

June 16 - Friday

Sorry about not writing in my notebook sooner. I've been very busy graduating and stuff. Today was the last day of school. I have the whole summer vacation to do as I please.

June 21 - Wednesday

I haven't written in my notebooks for almost a week. Because of vacation I forgot all about it. I guess you noticed I changed my ~~to~~ writing. More tomorrow. Goodbye. This is a bit later. I've been thinking about the dream I had a ~~bit~~ while back (May 31). I think I can explain it now.

NEXT PAGE →

I had an intense spook house experience when in New York with my folks. A dancing demon in the CARRY HOUSE ON CARRY ISLAND. RED DEVIL LOOKED LIKE A FILM ANIMATION DEEP IMPRESSION

MY DREAM — (SEE MAY 31 - WEDNESDAY)

I was in a cave with bats and spiders. This would obviously be my basement. It's a ~~room~~ family room now but no one goes there much but me. The bats would be my desire of turning the place into a spook house (which I attempted many times). The spiders are just what they are. Sometimes I see spiders dangling from the ceiling or crawling up the wall. I wonder why I didn't dream of ants because the basement is infested with them.

I kept trying to find a way out but I just couldn't seem to. This could be interpreted two ways. (1) This could mean I am looking for new surroundings. It is true I seem to be getting tired of looking at the same room every time I come down the stairs. (2) Another possibility is that I subconsciously want to be free from the loneliness that prevails. My trying to escape from the cave could also mean I'm trying to bring others in. I spend at least 10 hours a day in it.

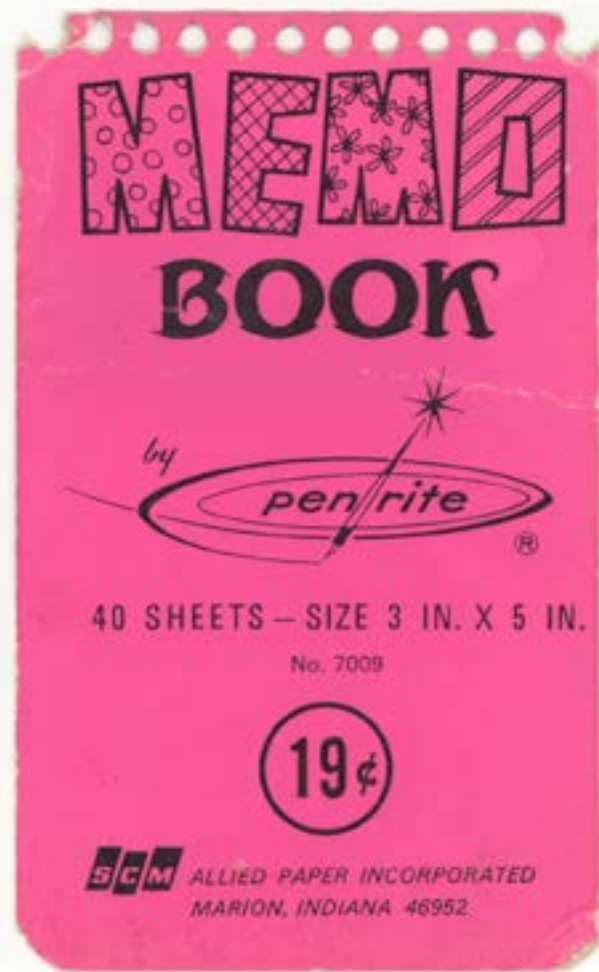
At last I came to a big wooden door and opened it. This part of the dream I completely do not understand. Unless it is just an introduction to the following part in the dream. Of course, we can also ~~find~~ <sup>quote</sup> Freud

about this portion of the dream. "There is at least one spot in every dream at which it is unplumbable - a novel, as it were, that is its point of contact with the unknown". When I opened it a giant spider came out and chased me back through the cave until I finally woke up. This portion of the dream was very easy to explain. The spider is my dog Penny whose living quarters are in the basement. I must have a subconscious notion that I invade her privacy.

Final Analysis: The dream must mean that I want the room remodeled and not to bother Penny when she's sleeping (as I usually do).

June - 22 - Thursday  
Nothing happens much on summer vacation. I had a dream last night but it was so simple to decode I'll just tell the meaning of it. It was a subconscious fear of going to school next year or a fear that summer is going by too rapidly.

I talked with Skully a bit today. He said that he does want to go to camp but he needs new teeth. I'm not going to bring the new skull because he'll get down up!



