

overnight fall drops-
blackbirds guard the berry trees,
silently alert

Nora Leonard

E.l.e.c.t.r.i.c D.r.e.a.m.s

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Volume #7 Issue #10

October 2000

ISSN# 1089 4284

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<http://www.dreamgate.com/electric-dreams>

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Download a Cover for this Issue!
Artist : Carmin Karasic
<http://www.dreamgate.com/dream/ed-covers>

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The Questioning Bride
Before and After
Heart of Evil
This Dream Haunts the Day
Sasquatch Footprint
A Medusa Dream

G L O B A L D R E A M I N G N E W S - Peggy Coats

NEWS * RESEARCH & REQUESTS * WEBSITE & ONLINE UPDATES *
* DREAM CALENDAR for September & October 2000* ASD News Update!

D R E A M S S E C T I O N :
dream-flow. v001.n366 -- dream-flow.v002.n013.1

D E A D L I N E :
OCT 18, deadline for NOVEMBER submissions

M.U.T.U.A.L D.R.E.A.M T.A.R.G.E.T
OCT 28,
Stonehenge, England

NEXT MONTH: Year in Review, Dreams about the Future.

XX

Send Dreams and Comments on Dreams to:
Richard Wilkerson <rcwilk@dreamgate.com>

Send Dreaming News and Calendar Events to:

Peggy Coats <pcoats@dreamtree.com>

Send Articles and Subscription concerns to:
Richard Wilkerson: <rcwilk@dreamgate.com>

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Editor's Notes

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In 1816 the romantic poet/writer Lord Byron invited Percy Shelley and his wife, Mary, to his island mansion for a creative retreat. They gave themselves the task of producing horror stories. The weekend is now famous and there are two fun movies out about this. (see Gothic and Frankenstein). By exploring the horrors of the dark, they emerged with two classics, Frankenstein and the Vampyre.

I am inviting you to try a similar experiment with your dreams. Your task is to look at your nightmares, and those of others, as something valuable rather than something to be rid of. Several writers below will be exploring the nightmare theme, as well as our cover artist, Carmin Karasic.

We will also have a project. A plan to meet one another in our dreams at a masked party. This will occur near the end of the month right before the Dream Swarm, the annual online meeting of dreamers in Cyberspace.

Lucy Gillis explains this month how to use lucidity to confront nightmares in "Face and Embrace Your Fear." This is followed by a poem she wrote several years ago, inspired by the research done on stopping nightmares with the use of lucidity. Be sure to read AN EXCERPT FROM THE LUCID DREAM EXCHANGE

Marc Vandekeere also take a lucid approach to nightmares and shows you the basics of how to use lucid dreaming to confront your fears in "Nightmares: Things that go BUMP in the Mind" In the column, The Lucid Bird's Words.

Lest you think that all approached are best handled by lucidity and mental approaches, we also are offering Jean Campbell's "Walk the Monster" which offers an embodied dream-drama approach to the darkness within, that may want a walk in the part.

Nora Leonard shares some work in progress with us, "Gloom's Gift", and as the title indicates, reveals Nora position that when we can get past our feelings of dread, the nightmares can be a valuable, essential, step in our process of transformation. As she says "This dread feeling can be extremely repellent, yet if we can somehow abide with it, the value of the repressed contents can come to light: the nigredo can transform." Join in the alembic and read Gloom's Gift.

Charles McPhee returns to comment on dreams. In keeping with the Halloween theme, he addresses a dreamer with vampire problems. If you haven't seen his new Dream Doctor site, I recommend stopping by and adding some dreams to the growing collection and special teen section! <http://www.dreamdoctor.com>

Scattered throughout this issue are dream/poems of Patricia Grace Kelly, including A Gothic Romance, The Questioning Bride, Before and After, Heart of Evil, This Dream Haunts the Day, Sasquatch Footprint and A Medusa Dream.

William C. Burns, Jr. also considers the nightmare from a poet perspective. Be sure to see "On the Question of Nightmares"

I have added a short article on nightmares as well. I have been trying to encourage philosophers around the Net to comment on dreams and this collection is pieced together from the questions I have been sending, plus some other writings from here and there. Please read my "Becoming Nightmare, the Rhizomatics of Dreaming."

Bjo Ashwill's column DreamSpinner, explores her experiences of creating a computer software program that does very detailed analysis of dream narratives. This month Bjo explores "Finding Metaphors Not Mentioned In Narrative of Dream."

Madame Aionia continues to explore the relationship between astrology and dreams in this issue. Madame Aionia looks at dreaming in the Tenth House. Island adds her reflections on this vast house as well.

Peggy Coats, from dreamtree.com, has been gathering the news about dreaming from all around the Net and has the latest conferences, the best workshops, the finest dream events and all the updates on the latest and best web sites. Be sure to look over the Global Dreaming News for the events in your area.

Our Dreams this month come from all around the Net and have been organized by the software developed by Harry Bosma. Be sure to look through the dreams and see what on the mind and soul of dreamers in Cyberspace.

Are you new to dreamwork and dream sharing? Please send in an e-mail to scoop@dreamgate.com for a list of suggested steps and resources in learning about dreamwork and dreaming online.

The Mutual Dream Target this month: Costume party at Stonehenge. Come in costume, or come as you are, we are going to be meeting at Stonehenge in preparation for the Halloween Dream Swarm. Let's meet Saturday night, the 28th, a couple of days ahead of time since we have people joining us from around the world. Read more about this under the Mutual Dream Destination.

Read more about the Annual Dream Swarm below.

As I mentioned, our cover artist for October, Carmin Karasic, has quite a nightmare scene you're your viewing. Read more about Carmin in the Dream Airing Section and download a cover at <http://www.dreamgate.com/dream/ed-covers/>

Progress continues on the back-issue articles for Electric Dreams Thanks to Jenn Fraser, we nearly have *ALL* of them. You can watch the progress at <http://members.tripod.com/ed-articles/>

Next Month: A summary of dream activity online for the first year of the 21st Century. Dreams of the Future, wholeness and cycles.

-Richard Wilkerson

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Dream Airing:
News, Notes and Events

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If you would like to get more information about the monthly class, the History of Dreams, send an e-mail to the autoresponder at dreamclass@dreamgate.com or go to <http://www.dreamgate.com/class>

-Richard

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At 12:52 AM 9/23/00 -0400, you wrote:
Hi Richard,

What fun I had doing this for your e-zine!

Artwork Title: gg morphs4
My name: carmin karasic
Links: <http://carmin.iscool.net>
contact: carmin@pixelyze.com

If you want to include additional info about me... Just take what you wish out of this:

One November morning in 1994, Carmin Karasic was listening to digital artists on NPR, when she realized she was a digital artist trapped in a Fidelity Technical Project Manager's body. This simple realization changed her life. So she traded the glory of Corporate America's high tech management for the personal satisfaction of creating digital art.

Carmin has over 20 years experience in application and software development.

Carmin is now a website developer and digital artist focused on Internet Art.

She performs in collaborative international online venues and is the newest of the CAGE, (<http://www.cage.nl>), permanent artists. She has exhibited in over 30 group shows online and in real space. Her work can be seen online in several galleries, e-zines and websites. She has exhibited in the Boston area at the Bromfield Art Gallery, the Attleboro Museum, Computer Museum, the DeCordova Museum, MIT List Center, and The Brodigan Gallery, in NYC at the Brooks Gallery at Cooper Union, and the New York Hall of Science, in Austria, and in Canada. In 2000

she received a Mudge Fellowship from the Groton School and a duPont Fellowship from the Art Institute of Boston.

Carmin's website displays her digital photo collage, web artworks, and summarized cyber-centric installation work.

Artist's Statement:

I create computer dreamscapes.
I have focused my art work on the Internet.
I am playing with the aesthetics of confusion.
I am combining technology and pleasant experiences.
I am always looking to collaborate with other Internet Artists.

website: <http://carmin.iscool.net>
e-mail: carmin@pixelyze.com
artist's cv: <http://www.xensei.com/users/carmin/ckbio/ckcv.htm>

I hope you enjoy the cover as much as i enjoyed creating it.

peace,
carmin

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What Are Nightmares?
Notes from the Net

From: "Michael Cornelissen" news@mail.vinden.nl

Please inform me when published.

Although current dreams could be explained as an apocalypse of the days to come. there is still a truth in them. What did people who lived pre-WW2 dream. what we dream nowadays has usually more to do with extremes. Can we expect extremes. Well. That question has to wait for the future. A new world order, destruction. insights on how the world is put together. And sometimes it just is a release of tension. Coping with the world around you. Dealing with stuff that is in every day life. How scary can it be ?

Regards,

Ulisioton og exte red noblision

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Join the Dreamchatters list!

Dreamchatters began in December 1999 as an adjunct to mailing-lists; to keep up communications between dream-interested individuals. The hope being to be catalysts to creating a clearer path to the future of dreaming online.

Currently there are 80+ members subscribed.

Dreamchatters is an egroup aimed at discussing dreams, dreaming and making those online with an interest in these subjects able to keep in touch as it suits them.

Although dreams are discussed there, the primary focus is dreaming community, rather than individual dreams.

It is enlightening to see messages from individuals with diverse backgrounds.

If any group member finds an interesting web site or article online, we pass it on and often that will begin a new thread of discussion.

There is a capacity for a group calendar, member profiles and links to urls to be stored at egroups.com, so that new members may explore first. It is a place to beta test chat venues'; to try and help make the currently available technology and capabilities of the Internet more accessible to as many people as possible.

Not only do current and potential group members have differing computer hardware and software, but we also live in different parts of the world, so there has been discussion about "universal time" , time zone conversion, and scheduling formal chats at staggered times so that no one time zone is expected to always be up at, for instance, local 3am.

You can opt to receive individual emails, daily digests, or to read it online at <http://www.egroups.com>

To subscribe, send a message to
dreamchatters-subscribe@eGroups.com

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The Association for the Study of Dreams

I would like to encourage you to become members of the Association for the Study of Dreams and join one of the many E-Study groups offered with will be hosted by the top researchers in the field.

Whether you are interested in dreaming in cyberspace, clinical dreams, dreams and nightmares, dream research, dreams and psi or dreams and healing there will be a group for you!

<http://www.asdreams.org/study/>

There are many other benefits to being an ASD member and you can read more about them here;

<http://www.asdreams.org/idxmembership.htm>

If you can't afford the membership right now, you can still join us for the Dream Time live, once a month in a special Chat Room set up for us by Brett Robertson, M Ed

<unameit@tctc.com>

For details, send an e-mail to chat@asdreams.org

This month: *** Marc Barasch ****

Healing Dreams: Exploring the Dreams that Can Transform Your Life

WEDNESDAY October 25 7 PM Pacific Time
GMT= Universal 02:00:00 Thursday

What time is that for me?

That will be GMT or Universal Time = Thursday, October 26th 02:00:00

19:00:00 Wed October 25, 2000 in California is
02:00:00 Thu October 26, 2000 in GMT or Universal Time

//////////end dream airing //////////

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Mutual Dream Destination

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October 28th, Stonehenge, England.

Ancient site overlooking the Salisbury Plain in Wiltshire, Stonehenge was clearly the center of a culture with massive investments in solar, lunar, astrological and ecological ground of the cosmos. Built in several stages from 2800 - 1800 BCE This enormous cosmic calendar has been a compass for the imagination for thousands of years.

We invite you to join us on Saturday, October 28th to haunt the grounds and gather energy for the Dream Swarm on the following Tuesday. Come in costume or come as you are, you will be welcomed at the party.

How? On Saturday night before going to bed, hold the intention in your mind that you will dream about visiting us at Stonehenge. Get a picture of Stonehenge if you can and put it in your pillow case. And if you want, imagine yourself there in costume! Write in to the DreamShare list and tell us about your dream the following day, or save it for our meeting in cyberspace on Halloween.

It doesn't matter what time zone you live in. The mutual dream space we are offering extends into both the future and the past. Don't limit yourself and your fund with these

old fashioned concepts of who you are, where you are and when you are.

<http://www.egroups.com/group/dreamshare/>
or
<http://www.egroups.com/group/dreamchatters/>

About Mutual Dreaming: See Linda Magallon's Mutual Dreaming FAQ:
<http://members.aol.com/dreampsi/archive/mutualdreaming.html#anchor456487>

Where would *you* like to meet in the future?
Contact Judith
E-mail : coamdre@mindspring.com

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INVITATION: Dream Swarm 2000

The annual Dream Swarm is looking for sponsors.

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In the past, the swarm occurs for a couple of days around Halloween and is a time for dreamers to meet online, leave dream treats and share their newest tricks. Chat rooms will have visiting hours, bulletin boards special threads, web site put out lanterns and e-mails will fly!

If you would like to participate, be sure to be subscribed to the Electric Dreams ezine list (<http://www.dreamgate.com/electric-dreams>) and if you would like to be a sponsor (put something special on your website or host a forum,) send your plans to me so I can spread the news!

rcwilk@dreamgate.com

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A Gothic Romance
Patricia Grace Kelly
(dreamed 4/7/00)

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I.

The family of dark ones seduces
with whispers and tortured logic
all those whom they envy or desire.

But in the end, The Empath
defeats herself with self-doubt,
and accepts the dark heart
of this unkind kindred as her own.

Marrying into their lost family,
she grows great with child, and so too,
with magical power.

Power that eclipses her empathy, the gift
with which she was born, and for which
the dark ones hunted her down.

II.

Outside ancient castle ruins, members
of her true family anxiously await The Empath.
Await this visit from she whom they so carefully
persuaded with generous bribes and subtle spells.

Beneath the barest slice of moon, one
of her relations paces trailing shadows and dust;
another gathers wild herbs and flowers
with which to greet her; and yet another
stands alert beside a massive grey steed,
silently beseeching The Deities
that there yet be time to rescue her
from the lost ones.

III.

Our Empath arrives in a flash of magic.
How beautiful she is!
An ebon-haired goddess in the envious darkness,
accompanied by six false sisters
in their limp pale gowns.

Six deaf sisters who cannot hear
even the clamor they make
as they screech and flap hungrily
around her, bloodless magpies
drawn by her glamour.

Our Empath raises one hand
in abrupt dismissal
and the false sisters disappear.

Such power! If only it could be
turned to healing her heart!

Our own hearts are leavened with hope
as she smiles at us, the hand of dismissal
resting at her side.

"I have now
what I did not know
I wanted," she says.

She cups her other hand
over the full moon of her belly
and looks tenderly down.

Sharp hope courses through us.

When those eyes we have so missed
are raised to ours again, what
decision will we see there.

Will she leave with us,
will she take the wild ride down the rivers
of our shared blood, back to her own heart?

Or will she stay.

Patricia Grace Kelly
Pegasus Dreaming:

<http://www.suitel01.com/myhome.cfm/PegasusDreaming> -
Creatively exploring dream, poetry, and Tarot symbols so
that they may inspire and nurture our deepest selves.

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WALKING THE MONSTER

Jean Campbell

=====

One advantage of learning body work from someone whose second language is English, is the rich mix of idiom, the sudden clarity of understanding when things are said in a new way.

"Our monsters are where we hold our energy," my teacher, Dr. Hector Kuri-Cano of Guadalajara would say. "We all have monsters."

What he was talking about is that part of our self which frequently appears as the villain in our dream dramas, the part which wakes us in the night, terrified.

"Become the monster," Hector would say. "Become the monster."

This was quite all right with me in theory, until I began working with a monster of my own. In dream work, we frequently talk about the dream, carefully leaving our feelings subordinate to thinking. A bioenergetic approach to dreams is quite the opposite, encouraging the feeling rather than denying it.

In a workshop with Hector, with whom I trained in Energetic Metatherapy for eight years, the twenty or so trainees were working individually on a meditation exercise. I was lying on my back on a mat.

Suddenly, I was vividly aware of a presence on my chest. This wasn't just a dream character. This sucker was real!

And a sucker it was too. I later called it a succubus, though I knew rationally that a succubus is theoretically defined as a female evil spirit which comes to a man. What I knew at the time was that this creature I'd first met in a dream had wings, talons, and a sharp beak. And it was sitting on my chest.

Needless to say, I got up in a hurry.

I won't give you all of the steps here that I took to work with my monster, since they were many, and utilized over a period of time. However, here are a few:

1) I became the monster, as an actor becomes a role. This was not easy, since I was scared to death when I began, but practicing was the key.

Eventually, I got to the point where I could stand in front of a full-length mirror as the monster, and look my "self" in the eye without flinching. Beyond that, I could allow my monster feelings expression through my body, raking my talons across the mirror, and beginning to understand why "I" was angry.

2) I drew pictures of my monster, always looking for the connection between us.

3) I allowed my monster sound, voicing in both words and harsh croaks and hisses the anger and frustration I felt.

4) And finally (no kidding) I began to walk my monster in the park--where I actually walk each morning around sunrise.

My monster began to change, though the physical form remained the same, an awkward, gargoyle shape, about shoulder height on me. When my monster was acknowledged, when I began to allow its kinship with me, when I began to hear my "self" (or at least that part of myself), then I could release the energy held in this part of myself since childhood, and enjoy a walk in the park.

