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

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Artist : Richard Wilkerson

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## C O N T E N T S

- ++ Editor's Notes : Please become a member of ASD
- ++ Event: Mutual Dream Destination for December 15 : Palm Beach, Florida, USA.
- ++ Notes to the Editor/Dream Airing:
  - + ASD membership form for 2001
  - + ASD offers 1 month free E-Study topic discussions

- ++ Column: An Excerpt From the Lucid Dream Exchange  
By Lucy Gillis
- ++ Column: The Dream Doctor  
By Charles McPhee, Ph.D.
- ++ Column: The DreamSpinner Column  
On vacation, back next month!  
By Bjo Ashwill
- ++ Column: "The Lucid Bird's Words"  
Lucid Email Excerpts: The First Experiences of a Budding Lucid Dreamer.  
Marc Vandekeere
- ++ Article: Dream Replicants and the Emergence of Simulacra  
By Richard Wilkerson
- ++ Column: Madame Aionia's Astrological Dreaming Series:  
Dreaming Through the Houses: 11th House for November  
By Madame Aionia

A S D E - N E W S special section

D R E A M S SECTION:  
This issue includes volume #21 – volume#41

D E A D L I N E :  
December 15, deadline for JANUARY 2001 submissions

M.U.T.U.A.L D.R.E.A.M T.A.R.G.E.T  
December 15, 2000 : Palm Beach County, Florida, USA.

NEXT MONTH: 2001 A Dream Odyssey

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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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Welcome to the November 2000 issue of Electric Dreams.

If you are new to Electric Dreams, I should mention that some of the parts of this issue are unusual. I still have the zine split into three basic parts, the news, the articles and the dreams sent in over the month. But I have a special focus this month on The Association for the Study of Dreams [ASD].

As many of you know, I manage their website and am the Chair of the Electronic Communications Committee. The ASD community and the Electric Dreams community sometimes come to loggerheads over the issue of how appropriate it is to discuss the meaning of dreams on the Internet and this debate sometimes overshadows my delight with ASD as an organization that promotes dreams and dreaming around the world.

This is my key mission, raising the awareness and contact of my culture with dreams. I don't expect to see dream sharing return to my culture as a common everyday practice in my lifetime, but I do see and work towards this happening as the cultural level of enlightenment increases. This mission or goal allows me to set aside my personal issues with various individuals and organizations when this temporary self-denial is in the service of the Dream Movement. I hope this is read by many of the organizations and individuals who have forwarded the Dream Movement and that we can pull together in the coming years to be very alchemical and accelerate the rate at which the movement turns from its baser supports into finer materials.

So, this month, I would like to call you attention to the Association for the Study of Dreams, a non-profit, international, multidisciplinary organization dedicated to the pure and applied investigation of dreams and dreaming. ASD states that its purposes are to promote an awareness and appreciation of dreams in both professional and public arenas; to encourage research into the nature, function, and significance of dreaming; to advance the application of the study of dreams; and to provide a forum for the eclectic and interdisciplinary exchange of ideas and information.

They have done a fine job of this for nearly two decades. The annual international conference is a scene like no other. Not only is it a fine educational experience and often a great spiritual happening, it is also a fabulous place to become empowered and

networked. Rarely have I gotten the individual attention and group support that comes from ASD members. ASD is very special in that they decided very early to welcome \*all\* dream perspectives, from the most hardheaded scientists to the most bizarre visionaries. The clash of ideas is wonderful and can be seen in the many other projects that ASD offers, including a peer-reviewed journal, a magazine, regional meeting, the website and the many other online projects.

### ASD's Community Outreach

Some of the online projects you can get involved with for free, without being a member. The ASD E-News will keep you up on ASD happenings. The ASD bulletin board, hosted by Jean Campbell and the ASD community is a wonderful place to ask questions about dreaming. (Please don't ask there for interpretations of dreams). The ASD website now has articles from past Dreaming journal and Dream Time Magazine. Dream Time now offers a monthly live chat with famous dream personalities and the most renowned researchers and authors, such as Patricia Garfield, Jeremy Taylor, Alan Siegel, G. W. Domhoff, Marc Barach, and many others. This month on the 29th, Strepthon Kaplan-Williams will be online from 7pm to 8pm Pacific Time.  
<http://www.asdreams.org/>

### Become a Member

But I want you to do more than just use the resources. I want you to contribute to them, to become an ASD member. No one has ever gotten rich from dreamwork, not Freud, not Jung and definitely not ASD. It is a volunteer organization and we use all the money each year to continue these fabulous programs. Your contributions don't end up in the pockets of promoters, but rather in the raising of cultural level of awareness about dreams.

### Study Dreams Online with Experts!

As a member, you not only get the journal, the magazine for free as well as substantial conference discounts, but you can also participate in the ASD E-Study Groups Online via e-mail. This project, started by Alan Siegel, Ph.D. and watched over by the Electronic Communications Committee, offers a growing selection of ongoing discussion lists focusing on interesting topics in dreams and dreaming. Lucid Dreaming, Dreaming and Telepathy, Dream Psi, Spiritual Dreaming, Dreams and Creativity, Dreams and the Humanities, Dreams and Film are just a few of the study groups you can join. There is no extra cost for joining one or a dozen study groups, your membership allows you access to all of them. Each one is hosted by an expert in the field and all levels of conversation are welcome. Whether you are interested in top notch discussions about your dream research project, or simply want to know more about lucid dreaming, or what to chat with other people interested in dreams, these groups are your passport to knowledge, education and dream community.

How to become a member?

Easy. You can stop by the website and use a credit card online, or you can use the form below and send it with a check to Sue Morano at the business office address.

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

If you are already a member, consider registering early and/or giving a donation or giving a gift donation.

As a new bonus for membership, we will also put up a webpage about you on the ASD website with your picture and information about you.

Double Bonus: If you sign up before December 1, I will also include you for free in the two month DreamGate "History of Dreams" class that I offer online, a \$30.00 free discount to you! For more about the class, see <http://www.dreamgate.com/class>

Let me see those new membership numbers climb with your name on them, and let's get the Dream Movement rolling for 2001 through ASD memberships!

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The rest of the issue:

Special note to dreamers who are having ELECTION DREAMS: There are two research projects going. Please send dreams about elections to:

Kelly Bulkeley: see <http://www.kellybulkeley.com>  
Dreams about Gore or Bush are requested by Dee at [Dee777@aol.com](mailto:Dee777@aol.com)

Bjo is on leave this month and will return in January, 2001. Be sure and check out her new improved website <http://www.spinner-soft.com>. Leave one of your dreams on the Spinner Dream Database and join the message board. The DreamSpinner Column will return next month.

Charles McPhee returns to comment on dreams. 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>

"The Lucid Bird's Words" returns with Lucid Email Excerpts: The First Experiences of a Budding Lucid Dreamer. Marc Vandekeere provided us this year with a very extensive lucid dream manual. Now Marc has turned his attention to an example of a person starting to learn lucid dreaming through a real correspondence with another lucid dream enthusiast.

This month's excerpt from Lucy Gillis's "Lucid Dream Exchange" includes an example of lucid dreaming where the issue of real vs. imaginary pain is explored, as well as real

vs. imaginary dream characters. Are they "our" characters, or do they have a higher status than objects?

Speaking of identity in dreams, what happens when we mix postmodern cultural theory with dream analysis? In my article on Dream Replicants, I suggest that there are entities in the universe that escape our usual way of being represented and use our dream figures to launch themselves from the virtual-imaginary into the becoming actual. Take a science fiction ride with me in Dream Replicants and the Emergence of Simulacra. If you are unfamiliar with Postmodern Theory, please stop by <http://www.dreamgate.com/pomo/>

Madame Aionia finishes up the year with us by looking at dreams and the 12th House. See how you can use the imagery in astrology to explore the meaning and value of your dreams.

Ours news directory, Peggy Coats, from dreamtree.com, has allowed us this month to include the ASD E-news in place of the usual Global Dreaming News. If you have news items about dreams and dreaming for Peggy, send them to her at [pcoats@dreamtree.com](mailto:pcoats@dreamtree.com)

What to send? Dream Conferences, seminars, lectures, workshops, groups. If you want to review a dream website, send that to her or if you find a new website or put one up yourself. If you see great articles online about dreams and dreaming, send those URL's and a short review. Perhaps you have read a new dream book, or love an old classic in dreams and want to send in a book review?

That's right, the Global Dreaming News has it all, and its \*your\* news as well. Be a regular contributor and keep the dream network humming with information.

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](mailto:scoop@dreamgate.com) for a list of suggested steps and resources in learning about dreamwork and dreaming online.

The Mutual Dream Desitination: Palm Beach Florida. Lets meet and see what dream chads we can encounter on December 15th.

If you would like a cover for your Electric Dreams, the cover is at <http://www.dreamgate.com/dream/ed-covers>

-Richard Wilkerson November 21, 2000

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Dream Airing:  
News, Notes and Events  
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ASD MEMBERSHIP FORM fill out and send to the address below

The Association for the Study of Dreams

Membership:  
You can join online with a credit card at:  
<http://www.asdreams.org/idxmembership.htm>

Or print this form and send it in!

ASD Membership Form

To join ASD please complete this form and send to the e-mail below. Remember that membership in ASD entitles you to a significant reduction in the annual conference and regional meeting fees.

ASD MEMBERSHIP FEES

RENEW NOW FOR 2 YEARS AND SAVE \$10 (e.g., \$190.Indiv/\$120.Student)

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Mail information (with check, US \$ only ) to:

Sue Moreno  
ASD Central Office  
P.O. Box # 1592  
Merced, Ca. 95341-1592

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The Association for the Study of Dreams

On November 29, 2000 at 7 PM Pacific Standard Time

Strephon Kaplan Williams, M.A. co-founder of ASD and author of Dream Cards and many other publications will be our featured guest. His topic will be: How To Discover Issues and Teachings in Dreams

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

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The Association for the Study of Dreams

Special Offer: One month free E-Study participation.

ASD offers discussion lists hosted by the experts in area of dreams and dreaming. The lists include dreams and clinical work, dreams and spirituality, nightmares, cyberdreaming, dreams and the humanities, dreams and film and many more. You are invited to join as many as you like, and for one month they are free! After that time ASD asks you become a member. This is a great way to support the dream movement and chat with the world's most famous dream researchers at the same time!

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

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Thanks again to Jenn Fraser we are within a couple of months of completion of the Electric Dreams Articles Project! You can now access articles by author, or search topics, at:

<http://members.telocity.com/rcw666/ed-articles>

or with advertising at:

<http://members.tripod.com/ed-articles/>

We still need a host that will exchange space for a small ad that is dream related. If you can offer us about 8 MB of web space, contact me at rcwilk@dreamgate.com

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Mutual Dream Destination, December 15, 2000

Meet You In Florida

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Once a month, we have a place we designate as a dream destination. No, this doesn't mean we think it's a great place. It means that for one reason or another, we have chosen to pick this place to try and meet during a dream. What? Yes, that's right. We all put the intention in our minds to meet, then try to dream of going to this place. We discuss this afterwards. Did you see me? Did you get there? What was it like for you?

Sometime we have projects as well. For example, we went to Jerusalem in our dreams in hopes of using our dreams to find new solutions and perspectives. Other times we just want to have fun. Once we met under the sea, in the octopus's garden and had tea.

Can this really happen? What about different time zones?  
OK, don't get overload by consensus reality. First, yes, people often have dreams where upon awakening they find out that someone else had the dream too. We just boost this process by lending a conscious intention to the game. It doesn't really matter if you dream of Florida tonight after reading this, or on the specific date set out. We don't put that kind of linear time requirement on this game. We are not trying to determine if we "really had the same dream" or "really were there together". Let's just say that to some degree, imaginal, psychic, cosmic, or comic, if we dream about similar things, we do share those images and in a sense, we were both there.

You can share them on Dreamchatters or Dreamshare, two [www.egroups.com](http://www.egroups.com) discussion lists, or you can send to Judith <[comadre@eGroups.com](mailto:comadre@eGroups.com)> and indicate whether you are comfortable posting them to the Dreamshare conference.

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](mailto:coamdre@mindspring.com)

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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

In many instances of lucid dreaming, pain is not usually felt. In the example below, Heather, the dreamer, is surprised when a dream character gets angry for being called a dream character and is able to inflict pain.

Heather  
December 31 1990

I am in a car with my father, holding Tiny (a dog) in my arms. We decide we're going to go somewhere but my uncle, A, arrives. We go to an apartment elevator with him and two NHL hockey players. One of the players has red hair. We get off the elevator. I have to hold Tiny tightly because the people in the apartment have a cat and two small long-eared, long-tailed dogs. Soon I have to leave because it's snowing.

I'm then in what looks like the North End of the city, in an apartment. Tiny is now inside a nailpolish bottle. I begin to sense that something's wrong. PG. and another woman are there. I fling the bottle to the floor so it will break. Out pops a piece of lint. I stare at it and know that when it shakes itself it will pop into being Tiny again. When this happens I turn to the girls and say triumphantly "This is a dream!" PG is exasperated and says "You mean to tell me that we are all dreaming?" I say "No. I am. You are characters created by my mind."

Then I see a bright white light in a narrow horizontal band with black edges flash in my eyes and on my hands. I get kind of surprised. PG gets angry and interlaces her fingers with mine. I see more flashes rip through the "fabric" of the dream world and hear a crackle and hiss like static. The fabric of that reality looks like bad reception in a TV.

PG bends my fingers back. I don't pay attention to her. Instead I wonder how my fingers can hurt when I am aware that I am dreaming. So I try to wake myself up. I have to close my eyes. I hear myself say "Open your eyes." I do and I see my bedroom wall. I close my eyes again, and then open them to be sure I've pulled out of the dream.

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The Lucid Dream Exchange is a quarterly issue featuring lucid dreams and lucid dream related articles, poetry, and book reviews submitted by readers. For further information contact Lucy Gillis at [lucy\\_gillis@hotmail.com](mailto:lucy_gillis@hotmail.com)

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The Dream Doctor

Charles McPhee, Ph.D.

<http://www.dreamdoctor.com>

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"Brace Yourself!"

I'm getting braces soon and one night I had a dream that I was backing out of getting them.

Then the angel Gabriel came to me and told me that I have to get braces because if I didn't I couldn't get into heaven and if my teeth were crooked I would have to go to purgatory and have to earn my straight teeth.

And I was so scared that I would go to hell that I woke up. What does it mean?

--Abby, Age 15, Porterville, CA, USA

Hi Abby -

Do you think straight teeth really are that important? That you wouldn't be allowed into heaven if you had crooked ones? Hmmmm.... I don't know about this Gabriel guy...

Actually, your dream probably is more about obeying your parents - and making them happy - than it is about any real life "heaven and hell" decisions. I think you're nervous about getting your braces, and you've been thinking about backing out of it, but you don't want to disappoint your parents - not after you've already seen the orthodontist, had impressions made of your teeth, and had all the preparations done.