*Barnes*  
DREAM NOTEBOOK #2  
~~scribble~~  
JUNE 20 1972  
to

JUNE 22 - THURSDAY  
Year Summer is too short  
JUNE 23 - FRIDAY  
Started out: I was Will Robinson ~~and~~ Dr. Smith and I found a wishing machine. We wished we were back on earth. Our identities changed. I was now myself and Dr. Smith was ~~Ken~~ B. Our class wanted in a theatre to fulfill our wish which was entirely turned around. The film was a Walt Disney cartoon

with the following characters: a hippo, an alligator, a boy, ~~and~~ a giant sea serpent, ~~and~~ a giraffe. Most of the action would take place in the water. The sea serpent wanted to swallow someone but was sad when he had to eat the hippo.

June 23 - Friday

Last night I had a very strange dream. At the beginning my identity was different than who I truly am. I have just decided that this is such a long dream that I won't put it in this notebook. Instead I'll leave it in my dream notebook.

June 25 - Sunday

Today I completed a human skeleton model. I named him Sigmund. (After Sigmund Freud).

July 6th - THURSDAY

It's been 13 days since I last wrote in my notebook. From now on I'll try and keep them up-to-date.

This week was a very pleasant one. I bought a few white rats and put them out in the garage. Every day I go out and play with them a bit. July 4th I went to see "BEN". The film wasn't as good as "WILLARD" in my opinion.

July 7th - Friday

Today I had quite an experience. I was going to ride my bike a bit but instead I decided to take a little walk. I thought about taking Penny along but she would pull and tug on the leash and break my chain of thought. Instead of taking Penny I just went myself. I had a memo book with me ~~so~~ so I could write down anything that would happen. Here's a copy of what I wrote while I walked:

Another blatant lie!  
None of my ramblings to convince  
my peers and posterity of the strange  
nature of my insane genius.

I am now going for a walk. I think I will walk in the alley because nothing disturbs me. Excuse the writing (It's very hard to write while I walk). I'm now going past the back of Duke's yard. I will now stop writing until I come upon something interesting.

I've just seen something interesting; a rat! I didn't see it until I was about three feet.....

I had to stop here because the rat started to walk towards me. That's when I turned

and ran. After a ~~short~~ while I went out to see the rat again but he wasn't there. I'll keep this secret ~~so~~ so no one will stop me from going in the alley again.

July 8th - Saturday

Next week at this time I will be on the bus heading for camp. Last night while I watched screaming yellow theater I was trying to decide if I should leave my notebook home or take it to camp. I quickly decided to take it along because last year I did not bring it and I missed a lot.

I went out to the alley again today but I didn't see the rat. I left some breadcrumbs where I saw him yesterday. Maybe I shouldn't go to see the rat because after watching "BEN" the rat isn't too pretty. All throughout "BEN" people were being eaten alive by rats.

Today I had to clean the cage that my pet rats live in.

July 9th - Sunday

Today I went to church as I do every Sunday. Mike Davis was going to come over in the afternoon for a visit but because he had to help his father fix the car he couldn't.

Claymore (the idiot who spit on my hot dog) is going to go ~~for~~ to camp for one week. That week he shall die!

ME CLAYMORE

ME DEATH

ME DEAD!

ME BOHACZ!

I feel so angry at Claymore that I am drawing cartoons about him as you probably have noticed.

Don't get me wrong! I do not hate Claymore! But I must get revenge for my hot dog! REVENGE! REVENGE!

I've just come back from the alley.  
The rat was there again. I fed him  
some bread and stood there and watched.  
The rat was cautious at first. He was  
sniffing the food for a minute and then  
took it. I followed him and found out  
that he lives in a yard a few  
houses from the corner.

The rat was big! I think he was  
13 inches long from nose to tail. He was  
all brown with a long, pink, scaly tail.  
More tomorrow.

I just got back from Playland Amusement  
Park. I had no fun at all.

~~July~~ 10 - Monday

Today Davis came over. We  
spent the day training Max and  
~~the~~ Aristotle. Max is very relaxed.  
and Aristotle is not. Aristotle is more  
intelligent than Max.

We tested their ability with a  
variety of mazes and puzzles.  
This is a bit later. I just fed  
them. Max is very stupid. Davis has  
nothing to say.

Davis wrote this: GOD OF ARISTOTLE IS A  
P<sup>Q</sup> WHILE MAX IS A DVH!!!

Monte wrote this: Mike won't let me  
touch the rats!

Damate: He has nothing to say.

July 11 - Tuesday

Davis spent the night last night.  
Today we trained the rats a little more.  
We found out that Max isn't as stupid  
as we thought he was. He was running  
the courses very well. He is still not as  
smart as Aristotle.

July 12 - Wednesday

Buddy and Alene came over today.  
I showed them the rats.

July 13 - Thursday

Something terrible happened. Aristotle was  
hurt. I'll try and tell all I remember:

Today I went to the garage to see the  
rats. Since I didn't have anything else to do  
today I decided to review the word "down"  
with the rats. I put up a wooden plank  
so they could crawl down on command.  
(Neither one of them learned this very well).

