

*unique identifiers*

*to {redacted}*

*definition*

**Unique identifier (UID)**

Posted by: [REDACTED] WhatIs.com

Facebook – G+ - LinkedIn – Email

Contributor(s): [REDACTED]

*A unique identifier (UID) is a numeric or alphanumeric string that is associated with a single entity within a given system. UIDs make it possible to address that entity, so that it can be accessed and interacted with.*

<http://internetofthingsagenda.techtarget.com/definition/unique-identifier-UID>

Home > Infrastructure > Authentication > unique identifier (UID)

## *introduction*

Some people say my E-mails are poetry.<sup>1</sup> One<sup>2</sup> said it should be in literary magazines.<sup>3</sup> Others maybe also. When my poetry got a huge-ass wave of rejections from a number (~#) of reputable outlets, I began to wonder if I should collect my E-mails and submit them as poetry instead. This compilation required minimal effort on my end, and literally no effort to read for those who like receiving more-than.<sup>4</sup>

The E-mails that provoke the most enthusiastic response from readers are descriptions of my dreams. Here I have compiled dream dictionary notes I submitted to friends as cores of the E-mails, which are, like, fanfic about the same people and things. They are dreams about being on the Internet with real people I see in other contexts. Several recipients of these sketches said they did not sound like dreams, but like poems, so I say here, sure. I felt weird about reprinting them. Without the consent of recipients, or people to whom I referred in the E-mails, then, I redacted and deidentified them all.

These dreams are sourced from an ongoing TextEdit .txt (.exe, .rtf) “dream dictionary,” and recorded as free-associative poems<sup>5</sup> after the dream appears to me in a dream. There are more of them than there are poems. None are published to date. They are not “dreamsongs,” but actual dreams. Unless they are, and I have read them—they don’t have the formal elegance. For simplicity, I will call these annotated dreams “dreamtates.”

Where do I get my ideas? People ask where I get my ideas a lot. I don’t know where I get my ideas. There are a lot of ideas. Are ideas poems? I’m not sure. They are here for the taking.

*Are ideas poems?* These poems are works of fiction based on real dreams. ~69 pp.

Anyway,

{author}

---

<sup>1</sup> Many of my friends work for the Web. They find my writing hard to follow.

<sup>2</sup> Person who asked not to be named (Roman numeral) (*credits*), via IMDB.com.

<sup>3</sup> Personal text message to the author, March 2016.

<sup>4</sup> At time of writing, I was experimenting with hyphen usage in response to a *Wall Street Journal* article about the site that contained unusual hyphen usage in (<http://www.site.com/www.wsj.com/articles/>)

<sup>5</sup> *Ibid.*

*coloFUN*

The font: I wanted half-assed, something that said “I gave this passion project no effort” (I did give it effort, was passionate).<sup>6</sup> Arial punctuations that said “I know how to copy/paste.” Times New Roman stayed, too, or some template fonts along its lines.

Didn’t give much thought to a cover image, maybe a selfie of myself with my bed (chaste)? No, too on the nose! Substitute something stock image?

Two come to mind:

<http://tubewriter.com/wp-content/uploads/2014/01/images2.jpg>

[https://www.statnews.com/wp-content/uploads/2016/01/patient\\_barcode-1024x576.jpg](https://www.statnews.com/wp-content/uploads/2016/01/patient_barcode-1024x576.jpg)

---

<sup>6</sup> Wrote a poem on this theme for [www.poetrywebsite.com](http://www.poetrywebsite.com) called “Passion Project” before completing this passion project.

This one of a bed (not from-stock, of not-me) won out:



unique identifiers

*There is no table of contents.*

*The manuscript is presented in chronological order by date of dream.*

***dreamtate #1: autoforamtting issue vs. pregnant pause***

- (i) *My {closetie}<sup>7</sup> is found alive in the Tick Tock Diner in Clifton, NJ<sup>8</sup> where she in real life pre-death made {redacted} comments at a waitress. She had previously been in a home in late-stage, and I was led to believe she was dead having seen her corpse at her funeral. In the home one of the health care aides has found her {racism} into buying cereal on the black market from Lucas Vercetti from Odd Future.<sup>9</sup> "OMG she was in that scandal?!" I yell to {closetie(s)}. "Can I tell my friends?" They say no.*
- (ii)
- (iii) *I don't remember the rest.*

---

<sup>7</sup> For the purposes of this project, all family members will be identified as {close tie} and will not be associated with any identifying annotations. Co-workers and patients will be deidentified similarly, where appropriate. Which is always.

<sup>8</sup> Too identifiable? Key point here is not the person identified, but the backstory [http://www.nytimes.com/2013/05/03/nyregion/new-jersey-officials-detail-bid-by-tick-tock-diner-manager-to-have-uncle-killed.html?pagewanted=all&\\_r=0](http://www.nytimes.com/2013/05/03/nyregion/new-jersey-officials-detail-bid-by-tick-tock-diner-manager-to-have-uncle-killed.html?pagewanted=all&_r=0) (append a URL extension before Web address)

<sup>9</sup> [www.site.com/collective](http://www.site.com/collective) (all verified)

*[I have a related dream the next night – see selected isbn UID#]*

9787509002766	9781446692783	9780199537587
9785040061105	9780465019779	9780486803272
9788817165990	9781446547410	9780899664415
9781533449160	9788420638454	9788854124592



*{quotes}*

*(2) Band<sup>10</sup> is seated at a card table with a white tablecloth like {epochal event in history of religion}. Person with band<sup>11</sup> is talking about his interest in the medical narrative and caretaking to an interviewer as I watch. He et al. marvel over multicolored stained glassblown jars on an adjacent table labeled "{identifying label}" (a line from {book}<sup>12</sup> that is a title of a trade blog my {close tie}'s friend {gendered closetie} {transference} runs; it refers to a poor guy complaining a rich donor is ruining the purity of the {institution in the book}). Frontman<sup>13</sup> furrows at me, aware that I have traced martyrdom themes through the new record on the site<sup>14</sup>.*

*"You look familiar," he says.*

*"We already know each other," I said.<sup>15</sup>*

---

<sup>10</sup> [www.site.com/band](http://www.site.com/band)

<sup>11</sup> [www.site.com/producer](http://www.site.com/producer) (verified)

<sup>12</sup> *A Book* by Man (ne Mr. Man, MD), vintage Watergateish. Not verified on Site. I once complained to man in a personal E-mail that experimental poems are hard to get published. Man once said of Site in a personal E-mail to the author something funny I wish I could quote/paraphrase. "Imagine what he said if you like."

<sup>13</sup> [www.site.com/artists/solo](http://www.site.com/artists/solo) (frontman, unverified)

<sup>14</sup> [www.site.com](http://www.site.com)

<sup>15</sup> This is a reference to betrayal (I just wrote "Site" by accident).