What's the message of this dream? It's time to "brace yourself" for a shiny pair of "train tracks" lashed across your teeth! A lot of your friends are going to have them too - and when you get done you'll have a very nice, pretty smile.

But uh.... In case you and Gabriel didn't finish your conversation - it takes more than a cute smile to get into heaven.

(It has to be attached to a good heart!)

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The Lucid Bird's Words

Lucid Email Excerpts: The First Experiences of a Budding Lucid Dreamer  
By Marc Vandekeere

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The following article was reformatted from an email correspondence with another lucid dream enthusiast. It is always rewarding to hear about the excitement that lucid dreaming can create. The wondrous experiences shared by other dreamers can serve as inspiration and motivation to keep all of us focused on pursuing our own dreams. This person, we'll call Dreamer1, is in the early stages of developing her lucid dreaming ability. This article shares her first lucid dreaming experience along with some comments and advice from me, Marc. I hope that this discourse can shed some light on the excitement and experiences that a lucid newbie may encounter and offer some constructive tips on how to make the most of your first lucid dreaming experiences.

Dreamer1: Hi Marc, I just had what I believe may have been an OBE!

Marc: Congratzzz!!! I'm all ears....

Dreamer1: I was listening to your Lucid Dreaming CD while using the wake/back to sleep method...

Marc: That is definitely the best way to do it. The Wake/Back to Bed Method, <http://hometown.aol.com/ecsomatic/Page7.html>, is the most effective approach to developing your dreaming abilities. There is something magical about sleeping for several hours, awakening for an hour and then returning to sleep that dramatically increases your odds of becoming lucid in your dreams. It is a great way to coordinate your dream training with the best targeted time period. It may take rearranging your sleeping pattern to use this Wake/Back to Bed Method, but as you can see, it really will add some turbo power to your dreaming progress.

Dreamer1: Suddenly I thought, "Am I having an out of body experience? Try putting your hand through the chair." I remembered this from the first Robert Monroe book. Well, my arm went into the chair and I could feel the stuffing inside my husband's big green recliner...

Marc: Isn't that a wild sensation?!? There is nothing quite like penetrating solid matter, at least nothing found in our waking world. It's great to hear that you were successful and especially on one of your first few experiences in a conscious dreamstate. Since you were successful it indicates that you must have an open-mind and a less limiting system of beliefs in place. Many people wouldn't be able to overcome their ingrained waking belief that it is impossible to penetrate solid matter. You read about this experience and then were able to experience it yourself. Good job! This is a great way to start opening the doors of your dreaming perception. Many of my first dreaming experiences were directly related to experiences that I had read about in books. Reading is a great way to fill your mind with possibilities and set the stage for replicating these experiences in your own

dreams. Since this “solid matter penetration” method has working successfully for you I suggest using this method again to increase your odds of becoming lucid in any future dreams. Aside from being an effective means of sparking lucidity, it is quite an intense experience in and of itself. For fun, try passing your hand through different substances like wood, walls, glass or whatever, and notice how you perceive and experience each substance as your arm or hand passes through it. The differences between each substance can really be perceptually unique.

Dreamer1: ...my feet were sinking through the floor and I thought "This is like quicksand, I'll sink all the way through. I'm up to my knees now, how can I walk here?" As soon as I thought this I was back to walking on top of our brown carpet. Then suddenly I seemed to be seeing an overview scene with streets, houses and buildings below and I thought, "Well then, try to fly." I gave the order "Fly!" and tried to take off but nothing happened. Next, I was in the back right passenger seat in a car looking out a window, watching signs and storefronts pass by, and I called out "Focus" and the writing did seem to get more clear. Although I've read LaBerge, that one cannot read in a dream, as the writing is always backwards, which is supposed to be a clue to turn lucid, I can always dream read just like it's newsprint, the sign I called out for focus on was the word Pittsburgh.

Marc: I can usually read text in my dreams too, but if I look away and then glance back, sometimes the text may have changed. Not always, but enough to sometimes effectively realize I'm dreaming by noticing the morphed text. Usually while reading in a dream, if it is just simple words like a street sign or restaurant logo, I have no problem reading it. Actually reading a book or reading massive amounts of text in a dream can be a different experience entirely. It seems as if the message and meaning of the text is transferred and understood, but the text itself may not necessarily correspond to the meaning that is being directly perceived. It's difficult to put in words, no pun intended, but it's almost as if the text itself is not as important as the meaning. So if I am absorbing the information of the text the words may actually be garbled and illegible but the meaning is able to make its way out of the textual mayhem.

On a different subject entirely, one thing that you can try is to "assume you are dreaming". Try to get into the habit of thinking and believing that it IS a dream whenever you might be thinking that it is. It's hard to describe again, but it's like a faith in knowing that you are being fooled into thinking it is a dream. Dreams can be so convincing that they can fool you quite well, but I find that during my waking state I wonder if I am dreaming far less than I do while dreaming, probably since less wild and illogical stuff is happening. Anyway, just KNOW that it must be a dream whenever you are in wondering if it is. Have the faith, assume that it must be and act as if it were a dream. By jump-starting your lucidity like this, you can often bypass the whole 'reality-checking' stage. It's initially hard to set this pattern and ingrain this habit, but when you do it can increase your odds of successfully detecting that it is in fact a dream.

Dreamer1: I noticed that when I called out "Focus" the other three passengers in the car did not seem to hear me. In fact, as soon as I noticed this, I heard a slight click and my hearing seemed to turn off, leaving a very distinct silence. I'm not sure, but I think this may have been the Lucid Dreaming CD changing tracks because then I heard you repeating, "The next time I dream . . ." I tried to think my way back into putting my arm through the chair to start all over again, but no luck.

Marc: Sounds to me like quite an experience. It's often so hard to tell what is a lucid dream and what is an out of body experience. I'd focus less on trying to fit it into one category or another and just focus on repeating any type of similar experience. The experience is really what matters most. Our innate tendency to identify and categorize everything makes a lot of these altered states of consciousness more confusing than they really need to be. I recommend emphasizing experience. Experience it more and you'll gain better ability to make sense of these various altered states.

It also sounds like you had a pretty long voyage considering it was one of your first experiences. Over time you'll get better at maintaining control, clarity and lucidity. Instead of having the dreamscape jump from one scene to another you'll be able to sustain a longer, smoothly flowing conscious stream of experience. You also did a great job of maintaining your dreaming awareness during the dream shifts. Oftentimes, when an abrupt change occurs in a dream, it becomes difficult to stay lucid. These dream shifts have a way of sucking you back into non-lucidity. I liked seeing that you exhibited a good ability to monitor and acknowledge these dreamscape shifts without losing your focus or awareness.

It is also good to see that you already are using verbal commands to influence your dreams. This verbal method of control works best for me. I've tried a lot of other methods for influencing the course of a dream and none have the precision and control that verbal commands provide. Next time you find yourself in a dream, try saying to yourself or aloud, "I am in a lucid dream. Maintain lucidity!" This is a great way to maintain and prolong your lucidity. Whenever you feel your lucidity is fading, repeat this verbal command. By repeatedly using this command, you can easily "re-lucidify" your dreaming awareness, extend your lucid adventures and gain far better control of the dreamscape. By developing this habit in my dreaming awareness, I am now able to maintain my lucidity for at least twenty minutes or so on average, and having lucid dreams that can last over an hour is not out of the question. It certainly puts a new spin on your dream life. It's almost like experiencing a whole day's worth of experience in one dream. Hopefully, this verbal command approach can work as well for you too.

Dreamer1: Nevertheless, the experience was wild and wonderful. I never had any success like this with Monroe's Gateway Discovery tapes or the LaBerge Nova Dreamer I tried as I've had from your CD, and ultimately I sent the others back before the thirty day trial period ran out.

Marc: I am very happy to hear that and glad to be of service. I personally get good use out of my NovaDreamer. At first, wearing a sleep mask was quite cumbersome and

uncomfortable, but once I got used to wearing it, I found that it was a great tool for inducing lucidity. It was especially helpful in the beginning stages. I don't use it as much as I used to, but in a pinch and if I am going through a dry spell, I will don my little dreaming mask and hope for the best.

Dreamer1: Thank you! I look forward to trying the other CDs. Unfortunately, with my work schedule, I have not been able to put in the time I would like on these LD/OBE adventures.

Take care and thank you again...

Marc: Thank you for keeping me posted with your progress. It is always inspirational to hear the experiences of other dreamers. One thing to keep in mind is that a busy schedule usually means poor dreaming results. A preoccupation with daily concerns and responsibilities can really put a damper on your dreaming progress in many cases. Considering your busy schedule, I think you are off to a great start and can look forward to even more marvelous things to come! Just keep at it and you'll keep getting better and better. Like any other skill it just takes some consistent discipline, action and application.

Best of EVERYTHING,  
marc ^v^

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

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## Dream Replicants and the Emergence of Simulacra

Richard Wilkerson

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“We’re gonna do, We’re gonna do, kind of a science fiction story”  
--Preamble to Wooden Ships at Woodstock.

Simulation is the situation created by any system of signs when it becomes sophisticated enough, autonomous enough, to abolish its own referent and to replace it with itself.”  
-- Jean Baudrillard.

By rising to the surface, the simulacrum makes the Same and the Similar, the model and the copy, fall under the power of the false (phantasm). It renders the order of

participation, the fixity of distribution, the determination of the hierarchy impossible. It establishes the world of nomadic distributions and crowned anarchies. Far from being a new foundation, it engulfs all foundations, it assures a universal breakdown, but as a joyful and positive event, as an un-founding: "behind each cave another that opens still more deeply, and beyond each surface a subterranean world yet more vast, more strange. Richer still... and under all foundations, under every ground, a subsoil still more profound."

-- Gilles Deleuze, "Plato and the Simulacrum," *The Logic of Sense*

One of the major sites of conflict in the interpretation of dreams has been whether they reveal or conceal, a conflict found most clearly in the debate between the Freudian notion of partial concealment and the Jungian notion of revelation. Several contemporary dream scientists have tossed into the ring the notion that dreams are not revealing or concealing anything. We might say that these schools of thought mark the extremes positions of the modern and ancient world about dreams, that dreams are revealing, concealing, are neither, or are a mixture of all of these.

However, all these notions (as notions, I don't want to attack the work or therapy evolving out of them itself right now) all these notions involve the dream image as representative. One camp may say that the dream image represents something important, another that it doesn't. Others fall into the spectrum of value vs. no-value.

But what happens when dreaming and dreams are not seen so much as representing my life, but as having motives all their own? This is not a new idea, and even goes back to ancient views that see the figures in dreams as autonomous figures, ghosts, demons, spirits and gods. More currently, Carl Jung, and then James Hillman have suggested that even the ego in the dream, who I think of as me in the dream, may also not be me. Linda Magallón has also suggested we give the dream a higher existential reality and address the dream and dreamer and dreaming process as a kind of entity.

Wouldn't your friends in waking life think it was odd if you said, "Oh, glad to see you again, hey this is what you represent to me...", or "let me interpret you!"

To suggest that the dream and its images may be very important and valuable, yet not represent what they appear to be representing seems to throw us back into the Freudian days when dream images were disguises of their true meanings. Jung felt that to go on the assumption that the unconscious was only trying to fool us would be a disaster and a complete surrender to being the hopeless victim of powers we never see.

But both of these views, and all of these views, are totalizing views. That is, they attempt to account for all of dreaming. What dreamworkers have found is that ~all~ of these operations and strategies are in the dream process; revelation, concealment, meaning, meaninglessness, the fabulous and the pointless, the marvelous and the mundane. As postmodern writer Jean Lyotard might say, they are all Grand Narratives that are used to grab up and distribute all the meaning of the whole world in one story. Harry Hunt has spent a great deal of time showing that the multiplicity of dreams is a more telling

metaphor than singularity of purpose. While various groups try to appropriate dreams and dreaming for their purposes, there is always more to dreams and dreaming that escapes their limits.

Still, it's hard to let go of the feeling that the dream is about me. Dreams so often contain images that look and act like the people and objects in my life. How do I account for this and what is the right term, sign, symbol, image, simulation, representation, duplication, copy?

Notice how all these terms allow me to pull the image back into relationship to my life and force the image to be less than the Real which it is imitating. Other notions such as mask, personae, resemblance, staging, theatre, and actors all force the image to dance to something beyond itself, while at the same time sheering off a thin surface and dumping any depth and substance that is not related to that which the mask is representing.

Postmodern theorist Jean Baudrillard feels this process of representation has led us into a postmodern world that is about to take off into the hyperreal. Early cultures had no separation between the thing and what it represented. The Modern mind often misses this and abstracts early cultures animism. Moderns laugh about how primitives saw their god as a rock, a tree, a river. But this, according to James Hillman, this is a massive misperception. We tend to spiritualize what is really soulful. The deity would inhabit and be the rock sometimes and other times not. The rock didn't represent the god, the rock was, at times, god. Of course, there is some romanticizing here. The primitive earth was full of attempts to control the meaning of signs. To get them fixed, they were deeply cut into the flesh, and familial connections were continually used to signify the flow of woman, of goods, of discussion. Alliances were also developed with somewhat more freedom, but also deeply regulated and viscously enforced.

According to poststructuralists Gilles Deleuze and Felix Guattari, despotic pharaoh types eventually collected all these natural flows of filiation and alliance of small tribes into themselves, and made it appear as if all things flowed from them. All gold, all goods, all seasons flowed from Pharaoh. Now there was a representation, but only One. This was enough to break the back between the signs and what they pointed to. To hold this horror at bay (that signs might begin to represent something other than one thing) there were terrible laws and caste societies. It was clear what things meant, and you could tell who someone was just by their clothes. Transgressions were severely punished. Interpretations of dreams were banned. Witches were burnt by the thousands for sharing dreams. There could be no tolerance of other gods and religions who might interpret a sign differently and threaten the system that tightly binds the sign to its meaning.

The Renaissance shows us the beginning of something different. Plays and writings that addressed issues other than the Pharaoh began to bloom. It was a playful time for the signs and psychology could emerge. What's behind the mask? With a little money, one can change one's caste and clothes at a moments notice. What does the bible mean, this or that? Who knows, and how do they know? There is a deep nostalgia for the past and

for Nature, but its too late. The sign and what it means have been completely severed. The Marionette dances on the stage, but its only value now is in entertainment.

In the modern industrial world, things don't mean anything and we are used to it. The robot that makes the cars is not the marionette that dances on the stage. The robot has a local function and no one would think of trying to interpret its meaning. There is a duplication of cars, of Barbie dolls, series of washers and microwaves, and continual re-use of signs and models. The Cowboy is used to sell movies one day, cigarettes the next, shaving cream the next. But have you ever seen a cowboy? Oh yes, on TV, so you have had a real experience? Signs for the real are more apparent than reality itself. We begin to live in a simulation of the Real and feel we are in contact with the Real.

If you are asking yourself, "Yes, but what is the Real we have left?" , then you can see for yourself how modern you have become and how lost this natural answer has become to us.