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The Heart of Evil*
Patricia Grace Kelly
[dreamed 2/14/00, written 2/15/00]

=====
Against the wall in a narrow barn,
we finally corner the evil gunslinger
who's been holding us up,
and kill him.

We cautiously approach

the dark puddle of his body
as if it were a tar pit, fearful
he'll resurrect and suck us down.

But only his heart survives.

It lies in the hay, pulsing,
a large yellowish ginseng root.

I am taken aback by the waves
of sadness it radiates,
and its intense desire to die
that becomes a plea,

for an even worse evil than its own
will track it down
and deal it a torturous death.

I do not hesitate, but release the heart
from its misery: with one dead-on shot
it disperses in a soft dark cloud.

The Body Speaks Eloquently of Its Wounds
[3 dream images, recorded over 3 years]

I
Covered in flushed burn scars,
a person cowers by the door,
wanting only to be allowed to stay.

II
The only survivor of the attack
that orphaned her, a child
lies abed, fresh stab wounds
peppering her body.

III
A ballerina flutters alone
in the spotlight, her pale
skin-tight costume dotted
with blood red mouths.

Pegasus Dreaming:
<http://www.suite101.com/myhome.cfm/PegasusDreaming> -

Creatively exploring dream, poetry, and Tarot symbols so that they may inspire and nurture our deepest selves.

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An Excerpt From the Lucid Dream Exchange
By Lucy Gillis

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AN EXCERPT FROM THE LUCID DREAM EXCHANGE
By Lucy Gillis

Since this month's theme is about "dark dreams" I thought I'd submit a section of the latest LDE called "Face and Embrace Your Fear." A lucid dreamer shows us how she used her lucidity to change a potentially disturbing dream into a pleasant experience. This is followed by a poem I wrote several years ago, inspired by the research done on stopping nightmares with the use of lucidity.

FACE AND EMBRACE YOUR FEAR

Charmaine Smith
4/9/99

I was sitting with a woman with curly brown hair, olive skin - looked Greek? - her face smudged with yellow pollen. I caressed her face and asked if she knew how beautiful she was. She began leaning toward me as if to kiss me, and I began sinking backwards and falling into a light trance. She extended two long, thin, flexible forked snake-like tongues - one from her mouth and another from her genital area - and began kissing me with the one from her mouth (snaking it into my mouth) and slipping the other one into my vagina and stimulating me. I felt myself being lulled and became afraid that she (an enchantress?) intended to harm me in my vulnerable and trancelike state. I roused myself and struggled, seizing the tongues, (probably causing her pain) whereupon she hurt me in some way. I suddenly became lucid then, and realized that I should drop my fear and embrace her, that there was no threat. I immediately stopped resisting and embraced her fully, trusting her, and she immediately ceased hurting me and became seductive again. An *extremely* pleasurable and

erotic experience ensued. Then she gradually faded away,
the "test" over.

[Note: I say "test" because I had a strong feeling
afterwards of having been "tested" (or having tested
myself) to see if I could recognize the situation and
choose to respond with trust rather than fear. I felt that
I'd successfully passed the "test" and been rewarded
fully.]

LUCID IN THE SKY WITH DEMONS

By Lucy Gillis

My heart is racing...

Where am I?

I can't see! Everything is storm and darkness and sharp
figures

poking, pulling, grabbing...

Thunder crashes all around me

I am tossed and thrown in the raging night

Lightning claws at the sky

and in that fleeting moment of illumination

I glimpse the shapes and forms of grotesque creatures

and the bony hands of fear

tighten their grip on my heart

I want to run! I want to hide! I'm trapped

and blinded in this endless black sky...

This can't be happening!

But wait! I know this place...

It's a dream!

This storm and these phantoms created by my mind

And as lucidity dawns on me

a morning sun dawns in my dreamworld

and I see before me the face of a ragged demon

built by my beliefs and fears

I'm tired of cowering before myself

I know where the answers lie

So reaching out to my demon

I literally grab my fears by the ears

and look them

in the

I

overnight fall drops-
blackbirds guard the berry trees,
silently alert

Nora Leonard

nleonard@vatamoen.u-net.com

Accessing the Inner Oracle: astrology, tarot, dreamwork

~~~~~

"Much madness is divinest sense." Emily

Dickinson

(The definitions appear alone on a page; \* indicates italic; >><< means a section that is a displayed quote, i.e. indented and a smaller print size; footnotes appear at the bottom of the page where they are noted, rather than all at the end.)

First page:

\*djul boch\*

[Bhatwan, \*djul\*, 'image', Klingon, \*boch\*, 'to shine']  
Symbolic epiphanies; the meaning in dreams.

\*gloom\*

[prob. from Anglo Saxon, \*glom\*, 'twilight']  
Obscurity, partial or total darkness, thick shade;  
depression or heaviness  
of mind; melancholy.

\*ijtihad\*

[Arabic, literally 'striving']  
Original creative thought that rises in a tensive  
opposition to the status  
quo - both in groups and individuals - and fuels the  
evolution of ideas.

\*yab QeHqu'\*

[Klingon, literally 'mind-maddened']  
A temporary state of madness, either in the sense of  
insanity or rage or both. People in a yab QeHqu' state are  
often said to have 'gone Begoch', referring to the madness  
Kokele Begoch suffered after eating a poison fungus.

~~~~~  
"Gloom's Gift"

an extract from *Kitab Djul Boch* by Ibtissam Chalkidis

At a certain point in my life, I was forced to confront the fact that there are many people who struggle to stay on the sunny side of any highway, always seeking the positive, the silver in every cloud. These are the people who, when the mad mood moves in, encourage you to lighten up or take your depression elsewhere. Or ask what fault in you invited such a fall.

For a long while this view was only fodder to my fury. But then I came to find others who knew the gift of the gloom, how to nurture it, to spin it into gold.

>>The sun-sodden grass
is so green I feel it growing,
but in the shade of the yew
I sense a different kind of growth[1]<<

No one actually invites depression; there aren't many willing to plunge into those depths. Many years ago, it was discovered that certain desperate depressions were caused by a chemical imbalance; a remedy was found, undoubtedly to the good. Yet a dark fog settling upon the soul can be a precursor of creation. And it takes a certain kind of bravery to keep the watches of that night, for the human urge is to escape it, to distract, to run away.

>>I am travelling on a train, when suddenly it stops and goes into reverse.
>>I jump off and try to get the driver's attention - I am frantic, pleading
>>for his help. A friend gets out and leads me to the side of the railway
>>embankment. And then suddenly we are sliding down into this huge
>>slate-grey abyss. I manage to stop about half-way down, but another woman
>>goes further. She ends up standing before a rock face stratified with

>>these incredible geometric formations. "We're down to the geological
>>layers," she says; I lose my grip and slide all the way
to the
>>bottom.[2]<<

It often seems that some of the most creative people suffer, at one time or another, from some form of madness, which if husbanded and sat with is capable of yielding fruit. Even the murderous clouds of rage have a bounty to offer:

>>I am in my room, which is also part of a common enclosure. Outside, large
>>tornado-like storms are gathering near. I reach up and pull down a hunk
>>of the storm that somehow belongs to me. As I hold it, the pitch-dark
>>cloud spins into a golden light that disappears upward. It is miraculous
>>to watch.[3]<<

The trick is indeed to hold it, to contain the dark mood, rather than repress or deny it. Ancient alchemists knew the truth of this, stressing the need to put a seal on the alembic, the vessel in which the nigredo can transform. To whit the blackness which is often the first step in the process, known as the bite of the rabid dog, or in Kokele Begoch's case, the poison of the fungus that left her totally yab QeHqu'. Contained within the stalwart embrace of Girrabene Tillel, who stayed with her throughout her crisis, bequeathing unto all of us a paradigm of renewal.

The nigredo that is often the first step of the creative process doesn't always manifest through madness; at times it comes in the perceived vivification of something seemingly outward - a darkness that coalesces, sounds we translate into a mad creature pacing, the innocuous incident that haunts us for a day.

>>The shadows at the corner of my eye might quicken and take on shape, the
>>dark behind a door bulk and beckon. I've learned not to look too closely.
>>The spirits are shy, slow to trust - and why not. They are forever being

>>banished.[4]<<

What do we lose from running from our ghosts, what gains do we forfeit by surfacing too soon? And what does it mean when our own shadow seems anxious to commune with us:

>>island of street light
startled by my shadow's twin
rushing up behind[5]<<

Every mythic map marks a multitude of entrances and portals to a place where nothing is as it seems and everything's for learning; we each trip the gateway in our own mysterious way. For the millennial writer Eleanor Byrne it was a series of death dreams and a book of mythical fragments.

Weaver Woman[6] was entranced by the tap dance of a pony; Keret[7] found his calling while pondering a fruit.

Obsession can bring us teetering to an edge, for who can tell which crazy calls will lead to our undoing, as compared to those portending the discovery of our truest desires? What distinguishes the obsessive searching of one, who - like Icarus - flies too close to the light only to come crashing, from equally obsessive quests which have a more productive end?

In ancient times, the people of Egypt looked to the dawn rising of alpha Canis Majoris[8] as the herald of the yearly inundation of the Nile, the flood that replenished fertility. But who can be certain that a beacon of light is the prelude to the fecundity of wisdom and not some kind of breakdown? What, we might ask, distinguishes ijtihad from other torments of the mind?

>>A woman is sharing my flat, helping me repair it. She removes these
>>outworn blinds, and when she leaves, this other woman appears who is
>>extremely distressed, her face red and blotchy. There is a miasma about
>>her, a kind of psychotic transference that I find very difficult to deal
>>with; standing there, listening to her, I feel myself begin to
>>disintegrate.

She tells me her name is Vin Fleur ('flower of the vine'). As she becomes more and more distressed, we go off to look for help. We end up in this stone building which may be a church or synagogue. As Vin Fleur and I continue to fall apart, I look around frantically for the everlasting lamp.[9]<<

As Byrne experienced in this dream, it is extremely difficult to contain the onset of creative madness, yet the chaotic flood itself carries the seeds of a new order. The roanka guild of healers understood this when they instituted their initiation; the fashioning of a quilt teaches one way of finding sense in the fragmented remembrances that constitute our lives.

The ancient Phoenicians looked to Stella Maris[10] to illuminate their passage, the light in her lamp the noor majarra we still seek. And it is something of astonishment that this light manifests in the most unexpected circumstances. And yet

>>Sometimes I wish I'd never ventured on this journey, so tired am I of the
>>sudden twists and turns. I want to root - to feast and savour on the
>>nuance of the moment. I get used to the light coming from a certain
>>direction, and at the very next dawn the star is rising at my back.[11]<<

This little homily has not been built on the rock apparent of academic inquiry; rather it roots in the unsteady sands of my own bit of mad. Keret was bolstered in his quest by several timely apparitions. There are times I can only reconcile my own experience - so mirrored in the heart and mind of a woman dead over three hundred years ago - if I accept the insanity that she was me in another life.

>>the lure unforseen
 of an uncanny harbinger -
 lux in tenebris[12]<<

So this is my question, always, again and again. How prepared are you to face your own madness; how far into the darkness would you follow your star? People still go mad, they cross over a line that should have detained them. Yet beyond the hint of instinct, who is to know which openings

are dangerous? And how many challenges not taken would have led to the place where the promise is fulfilled?

>>The gate is stiff
The garden has been neglected,
but I would not pull a weed
or dispossess a slug
so fragile is this mood

For now there are buds
and glints of green
that shimmer through
the dew of mourning

I have waited so long for this opening -
I tremble on the edge,
the precipice of Spring[13]<<

- 1 Stanza five of "Meditation", from *New World Canticles* by Eleanor Byrne.
- 2 From *Dream Seeds: gleanings from the underworld* by Eleanor Byrne, #507.
- 3 Ibid., # 202. In this dream Byrne is confronted by a double task, the separation of her own rage from that of her ancestors, and the coming to grips with it.
- 4 Wandering Coyote, personal communication.
- 5 From *Haiku Diary*, by Eleanor Byrne.
- 6 Heroine of *Song of the Forge*, the legend told by the roanka guild of healers as part of their initiation rite.
- 7 In the Ugaritic fragments, the regent of Khubur, hero of "The Promise" and other tales in *The Yearning of Anat*.
- 8 The star named Sirius (after the Greek for 'sparkling', or 'scorching'), sometimes identified with the goddess Isis.
- 9 *Dream Seeds*, #923.
- 10 "The star of the sea", name given to many ancient goddesses.
- 11 Wandering Coyote, personal communication.
- 12 "Light in darkness"; title of a ballet by 20th century Terran choreographer Michael Glenn. Haiku by Eleanor Byrne.
- 13 "Eoster", by Eleanor Byrne.

~~~~~  
in a lucid dream  
    allowing myself to fly  
        above the evergreens

                                  Nora Leonard  
nleonard@vatamoen.u-net.com  
\*Accessing the Inner Oracle: astrology, tarot, dreamwork\*