*Afterword to “ {previous tate title lots of quotes}” — this is not a poem*

*I E-mail these first two poems to my {friend} who is a songwriter. He does not respond that I can find. Prolly deleted.*

*The “Single” video, which features the band<sup>16</sup> in {epochal event}, premieres on the Web about a month after these poems come to me in a dream. Maybe it was just a coincidence. The video is not on-site. This aside (side note?) is neither here nor there.*

*Anyway, weird.*

---

<sup>16</sup> [www.site.com/band](http://www.site.com/band)

## ***disambiguation***

----

(undated aug 2013)<sup>17</sup>

in a tech campus something like the guggenheim or moma, a lot of white open floors and glass windows where you can see what's going on on lower floors from the higher floors

assigned in conference room to various teams

dream having to complete a health reform project involving airing of legislation

walk into a basement cafeteria at around 4am and see people coming off call in scrubs plus an african priest, priest says "hey" and nobody including me bothers to acknowledge him, he reaches in a cold tank for odwalla or

author person<sup>18</sup> at table reading a book, try to read what book it is

---

<sup>17</sup> The date refers to the night on which I had the dream, not day of writing. By convention, my dream dictionary entries open with a parenthetical from which I produce associations between dream tropes. The context appears in the initial parenthetical shorthand, then the dream.

<sup>18</sup> <http://www.author.org> (disambiguation)

***so I have this dreamtate***

----

(undated aug 2013)

Friend<sup>19</sup> comes over to house for the first hang due to scheduling conflicts in other setup where {close tie}<sup>20</sup> is also staying overnight, I tell him both can stay, there is a guest room attached to my current room that is white and floral but {close tie} sleeps on floor for some reason because classic {close tie} martyr move while Friend sleeps on my recliner and snoops on my playlist, likely my books as well and I note him take white buds of headphones out as I wake up leg and butt exposed half nude in bed feel happy not to feel self-conscious ask him what he's been up to and I see he's been writing but can't see what really, he jibes me a bit for weakness of Spotify<sup>21</sup> playlist of me reading my own writing that also includes early LPz<sup>22</sup>, I go into kitchen to give him privacy to get dressed and feel happy, come back in and catch him buttoning french blue shirt and in briefs and try to talk at him shielding my eyes and surprised by his uncharacteristically staid outfit (but like sweater not suit), he doesn't have to go out anywhere and I return to kitchen where high school or college age kids are stampeding through with instructors as if on field trip (all {demographics}), I come back in and Friend is writing poetry I catch him and say who is it for and he says two kids (female twins) that live here, he has already tacked pink and blue double ribbons one in each room like child bedrooms in white and English floral bedspreads with poems under them I can't remember but are very sensual, I work on floor mosaic with multicolored limestone/quartz that takes over floor while glassy sheen melts into one another in muted blues and pinks like desert sunset and think about inviting him to lie in bed with me and imagine us nude in bed next to one another and not with {acts} as I had before

(he is still with gf and I am aware of this)

think that's weird we're not catching up but as if I am at peace with him like we were immediately simpatico and somehow skipped that step because we didn't need it to know

I wake as I see poem<sup>23</sup> for the second time

---

<sup>19</sup> *New Republic*, *New York Times*, among other publications

<sup>20</sup> Reminder: For the purposes of this project, all family members will be {close tie} and will not be associated with any identifying annotations. Co-workers and health care consumers (i.e., patients) will be deidentified where appropriate. Which is always.

<sup>21</sup> corporate partner of www.site.com

<sup>22</sup> lyrics on site (not in verified artist program)

<sup>23</sup> Meant to refer to a person in find/replace but not sure who/m.

***fearless dreamtate***<sup>24</sup>

----

8.30.2013

in a grand hall something like a georgian wedding hall (cherry paneling of old northeastern colonial era building) at tables not yet filled, possibly mid green of yoga mat paint or prussian blue paint and small candelabras and unobtrusive central chandelier when i run into jan 2009era crush and decide not to introduce myself as myself just yet so as not to make him think i'm weird but not fake character either

i introduce self as pediatrician and he as hedge fund manager and it's flirtatious but i lose him in crowd of investment bankers and lawyers i went to school with and suddenly it's endless and i realize we're at some kind of conference for professional continuing education which then becomes clear is a protest against this culture of professionalism

like a youth revolt.

i can't find him amid all the white tables and get increasingly agitated about this.

there does not seem to be a leader.

we march outside, me in pursuit of LOML<sup>25</sup> of course intimating he'd probably be there, and across the road see continuouscrush (feb 2010-pres.)<sup>26</sup> and longtime GF being all affectionate while strolling along a median.

feeling jealous of their solidity, i refocus on the road ahead and walk under a tressel in a circle as if under a highway until in a fast food court and think about eating food for comfort, then don't

---

<sup>24</sup> Can't decide how I should format so stopped trying. "Supposed" to be inconsistent.

<sup>25</sup> "Love of my life"

<sup>26</sup> @bookstore (no longer of bookstore and tweeting under different handle, deID'd)

***dreamtate signatory***

----

9.20.2013

(post-arena<sup>27</sup>, avoiding reading uss cole<sup>28</sup> torture harpers article)

i shoot an email to {a} psychiatrist explaining why i've been avoiding therapy and attach an article, probably on show, to rationalize. {degendered} responds with enthusiastic e-mail about wanting to discuss declaration of independence in depth in next session, and i think how personal of {person}, that is odd and out of character but delightful

---

<sup>27</sup>2013 arena concert, which I did not attend, merely walked around while in the neighborhood for a friend's party, that is nonetheless the subject of my first published {in genre} {title: "This actually happened"} (launch, 2013), does not mention explicitly

<sup>28</sup> There is a play here on a name of a person mentioned in this sequence which I will not disclose for a reason I will not disclose.

## the dreamtates of<sup>29</sup>

----

9.30.2013

in white tiled subway station resembling boston T underground in transfer between green line and orange line. one stop away from end of each line. don't want to get on the orange line in the wrong direction, as it requires disembarking at terminus and walking underground back to previous stop, but they board on same track.

choose green line inland/downtown correctly

get off at east london-type shambling cool neighborhood into hipster tchotchke store. College Crush<sup>30</sup> is at postcard rack and grabs me from behind to say hi. i rub his fro. we try to schedule lunch but i have a meeting at opposite end of line and he has to meet about nothing (characteristically vague writing-related opportunity) at 1:10 (40 mins away). for once, i buy it, and rent a bikeshare to go across a lengthy river course looking something like the bermuda or san diego or hamptons coastal shore (pastels, white edwardian colonial cupolas -- in earlier dreams i stop in one of them to eat and swim at the resort, or to take a barge from them to an industrial region).

pass under a bridge and want to lock bike on bowing suspension but hear from reliable {demographic} md-phd classmate matching in {deidentifying colleague}<sup>31</sup> that bridge is about to buckle. i go past, running late for meeting, and overshoot my destination.

run bike into sandbank and have to walk it back.

wish i'd stayed w/collegecrush.

woke up.<sup>32</sup>

---

<sup>29</sup> via cummings (unverified public domain)

<sup>30</sup> Songwriter friend.