Baudrillard says that without the grounding of the Real, the society begins to launch itself into a virtual reality, a satellite society that circles around an empty center of circulating signs. As Brian Massumi notes, we can only gape in fascination, for the secret of the process is beyond our grasp. Meaning has imploded. There is only a pleasureless orgy of exchange and circulation, media blitz and sound bytes, advertisements for advertisements, the projection from one hyperreality into another, another website to another website.

Baudrillard's reaction to all this is to suggest we push the system to its limit. If we are being pushed into consuming, then we can become such super-consumers that the system goes into hyperdrive and we can there-by break free of its gravity. But I really doubt that buying extra Barbie dolls for the kids this holidays is going to stress the system enough that it mutates into a post-capital society

What can we do? Can we go back to the days when signs really meant something? Hardly. Or at least, not in a global sense. Small groups attempt to do this, but they usually end up a paranoid cults living on borrowed time in an anachronistic and isolated dome.

Do we become hypercynical? Can we just stop believing in anything and react to all the ads and failed attempts to change with a smirk of knowing its all over now, baby blue?

I would like to suggest is that we find a path between regressing back into a primitive state or becoming hypercynical. This path is not a singular one. It's a path that we all have to create, but at the same time is individually determined and maintained. Those of you who have been doing dreamwork are already familiar with this path. Each day we wake up with a dream. Each dream is its own world and thus a perspective on all other worlds, including our waking world. This overlapping imaginarium, finding the meaning of one story through the view of another story, might seem like a hall of mirrors. But over time, due to the acceptance of the unknown, the subtle, the different, the odd, the strange and the unreal, we can begin to see the ruptures in representations and a dance that is occurring in the non-center of the universe.

Each day, a new world, a new perspective. Here is one for today. What happens when we see our dreams as a realm of beings manifesting through our psyches? Too paranoid? If we are to take seriously the notion of giving dreams more status, this part of the story will return again and again until we get it.

Philip K. Dick, who wrote the (1968) *"Do Androids Dream of Electric Sleep?"* which was made into the Ridley Scott film "Blade Runner", which became a model for so many Cyberpunk movies to follow. Dick explores the issue of copies and false copies and simulacra, a special group of copies that are so thinly related to the original that they have achieved independent status. In his story, the replicants were produced to do hard physical labor and help provide companionship for people colonizing distant planets. They appear and act human, but have one fatal flaw; they are all pre-programmed to live only four years. Something goes wrong and a group of replicants band together and rebel, massacre the colony, steal a ship and return to earth. As a Blade Runner, its Rick Deckard's job to find and destroy these renegade robots. The mood is dark, and the 2021 society on earth, full of multicultural hustle and bustle, seems almost post-apocalyptic. The constant ads floating by and oversized buildings have become the model for Cyberpunk novels and stories since the movie came out in 1982. Throughout the story, Deckard finds himself caught between his own feelings and the requirements of his job to kill. His job is complicated by the fact that he is forced out of retirement and that the newer android models are smarter and faster than people. An additional problem is that the standard tests, which have been relied on for years to discriminate between androids and humans, begins giving unreliable results.

Soon he comes to find out the replicant's plan. They no longer want to be tied to the automatic death that is pre-programmed. They want to be recognized, not as having full human status, but as a being in their own rights. Deckard finds himself empathizing with some, even falling in love, while continuing to hunt and kill other replicants.

When is a copy a copy, and when does it obtain a new status of being? This is the Platonic conundrum of the simulacrum, which is a copy of an original. In Plato, there are ideal forms or models and there are the good copies that are manifested in this world. Then there are simulacra, which are then considered less than the ideal models and poor copies. Poststructuralist, Gilles Deleuze, begins with this notion of simulacrum as copy, but then pushes it into a whole new territory. At some point, the connection (between a sign and what it is suppose to represent) becomes so thin that it is not a matter of degree and quantity of difference, but of nature and quality. This logical impossibility is more than a metaphor indicating the thin connection between copies and their originals. We often see this in Pop Art, where Andy Warhol's Campbell Soup cans may be said to represent the originals, but that is not their main function. They are copies that have achieved a whole new status and created a whole new aesthetic. Similarly, photo-realistic paintings that playfully mimic photography are more than just copies of photographs or the objects they represent, but create a whole realm and style of painting where the

objects bear little significance to real world objects, though they depict these objects with a realism usually reserved for cameras.

Deleuze notes that the notion of copies, models, replications and mimicry all force the object to represent something else that is considered more real than itself. The copy is always bound by a set of internal relations to a model against which it is judged. Does the barber's pole clearly point to the barber, or is it a bad sign pointing to something else?

The simulacrum, on the other hand, looks on the outside like a copy, but has a, well, deceptive resemblance to the model. On the surface it looks like one thing and may make us associate to the represented model, but underneath, its dynamics may have no relationship to the model what-so-ever. Think of the pitcher plant that simulates the look of an insect and fools the insect into thinking that it operates like a friendly insect, but has a very different dynamic going. A copy is wired to stand in for its model, a simulacrum operates by a different code and enters different circuits.

The point here is not for the simulacrum to imitate and become the thing it simulates, but to temporarily use this mask for other goals, its own proliferation. The replicants in "Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep?" plan to re-vision themselves and escape completely from the realm of humanity, populating worlds that mankind will not and can not every want to inhabit. They just need the human form for awhile. There is nothing yet to represent them, and so they emerge from behind what can be represented.

Baudrillard often says that simulacrum are copies without an original, but as Massumi notes, this leaves the question of whether there ever was a Real from which we broke, or if there was simulation of reality from the beginning. A better view is that they co-exist from the beginning, though simulation has to be seen in two contexts, the first in its role as an exclusive disjunctive synthesis and the second more desirable inclusive disjunctive synthesis. Both of these syntheses emerge within a world where the flows of desire, goods, money, information, and communications are already tightly channeled and highly regulated. Its no wonder they have to being as appearing to be something else. Both will have to extract a surplus from the flows and create their own matrix. However, one will simply re-territorialize the surplus and become another fixed system, while the inclusive disjunctive synthesis will affirm the differences in the system, creating a flowering of all the points in its circuit and thus producing a cyberneticly related improve around which nomadic singularities interact and create.

In many ways we can see how much of dreamwork is involved in allowing these dream replicants an opportunity to exceed us. Dream inspired writers and artists are most keenly aware of their role in nurturing something that is beyond themselves. When Robert Louis Stevenson wrote Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde after his dream and showed it to his wife, she destroyed the manuscript in horror. But the dream replicants had already created a full body matrix of surplus desire that had established itself in a network in which Stevenson, the dream, his wife and the writing were simple travelers. Within days Stevenson had completely re-written the novel.

The Jungians and the Post-Jungians, the Archetypalists, have also been engaged in encouraging and supporting the process of allowing dream replicants to find their own world. Instead of trying to drag them up from the underworld, Hillman suggests we might learn more by allowing them to drag us down into the underworld. However, this gets people into debates about just two worlds, the waking world and the imaginal world. The real point is that we have hit the cultural trans-warp drive and now inhabit, or can inhabit, an infinite amount of worlds. The Internet has done a lot in bringing this to light metaphorically. It's becoming clear that we are reaching a stage of cultural transition where old identities, old alliances, old filiations, old ways of seeing territory and boundaries are dissolving before the flood of unleashed objects, images, information, connections, virtual spaces and recombinatory genetic and physical biophysiologicals and psychobiological ecologies.

This calls for a dreamwork that might be seen through the three Deleuze-Guattari stages hinted at before. In the first stage, the connective synthesis, the full body of the dream launches from its surface a set of intensities and differences. Though each unique, they form a set of related trajectories around or above the egg-body of the dream. This is the second stage, the disjunctive synthesis. We need to be keen on differences here. If we begin to associate to the images in the dream around a circle that already exists the project will collapse into a modern thing that can be represented and an idea will emerge, an archetype perhaps, which will territorialize all the energy and become a little pharaoh. To allow the replicants room to move we need difference and non-represented spaces. The first is easier, at least conceptually. Difference is what makes something unique. Yet we can never see pure difference. We always see difference in relation to something else, in opposition, in context. Yet though it is invisible and non-representable, it is what differentiates one being from another. Without representing them, one can find the flows in the dream, and what stops the flows. We can see where the fluxes and partial objects have emerged into existence, measured only by their expression in of the content, of ruptures and breaks in the flow.

In the final stage of conjunctive synthesis, if we have carefully kept the new matrix that is not-a-matrix alive, there may exist the nomadic dream replicant who has found a way out of the territorialized space of repressive systems of control. Traversing the full body of the dream the nomad breaks into other flows and creates ever new connections. Finding deterritorialized space in which to play the nomad skates between systems, busy becoming intense, becoming dream, becoming transfigural.

Eventually, the space will be re-territorialized.

And that is also why there are no examples of this kind of dreamwork given in this essay. Any example would be a general case in which you might try to abstract and conceptualize the underlying principles. And yet each dream - and each encounter with each dream - is going to be essentially different every time we engage the dream. There is not a singular essence to extract that can be generalized, though essence and singularity of meaning create trajectories around the full body of the dream just as surely as





that was a favorite of mine to welcome new clients to my shop. I think it is odd that there isn't a priest around.

Before this dreamer is a way out, but a sacrifice of the whole past, all the personalities she previously wore, all that she has obtained in the first 11 Houses, must first be sacrificed. Will she recognize that she is the priest that must do this, or will she return to the hospital? Karma, in this sense, is not so much a fated curse but a way of seeing things that allows for new paths and growth.

Dream: I was playing with my army men toys but then I was one of them. People were shooting all around. I kept thinking that if they really kill one another, I won't have any more left to play with. I run over a hill to get away and see all the army men that have died in a pile. People are pulling them down and burying them in a graveyard nearby. I help them, but feel like I'm burying part of myself. My heart goes out to the soldiers, even though I know they are toys.

Dreams of the 12th House may be particularly difficult for the individual and this difficulty may be relieved by service to others. The gaining of a higher self by loss of an earlier one is painful. Helping others is also helping oneself, even when at the time this may not be fully realized. As some say, it's not really a battle to be won, but a acquiescence and devotion.

Those who flee from the 12th House effects may find themselves in classical Shadow psychology, i.e. being chased by monsters and unforeseen forces that threaten to undermine or destroy the self.

Also, dreams may compensate for too much sacrifice. Many people feel the 12th House as a deep debt that must be paid in life and devote years to helping and ailing relative or seek religious solitude in a monastery, only to neglect their own development. This un-lived life may take on the shape of a monster or force threatening the dreaming.

So, if sacrifice and withdraw are the call of the 12th House that can lead to ruin, what is the productive solution? It seems that the solution is individual and can't be collectively spoken.

Inner peace, understanding and wisdom are as equal a possibility as despair. The desire for the inner oneness of all things unfolds a mystery that can be seen in our travel through all the Houses of the Cosmos. With each cycle we get another glimpse and opportunity to share and participate in the co-creation of the universe.

M. Aionia

This completes a full year of Dreaming through the Houses. If you wish to follow the full year of Houses, they will be available online at the Electric Dreams Articles Site:

<http://www.dreamgate.com/dream/ed-articles/>

or

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Steven Aizenstadt, Ph.D.

Patricia Garfield, Ph.D.

Additional presenters will include Robert Bosnak, Ernest Hartmann, Deirdre Barrett, Milton Kramer, Harry Fiss, Ross Levin, Veronica Tonay, Mark Blagrove, Barry Krakow, James Pagel, Robert Hoss, Michael Schredl, Bonnelle Strickling, William Moorcroft, Jane White-Lewis, Ed Kellogg, Rosemary Guiley, Rita Dwyer, David Gordon, Alan Siegel, and many others.

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DREAMS, CREATIVITY AND THE ARTS: Richard Russo; rr@well.com

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**13) DEADLINE FOR THE NEXT DREAM TIME ISSUES:**

CDreams and PSI Phenomena: January 1, 2001 ([dreamrita@aol.com](mailto:dreamrita@aol.com))

++Dreams and Psychotherapy: Alan Siegel: March 1, 2001 ([dreamsdr@aol.com](mailto:dreamsdr@aol.com))

++Dreams, Healing and the Body: Wendy Pannier: May 15, 2001 ([dreams@kennett.net](mailto:dreams@kennett.net))

----International Dreaming Special Issue: Jean Campbell later in 2001 ([jccampb@aol.com](mailto:jccampb@aol.com))

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**15) VOLUNTEER, VOLUNTEER, VOLUNTEER!**

**ASD WEB SITE VOLUNTEERS:** Richard Wilkerson: [Rcwilk@dreamgate.com](mailto:Rcwilk@dreamgate.com)



Please note that we print these dreams as they come to us and that means we do not correct the spelling. Some dreamworkers find these spelling mistakes a great window on the dream and dreamer.

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  
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The Dream Sack <http://www.deeplisting.org/ione>  
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[dream-flow] Digest Number 21

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There is 1 message in this issue.

Topics in this digest:

1. How it is possible I'm asleep?  
From: Anonymous

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Message: 1

Date: Mon, 23 Oct 2000 09:46:09 -0700

From: Anonymous

Subject: How it is possible I'm asleep?

Dream Title           How it is possible I'm asleep?(lucid,K)

Date of Dream        I don't remember!

Dream                I'm in my school. My colleagues keep on bullying me. I don't realise at first that the school I'm in is no longer my school. When I go outside, I lose one of my boots... then I throw out the second one, just for measure. I keep on walking down the street in the sad light of late afternoon sun. When I'm closing to my home, I keep on questioning my reality, and, finally at home, I do a levitation check...Since I'm floating under the ceiling, I realise I must be dreaming. I fly out of the window.

Now I spot a town in the distance. I fly by... This town looks like if it was a Chinese town because of it's architecture. I stay there for a while, and fly further. I arrive at a building, where my vision (blurred at the beginning of dream) becomes crystal clear - I see everything in vivid detail and in 3-d. Then I realise that the situation is somehow paradoxical - as I remember that I'm not really walking around the dreamed building but my body is fast asleep in my home. So I'm asleep. But how I can be asleep when I'm here and walking? As soon as I fly outside the vision becomes two dimensional, my dream body disappears and I can no longer interact with it. I decide to relax and just enjoy the fading dream. I see a train crossing some mountain chain and I wake up.

Comments by Dreamer   Very interesting. What is awareness? During the dream state we have the same awareness as in the waking state, what lucid dreaming phenomenon clearly demonstrates.

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[dream-flow] Digest Number 22

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There are 2 messages in this issue.

Topics in this digest:

1. murder

From: Anonymous

2. Re: murder  
From: Heratheta

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Message: 1

Date: Tue, 24 Oct 2000 13:23:29 -0700

From: Anonymous

Subject: murder

Dream Title           murder

Date of Dream         Oct, 23rd around 12:30 am

Dream                 I was told that my employer had a dream that I would be attacked and killed at work by a customer and then later in the dream it happened. I was stabbed and left to die while screaming for help in a public place, but no one helped me not even my "friend" who was there

Comments by Dreamer   Scared the crap out of me and I'd like to know if it means something more than just another dream

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[dream-flow] Digest Number 23

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There is 1 message in this issue.