~~~~~  
"Weird is part of the business." Kathryn Janeway
~~~~~

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This Dream Haunts The Day  
Patricia Grace Kelly

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They try to free her father  
from the front passenger seat  
of the crashed car,  
where he lies bleeding into  
a pile of snow

Yearning to help her but afraid,  
her father wishes she would come  
to him, while he breaks the window  
in frustration --

My young dark-haired suitor  
proudly displays his own wound:  
a small flame, burning  
from the center of his palm

Aghast, I smack out the flame  
with my gloved hand

On waking I regret my act:  
this snuffing out of passion  
as it rises sweetly through the debris  
of an ancient love

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that they may inspire and nurture our deepest selves.

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The Dream Doctor

Charles McPhee, Ph.D.

<http://www.dreamdoctor.com>

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"Vampires"

I've been having this wacked up dream for at least a week  
now - maybe you can help me decide what it means:

It starts out that I am pregnant (I am a virgin). The father  
is my best guy friend. Well he tells me how he feels and all  
that good stuff then the dream switches over and I am then  
at school. Half the school is vampires and I was normal.  
Soon these vampire people come in and start biting people  
and turning them into these things.

So I told my best guy friend (the one who was supposed to be  
the father of my baby) to go ahead and bite me. I knew that  
I was going to turn into one one way or another. What does  
this mean?

-- Mandi, (a "confused teen!")

Dear Mandi -

I believe your dream is reflecting your feelings about  
losing your virginity. In the dream you are pregnant (though  
in your real life you have never had sex) and your best guy  
friend is the father (what better choice?) He assures you  
that he cares about you - all that good stuff - and suddenly  
the dream switches and you are at school.

Half the school is vampires (non-virgins), but you are normal (still a virgin). But the vampires who draw blood, (like when you lose your virginity) start biting people and turning them into vampires like themselves (non-virgins). So you told your best guy friend to go ahead and bite you (take your virginity), because you figured that you were going to become a vampire (non-virgin) one way or the other. Which is true, unless you plan on being celibate for the rest of your life.

What does it mean? I think losing your virginity may be on your mind, and that you might like your best guy friend to be "the one." But remember, just because you dream about something doesn't mean it has to happen this way. Your dream just shows you some of the thoughts you are having. What you decide to do with your virginity, and whom you decide to share it with, is your decision.

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BEFORE AND AFTER  
Patricia Grace Kelly  
(new poem, based on an old dream)

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Brenda walks up to me, looking as young and fresh  
as Dorothy seeking Toto, long before the tornado.

She places a wicker basket on the cold metal  
hospital table, that is only a reminder now  
of radiation and chemotherapy.  
Come, let s go on a picnic she says  
in that tone that never failed,  
even at the end, to command me.

She folds a red and white checked tablecloth  
and puts it in the basket. As she turns around  
and almost skips away, I follow.

As I always followed, until at the last, I could only  
stand and wait by the final door. Hopelessly wishing  
that there were ruby shoes she could click  
to take her swiftly and painlessly Home.

Her mood now is infectious. Her dark eyes impish,  
as they were before they were clouded by drugs  
and fear, before I failed to reassure her  
that her cancer was not a punishment from God.

I notice that the landscape has faded completely  
away. We are on a smooth road, in a foggy  
nowhere space that is not unwelcoming,  
a warmthless warmth pervading it.

The weight of days seems lifted. I feel light enough  
to simply drift along, if I would let myself.

But now, as before, I keep my spinning fear  
carefully hidden. I stop short, allowing only  
a small exclamation of surprise to escape me.

She is gone. At my side instead is a tall,  
dark gray, cloaked and hooded figure of Death.  
He leans slightly over and toward me,  
in a confiding manner.

I somehow know there is more to see  
down the road ahead, but my fear  
is spinning rapidly, threatening to sweep me away.

I am only able to stay in the dream long enough  
to hear Death say We had to fool you.  
We knew you would not come along otherwise.  
And, above all, she wanted you to know  
that it is true: you need not be frightened of death.

[Brenda was my dearest friend and roommate, whom I took  
care  
of as she struggled with and died of cancer.]

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Patricia Grace Kelly

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The Lucid Bird's Words  
by Marc Vandekeere

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This month:

Nightmares: Things that go BUMP in the Mind  
Lucidity and Confronting Your Fears

As a child I used to experience nightmares as I am sure most children do. I still have many strong memories of these ghastly experiences. Some of these memories are more vivid than my recall of what I did last week. There was the sinister tin man who had smoke blowing out of his ears. There was the eerie amorphous face that used to really creep me out by whispering incomprehensible words to me. I even had one horrible dream in which our house was robbed and my family was slain. I became so terrified that I woke up to see if my family was still alive. I ran to my brother's room and his bed was empty. Horrified that it may have been real, I darted across the hall and found my parent's room was also empty. At that point I was really traumatized. The lines between reality became extremely blurred. Still in the grips of sheer panic, I ran downstairs to find that my parents were sleeping on the couch, and after they soothed my fears they explained that my brother was sleeping at a friend's house. "It was all just a bad dream," they said.

Now that I have been working with my dreams for several years, I notice that there has been a steady decline in the number of my nightmares. I rarely if ever have them anymore. Luckily, I have been conditioning myself to use intense emotions (especially fear) as a "dream trigger". If I am awake and become extremely fearful or even extremely happy I perform a 'reality check' in which I will scrutinize my environment to determine whether I am dreaming or not. Dreams seem to have such intensity of emotion that in some cases this intensity is rarely rivaled in our waking lives. Colors can become extremely vivid and

what might normally be perceived as 'no big deal' in our waking life may become an extremely frightening experience in a dream. Luckily, this emotional intensity in our dreams can be harnessed to provide an ideal way of realizing that you are dreaming while you are dreaming.

When people find out that I am very interested in dreaming, many of them will ask about nightmares or explain how they have the same recurring nightmare. I will always explain that this is a good sign. It is something that can be used to their advantage. Nightmares are not bad dreams. They are the perfect opportunity to 'wake up' to the fact that you are dreaming and transform the nightmare into something positive. As with most fears in general, fear exists only in your mind. It holds power over you only because you believe that it is a "real" threat when in fact the fear itself doesn't even exist anywhere else but in your head. The robber who approaches you in the alley may be real, but the fear of his approach is not real. It is a biological response that has evolved to provoke a response: Fight or Flight. In our dreams the lines between "reality" and "dreaming reality" become even more blurred so it no wonder that any runaway fears can develop into major hysteria and often transform one's dreams into nightmares.

By facing our fears when they pop up in our dreams we can learn more about ourselves, develop enhanced self-confidence and increase our self-assertion. Instead of training yourself to wake up during the throes of a horrid dream I recommend not waking up and instead start training yourself to realize that you are dreaming. Once you become lucid in the dream you will truly have nothing to fear but fear itself. You cannot be harmed in your dreams, and even more importantly, you can confront whatever it is that is scaring you. If it is a huge menacing villain you can ask him why he is bothering you. I often find that these intimidating foes will melt like butter and become your friends merely by facing them. Telling them that you have nothing to fear and realizing that they may be a part of yourself that needs attention and love can create profound effects. Once you address them as such, they will often become friendly, or they may transform literally from that 300 pound rabid gorilla into a smiling comrade or long-lost friend.

In The Lucidity Institute's Newsletter, The NightLight, Fall 1990, Volume 2 number 4, there is a wonderful article

that covers nightmares and the effects caused by becoming lucid in your dreams. It states:

"In a questionnaire study of the dream experiences of 698 college students, 81 percent of the 505 who said that they had had both lucid dreams and nightmares reported that becoming lucid in a nightmare usually improved the situation...Lucidity is about seven times more likely to make nightmares better than worse."

From my experience this research is right on the mark. Not only is lucidity an excellent way of dealing with your nightmares, but what is often overlooked is the fact that nightmares themselves are an ideal vehicle for inducing lucidity especially if you are prone to having nightmares. To set the foundations for transforming your nightmares into lucid dreams, you can simply meditate before bed and say to yourself, "If I become extremely scared or if anything bad occurs, I will remember to realize that I am dreaming. In my dreams I have nothing to fear because I cannot be harmed." For best results you can repeat this mantra over and over before bed. Instead of counting sheep you repeat this affirmation until it is the last thought in your head before falling asleep. Along the same lines if you have a recurring nightmare you can change the affirmation to match your bad dream. For example, you might say, "The next time I am being chased, I will realize I am dreaming..." or "The next time I am late for an important meeting, I will realize that I am dreaming..."

With a little bit of practice and determination, we can all learn to make our nightmares work for us. We can use them as dreaming cues to clue our awareness into the fact that we are dreaming. Upon becoming lucid in our dreams we can then take full advantage of the situation by consciously confronting our fears. The beauty of dealing with nightmares in this way lies in the underlying acknowledgment that nightmares hold no power over you. They are as amorphous and insubstantial as the thunder from a passing storm in your mind's eye. There is no such thing as an inherently good dream or an inherently bad dream. It all depends on how you choose to deal with the situation at hand. If you believe the fear is real, it will become real whether you are dreaming or wide awake. It is our ability to confront and transform our fears in our waking lives and in our nightmares that allows us to not become frightened when things go BUMP in our minds.

Dream well,

Marc Vandekeere ^v^

<http://how.to/luciddream>  
<http://go.to/mindvoyages>  
<http://come.to/dreamresearch>

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A Medusa Dream  
Patricia Grace Kelly

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My head bleeds like a fountain.  
They have hacked off my snakes.  
But at least now they may leave me alone.  
Not hunt me down, not search me out  
to destroy the ugliness they see in me  
that is really their own.

Now maybe I can live quietly  
by this small cave near the sea,  
surrounded by my son's children.  
And watch them grow, watch them tumble,  
white winged and free of the cycle  
of wounding and healing.

But even as I dream of flying children  
my scalp begins to bud again,  
as new serpents force their innocent ways  
through unhealed wounds,  
urgently claiming their right to the sun.

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Becoming Nightmare, the Rhizomatics of Dreaming

Richard Catlett Wilkerson

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Becoming Nightmare, the Rhizomatics of Dreaming.

There is a lot of jargon in this file that may be cleared up if you read my article on Deleuze and Guattari's postmodern philosophy,  
[http://www.dreamgate.com/dream/articles\\_rcw/deleuze98.htm](http://www.dreamgate.com/dream/articles_rcw/deleuze98.htm)

I.

Signs and Subject, all well greased and in place. All social/familial taboos in operation. All tasks of production and consumption completed and finally Brian goes to sleep. Some time later that night Brian awakes, too frightened to scream, heart pounding and he is on some kind of roller coaster ride in a land without gravity. Brian just had a nightmare.

There has been a break in the flow and the insertion of a nightmare machine in the factory of the unconscious. It shreds its way through signification (what is what) and subjectification (who is who). The usual codes have unraveled, and the flow of de-coded signs circulate in things that are only themselves. Brian's ears are red and buzzing, and he wonders why they are on his foot. He hears a old voice of a therapist asking what he thinks the ear on the foot represents, and now he knows the therapist must be mad, speaking about what the falling mast might mean symbolically as another wave pushes his ship under the swell. Both a breakthrough and a breakdown of a world that revolves around the subject. Now the subject is whirled around. Around may not be the right word, as around implies a center and there is no center here.

Standard wisdom dictates that we move away from offensive and frightening scenes. These reactions keep us out of trouble, keep our hands from being burned by the stove, keep germs off our food, keep our bones from being broken by cars and cliffs. However, this aversion reaction also keeps us in line and in alignment with early training that may no longer be valid. Taboos may be said to function in the same way. There are boundaries we are taught not to transgress, or there will be Hell to pay. But were these

boundaries put into place by a perfect parent, guardian or teacher? Unlikely. And in a society whose parameters and values change at an unparalleled pace, one's value programs need to be upgraded more than once a generation.

In fact, this is the classic definition of the neurotic. The neurotic is a person who encounters offensive, frightening scenes and backs away. But they keep backing away until there is no further back to go, becoming deeply compressed within themselves, and no longer venturing out the front door, no longer touching anything without washing their hands, no longer peering over steep cliffs.

Societies too become neurotic, become paranoid, and then begin trying to control everything, the media, the way children are raised, what we eat and drink, who we talk to. Modern societies have tried to do away with these tyrannical systems, but in doing so have not replaced them with anything, and so our values have become confused, conflicted, fickle. One group tries to save trees, and tries to save the jobs so they can feed their family. The higher, synthetic truth that will bring together opposites is harder and harder to find. When people don't have an inner value to call on, they look around, see what the neighbors are doing, and follow suite. There is no real inner status, so outward signs of status become important.

Dreamworkers have always been aware of this condition of the retreating self/society and the machines that keep it in place. Spiritual dreamwork discusses these issues in terms of enlightenment and salvation. That is, there is a veil of illusion we call our lives, and the paths that allow us to transcend these illusions. Psychological dreamwork discusses these illusions in terms of neurosis and psychosis, and the appropriate level of challenges and supports are set up to allow the individual to make choices from places other than overwhelming affective/emotional states. Postmodern dreamwork addresses these illusions more as social constructs and looks for ways to subvert repressive forces and open up creative lines of escape. In this view, the nightmare is not something for the subject to escape from, but a path to escape the neurotic subject.

II.

What are those gaps in the dream, those shifting scenes of the dream?

The self passes through various states as it (they) rolls around the body without organs. Some of these states are quite discontinuous. Freud and Jung both addressed this discontinuity. They knew it was more than a lapse in brain activation.

Interestingly, recently, the REM theory of dreaming collapsed. In 1953, Aserinsky, a grad student of Nathaniel Kleitmann, found that when you waken a person whose eyes were moving rapidly during sleep, they tended to recall dreams. Eventually the REM cycle was found to be fairly regular and that it activated parts of the neo-cortex through fairly random neural bursts. Since then, Alan Hobson and his friends have insisted that dreaming is simply the sleepy mind dealing with these random firings and gaps are times when there are pauses in this activation.

Over the last few years, a whole new picture began to emerge from the studies of a neurosurgeon who followed the dreams of patients with brain damage. Mark Solms noted that the activation sequences that the brain needed to dream (or more accurately, to recall dreams) was \*independent\* of the REM activation. Oh, REM brain stem activation got this new Dream-On sequence going at times ( a spiral like activation that cycles through our motivation centers, our spacio-temporal-imaginal centers, our higher visual centers) but so did other things, and once activated, it follows its own independent activation.

But all these notions seemed dated, or limited, when considered within a Deleuzio-guattarian engagement. Molar aggregates scrape and fight about territory all the time, and when this occurs over millions of years, brain structures get pushed to the limit and turn into revolutions.

Dream discontinuity here becomes more a matter of intersecting lines disrupting the subject of the conjunctive synthesis. At least from the point of view of the body without organs.

The body without organs. Imagine a body that has not been organized into brains, hearts, genitals, legs, arms, skin. A body like this has no real interior, there are just flows, almost a perverse polymorphic distribution of

intensities that offer a smooth surface around which the dynamics of the subjects, the objects, the affects, the cognitions, the forces of production and consumption travel, not in paths where the end is known, but in partial paths, in trajectories. An egg, crisscrossed by forces, dynamics, vectors. As we approach the surface of this egg, the intensity drops to zero and everything begins to slide.

In waking life, the ego uses narrative bridges to compensate for this discontinuity. Even when we wake up, the technique for learning dream recall is journaling.

But when sleeping, the access to the neurotransmitters that allow identity structures to rigidly hold together and produce grids, thereby reterritorializing dominant cultural axioms, disappear. That is, the dream state is full of narratives and subjects, feelings and thoughts, repressions and productions, and these work in a way that is unfamiliar to the subject, who upon waking may recall a "dream" but in fact is only recalling the last slice, the one it can identify as a story.

Disjunctions appear as gaps between dreams because the subject relates to them from its experiential story-frame. Deterritorializations may be experienced as apocalyptic or may be seen as loss of consciousness. Each dream story, while it is being produced, is like a child playing on a train track, and a track at the intersection of an infinite vortex. The subject consumes the dream as narrative, but can only rarely use that narrative structure to reterritorialize its identity. Again, probably due on the bio-chemical level to the dissolving or wavy grid of control that occurs during dreaming. (Interestingly activated first by the very spot that leucotomies - earlier called lobotomies - are performed, ie dopamine, active-producing, connecting, interest-producing, action-producing, desiring centers).

