

# ELECTRIC DREAMS



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"... many people who interpret their dreams, have seldom moved beyond the level of thinking, and know nothing through experience of the deep waters of the unconscious."

- Tony Crisp

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

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## C O N T E N T S

++ Editor's Notes

++ Notes to the Editor/Dream Airing  
Computer Survey  
ASD Conference Sign up Deadline: July 5  
Strephon Kaplan-Williams Newsletter

++ Column: An Excerpt From the Lucid Dream Exchange  
W.I.L.D.S  
By Lucy Gillis & Joe Lamando

++ Column: The Dream Doctor  
By Charles McPhee, Ph.D.

++ Article: American Indian Dream Beliefs  
Tony Crisp

++ Article: The Underground Railroad of Dreams  
by Robert Moss

++ Article: Twin Foresight, Fear, Falling and Energy Body  
Awareness in Lucid Dreams. Excerpts from an email  
correspondence between Marc Vandekeere and another lucid  
dreaming and out of body awareness enthusiast.

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

NEWS \* RESEARCH & REQUESTS \* WEBSITE & ONLINE UPDATES \*  
\* DREAM CALENDAR for July and August 2001 \* ASD News  
Update!

D R E A M S S E C T I O N :  
This issue includes volume #202 - #226

D E A D L I N E :  
July 18, deadline for AUGUST submissions

M.U.T.U.A.L D.R.E.A.M T.A.R.G.E.T  
We are re-focusing on the Mutual Dream Circle, which meets  
the 21st of each month. See details below.

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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 July issue of Electric Dreams, your portal to  
dreams and dreaming online. If you are new to Electric

Dreams, please see our January 2001 issue for an introduction and guide to dreaming online.  
<http://www.dreamgate.com/dream/ed-backissues>

The dream practices of the indigenous American tribes are quite developed compared to European dream practices and have fascinated Europeans for hundreds of years. Now there is a large movement among all peoples to re-discover the shamanic roots that lead to a more meaningful life and valuable journey. Tony Crisp introduced this topic in an easy to read and understand way, with examples and comment. The article shows sensitivity to both the multitude of differences in these dream practices, as well as the unifying spirit that can be traced through all or many of these practices. Be sure to read "American Indian Dream Beliefs" by Tony Crisp.

The dream practices of the Native American Mohawks drew the attention of Robert Moss after he began having dreams with a strange language which turned out to be Mohawk. Mohawks and other people will make dream sharing the first business of the day. Robert Moss quickly picked up on this loss in European culture and like the Electric Dreams community, has a similar vision of returned and retuning our culture by bringing back dream sharing to everyday life.

"A dreaming culture is one in which dreams are shared and celebrated in every environment n at the workplace, at the clinic, in schools and in families. In a dreaming culture, our lives and our interactions would be different, and magical."

Moss goes on in his article "The Underground Railroad of Dreams" to lay out a plan for the return. Also note that Robert writes more extensively about this in his books and gives many seminars, workshops and lectures throughout the year. Be sure to check your local area for events in the Global Dreaming News in Electric Dreams.

The excerpt from Lucy Gillis' "ALucid Dream Exchange" is part of a larger project to classify various types of lucid dream experience. This month, Joe Lamando is featured and the topic of W.I.L.D.S.

Charles McPhee, author of Stop Sleeping Through Your Dreams and the director of the Dream Doctor is with us this month answering questions about dream content. Charles visited with us online this month at the ASD Dream Time Live event. The archives are available, thanks to Victoria Quinton at [dreamchatters@yahoo.com](mailto:dreamchatters@yahoo.com)  
After reading Charles article below, be sure to check out these transcripts and stop by his website

<http://www.dreamdoctor.com>  
Also, be sure to tune in to the ASD broadcast with Charles and Scott Hughes July 10-15. See the conference schedule for details.

Marc Vandekeere returns this month with a transcript of a dialogue with another lucid dreamer. Be sure to read this very insightful dialog called "Twin Foresight, Fear, Falling and Energy Body Awareness in Lucid Dreams."

Our news directory, Peggy Coats, from [dreamtree.com](http://dreamtree.com), has gathered dreaming news from around the world, events, conferences, and seminars.

You can read more about the ASD Conference, but I wanted to note here that the final day to register for the ASD Dream Conference, 2001 Dream Odyssey has been moved to July 5, 2001. This conference (July 10-15) is NOT TO BE MISSED! Drop whatever plans you have for anything else this year and come to the conference! Besides the BEST education in dreams and dreaming, you will also get to meet the top dream researchers, clinicians, authors, artists, writers and dreamworkers in the field! And the fun just never stops. At the end, there is a Dream Ball, where we all come dressed as our favorite Dream Characters. Some people come to the conference just for the Dream Ball, it is that fantastic. Come as you are, but be sure to be in Santa Cruz UCSC for this event.

<http://www.asdreams.org/2001>

If you have news items about dreams and dreaming for Peggy, send them to her at [pcoats@dreamtree.com](mailto:pcoats@dreamtree.com)

Our dream-flow 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.

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

-Richard Wilkerson

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Dream Airing:  
News, Notes and Events

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Strephon Kaplan-Williams now has a weekly dream related newsletter that looks into issue of spirit and soul. To sign up stop by his site at <http://www.dreamwork2000.com/Sitemap/email.html>

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Want to chat about dreams?

So you have seen it all and done everything there is to do in dreamwork. For you, Electric Dreams offers the further reaches of dreamwork. On the outer edge, the community explores postmodern dreamwork, transhumanist dreamwork, mutual dreaming, lucid dreaming and psi dreaming. Imagine dreamwork at trans-warp drive speeds. Open a sub-space portal and teledream though. A good place to start here is with the [dreamchatters@yahoo.com](mailto:dreamchatters@yahoo.com) list. Stop by <http://groups.yahoo.com/group/dreamchatters>

for more information.

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Survey online:

Are you having dreams about computers?

As I mentioned last month, I have expanded the Computer Dreams survey to include not just digital dreams, but also dreams about robots, cyborgs, androids and other beings and scenarios that look at the human-machine interface. Be sure to drop off your computer dreams and fill out the survey at: <http://www.dreamgate.com/computers/>

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Patricia Garfield, Ph.D. is now offering TWO free chapters from her past books: Dreams and Children as well as Childbirth/Pregnancy Dreams. <http://www.patriciagarfield.com>

Also, you will find Patricia Garfield's many other books, her public appearance schedule, notes and information about the making of the book The Universal Dreams Key.

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Mutual Dream Healing Circle

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Dreamshare members ( a moderated, egalitarian on-line group for exploring the life and meanings of the dream-world) have initiated a dream-healing concentration, to be held in the consciousness of participants on the night of the 21st. of each month. Before going to sleep at night, please hold the thought, prayer, or concentration in your consciousness of bringing healing energy to those who have so requested. you may use whatever practices are important or helpful to you in effecting this healing state.