Topics in this digest:

1. The Beautiful Face

From: Anonymous

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Message: 1

Date: Thu, 26 Oct 2000 02:41:50 -0700

From: Anonymous

Subject: The Beautiful Face

Dream Title           The Beautiful Face/ QueenMun

Date of Dream            October 24, 2000

Dream                    I went down a water slide and at the end of it he was there, the water current had pushed me under and he helped me out like a life guard. I looked into his face and he had the deepest blue eyes and tanned skin with little braids in his hair. He held me while I got my hair out of my face and then kept holding me tenderly. We went into a different pool just to relax all the while he was she holding me and across the pool was a guy I was talking to last year only he was with another girl. The guy with me and myself got out of the pool and went to his car. While we were driving he held my hand and he had the softest skin I had ever felt and his lips on my skin were so warm and soft also. All of a sudden a shot like a bullet rang out and I got so scared that it had hit him that I searched all over for a wound, but all he did was look at me and smile and told me that he didn't get hit.

Comments by Dreamer    I felt as though he was the guy I am suppose to be with, like he exists and I am suppose to find him. Or that it is my boyfriend but looks different and that it is telling me that when he goes to the marines he won't get killed and he will return back okay

Permission to Comment    yes\_share\_comments

Permission Comments    Do what you like with my dream just please tell me your intake on my dream, what do you think it means?

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[dream-flow] Digest Number 25

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There are 6 messages in this issue.

Topics in this digest:

1. allergy girl  
    From: Chantelle McLaren <ChantelleALM
  2. Re: Digest Number 23  
    From: "Tiffany \* Johnson" <weed\_is\_sold
  3. Re: Re: Digest Number 23  
    From: Heratheta
  4. Re: allergy girl  
    From: Heratheta
  5. Re: allergy girl  
    From: "Chantelle McLaren" <ChantelleALM
  6. Re: Digest Number 24  
    From: "Tiffany \* Johnson" <weed\_is\_sold
-

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Message: 1

Date: Fri, 27 Oct 2000 08:39:18 -0700 (PDT)

From: Chantelle McLaren <ChantelleALM

Subject: allergy girl

This was a dream I had a while back. It was with two people. An adult and a young child. The child was the adult's little girl. The little girl was probably around the age of two. In the dream the little girl was having an allergic reaction to milk. The little girl's name was Titania. At this part of the dream I was at school. With the help of a lady who I did not recognise, we gave the girl a liquid to stop the reaction. After I did this I wrote a horse back to the guy and kid's home. I was about to leave when the sky got really dark and tornadic, even though there was no tornado. Then the adult wrote a note to his wife about being back in 20 minutes because he was going to drive me back to school.

Chantelle

=====  
Insanity takes its toll, please use exact change. My CHARGE website...<http://www.angelfire.com/ca5/CHARGEsyndrom>

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There is 1 message in this issue.

Topics in this digest:

1. The Beautiful Face  
From: Anonymous
- 
- 

Message: 1

Date: Thu, 26 Oct 2000 02:41:50 -0700

From: Anonymous

Subject: The Beautiful Face

Dream Title            The Beautiful Face/ QueenMun

Date of Dream        October 24, 2000

Dream                I went down a water slide and at the end of it he was there, the water current had pushed me under and he helped me out like a life guard. I looked into his face and he had the deepest blue eyes and tanned skin with little braids in his hair. He held me while I got my hair out of my face and then kept holding me tenderly. We went into a different pool just to relax all the while he was she holding me and across the pool

was a guy I was talking to last year only he was with another girl. The guy with me and myself got out of the pool and went to his car. While we were driving he held my hand and he had the softest skin I had ever felt and his lips on my skin were so warm and soft also. All of a sudden a shot like a bullet rang out and I got so scared that it had hit him that I searched all over for a wound, but all he did was look at me and smile and told me that he didn't get hit.

Comments by Dreamer I felt as though he was the guy I am suppose to be with, like he exists and I am suppose to find him. Or that it is my boyfriend but looks different and that it is telling me that when he goes to the marines he won't get killed and he will return back okay

Permission to Comment yes\_share\_comments

Permission Comments Do what you like with my dream just please tell me your intake on my dream, what do you think it means?

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There is 1 message in this issue.

Topics in this digest:

1. I am raped  
From: Anonymous

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Message: 1

Date: Thu, 26 Oct 2000 09:28:15 -0700

From: Anonymous

Subject: I am raped

Dream Title I am raped

Date of Dream october 20, I don't know the time

Dream I have recurring nightmares about being raped. Probably about 4 to 6 a month. In the most recent dream I could see myself like i was observing myself and i was being raped and all that i could do was watch and I couldnt do anything about it. I have dreams about being chased by men and them trying to rape me or them catching me and about to rape me but this is the first one that i have actually been raped in.

Comments by Dreamer please help these nightmares are stoping me from sleeping a couple of months ago they got so bad that i had to take sleeping pills and now i have to

have lights on to go to sleep and my dogs have to be in my bedroom plus i do a check everynight to make sure that all of the windows and doors of my house are locked and i am paranoid about everything I can hardly talk to people because i am afraid that they are going to do something

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There are 7 messages in this issue.

Topics in this digest:

1. Tidal Waves  
From: Anonymous
  2. Mantis  
From: Anonymous
  3. strange  
From: Anonymous
  4. Tony's Store  
From: Anonymous
  5. Vampirism  
From: Anonymous
  6. step parents  
From: Anonymous
  7. Got The Bugs  
From: Anonymous
- 
- 

Message: 1

Date: Sat, 28 Oct 2000 18:08:28 -0700

From: Anonymous

Subject: Tidal Waves

Dream Title           Tidal Waves

Date of Dream        28/10/2000

Dream                I have had for perhaps the last 18 months very similar, and at times quite disturbing dreams about tidal waves. None of them have ever caused me harm, but I have seen them coming and they seem so real. The latest was last night, and I managed to survive it by hanging onto a concrete pier as the enormous wave washed over me. When the wave had finished, I was left looking over the world with most of it destroyed and only a handful of people(as well as myself) who had survived. This dream, like I said before, is extremely vivid and I can hear it and see the wave before it arrives. On occasion I have survived by swimming underneath it (!! ) and being able to breathe

underwater for some considerable time. I would love to know what (if anything) this dream is pertaining to. Does anyone else dream of tidal waves? Comments by Dreamer  
Permission to Comment yes\_share\_comments

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Message: 2

Date: Sat, 28 Oct 2000 18:08:57 -0700

From: Anonymous

Subject: Mantis

Dream Title Mantis

Date of Dream

Dream I am laying down in a white area, and there is movement under the skin of my chest that makes me nervous. The movement becomes pronounced and it looks like a very large insect is moving under my skin. A green arm pushes through my skin and retracts, then another one comes through. I grab the arm(or tail, not sure which) and begin pulling it out of my chest. The pain is immense but I pull it out anyway. I lift up the flap of skin and look, and there seems to be some object in my chest that was feeding the mantis that I just removed. I let the skin lay flat and press my hand to my chest. I IMMEDIATELY have the same dream again, this time the same thing happens until I have removed the insect (mantis?). However as soon as the mantis is gone, instead of a wound with torn flesh, it looks like a neat incision. Not closing the skin immediately this time, I look in, see and remove a cross-section of an orange. I have a vague impression that I put both the orange and the mantis there to begin with. I let the skin fall back in place and it seals, looking like I was healing from being cut with a sharp knife (like surgery or something). The line is about 3 inches long, and there is a faint green tinge along the wound/scar. Comments by Dreamer  
Permission to Comment yes\_share\_comments

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Message: 3

Date: Sat, 28 Oct 2000 18:10:01 -0700

From: Anonymous

Subject: strange

Dream Title strange

Date of Dream 10/24/00 - middle of the night

Dream Ok, this dream may be the most interesting as of late. We were in an old house. Wooden floors, cracked paint, big rooms with large multi-framed windows were throughout the house. All of us, my girlfriend and other friends of mine in the

dream, were in a large bedroom. Some people were sitting on the bed and others stood between the bed and the door. It was a large bedroom. Simple décor, wooden floors and large windows were the most predominant details I can remember. Some people were sitting on the bed looking towards the door, squinting and trying to figure something out. I could hear us all speaking but don't remember seeing anyone's mouth moving in time to the words said. They told me to walk in front of them, from on side of the door to the other side. When I did, I remember watching myself walk in front of them and disappearing as I passed a certain point. Then I walked back and reappeared. I would walk around the spot that I was disappearing at and walk through the space from the other side with the same result. I stared at the space in the "air" (for lack of another word to call it), for some imperfections and noticed a very slight "sliver" in the air. I stuck my hand through the "sliver" and watched it disappear as it went through. So I bent my arm and stuck my hand back through the other way, only to see my hand reappear again. So, holding my arm in this manner I couldn't see my elbow. I hope I have explained this clear enough to understand. In my mind it's very easy to see, but who knows what you're thinking. As I held up my arm, I tried to straighten it out but couldn't, like I had my arm stuck through some sort of long, crooked wooden cubbyhole. As I tried to straighten out, it creaked like it was wooded and giving a little. If I pushed hard enough it might break the illusion apart, making the small "sliver" crack open wider in the air. As I struggled with this perplexing situation, there was a loud rumble that shook the house and blacked out the electricity. We all got down on the floor, looking out the big window. I reached up to open the window and it slid up fast just as I touched it. Looking outside, the sky was dark with thousands of small puffy clouds reflecting an orange-red glow from over the horizon. In the distance we could see a swarm of dark shadows with giant sparks flying along beside them. As they swarmed closer we could make out that they were black planes flying in an up & down "swooping" pattern, getting closer and closer to the ground with every downward "swoop". The "sparks" were flying in the same pattern right with the planes, they looked like missiles the planes may have shot but weren't. As they flew closer the rumbling became louder and louder, making the whole house and ground shake. My feeling was not that of fear throughout the dream but more of an "other-worldly" exploration full of intrigue and adventure. It was not fun adventure, more of a serious investigation type of feeling. The planes grew closer and closer until they looked like they were going to crash right into the house. Right as it seemed like we were going to be bombarded with hundreds of black planes and fireballs, I woke up.

Comments by Dreamer    Hey, I'm 30 and male. I have a strange imagination so it may be just that, with no hidden meaning. BUT maybe you know something I don't, let me know!

Permission to Comment    [yes\\_share\\_comments](#)

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Message: 4

Date: Sat, 28 Oct 2000 18:10:41 -0700

From: Anonymous

Subject: Tony's Store

Dream Title            Tony's Store - Img

Date of Dream        7/18/00

Dream                I was in Tony's store and there was a strange guy and a blonde haired girl who I didn't trust for some reason. We went to see Tony's wife and she made me aware of a vital piece of information, making me realize that I had misjudged the guy and girl, and that it was all just a big misunderstanding. I remember apologizing to the blonde haired girl and holding/hugging her. I remember feeling a sexual connection with her, and I asked her if she would come again and cook dinner for me. Comments by Dreamer

Permission to Comment    yes\_share\_comments

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Message: 5

Date: Sat, 28 Oct 2000 18:11:53 -0700

From: Anonymous

Subject: Vampirism

Dream Title            Vampirism

Date of Dream        20/10/00

Dream                I have been having a recurring dream about vampires, although each has been different one character has stayed the same. A vampire, who is around 6'3", with a total white face and dark accents under his eyes. He seems to look though into my reality.

Comments by Dreamer    The dream has occurred at least 8 times in the past 2 months.

Permission to Comment    yes\_share\_comments

Permission Comments    Please publish my dream so that if others have had the same experience they can have an idea of what is going on.

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Message: 6

Date: Sat, 28 Oct 2000 18:11:32 -0700

From: Anonymous

Subject: step parents

Dream Title            step parents

Date of Dream        9-25-00

Dream                    I had a dream that my step father chased me with pepper spray and my mom didn't care. And I asked for help from my Aunt and she helped chase me. I woke up and felt very cold. Comments by Dreamer Permission to Comment  
yes\_share\_comments

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Message: 7

Date: Sat, 28 Oct 2000 18:11:03 -0700

From: Anonymous

Subject: Got The Bugs

Dream Title            Got The Bugs

Date of Dream         10/25 5AM Approx.

Dream                    I dreamt thousands of tiny black bugs were growing out of my skin they got larger before falling to the ground. I felt itchy and brushed them off my arms, shoulders and back. This repeated several times before I awoke. Later that day while walking through my home I felt itchy and was freaked by the feeling of bugs coming out of my skin. This freaked me so bad I told my husband who was also freaked by the incident. I am shaken by this because I don't drink tea, coffee or alcoholic beverages and I am a non smoker. I don't mess with herbs or illegal drugs. What could this possibly mean? I was so scared by this incident I told my husband I was considering seeing a psyche? Could I be detaching from reality or is my life stressed? Comments by Dreamer Permission to Comment    yes\_share\_comments

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[dream-flow] Digest Number 27

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There are 3 messages in this issue.

Topics in this digest:

1. Squirt  
From: Anonymous
  2. Comment to Dream "A merciful drowning"  
From: Anonymous
  3. Puritan Witch  
From: Anonymous
- 
-

Message: 1

Date: Mon, 30 Oct 2000 10:02:23 -0800

From: Anonymous

Subject: Squirt

Dream Title           Squirt

Date of Dream         Monday, October, 30

Dream                 I was being picked up in a car by a friend that has gone away to school this year! It was me and my best friend in the back seat kind of like taxi style...when we got to our destination we picked up our boyfriends they hopped in the back with us and we were driving along and then all of a sudden my boyfriend and the driver are arguing so I stick up for my boyfriend and start yelling at the driver..I was yealling at her to "shut your mouth..I've had enough stop it now" She was being so rude to him. When it didn't stop I freaked out and stuck my head in-between the 2 front seats and yelled "shut the f\*\*\* up" And the driver turned to me and started freaking on me except the driver was now my boyfriend and he was upset because I was with another guy...but the other guy was still him!!

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Message: 2

Date: Mon, 30 Oct 2000 19:37:52 -0800

From: Anonymous

Subject: Comment to Dream "A merciful drowning"

Comment to Dream "A merciful drowning" (Date: Thu, 19 Oct 2000 05:08:22 -0000

From: Anonymous)

Dream Comments:

DREAM: I am a younger version of myself, in grade school, a young girl in a classroom setting. I am trying to find a seat, but no one will let me sit down anywhere.

COMMENT: Perhaps difficulty being grounded in the world, early on, and experiencing others as obstacles, or requiring their sanction? permission? in order to take your place and feel comfortable with it. A long, slow process.

DREAM: Finally I find a seat, and then am selected by the teacher to participate in an egg race.

