for something.

I interact with L, I'm getting ready to go -- something about spending the night.

Then I am outside with Alana. We're walking and talking -- about the Guhyagarba Tantra transmission, but specifically about the transitions between the transmissions -- and she says something about my/our form of Om anxiety. Like how when I/we didn't socialize with them in the between times it is a form of Om anxiety. I said, No, that's a Social Om anxiety -- it's not wanting to be Social and Om at the same time.

Alana then shows me two bandaids, she has on each of her pointer fingers, between the first and second knuckle. She crosses them as if she is/was a blood brother to herself. She says her and X (maybe B.K. from Matrix?) both have Toyotas. At some point while we are walking we come to a street to cross a street that is full of water. Alana tries to cross where it is very deep/flooded, and I suggest we cross further down on the right where it is more shallow and you won't get so soaked by crossing. We go there to cross. I am saying 'Oh, I have a Toyota too.' Alana seems embarrassed to have left me out of the Toyota situation, so she continues the hand gesture (like a mudra) she is making and pulls her pinkies up from underneath towards the crossed pointer fingers like an offering of me, to be there in the Toyota group. I see as she is doing this her palms/inside of her hands are blistering, as if boiling from a hidden fire, or burned in a fire.

9-19-14

“Encrypted Latitude”

9-20-14

A faint outline of what a nun is wearing. T.M. or M.T.'s name is on T.C.'s phone--you text messaged him something about her saying, saying how both of us are heard, or the fever of our sounds--shared--it seems you are saying we are the same sexually--or that you're seeing her, and you're fooling me.

I was with Ben earlier, walking behind me, while he was giving an interview.

Now I watch the interview on tv and casually say to you with me, "I was there. That was when I was in Israel."

Ben looks so much older now, like an aged man. He has his shirt off. He's going gray. He's full of rage that has collapsed into momentary dispensations of his body's torpor. He hunches over as he speaks of the politics in Israel, in sadness and dismay.

9-22-14

D.A. and i were at the Yuba(?) river. he was swimming underwater the whole time and i could not see his face but could hear his voice clearly, in my dream-mind. like sonar telepathy.

i was sitting on a rock. D told me to take off my coat but i removed my (male-looking) torso instead. modular body...like Cronenberg or le Corbusier but anyway i didn't seem too startled by it.

He said, "You'd make a terrific boy. You could become the thing you hate."

9-24-14

I dreamt there was no light anymore. inside my body.

9-25-14

The last thing I remember was a woman who was in some sort of spiritual coterie, and had unbelievably thick hair that was all tied up, knotted up into buns, and when she let it down, her hair had the weight of the world. I gestured my mother to look over to her--she, having always been enamored of beautiful hair. I go to write a text message but I can't access the little icon. All the icons become red and striated, moving quickly, scientifically, across a shifting terrain.

9-30-14

Not much remembered, though the feeling of the dream was full. The only image rescued was of a girl who was debating what colors to dye her hair. She couldn't decide what colors to dye, so then she quickly drew her hair on a piece of paper in front of her. She did it again. She said out loud, "First I draw the colors of my hair on the paper, and then my hair becomes the colors that I drew." She laughs hysterically and gleefully, repeating this again and again and again.

~

at the gate to an 80 km hike
they want \$299 from each of us

we hope to finish in a few hours
we are on bikes, but it is unclear if they are allowed

10-2-14

You walk out to an ancient grove of eucalyptus trees and you look like a different person. I say to you that this is a very special place. You are lucky to live at this ancient grove. The trees are swaying and your hair is brushed across your face like the leaves are brushed across the trees.

Then we walk to your backyard and it is sprawling. Paul is there and is amazed to see a bench with the words “Al Yad” on each side—“Al” on one side and “Yad” on the other. I am amazed and happy as Paul is. “Al Yad” means “before the world.” In exuberance he lifts up the bench. He is lifting up before the world. He is celebrating what is primordial, like he has won what is before the world. He is overcome by it. But then, I woke up from this dream and looked up the meaning of “Al Yad” which is “The Hand.”

Anne’s White Glove, the flesh of love inside of its concealment—the hand—metonymical—the appearance of one, when actually two, won.