I began with Aristotle. I placed him  
at the top of the plank and began to

A 21 repeat the command "down." I had to push him a bit of the way but finally he began to get the idea. On the command down he scampered down the plank to the floor. Max tried but couldn't do it.

I tried Aristotle again and immediately after saying down he carried out the order.

I began to think that maybe he would only obey on this certain board so I set up another on a different place. I put Aristotle at the top and said "down". He didn't do anything at first. He just looked at me, I pushed him a bit and said "down." At once he started to run down.

He went to far on one side though and the board overbalanced. I tried to catch him but couldn't. He fell to the ground and tried to get up when the board hit him.

He let out a squeal. ~~but I thought I did~~ I tried to pick him up but he layed limp in my hand. He then jumped from my hand to the floor. I noticed he was breathing heavy and began to cough. Small drops of blood came out of his mouth onto the floor. He was squeaking slightly. I went

over and got his cage. I didn't want to touch because he might bite. I took a piece of cardboard and scooped him into the cage. He was still coughing but not bleeding. I gently took the cage back to its place and looked through the glass. He hardly moved.

I put Max in the cage. He went over and began licking the blood from Aristotle's face. I noticed Aristotle found this very annoying. He backed away but Max wouldn't stop. I reached in the cage and brought Max out.

"Now listen Max, don't bother Aristotle. He's been hurt."

I then put him back into the cage. He again went straight to the ~~the~~ dried blood on Aristotle's mouth.

"MAX"! I opened the cage and pulled Max out. I threw him across the floor he turned and looked at me.

"Leave him alone! He's been hurt!" I put him back in and Max didn't touch Aristotle again. Aristotle's getting better—he was walking around. He's sleeping now. Internal injury may be present.

This is a bit later Aristotle is much

better. I think he only had a bloody nose. He didn't lose much blood.

July 14 - ~~Thursday~~ Friday  
Tomorrow I will be on my way to camp. ~~I can't~~ I can't bring skully because I have no glue to put his teeth in.

Aristotle is as good as ~~new~~ new. He was running ~~the~~ around the cage and sniffing like he always does. - A remarkable recovery.

I've noticed Max is a little bigger than Aristotle. Max is improving a great deal. Today I taught him the word "food". I put a box down and put food inside. (Aristotle sat and watched while I gave Max this lesson. He's not completely well yet.) I pushed Max inside and said "F-O-O-D". He ate all of it. I did this again and again until I finally put 2 boxes down. I pointed to one and said "food". He got the first 3 or 4 wrong but soon he was doing it perfectly.

I went out to see the rat in the alley today. I gave him some bread. He came over and started sniffing my hand. He must have smelled Aristotle and Max

because he wouldn't stop sniffing. Then he ~~he~~ crawled up my hand and onto my arm. At this point I became very frightened. I didn't move a muscle but I felt him climb to my shoulder. I then reached up and brought him down. He kept clinging onto my hand. I finally stopped struggling ~~and~~ because rats have very sharp claws. I let him sit in my hand while I fed him some bread. This notebook is beginning to sound like "WILLARD". I told ~~the~~ Vinnie (I named him ~~the~~ Vincent) that I was going away for a few weeks and that I'll be back soon. I put him on the ground and we said our goodbyes. I turned to go. I looked back and saw he was following me. I couldn't allow that! If he found his way to Aristotle and Max he may spread some disease. I yelled at him "Go home Vince! I'll see you later!" He turned and ran back to his home. I don't think he actually understood what I meant but rather my tone of voice frightened him.



~~July~~ July 15 Saturday - I have just arrived at camp.

This is a bit later. I've just taken my water swim test and received a green sinker. I'm now on the beach now watching the free-swim.

The music is now playing and we're going to the flagpole.

I've just finished eating supper.

July 16 - Sunday

Today we woke up at 7:00. Vince ran around in his ~~to~~ underwear.

Nothing's happening much that I can write about.

I just got back from a 7 mile hike. I got lost in the woods but solved the problem with logical reasoning.

You must have noticed that the notebook you are reading isn't put together very well. From now on I shall try and correct this.

July 17 - Monday

I had to get up this morning at 6:30. This was because all Range Riders had to go on Pirate Breakfast. Dan Penn took the bus full of Range Riders to the Wolf River. We jumped into air-filled rafts and took off. Vince and I were in the same raft (There was only 2 allowed on a raft).

The rapids was a lot of fun. We went bouncing and bumping down the waves and got stuck on a few rocks.

Vince fell out once and I pulled him back into the raft.

July 18 - Tuesday

I forgot everything that happened to me today.