<sup>31</sup> Autocorrected from "college" and initially listing medical specialty, deidentified

<sup>32</sup> spaces and shit are added to make these more like poems. originals are strings of text

***dreamtate: zoe baird*<sup>33</sup> reference I don't get**

---

10.4.2013 (halfawake during mojoe<sup>34</sup> about govt shutdown)

on tour of dc park a la park ranger incident from government shutdown listening to small group tour by chris matthews<sup>35</sup> on nature of effective government, chris matthews leads into bathroom with large moving size cardboard box suggesting low-level congressional staffers used to shit in in {redacted}<sup>36</sup> because they were entrapped in offices too long to go to bathroom, and yet he showed us this box in a bathroom, an irony i did not note in the dream itself and did not use the box

we go outside to a park circle on grounds of {deidentified}<sup>37</sup> rec center 3, seemingly, and am seated next to high school crush in a romantic pose. we cuddle very closely me on right he on left with a lot of whispering and arm lockings making fun of chris matthews and it is as if we're very recently together and in mode of i feel like i've known you my whole life. then i remember he's married. he whispers in my ear "jan" which is the name of his wife in the dream, and his recent marriage/name of wife irl suggests to me the pun may be on name of recent date.

i wake up

---

<sup>33</sup> Clinton administration nominee for Attorney General, withdrawn due to payment of illegal immigrant household help. Major donor to NYC Ballet.

<sup>34</sup> *Morning Joe*, the MSNBC talk show which was the subject of my first mature writing

<sup>35</sup> former employer/internship supervisor (summer 2005)

<sup>36</sup> didn't feel right with {demographic} overtones

<sup>37</sup> subdivision where I lived from ages xxx-xxxx

***dreamtate: zonk***<sup>38</sup>

-----

10.7.2013 (postrecovery<sup>39</sup>)

arrive at henry winkler's LA house after he has invited me over. white wainscoting with painted dusk blue walls with crayon shields on them (pink, purple, orange) overlooking the beds. otherwise empty and generically colonial, though sparsely furnished. large single panels basically replacing windows. i call into next room and don't see them asking how they got there as if anticipating a romantic move from him when he comes back. nervous.

he says his kid<sup>40</sup> drew them and i recognize either within or without of dream that they look like crusader shield on old t-shirts. (irl before, founder had mentioned arabs in the crusades at the bookstore, and founder<sup>41</sup> there, plus winkler resemblance to band frontman<sup>42</sup>{closetie}.)

as he is about to come through door i wonder where jonah hill is and wake up, having overslept.

---

<sup>38</sup> Reference to *Let's Make A Deal* game show "zonks" behind bad doors, also to Zonker Harris for a Wesleyan graduate (4/20 day = ZH day) who took part in a story alluded to here but not named because of potential consent issues (anodyne story actually)

<sup>39</sup> site co-founder, who wrote gratitude songs after a death scare

<sup>40</sup> a filmmaker whose movie I saw with site co-founder

<sup>41</sup> Site co-founder

<sup>42</sup> per press reports/social media friendly w/{deidentified but makes sense in context}

***dreamtate: upscale w-style business hotel for unclear reasons***

-----

10.31.2013 (boston wknd<sup>43</sup>)

I have arrived at an upscale w-style business hotel for unclear reasons. unlike the w, the color scheme is warm fall browns but dim like it. jetlagged, i decide to loiter in a used book store in a newbury st style brownstone basement with stairs to the entrance so the storefront windows are still somewhat exposed to the outside. there are no window displays, just small arrays of shelves.

while i tinker in the front, i cannot become absorbed in readings because i notice a handsome, waspy man in his late thirties named roger sitting at one of the wooden tables in a wooden windsor chair. we have met before on a previous trip to this place, where he shepherded me around to another bookstore across the boulevard. it is a brownstone neighborhood, sort of an arrondissement set-up in that it's really graystone (gravestone pun?) and close to the ground, five stories max. something like boston or london, i suppose. it is not especially populated by cars, but enough so that you might get run over if you don't look out.

finally roger and i arrange to meet tomorrow at the store for a stroll. once he leaves, i am alone again aside from a shopkeeper at watch, not at a cashier but just wandering around. then, across the store, a man who I soon realize is LOML<sup>44</sup> makes eyes at me. he is in a fieldcoat, and flipping idly through a book, though i do not see its cover. we are instantly drawn to one another and, uncharacteristic for either of us, make smalltalk. i forget what about. LOML, coming into my territory instead of pulling me into his -- he does just before this as we flirt, then comes into mine -- shows me a display of artist<sup>45</sup>'s new line of tropical scented bath and body works style perfumes. he does not respond as I comment on what i felt was the hilarious decision of the manufacturer or product engineer to name them all with white trash frenchish names (arielle<sup>46</sup>, solange<sup>47</sup>, etc.) to my surprise, he does not react, and assume on the spot that it was because he didn't come up with it first. there is an awkward moment, but he goes for it, and we're both delirious in it. we both know to stow away to a hotel, but can't make it anywhere past the bathrooms in the lobby. there is a male and a female and a unisex handicap all in a row, and we go for the unisex furthest on the right. there is a gap in the narrative where i lose the sexing thread, though i remember making out with him.

---

<sup>44</sup> LOML = love of my life, who will remain unnamed (really just a crush, but)

<sup>45</sup> frontman of [www.site.com/artists](http://www.site.com/artists) (verified)

<sup>46</sup> Name of my music critic friend/college friend's sister

<sup>47</sup> Beyonce's verified sister and friend of verified artists

***dreamtate: (continuation of same dreamtate)***

the next day i hope to find him again at the store, and he is there, and so is roger. my travel group, possibly {close tie}, come looking for me in the store and demand an explanation of the roger situation<sup>48</sup>, at which point i lose track of LOML's presence. i give a speech explaining the roger connection as a man who showed me around and that's it. in context, i am concerned that they thought he was kidnapping me.<sup>49</sup>

{closetie} wakes me up because she has to go to breakfast before dartmouth.

---

<sup>48</sup> After “the situation on the ground” as usage (no reallife cognate)

<sup>49</sup> Blatant callback to recurring dream of {closetie} kidnapping dating back to childhood yet not recognized as such at the time

***tatez and gigz***

-----

11.6.2013 (postwriting, birthday)

In a crowded college-type social workspace. Author<sup>50</sup> is preparing his new books in zine form, one a half-sheet and one a full-sheet with a fold. He sets it up like censorship, with copious notes and crossouts I see him do, plus holes in the text. We are seated at adjacent computer workstations while author completes two commissions, one a revision of his (real) novel on the half-sheet, another a commercial assignment. I hear a bit of each as he reads it out loud but can't remember the contents now. He is under pressure from an editor to produce.

As I watch him work, can't focus on whatever I'm doing (can't remember what). I keep looking over his shoulder to read him, and he knows I'm doing it. He seems touched by the attention and we keep moving closer to one another physically, enough so eventually that we are practically touching and I can feel his breath on me as we talk. Author explains warmly and dulcet that he thought many times about XXXXXXXXXXXXXXX<sup>51</sup>

---

<sup>50</sup> [www.author.org](http://www.author.org) (disambiguation)

<sup>51</sup> redacted for personal reasons (though not based on real-life events)...

***Dreamtate: sickish***

-----

11.20.2013 (sickish/friend<sup>52</sup> confessional flipout to {close tie}, work logistics)

dream of {redacted} reunion with college buddy<sup>53</sup> in atl house after i learn his med school wife has just died, consummated

---

<sup>52</sup> College friend named in original who would probably be fine with me including him. I didn't feel like asking.

<sup>53</sup> "Public" figures who are in our extended circles are referred to by name here when it's flattering or neutral to them.