There will be a list of names or circumstances of those who have specifically requested to be included in our thoughts and prayers. Please observe the general decorum of distance healing work in many traditions and do not add anyone to the list without his or her express approval...you may wish to hold in your consciousness someone else you know who is in need of healing energy and send them that energy, but please do respect everyone's rights to self-determination and privacy. my feeling is that someone who has asked you for thoughts and prayers can be included here as well.

Feel free to contact Judith, c/o  
<dreamshare-owner@yahoogroups.com> if you would like to be included in the list or for more information.

On awakening, you may wish to pay special attention to recalling your dreams and, if you wish, you may submit them to< Dreamshare-owner@yahoogroups.com> for inclusion on our list.

Anyway, that's about it for now. Take care, Judith

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AN EXCERPT FROM THE LUCID DREAM EXCHANGE  
By Lucy Gillis

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The Lucid Dream Exchange has a section devoted to WILD's or Wake Initiated Lucid Dreams. At the head of the section is a list of definitions of some terms that our contributors sometimes use:

- \*WILD: Wake Initiated Lucid Dream - Entering the dream state (lucid) from the waking state without falling asleep first.
- \*DILD: Dream Initiated Lucid Dream - Becoming lucid during a dream.
- \*MILD: Mnemonic Induction of Lucid Dreaming - A method of

dream recall/memory to improve the chances of becoming lucid in your next dream.

\*\*TILD: Trance Induced Lucid Dream - Entering the dream state (lucid) from a trance state.

\*These terms were coined by Dr. Stephen LaBerge. For further information, see his book "Lucid Dreaming."

\*\*Suggested by F. Ghibellini

One of our readers has come up with yet another creative definition to add to the list:

PILDS?

By Joe Lamando

On the subject of classifying Lucid Dreams: I write poetry by a process of automatic writing. Words pop into my head and I write them down. However, sometimes I'm in a lucid dreamlike state where I'm fully experiencing it visually as well.

It might be an interesting experiment for people who have WILDS to try writing while lucid dreaming. This is a half conscious/half dreaming experience. I wonder what we would call that! Would this be a WILD? Maybe it's a PILD! (Poetry Induced Lucid Dream) (;-)

Here is an example of this type of automatic writing/lucid Dreaming.

I had been sitting in my living room by a window one winter day and I became aware of hail hitting the window. For some reason I wondered, if I went out-of-body and went outside would I experience the hailstorm? I slipped into lucidity and became aware of my Muse by my side. I started writing by inviting him to sit down and write (sing). And he/I wrote. I love the way he described the scene but I'm still not sure of the meaning of the title and last line.

Ill Wind Be Ill Wind

Sit thee down  
Put thee pen 'pon paper  
Sing!

Heavenly Host  
Here gathered 'round  
As hail 'pon window pane

Does its rapitty tappin'.  
Winds in background chorus croonin'  
Beckons the belated dawnin'.

Now and then  
The west wind  
Finds its whistlin' spots,  
Here and there,  
And the new - fall snow  
Lies pebbled wi' hailstones sprinklin's,  
And sparkling's await the moonlights beamin's  
Foilin' in the squalls.

And do thee wonder now  
If spirit, soul, or astral form  
Would wander in these squalls  
Relishin' like some fool demented?

What think ye now supposin'  
Spirit storms be composing'  
Wi' hail and sno'  
And be kindred be they  
To the host?

Nay, ill wind be ill wind!

(c) Joe Lamando

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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. To subscribe to The Lucid  
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Or join through the Yahoo Groups website at  
<http://groups.yahoo.com/>  
The LDE can be found under Sciences>Social  
Sciences>Psychology>Sleep and Dreams.

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The Dream Doctor

Charles McPhee, Ph.D.

<http://www.dreamdoctor.com>

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"Chased By Lions"

I had a dream that my friend and I were at a party and we

met these two really good looking guys. At the end of the night we all went back to my flat. We all started talking and having a laugh but then the two boys turned into lions and started to chase us. Then I woke up. What does this mean? Please help me!!!!

Julie, Age 17, Single, Dagenham, Essex

Hi Julie -

It's just like men, isn't it? You and your friend both were having a good time - talking and having a laugh - when suddenly these "nice" boys you invited over to your flat turned into lions - and started chasing you around! (Some manners they have!)

Is it possible your dream is a metaphor for the "chase" of a romantic relationship? In your dream the two guys you invite back to your flat are attractive. You are getting along great, but then suddenly the "rules of the game" begin to shift. The men turn into lions (show their aggressive, animal nature) and promptly begin to pursue you!

If you've started dating recently, I think you may have perceived some of the romantic interests that guys have for you. Can you think of any men that you've been talking to lately, whom you think are just "good friends?"

The message of this dream is that they may have something... more physical... on their minds. (As if you didn't know already!)

Good luck in your new career... as a lion tamer!

Charles McPhee, Ph.D.  
<http://www.dreamdoctor.com>

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### American Indian Dream Beliefs

By Tony Crisp B Author of Dream Dictionary

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In considering the beliefs of the Amerindian peoples, there is not a single belief system. Each tribe developed their own relationship with their inner life as it connected with and contributed to their external environment and needs. In looking at the fairly pure statements of traditional Amerindians in such books as Black Elk Speaks, and Ishi, it

is fairly obvious however that dreams were generally considered as a form of reality or information to be highly regarded. Black Elk became a revered medicine man of his tribe through the initiatory process of his dreams and their revelation. His dreams revealed rituals to be performed by the tribe that aided in healing social tensions. But these deeply perceptive social or psychological insights into his own people that arose in his dreams are only one of many facets the American native peoples found in their dream life. And of course Black Elk is only one of the men and women of the Native American people who were visionaries.

#### Dreams as guidance in life

Ishi explains how his dream of what turned out to be the coming of the railroad and the train, was central to his whole life and its tragedy. Nevertheless his dreams warned him of the presaging deadly events for his tribe, and helped him find strength to meet what came about.

As already pointed out, personal initiation was one of the most fundamental of the facets. Individuals, through prayer, fasting and lonely vigils, sought from their dreams, a vision of their destiny as an individual, and an image to aid a personal link with the Spirit pervading all life. With such a dream the young man or woman could feel themselves to be a real part of their group and their environment. But even this cannot be taken as a generalisation. R.F. Benedict reported in *The Vision In Plains Culture* (American Anthropologist Vol. 24 1922) that among the Arapahoe, the Gros Ventre and in all the Western Plains peoples north and south, puberty fasting for a vision did not occur.

Nevertheless, although details varied as to when and how such dreams were sought, the visionary dream was held as sacred. Sometimes the ways of seeking these visions were very quiet, as when retiring to ones lodge, and sometimes very drastic, when braves suspended themselves from poles on hooks.

#### Sacred fasting

Example: When I fasted I was about ten years old, that being the age at which grandparents generally desire their grandchildren to fast. My parents never bothered me at all about fasting, and I don't suppose I should have fasted at all if I hadn't a grandparent at that time.