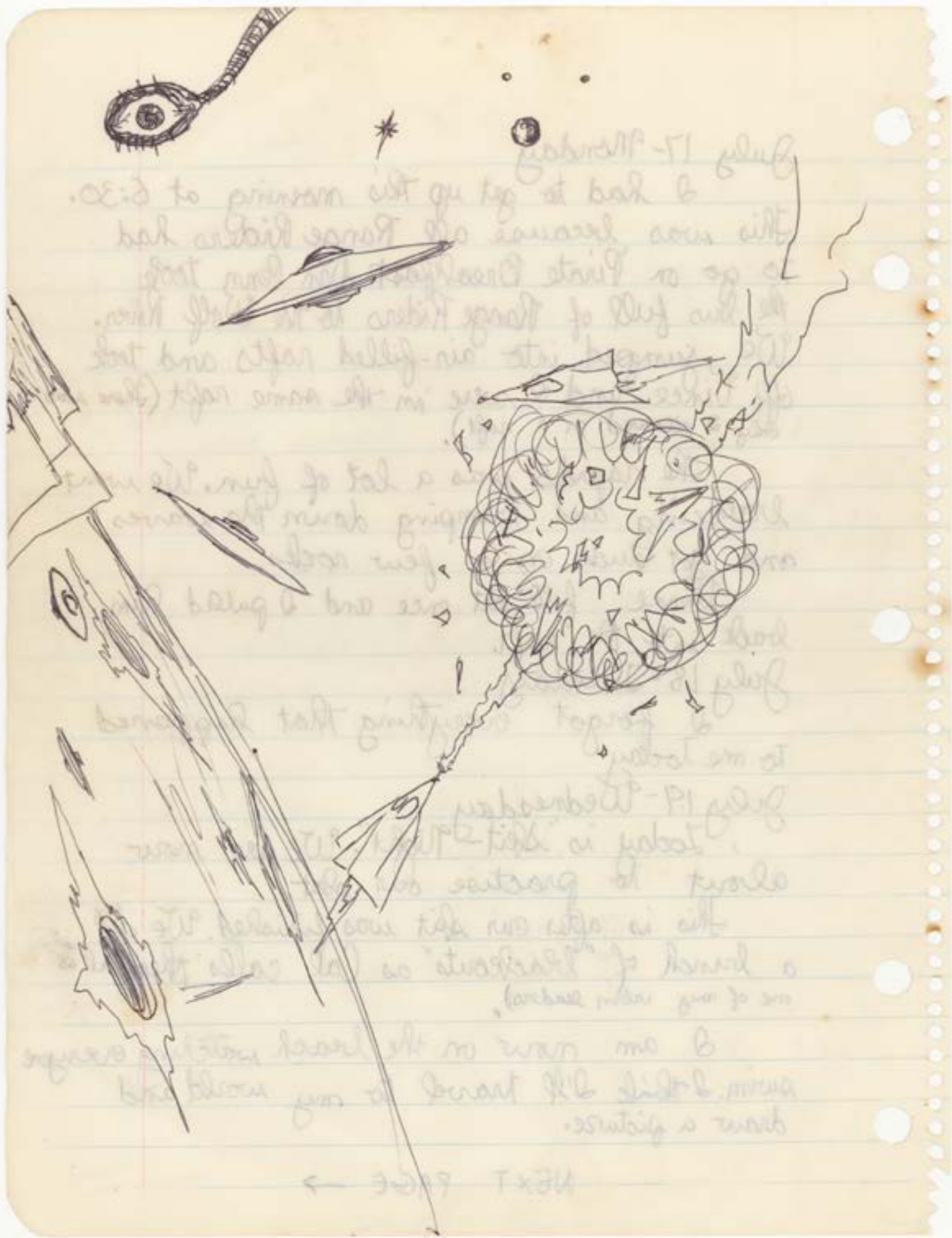
July 19 - Wednesday

Today is "Skit-Night". We are now about to practise our skit.

This is after our skit was finished. We did a bunch of "blackouts" as Cal calls them (Cal is one of my cabin leaders).

I am now on the beach watching everyone swim. I think I'll travel to my world and draw a picture.

NEXT PAGE →



July 20 - Thursday



There are many universes, and ours is but one. For what man could possibly know what lies buried deep in the core of each atom. The building blocks of matter hold secrets beyond the imagination of mortal man, and some particles of matter hold other life alien to our own. Only the God of all universes can say that He and He alone could know the secrets, the deep dark secrets of other universes in the core of man.



Today I hurt my jaw playing with the big ball.

BOMBS



July 21 - Friday

Today last night I had a lovely dream. I will now try and describe every detail.

