

CRACK

Yesterday stepped into twilight zone. Dream images kept flashing after I was up & around. Couldn't remember names of friends at morning meeting. Forgot my age, the year, day. Drove to Kaiser for blood tests & EKG. Dr. Jobe said nothing conclusive & scheduled me for CT scan in two weeks to see if he can discover crack my mind slipped into.

STOP THE MOVIE

Still experiencing negative fantasies. Tonight driving to friend's house for dinner one gets triggered by guy nosing too far out in my lane from parking lot. He wants me to slow down so he can sneak in. I imagine I crash into him, jump out & yell in his face. When he pulls a gun I shout go ahead & shoot you sorry son-of-a-bitch. But I'm driving past him & I stop the movie with a potent little prayer I've memorized for just such occasions.

RALPH'S STORY

Ralph, one of my shooting buddies, is headed for surgery Wednesday & he was telling us all the stuff he couldn't do after his operation & I added no masturbation.

Right, he said laughing & told us about this knock out, big-busted gal who went to visit a male friend in the hospital & got told by a nurse she'd have to leave. A virile young man in the other bed had just been circumcised & was starting to bleed.

CALLED

I'm being called. A clear, strong feminine voice calls Phil. First two came to me at Cobb Mt in '81 while I was sleeping alone in a guest room. Woke me each time. Thought it might be wife but she was 80 miles away. Last week it called me in our empty house in Pollock Pines. I was awake. Sounded like it came from next room, not from inside my head. Same voice.

MARK

In a philosophical letter Ann asked what I really want & need. To be smothered with love, of course. Other than that I want to stretch as far as I can & leave my mark up there with those of the tallest baddest old grizzlies.