About the middle of the little bear month, that is, February, my grandmother came to my house to fetch me. I did not know what she wanted of me. After two days she told me why she had come. So the next morning I received very little to eat and drink. At noon I didn't get anything to eat at

all, and at night I only got a bit of bread and water.

There were about seven of us fasting at the same time. All day we would play together, watching each other lest anyone eat during the day. We were to keep this up for ten days. However, at the end of the fifth day I became so hungry that, after my grandmother had gone to sleep, I got up and had a good meal. In the morning, she found out that I had eaten during the night and I had to start all over again. This time I was very careful to keep the fast, for I didn't want to begin on another ten days.

After a while, they built me a little wigwam. It was standing on four poles and about three to four feet from the ground. This was my sleeping-place. My little wigwam was built quite a distance from the house, under an oak tree. I don't know whether it was the custom to have the young boy fast under a particular tree or not. I believe the wigwam was built in the most convenient place for the old folks to watch it during the day.

The first morning my grandmother told me not to accept the first one that came, for there are many spirits who will try to deceive you, and if one accepts their blessings he will surely be led on to destruction.

The first four nights I slept very soundly and did not dream of anything. On the fifth night, however, I dreamt that a large bird came to me. It was very beautiful and promised me many things. However, I made up my mind not to accept the gift of the first one who appeared. So I refused, and when it disappeared from view, I saw that it was only a chickadee.

The next morning, when my grandmother came to visit me I told her that a chickadee had appeared in my dream and that it had offered me many things. She assured me that the chickadee had deceived many people who had been led to accept this offering.

Then a few nights passed and I did not dream of anything. On the eighth night, another big bird appeared to me and I determined to accept its gift, for I was tired of waiting and of being confined in my little fasting wigwam. In my dream of this bird, he took me far to the north where everything was covered with ice. There I saw many of the same kind of birds. Some were very old. They offered me long life and immunity from disease. It was quite a different blessing from that which the chickadee had offered, so I accepted. Then the bird who had come after me, brought me to my fasting wigwam again. When he left me, he told me to watch him before he was out of sight. I did so and saw that he was a white loon.

In the morning when my grandmother came to me, I told her of my experience with the white loons and she was very happy about it, for the white loons are supposed to bless very few people. Since then, I have been called White Loon.

Not only did White Loon gain his name from his dream, and therefore his adult identity, and whatever respect gained by it from his family and tribe, but he also gained the image of himself as living into old age and having freedom from disease. These are very precious gifts no matter what period of history we consider, or what >tribe=. In a modern city, thousands live without any satisfying sense of connection with, or feeling they are respected by, their >tribe=. Many live under constant fear of serious illness or early death, and businesses are built catering to such fears.

### The Pueblo Indians

Jung, writing about a meeting with some Pueblo Indians in the USA, explains that their religion rests upon the belief that through their frequent ritual, they help the sun to rise each day. Without their tribal attention to the sun, they are sure the sun will no longer rise. AThis idea,@ Jung explains, Aabsurd to us, that a ritual act can magically affect the sun is, upon closer examination, no less irrational but far more familiar to us than might at first be assumed. Our Christian religion - like every other incidentally - is permeated by the idea that special acts or a special kind of action can influence God - for example through certain rites or by prayer, or by a morality pleasing to the divinity.

The point Jung makes overall however is that through their beliefs the Pueblo Indians as a group of people, have an intense peace and satisfaction with their life. This deep peace and inner happiness is seldom shared by more >rational= modern communities. I am not trying to argue for irrationality, but the comparison does I believe highlight something that arose from the Amerindian beliefs and use of dreams for guidance and spiritual sustenance. Namely how a belief system, no matter if it is irrational, acts as a psychic immune system against the >germs= of despair, inferiority and meaninglessness. This pride and sense of belonging that was often a marked feature of such tribal peoples prior to the coming of the white races, illustrates one of the main functions of the dreaming process - the psychological compensation or self-regulatory process - and how it acts on the personality if it is deeply accepted.

Because the native peoples of America had such trust in the products of their unconscious in dreams and visions, the compensatory images presented were of great benefit, and

fulfilled their task of keeping the balance in the individualised identity. Unfortunately the rational attitudes of the invading nationalities, questioning the power of the dream and vision as they did, offered nothing to take the place of the dream. At least, nothing that produced such an obvious sense of pride and tribal and personal identity.

Something that becomes apparent in looking at dreams such as White Loon=s is that the cultural attitudes and beliefs White Loon was educated in dominate the content of his dreams. The coming of the chickadee in early dreams was an accepted part of the vision fast, and can be found in many other such dreams of people in his culture while fasting. When an Indian became a Christian, through exposure to a different set of cultural ideas, his or her dream content changed radically. Nevertheless, many dreams were of a personal psychological nature also, showing the individual relationships with the culture and their own inner life. Even though White Loon=s dream of the birds is very deeply cultural, it is interesting that birds often have the same sort of significance in modern dreams. It was out of this sort of observation that Jung developed his theory of the archetypes and the collective unconscious.

#### Dream and visions

Something else that is apparent in comparing the visions experienced by native Americans with those of present day individuals - perhaps those using LSD or experiencing visions due to stress such as illness - is that the native Americans entered their visions with some understanding of what to expect and how to deal with the experience. Our own cultural attitudes frequently put us at odds with our own unconscious processes and visionary upsurge. Many people who are confronted by the opening of the unconscious and the events which follow, believe they are going mad, or that they will be overpowered by forces that are antagonistic to them, and will sweep them to their doom.

Neither do many people, trained in modern Western ideals of behaviour, know how to exist in the land of vision. Just as few desert people know how to swim, and would feel fear if dropped into deep water, so the person who falls into an altered state of consciousness from the world of modern materialistic thinking, may feel great fear instead of pleasure and the ability to swim. Even the many people who interpret their dreams, have seldom moved beyond the level of thinking, and know nothing through experience of the deep waters of the unconscious. See: abreaction; active imagination.

Like other primitive cultures, dreams were seen by the

Amerindians as having certain marked features that could be gained from them. There could be an initiatory dream such as we have already considered. There could also be dreams telling where to hunt; dreams showing a new ritual giving some sort of power such as warding off illness, or finding a new relationship with everyday life, or attracting a lover; dreams could show the use of a herb for medicine; dreams might be caused by some sort of evil within ones body, or an external evil such as someone wishing you harm or an evil spirit; there could be a shared dream with another person; the dream might be a revelation from someone who was dead and now in the spirit world; or a dream, as in the third example below, could be a map supporting and guiding the dreamer throughout their whole life. Dreams were often considered to be bad or good. If a dream were considered bad something had to be done about it, such as a cleansing or healing ritual.