After Paul lifted up the bench he walked in front of me. I was walking slower, taking my time, strolling around the perimeter of your pool. I look down and see a tiny tiny table with tiny tiny chairs and an even tinier object placed upon it. You had made a fairy scene, of a dining room, and this was an invitation for

fairies to live on your land. I squealed in glee and nearly knocked the whole scene over.

10-4-14

In a van driving. Somehow I am, or I am imagining, the seat is a bathtub. It is very soothing. Then I am at some foggy place, near water, a ferry etc. I pull up to a stoplight and a woman in a car next to me. A brick falls out of my car and she asks if 'that' was mine, except she was pointing to a stone on the left side of the car, not the brick. I sheepishly say it isn't mine. Then I'm driving and I can't see very well. I pull over but my eyes won't open. I can't see where I am going, so I try to pry them open, and then I actually wake up. I think the wall is the floor.

10-5-14

At a rehearsal for AWG. The main guy who has not been there is now there. So we are performing the whole thing through with him. It's very elaborate, like a Renaissance or Victorian musical, or period piece. There are dramatic postures and chorus line-ups. I'm waiting to say my line which is only one line, by the character Tara 2. Except, the line is written with each word vertical and in a fancy gothic script that makes it very difficult to read. Something about thievery and love? I can't read this one line very well, and it is hard to orient the page. As we are performing, the main guy T? seems to be rather full of himself and very confident. I am confused by this and also confused by how elaborate the play is, but then realize that when everyone is in 80's costume that it will be perfect.

~

I am in the house I grew up in. I feel the deepest homesickness--a homesickness like a fever. This was my childhood home. It is my childhood home. The objects are filled with meaning, as if they were primordial stones, primordial light--the first things that could grant me the peace of pure origin. But this is only the beginning of my life; my purely arbitrary life. I am in the kitchen looking into one of the cupboards next to the refrigerator, where cans of things like beans etc. are stored--things no one eats on a daily basis--things for the future, possibly for an emergency, like an earthquake--rations. I'm looking at them and thinking, "Do we ever even eat these?" Why have so many things we never use, consume?"

My mom shows me a blanket, a new comforter she is excited to give me. It has something to do with the sounds made in other rooms, or the screaming underneath my body. It's there to comfort me, to be aligned with how I hear the world or how the world hears me. I seem to feel I don't really need it, but slowly I begin to feel all of my love for my mother--all of the years she has spent loving me from the moment I was born--her pure attention, unconditional care. We are in the living room now and I think she is pulling objects out of her body. All of the mobiles she had hung from the ceiling are there. These are no different from what she pulls out of her body. She is giving everything she has to me. I can't bear it. My love for my mother also signals a blinding quality. I can't stand my love for her. I can't stand my love for anyone. I can't hold the love in my body. This is too per-

sonal and it's always alien--my love for my mother and everyone I love--it's always too close to feel in this life. Do people have to die--do I have to die for love to be felt, left? Who is my mom in light of all things? Who is she? What is abstraction? I can never go back here. There are no things which are most purely me.

10-6-14

playing with the dog
for money
on my bed
only it doesn't look like my real bed

10-7-14

You have a child named Kansas with a woman named China. You say you are in love with Kansas, or are you in love with China? At first I think Kansas is the name of the rehab center you are going to, but then I realize she is your child. You have to go to Ohio to be with China. You love her, or them, or it.

~

i checked the box
saying that i want to be on the ballot
to be mayor
and then forgot about it
but then i get elected
and am unhappy

10-8-14

Alex and I are filming for the play. we are overcome by a collection of what we call “golden nails.” They resemble nail files, but of pure gold. With both of our cameras, we zoom in on them, accentuating with our eyes, and the eye of the lens, the refraction and play of light on their surfaces. Suddenly we are at a beach which looks like the White Cliffs of Dover, in the way the land suddenly cuts off and slides into the sea, but the cliff is much shorter, and many people are sprawled, almost overcrowding the beach, and it is right in the center of Oakland. I exclaim with glee how much I adore this hidden paradise! Alex turns to me and says, “It’s Westwood!” which I am surprised to hear, as Westwood was where I would not go to movies as a teenager, but stand outside of the theaters with friends, clustering around each other, shyly trying to summon with our unsuspecting hormones, some sort of crush or object of our desires.