## *just visiting*

-----

11.21.2013 (aftermath of flipout, work<sup>54</sup> in previous dream -- stagnating over julianne moore spinster film 'the english teacher' whilst catatonic in bed all day awaiting new haven, annoyed with president<sup>55</sup> for liking site<sup>56</sup> update to some insanity invoking {professor}<sup>57</sup> meanwhile being a terrible and passive friend, {a} psychiatrist rescheduling in which i insist i'm fine medically but not so good mentally, annoyed by magazine publishing a medical geography bodies count piece that i felt might have jacked<sup>58</sup> an idea from an article they'd declined with a positive note months before<sup>59</sup>)

visit a colonial room in a townhouse not unlike home family room with two couches across from one another in which middle-aged straight female collaborator of (not {colleague} but seems to resemble her resumewise if not physically) takes people one at a time like an oracle for spiritual counsel you have to sign up for in advance and wait in line for until you are called -- i confess i don't have a question about life or love but visited her because i saw she'd co-authored a book with {professor} and wanted to know if i should be an epidemiologist at all if i were incapable of understanding "bodies count"<sup>60</sup> on appropriate level to do well in the course and receive requisite mentorship to advance career

---

<sup>54</sup> A large bureaucracy.

<sup>55</sup> Site president/co-founder (verified artist)

<sup>56</sup> contempo usage, company had not yet rebranded

<sup>57</sup> originally named for power of scholarship, then redacted electively for privacy reasons

<sup>58</sup> "drawn from" at best... v. melodramatic/ a lil paranoid

<sup>59</sup> I didn't really care actually, I care about more in the world than publishing credits

<sup>60</sup> cf. *Epidemiology and the People's Health* by Nancy Krieger (Oxford, 2011)

***dreamtat explaining what would we do, baby, without us***

----

11.28.2013 (anniversary of {closeties}/thanksgiving/guilt writing)

Melissa McCarthy<sup>61</sup> (on old navy commercials recently) racing me through house via various levels trying to murder me, I wake up when cornered

---

<sup>61</sup> unverified on Site

***Dreamtate which is like 'now let me be clear'***

-----

12.1.2013 (post-Thanksgiving capitulation to depression, healthcare.gov, talk of Clinton<sup>62</sup> coming back to the black community<sup>63</sup>, Facebook shares of Obama<sup>64</sup> and daughters being all normal in Politics and Prose<sup>65</sup> for small business, reading before bed about Titanic [sic] and Lusitania fame after no. 1 year<sup>66</sup> depression)

{closetie} and I board small commercial plane to Chicago. Looks like a prop plane about 4-5 rows back and 4-5 greybrown seats per row. Really drab thing, probably a United aircraft though no flight attendant apparent. President is on with Michelle and daughters.<sup>67</sup> there is no real aisle forcing me to climb back to my seat after using the bathroom.

I climb over POTUS saying "Excuse me, Mr. President" and see him delight a little bit at the squirm. Mid-flight I realize he is giving me a delightful right shoulder massage and don't want to interrupt what feels good. Finally understand why power is seductive, and why he is specifically. Don't want to look back to spoil moment but do sort of and have my suspicions pleasantly confirmed.

Think to myself how awesome it must be for him to return to civilian life so anonymously. I wonder if it'll go anywhere from here and am also horrified at him doing that to his wife and daughters but figure it's far from the first time.

But what if it IS the first time--how flattering! I think to myself that I kid myself.

Then I realize I'm in back of him.  
Or am I?

I can't decide.

---

<sup>62</sup> [www.site.com/artists/hillary-clinton](http://www.site.com/artists/hillary-clinton) (verified)

<sup>63</sup> Really more of a Bill Clinton reference tho

<sup>64</sup> [www.site.com/artists/White-House](http://www.site.com/artists/White-House) (verified)

<sup>65</sup> Washington, DC indie bookstore I've never been to, I later Insta'd this post to positive reception but deleted the account @screenname

<sup>66</sup> *Magazine* names album of the year. This is canon.

<sup>67</sup> Wish I could redact them, feels like a total constant violation, but as public figures dream doesn't make sense w/o their inclusion

***context clues***

-----

12.12.2013 (editing companion's<sup>68</sup> mfa app)

an extremely short woman who identifies herself as LOML maman and looks like LOML but clearly is not IRL not that i've met her, panels with {closetie}

---

<sup>68</sup> Deleted some identifying info. He had no role in the preparation of the manuscript and, to my best recollection, received none of these E-mails describing these dreams.

***dreamtate couched in***

----

12.29.2013

come downstairs with a group of young types, probably site[sic] employees, to chill on a leather couch configuration with coffee table sort of like the ace hotel but with light cherry wood rather than that dark gastropub feel.

producer<sup>69</sup> walks in to shake hands with young doctor (a therapist?<sup>70</sup>) apparently next to us and is getting a psychoanalysis section next couch over, both of us in a subbasement with view of the street like a sunken nova half basement half ground floor. i can see above where he's talking to the concrete of the street. i eavesdrop but do not recall what is said nor do so in the dream.

---

<sup>69</sup> [www.site.com/producer](http://www.site.com/producer) (verified) - again, dreamlife fic! Don't know him. Met once with a co-founder, now deleted/unverified.

<sup>70</sup> Adjustment, did not have one *per se*, 2-3 session ego-supportive "just to check in"

***dreamtate ft. morrisette***

----

1.1.2014 ({site} bday)

college guy and {HS basically close tie by now} and {close tie} and i are all in one row, riding together in a car on the leather one continuous seat of a volvo<sup>71</sup> between a mcmansion planned community and a research park in a permasunny locale, possibly work, possibly LA. college is being stupid and not engaging my mom as she falls all over herself to draw him out. he sulks out window (to left of driver even though driver is on left - morrisette?)

Addendum 8.10.14 did this prefigure my similar configuration with same college guy and his ({closetie} of LOML2) in a cab on way home from july 2014 {recently rediscovered college acquaintance} fundraiser at which everyone was talking about mutual friend and college wanted reassurance from LYLALOML2S<sup>72</sup> about his 30th birthday and his {gendered} problems?

---

<sup>71</sup> Volvo motif really gets underplayed, it's very important

<sup>72</sup> "love you like a love of my life #2 sister," her being LOML2's sister

***me so dreamtate***

-----

1.4.2014

matthew modine as a confederate private joker

ripping my bodice

on a crinoline-strewn marriott bed

i have already stripped corset for him

(occurs to me later he is in 'and the band played on'

and pepsi bro

- cocacola pun? –
- 
- (in JOBS)<sup>73</sup>

---

<sup>73</sup> Steve Jobs died before he was able to be verified on Site, which would outlive him.

*There is a three month hiatus in the dream journal.*

*Dreamtates triduum sequence*

----

4.20.2014

guy I dated a while ago and media then fiancée<sup>74</sup> now wife irish spring wedding, basement buttry-like area with spring colors (gold, purple)

4.21.2014

@frontman<sup>75</sup>/lorde/nas in chelsea, @front at the right hand of the father, i touch his hand and he silently weeps, chasing lorde around looking for the man [sic]

4.22.2014

{xxx} discovers me uploading {redacted}<sup>76</sup> to apple TV accidentally, stuff that I was reading but lied that it was an internet bug fearing they would think i was a {imagine} for reading it but in fact have no desire to act on it in real life and just like the tone better

---

<sup>74</sup> Autocorrects to “finance.”