Example: As an example of an Indians attitudes to dreams, this statement of White Hair, a medicine man, is interesting. AEvery dream that takes place is certain to happen. Whenever the evil spirits influence it, it is certain to happen. Whenever we dream a bad dream we get a medicine man to perform sing and say prayers which will banish the spirit.@

Example: This description by a medicine man explains how he had a dream showing him a new medicine. He says, AI saw a dog that had been shot through the neck and kidneys. I felt sorry for the dog and carried him home and took care of him. I slept with the dog beside me. While there I had a bad dream. The dream changed and the dog became a man. It spoke to me and said, >Now I will give you some roots for medicine and show you how to use them. Whenever you see someone who is ill and feel sorry for him, use this medicine and he will be well.= One of these medicines is good for sore throat.@

Example: This is a fasting dream/vision recorded by Father Lalemont, a Jesuit priest working among the Indians.

At the age of about sixteen a youth went alone to a place there he fasted for sixteen days. At the end of this time he suddenly heard a voice in the sky saying, "Take care of this man and let him end his fast." Then he saw an old man of great beauty come down from the sky. The old man came to him, and looking at him kindly said, "Have courage, I will take care of your life. It is a fortunate thing for you to have taken me for your master. None of the demons who haunt these countries will have any power to harm you. One day you will see your own hair as white as mine. You will have four children, the first two and last will be males, and the third will be a girl. After that your wife will hold the relation of a sister to you." As he finished speaking the old man offered him a raw piece of human flesh to eat. When

the boy turned his head away in horror, the old man then offered him a piece of bear's fat, saying, "Eat this then." after eating it, the old man disappeared, but came again at crucial periods in the person's life. At manhood he did have four children as described. After his fourth, "a certain infirmity compelled him to continence" He also lived to old age, thus having white hair, and as the eating of the bear fat symbolised, became a gifted hunter with second sight for finding game. The man himself felt that had he eaten the human flesh in the vision, he would have been a warrior instead of a hunter.

Such dreams as the above about the use of a herbal root for medicine, show how many herbal treatments, not only among the Amerindians, but from tribal people throughout the world, came about. In fact many tribes attributed the origins of many of their cultural artifacts, their religion, the use of fire, to a specific dream experienced by a past tribal member.

Because of the great many Amerindian tribes, and their different dream beliefs, it is impossible to summarise the views of life, death and human origins arising from their dreams visions. The following description of the beliefs of the Naskapi Indians is so pure and simple however, that it probably holds in it many of the beliefs of other tribes. It is taken from Man And His Symbols by Carl Jung, published by Aldus Books, 1964. It is from the section on The Process Of Individuation by Marie L. Von Franz.

Dream doorway to wider awareness

Example: The inner centre, the Self, or the guiding spirit of a person is realised in an exceptionally pure, unspoilt form by the Naskapi Indians, who still exist in the forests of the Labrador Peninsula. These simple people are hunters who live in isolated family groups, so far from one another that they have not been able to evolve tribal customs or collective religious beliefs and ceremonies. In his lifelong solitude the Naskapi hunter has to rely on his own inner voices and unconscious revelations; he has no religious teachers who tell him what he should believe, no rituals, festivals or customs to help him along. In his basic view of life the soul of man is simply an Inner companion whom, he calls My Friend or Mista peo, meaning Great Man. Mista peo dwells in the heart and is immortal. In the moment of death, or just before, he leaves the individual, and later reincarnates himself in another being.

Those Naskapi who pay attention to their dreams and who try to find their meaning and test their truth can enter into a greater connection with the Great Man. He favours such people and sends them more and better dreams. Thus the major

obligation of an individual Naskapi is to follow the instructions given by his dreams, and then to give permanent form to their contents in art. Lies and dishonesty drive the Great Man away from one's inner realm, whereas generosity and love of his neighbours and of animals attract him and give him life. Dreams give the Naskapi complete ability to find his way in life, not only in the inner world but also in the outer world of nature. They help him to foretell the weather and give him invaluable guidance in his hunting, upon which his life depends..... Just as the Naskapi have noticed that a person who is receptive to the Great Man gets better and more helpful dreams, we could add that the inborn Great Man becomes more real within the receptive person than in those who neglect him. Such a person also becomes amore complete human being."

This feature is an excerpt from The New Dream Dictionary by Tony Crisp, published by Little Brown, UK. It is therefore copyright material.

This larger version of Dream Dictionary can only be purchased in the UK, but will be posted anywhere in the world.

<http://www.amazon.co.uk/exec/obidos/ASIN/0316879576/waves04/202-1806058-2611862>

For other such features see DreamHawk.

<http://www.dreamhawk.com/d-ency.htm>

Visit Tony Crisp's website - <http://dreamhawk.com> - or  
e=mail [tony@dreamhawk.com](mailto:tony@dreamhawk.com)

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The Underground Railroad of Dreams  
by Robert Moss

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When I moved to upstate New York in the mid-1980s, I started dreaming in a language I did not know, which proved to be an archaic version of Mohawk.

Eventually I studied the Mohawk language to interpret my dream communications with an ancient woman healer and a warrior shaman (ratetshents). I learned that in traditional Iroquois society, dream-sharing is the first business of the day. Dreaming is regarded as a social, as well as a personal activity. The role of the community is to support the dreamer in fulfilling a happy dream (or avoiding an unpleasant event foreseen in dreams); to harvest messages for the benefit of others; and to honor and celebrate the dream n for example, through dream theatre. The Iroquois describe dreams as wishes of the soul. They recall us to our soul's purpose, our heart's desire. If this is ignored, we lose part of our vital soul energy, we become sick or depressed.

My dream-driven studies of Iroquois dream practice led me into fascinating territory. I discovered that early immigrants to North America, fleeing war and oppression in the Old World, were also guided by dreams. This was central to the survival of the Palatine Germans who arrived in the first mass migration to what is now the United States in 1710. Conrad Weiser, who emerged as a great Indian interpreter and peacemaker on the borders of New York and Pennsylvania, was welcomed among the Mohawks because of his dreams; I wrote an account of his early life in The Interpreter.

When I followed my dreams, quite literally, to a home in Troy, N.Y. in 1990, a new character entered my dreaming: a stocky little black woman in period clothes, often wearing a mannish hat, who bobbed up from time to time on my mental screen, usually in the twilight zone between waking and sleep. I did not identify her until I had a big dream many years later in which I found myself teaching the history of the Underground railroad in schools across North America. Not having had an American education, I had to do some fast research. When I saw photos of Harriet Tubman, I recognized the woman I had glimpsed in the hypnagogic zone. I was fascinated to learn that she dreamed of flying to freedom, over landscapes she subsequently crossed on foot. Later she was guided by specific precognitive or clairvoyant dreams to safe houses, river crossings and friendly helpers she had never encountered in waking reality. In this way, she escorted 300 escaping slaves to freedom, without ever losing one of her "packages". I discovered that in 1860, she had visited my home town of Troy, and led a riot that freed a fugitive slave.

What a powerful example of how we can "dream our dream" in entirely practical ways! What a difference it might make to our understanding of dreams, as a culture, if the role of dreams in the Underground Railroad n and in the lives of many others struggling to survive and prosper throughout

history n were made the focus for well-conceived school education projects. These projects should be experiential, not simply didactic. We can go to the sites, and take kids there, and try to dream our way into the human experience associated with these places. We can practice "dream archeology", sending ourselves backward through time in a state of conscious dreaming, as I once did in order to describe the scenes of the Battle of Lake George (1755) in my novel The Firekeeper.