10-9-14

We are flinging mud that is more like gray clay across the room at each other. This is supposed to be “joy,” but it isn’t. I realize the man who is the head of this cult like activity is named “Daniel” pronounced in the French, so it sounds, in English, feminine. T. Hesse is instructing me on things just as he is sympathizing with my style of action. Basil. D. says “Bye A, bye Z,” because he feels his presence behind me. People can see other people who you know in you as ghosts trailing, following the appearance of your form. Like the other day when P. said, “That’s how I appeared to you. How I appeared was not how I was feeling.”

10-12-14

We were swimming in the most luscious clear lake or river, somersaulting in bliss. Then you had to go to a couple homes of older women, to do jobs for them. Like one woman asked you to drive her car around for her because it hadn't been driven in a while. The car seemed to be made of linen--was a couch. Was the car her clothing? There was a multigenerational sexual undertone of your position, working for these sexy older women. But I'm there with you, and then at a later point you kiss my face all over saying how much you love to be with me.

10-13-14

My sister and her friend are high. I am worried about being driven around by her on this winding road which borders a ravine. I then realize I have the power to drive the car. I offer to, and the car is too powerful and moves out of my grasp, running ground on the front lawn of a beautiful house. The house is decorated with many items with Tibetan language on them, whether they are stones or ornaments. I float through the house, observing the architecture, wondering who could possibly inhabit this space which feels graciously desolate. I come to the kitchen which is particularly sparse. All the house's color is predominantly indigo light blue deep soft--low lying dry callous hills can be seen through the varying inlets of windows. But the kitchen--one long island, slightly recessed into the floor. I look over and a man is sitting there, quietly sipping his tea or reading the news. He smiles at me softly. I try to tell him that I'm sorry

my car ran into his front lawn. He was expecting me. He knew this would happen. He is relaxed in his knowledge. He seems to know how things will happen--how does he know this? And then a recording comes on saying that in this movement we are still a part of, of the passage into the age of Aquarius, all of the focus of America will turn towards Mexico--and Mexico will come to be an international power. This morning when I was taking the train into the city, I remembered this announcement in my dream as I heard a man in passing sing in Spanish. His voice was low and delicately creaking. As I passed him I heard him sing *donna*. I heard him sing another word that had to do with women. I felt some sort of Amazonian air, wind from his singing blowing up from the bottom of the staircase as I neared him. This had to do with a lost history, story of Mexico that would be re-learned as the country was integrated into California, America, and internationally, while at the same time it would be stripped of its story, its membrane, its memory, and become a capitalist power. It would give something, be granted its telling, exactly at the moment it would/will lose it.

10-14-14

A hooded horde (chorus?) is carrying a bathtub to the river. The river is a dirty river, either in an industrial park or there because of industry. Sludgy and oily and a little stagnant. They dip the bathtub in the river and the water is perfectly impossibly blue. Then they say, in unison, SECULAR LIKE HYPNOTIZING CHICKENS. Unclear if that's the beginning or the end of the ritual.

10-16-14

i dreamt i stubbed my big toe and it turned all of my toenails black.

10-17-14

last night i dreamt i was in new york, wandering around in whatever that is, heavy places piled high. i was looking closely from an elevated block away at individual apartment windows and saw a construction worker open large third-floor balcony porch doors from outside. my gaze followed him into the rooms thus revealed, peering through what looked like gilded-age private library stacks. this was a vast warehouse-like space once belonging to carl van vechten, now (still?) a library of horror movies, noise records from california, artwork by the differently abled, punk memorabilia, and celebrity sex tapes. a childhood friend of mine was there, and he brought me downstairs to the beginning of a very alcoholic wedding. it wasn't easy. more of my family appeared there. suddenly an elderly mediterraneanized carl van vechten, shirtless with white hair and tanned olive skin and one of those old-man athletic paunches that start at the sternum and don't droop over the waistline, was making a placid speech in a verdant sunny courtyard. it felt like a vision of peace at the end of a long lifetime, as if to say that no pitiful ordeal is ever insurmountable. i was sitting in a booth inside and at the back of my neck an appropriated carriage window was opened by an unseen hand, admitting his voice and the cool stone courtyard air of his listeners, not too many, and bougainvillea climbing slowly out of and down the rock's embankment.

