THE GOLD SHOP DREAM. 1973
From the Film *Floorshow*

In the back of the picture...

Under no circumstances...

"They are STIMMERA!"

I notice four women.
Richard Myers

she's beaming

SHE USES THE NAME MYRTLE PERT
In the film *Floorshow* the "Gold Shop" dream was combined with several other "dreams." The Dostoevsky-Gold Shop segment was the most predominant.

**FIRST DREAM**

A busy street. I am with an old man, black hat, cape, like a maestro-magician-teacher-philosopher. We look into the shop window—very cluttered, busy Russian window. We see a picture of a man and woman. The old man says to me: "That is a picture of Dostoevsky and his wife." We go into the shop as the old man says, "It makes no difference, they are probably not valuable pictures anyway." He disappears in the crowd. I go in and ring the bell. The shop is laid out like a church. I go in through the hallway and around to the large room. I ask to see the picture in the window, and he shows it to me (or else a woman does!). I begin to speak a little of their language (Spanish? Russian?). But it is not a Spanish place. It is more Russian or Greek. He tells me the pictures are full of beads of silver. He says they are "STIMMERA"—a term I recognize as meaning full of silver or gold ribbons (sipperon?). Inside, in the back of the picture, there are other things. Money and 'papers.' He says that they are probably worth more than the picture itself! He finally tells me that it is worth $25.00. Before, when the old man and I are on the street looking at the picture in the window, I place two half frames over the picture (like the brown frames in my room), and the old man and I look at each other and smile.

Just as I decide to buy the picture, the room becomes full of people. The old man is coming in through the door again; he is coming back to buy the picture for himself. I whisper to the woman, "Under no circumstances let him buy the picture...I want them." I disappear into the hallway. Then there is an episode where I dodge and hide from the old man. I crouch down and try to hide behind furniture. I try to hide behind the crowd of people who are now in the shop. It looks like there is going to be a baptism. A large, fat woman is holding a baby, a beautiful child like in a Renaissance painting. They all just stare at me as I continue to hide from the old man. As we continue to dodge each other, the owners begin to put away the pictures. They think it is amusing that we are playing this 'game.' As the old man begins to see me in the crowd, he becomes furious and begins to come after me, tearing through the crowd, extremely angry; but as I pay the man for the picture, he disappears out the door. The owners keep taking out more and more pictures from behind the picture of 'Dostoevsky and his wife,' and I ask the man for a piece of paper to write down this dream.
SECOND DREAM

I notice four women putting wallpaper on the ceiling. Isn't that too difficult for women? Someone peeks in the window. I think about real estate, about all the houses I wanted to buy and fix up. I'm asleep now. My wife (Pat) is beside me, and my children are here. The room is full. Then I'm at Da's (my Grandmother's), I'm trying to straighten up the furniture. In the kitchen the four women are still putting wallpaper on the ceiling. What a strange configuration of light and movement. "I don't know these people." It's late now. I'm on the front porch with Da. She's trying on different hats. She finally picks one. It is an oriental looking hat, it comes down over her face. She has a cigarette in her hand, and she begins to talk to me. She uses the name MYRTLE PERT. She tells me stories about when she was a girl. She's doing all this just for me. I feel she wants to be very close to me, very casual with me, or else she has no respect for me and she can SLUM and do anything she wants. She's beaming straight into my brain. Her confessions have meaning for me. The sound of her voice entrances me—the flutter of her hat and cigarette. Later there is going to be a circus. The aerialists are old people. The old man is very strong, but the woman's act is too simple. They also sell things outside the tent—MAPS, square maps, instead of globes. They are all inside one another. The old man, who is now cleaning up, gives me a book. The woman shows me bees in a glass case.