Gaps in the Dream. Freud saw them as a cover-up, but one in which a sharp mind could follow back by association, to a source. Oedipus gouging out his eyes, then retracing his steps of the crime. Whether one goes for the theory of being able to recover authorial intention or not, the process, free association, did emerge as a skill by which the subject could begin to produce his/her own streams and lines of escape.

Jung, in his charming Hegelian way, saw the gap as a portal being held open by two unreconcilable opposites, two things that the ego just could not let go of, yet could not have, two horrors, two beasts in eternal struggle for one reality they could never both inhabit. Through this portal held by the struggle emerged the uncanny transcendent.

OK, perhaps its just another tyrant awakening in the desert and slinking off to Bethlehem, but when the dream becomes one of many sites where the intolerable may first occur to us, where the molar limit produces molecular cracks and bleeds the brood of the night, then here is a factory that produces the un-containable rupture across which the nomad may skate.

III.

Like desire (and madness) dreams seem to be the most powerful when they bring us into contact with radical otherness. Daniel brings Nebruchanezer into contact with a dream that transforms the religions of Babylon. Joseph brings Pharaoh into contact with a dream that alters the state of Egypt. Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde is written after a Robert Lewis Stevenson encounters his own Hyde in a dream. Freud and Jung encounter desire and madness in dreams and create and alter the course of psychotherapy.

This radical otherness is better characterized as a continual process of becoming other, which begins in the desire to escape bodily limitations. These limitations can be both cultural as well as natural. To regress back to representations for a moment, in dreams we often find ourselves up against our own cultural and psychophysical limit-expectations. We stop at red lights in our car in a dream. We open dream doors. We walk upstairs and eat meals. Yet in other dreams we fly, we breath water, we walk through walls, men become women, we can be several identities at once, we become animals and crooks, we have sex with taboo people and inanimate objects.

And perhaps most radically, we stop being we. I am not the center of my dream, but just one trajectory intersecting the dream.

\*zzzzz\* Desire as productive, creating breaks in the flow and connecting one desiring machine to another.

\*zzzzz\* Dreams/nightmares as productive, and what they are producing and how does this work? Careful, does each dream produce a singularity, or can we abstract and generalize since we have all been caught in the same habits of western culture?

\*zzzzz\* Dreams/nightmares in their different phases of deterritorialization of subjective space, their territorialization of brain space, the tetrerritorialization of ?

\*zzzzz\* If you must remain psychoanalytic, how about a slight shift? Instead of seeing nightmares as a failure of the censor, what happens if we posit that the nightmare is a deflection of something so ungraspable that it can only be said to be a successful censoring of that experience.

\*zzzzz\* Dreams/Nightmares as ruptures between the binary thinking of conscious/unconscious, wake/sleep, aware/not aware, here/not here?

\*zzzzz\* What might have young Felix or Gilles have thought to themselves when they first had to tackle Descartes Dream problem about reality and knowing?

\*zzzzz\* How might the dream/nightmare be seen as a co-patriot of defamiliarization?

In ancient Delphi, people would sleep on the steps of the temple of Apollo, seeking (incubating) the dream that would allow them access to the oracle inside. Mythically, this access to the truth was a later imposition of Apollo on a pre-Greek people who practiced dance and rites that were assigned by the Greeks to Dionysos. Pan is one of his entourage and was said to have taught Apollo dream work at Delphi. In the Dionysian groups, the questions or problems, if that is what they really were, were danced along the hillsides and meadows and involved transformations in ecstasy. This moving-into may be distinguished from Apollo's seeing-from afar. With the dominance of Apollo, the dramas were all contained in the amphitheater and the ecstasies relocated to the dream (and the one oracle, who was imprisoned in the center of the temple and surrounded by the priests who did all the interpreting of visions and

dreams). This same set-up was found in the cult of Asklepios (Aesculapius in Latin). At these popular dream healing sanctuaries the amphitheater was ever near the spa. The patients would be cured when they encountered Asklepios or one of his family or animals in a dream. The becoming other, so to speak, was limited to particular containing vessels. Still, Dionysos is seen as Apollo's dark brother and has his own months where he is still the god at Delphi.

Like Dionysos, the nightmare remains nomadic subject, the free autonomous subject which exists momentarily in an ever shifting array of possibilities as desiring machines distribute flows across the body without organs.

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On the Question of Nightmares  
William C. Burns, Jr.

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Do you remember your dreams?  
Alien landscapes . . .  
    alien skylines . . .  
Everyone has them  
    we have scientific evidence  
And who can argue with that.

I wonder why we don't remember dreams?  
Think about it  
In this dangerous world  
Crawling with things sporting big teeth  
    nasty claws  
        and hungry guts  
    we close our eyes every night  
    to dream  
And then we throw the dreams away . . .  
It seems strangely wasteful,  
    somehow contrary to the economy  
We typically see in nature.

But then consider the bones  
Your femur for instance.

Was it lathed for you  
and inserted at your time of  
manufacture?  
No it grew  
and it grew into a thing  
Of exquisite beauty  
in both form and function.  
In fact your femur isn't finished yet.  
In every moment your bones  
are reshaped anew.  
This is the result of two processes  
two functions  
that at first  
seem to be in opposition  
Not unlike volcanos and  
rivers.  
Through out your skeletal system  
Tiny osteoblasts are eating away  
at your load carrying bones.  
You might think that this  
would weaken the bone  
And it does.  
Now the bones are mostly  
calcium crystal matrices  
That generate piezoelectric signals  
wherever the bone tissue is stressed.  
Osteoplasts are activated by this signal  
And deposit fresh bone tissue  
in the stressed area.  
This is why astronauts  
suffer bone calcium loss in space.  
There is no stress on their bones  
and no piezoelectric activity  
To activate the osteoplasts.  
Meanwhile the osteoblasts are  
still at work.  
It may sound wasteful at first  
But how else are you going to get  
bones that are strong enough  
And yet light enough?  
  
Perhaps something similar  
occurs in our mind.  
Could pleasant dreams  
build up some kind of psychic humor  
And nightmares scrape away  
the unnecessary parts?

Stranger things  
are known . . .

> --

"Klaatu Barada Nicto" - The Day The Earth Stood Still

William C. Burns, Jr.  
Millennium Artist  
sunhawk@greenville.infi.net  
<http://CosmicWheel.tripod.com/>

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The DreamSpinner Column  
Working Dreams With The Power Of Computers

5th Column:  
Finding Metaphors Not Mentioned In Narrative of Dream.  
By Bjo Ashwill  
<http://www.spinner-soft.com>

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Hi, Electric Dreamers. I am Bjo Ashwill and am writing a monthly column on my experiences of creating a computer software program that does very detailed analysis of dream narratives. You are welcome to visit my web site and check out DreamSpinner, the software program I will be describing. <http://www.spinner-soft.com>. The site was recently revised and is full of exciting interactive things you can do. Check us out!

In this column I shall describe, over time, how to use the computer's power to store, group, analyze and retrieve information from our dreams. DreamSpinner's greatest power is working with long "over time" dream series, although it can work with individual dreams as well. How do metaphor patterns change over time? That is the question that began my journey toward creating DreamSpinner.

Last Month, we looked at how the raw data of a dream is generated in DreamSpinner. I promised to look at a dream set over time. BUT! My computer crashed and it took several weeks to fix. So this month I will look at various ways DreamSpinner can search for metaphors. Especially the methods used to find metaphors not actually mentioned in the dream narrative. NEXT month, we will look at a dream set over time!

We will discuss four different ways you can search DreamSpinner for metaphor patterns in your dreams.

1. The first obvious way is to choose a symbol such as "Rivers" or "House." Create a dream set (all dreams containing that symbol) and run the word frequency counts from the DreamLinking process. This will give you the patterns of the categories in those dreams. Next, you compare the word frequency counts of that dream set with the norming word frequency counts of all your dreams. Certain categories will elevate or drop in frequency. That, of course, indicates what categories are more or less important in the dream set. Last month, I showed you what that looked like with "River" dreams.

2. A more complex search can be done with more than one metaphor or condition using built in Boolean search logic. Example: You can call up all dreams with "Rivers" AND the category "Deep". The word frequency counts will change, showing specific patterns related to only "Rivers" and the descriptive term "Deep". Perhaps the category "Positive Emotions", "Calm" will be elevated. Perhaps "Family Characters" category, "Mother" is elevated. Perhaps, Social Interactions of any kind, (Aggression, Friendly, or Sexual) are nearly non existent. Perhaps, "Thinking, specifically "Psychological" is elevated. Perhaps "Spirituality" is elevated. Without ever reading the dreams themselves, you are getting an accurate picture of what "Deep Rivers" represents to you. Naturally, then, after looking at that information, I would want to go into the individual dreams and examine how those patterns interrelate with each other. Other "Boolean" search options are available too. You can find dreams that have one metaphor OR another. Example: Either "Mother" OR "Father" are in the dreams selected, not "Mother" AND "Father". Or you can search for dreams that do NOT have a metaphor in them. Example: All "Mother" dreams, but NOT "Rivers".

3. Another search method is to look for indirect evidence of a metaphor. Archetypes are a good example of that. I rarely, if ever, write in my dream narrative that the archetype "Shadow" is there. I must infer its presence. DreamSpinner can do this easily. You decide what criteria would define that archetype and do multiple searches for only those dreams that include those criteria. For the archetype 'Shadow', I will use the following searches:

- a. A female stranger (Category: "Characters," "Stranger", "Woman/Stranger")
- b. Emotions of aggression (Assuming we are looking for the negative Dark Side of the "Shadow".)
- c. Incongruities.
- d. Dark Haired female.
- e. Animals (perhaps specifically coyotes, wolves, ravens, or whatever trickster animals you consider a "Shadow" element.)
- f. Negative social roles (female.)

One can come up with other criteria, depending on what your sense of the 'Shadow' is in your dreams. You would run this series of searches until the dream set contains only dreams with these criteria. Then you would examine the word frequency counts for any elevated or lower patterns.

4. DreamSpinner has a feature called 'Find Related'. Which helps you find patterns you don't even know about. You activate a dream which has been DreamLinked. You click on "Find Related" in the Tools Menu bar. DreamSpinner then examines each dream that has been DreamLinked and matches similar words. It generates a list of dreams where the matches are counted in descending order of most frequent to least frequent. You can choose how many of the matched dreams you want to use to create a dream set and then run a word frequency count on them. The options for how to examine your dreams are endless. Each time you run a dream set through the Word Frequency counts, you gain new insights on your personal metaphors and what they mean to you.

I am happy to announce that the DreamSpinner Website ([www.spinner-soft.com](http://www.spinner-soft.com)) is now up and running with new and exciting interactive fun for you.

You are now able to:

1. Enter your dreams into the Website database.

2. Search dreams based on words or phrases and examine that dream set.
3. Hook metaphors and themes to your dreams.
4. Call up a metaphor or theme set of dreams and examine them.
5. Write and read comments on dreams, metaphors and themes.
6. Write poetry or rewrite your dream and hook the work to your dream.
7. Use the DreamSpinner Bulletin board to connect and discuss any dreams issues.
8. Articles of interest on various Dream Topics. You are encouraged to submit articles of your own.
9. And of course, download a free 30 day trial demo of DreamSpinner.

DreamSpinner has been revised so it works with all versions of Microsoft Word. You still need a PC, but, you are no longer held to the restriction of only using Word 95.

Come on by and check us out! See you next month.

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The Questioning Bride  
Patricia Grace Kelly

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A young dark-haired woman  
in a white bridal gown  
is alone in a living room.  
It has dark wood panelling  
and a mantel over the fireplace,  
in the style of at least  
fifty years ago.  
She is wondering why  
she keeps being moved  
from room to room  
in this house.  
She asks out loud,  
of no one in particular

"Why was Uncle plastered in the wall?"

As if in answer  
to a silly riddle,  
a voice replies

"Because there are no bullets left."

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Patricia Grace Kelly

Pegasus Dreaming:

<http://www.suite101.com/myhome.cfm/PegasusDreaming> -  
Creatively exploring dream, poetry, and Tarot symbols so  
that they may inspire and nurture our deepest selves.

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Madame Aionia's Astrological Dreaming Series:  
Dreaming Through the Houses: 10th House

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Have you ever wondered how dreams and astrology are  
connected?

There are many ways we can connect dreams to astrology, and  
many don't require that you know all about your Natal  
Chart. In this column we will be exploring the symbolic  
rather than predictive aspects of astrology. Symbolic  
astrology attempts to use the images of astrological to  
give meaning to one's life and empower choices rather than  
predict paths. We do this by imaginal overlay. In this  
process we impleach, (poetically interweave) dream, image,  
feeling, life and symbol in a way to evoke a felt sense of  
the dream's imagery and its position in our life.

This year we are focusing each month on a different House.  
The inner circle of the Natal or Birth Chart is divided  
into 12 distinct regions know as Houses. They relate to  
everyday activates. One will be about physical appearances  
and temperament, while another relates to possessions, for  
example. Planets and signs fall within these Houses and  
influence the areas of focus. We will be watching for  
images of planets, signs and other celestial events and  
hopefully begin to see the emergence of an astrological  
chart that dips into birth charts, dreams, and our waking  
life.

Tenth House: Saturn in Capricorn. Aspirations, ambitions, public standing, matters outside the home, social status, responsibilities, discipline, personal image, role in life.

Dream: I am at a social function, it is someone's graduation and I'm going to be giving the graduation speech. I walk up from a building through some gates onto a lawn where the reception will take place. People come up and introduce themselves to me. I can tell they are really just saying hello to the selected speaker and not me. There is a large table of food and I begin handing it out to people as they go by, feeling I can use my authority to start the reception early.

The Tenth house can be seen on a mundane level as the outward expression of the home and 4th House. Outside, the persona one projects and the role we inwardly feel we have are dominant.

Look for dreams where we appear in society, have roles in groups, function in outward movements. But also look for the purpose we identify with when we consider our deeper reason for being.

Dream: I'm walking to work downtown when I see some other women get out of a cab. A man in another car stops and jumps out with a knife. I shout at the man that he'd better take off, or we'll have to sick the dogs on him. When I woke up, I realized how my role in the dream was like my role at work, continually protecting people from attacks of others and developing guard-dog programs.

Occasionally a dominant parent is seen connected with this house. It might be useful to ask which parent most shaped our social attitudes and ethics. But it may also be the hidden ambitions of that parent which manifest in the child and the dream. Look less for the inner need to achieve than the need to prove these achievements to others.

Dream: We are building a giant housing complex and the plans call for this to be just 4 or 5 stories high. I am talking with a group of workmen and trying to convince them to keep going. I feel that if we double the height of the

buildings they will be seen by the investors in the bank down the block and they will accept up into their neighborhood. One of the men from the bank drives by and I see my mother in the car. I think it is odd that my mom would have an account with this bank.

These achievements may be pushed on other as well lived out by oneself. In a dream it is difficult to separate our own self from others, but this fogginess may serve to allow the self-other identity to shift back and forth in transformative and insightful ways.

Dream: I am babysitting my uncle's kids again. We are in a park near a stream. The little boy J. and girl K. are trying to build a boat that will float down the stream. The girl keeps tiring of the game. I keep telling her to keep trying, and tease her that important people are across the stream watching her progress. The girl finds a newspaper with a blueprint on it and tears it in half. Part of it she makes into a sail boat, and then she eats the other part.

Due to the intensity of public attention, issue of public exposure and hiddenness can be viewed as Tenth house concerns. The following dream combines this with the need to rise above others.

Dream: I'm racing up a ladder outside a large building. There are other ladders next to mine, maybe 5 or 6, each 4 or 5 stories high. I don't know why we are racing but I feel it is very important to stay ahead of the others. The ladder keeps catching the fabric and I'm concerned about the people below me looking up my skirt and have to keep pulling it in with my hands. I'm surprised that I'm not at all scared of the heights, just of being passed by and exposed.

This outward movement can lead to values that transcend the need to be seen as successful.

Dream: I'm in a space ship that has been trying for many centuries to reach a star in the Vegan sector. We are the great-grandchildren of the original explorers. My family is like a guild that controls the speed of the vehicle and I'm very proud that we have contributed to speeding up the ship to nearly twice the original speed. But now the Vegan system is approaching and I realize our family will no

longer have its function and status and tell my sister who is working at a very large motor, like one that would be found on a submarine, that our success has ruined us. She isn't worried at all and tells me about all the other skills our family has learned in working with others. I think about our family becoming an ambassador like guild on the new plant.

M. Aionia

Next month: 11th House: Friends, acquaintances, clubs, societies, intellectual pleasures...

Send in your 11th house dreams to  
M. Aionia at [aionia@dreamgate.com](mailto:aionia@dreamgate.com)

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Reflections on the Tenth House  
Island