As we recover the true history of dreaming n which may be a secret history of the world n we will gain courage and confidence for the urgent and creative task of building a dreaming culture for the 21st century. A dreaming culture is one in which dreams are shared and celebrated in every environment n at the workplace, at the clinic, in schools and in families. In a dreaming culture, our lives and our interactions would be different, and magical. Here are some of the ways:

#### Community Dreamwork

By creating a safe space for each other to share and work with our dreams, we move quickly beyond barriers of prejudice and misunderstanding, and build deeper relationships. In our dreaming culture, families and larger communities will share and explore dreams in order to move beyond taboos, tell their troubles, achieve healing and resolution n and as wonderful entertainment, generating song and story, dance and theatre, as well as strategies for bringing the energy and insight of dreams into manifestation.

#### Dream Navigation

In our dreaming culture, it is generally understood n as most traditional dreaming peoples know n that we dream the future, maybe all the time. The futures we perceive in dreams are possible futures. By clarifying messages and taking appropriate action, we can change the odds that any particular scenario will be enacted. In our dreaming culture, we will check our dreams for guidance on the probable outcome of the choices we are making. As dream scouts, we will bring through dream guidance on the possible future for the benefit of others, and for the community as a whole.

#### Dreamwork in Medicine and Healing

In dreams our bodies show us what is going on inside them and what they need to stay well. Early warning dreams forecast conditions that may develop, often years before physical symptoms appear n and often counsel on prevention

and alternative approaches. When we do become ill, dreams give us fresh and powerful imagery for healing and recovery. Because the body does not appear to distinguish between a physical event and a mental or emotional event that carries real energy, these images can help us reshape the physical blueprint. Some leading-edge research suggests that in this way we may even be able to change the cellular memory of the body. Above all, dreaming puts us in touch with the hidden sources of illness and wellness, and opens paths to recovering soul.

### Dreaming in Schools

Keeping a dream journal is excellent writing practice, and constantly opens up exciting avenues for research. Telling dreams builds powerful communications skills and brings the gift of story. Dream rehearsal prepares us for tests n perhaps literal school tests n while dream incubation helps us to tap into a deeper source and bring through creative solutions. These are some of the reasons why dreaming and dreamwork deserve a central place in our schools, starting in pre-K. In our dreaming culture, schoolkids will gain credits for keeping dream journals. They will do projects on Einsteinos dreams, dreams in art and literature, dreams in social evolution and world cultures.

### Dreams to Help the Dying

In our dreaming culture, the practice of dreaming is recognized as vital preparation for the transition to life beyond life. The Plains Indians say that the path of the soul after death is the same as the path of the soul in dreams. Dreaming, we learn to move smoothly and naturally into other dimensions. Conscious dreaming, like meditation, familiarizes us with paths and landscapes beyond physical reality. For those who do not have a dream and cannot meditate, the "dream transfer" technique offers caregivers wonderful ways to help open doors and clear the paths.

### Dreaming and Future Science

Dreaming is central to the emerging science of consciousness, which is likely to be the most important science of the 21st century. Active dreamers and long-term dream journalists provide direct, experiential data that is crucial to new lines of scientific discovery and research. Research inside dreams n through conscious dreaming techniques n provides immediate access to multidimensional reality and a means of testing scientific speculation about parallel universes, the holographic model, and the possibility of travel across time.

The challenge before us is to marry the best of our science

and scholarship to the ancient arts of dreaming that recognize dreams as both wishes and experiences of soul and offer a path for evolving consciousness that can help us build more compassionate and creative communities. We can dream our dream and we can dream our world if we remember, like Harriet Tubman, that we can fly.

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The full story of Harriet Tubman's dreams of guidance is told in Robert Moss's new book, *Dreaming True* (Pocket Books, September 2000). An excellent introduction to Harriet's life, suitable for older children as well as adult readers, is Ann Petry, *Harriet Tubman, Conductor on the Underground Railroad* (New York: Pocket Books, 1971). Benjamin Drew, *The Refugee: A North-Side View of Slavery* (Reading, Massachusetts: Addison-Wesley, 1969), first published in 1855, includes accounts of other fugitive slaves who escaped to Canada, guided by dreams. For the experience of traveling the Underground Railroad, make a station stop at Anthony Cohen's Menare Foundation website, [www.ugrrr.org](http://www.ugrrr.org). Tony Cohen is a brilliant young African-American historian who has walked the routes of escaping slaves, sometimes in his bare feet.

Learning objectives:

As an educational project, the Underground Railroad of Dreams has the following learning objectives:

- a. Developing a new kind of social history that gives dreaming its rightful place.
- b. Creating dream education projects for schools and community study based on the role of the dreams in the Underground Railroad, the practices of Native Americans, and the immigrant experience.
- c. Unfolding a vision of how incubating and sharing dreams as a daily practice can help us to overcome barriers of social intolerance, bring through creative innovation, heal organizations and relationships and provide a decisive contribution to the emerging science of the new century, the science of consciousness.
- d. Learning to dream true the way Harriet Tubman dreamed true and bring insight and energy from our dreams to create better lives for ourselves and our communities. Help this dream grow! We are interested in bringing this important theme to colleges, schools, community groups and general audiences.

Email robert@mossdreams.com if you would like to suggest further venues or help facilitate programs.

We are also interested in collecting more personal experiences and historical examples of how people of all backgrounds have been able to "dream their dream" for the benefit of the community as well as themselves.

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Robert Moss is a world-renowned dream explorer, a best-selling novelist and a former foreign correspondent and professor of ancient history. His many books include Conscious Dreaming, Dreamgates and Dreaming True: How to Dream Your Future and Change Your Life for the Better. He is also the author of the popular Sounds True audio series Dream Gates: A Journey into Active Dreaming. Visit Robertos website, [www.mossdreams.com](http://www.mossdreams.com).

Robert Moss will be leading a high-energy weekend workshop on dream healing, "Dancing With the Bear: Recovering the Arts of Dream Healing" August 11-12, 2001 in Santa Fe. Please contact Lydia Mueller (505) 820-7813, e-mail [lydiawm@earthlink.net](mailto:lydiawm@earthlink.net) for information and registration.

Scheduled for the week prior to the workshop are: a book-signing at Page One in Albuquerque on Wed. 8/8 @ 7-8:30 p.m.; and a book-signing at The Ark in Santa Fe on Thursday 8/9 @ 5:30-7 p.m., followed by a talk at Longevity Café @ 7:30-9 p.m.

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Twin Foresight,  
Fear, Falling and Energy Body Awareness in Lucid Dreams.

Excerpts from an email correspondence between Marc Vandekeere and another lucid dreaming and out of body awareness enthusiast.