<sup>75</sup> The social media presence of frontman

<sup>76</sup> cost/benefit analysis to including, probably fine but a risk on some level and a lot else is being exposed here in some form

*dreamtateapprox*

— —

5.1.2014 (approx)

{almost closetie has slept at house} is trying to one up me on professional accomplishments as we walk through a DC airport corridor or something<sup>77</sup>

---

<sup>77</sup> forgot to annotate on “first pass”

***Book party dremtate***

— —

5.17.2014

LOML remembers who i am after i run into him at some sort of party celebrating an internet rumor that College Crush has sold his first novel, “farrow,” to FSG<sup>78</sup> (it is praised as spring breakers-type voice of internet innovation and looks like incoherent punctuation gibberish but also features magical realist naming structures with some punning {identifiable ethnicity} name or something on College Crush having a full aristocratic name). not sure my feelings about the incidents within the dream, other than feeling flattered and envious, but that may be reactionary.<sup>79 .80</sup>

---

<sup>78</sup> {major publishing house}

<sup>79</sup> Samesies.

<sup>80</sup> Not sure “reactionary” is used correctly here. Mean more like “reactive.”

*zendo dreamtate*

— —

7/9/14

(scolded by me lamed for first time for questionable reasons, zen dabbling, friend argument)

{colleague} convo as he tells me over a dark lit desk like steve jobs 80s zendo about gastrointestinal fellowship and I feel distant from him

*run-by dreamtating*

— —

8/14/14

(Mrs. Doubtfire dream - After despairing in lobby where vets fixed on CNN coverage of Missouri shooting, thought of a Dominican friar talking about Jah and Sade to Mass audience after reading on God abandoning Elijah, reading tissue fragments from joint replacements, James Lipton telling Lawrence O'Donnell of Robin Williams "He was our sad clown.")

*(IPhoned during a lecture on death certificates<sup>81</sup>)*

I have rebounded postop day 1 from a bilateral hip replacement at the age I am now (30). The surgeons have me stand over a table to review the products of the operation, and I see they have stripped off my face. I stare with shock and anguish no face at my own face like Cage/Travolta. They say they will replace it later in the day in a second surgery at a separate facility. I am not in pain and note IV access.

In the hall, which looks like a slapped together mid-2000s multistory hospital or college renovation, I run into {closetie} in an elevator bay. He has just missed a Missionary trip because the country kicked him out for being a Jehovah's Witness (he is not IRL just occasionally sanctimonious). But the convo stalls me from getting my face back, on which he does not comment. {close tie} later sees me and comments on it with my prompting, casually sorry like Nick Carraway would say. The morphine runs out and I hallucinate about excruciating pain to my own face replacement, which I am in preop for a day later. Ends with anticipating the wince, I think.

---

<sup>81</sup> Included for context in an E-mail to friend, italicized and parenthetical'd for clarity

*Lost dreamtate*

— — —

8/16/14

{I have redacted this dream, which includes a negative imagined interaction toward a work colleague I like and an intense encounter with a longtime friend.}

*dreamtate of tvperson with a very different 'take' on the 2016 election*<sup>82</sup>

— —

8/17/14

tvperson<sup>83</sup> storms to me from the basement of what I guess is house or some sparser version asking what is this stack of manuscripts, interrupting my conversation with my {close tie} (there was prelude to this that I can't remember). I say, oh, you're referring to this section with his<sup>84</sup> name on it and she throws a tantrum about it like of course and he glares. We move to a couch in the living room for something like a plagiarism check. I think how nice it is to be rid of friend and that he's being an idiot. I think the other readings are about airports (per Garry Winograd Met exhibit I'd been to earlier that day, I'm thinking).

---

<sup>82</sup> overheard on MSNBC's *All In With Chris Hayes* (LOML#3) in a 3/29/2016 interview with playwright Tony Kushner that just happened to come on while I was riffing

<sup>83</sup> [www.site.com/artists/tvperson](http://www.site.com/artists/tvperson) (verified)

<sup>84</sup> (redacted)

*luck be a dreamtate tonite*

—

9/4/14

(discuss unfairness of “{bandsong}” coming on at vegas pool, isis/putin escalation<sup>85</sup>, poutine jokes, hoover dam and grand canyon)

Bandguy from band<sup>86</sup> and I in an email correspondence via IM in which he expresses desire to quit to form improv comedy group and move to boston which i support, we find we have a ton in common but he still seems to have a gf but the correspondence is all consuming in some dark industrial space like vegas selling monochrome t-shirt palettes under such a name

---

<sup>85</sup> Much later someone would pretend to panic via parody account online that Putin would use Site to promote nefarious doings. As I copy/paste the link I can feel my runner’s high and it scares me. So I don’t. <https://competitorsite.com/username/status/3333333311111> (3-in-1, 3-on-1, it was random)

<sup>86</sup> Bandguy (my favorite in band has better book taste, does not appear in dreams)

*Illegible work notes*

9/12/14 (illegible work notes — post-9/11, 1st {reverential work task}, illsgible [sic])  
dream SORanch (?) eyeball {redacted for possible work-related reasons} by  
({colleague}/NATO pun?) and reported to me a la {redacted}. I am horrified.<sup>87</sup>

---

<sup>87</sup> Really have no idea what's what here.

**dreamtatin usa**<sup>88</sup>

9/19/14

({acquaintance} {unspeakable} aftermath, still, plus minor work frustrations on {redacted})

I am reading on a beach while a mob comes up from the tide.

The mob is flooded by a sudden tidal wave, bringing all to their deaths.

I am transfixed.

Wake up.

---

<sup>88</sup> I go out of my way here not to mention that I've a real and meaningladen job. To me, this is the most touching dream, which is why I added linespaces. ☺

*pre-bola dreamtate*

10/29/14

performing {professional act of reverence} on {redacted} with hypertelorism and some sort of thalidomide limb situation<sup>89</sup>

---

<sup>89</sup> Not an actual case, nor based on one, would've taken it out and replaced it with something deidentifying as fiction with valence of original ... upsetting myself here because I accidentally wrote "bae" for based at first which seemed racist, cf., as well as by the upsetting content, which is redacted... no [www.site.com/termservice](http://www.site.com/termservice) board mods, the moderation should be from within out of respect and reverence

**incomplete dreamtate**

11/14/14

{professional colleague} stops a {large bureaucracy} bomber, death-ish something<sup>90</sup>

---

<sup>90</sup> (forgot to write down)

*dreamtate with screwy chronology (failed socialist poetry reading encounter)*

1/24/15

({abbrev.}<sup>91</sup> specimen upset, weaning from social media {friend} insult I couldn't bear to read, {almost close tie} gets a job finally, failed socialist poetry reading encounter, overalls article for fashion week, mad at {guy} for not trying harder, ken burns prohibition doc, wes anderson nominated for an oscar, {closeties} watching boyhood on pay per view feeling inattentive to {abbrev.}<sup>92</sup> issue and I get mad about canvassing for obama sequence then embarrassed to be mad, david byrne brooklyn color guard pageant announced for toronto, debating should i invite{international colleague} to American Sniper, diplo is scared of taylor swift, {hometown} next great city, {professor colleague} run-in wed.)