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When I thought about framing tenth house dreams in my mind, my gut reaction was, "I probably don't usually remember tenth house dreams." Then I clucked to myself. Saturn, the natural ruler of Capricorn and the tenth house, is a great defender of psychological turf, that is, until the mask proves too brittle, shattering into millions of fragments. Meaning for me that feelings which threaten me, undermine my defenses, depress me, cripple me, bring me pain, make me feel weak, limited, restricted, and so on, I repress, suppress, control the feelings as best as I can. Thinking, however, beyond my gut reaction, I realized I have had dreams where a mirror, or image, shatters, or millions of tiny bits of papers have blown helter skelter onto a yard, and I am left, sorting through the debris. I have seen my face multiplied ad infinitum before an audience, who cannot know which face is authentic. In dreams, I have been on stage, playing the female version of Hamlet, wondering how the audience responds to the role I play? My dreams have been peopled with celebrities and dead Presidents, famous writers and others of public renown, bosses and employers, the elderly. My dreams have also been filled with masks,

bones, crystal, canes, clocks, climbing and falls, ceilings and walls, workloads, carrying bodies on my back, winter, delays, frozen foods, stones, ordeals, mud, monuments, skeletons, scaffolds, all potentially resonating with tenth house concerns. A few years ago I used a computer program to index all words appearing in my dreams, simultaneously performing a word count, on seven years of dreams. Heading the list? Mother and Daddy. Also tenth house, where the jury still seems to be out on which parent is fourth house and which tenth.

The conclusion to a tenth house dream I had 20 years ago which changed the direction of my life was simply, "I stand before an applauding audience. They see only a beautiful face, yet they do not see my real, hideous face, which bears the mark of all I've experienced." In the last year or so, I've begun to spend a great deal of reading time on just that painful incongruity -- public image versus private Self -- so I've taken to reading women's journals, longing to immerse myself in the authentic beingness behind the mask, or persona. I've noticed lately that if I experience even one hint of disapproval or disappointment from my partner, I unfairly retaliate, "You cannot expect anything of me," really only an outcry for him not to assign me any role. Just this week, I caught a glimpse of a half hour show called, "Hollywood Diaries." I was struck by the words Marilyn Monroe wrote in her private journal, especially because there was nothing in her public life and image that hinted at what real depth of feeling and insight this woman possessed. Yesterday, someone phoned, in despair. He's struggled for years, teaching himself to play the piano, because he loves music, and now he plays quite well. When he was a child, his parents were told by a music teacher not to give him music lessons since he was tone deaf. He thinks and feels with childlike simplicity, and burst out with, "if the world would recognize my gifts, then I wouldn't be such a bad guy after all," an arrow released straight into the center of his tenth house. The following dream, I feel, expands on his tenth house concerns:

I am in the middle of a tornado. I see an owner and his dog, a Doberman pincer, walking. The owner lets go of his dog, something that I have always hated, and I am afraid the dog will come toward me, but the dog runs past me instead. There is a fisherman's net which I move away from

during the tornado but, as the winds grow worse, and the storm howls, I find myself having to lay down as I can't stand up, the winds are so fierce. Huge objects, like cars, whirl above me, so I grab the fisherman's net and find that it is concrete (not moving). So I say, "Thank you, God, for giving me something to hold onto, for safety." The storm dies quite suddenly and, as I awaken, I see a moving train flash before me.

Because the tenth house is traditionally associated with the parent of greatest influence, usually the parent who mothered us and whose ambitions we may live out unconsciously, then I suspect dreams of that parent will help us to fathom what roles we play in the world, whether unconsciously, because expected, or by choice. Some of the questions I have asked myself are what is my attitude to the world? How do I participate in it? Do I feel that I am a daughter or son of the Universe and have a right to be here, or do I feel alien, outcast? How do I define and preserve my boundaries? How do I respond to authority? To regulation of any kind? Do I assume responsibility for things I cannot control? Do I carry burdens that are not mine? If so, why? Do I equate self-worth with power and status? How will I be remembered? In what manner do I wield authority, delegate responsibility?

Ultimately, I feel that, for me, dreams which seem to relate loosely to "tenth house" concerns, admittedly, a rather nebulous concept and difficult for me to grasp, shed light on my reason for being on earth. My sense of purpose, my ambitions, social status, whether I count myself or am counted by others as a success or failure - and, more to the point, how I respond to life's limitations generally, surface routinely in my dreams, I suspect. Generally, though, I feel my tenth house dreams are dreams of compensation. Though I may dream of figures of power and influence, in reality, I feel my influence is that of a tiny ripple, rather than a huge wave. One of my all time favorite songs is "Dust in the Wind," because it resonates deeply with my sense of Self, and I'm not sure I would want to feel otherwise, though my dreams may actually be asking me to balance things out a little more.

So to place a wide angle lens on the tenth house, I would like to share the following quotations taken from an excellent book of quotations, The Whole World Book of Quotations: Wisdom from Women and Men Around the Globe

Through the Centuries\_ compiled and edited by Kathryn and Ross Petras (Addison-Wesley Publishing Company, Reading Massachusetts, 1995).

Image Presented to Public . . .

Life as it proceeds reveals, coolly and dispassionately, what lies behind the mask that each man wears. It would seem that everyone possesses several faces. Some people use only one all of the time, and it then, naturally, becomes soiled and wrinkled. These are the thrifty sort. Others look after their masks in the hope of passing them on to their descendants. Others again are constantly changing their faces. But all of them, when they reach old age, realize one day that the mask they are wearing is their last and that it will soon be worn out, and then, from behind the last mask, the true face appears. \*\*\*Sadiq Hidayat (1903-1951) Persian writer, \_Buf-i Kur (The Blind Owl)\_\*\*\*

A Noble Ruler Who Bore Great Responsibility . . .

You have said to me when I was still young and could hope, that in difficulty I could send a voice four times, once for each quarter of the earth, and you would hear me. Today I send a voice for a people in despair. You have given me a sacred pipe, and through this I should make my offering. You see it now! >From the west you have given me the cup of living water and the sacred bow, the power to make life and to destroy it . . . and from the south, the nation's sacred hoop and the tree that was to bloom . . . At the center of the sacred hoop, you have said that I should make the tree to bloom. With tears running, O Great Spirit, m Grandfather -- with running eyes I must say now that the tree has never bloomed. A pitiful old man, you see me here, and I have fallen away and done nothing. Here at the center of the world, where you took me when I was young and taught me; here, old I stand, and the tree is withered, my Grandfather. \*\*\*Black Elk (1863 - 1950) Oglala Sioux holy man, song to Wakan Tanka, the Great Mystery, at Harney Peak, in the Dakota Black Hills (1912)\*\*\*

Achievement . . .

We must leave our mark on life while we have it in our power; it should close up, when we leave it, without a trace. \*\*\*Isak Dinesen, Danish writer (1885 - 1962)\*\*\*

On Exercising Caution . . .

Take Care

then, mother's son, less you become  
a dancer disinherited in mid-dance  
hanging a lame foot in air like the hen  
in a strange unfamiliar compound.

Pray

protect this patrimony to which  
you must return when the song  
is finished and the dancers  
disburse.

\*\*\*Chinua Achebe, Nigerian writer, "Beware, Soul Brothers"  
(b. 1930)\*\*\*

On Experience . . .

I wanted to be born at the  
farthest limit of the world.  
I'll explore it, I said to myself,  
biting big chunks from it.

And when I want, I'll go  
straight to the core.

This is the way of the world I  
thought in my innocence,  
round and around the layers of peel  
until the taste becomes certain.

\*\*\*Abba Kovner, Israeli poet, "Observations at the End of a  
Journey" (b.  
1918)\*\*\*

Greatness . . .

The great man is one who never loses his child's heart.

\*\*\*Mencius, Chinese philosopher, Meng-tzu (c. 390-305  
B.C.E)\*\*\*

We can do no great things - only small things with great  
love. \*\*\*Mother Teresa, Yugoslavian missionary, Life in  
the Spirit (1910 - 1997)

Rulers . . .

Of myself I must say this, I never was any greedy, scraping  
grasper, nor a strait fast-holding prince, nor yet a  
master; my heart was never set on worldly goods, but only  
for my subjects' good. \*\*\*Elizabeth I, English queen, to a  
deputation from the House of Commons (1601) (1533 -  
1603)\*\*\*

Must! Is must a word to be addressed to princes? Little man, little man! They father, if he had been alive, durst not have used that word. \*\*\*Elizabeth I, English queen, to Robert Cecil, from her deathbed (1533 - 1603)\*\*\*

I never give answers. I lead on from one question to another. That is my leadership. \*\*\*Rabindranath Tagore, Indian writer and philosopher (1861 - 1941)\*\*\*

Some people have wondered if I didn't have a feeling that I was a man of destiny and that great forces were at work on me. No, I never had that feeling. I was ashamed. I wanted to do what was good rather than what was bad. \*\*\*U Nu, Burmese politician and first prime minister of Burma (b. 1907)\*\*\*

Power . . .  
Power immobilizes; it freezes with a single gesture - grandiose, terrible, theatrical, or finally, simply monotonous ù the variety which is life. \*\*\*Octavio Paz, Mexican writer (b. 1914)\*\*\*

Power . . . is the supreme end for all those who have not understood.\*\*\* Simone Weil, French philosopher, Gravity and Grace (1909 - 1943)\*\*\*

On Success . . .  
To have realized your dream makes you feel lost. \*\*\*Oriana Fallaci, Italian journalist, Letter to a Child Never Born (b. 1930)\*\*\*

I have learned that success is to be measured not so much by the position that one has reached in life as by the obstacles which he has overcome while trying to succeed. \*\*\*Booker T. Washington, American educator, Up from Slavery (1856 - 1915)\*\*\*

On Time . . .  
Who is moving in the distance?  
It is the clock's pendulum,  
Hired by the god of death  
To measure life.

Gu Cheng, Chinese poet (b. 1957)

Island

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SASQUATCH FOOTPRINT  
Patricia Grace Kelly  
(based on a dream)

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[Sasquatch is the American Indian name for Big Foot and Yeti is the Tibetan name for these humanoid creatures who may, or may not exist at the edges of what is left of our wild spaces.]

I.  
What never was can also die,  
needs also to be mourned.

II.  
The leathery face of a Sasquatch  
parts the aggressive tone of the dream  
as if it were a curtain, looming sorrowfully,  
draped in a maroon shawl.

"My child is dead," this Yeti mother says.  
No anger, no accusation, just simple truth  
framed in human speech clearly alien  
to this mythic maternal creature.

She reclaims then cradles the limp body  
of her infant son against her earthen breast,  
as her mate appears behind her  
hovering briefly in their shared grief.

And this family of dark angels  
is gone.

III.  
What never was can also die,  
needs also to be mourned.

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Pegasus Dreaming:  
<http://www.suite101.com/myhome.cfm/PegasusDreaming> -



doorways to worlds beyond physical reality that have been the goal of shamanic traditions throughout human evolution. You'll be able to work in depth with your own experiences and to seek guidance on personal issues. Learn how to use dreams for healing; dream the future and change it for the better; develop your intuition; go back inside dreams and embark on conscious dream journeys; connect with spiritual guides - and release your artist/creator/healer self. Workshop fee \$95. When: Saturday, September 9, 2000. Location: Burbank Church of Religious Science, 260 Pass Avenue, Burbank, CA (off Freeway #134) Information and registration: Please contact EarthSpirit Center, P.O. Box 412141, Los Angeles, CA 90041, (323) 254-5458, email EarthSprit@aol.com

>> Social Dreaming: Shedding Light On Organizational Shadows  
Five-Day Workshop, October 1-6, 2000

OVERVIEW: Our view of organizations too often is constrained by the observable, logical and rational. It frequently relies on theories and strategies designed to maintain control over outcomes -- even in the midst of turbulence, complexity, and unpredictability. Despite this orientation, it is the dynamics hidden in the shadows that typically present the most challenge for those working with and in organizations. An exploration of what is unspoken, tacit, and presumably unknown can reveal shared fears, fantasies and conflicts and thereby provide a deeper understanding of organizational reality.

In this workshop, participants are invited to share and work with what is unconscious in social reality and, in particular, in their organizations. Social Dreaming is a pioneering methodology that addresses the unthought and unconscious dimensions of the social world. It is based on the assumption that we dream not just for ourselves, but as part of the larger context in which we live. This perspective regards dreams as more than the private possession of the dreamer and instead also relevant to social reality - including the workplace. This idea has an ancient lineage. Long before Freud or Jung began to study dreams scientifically, dreams and dreaming had great significance to people in some societies - Australian aboriginals and American Indians, for example - as they

attempted to understand the meaning of their lives and the world in which they lived.

First conceptualized in the early 1980's by W. Gordon Lawrence, then a member of London's Tavistock Institute of Human Relations, Social Dreaming programs have since taken place in England, Germany, Israel, Sweden, Australia and the United States. Previous participants have included managers and line workers from various businesses and organizations, consultants, students, and others interested in organizational dynamics. Participation in the workshop requires no previous experience or knowledge; anyone interested in better understanding the deeper dynamics of organizations is welcome.

Over the week, work will incorporate dreams, metaphors, myths and graphic imaging as 'media' to help gain a deeper understanding of the shadows left obscure in most organizational work.

-CONVENORS:Burkard Sievers, Ph.D., Rose Redding Mersky, M.S.,  
and Lois Sekerak Hogan, Ph.D.

- LOCATION: Temenos Conference & Retreat Center, West Chester,  
Pennsylvania (just outside of Philadelphia in the beautiful Brandywine Valley)

- FEES (inclusive of room and board):\$1,250 (\$950 full-time students) if register by August 15. After August 15: \$1,650 (\$1,050 full time students).

- FOR FURTHER INFORMATION: Contact Lois Hogan by e-mail Lshogan@tiac.net or phone (978-363-2000). You can be sent a brochure by mail or as an attachment in Word. If by mail, please respond with your mailing address.

>> ASD E-Study Groups

Communicate actively all year with fellow ASD members who share your interests! Beginning September 1st, 2000, ASD is introducing another ASD membership benefit which will allow more opportunities for ASD members to actively interact between conferences. The format for this exciting new development is through a series of theme-based electronic

or E-Study groups which will have weekly or monthly bulletins, shared readings for mutual discussion, opportunities for interchange of ideas via e-mail or possibly Internet chats and periodic summaries or digests of information by a group scribe. Members will be able to choose full participation or just want monthly or quarterly digests or updates.

The immediate purposes of the Dream E-Study e\_mail groups are to

- 1) Promote community and active communication among ASD members with common interests;
- 2) To share, discuss, and explore current research, writings, art, or unique projects across the spectra of dreaming and dream studies;
- 3) To work together on mutual projects such as research and/or preparing seminars or presentations for ASD conferences and regional meeting or in your own locations and communities;
- 4) To provide guidance and mentorship to members who want to develop their interests in a particular field;
- 5) To ultimately attract new members who will want to join in these active dream studies' "incubators" of ideas and synergy;
- 6) To develop educational materials on the ASD website;
- 7) To develop curricula for ASD's continuing education program;
- 8) To inspire collaboration and synergy with the intrusion of administrative constraints and travel to meetings, and with the convenience of participate when and how you choose.

There should be a very modest level of activity--perhaps emails back and forth 2 or 3 times a month. If you are willing to be an interim coordinator to get a group started, perhaps you can use your stature and influence to start the group and from that a permanent coordinate and scribe will emerge to document the groups activities.

- In addition, each E-Study group will be encouraged to
- A) Develop symposia or focused discussions for ASD annual conferences;
  - B) Post periodic digests of interesting discussions that occur on the ASD bulletin board;
  - C) Become developers and incubators and collectors of educational articles and links that can be made available on our web site to enhance ASD's educational mission;



influenced by dreaming. As the co-author of *The Practical Psychic* (Samuel Weiser, 1991), she concluded that there are many means to enlisting our psychic resources, but dreams are the most immediate, regular and available. While writing *Parting Company: Understanding the Loss of a Loved One--The Caregiver's Journey* (Seal Press, 1999), she documented a number of instances in which dreams seemed to span the boundary between those who had died and the survivors who had cared for them. She became interested in starting a dream database when she discovered that her dreams contained frequent instances of precognition, and she wanted to devise a means to document and study them. Whatever reasons you have for studying your dreams, you will find something useful here.

>> eSpirituality.com Introduces Free Dream Analysis  
[www.eSpirituality.com](http://www.eSpirituality.com)

Web portal adds new feature to its interactive offerings for personal growth and enlightenment. From frightening freefalls to cryptic visits by departed loved ones, the imagery and meaning behind dreams has been debated since the dawn of man. To help those boggled by the symbolism of their slumber, [www.eSpirituality.com](http://www.eSpirituality.com) has introduced free dream analysis by its resident Dr. Dream to help those boggled by the symbolism of their slumber. "Dream analysis is a powerful tool for self-discovery that is often used in therapy to uncover past events and trauma," said Tidiani Tall, founder of [eSpirituality.com](http://www.eSpirituality.com). "Even for those without major psychological difficulties, dream interpretation is a fun way to know more about our personalities and our inner being." Each day, Tall, as Dr. Dream, will draw upon his extensive study of dream images to offer objective interpretation to symbolism that ranges from common and universal to bizarre and highly personal. In addition to free dream analysis, [eSpirituality.com](http://www.eSpirituality.com) offers an interactive portal for personal growth and enlightenment, with daily news, features, advice, guidance and resources in such categories as mystical traditions, personal empowerment, alternative medicine, Feng Shui, dream analysis, astrology, divination, angels and occult studies of Wicca, Voodoo and Santeria.

>> Psychic-Chats



Sept 10-15 in Big Sur, CA. "The Temple of Dream Healing", five day intensive at Esalen Institute. For more information, contact: Esalen Institute, Highway 1, Big Sur, CA 93920 (831) 667-3000, fax (831) 667-2724

Sept 16 in Portland, OR "Dreaming True" Bringing the Power of Dreams into Everyday Life", with author Robert Moss. Contact New Renaissance Bookshop at (503) 224-4929 for more information.

Sept 15-16 in Salt Lake City, UT Weekend Workshop with Jeremy Taylor. Contact Peg Hunter at 801.364.9854

Sept 23 in Berkeley, CA Symposium on Dream Research. Contact Kelly for updated information at 510.528.0226