COMMENT: The "egg race" may suggest someone starting out in the process of "becoming" " discovering potential, the possibility to grow into fullness; wholeness. This process appears to be perceived as a "race," suggesting either a feeling of competition that accompanies the race -- meaning not "winning" is always a possibility, or a definite time limit to accomplish personal desires/aims. In a sense, these are two incompatible concepts: becoming whole, where the time allowed cannot be considered really because there is no finite end to self-realization (or actualization or any of the current buzz words going around today to suggest the process), and racing along toward an indefinite end. In

other words, there is no finish line except in death, and I doubt we finish there. As it turns out, you lose because perhaps you may have perceived the game in a restricted way.

DREAM: Naturally, I lose, and feel embarrassed and talentless.

COMMENT: The feelings accompanying the loss may point to what matters most " validation from others (otherwise, why feel embarrassed by losing?) and talentless (emphasizing that you value "talent" and, without talent, you may feel "less than").

DREAM: Next thing I know, I switch identities. I am now an older male figure, searching for the girl I was (above). I find her along a secluded stretch of coastline at night, with the moon making shadows everywhere. She is still astride her horse, who has been mortally wounded, and likely wounded the girl in its fall, as they both lie in the crashing waves, covered in their own blood. What they seem is apathetic to life. She is deliriously reciting depressing poetry, and doesn't want to live any longer.

COMMENT: This part of the dream is so like a poem of W.B. Yeats (which is missing the horse), and I quote below in full:

#### A Crazy Girl

That crazed girl improvising her music, Her poetry, dancing upon the shore, Her soul in division from itself, Climbing, falling she knew not where, Hiding amid the cargo of a steamship, Her knee-cap broken, that girl I declare A beautiful lofty thing, or a thing Heroically lost, heroically found.

No matter what disaster occurred She stood in desperate music wound, Wound, wound, and she made in her triumph Where the bales and the baskets lay No common intelligible sound But sang, " sea-starved, hungry sea."

Furthermore, when you switch identities, becoming an older male figure, it feels as if the entire tone of the dream shifts. Also beautifully worded, too, I might add, and the pathos informing your words and images is unforgettable.

DREAM: I decide to help them die gracefully. I pull the horse to its feet, with the girl astride, and lead them both out into the stormy ocean, intending to drown them. I seek for them a kind, watery grave, and after their heads disappear beneath the surface, I begin to swim, but the waves keep pushing me back and I grimly realize I am not going to survive this.

COMMENT: It seems to me that the male figure, leading the horse (masculine, sexual energy) and female rider to the waters (unconscious) is recognizing that the life force (suggested by the horse) has been incredibly diminished, perhaps in some tragic, violent way; perhaps just through vicissitudes of life that this poetic sensibility has found difficult to experience without much pain (in delirium, desiring death). You almost lose your life in an effort to help them put themselves out of their misery.

DREAM: Suddenly, an unseen force propels me forward, and I am flying near the water, covering vast distances in seconds. I let myself believe it is the grateful spirit of the girl I helped to die.

COMMENT: But another kind of life force, which appears to be more powerful than even the energy suggested by the horse, seems to come along and, in effect, save you so that you, yourself, do not die.

DREAM: Then I am at the opposite shore I began on, at my uncle's house, only I don't know what any of my family members look like. I come into the house, and begin to cry, because it looks so much like my much loved childhood home. I want to cry on my father's shoulder, but I no longer recognize him.

COMMENT: Actually the dream's conclusion may suggest a path home to Self: through recollection of childhood and family who are perhaps now distant from memory or actuality. These are some of the thoughts I would have if it were my dream. I comment only because it could have been a dream I might have dreamed some night.

Island

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Message: 3

Date: Mon, 30 Oct 2000 19:40:59 -0800

From: Anonymous

Subject: Puritan Witch

Dream Title            Puritan Witch

Date of Dream        10/24/00 5am

Dream                The dream starts out where I am standing in a field. It is a bright and sunny beautiful day. There is a small girl standing next to me. She has frightening looking green eyes. She told me my death would be beautiful. Then I started flying. As I was flying I noticed there was a bon fire in the field. I think the little girl or I was a witch and they were going to burn us. I also remember I was wearing a red dress with a white apron and a white bonnet, like a puritan woman!

Comments by Dreamer    I remember the little girl's voice very vividly. She had a little bit of an English accent. I wasn't scared by her voice just the words she said

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[dream-flow] Digest Number 28

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There are 4 messages in this issue.

Topics in this digest:

1. "Two Tracks"

From: Anonymous

- 2. wooden bridges  
From: Anonymous
  - 4. New Dream  
From: Anonymous
- 
- 

Message: 1

Date: Tue, 31 Oct 2000 09:50:33 -0800

From: Anonymous

Subject: "Two Tracks"

"Two Tracks" by dreambat October 31, 2000

I am at a university and with some other people who are getting ready to leave for an event. The room I am in is like a little apartment and its seems to be cold out or early Winter, late Fall. I am trying to get together a music tape. I think it will be a gift or is someone else's project that I am helping them with. The main action is that I have recorded two different tracks. One is just a set of songs, the other a set of routines, jokes and conversations. I am happy with the tape recorder as it has some advanced abilities to fade the tracks in and out and mix them smoothly. I think about the pleasure that others will get when they hear this and am very pleased in a chuckles kind of way with myself. But its not a cool as I has thought it would be. Each track has its own linearity that is disrupted when blended. I'm a bit disappointed but still think the project is worth finishing.

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Message: 2

Date: Tue, 31 Oct 2000 09:31:21 -0800

From: Anonymous

Subject: wooden bridges

Dream Title            wooden bridges

In my dream, i was at an unspecified friend's house and i was watching some movies that my friend had made. There were two of them, the first i dont remember and the second was an interactive movie, where you become the main character. So, i entered into this movie, where i was transported into a little town with lots of very bright gardens, sparatic but well-groomed trees, bright green hills, and wooden briges everywhere. There was a sidewalk that went all over the town, and i followed the sidewalk around listening to the people's conversations. these people were dressed in very old-fashioned clothing, the women wearing large lacy dresses and bonets, while the men wore the old fashioned tuxs with the tail and the cap. They were all cannibals. Everybody was talking about eating their children, however, instead of using those words, they say, "making

wooden bridges." Like, one man was talking about how his son wouldnt go to sleep last night, so he had to make a wooden bridge. this means he had to eat him for dinner. in my dream, i was completely repulsed by this and i just wanted to leave. by this time, i forgot that it was a movie, and was wandering around the town listening and getting more repulsed. I talked to a little girl whos parents ate her foot. She said they made a wooden bridge, and then she started throwing up. the dream ended with me listening to a man and a woman behind me talking about how they wanted to make a wooden bridge, so i assumed they were talking about me. i was really scared, but i didnt want them to know that i knew what they were doing so i just walked faster. they did the same, and the man took out a pocket knife and started carving out of my back. that is when it stopped.

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Message: 4

Date: Tue, 31 Oct 2000 15:47:45 -0800

From: By Nina

Subject: New Dream

Dream Title My dream

Date of Dream 12:12 Oct 28,00

Dream Last night I dreamed that I was walking down the street and I saw a white cat with a gold bell on his neck, I picked the cat up for some reason and little did I notice that a man in a yellow bug was watching me. I started running and I looked back and the man was following me. It seemed like forever before I dogged into a house. I ran through it and went out the back door and down some stairs into a garden. (the cat I had put in my sleeve) then the garden turned into a forest with lots of trees. I got to a clearing and I saw a big wolf dog tied by a chain to a fence that leaded out to a big field. The man I felt had stopped following me when he saw the dog. I got past the dog somehow and started running in the field I turned around and the dog was chasing me, but it wasn't the same dog it was a Saint Bernard, with slobber coming out of it's mouth. I was getting tired and I realized that the chain tied to the dog was getting longer. soon he couldn't run any more and I started to fly. There was a brown house ing the middle of the field and I woke up.

Comments by Dreamer Please email me any body and tell me your dreams  
Latinagirl12@tupac.com

Permission to Comment yes\_share\_comments

Permission Comments

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[dream-flow] Digest Number 29

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There are 6 messages in this issue.

Topics in this digest:

1. Basketball Jamie  
From: Anonymous
2. whales  
From: Anonymous
3. tutrwkeaiu  
From: Anonymous
4. jettarose  
From: Anonymous
5. Hidden Pregnancy Fetisha  
From: Anonymous
6. 3 in the tub  
From: michmax

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Message: 1

Date: Wed, 01 Nov 2000 18:00:48 -0800

From: Anonymous

Subject: Basketball Jamie

Dream Title            Basketball Jamie

Date of Dream        11/1/2000

Dream                I playing basketball really good.

Comments by Dreamer    I have know comment.

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Message: 2

Date: Wed, 01 Nov 2000 22:49:44 -0800

From: Anonymous

Subject: whales

whales Date of Dream        Mon. Oct.23rd Dream                    I dreamt I was in a warm  
body of water; lazy; swimming.A huge whale swam under me;and with a flick of his tail;  
so lovely; so sure; I was raised out of the water and flew through the air; the next whale  
re-peated this and so on and so on...I swam with whales...I can't tell you how many there

was..but; and I woke up totally blissed Comments by Dreamer Permission to Comment  
no\_print\_comments

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Message: 3

Date: Wed, 01 Nov 2000 22:48:22 -0800

From: Anonymous

Subject: tutrwkeaiu

Dream Title

Date of Dream gsrihj[p

Dream tutrwkeaiu98pjeioghao;jjngsrajim

Comments by Dreamer dssssp;oame Upvg ;nxmz ZP ufhOUn urhghsgd

Permission to Comment yes\_share\_comments

Permission Comments ft;qnjagjhdjlksg arzlkhj/g nsnfmgbk klnjfgdyhlkm ,mnk

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Message: 4

Date: Wed, 01 Nov 2000 22:13:54 -0800

From: Anonymous

Subject: jettarose

Dream Title jettarose

Date of Dream 10-30-00

Dream I was swimming through crowds of people, some swimming with me and some just laughing and standing around. We swam under a huige bridge and tall cement walls lined the sides. When i finally reached the open ocean, all i could see was this colossal squid, bigger than an ocean liner. I remember just knowing that it was dead and floating there. It scared the hell outta me.

Comments by Dreamer I can't find the meaning of squid anywhere. no dictionary has it.

Permission to Comment yes\_share\_comments

Permission Comments i miss the good ol ddays of plagerism

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Message: 5

Date: Wed, 01 Nov 2000 22:14:44 -0800

From: Anonymous

Subject: Hidden Pregnancy Fetisha

Dream Title           Hidden Pregnancy Fetisha

Date of Dream         10/31/00 Sometime during the Night

Dream                 My Fiance had gone off somewhere and was coming back after like 10 or 11 months. While he was gone I had given birth to a baby girl. When I went to go pick him up from the Airport I not only had to pick him up but I had to give some guy named "Noah" fare for a cab. Walking outside the airport he and I were laughing and smiling walking hand in hand. We got in a car and we went to a hotel (I'm guessing we didn't live in the place where he came in) we went to our room and a girl and a baby were in our room.(I guess it was the baby's nanny was there watching her). I then went and picked up the baby and handed her to him and said "This is your daughter." (her name I don't remember) He kissed her cheek and smiled. Then he got this angry look on his face and said she could't be his daughter because I never told him that I was pregnant. I told him I never slept with anyone else and he said "How do I know, you gave that guy money for a cab." While I got the baby back from him and gave her to the nanny I explained to him that he was a friend of his boyfriend who was on the same flight as him and that she couldn't come and get him. I don't know how it ends 'cause I then woke up.

Comments by Dreamer   My Fiance and I have been together for 3 years now. Everything in the relationship is really good. This dream looked like it was around the time when we were 29/30 years old.

Permission to Comment   yes\_share\_comments

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Message: 6

Date: Thu, 02 Nov 2000 11:06:45 -0000

From: michmax

Subject: 3 in the tub

I had a dream that I was in the bath,, the bath was unusually larger than normal, the water was warm and there were bubbles. Down the other end of the bath were two of our friends, both males. My husband walked into the bathroom and proceeded to show me his man hood. I remember telling him to put it away,, and he kept saying, no look at this.. and thats all i can remember... I have had it suggested that i may have been the maternal mother to the two friends in a previous life, and my husband was their father.... does anyone have any ideas?

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[dream-flow] Digest Number 30

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There are 4 messages in this issue.

Topics in this digest:

1. Out of it  
From: Anonymous
  2. hello dad its me not her  
From: Anonymous
  3. SAGITARIUS  
From: Anonymous
  4. Catholic  
From: Anonymous
- 
- 

Message: 1

Date: Thu, 02 Nov 2000 10:02:59 -0800  
From: Anonymous  
Subject: Out of it

Dream Title            Out of it

Date of Dream            3:30 p.m.

Dream            I went to my gramma's on my way to school. I was petting the dogs when I couldn't feel anything. I thought I was dreaming. I saw the dogs but I wasn't at the house. When I woke up it was 4:00.

Comments by Dreamer    I don't think dreams only come at sleep.

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Message: 2

Date: Thu, 02 Nov 2000 16:05:00 -0800  
From: Anonymous  
Subject: hello dad its me not her

Dream Title            hello dad its me not her

Date of Dream 10/03/00 @4:00am

Dream i had this dream that i was in my mothers garage and my dad came up to me and hugged me i was so excited to see him since he had really died 10/23/999 and he told me to clean it up but i did not pay attention since i was so excited to see him no one knew he was there except for me. at this time my sister walked into my dream the low life sister, any way my father was looking at her and began to hug her so tight he would not let her go and all he told me " if you want to hang out with your friends then you to clean up what that meant i don't know , however my sister had a little drug party the night before i had this dream and also the funny thing is , is that she had it in the garage and it was a mess when i went over the following day!

Comments by Dreamer was he really trying to contact my sister ?

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Message: 3

Date: Thu, 02 Nov 2000 16:53:05 -0800

From: Anonymous

Subject: SAGITARIUS

Dream Title SAGITARIUS

Date of Dream 2:00a.m. & 11:00 p.m.

Dream I am a person who likes the Chinese callender, reading stars, and other related mythical subjects. Well, I am a Sagitarius. One night, I dreamed a place that was all white. Fog floated around the scenery. Greek structures came into view as the fog cleared. I saw a white half horse-half man which is the Sagitarius symbol. He stomped his hooves as if a warning. The next day at school, some kids got in a fight that I almost was hurt in.

Comments by Dreamer I think dreams may be a part of the brain we don't know how to use.

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Message: 4

Date: Thu, 02 Nov 2000 18:46:13 -0800

From: Anonymous

Subject: Catholic

Dream Title Catholic

Date of Dream 11/2/2000

Dream                    I'm not catholic but I had this dream that I was in the public library and this catholic tied me and all the other americans up and started to throw bombs at the back of the library well me and this black lady got free and tried our best to get out of the library when we did get out this woman said to 2 young boys outside that they needed to act civilized and to walk after us and not run like american fools.(I believe in god so I don;t think that is the reason for the dream)

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[dream-flow] Digest Number 31

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There are 7 messages in this issue.