screwy<sup>93</sup> chronology here. {closeties} are with me at a dark paneled hotel with a sun strewn concrete deck I later learn to be the chateau marmont, then am overly excited to learn is that, because I've never been and {friendly}<sup>94</sup> has. for most of the dream, i am alone, but we reconnoiter to have that exchange and for them to reassure me. there is a bookstore and toyshop inside along the lines of an eighties indie boutique. we see later that there is a book series in there that is the inspiration for a play I am watching intermittently throughout the dream up a tree-lined street with brick apartment duplexes resembling mass ave from harvard to porter square. {closetie} is there at the time with the books and remarks on a display (dot matrix printout in a lucite menu stand or something) that she loves them and knew of them first. {almostclosetie} comes in and a la {old friend} i jump on her and congratulate her on her new job, not having seen her in some time. she then recedes from the narrative somehow. yet most of my dream focuses on bandguy<sup>95</sup> at a very close distance, who is looking especially handsome and clean-shaven in a red plaid shirt, until I realize he is also wearing camel colored overalls when i later see him walking down the street. as in a real life encounter with a man that night who I thought was {poet I read}<sup>96</sup> — he wasn't — I begin the dream after walking down the street then entering a service elevator with bandguy knowing it is him and being struck with terror about whether or not to approach. the deal is i've heard myself being charming elsewhere in the dream, as in life, and feel i cannot replay it when i really want it as here. i either see or recall a similar incident involving a young only cult famous john mayer. we head upstairs together to the dining area. later, at the hotel, bandguy is reading at a table, a recapitulation of a similar event from early 2010 real life when I saw him reading the economist at Whole Foods before their Bowery Ballroom show and we stared at one another with interest, not necessarily good interest but interest nonetheless. anyhow, (IRL I had read a web article earlier in the day about striking up conversation

---

<sup>91</sup> medical shorthand for {most people would prefer not to know, so, redacted}

<sup>92</sup> would make way more sense if abbrev. left in but more challenging reading this way

<sup>93</sup> I try to underplay the }salacious} content of the dreams in my descriptions and avoid writing them down so I'll forget them, I haven't tried to recreate them here, hashtag ....

<sup>94</sup> www.site.com/editor (verified)

<sup>95</sup> www.site.com/producer (verified as collabos with band, unverified solo)

<sup>96</sup> poet acquaintance whose best line is {line ~1 stanza}

over stray books in confined spaces like airplanes.) I don't say anything, then immediately regret it, but we keep looking at one another and I'm reminded of the handle<sup>97</sup> water jug ("raw dog!") exchange in retrospect. i am aware he probably has a girlfriend still but hope desperately he does not as he is behind me, alone, and i keep looking and looking back, and he is also looking back. the play is in an expansive urban park a la {hometown one} on a soccer field and flooded with children dressed in all different kinds of outfits for a 19th century ish morality play about class mores acted by preadolescents trying to be adolescents. it has a wes anderson feel and an enormous audience with that stagey blocky barry lyndon quality but is more knowing. there is the feeling i am in the play and the adults are too. there is an intermission in which i am confronted about whether or not to sit next to bandguy in one of the front rows a la the real life {colleague} situation from earlier in the day, except here i sit and say nothing, just follow the kids' march but in the opposite direction from the flow of human traffic. the pediatricians are in a gazebo at the stopping point and we chitchat about pathobiology. then i wake up i think still wishing i approached bandguy who seems interested in context.

---

<sup>97</sup> formerly of [www.site.com/handle](http://www.site.com/handle) (de-verified)

## **dreamtate upon waking**

3.12.2015 ({large government bureacracy} collapsing at the seams, spring torpor, crawl back to Roman<sup>98</sup>, {colleague} runs to {large government bureacracy} and I worry I'm going to be caught late, {a} psychiatrist call re: fear of success/complacency and my crush on guy<sup>99</sup>, GIRLS with the actor fred melamed<sup>100</sup> approaching hannah's mom)

dream upon waking<sup>101</sup> of {redacted} w/consent as if some transfer of success alls I know

---

<sup>98</sup> Renewed communication line with (Roman numeral) (IMDb)

<sup>99</sup> [www.site.com/artists](http://www.site.com/artists) and /artist (both unverified)

<sup>100</sup> Important play on words/roles but will not disclose identity to maintain protocol

<sup>101</sup> Possibly an allusion to {former closetie}'s love of Roethke's "take my waking slow"

**dreamtate with knowitall (stpatty's day)**

3.17.2015 ({colleague} approves of case report, {large govt bureacracy} {colleague})  
{close ties} hosting Oscars viewing party, Boss shows up unexpectedly because he heard  
{close ties} knew what it was talking about

## hope my closeties aren't reading this dreamtate

4.23.2015 (recurring daydream post-Artist<sup>102</sup> encounter)

LOML wearing black sweater and jeans, me something more muted but norm core. In a gray room corner in very severe sparse decor to escape some larger separate party. Depending on time of dream, one or the other of us {acts} which escalates to {acts} while whispering talk, head otherwise buried in shoulder. He then {acts} on white down and looks very intensely while all heavy. It's a quick one but deep. I imagine him {what I imagine} and I do the same {what I imagine}

It's not that interesting.<sup>103</sup>

---

<sup>102</sup> [www.artist.com](http://www.artist.com) (unverified visual artist with musician friends who I asked to paint the Site office corporate art, never materialized, it was a silly idea anyway)

<sup>103</sup> Added a linebreak to emphasize uninterestingness that was not in orig.

## James francdreamtate

5.21.15 ({{group}}<sup>104</sup>, {a} psychiatrist anger, james franco sound and fury, {large govt bureacracy} rotation ups and downs)

james franco walks me through a campus, mostly indoors like a mall with flowers and newsstands and such - it is some kind of school fair - but outdoors exposure to downtown corporate boston a la Wellesley including a {expletive} truck for deadheads ({friend's GF} reference?), {editor acquaintance<sup>105</sup>} is there and i remember thinking he is attractive, he is hanging out with a young hispanic child ends as franco kisses me

---

<sup>104</sup> [www.elevator.org](http://www.elevator.org)

<sup>105</sup> Thus proving this dreamtate is a poem/about a poem but also coincidence

*memorial dreamtate*

5.24.15 (memorial day/may 17 remembrances, one week post Mad Men, {redacted boss and bureaucracy affiliation} carinal ~~glom~~ glomus tumor)

I notice bilateral supraclavicular LAD and agonal breath type deficits in the support structure but not really an effect on the breathing, just the knowledge that the lung will soon be lost to a hilar cancer with bronchial and vascular invasion, I spend the dream trying to see the invasion as I would {redacted}, I spend entire dream anticipating the final discussion as I know my prognosis is bad,<sup>106</sup>

of note IRL after waking up {closeties} don't seem to register when I tell them this dream was very upsetting to me because {closetie} is working and {closetie} is busy preparing food<sup>107</sup>

---

<sup>106</sup> hate serial comma jokes but left for consistency

<sup>107</sup> Linebreak for clarity/shift to reallife reception of dream

*{summer 2015 dreams were not vivid enough to remember during a light work period}*

*voices of dreamtates*

8/20-21<sup>108</sup> ({friend}/tech shadow, annoyed about {redacted about friends})

worrying i'm hamming it up flirtatiously to {redacted}, {closetie}'s bday)  
sitting at roundtable of people {colleague} voices out loud my worst fears about me as a  
professional to me and i recognize within structure of the dream that he's being distorted  
and ludicrous

---

<sup>108</sup> Forgot to write "2015"