Sept 29-30 in Santa Rosa, Ca Weekend workshop - "Jung and Myth" with Jeremy Taylor. Get an entire semester class in a Friday night and all day Saturday Workshop. Email Betty at agorbesid@sonic.net or call Kathy at 415.454.2793

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dream-flow. v001.n366 - dream-flow.v002.n013.1

Hello and welcome to the DREAM SECTION of Electric Dreams.

This section is edited by Richard Wilkerson and the DreamEditor, a software creation of Harry Bosma, author of the Dream interpretation and journaling software "Alchera".  
(homepage: <http://mythwell.com>)

OK, I finally found the controls that change the volume number on the dream-flow digest. Appropriately for the October issue, the final dream is 13-1. - Richard

The Electric Dreams DREAM SECTION includes dreams and comments from the DREAM FLOW, a project to circulate dreams in Cyberspace.

Many mail lists participate, including  
dream-flow@lists.best.com  
dreamstream@topical.com  
DreamsRus@onelist.com  
The Dream Sack <http://www.deeplisting.org/ione>

If you would like to send in single dreams for the flow,  
you can leave them at  
<http://www.dreamgate.com/dream/temple>

If you have a mail list or would like to contribute dreams  
and comments on a regular basis, you can subscribe to the  
dream-flow by sending an E-mail to  
TO:  
dream-flow-request@lists.best.com  
In the body of the E-mail put only

subscribe your-email

Please substitute your real email address with "your-email"  
You may get a note back to verify the subscription. Simply  
hit the return or reply key, change REJECT to ACCEPT in the  
subject field and send the note back.

An Archive of dream-flow is available at:  
<http://www.mail-archive.com/dream-flow@lists.best.com/>

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----- BEGIN dream-flow.v001.n366 -----

- 001 - Heratheta - Re: Digest dream-flow.v001.n365,364,363
- 002 - Anonymous - Vampire
- 003 - Anonymous - Recurring Number 3

----- DREAM dream-flow.v001.n366.1 -----

From: Heratheta  
Subject: Re: Digest dream-flow.v001.n365,364,363  
Date: Fri, 25 Aug 2000 13:13:03 EDT

coworker drm-peace had lain to the right of the location of  
the workers if he had avoided becoming 'her' alligator



zack and tommy to also. tommy shook his head. it was then that the water heater broke down and then it wasn't a mud room anymore but more like a classroom where the door was open to a neighborhood and a street. i held out this blue shower cap i had on and flagged down a school bus and two policemen. everyone was getting into the school bus when zack and i saw the "ghost" of danny flying out of the house. i said that even if we run away he might come back and kill us. so zack decided to go back in and i followed along with two other girls.

i go back to the basement and let in tommy and two dogs through the sliding glass door. i remember looking out the window from above watchin tommy get the saint bernard back, that was why he was outside. and one dog was inside with me (i was being careful not to let him get out) and i let tommy in first, then the saint bernard, and last this mutt named maverick. they all went into the den (next to the mud room) while i was closing the sliding door. the i turned around and saw danny by the stairs and i screamed. danny looked at me but went towards the den instead. zack is somehow out of the den and he hurries up the stairs knowing that the attic (it's a different house now, i've never seen it before) is the safest place. he makes it up there before i do while im struggling with the stairs. then as i peer into the attic i see danny and he had zack around the neck. i rush back down into this dining room with a lot of little tables and i see two other girls there. i tell them abou! ! t zack and all of a sudden, the dessert cart starts moving and it's coming after me. i didnt see until i was almost cornered that it was danny pushing it, but he couldnt see me or the other girls. if the tray touched me or i made a sound then i would reveal myself.

that was when i woke up...

Comments by Dreamer when i woke up i felt as if i had to go back to sleep to kill danny and save those two girls...and the names Danny and Tommy are two out of three names that i would like to name my sons in the future.  
Permission to Comment yes\_share\_comments Permission  
Comments

----- DREAM dream-flow.v001.n366.3 -----

From: Anonymous

Subject: Recurring Number 3

Date: Fri, 25 Aug 2000 23:14:15 -0700

Dream Title                      Recurring Number 3 D10n... [o]

Date of Dream                    4:45am, Monday 31st July 2000

It's 4:45am, on Monday 31st July 2000. "Goose" bumps are still raised on my body but only partly from the cold. I have an urge to look over my shoulder to see who is there. No one. I am alone. The kettle has just boiled and I hope the coffee can take the blur from my eyes so that I may type better.

Before it fades let me tell you of the song fragment playing over and over in my mind. For those who know my situation at this time it will seem pertinent. As I remember the song the words are, "Walk away, baby what you say, walk away, now she's walking out the door, like she did a thousand times before." There are variations though this may be due to my waking up and analysing what is a subconscious activity.

Although nearing my mid 30's I think there is some merit to having a nightlight or lamp next to my bed. I was woken abruptly at 4:27am by a bite to my toe from a small dog like sub-animal with small pointy steel like teeth; roughly a circular jaw. I was lying on my back, facing the ceiling when I was woken. There above me was a tall and overly thin person shape. Very dark, perhaps African in nature. Having lighter feet suggested to me that it was wearing white socks. It stood there with its feet either side of my hips for a moment, less than a moment; like it was already moving as I opened my eyes. It walked through the wall and into the night leaving me shivering although I was warm enough under the blankets. The type of shiver my grandmother would attribute to someone walking over her grave.

Suddenly it hit me, the dream. I have had that dream before. It's a dream I have had a few times. Under what circumstances I cannot recall. I was woken as the last scenes were being enacted. Scenes which have caused me to

lash out with my arms protectively, call out from pain and fear and which left me shivering under the blankets trying to block the images from my mind as the entire dream bombarded me with it's memory..

The dream seemed to be shorter in some areas as if those longer, more pleasant segments were edited out. I can almost recall them from past 'screenings' of this dream. They are inconsequential really; joining themes that give the dream it's vivid reality by lacing segments together smoothly.

The dream begins in the house of my mid childhood some distance from a small country town. There are many people in the house. So many that the rooms are larger and there are even additional rooms added from previous and subsequent homes. I think I know all of these people but it matters little, I am just very happy to be 'home' again. It's been a long time since I was here and nothing has changed.

As I walk out the back door I can remember how the huge back yard, which leads onto bush land, had it's small areas of significance to me. Now the area is immense seemingly to accommodate my adult perspective. I see two children playing on the border of two such areas. As I approach them they look strange, as if their young boy and girl images are covering something more sinister. It's easy to ignore. They have erected three small poles and have a bat and ball. But they lack the ability to move out of their area enough to play a game. The boy offers me some fruit. The sweetest strawberries I have ever tasted. There is watermelon, mango and others I cannot quite identify. I do not care for these other fruits.

"I know where there are some blue fruit growing wild which taste even better than these strawberries, do you want to come and taste them?" I ask the boy.

He agreed but had difficulty leaving his small area. The journey should have taken many hours, which confused me. Did I go the right way or was I daydreaming so much that I did not notice my surroundings?

We arrived at a piece of land that has been a cliff edge overlooking the sea and at one time a river. This time it was a raised bank; the shoreline of a huge lake upon which

were people sailing small boats. I offered him the blue fruit, growing on a small weed like plant. I knew it would kill him. He ate and died quicker than he has in the past.

The walk from the lake bank to where the school bus passed is very long. My grey school uniform looks out of place on the dirt track amid the scrub and small trees. I'm thankful that my school bag is not heavy. I have never caught the school bus but at this particular stop so I hope my timing is good.

To my surprise there are several busses waiting at a small depot. I panic without reason trying to identify which bus is mine knowing that they all arrive at the same school. The driver is not happy that I am late. Strange, how could I be late when I have never before boarded the bus here?

As the bus passes our house I can see my mother watering the lawn. She waves as we pass and I wonder what happened to all the trees. I take note of the surroundings and realized that the bus ride to school will take a long time so watching television will make the trip shorter.

I am a cartoon fox reporting to the police station for my next task. I must complete one task to be able to move onto the next level. Having failed unknown tasks before does not deter me from trying again. Although I do not know what the next level will be I can clearly remember the previous one; when I was alive. Now that I am dead I must prove myself worthy of continuing. Most of the other people sitting in the waiting room all look to have given up. Their cartoon animal cover is fading in and out.

I look up from the television in our lounge room as my mother calls me. There are three of my friends from a few years in the future at the door. They do not seem bothered by my school uniform. As we walk into what should have been the bathroom I find my three friends laying in a dark bedroom together in a large bed. I realize they are dead. They say that they are here only to say goodbye. I wish them well and cross the hall to investigate a door that should not be there. In the room is my 1-year-old nephew. He will be my sisters first born child in more than ten years time. I leave him to sleep.

There is a small gathering in the lounge room. Most of the people I do not know; friends of my mother. It does not

matter as they all ignore me. What does matter is that the lounge room is now a bare floored beer hall with long wooden tables. Why is this here? I think I need to go outside and check where I am again. Maybe get some more strawberries from the girl.

My mother is just outside the back door. It is night. She has a worried look on her face. "Oma has been here again. I put that old television out into the back of the yard and it has dragged itself back again."

I realize that my grandmother is dead and that my mother was referring to Oma's ghost. She asks me to take the old television back to where she put it. I was about to protest that it was too heavy then realized I was in my mid 20's; perfectly capable of moving the heaviest televisions.

As I passed the girl she said that I had been gone for so long. Where had I been? She was now an old lady, still holding the cricket bat and some strawberries. She offered me some but I knew they were as old as she was; most likely poisonous. Declining politely her offer I continued on my way to replace the television where it was destined to rot.

Weary from carrying it so far I sat down to watch some cartoons. It was the fox again, still trying to complete his 'purgatory' task and making a comical farce of his effort. I resisted the urge to be him and looked away to see some tall buildings. I was sitting beneath a tree in a park area with some work colleges. Most of them were lunchtime terrorists. They were preparing to leave having decided which building or bridge to destroy. I declined their request to join them preferring to remain with a friend who was not feeling very well. She had eaten some small blue berries with her lunch.

She leaned on my chest and said she needed to rest her eyes for a while. I did not mind, having her lean on me was very pleasurable even though I knew she would die. Her breathing became a little harder and she began to increase in weight. I could not hold her and slipped from the tree I was leaning against. The movement caused her to roll over and land with her chest on my stomach. Having admired her from a distance this situation was arousing me. But she continued to increase in size, bloating.

I knew from times passed when this same situation occurred that I would die from being crushed and smothered. Similar to drowning under great pressure. How do I know this without ever having been drowned under great pressure before? From a dream I had when I was chased into the lake from the large bank where the blue berries grow by some steel jawed dogs.

This is when I woke after being bitten on the toe by one of these dogs to discover the large African shape standing over me on my bed. That was two hours ago even though it seems like a few minutes. The memory is clear. The feeling is strong but I've calmed enough to stop looking over my shoulder.

Having abruptly finished one part of my life and begun a new chapter due to events beyond my control, what does this dream mean? Why have I dreamed this same dream before? I wish I could recall when and under what circumstances I have had this dream before.

Comments by Dreamer            One Of Three Recurring Dream  
Themes. Only one with nightmare qualities.  
Permission to Comment        yes\_share\_comments

----- END dream-flow.v001.n366 -----  
----- BEGIN dream-flow.v002.n001 -----

001 - Anonymous - Really weird

----- DREAM dream-flow.v002.n001.1 -----  
From: Anonymous  
Subject: Really weird  
Date: Sat, 26 Aug 2000 15:17:28 -0700

Dream Title                    Really weird- Serenity  
Date of Dream                 Thursday 17th of August, at around  
2am

My dream starts off on a really wild night, with rain and hail and thunder and that sort of stuff. There is this old house that I am. It's really dark, but I am there with some people that I know, but I cant remember who. We are trying to get to the highest point in the house for some unkown reason, and to do this we have to take the stairs. But the problem is right before the last step there is this whole pile of ghosts that grab people and drag them back down into the basement. If you're quick, you can get past them, and a few people including me do. We sit around the attic for a while. Although there is holes in the roof, no rain seems to be getting us. There is a leader of the group that is trying to tell us what we should be doing, but I am reluctant to listen to him and I try to do whatever I can. I keep on seeing the people get dragged away to the basement. By now I am crying for someone to have a mobile phone so I can ring my parents. No-one do!! es and I start screaming that is tsupid because EVERYONE has one in this day and age (Perhaps I feel that because all the people that surround me do?) but then a girl I know of but am not friends with produces a bright blue ericsson from her pocket. The phone is really vivid in my mind... the blue was electric. I feel eternally grateful to her as I ring my parents, but I get the answering machine. As I am about to speak I hera them screaming for help in the background, like someone is in my home and I can't help them because I am in the attic....and then I woke up.

Comments by Dreamer           Ive never had such an odd dream before....!

Permission to Comment       yes\_share\_comments

----- END dream-flow.v002.n001 -----  
----- BEGIN dream-flow.v002.n002 -----

- 001 - Anonymous - Smack In The Mouth
- 002 - Anonymous - being overcome by water
- 003 - Anonymous - Noah's Ark?

----- DREAM dream-flow.v002.n002.1 -----  
From: Anonymous  
Subject: Smack In The Mouth

Date: Sun, 27 Aug 2000 16:04:03 -0700

Dream Title                   Smack In The Mouth  
Date of Dream                 08/27/00 noon

I had a dream that I had made a comment to my husband (I can't remember the comment) but I was being sarcastic and funny and I was laughing. He took offense to the comment and started to smack me in the mouth over and over, which took me by surprise and made me cry and try to bite his fingers. I woke up crying real tears.

Comments by Dreamer         I had an early morning run and came home very tired and wasn't planning on falling asleep.  
Permission to Comment       yes\_share\_comments  
Permission Comments         This is my first time. Please email the analysis or tell me how to find it. Thanks

----- DREAM dream-flow.v002.n002.2 -----

From: Anonymous  
Subject: being overcome by water  
Date: Mon, 28 Aug 2000 09:13:40 -0700

Dream Title                   being overcome by water  
Date of Dream                 several occasions

i am driving at night on a road that has water on both sides of it. i keep driving on this road and look back in my rearview mirror and see the water coming up over the road, like swallowing the road. i look up ahead of me and ther road is being swallowed by water also. although i am not driving in water, i am on the road.

Comments by Dreamer         this dream is a dream my friend has had over, and over in his lifetime. he saids he has been having this dream since he was a child.  
Permission to Comment       yes\_share\_comments  
Permission Comments         will you send me a response? if not where do i find it? this is the first time i've been on this page! great site.i am an avid reader in dream books.  
Thanks lisamac@erinet.com

----- DREAM dream-flow.v002.n002.3 -----

From: Anonymous

Subject: Noah's Ark?

Date: Mon, 28 Aug 2000 14:44:18 -0700

Dream Title                    Noah's Ark?    from Harper

Date of Dream                Recurring

This is a dream that I've had a few times, maybe three or four times over the last four years.

I am visiting my sister, who lives in ranch country in British Columbia. We are driving down the road, and she says "Oh oh, \_\_\_\_\_'s animals are lose again" and out of a drive way all of these animals come pouring, but not farm or ranch animals, there are giraffes, lions, rhinos, african and exotic type animals.

My interest in this dream is that it is a somewhat recurring dream and I would be interested in any intepretations of signifcance. Comments by Dreamer

Permission to Comment        yes\_share\_comments

----- END dream-flow.v002.n002 -----

----- BEGIN dream-flow.v002.n003 -----

- 001 - Anonymous - Environmental Change
- 002 - Anonymous - How could I do this to my MOM?
- 003 - Anonymous - Choices by Mel

----- DREAM dream-flow.v002.n003.1 -----

From: Anonymous

Subject: Environmental Change

Date: Tue, 29 Aug 2000 00:15:56 -0700

Dream Title                    Environmental Change    -Brookems

Date of Dream

8/27/00 2:33am

I was walking through the mall specifically in a store called Mervyns. I was with my ex-boyfriend and I was eagerly looking for these pants called "Vintage Jeans". As we were walking through the mens section, I found a table heaped with these pants and became overly excited. I had looked all day for these pants in womens and could not find them. I grabbed my waist size and walked into this dressing room that was painted bright red all over the walls. I remember telling my ex that they fit wonderful and when I opened the fitting room door, he was standing on a hill covered in snow while tons of kids were having a snow ball fight and while others went sledding. I then woke up.

|                       |                                     |
|-----------------------|-------------------------------------|
| Comments by Dreamer   | I talked to my ex earlier that day. |
| Permission to Comment | yes_share_comments                  |
| Permission Comments   | share all thoughts                  |

----- DREAM dream-flow.v002.n003.2 -----  
From: Anonymous  
Subject: How could I do this to my MOM?  
Date: Tue, 29 Aug 2000 09:48:29 -0700

|               |                                         |
|---------------|-----------------------------------------|
| Dream Title   | How could I do this to my MOM? By shirl |
| Date of Dream | 8/29 @5am                               |

I had a very disturbing dream last night involving my mom. First of all, I need to mention that my mom is mentally retarded, caused by a traumatic head injury at age 16; therefore, I'm very protective of her.... well in my dream, my mom wouldn't listen to me (sorta like when a young child misbehaves in a store)...so I started punching her in the face & I couldn't stop.... I kept hitting her, noticing that she had no feelings of hurt left in her body & she could care less that I continue to punch her. I woke up feeling so horrible.... How could I do this to my mom, I questioned myself. I would never do something like this considering I'm very protective of her... As I left to work this morning, I woke my mom up to give her a hug...something we only do in the evening.... I felt a little better, but I'm still troubled by this dream... any ideas why I dreamt this? Comments by Dreamer