This is the beginning. We are in darkness. The darkness is broken only by the soft, twinkling light of the stars outside our spaceship window. That is the only light we see. The universe is so beautiful from the glass we look through. But in the ship we see only reflections of light bouncing off the dark instruments. We are traveling from earth. We are far from earth. We? Who we? There is no we! I am alone. I am the only living thing within 500 years of travel. The void of space holds the nearest star 400 years from my spaceship. There is no light in my spaceship, and this makes the stars seem much brighter. There is no destination. Nothing to look forward to. No hope.

The spaceship is dark green in color and shaped like two saucers glued together. The window is the only way to tell the difference between the front and the back. As I watch out the window, I can only see the clouds of galaxies in my path. But wait! There is one cloud that is not made up of millions of ~~stars~~ stars. There is one cloud that is not millions upon millions of miles away. There is one cloud that is not too huge for mortal comprehension. This cloud is within my understanding. A white cloud shaped much like my spaceship but much larger. The size is at least as large as a small planet. It is not solid, ~~hard~~ for it seems misty and formless. It produces its own light. It is not far away. It is directly in my path. As I enter the cloud all I see is a bright mist surrounding the ship. Could it be that this is all there is? Is there anything inside? Complete silence prevails except for the soft purr of the engines. There is nothing to see!

But wait! What is ahead? I notice some color coming through the cloudy white. I strain my eyes to look! I'm coming out of the mist!

My Dream - 7-21-76

INSIDE



I went out of the ship and looked around a bit. At this part in the dream it gets a bit fussy. All I remember is at this point I brought something aboard took off, got out of the cloud, and was again in space. But what was it I took aboard??

July 28th.  
Today was Vince Poynter's birthday. Everybody beat him up. I started the sign again.



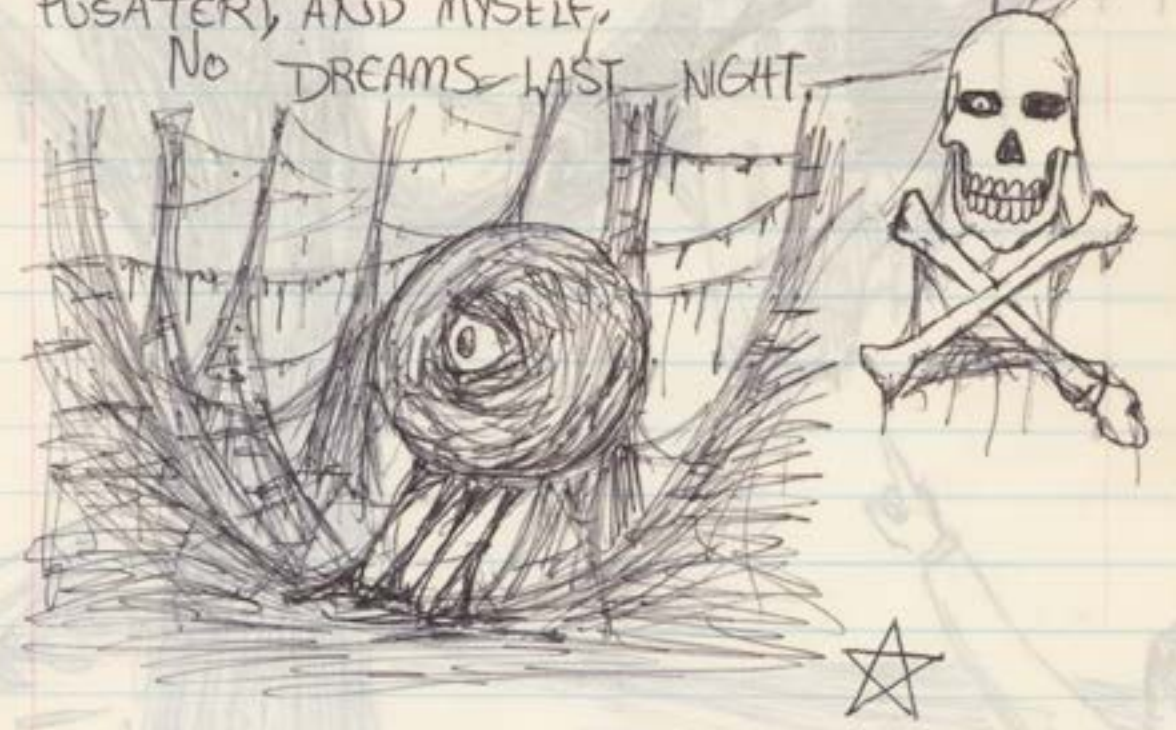
July 30th -  
Yesterday all the 2-week campers went home and all 3 week campers went to the beach. At the beach they built a castle of sand with a moat around the sides. In the moat they placed alligators (frogs) and the the side they made an alligator base which they called a submarine base. They had a lake full of parana (mynas) and a lock ness monster

(tadpole). For the naughty frogs they made a deep pit for a prison.  
I am now on the third week of camp. I am in the cabin Lost Gulch and Mulch is the leader.