Topics in this digest:

1. Re: No fruit in the shopping cart  
From: sigmund2
  2. comments on "Puritan Witch"  
From: Anonymous
  3. comments on "Catholic"  
From: Anonymous
  4. Pulling his leg by dreambat  
From: Anonymous
  5. ghost train  
From: Anonymous
  6. Robbery  
From: Anonymous
  7. past klovebug  
From: Anonymous
- 
- 

Message: 1

Date: Sat, 04 Nov 2000 15:34:24 -0000

From: sigmund2

Subject: Re: No fruit in the shopping cart

This is my interpretation of a dream I submitted earlier (#58). The dream was told to me some years ago by a female friend. It was the first dream I interpreted after reading "The interpretation of dreams" by Freud. Everyone puts down Freud, but I believe his method works and would be very interested in hearing from people who agree. The interpretation of the dream is that my friend did not want to be pregnant. In the first scene of the dream she was at the produce section of the store with an empty cart. She did not select any

fruit. There is a clever play on words here. Produce, fruit; to re"produce", "fruit" of one's loins. This seems very clear and obvious to me. The second scene is a repetition of that wish, as are all scene changes in dreams. In the second scene, she is wearing a down jacket with her hands in her pockets. This gives her the appearance of a pregnant woman. The dream-wish is still that she not be pregnant. In the dream, she is picked up by a cloud which claims that it is God. God floats her to the side of the road toward a barb-wire fence. She is about to be cut up, when she wakes up. This part of the dream is a slight evolution of the dream-wish. If she is pregnant, this powerful source is performing an abortion of that pregnancy. This interpretation makes a great deal of sense to me. It has the ring of truth to it, unlike some of the "new-age" crap I have heard before. I am also very interested in the other workings of the subconscious. Dream interpretation techniques seem to tie in with some interrogation techniques. Also, to what extent can dreams be effected by suggestion. Would exposure to constant propaganda of some kind effect one's dreams? If any of this is of interest to anyone I would appreciate your input. Sigmund2@cs.com.

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Message: 2

Date: Sun, 05 Nov 2000 08:32:14 -0800

From: Anonymous

Subject: comments on "Puritan Witch"

comments on Puritan Witch comments by o\ sisyphus

The production of a field of immanence, the production of an subjective experience in a field, the production of standing in a field, all around the...well, this appears as the cause but is really more like a quasi-cause, a center that only exists after and is produced by, the parts. There is a circuit here, and fear tones the flow of desire which passes through a young mouth machine which connects to an ear machine. But something extra is extracted from and detaches and a new body without organs is created around which intensities burn, intensities fly and soar. I am the field, I am the little witch burned by that part of myself that keeps all flows from escaping, but there is passage beyond wall of coded flows and territorialized desire. When fear shifts from a way to capture and control to an intensity that allows us to move out of old territories, then we will all know our little witch and the only thing that burns is ignorance. o\

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Message: 3

Date: Sun, 05 Nov 2000 08:34:33 -0800

From: Anonymous

Subject: comments on "Catholic"

comments on "Catholic" comments by o\ sisyphus

Lets look at the catholic in the library throwing bombs. Catholics have been repressed by the laws of the English for hundreds of years. These laws, these words, have controlled the flow of goods, the flow o man an woman, the flow of children, the flow of thought. How can one find a break in the flow of words without creating a rupture in the library?  
o\  

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Message: 4

Date: Sun, 05 Nov 2000 09:01:04 -0800

From: Anonymous

Subject: Pulling his leg by dreambat

dream: Pulling his leg by dreambat date 11/05/00

A policeman is chasing people around the neighborhood that are connected with drugs. A couple of young boys hide behind my couch and I feel for them and tell the cop no one is here. Then the boys become a computer tech assistant. I want to ask him about by CD when the police returns and checks the scene out. He is about to leave when someone stays, "check out those nibs on his leg" The tech has to turn his leg and shows two places that look like needles have been used. The cop makes him pull up his pant legs on his pants and it exposed a whole leg full of needle marks. But then the tech laughs and pulls the leg off, it just a prosthesis.  

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Message: 5

Date: Sun, 05 Nov 2000 13:07:55 -0800

From: Anonymous

Subject: ghost train

Dream Title           ghost train

Date of Dream        sept 1 1997

Dream                I had a dram where i saw a ghost train come out out of the sky and on some old abandoned tracks.(which i saw after the ghostly train)

Comments by Dreamer    The dream seemed so real and it was kind of frightening.  

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Message: 6

Date: Sun, 05 Nov 2000 13:08:28 -0800

From: Anonymous

Subject: Robbery

Dream Title           Robbery

Date of Dream        1101/1900

Dream                I have a recurring dream in which I either return home, or I wake up, to find I have been robbed. My tv's, vcr's, and microwave are gone. A piano is sitting at the front door like they either could not get it out the door, or were startled and left without the piano. I don't even own a piano, and I can not play one.

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Message: 7

Date: Sun, 05 Nov 2000 17:21:44 -0800

From: Anonymous

Subject: past klovebug

Dream Title

Date of Dream        most nights

Dream                ihave moved away from my home town inreal life and i keep dreaming of people that i went to school with different people every time but im always dreaming about my school friends

Comments by Dreamer    i have no idea why i keep dreaming about these people

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[dream-flow] Digest Number 32

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There are 2 messages in this issue.

Topics in this digest:

1. My School Turned Into a Mall?

From: Anonymous

2. Wierd

From: Anonymous

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Message: 1

Date: Mon, 06 Nov 2000 17:01:38 -0800  
From: Anonymous  
Subject: My School Turned Into a Mall?

Dream Title            My School Turned Into a Mall?! by Melinda

Date of Dream        11-06-00

Dream                This dream was the ending scene of a very long dream that I'd been having pretty much all night. This is the only part I remember of it. I was in the band room at school - it was a normal school day, and since I have orchestra first period, I was in orchestra. We weren't playing, though, and half of the people in there weren't even really in the orchestra. I didn't even know some of them. Then a few people started talking about a choir concert they'd had the night before. Someone had come in the door, and they started talking about who had arrived early, who'd been late, and the makeup they'd had to wear (like stage makeup). I noticed that one of my friends, Lindsay, was up there talking with them. Also, this girl named Olivia, who I haven't seen in two years (who was never in choir though she was in this dream, and used to be in orchestra) was there. She looked just the way she had last time I'd seen her. I went up to talk with them just as she was leaving. The risers in the band room were very steep and very high. I decided to leave my backpack and purse in the middle of the lowest floor.

When I got up there (which didn't take much effort, considering), I promptly said, "Nobody say anything about my makeup." That's even though I wasn't in choir and therefore wasn't wearing any makeup. Everyone was kind of mad about my saying that, interrupting the conversation, and most of them either left or turned away. Lindsay had some makeup smeared around her right eye that wasn't rubbed in. I mentioned it to her, and she said "Oh yeah, that won't rub in." She tried to do so, but it really wouldn't. Then a teacher (maybe my orchestra teacher) was pretending to be the choir teacher and told everyone to stand up and get warmed up. I decided to stand with them and sing, because I was there anyway. The risers were so high and steep that I felt as if I would fall forward and off of them. I've been thinking (in real life) about joining choir recently, and this was so worrying to me for a minute or so that I considered not joining after all. The teacher had us singing the notes A, C, and L in that order (even though there isn't an L).

Then the bell rang. I wanted to go down and get my backpack, but there were so many people in the way that I was afraid I'd fall - the stairs were very steep and narrow. When I managed to fight my way out the door, my best friend was waiting against the lockers on the same side as the class room. There were exactly three people leaning against them, waiting, of which she was the farthest away. As she saw me, though, she moved closer and we began to walk together. The hallway suddenly stopped looking like my school - it became at least three times as wide. Also, instead of being a remote hallway, it became right off the main hallway. There were so many people there, but I remember seeing this girl that I really don't like (we've just finished a group project together in real life. She gave herself the highest grade and me the lowest grade, and I

always got the impression that she thought she was better than me). She had her hair in a ponytail and was walking alone. I tried to avoid her (it was a big hallway), but I couldn't. I brushed past her, just hitting her shoulder. Neither of us looked. I wanted to point her out to my best friend, but decided against it.

Then we passed this other girl who neither of us likes. My friend made some comment to her regarding the choir concert - I don't remember the exact words (I didn't know them in the dream, either), but it was rude and well put together. Her response was "Too bad that's something you'll never experience," (using my best friend's name in the dream. I got the impression that it had something to do with being first chair, which she is). I turned around and yelled, "(My best friend) is better than you at everything! Everyone's better than you at everything!" She had nothing to say to that and went with one of her other friends into a store - Contempo. The school had turned partially into a mall. My best friend went to class, even though we were late, and I decided I should probably go, too. I headed back in the direction I'd come from, right past Contempo. I could see them in there, but I didn't know where the doors were. I didn't want to.

I went into art class and discovered that there were materials there for me. I was working on a chalk pastel of some guy with pink/red hair and mostly blue rabbit ears. A bunch of people I didn't know were sitting near me. It was really strange. Comments by Dreamer  
Permission to Comment    yes\_share\_comments

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Message: 2

Date: Mon, 06 Nov 2000 21:22:38 -0800

From: Anonymous

Subject: Wierd

Dream Title            Wierd, girlintheworld1

Date of Dream        10/6/00

Dream                It wasn't too long ago, that I fell asleep and dreamed. i was in a cabin, in the country side.i was in the bed room with my best friend, a woman (that was with us), and a man (that wasn't). The man set the woman on fire. My friend froze. i grabed her and ran out quickly. The house was on fire. We just kept running and runnig. Then we stopped. my friend walked away to do something and i stayed sitting. then my father's dog came by me, then walked away. He stopped, looked at me, and i woke up.

Comments by Dreamer    My dream was interesting. It was kind of scary, too.

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[dream-flow] Digest Number 33

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There are 2 messages in this issue.

Topics in this digest:

2. advising bill gates

From: stan kulikowski ii <stankuli@pcola.gulf.net>

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Message: 2

Date: Tue, 07 Nov 2000 12:02:53 -0800

From: stan kulikowski ii <stankuli@pcola.gulf.net>

Subject: advising bill gates

note: stan requests his name and e be kept with the dream

DATE : 4 nov 2000 05:32

DREAM : advising bill gates

stan kulikowski ii <stankuli@pcola.gulf.net>

=( last night, a friday, i tested the web site code for the macintosh club in six resolution browser combinations. i did not get completely through the test series, but it works in the most common cases. i had to turn off my computers and modem during nash bridges which is my mother's favorite friday night show. since they shut off the analog CBS satellite downlink, our local broadcast station has really poor reception and my equipment puts out a lot of RF interference on that channel. afterwards i could operate again while we watched my videos. i almost decided to watch \_naked lunch\_ but decided instead to start into the \_battlestar galactica\_ series. i burned the web site to the CD i promised to bring for demonstration to the macintosh club meeting in the morning. i finished reading a fantasy novel and got to sleep real early, about 01:30. i woke again an hour later and had some trouble getting back asleep. )=

stirring up someone's curiosity is one thing, satisfying it is another. most of us are good at one or the other, usually the first, but rarely both. i am thinking this, over and over like a mantra or like an obsession. i keep expecting to encounter some gross but intelligent insects to discuss these insights with, like the cockroach typewriter's in william burrough's \_naked lunch\_, but they are not to be found.

instead, i find myself at an afternoon luncheon at bill gate's mansion on puget sound. maybe fifteen other people, mostly strangers to me, standing around in small groups of twos or threes, over dressed, trying to eat daintily with their fingers from napkins.

i am definitely not trying to make any sort of impression. i am so tired and sleepy that i can not really stand, so i am laying down by myself on a large bed. this is not bill gates' bed, but one for guests who might stay in this room. at first i lay just on top of the covers

but as time goes on the covers sort of come apart and crawl over me of their own volition. or so it seems. try as i might, i just can not shake off this drowsy feeling.

i know that i am supposed to be here to help my boyhood friend, hugh evans, with a deal he wants to promote with microsoft. this afternoon gathering is part of a conference of venture capitalists. everyone here has some proposal to pitch and this is our opportunity with mister gates. but i am unable to get my energies going. i should probably excuse myself and leave, but instead i sink further into the bedding, making myself useless while everyone else is busy shmoozing.

while bill gates is circulating, making the rounds of the small groups, and hughie standing besides the bed where i am entrapped in lethargy, i have just enough juice to look at the walls. mister gates apparently fancies himself a patron of the arts now, so the polished blonde hardwood interior of his place is adorned with various artworks. i spend sometime inspecting these from my horizontal perspective.

along the wall opposite me, i see several attempts to achieve an abstract style theme in the wall paper. one is clearly cubist, rectangles of similar proportions but differing scale. another nearby looks like a cabbage next to an eyeball, round things with roots trailing in the same direction. over there is a cluster of diagonal lines, different shades of blue and widths but sharing the same angles. the same theme of similarities is picked up by a collection of brass spheres on a coffee table, obviously an attempt at sculpture since they have no utility other than that sense of detached visual worthiness.

i squint at the various devices in the wall paper. i can see the general problem here. each on their own looks like a good idea by themselves. the cubist thing has a pleasing geometry, as does the rondels of the melted cabbage and eyeball. but as soon as you step back to next level of scale, nothing holds together. the sign of a good architect is that interior design has to stay constant on at least three layers of scale: up close, stepped back, and across the space. frank lloyd wright could do that effortlessly across many scales it seems. that is what is totally lacking here. up close and across the room nothing matches in the flow. it is only stepped back that each piece individually holds together with a pleasing effect.

it occurs to me that this is much like microsoft software. little parts may work ok by themselves here and there, but overall they fail to cohere so the total effect is badly achieved by just brute force. too much overhead trying to force together the little things that were not designed properly for any other layer of scale.

well, nothing for it now. i am a teacher and a programmer, not much of an artist. it is not my job to criticize but i can hardly help but notice deficiencies of a room so obviously attempting to display good taste, but so totally failing. still the attempt ought to be given some credit.

uhoh. bill gates has finally come up to hughie for his informal interview. i try to get up and manage to make it sitting up with my feet on the floor. i shake my head trying to wake up, but no luck. hugh is giving me the urgent look, but i still am unable to stand yet.

seeing my distress, mister gates comes over to the bed and sits besides me. "not feeling so well?" he asks me.

"no. i just can not shake this feeling. i should not have come." i tell him. hughie seems to be forgotten before he got to make his pitch. too bad.

"i noticed you looking at my artwork." says mister gates. "what do you think of it?" he seems to be just making conversation rather than really being interested. he nods toward something behind me. there is a large shaggy tapestry on the wall, various shades of off white in stepped lengths and textures. like everything else, it looks good only at one distance where it can be seen only by itself. someone has tried to use it to pick up on the scandanavian polished blonde woodwork, but it misses by just enough to ruin the effect.

"i am afraid that i am not an art critic." cop out. i tell him this although he does not seem to be waiting or expecting a reply. easier to cop out than try to explain what he does not want to hear anyway.