Permission to Comment      yes\_share\_comments

----- DREAM dream-flow.v002.n003.3 -----

From: Anonymous  
Subject: Choices by Mel  
Date: Tue, 29 Aug 2000 17:49:29 -0700

Dream Title                      Choices by Mel  
Date of Dream                    20/08/00 to 29/08/00

For the past week i have been experiencing a recurring dream.i go inside my wardrobe and i meet a woman who asks me what colour shirt and cardigan i would like to wear. There is a whole rail of many different colours for me to choose from. Every night i have picked a different coloured garment. This is the first thing that i dream when i go to sleep and the last thing that i dream before i wake up is the returning of the garments to the lady inside my wardrobe. I don't remember anything but these two events, I don't remember any other dreams inbetween. What does this mean? Comments by Dreamer

Permission to Comment      yes\_share\_comments

----- END dream-flow.v002.n003 -----  
----- BEGIN dream-flow.v002.n004 -----

- 001 - Heratheta - Re: Digest dream-flow.v002.n003
- 002 - Anonymous - water waves

----- DREAM dream-flow.v002.n004.1 -----

From: Heratheta  
Subject: Re: Digest dream-flow.v002.n003  
Date: Wed, 30 Aug 2000 17:20:42 EDT

environment drm-peace had lain to the right of the mall if you had avoided becoming "eagerly sought after" how could i drm-peace had lain to the right of mom if you had avoided becoming "punched" choices drm-peace had lain to the irhgt

of the closet if you had avoided becoming "asking what some one wants to wear"

----- DREAM dream-flow.v002.n004.2 -----

From: Anonymous

Subject: water waves

Date: Thu, 31 Aug 2000 11:47:12 -0700

Dream Title                    water waves  
Date of Dream                 8/10/3:30 am

I have been having intense dreams about water. The first one I had involved me and a friend swimming into the middle of the ocean where we just floated on our backs. We were surrounded by killer whales that just kept popping their noses out of the water in succession. There were also some strange looking sharks, but they did not harm us. The ocean turned into a swimming pool and the whale began to attack us. Not violently though. He only used his fins to move us closer to him and put us under water. We swam as fast as we could to climb up the pool ladder. My friend exited with no problem. I on the other hand had a killer whale come behind me and lower me into the water. I broke free and then exited myself waking up. Comments by Dreamer

Permission to Comment        yes\_share\_comments

----- END dream-flow.v002.n004 -----

----- BEGIN dream-flow.v002.n005 -----

- 001 - Anonymous - pregnant with twin boys
- 002 - Anonymous - Bolted Foot
- 003 - Anonymous - why do i dream of dead people and celebrities
- 004 - Anonymous - New Dream
- 005 - Anonymous - Big Ocean
- 006 - Anonymous - Fear of the Lizzard
- 007 - Anonymous - jlm
- 008 - Anonymous - The Hornet by taKmaiS
- 009 - Anonymous - Proximate
- 010 - Anonymous - Are you having computer dreams?

----- DREAM dream-flow.v002.n005.1 -----

From: Anonymous  
Subject: pregnant with twin boys  
Date: Thu, 31 Aug 2000 18:40:22 -0700

Dream Title                   pregnant with twin boys  
Date of Dream                 8-30-2000

i had a dream that i was pregnant with twin boys. i am only fifteen. in my dream i couldn't figure out who the father was. i only had one stroller and i was standing in front of my sisters house

Comments by Dreamer         please tell me what this means  
Permission to Comment       yes\_share\_comments Permission  
Comments

----- DREAM dream-flow.v002.n005.2 -----

From: Anonymous  
Subject: Bolted Foot  
Date: Thu, 31 Aug 2000 21:07:37 -0700

Dream Title                   Bolted Foot  
Date of Dream                 08/30/00

2:30AM

The dream started off with me sitting at my desk at home. I was looking around on a medical site on the internet. I wasn't looking for any particular subject and I usually don't look at medical sites.

After finishing whatever I was looking for, I rolled away from my desk to see that there were three bolts pierced left to right through my foot. The bolts were the type that are threaded from one end to the other with no fixed head. On each end of the bolt there was a nut loosely screwed on.

I couldn't remember any surgery being done, but out of curiosity I unscrewed one of the nuts of one of the bolts. Much to my amazement, the bolt simply pulled out of the lower part of my ankle without any resistance and no pain.

At this point I began to talk to my Mom about it, but the subject quickly changed without much concern on my part or her's. She left to go "somewhere" and I decided to go visit a buddy.

Arriving at the house of my friend's mother, I began to talk to her about the two remaining bolts through my feet. The conversation quickly turned away from the bolts again without much care on her part or mine. Soon she would leave to do something she wanted or needed to do, so I left from her house.

I carried my journey to a mobile home in the town I was born in with friends(people I didn't even know). We sit around the kitchen table in the runned down trailer while they, "the friends", got high. I showed them the other two bolts still threaded through my foot. Once again no interest was shown, even as I unscrewed the nuts off each end of the bolts and easily slipped them out of my foot.

Deciding that it was time to carry on my own way again, I went outside to get in my truck. Low and behold, now I was riding my riding lawnmower. I start out of the "friends" driveway to have shotty looking gates open automatically as I get near them. Only that I didn't make it through the second gate in time. I stopped to repair the damage I that I had done.

Now, I was riding through my hometown on my lawnmower trying to make it home. It had started to dawn on me that maybe I had had surgery and I was so messed up from the drugs that I had forgotten I had surgery. Not long after

discovering that I had a long way to get home, I woke up with my foot aching. I even had to check to make sure there wasn't any holes left in my feet from the bolts.

Comments by Dreamer I usually remember having dreams about once every 2-3 months if that often, and I never remember them with this kind of clarity. BIZARRE!

I know this much from the dream:

1: I needed to mow my yard.

But the rest is just plum freaky.

If anyone has any thoughts or ideas on this dream/nightmare then e-mail me at: [jnewby@dtccom.net](mailto:jnewby@dtccom.net)  
Permission to Comment yes\_share\_comments  
Permission Comments It's OK to give my e-mail address out. I know this probably isn't the most freaky dream you've heard, but it should provoke some interesting comments.

----- DREAM dream-flow.v002.n005.3 -----  
From: Anonymous  
Subject: why do i dream of dead people and celebrities  
Date: Fri, 01 Sep 2000 00:08:13 -0700

Dream Title why do i dream of dead people and celebrities  
Date of Dream 08-21-00 600 am

carlos santana kid rock mickey rourke rolling stones tupac skakur

Comments by Dreamer            what do these dreams mean  
Permission to Comment        yes\_share\_comments Permission  
Comments

----- DREAM dream-flow.v002.n005.4 -----

From: Anonymous  
Subject: New Dream  
Date: Fri, 01 Sep 2000 00:06:04 -0700

Dream Title                    snake : Bud  
Date of Dream                 25/08/00

I'm in swamp land with some friends. They walk around the swamp but I stay on dry land. Then a snake comes out of the swamp & chases me. I run but the snake bites me. I then try and tell the others but they are not listening. Eventually I try & get help but the hospital can't help me. I then move over the a different dream.

Comments by Dreamer            I have never had this dream before  
but I am rather interested to see what it means.  
Permission to Comment        yes\_share\_comments Permission  
Comments

----- DREAM dream-flow.v002.n005.5 -----

From: Anonymous  
Subject: Big Ocean  
Date: Fri, 01 Sep 2000 00:05:44 -0700

Dream Title                    Big Ocean  
Date of Dream                 08/27/00

Was swimming in ocean at night with sharks and dolphins ( these dolphins had graphitti), was telling sharks not to bother the dolphins. Was never afraid of the dark nor sharks. Swam to the beach where shark was eating dolphin, jumped on shark and killed him. Wrenched dolphin from mouth of shark but dolphin was too badly injured and was trying

to make way back to the ocean. Dolphin now lying on beach when Quala bear appears and begins drinking blood of dying dolphin.

Comments by Dreamer            Would love to know what this is about.  
Permission to Comment        yes\_share\_comments Permission  
Comments

----- DREAM dream-flow.v002.n005.6 -----  
From: Anonymous  
Subject: Fear of the Lizzard  
Date: Fri, 01 Sep 2000 00:05:14 -0700

Dream Title                    Fear of the Lizzard  
Date of Dream                 8/28/00 3:00AM

I dreamt that I was in an area with only 3 white walls, but I couldn't see the side where the fourth wall should have been. I looked up at the wall on my left and a huge lizzard about a foot long, was on the wall. I didn't want to be near it, I was very affraid. So I had to concentrate very hard to keep my eye on it. It kept crawling around the wall. Eventually, as my fear of it grew stronger it leaped and I couldn't see it anymore. I realized that it was on my head and face and I started screaming and flailing around, but it wouldn't come off! I eventually woke up almost in tears and trembling.

Comments by Dreamer            What does this mean????  
Permission to Comment        yes\_share\_comments Permission  
Comments

----- DREAM dream-flow.v002.n005.7 -----  
From: Anonymous  
Subject: jlm  
Date: Fri, 01 Sep 2000 00:07:42 -0700

Dream Title                    jlm  
Date of Dream                 8/24/00 - 4:00a.m. - 5:00 a.m.

I can't quite remember how it started, but I started dreaming of a baby girl and I went everywhere with her. She was mine, and she was very dependent on me as well I was on her. Very hard to explain. On very clear moment of the dream is she woke up from a nap on the couch at a friend's house and started crying, as soon as she saw me she was fine. She wouldn't go to anyone else.

Some people have told me that when you dream of a baby, someone has died. This was last night, so I don't know if anyone has yet or not. I would really like to know the meaning of this dream because I usually don't remember dreams that often and this one sticks out clearly in my mind. Comments by Dreamer

Permission to Comment      yes\_share\_comments  
Permission Comments

----- DREAM dream-flow.v002.n005.8 -----  
From: Anonymous  
Subject: The Hornet by taKmaiS  
Date: Fri, 01 Sep 2000 00:06:35 -0700

Dream Title                      The Hornet by taKmaiS  
Date of Dream                    few days ago

i dont know what the setting is but i am being chased or attacked or just plain bothered by a wasp. It is buzzing around and landing on me and i swat at it but it won't go away. I think it even stings me a few times. i am in a panic. then i notice there is a cut on my right index finger(almost positive it was the right.) It is like a cut thats already healed but with a small flap of skin running the length of the cut. it is on the side of my finger towards the top and as i hold it i notice that the wasp is inside my finger trying to get out of the cut. i can see and feel its feet as it tries to pry its way loose and i am trying to hold it in for reasons i cant be sure of. there is no blood at all. I woke up in a sort of panic about 3 hours before i normally wake up and immediatly got a drink of water

Comments by Dreamer            I've never had a dream about wasp before. Many spider dreams but in this dream its like the wasp took the place of the spider with the same feeling of panic but not quite as bad. I'm very curious as to the significance if any of the wasp trying to get out of my finger.

Permission to Comment        yes\_share\_comments  
Permission Comments           please comment

----- DREAM dream-flow.v002.n005.9 -----

From: Anonymous  
Subject: ProxImate  
Date: Fri, 01 Sep 2000 10:58:30 -0700

Dream Title                    ProxImate  
Date of Dream                  08/18/00

My monitor began discussing the evils of the world with me. It had a very toothy grin and bared its teeth when talking, teeth pointed like rows of Transamerica buidings. After a period of laughing at me, the monitor Mephistopheles leaned forward and attempted to bite my head off. As the dream ended my head was inside the monitor and was tangled in a wire jungle.

Comments by Dreamer            It's gonna get you. Getting close to machines has its price. Please pull me out of this wreck. Be my superhero.

Permission to Comment        yes\_share\_comments  
Permission Comments

----- END dream-flow.v002.n005 -----

----- BEGIN dream-flow.v002.n006 -----

- 001 - Heratheta - Re: Digest dream-flow.v002.n005
- 002 - Heratheta - Re: Digest dream-flow.v002.n004

----- DREAM dream-flow.v002.n006.1 -----

From: Heratheta  
Subject: Re: Digest dream-flow.v002.n005  
Date: Fri, 1 Sep 2000 17:37:08 EDT

try dreading www.dreamgate.com./dream/dubetz/

----- BEGIN dream-flow.v002.n007 -----

001 - "Wilkerson, Richard" <rcw - Summer 002 -  
"Wilkerson, Richard" <rcw - Redback 003 - "Wilkerson,  
Richard" <rcw - High School 004 - "Wilkerson, Richard"  
<rcw - Help!! I'm Going to Have a baby 005 - "Wilkerson,  
Richard" <rcw - A Wedding 006 - "Wilkerson, Richard"  
<rcw - earthquake, mommy? 007 - "Wilkerson, Richard"  
<rcw - bargain with the devil

Electric Dreams: Dream Flow A fountain of dreams in  
Cyberspace

----- DREAM dream-flow.v002.n007.1 -----

From: Anonymous  
Subject: Summer  
Date: Sat, 02 Sep 2000 23:25:36 -0700

Dream Title Summer  
Date of Dream Sept. 2/00

I had a dream that I was pregnant. You couldn't tell I was  
pregnant but I felt I was, and I was happy about it. I was  
just wondering what that could mean? Comments by Dreamer

Permission to Comment yes\_share\_comments Permission  
Comments

----- DREAM dream-flow.v002.n007.2 -----

From: Anonymous  
Subject: Redback  
Date: Sun, 03 Sep 2000 10:08:51 -0700

Dream Title Redback- me  
Date of Dream 2/Sep

I dreamt i was sleeping on something sharp, but i couldn't  
find what it was. I finally found i was sleeping on



For the past six monthths, I have been dreaming about having a baby out of wedlock with my best friend's crush. This raises a moral question for me, since I believe in sex only after you are married. I am always shunned by family and close friends. My best friend's crush is the only one who cares. He always takes care of me and says he will stick by me. I always wake up as I go into labor. Comments by Dreamer

Permission to Comment      yes\_share\_comments  
Permission Comments        send interpretations to  
pandaprincess82@juno.com

----- DREAM dream-flow.v002.n007.5 -----  
From: Anonymous  
Subject: A Wedding  
Date: Sun, 03 Sep 2000 13:47:19 -0700

Dream Title                    A Wedding by CIndy da PERky  
Date of Dream                 September 3,2000/ 12pm

I had a dream about a wedding...my wedding. But the thing is I didnt know that I was to be married. My boyfriend and I have been together for only about 2 months. But I knew it was him I was suppose to marry. I was in New York City. I could tell because I looking out the window and there was traffic just liek in NYC. But the room itself had a colonial style yet modern. Btu the thing is, the room was emerald green but very attractive and I could tell it was an "expensive" room. I rushed to call my boyfriend to tell him what was going on. The phone wasnt a touch-tone phone. It was a rotary phone. I distinctly remember someone next to me laughing of because of the phone. people were coming in and leaving me gifts and their congradulations. I had a growing feeling of anxiety. I could see my mom making sure everythign was perfect but she didnt look happy. The room was beautiful with flowers and silverware and tableclothes all new and perfect. I woke up before I could reach my boyfriend and sI was suppose togetting dressed for the ceremony. I woke up because I was cold but only to realize it was the air conditioning. But I still had that same feeling of anxiety until I realized it was just a dream. Comments by Dreamer

Permission to Comment      yes\_share\_comments Permission  
Comments

----- DREAM dream-flow.v002.n007.6 -----  
From: Anonymous  
Subject: earthquake, mommy?  
Date: Sun, 03 Sep 2000 14:33:56 -0700

Earthquake, Mommy?

I dreamed I was high-up in a red-brown brick building (almost like a school) in an elevator. Lying down in the elevator (face up) I descended to the first floor. The door opened and I stepped out; however, I was not on the ground floor but on top the building. Then, an great earthquake shook and cracked the brick building wherever I stepped, with huge chunks of the building falling around me. I managed to jump as each part fell to the side beneath me. When finally I reached the ground on my feet, I looked and saw a big strong man saving two children as they fell even further past the ground level into a lower level. I heard the man cry out as his back snapped. It was over. I curled up and wept for the strange man who had saved the children. Then I heard my daughter's voice say, "What's wrong, Mommy?" I looked down over the edge to see the man and children just fine, relaxing on plush mattresses. I was instantly relieved.

What might this mean? I am planning to move away to law school in a year with my two children and husband. We have been going through many surgeries (my husband and I) and have consequently had many hurdles to overcome. Could this dream have any thing to do with a change in our reality?

Thanks for your help.

Shauni

----- DREAM dream-flow.v002.n007.7 -----  
From: Anonymous



What could this possibly mean?

Thanks.

Vapors of fire

----- END dream-flow.v002.n007 -----  
----- BEGIN dream-flow.v002.n008 -----

001 - Anonymous - nameless, imageless - nightmares  
002 - Anonymous - Tomatoes  
003 - Anonymous - dreaming of marshall mathers!

----- DREAM dream-flow.v002.n008.1 -----

From: Anonymous  
Subject: nameless, imageless - nightmares  
Date: Mon, 04 Sep 2000 11:11:45 -0700

"Permission granted to use in the 2000 Nightmare issue of  
Electric Dreams"

nameless, imageless - nightmares I had in the late 60s /  
early 70s and still on occasion - waking up in total  
fear/catastrophic - violent to the point of no return -  
staying with me for days after that - but no image, nothing  
recalled - and clear there was nothing to recall - it was  
empty, no content at all - there were a number of them all  
the same - to the extent that 0 is 0 - not equivalent or  
identical or emptied - nothing to empty actually - just  
waking with this enormous fear, anxiety - it would make me  
ill - i could be incapacitated for days - connect this with  
my constant insomnia -

now an other type - images of my mother who died recently - the nightmare lies in the gulf between her presence in the dream and absence elsewhere - a gulf dominated by trivial matters, things she possessed, the slightest turn of phrase, her voice -

Alan

----- DREAM dream-flow.v002.n008.2 -----

From: Anonymous  
Subject: Tomatoes  
Date: Mon, 04 Sep 2000 15:56:17 -0700

Dream Title                    Tomatoes - By Dangermouse  
Date of Dream                 4 Sept. 200

I am buying lunch in a supermarket during a work lunchtime break. The man in front of me at the checkout is buying a bag of tomatoes and a jar of pasta sauce. The checkout girl puts through the sauce and meanwhile I am tickling the tomatoes (Like a baby under the chin) while saying Coochie Coochie Coo. The man is smiling at me. When I get to the checkout I have no purse to pay for my lunch I left it in the Chemist next door and the checkout girl runs to get it for me. When she gets back there is a huge queue at the checkout. Comments by Dreamer

Permission to Comment        yes\_share\_comments

----- DREAM dream-flow.v002.n008.3 -----

From: Anonymous  
Subject: dreaming of marshall mathers!  
Date: Mon, 04 Sep 2000 17:09:52 -0700

Dream Title                    dreaming of marshall mathers!

sweetextasy69  
Date of Dream                 my dream was around july 30 2000 it lasted all night i even woke up and jumped right in where i left off not intentionally though.

