

## Hard Work:

I had a dream last night. It was about the President. It bothered me. It was full of symbols and I'm not sure what they mean. So I'll leave the analysis to the people who know about this sort of thing. I'll just tell you what was in the dream. Just the facts.

There's a room with a desk in it. It's a large mahogany desk. It's got nothing on it, except the President. He's sitting cross-legged on top of the desk. He's facing the back of the room. In his hands he has a pair of safety scissors, the kind that little kids use, with blue handles and rounded tips. He is also holding a large sheet of parchment paper, into which he is cutting holes of varying sizes. His tongue is sticking out ever so slightly between his lips. He's really concentrating. This is hard work.

There's a man who looks a lot like Dr. Strangelove standing off to one side. He's kind of in the shadows but you see him. His hands are in his pockets and he looks relaxed. He's watching the President. He's got this odd little smile on his face that looks like something between pride and contempt. Every once in a while he leaves the room by a side door that you can't see. Then he comes back through the main door to the office and dims the lights a little. It's just a tad darker every time he comes back into the room.

There are toys scattered around the office. The carpet is messy with them. There are Lincoln Logs, tin soldiers, doctor kits and coloring books. All manner of diversion, in varying states of use and misuse. The doctor kits are missing most of their tools, which have been replaced by pamphlets. The coloring books have their pages torn out, uncolored. The soldiers are lined up at the edge of a coffee table where they have been pushed off in twos and threes, landing in a pile on the floor. It seems as though each group has been played with and then left alone and then played with again. I think whoever is playing with them must be bored with the toys or maybe just doesn't know how to use them.

There are children in one corner of the room. They are sick children. They have circles under their eyes. They are tired and coughing. They are frightened. They are standing behind the President. I don't think he can see them. I don't think they know that he can't see them.

There's a TV on the wall that's showing a conversation between a man who's yelling and a woman who's yelling. I can't tell what they're

saying. Every once in a while the phone in the office rings and the shouting on the TV stops but it starts again when the phone is hung up. Neither the man nor the woman has pants on, just underwear, but they don't seem embarrassed by it. They seem happy just to be on TV.

The President says things to the shadowy man in the corner who keeps dimming the lights. Something about "I'm doing it like they said to do it." "What if I can't get it all done?" He doesn't look up from his cutting but he's listening for the answers to his questions. You can tell because his head is tilted to one side towards the dimmer man. The more he cuts the more his tongue sticks out. This is really hard work.

A very, very little man comes into the office. He's wearing a suit that is way too big. He's rolled up the cuffs of his trousers but he still trips and stumbles as he walks to the desk. He's always looking side to side. He seems nervous. He asks to look at the big paper that the President is cutting into. He puts his finger through the holes in the document. He seems pleased. He pulls a small piece of paper out of his pocket and messily tapes it to the bottom of the bigger one. Then he takes out a post-it and attaches it to the smaller page. Then he takes out a postage stamp sized scrap and sticks it to the post-it. He's having trouble making all of it stay together.

The shadow man in the corner motions for the tiny man to leave. Then he moves next to the desk with the President on it. He puts one hand forward and the President hands him the sliced up parchment. The shadow man says, "That's good. Almost finished. All we have left to do is tell everyone that this one is just as good as the other one." The President says, "Can I be done now?" He seems tired. Maybe he hates sitting on the desk.

Then I woke up. I wish I hadn't. If anyone out there can help me decipher what all this might mean, please drop me a line. We need to think about what happens next.