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Dreamer 1: Thank you so much for your speedy and supportive reply. I look forward to joining your lucid dreaming research group. At the moment I am not getting much sleep - never mind dreaming. By the way I kept a dream diary in the late 70s and got around four or five dreams a night easily. I don't know if you recommend this but if you give each dream a title it helps with recall. Even now if I look at that dream diary (that's 25 years old!) and read the title of a dream I have quite a lot of recall on it.

Marc: Definitely! Keeping a dream journal is not the easiest thing to do, but it certainly is one of the most effective ways for increasing your dreaming progress, and giving each dream a title is a perfect way of increasing your recall of it at a later date. Isn't it great to have access to an extra set of memories! Some of my vivid lucid dreams seem like they happened just yesterday. They were so intense that they became wonderfully embedded into my memory banks.

Dreamer 1: Can I relate something that happened during that time which I cannot understand properly? Could you throw some light on this? At that time I worked as a secretary. I have a non-identical twin sister and she was working in a different country. Anyway I went away and I did not think to tell anyone where I was - I just went off for a couple of months. When I got back my sister was frantically trying to trace me because of a 'dream' she had. What happened was she dreamed that in her dream I was calling her name. She 'awoke' in the dream and could not see me - she just saw the darkness around her. She asked me where I was and I said, 'I am dead'. I was apparently annoyed that she could not see me. I have forgotten most of the other details. Needless to say, my sister was distraught because she had no idea where I was. When I got back and we met I looked through my dream diary to see what I dreamt of that particular night and in one of the dreams I dreamt I was skiing down a dark tunnel and lost a ski and lost control. So I was traveling down into what felt like the interior of the earth fast on one ski. That's all the detail I had written and all I can recall now, but I can remember the dream even now.

I have never consciously had an out of body experience. What do you think that was all about?

Marc: It is difficult for me to say with certainty since the most important meanings will come from you as the dreamer, but for starters, it goes to show how handy and useful a dream journal can be when making future references just as you did. A seemingly unimportant dream may take on new meaning when examined at a later date with a new perspective.

I think it is also worth mentioning that twins really do display an uncanny ability to mentally communicate between themselves. Possibly, sharing some time together in one womb could set up a stronger telepathic link or a stronger energetic link and/or connection. I also believe there is a similar link or bonding between a mother and child. With that in mind, your twin's dream being of that nature and intensity should be examined for meaning.

I often try to approach life more symbolically and dreams more literally to get as much as possible out of both waking

and dreaming experiences. Your waking events can hold as much meaning and symbolism as your dreams if you begin to look for the patterns. Developing your awareness in this way can help create a new set of eyes to experience your waking world. Synchronicity begins to replace coincidence as your awareness the waking world regains its youthful magic through these newly formed eyes.

First, I would try to approach the dream from several angles within this literal to symbolic range. See if you can act upon it somehow or at least try to learn something from it. You could begin with a literal, practical approach by asking if you often slalom ski (on one-ski) or if you ever could foresee yourself as being in a similar situation. If this is the case, be sure to look for any possibility that this could be a precognitive dream. If so, have your hindsight activated to pick up on any similar events in the future. When possible you can try to alter the outcome of the waking version by making different decisions and acting differently than the original dream to change the results. If you have little recall to work with from the original dream just keep a respectful (but not paranoid :) awareness of this intuition.

Next, try to interpret the imagery and symbolism for meanings. What does the act of skiing symbolize to you? How about skiing with only one ski? Does the dream reflect any scenario, activity or relationship that was on your mind during that time? or possibly on your mind now? By trying as many angles and exploring many potential symbolic meanings you can often find several meanings that can apply to the same dream. In my opinion, there is no right or wrong approach to dream interpretation as long as you are learning something about yourself along the way.

Dreamer 1: Two other things I would like to ask you if you don't mind replying to queries are: Firstly, I am very afraid about heights - would this prevent or interfere with a conscious out of body experience?

Marc: It could at times until you deal with the concept of fear itself, but this would apply to anyone about any fears not specifically fear of heights. In an altered state you can become exhilarated and sometimes even perceptually Hypersensitized. If you become conscious in a dreamscape where anything can possibly happen and this dreamscape is largely influenced and linked by your thoughts themselves, any fears can play a role in influencing the experience itself. Thoughts of fear can alter the actual fabric of the dreamscape and make for some incredible spooky experiences if you do not keep the fear in check. More on fear in the next query, but for now, it is safe to say that you could begin a process of dealing with fear itself in your dreams.

You cannot be physically harmed in your dreams. You may "feel" scared and even terrified within a dream, but you will not feel pain in your dreams. Try to ingrain this notion, the idea that you CANNOT be harmed in your dreams. No matter how scary, no matter how high in the air you may be, it can cause no harm to your physical body. The experiencing of the fear itself is as bad as it will ever get. In a sense fear acts as an illusion albeit a strong and persuasive one. You should view it as a menacing dog with a loud bark, but no teeth. It barks and threatens your conscious mind trying to scare you away, but if you have confidence that you cannot be harmed, you can work on keeping the fear in check. Once you have more practice dealing with fear in general you will be better equipped to take on specific fears like a fear of heights or fear of the dark or whatever fears may be mentally harboring within you. In the next query, a powerful technique for confronting your fears will be outlined.

Dreamer 1:

2. Whenever I am troubled, my fear seems to be symbolized (well often) in having to experience falling or nearly falling from a great height in my dreams. On a number of occasions like this (and other dream states also) I awake with a churning in the solar plexus. It is so strong and so 'whirring' that I have to get up and walk around the room - curled up - as though in pain - but it is not pain it is a discomfort that seems to have its origin in my etheric body but transfers into the solar plexus chakra.

Any ideas what this may be?

Marc: I often experience similar falling sensations, but have become accustomed to the dropping sensation and actually enjoy it. Then again, I love roller coasters so it may be a personal preference issue as well. I believe that these sensations are linked to the issue of fear again. If you have a strong fear of something like a fear of heights it can serve as a channel for any fear that arises in a lucid dream or out of body experience. Once you become scared or spooked in an altered state the mental reflex to make sense of the experience kicks in and presto-chango... the next thing you know, you are falling from a cliff even if you were initially spooked by a strange character or a dark alley. The experience gets processed as fear and then manifested as falling since it is a predominant fear. I have found that becoming aware while dreaming or while having an out of body experience can often throw the conscious mind for a subjective loop especially in the beginning stages. Your fear arises within the dream-realm.

Most commonly, a quite justified fear of the unknown can begin to influence the experience itself. I believe fear

arises as a natural blockade to experiencing lucid dreams or going out of body with your awareness. These fear barriers are in place to prevent us from going "beyond" the current envelope of our accepted beliefs.

This natural psychic defense mechanism may prevent those who are not ready for this type of advanced inner development. For example, a person may have many unresolved issues and many conscious or even subconscious fears. If this person were to become lucid in a dream or travel out of body, these issues and fears could easily manifest in the dreamscape or astral realm. While dreaming or experiencing an altered mindstate, the communication lines open up somewhat between your conscious and subconscious minds. This direct interaction can create some peculiar experiences. In almost all cases, fear is one of the first obstacles to address and overcome. From a positive, developmental perspective, you can view fear as a signpost for inner growth. Whether conscious or subconscious if an experience triggers your fear reflex, simply learn to deal with it and try to get to the core issue and address the cause instead of the symptom that is the experience of the fear.