## **gameday dreamtate**

9/12/15

(midday nap after fatigue from return to structure exacerbated by {colleague} procrastination on a friday night, temporarily cutting off {friend} for getting too intense too quickly, ND vs. UVA, haircut, getting retroactively pissed that {redacted about verified artists “stealing my ideas”}, {friend} revisits the Ted Bundy materials and I recall that some Twitter person compared {verified} to a college pic, worried about letting myself go lately but making sincere efforts to self discipline, {friends }pre-party revisiting old social anxieties, several “Desperado” like diegetic music issues of late<sup>109</sup>)

on some kind of western US drive to a school that involved mountain terrain of unspecified contour, seems to be a motorcade thing but everyone else leaves so LOML and I are effectively stuck with one another and I panic the entire time that I am being boring and get to ask him all the questions I’ve never gotten to pin him down for in the last several years like how he frames his instagrams (i see him do one) and his punctuation and syntax decisions and musical influences, there are multiple opportunities for us to hook up and I keep being afraid to make a move, he at one point with me in a classroom has a bunch of handwritten posters I’ve done a la<sup>110</sup> that I fear are me writing about him but I can’t prove it because I can’t bear to look because I’m embarrassed, I remember thinking he’s less attractive than I remembered but I am still extremely into him and I am more worried he isn’t into me than him actually not being so, so eventually nothing happens because I am so consumed by this fear even as he literally has proven to me that he saved the entire archives of our “friendship” for sentimental reasons and has them in front of me in the entirety of the dream)

---

<sup>109</sup> Not noted due to the gap in summer 2015 dream records, but a former closetie (unverified) and I had discussed Don Henley lyrics during that period. Disclosure: former closetie’s {closetie} was interviewed for a job at Site.

<sup>110</sup> My poems are not as good as my dreams and E-mails per friends “in the know”

**long hiatus I forget what about but look I guess it's a dreamtate**

— — —

1/5/16 (long hiatus, initials<sup>111</sup> re: {literary} submission, {colleague} and work anxiety)  
beach boardwalk band<sup>112</sup> author<sup>113</sup> chase element something competition

---

<sup>111</sup> Editor/writer, verified on Site as username (otherwise redacted as {college friend})

<sup>112</sup> [www.site.com/band](http://www.site.com/band)

<sup>113</sup> [www.author.org](http://www.author.org) (disambiguation)

*Date Unknown dreamtate*

Feb 2016 (date unknown, {topic} paper stalling, {closetie}/{college} guilt)

intense encounter with endocrinology witnessed by {closetie}<sup>114</sup>

---

<sup>114</sup> Different close tie than that in the contextual note... not the right URL but w/e

*dictionary escalation dreamtate*

3/6/2016 (dictionary escalation<sup>115</sup>, forensics<sup>116</sup>)

nut job FNJ<sup>117</sup> brings me multiple bottles of antidepressants, implied suicide/homicide themes... very vague memory<sup>118</sup> but definitely a nightmare<sup>119</sup>

---

<sup>115</sup> Referring to conversation over a recent hang with an acquaintance (deidentified)

<sup>116</sup> I cannot discuss my work from time which was of much interest and coincidentally happening during the airing of *American Crime Story: The People vs. OJ Simpson*.

<sup>117</sup> “fucking nutjob,” referring to {deidentified} (many people’s favorite word is {word}, his is not these)

<sup>118</sup> [www.site.com/band](http://www.site.com/band) (verified).

<sup>119</sup> I get tired of annotating. Full circle!

## The Last Word<sup>120</sup>

but I just get SO TIRED of annotating

my dreams and basically stop for several months

after that.

(for several months after)

...like, I just get so *TIRED of*....<sup>121</sup>

---

<sup>120</sup> An expert expletive lexicographer and mixologist {deidentified} said there is a cocktail called The Last Word. Unrelated. But interesting.

<sup>121</sup> But was important to me that I get the last word—related.

*I submit a manuscript for publication (this one). It is accepted.*

*Several weeks later, I clean my apartment and unearth handwritten transcripts of a few dreams from the year before the 2013 diary entries (these being 2012).*

*Not sure how they relate. Add for completeness. Several weeks after, I dream about upset when {close tie} elopes w/woman he barely knew. Don't add it. Try hard to forget.*

*The martyrdom of this dreamtate on the four-wheel of a Volvo 240*

1/21/2012

{close tie} old home story ( {hoity-toity sounding childhood address}, {beat up station wagon} -> France (?))

Says don't read online sent (?) → Waugh comment?<sup>122</sup>

Workover → E-mailed pic to say hi

Checking E-mail re: (unintelligible) had emailed {LOML} hi

{LOML} Had responded vaguely positively

(toxicology e-mail)

---

<sup>122</sup> Erroneously implies {LOML} has driven me to drug, he didn't, he just coincidentally liked Volvo 240s {my bad} and Waugh as much as I did, who wouldn't get the vapours around that discerning an eye (people used to say I write sorta like Waugh, or like I read Waugh, which is why I started writing like I do here, to avoid any predictability)

*dreamtate nomogram*

1/24-25/2012

{close tie} gnawing on APAP<sup>123</sup> tablet (pre-tox written exam -> OD?)

---

<sup>123</sup> Trying to be cute and use generics, this can mean the drug or the compound measured in therapeutic drug monitoring, not the actual drug (the drug being acetaminophen)

*casually sorry, then I forgot to write down the whole dreamtate*

3/2-3/3/2012

The Facts<sup>124</sup>

- {grad school} letter w/MFA worry manuscript
- {classmate} scrubs “that’s BS” re: housing form
- MoMA Sherman society portraits/{identifying song} /Margot Tenenbaum-esque video art thing of {college classmate}
- Damien Hirst HIV/TB Rx food, series
- Neuro exam as comedy routine, vignettes<sup>125</sup>
- Owen Wilson in Admission, GATZ E-mail<sup>126</sup>
- Slept through treadmill<sup>127</sup>
- The Lorax review

Dream

- group is meeting about medical topics, but not med school classmates. Invited<sup>128</sup> to work in enormous Astor Pl apt<sup>129</sup> owned by {LOML}, white w/gilded frames<sup>130</sup> saturating, {LOML-affiliated} peeps/music peeps in every room. I say loudly when people ooh over it “but it’s unfair” and {LOML} briefly looks over in understanding as doctor says why do you think that
- we sit at seminar table unproductive as B+W<sup>131</sup> wall of progression of Manhattan Hx<sup>132</sup> is over us
- {LOML} is in a straw-colored summer suit a la Gatsby
- We break to a trade outside the window which distracts us from work the whole time
- I note and laugh that most like me are barefoot

---

<sup>124</sup> Possibly a reference to the Roth book, which I’ve never read

<sup>125</sup> Neurologists get a lot of awesome props like the penlight and tuning fork, and the stethoscope bell for reflexes... Can’t say I fancy myself an Oliver Sacks, too many people fancy him... gotta be your own brand (great writer though)

<sup>126</sup> Disclosure: I am a longtime donor to [www.site.org](http://www.site.org) after {director} helped me write my undergraduate thesis (“senior essay”). Wilson talks about Max Fischer as “a James Gatz figure” on *Rushmore* Criterion DVD commentary, which has a lot of obvious parallels to what follows but I won’t illuminate any of here (like I said, obvious)