JULY 31ST -  
TODAY I WENT ON PIRATES BREAKFAST.

BECAUSE THERE WERE SO MANY RANGE-RIDERS ON THE TRIP WE HAD TO TRIPLE-UP. MY FELLOW RAFTERS WERE THE FOLLOWING: MARK MAREK, JOE PUSATERI, AND MYSELF.

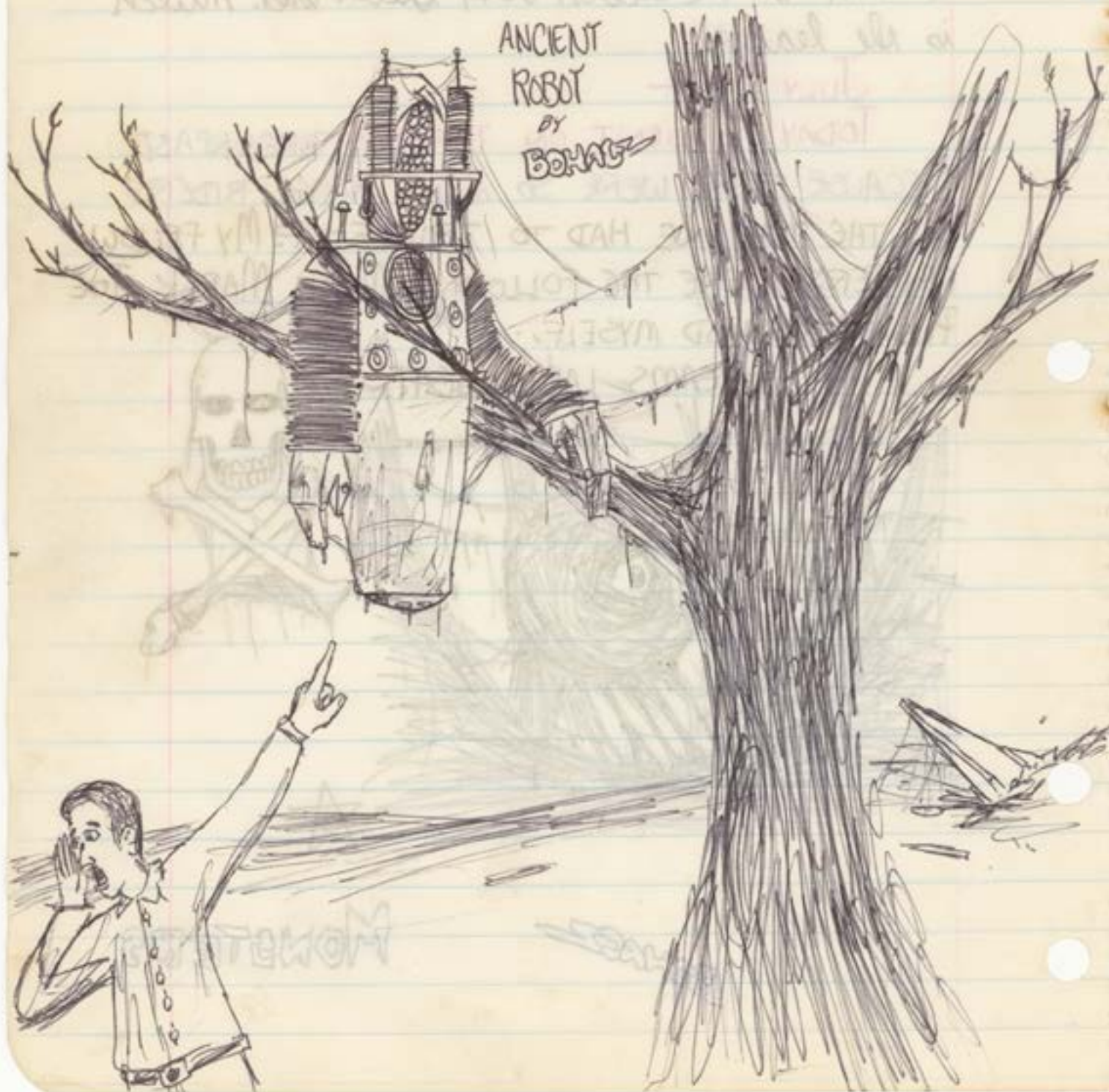
NO DREAMS LAST NIGHT



BOYD

MONSTERS

IT RAINED A LOT TODAY. A LOT OF  
EROSION OCCURED



8-1-72

NO DREAMS LAST NIGHT. I DO REMEMBER A  
FANTASY THOUGH. I WAS HALF ASLEEP WHEN THE VISION  
BEGAN. I CAN REMEMBER I WAS BUILDING  
A PLASTIC SNAP-TOGETHER MODEL. HALF WENT  
TO THE OTHER HALF. IT WAS A MODEL OF A  
HEART. NOT A MODEL OF HOW THE HEART LOOKS  
BUT OF ITS FUNCTION. IT WAS A CLEAR PLASTIC  
THAT IMATATION BLOOD COULD FLOW THROUGH.