Dreams are ideal for this type of inner development because they provide a nightly, no-harm environment for you to practice your ability to manage fear. I say manage fear because it is usually present (or can be) to some degree when experiencing many altered states of consciousness like dreams, lucid dreams, out of body experiences and other forms of trance meditation. This fear reflex is practically hard-wired into our neural networks so trying to remove it entirely is pointless. You simply deal with the fear and learn to "see it" for the mental barrier that it truly is. I recommend using fear as a cue to become alert and check your surroundings to see if in fact you are dreaming or experiencing some form of altered state.

#### TECHNIQUE FOR CONFRONTING YOUR FEARS:

If you do feel a rush of fear or panic, do not fight it or try to remove it since this will place the power of your awareness upon the fear itself and will often magnify the effects. Instead of fighting it, you should try addressing it, accepting it and approaching it in a loving manner. Say "Hello" to it and ask it what it is trying to tell you. This simple technique of facing your fears in a dream can create some miraculous insights and often tip the dream-scales in your favor. On many occasions I have tried this techniques with incredibly positive results.

After confidently, acceptingly and lovingly approaching a menacing figure within a dream, the once-bad guy will often transform into a friend or someone who is ready to help you,

or they may run away entirely. In either case, you dealt with it and confronted it and now you are no longer in a fear-induced and fear-perpetuated situation. I suggest practicing this fear confrontation technique whenever the opportunity arises within a dream or even in your waking world. You will see that waking fear can be as much of an illusion and a barrier to experience as it is in the dreaming state. With practice of confronting your fears in your dreams, you wind up having better dreams and a better ability to remain self-assured and self-confident in both your dreaming and waking worlds.

#### ENERGY AWARENESS:

Concerning the intense whirring, energetic sensations in the solar plexus, there may be several issues involved. My initial guess would be that you are becoming more consciously aware of the flowing of energy as it courses through the biocircuits of your energy body. Altered mindstates often correspond to an increased awareness of your energy body. Many people experience this energetic flow in different ways, but it is common to hear it described as you have as a strong whirring sensation. In your case, the energetic flow seems to be pooling its energy and intensity and as a result, this may be overwhelming the nearest energy center located at the solar plexus. Some extremely intense experiences, particularly fear, will cause increases in overall energy usage and flow in the energy body along with increased neurochemical and electrical activity in the physical body. With practice you should find that the energy body becomes better able to handle these energetic surges and much like developing your physical body, it requires some time and practice to develop and strengthen your energetic pathways.

In the meantime, if you are having negative experiences with these energetic overloads, do exactly as you have done by walking around the room. Moving around helps decrease your energetic awareness and creates a shift back to your waking physical awareness that is less energetically sensitive, at least not at conscious levels. You may also want to perform an energy-grounding ritual. This exercise below can be used to release excess energy and hopefully, it can help remove the physical symptoms.

#### "Energy Grounding" Exercise:

- 1.) Stand barefooted
- 2.) Become aware of the energetic build-up
- 3.) Begin to mentally allow the excess energy to flow down and out of your body into the ground. Imagine all excess energy to be swirling and draining from your body, downward

through your legs and feet into the ground.

4.) While doing this visualization, repeat an affirmation as a trigger phrase to reinforce the effectiveness of this energy grounding activity.

For example, you could say, "I am calm. I am peaceful. I release this excess energy and allow it to become grounded in the center of the Earth." Feel free to make your ritual and affirmation as simple or complex as you desire. The crucial empowering factor is the belief that your awareness is capable of making energetic shifts in this manner. The more you believe it, the more you feel it, the more results you will experience...just like in your dreams.

\*\*If possible try to do this exercise outside, but if this is not possible, try to be close to ground level or even in a basement. Wherever you do it though, the results will work if you have the right beliefs in place.

\*\*Along the same lines, you do not need to be barefooted. It only helps the process and reinforces the exercise.

READER SIDE NOTE: I have recently started trying out Robert Bruce's NEW System, New Energetic Ways. I find the background information and material excellent, and the exercises are great vehicles for increasing the awareness of one's energy body. If anyone is interested in more information on the energy body, I highly recommend Robert Bruce's website at <http://astraldynamics.com>. Check out the "Training Guides" link to access the NEW SYSTEM and also read his "Treatise on Astral Projection" if you have time. They are both wonderful awareness guides. The ASTRAL PULSE website is a virtual gold mine of resources on out of body consciousness, energy work and other awareness-related topics. Be sure to check out when you get a chance, you will be happy that you did!

Dreamer 1: Thank you for your gracious reply and I look forward to being involved in your research project(s).  
Marc: It is my pleasure. We are happy to have you on board. You can check out the new website for The Dream Initiative at: <http://come.to/dreamresearch> and feel free to email me if you have any questions. I am always happy to help when I can.

Dreamer 1: Oh, and please do not be impressed with my background - I am a newbie!

Marc: Aren't we all though... J  
all the BEst,  
marc ^v^  
Lucid Dreaming Resources: Get Info



>>>> Last Chance to Register and Join the 2001 Dream Odyssey

Register now for the ASD 2001 Conference, July 10-15 or the mini-conference, July 13-15th

[http://www.asdreams.org/2001/asd18\\_registrationidx.htm](http://www.asdreams.org/2001/asd18_registrationidx.htm)

Don't wait another day. The deadline for mail-in registration is July 1. The deadline for online registration is July 5. So There will be LIMITED onsite registration, and if those wanting onsite registration would please call the hotline 1-866-DREAM12 and let ASD know their names and whether they will be coming for the full or mini-conference, they will hold a space for them.

2001 CONFERENCE PROGRAM IS ONLINE!

<http://www.asdreams.org/2001>

You can now read the entire program booklet on line. If you are attending the conference, this will help you make your selections. If you can't attend, experience the conference vicariously by reading the online program. The conference program is a 1 MB download that requires an Adobe reader. If that is too technologically challenging then try:

INTERACTIVE 2001 PROGRAM HIGHLIGHTS ON LINE

You can view program highlights without a download and there are links that allow you to jump to the web page of many of our presenters. Thanks to Richard Wilkerson for making this new interactive highlights version available. Check it out. Plus don't forget to peruse the conference abstracts Click here to read conference abstracts:

<http://dreamtalk.hypermart.net/2001/abstracts/>

GLOBAL PARTICIPATION IN THE 2001 CONFERENCE -- DREAM TIME LIVE will provide live broadcasts of conference news and events and interviews with cyberdreaming pioneers such as Robert Bosnak and others. See the conference program or conference highlights on our web site for details. Special Dream Time Live events will occur on Wednesday, July 11th, 4:30-6:15 PM, Thursday July 12th 3:30-4:30, Saturday July 14th

10-11 AM (All Pacific Daylight Time).