<sup>127</sup> Some time after this I would read *Leaving The Atocha Station* by Ben Lerner on a treadmill and say “which was apropos” to describe the experience (it didn’t describe the experience and didn’t sound as good as I’d hoped, big fan of the book)

<sup>128</sup> “invited” (transcription error)

<sup>129</sup> Imagined, in the dream

<sup>130</sup> Should have pushed myself harder to be more specific in description, wasn’t full-fledged/credentialed yet, maybe I’m trying to hide feelings via vague description and shorthand of overly identifying description

<sup>131</sup> black and white (unlike this list) – could probably do Waughy “bridge et tunnel”

<sup>132</sup> shorthand for “history” (thought about a PhD, didn’t have attention span)

- See {graduate school classmate disambiguation with undergraduate classmate} back up to do<sup>133</sup> seriously
- I start to run 100m then worry about wink in mud as reminded of outdoor track's resemblance to {close tie} and {hometown of Jayson Blair} track and cut short by walking, fearful of getting caught
- {old writing professor} sees me as he gets dressed to start back at entrance
- I go right for another lap observing gang around and by then workout is over
- We go back in + group leaves as party is being prepared {LOML} asks me to stay in
- Some communicating way and as I start to talk I realize he's already mingled elsewhere
- Gatsby like party<sup>134</sup> not in clothes but in atmo/crowding
- Some comer talks to me while I am fixated on {LOML} flitting around w/other girls and disses house (psychiatrist trainee of someone who knows mom from past) and I say don't know he worked for all of this [N.B. he didn't]
- I go to get book w/Seventies Brit publishing cover (topic?)
- {college classmate I see once a year}<sup>135</sup> texts about if anyone at this Cinnamon Surprise (?) party this because she can't find anyone<sup>136</sup>
- I finally reunify (?) with {LOML} I see {LOML}'s mom<sup>137</sup> in window in some kind of Annie Lennox shared bed setup resembling a Cindy [Sherman] photo and can't believe I didn't recognize it

---

<sup>133</sup> Do what? (“With *what*, Ned?”)

<sup>134</sup> Guess a Gatsby like party is really just a Gatsby party but

<sup>135</sup> Technically the year behind, worked for {A-list industry figure}, they work well together, haven't met him and don't expect to, that was a while ago and I don't do that

<sup>136</sup> I wish I could find the rest of this dream, it is one of more vivid I've ever had but I wrote it down illegibly specifically so I wouldn't be able to recover it because its perseveration on certain themes was embarrassing to me as well as identifiable

<sup>137</sup> Never met her, very speculative, heard good things

3/4/12

{age peer but direct supervisor} and me locked in closet, reconcile<sup>138</sup>

---

<sup>138</sup> Won't get into it, but it needed to happen (not work-related)

3/5/12

{doctor/activist} et al. mtg, bomb threat<sup>139</sup>, I break window half assedly then escape just in time

---

<sup>139</sup> Actually they're militantly non-violent in case anyone attempts to identify, dream making them violent was, in itself, de-identifying on some level, or at least estranging

4/4/12

cyanocobalamin stains “CO” (CN) poisoning

observing deadish<sup>140</sup> girl young pale on table with airway distress, red lips

---

<sup>140</sup> Presenting with red lips is a deadish sign, the language here is dead(ish)... there is a genetic testing modality called in situ hybridization or ISH, sort of like this reconstructive format translocating times, locations, realities (why I’m not a writer)

4/5/12

{close tie}<sup>141</sup> thinking {close tie one degree removed} died in bed a1c<sup>142</sup> {close tie} and {samesies one removed} coming in to correct her yelling about linens<sup>143</sup>

---

<sup>141</sup> Illegible, transcribed as “mon”

<sup>142</sup> like the three character poem but referring to hemoglobin a1c testing though none of parties in question has diabetes mellitus IRL

<sup>143</sup> couldn't tell if this was a dream at first, still not that sure

4/18/12 – (1 of 2)<sup>144</sup>

context: watery diarrhea in peds/diaper shooting, romantic concerns about losing control of life, academic insecurity<sup>145</sup> due to recent lack of focus in a subject in which I want to do well, Lolita and {redundant} adolescents in clinic, {high school} 10 yr. reunion, expressing regret to {close tie} about erratic<sup>146</sup> of men, {college friend}/(unintelligible – resize for charity/chatty?)

dream: in my high school as visitor context under, walk through each classroom pod area including planetarium<sup>147</sup>, finally to semi hall in front in freshman {interdisciplinary proto-STEM initiative<sup>148</sup>} area out of planetarium library way. Outside, which is not {high school} side, I hear a crowd running toward the Rev. Jesse’s “I AM SOMEBODY” reprise. I follow to it in glee about reprise. Mob gathers outside in non {high school} like, massive stadium like the area in which I’d had a recent dream about getting stuck in bad seats at a baseball (?) game and never able to find my way back to cool. Under shade and grass instead. Diabetic near me must(?) avuncular {descriptive marker of privilege} ER guy complaining of drinking too much sudden DKA he self diagnosed. Chides himself in front of director who laughs and agrees. There are 2-3 other girls on a towel on the grass behind MD complaining of diarrhea. While witnessing exchanges aside I think that DM guy is an idiot and then realize {redacted} with sudden onset {constitutional symptoms} (compare to childhood incident @ beach?) and become ashamed for insulting guy/being {redacted} in public. I am in blue Barney’s dress<sup>149</sup> almost as if Caddy in Sound and the Fury, obviously important to me as a senior<sup>150</sup>, though that does not become evident to me in dream itself. Thinking triage guy must be in ER but it turns and he’s a cardiologist<sup>151</sup> and just moonlighting or being nice. I ask if I should do anything other than IVF/lytes and he says no, ha.<sup>152</sup> I walk back toward home in my {redacted} clothes and wake up worrying I will {redact} again but knowing somehow I will not.

---

<sup>144</sup> Could not find (2 of 2) in hard copy, sorry

<sup>145</sup> Transcription error, now reminiscent of “sacristy,” where romantic concerns were not supposed to happen as a kid, and, rumors were, did

<sup>146</sup> possible transcription error (extraction?)

<sup>147</sup> feels identifying but thematically critical

<sup>148</sup> ~~POTUS~~ {American president} (see earlier dream) visited this {high school} program at some point during his administration, well after I was there, well before I dreamed this

<sup>149</sup> Not a Lewinsky reference, though it could be, it’s referring to a dress I own and forgot I owned then, plus I tend to perseverate more on Sharon Stone’s Gap tee at the Oscars after having deliberated too much on Lewinsky in 8<sup>th</sup> grade

<sup>150</sup> AP Lit elective for token readers at STEM school (chemistry track)—they endured

<sup>151</sup> Dalton Ames would be a good name for an internal medicine subspecialist

<sup>152</sup> Feel like I should perserverate on choice to go with ha vs. haha, which I could’ve corrected while transcribing (scrubbing?), but ha chops, and it’s more important here that I left the paragraph intact like the handwritten notes when it could’ve benefited from a break

Have I no shame?

I rethink the project.

I benefit from a break.

...but who benefits from my break ?

Anyone ?

What's so unique about me?

*disclosure of conflict(s) of interest*

These dreams are fiction and do not represent the views of the Site or other employers. Any resemblance to real or fictional has been redacted where possible.

Disclosure: I own equity in a website.

Now you own equity in my dreams.