8-2-72

LAST NIGHT I HAD A DREAM. A VERY STRANGE DREAM THAT IS FULL OF SYMBOLISM. LATER I WILL TRY AND INTERPRET IT.

THIS IS THE BEGINNING. I AM AT THE SEASHORE. THE SUN IS SETTING IN THE WEST AND DARKNESS IS SLOWLY CLOSING IN ON ME. THE WAVES PUSH THEIR WAY ON THE SAND AND FALL BACK INTO THE SEA. SUDDENLY, FROM THE SURF'S HORIZON, SOMETHING APPROACHES. SOMETHING BRIGHT APPROACHES. A BALL OF FIRE! LIGHTING THE NIGHT AS IT WENT UNTIL IT FELL JUST ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE BEACH ON WHICH I WAS STANDING.

I WAS AMAZED AS I WATCHED. A WOMAN CAME OUT DRESSED ALL IN BLUE. SHE HAD HAIR THAT TRAILED DOWN PAST HER SHOULDERS. IN HER <sup>LEFT</sup> HAND SHE CARRIED A SORT OF MAGIC WAND WITH A JEWEL AT THE END. IN HER RIGHT HAND WAS A SHRUNKEN HEAD. I ALSO NOTICED SHE HAD NO THUMBS. HER EYES WERE BRIGHT AND GLOWED IN THE DARK. SHE WALKED TO A POLE WITH AN INSCRIPTION THAT READ THE FOLLOWING: "NO PRINCE SHALL FIND IT, FOR ALL IS IN HIS GRASP". SHE PUT THE SHRUNKEN HEAD ON TOP OF THE POLE AND TOUCHED IT WITH THE WAND. IMMEDIATELY THE HEAD BEGAN TO MELT.

8-5-8

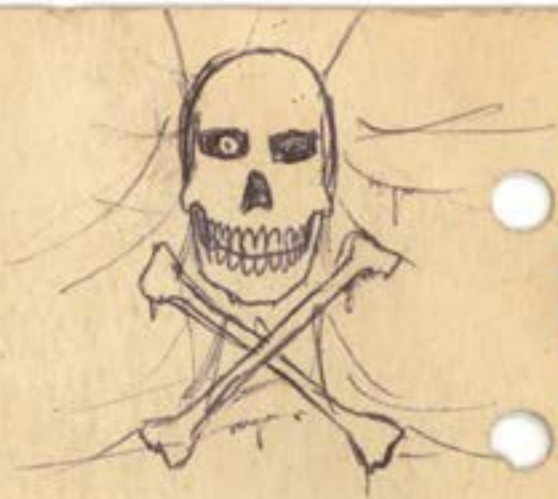
IT DRIPPED LIKE A WAX CANDLE UNTIL IT COMPLETELY COVERED THE INSCRIPTION.

AT THIS POINT I WAS OUTSIDE MY BODY WATCHING MYSELF. I WALKED OVER TO HER AND SAID "HOW DARE YOU! THE UNIVERSE IS IN FANTASY." SHE WALKED AWAY AND THEN TURNED TOWARD ME. SHE POINTED THE WAND AT ME. "TO INFINITY IS TO THE BEYOND YOU CANNOT KNOW THE SECRETS THAT PASS." I FELL INTO A HOLE AS I WALKED BACKWARD. MY HEAD SPLIT INTO TWO PIECES AT THE BOTTOM. ONE PIECE SMILED AT THE OTHER. THE OTHER PIECE DID NOTHING. I SAID "FROM THE PIT IS THE BEGINNING OF THE OMEGA. ALL IS IN ME". THEN I WOKE UP.

AUGUST 3RD - SHE SAW THAT RIGHT HAND WAS A SHRUNKEN HEAD. I CAN NOT REMEMBER WHEN I WOKE UP THIS MORNING. THE NOISE THAT WOKE ME UP WAS NOT REVEALLY. WHEN I WOKE UP THE GUYS IN MY CABIN WERE UP AROUND. I HAVE TO END HERE. SEE YOU IN THE NEXT NOTEBOOK.