"now, what do you think of her?" he says with a burst of interest. he is indicating a woman sitting near a lamp at the other corner of the bed. she also was out of my original range of view.

i look her over. clearly she is the only other person, like myself, not into the business of high intensity socializing. she has very dark hair contrasting with pale skin and angular bone structure, somewhat reminding me of winona ryder. she looks in annoyance at me and bill appraising her.

"whaddya think? she for me? does she have it? might be ok?" bill starts muttering a constant stream of rhetorical questions as he makes up his mind. i am no longer part of the conversation, just a foil for him to hear himself speak. i can tell that she is mismatched for him. he is all round faced and light earth tones while she is sharp angles and dark contrasts.

i shake my head, no. "i think she is a libra."

=( i wake up several times in the morning, too early but i can not get back to sleep. the very first part about curiosity and \_naked lunch\_ insects i think was a hold over from a previous sleep state in which i was thinking about those things before i got into the REM state of visual dreaming. i had almost put the borrough's movie on the VCR. the curiosity part seems to resonate in bill gates rhetorical monologue at the end of the dream, and certainly i was not satisfying anyone at this soiree. usually my entry into REM dreaming is clean without interacting with previous mental activity while asleep, or at least i rarely have any memory of such associations. )=

stankuli@gulf.net

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[dream-flow] Digest Number 35

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There are 5 messages in this issue.

Topics in this digest:

1. A Stanger's Kiss  
From: Anonymous
  2. "Uncompleted Assignment"  
From: Anonymous
  3. Scooter Lights and Sales Room  
From: Anonymous
  4. nurse for hire  
From: Anonymous
  5. Night Rave  
From: Anonymous
- 
- 

Message: 1

Date: Wed, 08 Nov 2000 13:53:05 -0800

From: Anonymous

Subject: A Stanger's Kiss

Dream Title           A Stanger's Kiss

Date of Dream        november 8 @ 5:30 Am

Dream                I have been having dreams were i have been passionetly kissing a man who I do not know, have never seen any where but in my dreams, the man is extremly attractive, But when I try to get a longer look at him his face becomes suddenly blurry and i can no longer make out the features.

Comments by Dreamer    I really would like any response to this dream because after I wake up all I do is think about it.

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Message: 2

Date: Wed, 08 Nov 2000 14:02:58 -0800

From: Anonymous

Subject: "Uncompleted Assignment"

Title: "Uncompleted Assignment" by dreambat Date: 11/08/00

The last supervisor I had at the corporation asks me if my assignment is complete. I feel terribly caught and like an embarrassed school-boy without his lessons. Yet I have much of the assignment completed. Still, I recall being given the task many hours ago and have devoted much of that time to doing a wide variety of other tasks. I begin to talk about those other tasks, but she confronts me immediately, "These were the projects I assigned you." I feel a cold, sinking feeling and a bit sick and very cornered. I lift the paper and show her what I have done. Mostly is involved going online and connecting various names to websites. Still, its a pretty shabby report. I do notice that there is a large section on the back of the paper as well and hope this is enough to get by.

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Message: 3

Date: Wed, 08 Nov 2000 14:13:19 -0800

From: Anonymous

Subject: Scooter Lights and Sales Room

Title: "Scooter Lights and Sales Room" by dreambat Date: 11.07.00

I am driving a little scooter at night to school. I feel quite pathetic. Its cold out and the road is slippery. I'm not really sure where I am going. Its night and the headlights are not on. I continue to fumble around for the headlights switch and hope that I don't turn off the engine.

gap

I am working again for my old sales company, we sell encyclopedias. There is a big operations room, like a newsroom or military strategy room. I go up to a wall with a large screen on in. An old work buddy is there. He used to be a detective and was into taping technologies of the 1950 and 1960s. I see he doesn't have many orders. I don't either and this is really worrying me. I see the manager coming through the room checking on everyone's progress. I think to myself how he wouldn't bug me all day if I just had three orders. I imagine what it would be like having them in my coat pocket and can visualize them and how it would feel to pull them out. I would feel such a relief and get much praise.

note: I don't know what was on the big board. Was it a computer screen like at NORAD or a sales board with districts and maps? This is lost to me, though I now recall it as a big white-board with some computer connections.

end

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Message: 4

Date: Wed, 08 Nov 2000 14:23:38 -0800

From: Anonymous

Subject: nurse for hire

Dream Title            nurse for hire

Date of Dream        11-7-00 am

Dream                dreamed that I was in a car,,going down the road,,came to a construction site. Had to get out of my cr,,crawl beside a backhoe shovel to get by the construction,,,,was worried about getting my white uniform dirty, made it by the shovel,,only got slightly dirty

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Message: 5

Date: Wed, 08 Nov 2000 14:21:52 -0800

From: Anonymous

Subject: Night Rave

Dream Title            Night Rave

Date of Dream        mar21,98

Dream                I am at 926 Nicholson. Jay's room, my old room, in the basement, with no windows. I dance to the techno music, smoking speed. I have a lot of energy but am beat mentally. its the radio, drum & bass progressing toward hardcore. In Calgary, first time. I'm hitting switches on Shawn's equipment, my brother's subs. 2-10" with power buttons which I turn off - wake up.

Comments by Dreamer    Starts in Saanich. Breaks to Detriot minimal, house scorpio rules in Taurus, the bull, Allah. Where's my other brother Pat? He makes the beats, the fernwood wc mc's spit some shit.

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[dream-flow] Digest Number 35

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There are 3 messages in this issue.

Topics in this digest:

1. aa

From: Anonymous  
2. Two Snakes in the Grass  
From: Anonymous  
3. myztpherx  
From: stan kulikowski ii <stankuli@pcola.gulf.net>

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Message: 1

Date: Thu, 09 Nov 2000 08:41:52 -0800  
From: Anonymous  
Subject: aa

Dream Title           aa

Date of Dream         I can't remember

Dream                 I had a dream where i am sleeping, and I can tell that i am sleeping, but all of a sudden something touches my back and I try to turn around and see what it is but then I can't move anything on my body, and I can hear and feel my heart beating really fast. Then i keep calling for my mom and finally i wake up.

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Message: 2

Date: Thu, 09 Nov 2000 10:48:58 -0800  
From: Anonymous  
Subject: Two Snakes in the Grass

Dream Title           Two Snakes in the Grass. morgan

Date of Dream         11/9/00

Dream                 I was outside and the sun was shining through tree branches somewhere above me. I remember, these sunny dappled spots had a beautiful yellow warmth to them, but i felt hopelessly fearful of something ahead of me. i began to walk toward a dry dirt and gravel path which wound through cool, lush greenery. It became aparent to me that i was back in kenya, walking through, i can only imagine, a section of the national game park. I knew there was a nest of vipers to my right, in a bunch of long lemon grass, but i continued to walk toward and over the dirt path. As I neared the clump of lemon grass, I saw two huge vipers, probably 8ft each, laying in the sun. As I past them they both attacked me. One bit me on my right wrist, and the other latched onto my face, just below my left cheek. Their teeth were very large and seemed blunt, and the pressure the teeth placed on my skin was apparent. Both vipers latched onto me and hung on my body and i felt that they were not injecting poison, bit rather sucking something out of me, all the while i faught to get them off of my body. I noticed the size

of the heads, they were also very large and heart shaped, as with most poisonous snakes. I could see every scale on their head in great detail. I also remember, the snakes were very dry. I finally tore them away. After i got them off of me, i noticed the gaping wounds they had left on my body. The wound on my arm went from my wrist to my forearm and the flesh was torn and flapping. I did not bleed very much. I looked into the wound but could not see bone, only tendons and a small bit of something, i couldn't tell what. I pulled on the unidentified tissue and i felt the muscle attached to my upper forearm pull with it, so i concluded it had to be my muscle, i left it hanging there while i explored the wound on my face. as my attention moved to my face, it felt as though i was looking at it in a mirror. the skin was, once again, horribly torn and flapping and a large section of my face was missing. As i spread the skin folds aside, i could not see any skull, only smooth muscle and skin tissue. It was horrible! i felt very helpless.

Comments by Dreamer through out the dream i felt a strong sense of hopelessness. I felt that although i new what had happened was terrible, i could not do anything about it but i wished i could.

For some reason this dream has really bothered me, i would very much appreciate any interpretations available, anything to begin to understand what it might mean.  
thankyou.

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Message: 3

Date: Thu, 09 Nov 2000 19:17:53 -0800

From: stan kulikowski ii <stankuli@pcola.gulf.net>

Subject: myztpherx

Stan requests his name and e be attached to the dream. - editor

DATE : 9 nov 2000 06:00

DREAM : myztpherx

stan kulikowski ii <stankuli@pcola.gulf.net>

=( yesterday i took my mother to the airport for her annual travel out to bainbridge island to visit my sister. alone in the house all evening i did not get much accomplished. the macintosh web site came back up on the internet. i studied the manual for image splicing in my upgraded photoshop as that may be the best way to display color schemes for design concepts. parts of the color wheel need to highlight when you select a certain schema. actually it is harder than that. highlighting colors changes the ones you select, so i probably need to lowlight everything else so the selections stand out without changing hue. i went to bed around 02:00. )=

the farmlands here have the feel of arkansas or maybe oklahoma. i am not really certain what state i am in at the moment, the last several days of driving have been hectic with pointless wandering. the land is somewhat hilly and dry, everything having a brown,

parched texture. much dust is being thrown up from mostly dirt road as my black dodge viper churns over the terrain with an efficient hum from the engine.

i turn a sharp left off a paved section of road onto a fairly clean dirt road. hearing the gravel pop and spatter under my wheels, i check the rearview. behind me i see mark littlefield also negotiate the corner. he is driving a dark colored ferrari testa rossa. i pass a couple turns to the right, mostly long straight roads. i regret not taking them, but instead find a more interesting intersection. this is hardly more than two ruts through pastures, more grass than dirt. it has a good feeling as the car jogs and shakes up the trail over a few hills. mark's car falls behind here, having less stamina for off road.

over a hill, the wheel tracks head through a short wooded lot then emerge upon a gravel pit. i drive around the huge cones of gravel piled there and find no way out. there is a thick chain linked fence on three sides, a gate locked to lane leading back toward the gravel roads i had passed earlier. finding no way out or around the gravel pit i retrace my route back to the original road i was on. i am a bit surprised that i do not encounter mark on the way back. he must have taken an alternate route on the farm path.

once back on the road, i stop and wait. maybe mark will catch me up when he reaches the next flat and sees i am not ahead of him any longer. in the meantime i see another car emerge from the wooded hillside and join the farm ruts coming up to me. when the car pulls up i see that it is a silver porsche targa with the tee tops open. the driver looks a little frazzled as the cockpit of his car is crowded with leaves and branches torn from trees and shrubs. i am a little glad that i did not continue pursuing that path if it is that overgrown and rough.

still mark does not show up, so i decide to continue down another road in the same direction. i move the viper more carefully down the lane, taking the second dirt road to the left, one that parallels the paved street i was initially on.

i do not go very far when i pass a large farm house and barn. after a go a few hundred yards further, i u-turn to go back to the farm house. it is getting late, the sun westering just above the horizon, and i decide i am too tired to go on. i will ask the people in the farm house if i can stay there for the night. perhaps they will let me sleep in the barn, or at least let me park the car somewhere in the yard. the viper winds down with a turbine sound as i turn it off.

a chunky little woman answers the back screen door when i knock. "excuse me, mam. i have been driving a road rally for several days and i need somewhere to stay the night. would it be alright if i parked here in your lot? i have a sleeping bag and will be no trouble if i can help it."

she looks me over carefully. "sure, i guess you can. but we have a guest room in back that you are welcome to."

"my thanks. a shower would be nice in the morning."

i come in the house and she leads me around through the porch and kitchen. the house is filled with furniture crowded together, showing several generations of styles collected over the years. on a counter near the dining room i pass a curious metal cylinder that moves, tracking me as i pass it. it is mounted on a wooden tray by a robotic arm. it is shaped more like cigar shaped airfoil with a lime paint stripe and a glass lens on the end that follows me. i see a sign posted by the thing, "macintosh web cam". ah, an internet device.

when we get to the back of the house through several more rooms, the farm wife shows me the guest room. it has obviously been a boy's room at some stage, probably a son who moved away but left the toys and models he out grew behind. there is a comfortable two layer bunk bed by the wall which will suit me fine, especially if mark catches me up.

the woman leaves me alone and i unpack my shaving bag from the light handbag i brought in with me. it takes a while for me to adjust to the new room and get the jitter of road vibration out of my legs, too long cramped from constant driving of the dodge.

it is not too much longer before i hear the distinctive of mark's testa rossa pull up outside. soon he comes in. "found a place to stay for the night i see." i nod in reply.

two teenage boys come in with mark. they introduce themselves and seem curious about travels, obviously impressed by the two sports cars parked outside. we try to explain that we are part of national road rally but it mainly just the fun of driving rather than trying to win any prizes that interests us. we have been off the rally trail for two days and are generally heading east towards new jersey.

one of the boys asks us if we would like to play a game. mark and i look at each other, a little tired but we should do something and entertaining our hosts would be fine. i see a box marked 'cosmic wimpout', one of my favorite games, and say "great. how about cosmic wimpout?"

as i sit down at a card table which one of the brothers brings out, the other one empties a large brown pouch. an assembly of odd shaped pieces roll out. i assume these are a collection of game markers for wimpout.

but mark says, "ah, myztpherx."

"i do not know this game." i say as the others sit down at the table. the older brother in the plain white undershirt starts sorting out the pieces.

"let's see if i can remember." mark has always had a good head for gaming. the older boy puts four flattened glass marbles in a diamond shape, like a baseball field. "these are the bases. we start at the green one. the pylons and castles are used for refuge. no one can pirate you there. the goods come from the ethos whenever you get the chance to

gather them, but mainly it is tuck and grab on each turn. oh, oh. there is the church which is not part of the board but is always above it. how much does that cost?"

"the church depends on how much you have at the time." says the younger boy.

mark shows me three fairly large dice and takes a practice roll. they are heavy pyramids, gun metal blue. each is actually deeply craved in the form a dwarf, with pointed hat and long beard. there are slight differences in each so they have distinct names. their triangular base formed by their splayed feet with large toes is a little smaller than their other dimensions, so they land on their feet less often than laying on their sides.

the older brother starts with the first roll. i have no idea what the game is about, but i figure with most cosmic games it is better to figure it out as we go. like life, i suppose but with fewer teachers limiting our expectations.

the first roll produces only one of the dwarves on its feet. "that's bongo." the boy announces, pointing to the standing dwarf. "philbert is on his nose, and thor is on his butt."

so saying, the boy moves a marker out to the marble that i think of as first base. he arranges some coins, glass jewels and small metal weapons around the base he has occupied. i assume these came from the nonstanding dwarves.

mark's turn is next. he rolls the dwarves and gets two standing, thor and bongo. philbert is neither on nose or butt, but no one tells me what the other side is called. it looks like maybe his elbow because he has a hand in one pocket on that side.

this move apparently entitles mark to the second base. he takes a series of quartz stones from the pile and lines them up between first and second base of the diamond. he looks at each carefully as he places them.