i am new to all of this but i have always been able to jump in and out of my dreams ever since i was little girl. about 2 months ago i had a dream about the hip hop artist eminem i feel like i am totally insane. but when i woke up after the dream i felt completely connected with him as if i really knew him personally. in my dream i dont know why but there was a certain part i was running down some stairs and he was running after me and he told me i was the only one he wanted and cared about. i felt his touch, i felt his pain and anger from his past issues. am i totally crazy? ever since my dream i havent been able to get him out of my mind. i think about him everyday. a part of me feels my dream will come true and i honestly believe it. i am, a pretty level headed person, i have never ever had a dream that has left me with such intense feelings before it is confusing. am i going crazy? could it be that it will come true? i do have a boyfriend and i have been with him for going on 7 yrs now but i feel as if i may be falling in love with a man i dont even know. or do i ? please help explain why i may be having these feelings cuz i dont understand.

Comments by Dreamer i need to know if i am totally crazy or not could i have had some sort of out of body experience or did i just dream up a fantasy. i have never dreamt a dream that has impacted me this much and left me with such intense feelings. please help me!

Permission to Comment yes\_share\_comments Permission  
Comments

----- END dream-flow.v002.n008 -----  
----- BEGIN dream-flow.v002.n009 -----

- 001 - Anonymous - Leaving a partner/loved one
- 002 - Heratheta - Re: Digest dream-flow.v002.n008
- 003 - Heratheta - Re: Digest dream-flow.v002.n007
- 004 - Anonymous - "They're Coming"

----- DREAM dream-flow.v002.n009.1 -----  
From: Anonymous  
Subject: Leaving a partner/loved one

Date: Wed, 06 Sep 2000 07:34:32 -0700

Dream Title                    Leaving a partner/loved one  
Date of Dream                 5/9/00

My dream was about me leaving my partner, i have just had a baby and we are all very happy, but why did my dream have me leaving him. what does this mean

Comments by Dreamer         i was packing to leave  
Permission to Comment       yes\_share\_comments Permission  
Comments

----- DREAM dream-flow.v002.n009.2 -----  
From: Heratheta  
Subject: Re: Digest dream-flow.v002.n008  
Date: Wed, 6 Sep 2000 22:25:59 EDT

have you read [www.dreamgate.com./dream/dubetz/](http://www.dreamgate.com./dream/dubetz/)

----- DREAM dream-flow.v002.n009.3 -----  
From: Heratheta  
Subject: Re: Digest dream-flow.v002.n007  
Date: Wed, 6 Sep 2000 22:24:27 EDT

have you read [www.dreamgate.com./dream/dubetz/](http://www.dreamgate.com./dream/dubetz/)

also, to chris, that's enough.

----- DREAM dream-flow.v002.n009.4 -----  
From: Anonymous  
Subject: "They're Coming"  
Date: Thu, 07 Sep 2000 07:47:18 -0700

Dream Title                    "They're Coming"     by Shirley  
Date of Dream                 September 7,2000

Suddenly, normal people, places and events begin to take on a new shape, a new identity. I am overcome with fear and an overwhelming drive to survive, to defeat the incoming "foe".My children and a select group of friends are with me.Suddenly, I become "keenly" aware that a race from

another world, an evil world, is on it's way to take over the earth, by "possesing" people and overtaking their minds and bodies. I find myself trying to fight as my grand daughter has begun to change into one of them, but I realize that no matter what she is becoming, I cannot leave her. After realizing that I had shut her hand in a door to stop her , and reduced it to a nub, I open the door, wrap her in a blanket and tell her that everythinbg will be okay. I then find myself hiding alone in a dumpster. I can hear the evil ones coming down the street. My mind races with thoughts of different scenarios. Suddenly they find me, and as one of them is about to insert it's long! ! , spiny tentacles into my eye sockets, I scream out that I come from a world that serves the only "true living God", and suddenly find myself freed. Finally, I am in a car screaming out the window at people to find water, trust no one, and stay away from the cities. Then I woke up. Comments by Dreamer

Permission to Comment      yes\_share\_comments Permission  
Comments

----- END dream-flow.v002.n009 -----  
----- BEGIN dream-flow.v002.n010 -----

- 001 - Anonymous - rings
- 002 - Anonymous - Ooey-gooy
- 003 - Anonymous - chased
- 004 - Anonymous - Endless Files
- 005 - Anonymous - takmais: the cruise
- 006 - Anonymous - Friend of a murderer
- 007 - Anonymous - 3 dreams at onenight
- 008 - Heratheta - Re: Digest dream-flow.v002.n009
- 009 - Anonymous - seagulls
- 010 - Anonymous - Black cats and hostile hands - Covenant

----- DREAM dream-flow.v002.n010.1 -----  
From: Anonymous  
Subject: rings  
Date: Thu, 07 Sep 2000 08:17:12 -0700

Dream Title                      rings melisa

Date of Dream 1/9/2000

had the rings placed in front of me, which a man gave to me

Comments by Dreamer I saw the rings not on my finger  
but in front of me  
Permission to Comment yes\_share\_comments Permission  
Comments

----- DREAM dream-flow.v002.n010.2 -----  
From: Anonymous  
Subject: Ooey-gooey  
Date: Thu, 07 Sep 2000 08:18:16 -0700

Dream Title Ooey-gooey, L.J.C  
Date of Dream 8/30, 3:00am

The other night, I had a really juicy, wet 'n' wild WET  
DREAM. The woman in my dream was CREAMY! Mmmmm.....

Comments by Dreamer I love it when I have those, except  
for cleaning up the mess sticky mess afterward. Yuck!  
Permission to Comment yes\_share\_comments Permission  
Comments

----- DREAM dream-flow.v002.n010.3 -----  
From: Anonymous  
Subject: chased  
Date: Thu, 07 Sep 2000 07:56:32 -0700

Dream Title chased-esso Date of Dream

i am climbing a scaffold type construction, and being  
followed by a man(i can't see his face).he is trying to,"get  
me", and grabs on to my legs, trying to pull me down. i  
keep struggling.this scenario goes on for ages. when i wake  
up i feel depressed all day?????????

Comments by Dreamer when i wake up i feel,"weepy", and  
depressed all day

Permission to Comment      yes\_share\_comments

----- DREAM dream-flow.v002.n010.4 -----

From: Anonymous  
Subject: Endless Files  
Date: Thu, 07 Sep 2000 08:17:33 -0700

Dream Title                      Endless Files - Poetica  
Date of Dream                    6 monthly

I turn on the computer and get a DOS-type screen with rows of filenames listed on it. I'm trying to get to my files, but each time I try to get a file up, a new screen comes up which looks just like the first. It feels like turning endless pages, or walking through endless doorways, pulling a curtain aside, but finding exactly the same thing behind each doorway.

Comments by Dreamer            This is a recurring dream, which seems to happen when I'm very stressed about study issues - eg an exam or a major paper to hand in.

Permission to Comment      yes\_share\_comments  
Comments                      Permission

----- DREAM dream-flow.v002.n010.5 -----

From: Anonymous  
Subject: takmais: the cruise  
Date: Thu, 07 Sep 2000 08:18:53 -0700

Dream Title                      takmais: the cruise  
Date of Dream                    few days ago

I'm on a gigantic cruise ship going who knows where. The ship is really many many times larger than any cruise ship is. It is packed with thousands upon thousands of people all coming and going and doing their own thing. I'm on an elevated part of the ship and i see people who must be just arriving because i sense their feelings of urgency to get on the ship and settled. As i look around off the elevated place (which also is very large) i look down and notice that there is like a mote or huge circular pool like a

running track going all around the perimeter on the ship. I see people packed in the pool like ants all floating around. I then move towards the elevator room and see many many people all getting on and off the many elevators. i get on one and start ridding up and down them and for some reason its fascinating to do so. the end Comments by Dreamer

Permission to Comment      yes\_share\_comments  
Permission Comments        yes comment

----- DREAM dream-flow.v002.n010.6 -----

From: Anonymous  
Subject: Friend of a murderer  
Date: Thu, 07 Sep 2000 08:19:27 -0700

Dream Title                    takmais: Friend of a murderer  
Date of Dream                 few days ago

I'm at a house thats evidently mine but is unfamiliar. My friend Eric is there also. (this part if very vague)A man comes to my house and something is wrong with him. either he is already hurt badly or i am forced to hurt him somehow. The man then for whatever reason asks to be killed or put out of his misery. I dont want to do it but my Eric does. Without my conscent he gets a gun and shoots the man several times fatally. The man is lying dead in my driveway and i am feeling very badly for myself. I'm worried about what will happen when my parents find a body in their driveway and what will happen when the police get there. i'm very angry with Eric for doing this without my concent and i feel as though he is just trying to "kiss up" to me. I remember asking someone what the mandatory sentence for "accessory" to murder was and getting the answer of 8 to 10 or so years.

Comments by Dreamer            that day as i was comming home i pulled into a driveway to turn around and ran over a newspaper. i began thinking how horrible it would have been if that were the family pet and i'd killed it in their own driveway. possibly a link.

Permission to Comment      yes\_share\_comments  
Permission Comments        yes comment

----- DREAM dream-flow.v002.n010.7 -----

From: Anonymous

Subject: 3 dreams at onenight

Date: Thu, 07 Sep 2000 08:20:00 -0700

Dream Title                    3 dreams at onenight

Date of Dream                 Aug.15.200Aug.15

1> I went to see my counselor. She gave me an advise and then she introduced me the other counselor. He seems my boy friend's counselor.

2> One demonstrated for the students(including me) how to clean up the windows. It seemed we are in thr institute. He soaped and cleansed all of them(totally 8 or16 windows). After he cleaned them up, I could see outside(skies but it was dark, maybe it was evening or night) I felt refreshed and opened my heart.

Then, one took a photograph of all of us for celebrating.

3> About ages: I was caculating the age differences. in dream, my boyfriend was 37 years old and I was 26. then he became 38 and I, 27.

Actually, when I met him Last year he was 38 and now 40 years old. He told me a lie about his age slightly.

Please, interpret my dreams. Comments by Dreamer

I have dreamt very often after I broke up with my boyfriend(2 weeks ago we end up). I thought he would be very important in my life. But I felt he deceived me that he had another girlfriend during seeing me. After that our relationship was very difficult. I think it is related to my third dream.

Permission to Comment        yes\_share\_comments Permission  
Comments

----- DREAM dream-flow.v002.n010.8 -----

From: Heratheta  
Subject: Re: Digest dream-flow.v002.n009  
Date: Thu, 7 Sep 2000 15:12:27 EDT

have you read [www.dreamgate.com./dream/dubetz/](http://www.dreamgate.com./dream/dubetz/)

----- DREAM dream-flow.v002.n010.9 -----

From: Anonymous  
Subject: seagulls  
Date: Thu, 07 Sep 2000 16:57:51 -0700

Dream Title                    seagulls    cleo5000  
Date of Dream                 11:30am sept 7th

I had an afternoon nap which consisted my ex (who is now married) giving me a ring and seagulls were flying around almost like Alfred Hitchcock's the birds. And the seagulls would land on me for attention. They would never hurt me, then I woke up.

Comments by Dreamer            can someone help me with this.  
Usually I read dream books but this is not in any I have read  
Permission to Comment        yes\_share\_comments Permission  
Comments

----- DREAM dream-flow.v002.n010.10 -----

From: Anonymous  
Subject: Black cats and hostile hands - Covenant  
Date: Thu, 07 Sep 2000 18:14:42 -0700

Dream Title                    Black cats and hostile hands -  
Covenant  
Date of Dream                 0905/0230

My girlfriend dreams that she is lying in bed, with me lying next to her. Suddenly a large black cat leaps upon her and tries to cover her face and suffocate her. She can't make any sound so she reaches over and grabs my hand and places it on the cat, so I would know it was there and help. I didn't even wake up. Suddenly she felt the hand of

another man on her thigh (she thinks it might have been an old boyfriend but isn't sure.) She wakes up (she said she was dreaming in her dream) sits straight up in bed and the cat flees. She throws back the covers and the hand withdraws and disappears.

Comments by Dreamer We're both curious about this one. Her because of the black cat. Me because I wonder what the heck my girlfriend is doing dreaming that I didn't help her when she needed it.

Permission to Comment yes\_share\_comments Permission Comments

----- END dream-flow.v002.n010 -----  
----- BEGIN dream-flow.v002.n011 -----

- 001 - Anonymous - Dead, but not dead
- 002 - Anonymous - shaking hands

----- DREAM dream-flow.v002.n011.1 -----  
From: Anonymous  
Subject: Dead, but not dead  
Date: Sat, 09 Sep 2000 08:21:11 -0700

Dream Title Dead, but not dead JAL Dead but not dead  
Date of Dream 9/10/00

I had to separate dreams last night that prompted me to write about them here. The first was that my uncle had died. They put him in a box in the middle of my living room. As I was getting ready to clean up the living room to get ready for the family to come over I looked in the box. His eyes had opened. This made me feel scared and then he rolled his eyes. He got up out of the coffin. I didn't have the feeling that he was coming back to life, I felt like it was natural but scary. I remember thinking that your body is alive for so long, it's hard for it to just stop. I know that he was not trying to hurt me, but he followed me around the house. I kept telling him to go lie down so he could "rest" but he wouldn't. This dream woke me up. I then had a similar dream about a baby (not mine)

that had trouble dying. I remember carrying him up to the coffin to put him in it and he was moving a bit. His mother (an indescribable woman) said that he was very active when she changed his diaper for the last time. His body was limp, but he would move every now and then. I also remember that it was a long, cold snowy walk to the funeral. Some people were riding horses, others walking. I carried the dead baby. I don't remember feeling sadness in either case, just a bit frightened and confused. I thought why are these people not able to die? Comments by Dreamer

Permission to Comment      yes\_share\_comments Permission  
Comments

----- DREAM dream-flow.v002.n011.2 -----  
From: Anonymous  
Subject: shaking hands  
Date: Sat, 09 Sep 2000 15:58:07 -0700

ream Title                      shaking hands  
Date of Dream                    9/2/00

when i slept then my hands came out as same time i woke up  
it was shaking three or four times at same night . it like  
as real qq . Comments by Dreamer

Permission to Comment      yes\_share\_comments Permission  
Comments

----- END dream-flow.v002.n011 -----  
----- BEGIN dream-flow.v002.n012 -----

001 - Anonymous - tornato  
002 - Heratheta - Re: Digest dream-flow.v002.n010 &011

----- DREAM dream-flow.v002.n012.1 -----  
From: Anonymous  
Subject: tornato  
Date: Sun, 10 Sep 2000 05:57:45 -0700

Dream Title                   tornato  
Date of Dream                 230am

I was caught in a tornato with my husband and part of family and the wind force was very strong so I push everyone out of the path but I got caught in it? Comments by Dreamer

Permission to Comment       yes\_share\_comments  
Permission Comments         what does it mean?

----- DREAM dream-flow.v002.n012.2 -----

From: Heratheta  
Subject: Re: Digest dream-flow.v002.n010 &011  
Date: Sun, 10 Sep 2000 15:47:56 EDT

have you read [www.dreamgate.com./dream/dubetz/](http://www.dreamgate.com./dream/dubetz/)

----- END dream-flow.v002.n012 -----

----- BEGIN dream-flow.v002.n013 -----

001 - Anonymous - Adventure in Russia

----- DREAM dream-flow.v002.n013.1 -----

From: Anonymous  
Subject: Adventure in Russia  
Date: Mon, 11 Sep 2000 16:22:28 -0700

Dream Title                   Adventure in Russia; Jodi T. Masi  
Date of Dream                 9/10; 10pm-2am

I am in my father's car, in the back seat with my older brother; I am being taken to a party. I remember that I had left a deck of cards on the trunk, so I turn back and see that they are still there, despite the fact that we are driving rather fast. I concentrate on the cards, and they begin obeying my thoughts. They cut themselves, stand on end, and bend into the wind. I point this out to my brother, who is both amazed and terrified. I show him what I can do,

just by imaging it happening. After demonstrating my unique abilities, the cards suddenly grow larger and larger, until all I see is the face on the Jack of Spades.

We arrive at the house where the party is at, and my family leaves. the house is an enormous three story mansion in the middle of nowhere, though I know I am in Russia. There is another house about 300 yards off, at the end of the driveway.

I don't know any of the people who are at the party, though I do notice that the host actually breaks into the house. There are about 30 people here, and the first night I am heading to bed, when I trip on the stairs and loose all four of my front teeth. It does not hurt, and I barely remember how it happened in the morning; I am very drunk.

The next morning several trucks drive to the other house, and it is soon clear that they are "bad people," and we are not welcome in this house. I happened to spend the night on the second floor with about half the guests, while the other have had slept on the third floor. We are trapped in the house, and for some reason the party has didvided into two factions, those from the second floor and those from the third floor. It seemed to me that nobody realized the true danger that we are in, and how important it is for us to work together. Some people venture outside and are killed. I know that I have an ability to control paper, so I cut several pieces of paper into circles and put them into my pocket. Some of the guests have gone outside to try to escape, so I run out to rescue them. Because I don't know any of the guests, I have trouble determining who the "bad guys" are until I notice thier guns. I remove a paper "disk" from my pocket and toss it into the air. It begins spi! ! nning and I control its flight, with some effort. With the disk, I behead the men with the guns. As the disk slices through their necks, they crumble to the ground in two pieces. I actually torment the men for awhile, delaying their inevitable deaths. I am having fun. All the witnesses are horrified and relieved. I feel completely ostrisized: no one will talk to me because I have missing teeth and I am a killer with supernatural powers.

Back in the house, I head up to the third floor, where the guests are gathered around a very intelligent young man at a computer. It is obvious that he is planning their escape. I gather courage to talk to him, despite my disfigurment. I

try to explain that I have powers, and that we need to work together. A girl about my age (22) shuns me, so I attempt to play on her emotion. I tell her how horrible I felt that I had just killed several people -- the problem is, I do not feel badly at all. She is not impressed, and is obviously superficially repulsed by my appearance (though I continue to try to cover the gap in my teeth).

This boy goes outside when it appears safe, in order to assess the grounds. I see trucks coming, so I go out to warn him. We end up running up some trails that lead to the top of a mountain. I am running so hard I feel like my lungs are going to burst, but I am so scared I force myself to keep going. As we near the top, we notice the trails (caused by tires) become rail lines. It is clear that the men after us are running an illegal coal mining operation. A train is coming, so the boy and I hide. A man shows up, and I again kill with my paper disk. We run down the other side of the mountain, and into a small, run-down town. Everything is foreign, yet we manage to find the train station, where the train is just pulling out. We miss the train, and are stuck with a decision: Each of us only has one 10-ruble note, which is exactly what the next train out would cost us. However, we do not know where it is going, nor how we will survive once we get there. Also, all the rest of! ! the guests at the house are most likely to be murdered, now that the two of us are gone.

The dream ends with the two of us on the train platform, not knowing what to do.

Comments by Dreamer            There are a few things that seem cohesive with my life: I studied a lot of Russian history in college; I am currently unemployed and have no money; I am at a crossroads in my life, as I have just graduated from college and do not have any idea of what I would like to do; I am aware of my ability to be a capable leader, but I do not feel I have the likabilty to accompany the skill; I also have trouble meeting strangers, and remembering names and faces.

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