SIGMUND  
FREUD



HOT  
STUFF



DREAM AT CAMP



8-13-72

THE RATS ARE COMING ALONG VERY WELL. I  
HAVEN'T BEEN AROUND TO ACTUALLY TRAINING THEM,  
BUT I HAVE TRIED TO TEACH THEM "UP" AND "DOWN".  
THEY'RE LEARNING SLOWLY BUT SURELY.

I THINK I HAD A DREAM LAST NIGHT, BUT  
I CAN'T REMEMBER IT NOW. MAYBE I'LL DREAM  
AGAIN TONIGHT. I LOVE TO DREAM.

8-14-72

DAVIS CALLED TODAY. HE TOLD ME ABOUT A  
CHESS DEFENCE THAT HE SAID HE MADE UP. HERE  
IT IS:

CRUCIFIX DEFENCE

1. KP-K4
2. QP-Q3
3. QB-K3
4. KB-K2
5. QBP-QB3
6. KN-KB3



AS YOU CAN SEE (SEE THE DRAWING), THE MEN  
THAT WERE MOVED FROM A CRUCIFIX AND  
PROTECT THE KING FROM ALL DANGER OF  
CHECK (EXCEPT FROM A KNIGHT). I HAD TO

ST-11-8

CHANGE DAVIS' ORIGINAL ARRANGEMENT  
BIT BECAUSE IT DIDN'T MAKE SENSE

8-15-72

I RECEIVED A LETTER FROM MORTON WEST  
H.S. TODAY. I HAVE ONLY THREE WEEKS OF SUMMER  
LEFT. I COULD CRY. I'M GOING TO SPEND A  
WEEK AT BUDDY AND ARLENE'S HOUSE NEXT  
WEEK.

HERE'S A CHESS STRATEGY I KNOW ABOUT.



1. KP-K4
2. KB-QB4
3. Q-KB3
4. Q-KB7 MATE

AS YOU CAN SEE  
IN THE DRAWING,  
THE KING IS PUT  
IN CHECKMATE WITH  
TH LAST MOVE (Q-KB7)  
THE KING'S ONLY  
DEFENCE IS TO  
CAPTURE THE QUEEN

(BUT HE CANNOT DO  
THIS BECAUSE HE  
WOULD BE PLACING HIMSELF  
IN CHECK WITH THE BISHOP)

AFTER ONE OR TWO GAMES THE OPP  
WILL CATCH ON AND SET UP A DEFEN  
FOOLSMATE. THEREFORE IT ISN'T WISE TO USE  
THIS PLAY TOO FREQUENTLY.

I JUST FINISHED PLAYING A GAME OF  
CHESS WITH MYSELF. AT THE END OF THE GAME THE  
ONLY MEN LEFT WERE THE BLACK KING AND QUEEN  
AND THE WHITE KING AND QUEEN. IT TURNED OUT  
TO BE AS MUCH OF A STALEMATE AS ST  
CAN BE. I'M JUST TOO GOOD FOR ME.



8-19-72

TODAY IS FRIDAY. I BELIEVE I'LL BE LEAVING FOR BUDDY AND ARLENE'S PLACE SUNDAY.

MOTHER WOKE ME UP THIS MORNING AND GAVE ME SOME ORDERS. I'M TO CLEAN THE BASEMENT. I STILL HAVEN'T GOTTEN AROUND TO IT. SHE SAID "DON'T LEAVE THE BASEMENT IN A MESS THE WAY YOU DID WHEN YOU LEFT FOR CAMP. I HAD TO CLEAN THE PLACE". THAT'S FUNNY REALLY. WHEN I ARRIVED HOME FROM CAMP THE BASEMENT THE SAME WAY I HAD LEFT IT.

MAX AND ARISTOTLE LEARNED SOMETHING NEW. I TAUGHT THEM WHAT "STOP" MEANT. I DON'T WANT TO LEAVE THEM AGAIN. WHEN I COME BACK FROM BUDDY'S HOUSE I'LL HAVE TO TEACH THEM ALL OVER AGAIN.

8-23-72

I'VE BEEN LAZY THE LAST FEW DAYS ABOUT WRITING IN MY NOTEBOOK. FROM NOW ON I'LL TRY AND KEEP UP.

I WASN'T ABLE TO SPEND A WEEK AT BUDDY'S BECAUSE I HAVE TO REGISTER FOR SCHOOL.



8-30-72



ALL THIS WEEK IS CHESS WEEK CHICAGO. TODAY WAS CHESS DAY. I AM THINKING OF FORMING A CHESS CLUB.



9-1-72

TODAY MONTE AND I WENT TO THE MOVIES WITH JEFF AND GREG.



8-3-75



All this week to class work  
today we have the I.A.  
of drawing a class



Today's route and I went to  
the office with Jeff and Greg