"ah. light enhancement." he says, placing two matching stones side by side in the line. they are white quartz on the edges but the interior is deeply purple like amethyst.

"no, not light enhancement." says one of the boys. "that is string theory which can not play in the first three rounds. those form plathecteron, lord of the 12th house." mark shakes his head in agreement.

=( i wake here at 05:46. thunder woke me as there is storm in progress. i have no association with this game or most of the neologisms associated with them. i do play cosmic wimpout which the boys did not want to play. somehow i felt that the goal of the game was to get the proper pieces which allow entry into the hidden church above the board, but i can not say properly since we did not get finished. mark's car may have been a jaguar D-type rather than a testa rossa, both have a similar curved body design and i never really got a close look at it except in the rearview. the car rally seemed to lack any

of the usual course requirements. it seemed mostly an excuse to drive the exotic cars long and fast. )=

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stankuli@gulf.net

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[dream-flow] Digest Number 36

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There is 1 message in this issue.

Topics in this digest:

1. Re: myztpherx  
From: Heratheta
- 
- 

Message: 1

Date: Fri, 10 Nov 2000 15:46:49 EST  
From: Heratheta  
Subject: Re: myztpherx

peace had lain to the right of the state if you had avoided becoming not really to yourself and others

---

[dream-flow] Digest Number 37

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There are 3 messages in this issue.

Topics in this digest:

1. First Dream with my dad after his death (he died June 24, 2000)  
From: Anonymous
2. Re: First Dream with my dad after his death (he died June 24, 20...  
From: Wisdomofdreams
3. katydid allisona  
From: Anonymous

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Message: 1

Date: Sat, 11 Nov 2000 09:39:48 -0800

From: Anonymous

Subject: First Dream with my dad after his death (he died June 24, 2000)

Dream Title            First Dream with my dad after his death (he died June 24, 2000)

Date of Dream        october 20, 2000

Dream                i was sitting-maybe standing by my dad, i knew it was him, he was sitting down wearing the brown polyester pants he always used to wear. i could not see his face, just his pants. the pants were flattened, almost as if his legs weren't in them. i knew it was dad, and i was confused, but not in a sad way, because he was alive in the dream - but i knew at the same time he wasn't alive, cause i knew he had died. he was telling me something about this confusion, and i think i understood. it wasn't a sad dream, and when i woke up, i felt like a space in my body - my chest area - had been filled - something like that.

Comments by Dreamer    i haven't had any other dreams about my dad since then, and i always ask each night that i would.

Permission to Comment    yes\_share\_comments

Permission Comments    please do. any interpretations would be very appreciated and welcomed.

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Message: 2

Date: Sat, 11 Nov 2000 14:22:45 EST

From: Wisdomofdreams

Subject: Re: First Dream with my dad after his death (he died June 24, 20...

Thank you for sharing such an important dream with us. I recently did some research on death and dreams and found that it is quite common for loved ones to visit us in our dreams in the months following the death. They often do so to bring comfort. It sounds like yours did just that by your description of waking feeling as though something in your chest had been filled.

Betty H.

[This message contained attachments]

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Message: 3

Date: Sat, 11 Nov 2000 22:10:15 -0800

From: Anonymous

Subject: katydid allisona

Dream Title           katydid allisona

Date of Dream         6-26-00

Dream                 i am crazy loon that kills my boyfriend. i stab him many times. I watch him die.

Comments by Dreamer   I loved it cuz he broke up with me the next day

Permission to Comment  yes\_share\_comments

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[dream-flow] Digest Number 38

---

There are 6 messages in this issue.

Topics in this digest:

1. Elpacoloco:Net Investigation  
From: Anonymous
  2. what does it mean by pinny  
From: Anonymous
  3. plane water children  
From: Anonymous
  4. trying to pitch a tent  
From: Anonymous
  5. sea-adriana  
From: Anonymous
  6. riverwalk  
From: Anonymous
- 
- 

Message: 1

Date: Sat, 11 Nov 2000 22:33:49 -0800

From: Anonymous

Subject: Elpacoloco:Net Investigation

Dream Title           Elpacoloco: Net Investigation

Date of Dream I've forgotten.

Dream This one 's old, and I forget when I had it. I was going to my computer room to sign on to the web (my house uses a gateway machine, which connects the entire house after I dial). I dial it. However, instead of telling me that it has established a PPP connection, as it usually does, it tell me that "You are under investigation for the use of your account, thetourist@yahoo.com, in illegal animal pornography. If you believe this is a mix up, please enter your FBI password now." Uhhh...what the hell? Well, I have a prompt, so I try things. "Hoover" is not the correct password. Nor is "Agent". "Federal" is likewise not it. It tells me "I am sorry, but I cannot let you online at this time." Phone hangs up. I freak out.

Comments by Dreamer "Illegal animal pornography?" First of all, I don 't have an account with the address listed. I have a tracker friend known as the Tourist, but not only does he not have a yahoo account, plus he 's clearly not a zoophile. Second of all, I don 't recall zoophilic pictures to be illegal, (Although they are gross, a jamaican girl thought it was funny to send me some once, I spent the next hour cleaning up my vomit.) And thirdly, the FBI is never that remote. They visit their subjects in person. That kind of intererance with ppp accounts simply is not possible. Lastly, WHAT THE HELL WAS THAT?!

Permission to Comment yes\_share\_comments

Permission Comments I keep this one on a list of all my dreams, available at: <http://thunder.prohosting.com/~elp/dreams.html> You may publish any of them. :) I would appreciate an email at [pacobravo@yahoo.com](mailto:pacobravo@yahoo.com) when you do so.

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Message: 2

Date: Sun, 12 Nov 2000 11:22:59 -0800

From: Anonymous

Subject: what does it mean by pinny

Dream Title what does it mean by pinny

Date of Dream 9/11/2000

Dream i am a cat burgurlar.i am running around taking things,when in one house a man jumps on me,holding me and rocking me.he gives me a gun, we go to a school,we fight people.i get thrown out a window.he saves me!

DREAM 2

i am at a school reunion,the boy i fancy is there,he is with my worst enemy,she sees me and moves closer to him.HE SEES ME.\*\*\*\*\*later he grabs my arm and runs wit me to an abandoned building.we fall in love! Comments by Dreamer Permission to Comment yes\_share\_comments

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Message: 3

Date: Mon, 13 Nov 2000 08:40:10 -0800

From: Anonymous

Subject: plane water children

Dream Title           plane water children

Date of Dream         10-12-00

Dream                 My son daughter and i are on a plane it crashes in to the ocean i have to choose which child to save. My daughter is in my arms my son is going under some times its the other way around son in arms daughter going under. I had this dream ever sense my daughter was born 3 years ago. Help whats this mean.

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Message: 4

Date: Mon, 13 Nov 2000 08:37:49 -0800

From: Anonymous

Subject: trying to pitch a tent

Dream title           trying to pitch a tent Michelle Michelle Date of dream         10/3/00

Dream                 Tammy (my sister) and i are standing in my parents' yard. We are looking for a place to pitch a tent. Everywhere i look, there is Malique's (my dog) dog crap. I ask her why no one has been picking it up. I am getting frustrated because there is no room to put up the tent amidst the crap. I feel we will never find a place to put it.

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Message: 5

Date: Mon, 13 Nov 2000 08:39:37 -0800

From: Anonymous

Subject: sea-adriana

Dream Title           sea-adriana

Date of Dream         11-11-00 4:30 am

Dream                 ok i was on this boat with me and my friend who moved away this summer and my boyfriend and like 8 other people. the boat sank and we all had to swim to shore but I'm afraid of the ocean. but the water was shallow for some reason shallow enough just to walk and not swim but then my boyfriend went off with some other chick and my friend left me so did the rest of the people then the ocean got really dark and deep

and there was no sky i was alone in the water so i just kept swimming to shore finally when i got there everyone had already changed and they were staying with someone else and as for my friend i tapped her and she wouldn't answer or even look at me. And my boyfriend was in the shower with that other chick and when he saw me all he said was well its not like were really going out and i never really loved you then i woke up.

Comments by Dreamer this was a really bad dream of mine but i think i know what most of it means i just want other opinions

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Message: 6

Date: Mon, 13 Nov 2000 08:36:10 -0800

From: Anonymous

Subject: riverwalk

Dream title riverwalk Michelle Date of dream 10/21/00 Dream  
I am walking near a gushing river. Two men up on my left are fighting. As the one punches the other, they fall into the river. I can hear them yelling and gasping in the rushing water. I call 911 on my cell phone, but I don't think anyone is going to be able to help them. "they can't be saved," I think to myself. I am not scared, just indifferent of the situation, like oh well.

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[dream-flow] Digest Number 39

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There are 2 messages in this issue.

Topics in this digest:

1. tjab  
From: Anonymous
  2. dog  
From: Anonymous
- 
- 

Message: 1

Date: Mon, 13 Nov 2000 11:57:23 -0800

From: Anonymous

Subject: tjab

Dream Title

Date of Dream recurring

Dream I have recurring dreams about houses. I dream that my house or a friend's house is huge, like Home Depo size and I (or they) have incredible amounts of "stuff", incredible wealth and servants. The houses are always different. I have dreams like this about once a month. I am a middle class mother of one. What does this mean? Am I lacking something? Will I be wealthy? Should I tithe more? What's up?

Comments by Dreamer

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Message: 2

Date: Mon, 13 Nov 2000 14:02:44 -0800

From: Anonymous

Subject: dog

Dream Title dog

Date of Dream 10/23 12:45

Dream I was on my roof and I saw my dead dog alive and well. He looked rabid and started to chase me. All of a sudden I tripped and fell off my roof, but before I hit the ground I woke up.

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[dream-flow] Digest Number 40

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There are 3 messages in this issue.

Topics in this digest:

1. Broken IDs  
From: Anonymous
  2. Teeth  
From: Anonymous
  3. Re: Teeth  
From: Wisdomofdreams
- 
-

Message: 1

Date: Tue, 14 Nov 2000 13:37:57 -0800

From: Anonymous

Subject: Broken IDs

Dream Title Broken IDs by Nick DeSpain

Date of Dream 11/14/00 approx 3 am

Dream I just dreamt that I had my student ID and my driver's licence in my pocket and then I pulled them out and they were both broken in half. I was very upset by this.

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Message: 2

Date: Tue, 14 Nov 2000 13:46:08 -0800

From: Anonymous

Subject: Teeth

Dream Title Teeth

Date of Dream Mon, Nov 13, 4am

Dream I am in some dimly lit area with some unfamiliar people and my some of my teeth suddenly become loose. I grab for one tooth and it falls in my hand. Then I notice that I have other loose teeth, and they also fall out. It is a horrible, very realistic dream.

Comments by Dreamer I have had this dream 2 times before

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---

Message: 3

Date: Tue, 14 Nov 2000 20:22:00 EST

From: Wisdomofdreams

Subject: Re: Teeth

Since you say that this was a horrible dream, if it were my dream I would be wondering what words I let fall from my mouth that I shouldn't have.

Of course, working in healthcare, I would also likely see my dentist to make sure there was nothing physically wrong.

Wishing You Wise Dreams, Betty

[This message contained attachments]

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[dream-flow] Digest Number 41

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There are 4 messages in this issue.

Topics in this digest:

1. start  
From: some guy <micro>
  2. babie  
From: Anonymous
  3. The Ex, Upended  
From: Anonymous
  4. Disturbing dream by A. Nonymous  
From: Anonymous
- 
- 

Message: 1

Date: Wed, 15 Nov 2000 16:59:19 -0800

From: some guy <micro>

Subject: start

me up

---

---

Message: 2

Date: Thu, 16 Nov 2000 08:05:47 -0800

From: Anonymous

Subject: babie

Dream Title           babie

Date of Dream         14/11/00

Dream                i had a dream that a girl i was seeing (i am single in real life), who was familiar to me in real life,h gave birth to my children. The children were twins, both of them black, even though we were both white. I was very very content. But i do remember the kids grew from birth to about the age of 11 in one week.

Comments by Dreamer I was very happy. I remember something in the dream about the babies being black even though neither of us were, and it was something to do with trust, maybe they were someone else's kids but I decided to stand by her.

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---

Message: 3

Date: Thu, 16 Nov 2000 08:04:39 -0800

From: Anonymous

Subject: The Ex, Upended

Dream Title The Ex, Upended

Date of Dream 11/14, 3:00 am

Dream I have had several dreams including my ex-wife. The latest was set at the house she was renting when she went through two very traumatic times. The first trauma was the recollection of a childhood rape, most likely her father. The second was a diagnosis of diabetes. I approached the house to find my old car parked in the driveway but turned sideways. The garage was completely empty. An older woman was in the backyard cleaning up. When she noticed me, she went to the back door and my ex-wife came out to the garage. She looked the same age as when she lived at the house. In addition, she had very curly hair. She never had this style of hair before.

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Message: 4

Date: Thu, 16 Nov 2000 08:05:26 -0800

From: Anonymous

Subject: Disturbing dream by A. Nonymous

Dream Title Disturbing dream by A. Nonymous

Date of Dream 11-15-00 10:00 A.M.

Dream I wanted to post a kind of disturbing dream I had last night. Well for a while this past summer I was travelling around and visited a friend of mine in VA. In the dream I was travelling again and visited her again. We were driving around somewhere on these gravel roads and I was going way too fast but couldn't really slow down. We got to a dead end and I skidded to a stop outside this old decrepit cemetery. We got out and walked toward the cemetery. It was cold and windy, and she had a long black coat on, not really a trenchcoat, but maybe a sweater of some sort.

There were trees to the right of the cemetery, I was walking on the right and she was walking on the left. It was really windy (oh yeah, already mentioned that) and there were leaves blowing around everywhere. I turned around and saw what looked like a big white

owl fly down from a tree to the ground. I watched it and saw that it wasn't an owl at all. It stood up on its hind legs and came toward me. I asked what it was and my friend told me but i don't remember the name. It had a face like some kinds of bats but was a lot bigger as tall as me, and moved like a person. It came close and looked me in the face, then flew away I think. My friend and I proceeded to walk into this cemetery and up a hill.

When we were in the cemetery the sun was out and it was peaceful. I told her that I loved her (which I do, though in a different way than i think i meant it in the dream...) she said she knew, she loved me too, then , well we ended up making love on someone's grave... she's married and pregnant and I've been in the same relationship for 5 1/2 years if that info is pertinent. I think I halfway knew it was a dream or I wouldn't have done that... I hope!

Just wondering if anyone can make anything of this. Don't bother telling me i'm insane, I already know that.

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----- END DREAM SECTION -----

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[http://www.disobey.com/low/listings/electric\\_dreams.htm](http://www.disobey.com/low/listings/electric_dreams.htm)

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Thanks to our many web links! See

[www.dreamgate.com/dream/resources](http://www.dreamgate.com/dream/resources)

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