>>>> Dreaming and Awakening Retreat

A 10-day Residential Training Program in Lucid Dreaming and Tibetan Dream Yoga with Stephen LaBerge and Alan Wallace Kalani, Hawaii, August 1 - 10, 2001

<http://www.lucidity.com/DAAK2001.html>

Becoming adept at lucid dreaming requires focused attention and practice that is difficult to maintain during our busy lives. This retreat provides an ideal opportunity to devote

time to cultivating your lucid dreaming ability and enhancing your mindfulness in everyday life, using the most effective techniques and technology, derived from Tibetan dream yoga and Western science. Although we cannot guarantee that everyone will have (and remember) a lucid dream during the program, in past years, most participants have done so, and all have experienced enhanced awareness of the dreamlike nature of "reality."

Join us in this unique opportunity! The retreat includes: Ten days and nine nights of balanced fun and focus on consciousness, dreaming and awakening at the beautiful, dream-inspiring Kalani Oceanside Retreat Center on the Big Island of Hawaii; Daily group and individual exercises in developing lucid dreaming skills and enhancing consciousness, dreaming and waking; Valuable insight into the application of lucidity and mindfulness to all aspects of life; A sleep schedule (including naps) optimized for the promotion of lucid dreams; Use of lucid dream induction technology; Discussion sessions and personal guidance by Dr. Stephen LaBerge, world-renowned expert on lucid dreaming, and by Dr. Alan Wallace, a lucid and inspiring interpreter of Tibetan Buddhism.

Kalani Oceanside Retreat is located on 113 spacious acres of botanical forest along the sunny and secluded Puna Coast on "the Big Island" of Hawaii. Bordered by tropical forest and rugged lava coastline and near Kilauea, the most active volcano in the world, Kalani is the only coastal lodging facility within Hawaii's largest conservation area. Twenty acres are dedicated to landscaped lawns and retreat facilities. On-site amenities include an Olympic-size swimming pool, two jacuzzis, and a sauna. Among nearby attractions are a black-sand beach, tidepools, thermal springs, natural steam vents, Volcanoes National Park, botanical gardens, and hiking to waterfalls. The sea cliffs of the Kalani coastal area provide for close-up views of turtles, dolphins, and migrating whales.

The retreat will focus on methods of developing the mental skills that foster lucid dreaming and on directing your consciousness in the dream state towards fulfillment of your personal goals. We will reflect on the nature and value of consciousness in waking as well as dreaming, exploring the nature of "reality" and how our perceptions and assumptions influence our experience of life. We will practice meditation and other techniques, especially drawn from the "Great Perfection" (Dzogchen) tradition of Tibetan Buddhism, designed to enhance the serenity, stability, and vividness of attention. The aim of such training is to experience the nature of our own awareness, free of all conceptual constructs. Such meditative training is an excellent complement to the Tibetan practices of dream yoga. We shall also explore the practical and theoretical differences and

common ground between the modern scientific approach to lucid dreaming and the ancient Tibetan approach to dream yoga. The stunning environment of Kalani will be naturally conducive to lifting our minds out of limiting habits of thought and action.

We will have group outings to sites we find particularly inspiring, and there will be time for your own explorations as well. The three meals daily are wholesome vegetarian (with fresh fish and chicken options), featuring local Hawaiian fruits and organic produce. Meals are served on the open-air dining lanai. The accommodations are lovely, in natural wood with plenty of light, a clean, modern, yet rustic feel.

Hawaiian weather is delightfully mild throughout the year. The temperature at Kalani will range from the mid-60's to the mid-80's. Brief rain-showers are common, especially at night, but there is plenty of sunshine as well, mainly in the day, unless you are dreaming. To enhance your nocturnal vision, a full moon is scheduled during the retreat.

Participants in our past retreats have found it a wonderful combination of work and play, with 95% evaluating it as "very" or "extremely satisfying." They also enjoyed phenomenal success at lucid dreaming, with most having at least one during the program. Join us this August and be assured that, in addition to having lots of fun and making new friends, you will experience reality in a new light, and the principles of lucid dreaming you will learn will serve you well in discovering what is important for you in your life, day and night.

ABOUT THE PRESENTERS -- Stephen LaBerge, Ph.D. is a world renowned authority on lucid dreaming. His pioneering studies at Stanford University have brought scientific attention to this potentially illuminating state of consciousness, and his best-selling books *Lucid Dreaming* and *Exploring the World of Lucid Dreaming*, have introduced many to the experience. For the past 20 years, he has researched methods for teaching people to become lucid dreamers, developing techniques and lucid dreaming induction devices.

Alan Wallace, Ph.D., professor of Tibetan Buddhism and language at UC Santa Barbara, has often served as translator to H.H. the Dalai Lama, and has written, translated, edited, or contributed to over thirty books on Tibetan Buddhism and the interface between science and religion. He has practiced as a Buddhist monk for fourteen years, and after leaving UCSB in June of 2001, he plans to establish an institute for contemplative science. To be informed of progress toward founding this institute, send email to Thomas Tarleton <t.tarleton@home.com>, requesting that your name be placed on the contemplative

science mailing list.

SCHEDULE -- Wednesday evening, August 1 - Friday morning, August 10, 2001.

FEES -- Standard rate, US\$2000, includes room and board. Space is limited; a non-refundable deposit of US\$200 will reserve you a place in the program. The balance is due June 21st.

SCHOLARSHIPS -- Contingent upon space availability, we plan to offer several scholarships providing reduced fees, as determined by demonstrated financial need and merit. If you would like to attend this program, but feel the cost is beyond your means, please contact us immediately. Send an email to scholar@lucidity.com describing your interest in lucid dreaming and how much you can afford to pay. Or call us at the numbers below. We'll do our best to work out a way for you to join us. Residents of Hawaii, inquire about kama'aina discounts and greatly reduced fees for those attending the sessions only while lodging elsewhere.

FOR INFORMATION OR TO REGISTER CALL: +1 650 321-9969 or 1 800 GO LUCID (1 800 465-8243) daakf@lucidity.com \*  
<http://www.lucidity.com/DAAK2001.html>

>>> The Dream Toolbox

The Dream Toolbox v.1.06 has finally been released! The pre-release version had a great response last summer at several professional conferences, including the Association for the Study of Dreams (ASD) conference, the American Psychological Association (APA) conference & the Society for Psychotherapy Research (SPR) conference. After months of testing and much reworking, The Dream Toolbox is finally available to the public.

The Dream Toolbox is an interactive computerized version of the Cognitive-Experiential model of working with dreams, developed by Dr. Clara Hill, eminent professor of psychology at the University of Maryland. The model involves a 3-stage process of exploring your dreams, understanding their personal meaning to you, and using what you learned to make positive changes in your life. The Hill model is an integrative, pantheoretical approach to working with dreams that is likely to appeal to most people who are interested in dreams and dream work. It's a great tool for personal growth, but you can also use it for helping your clients (if you're a counselor), training your students (if you're a teacher/professor), & conducting research (for all you scientific/academic types).

The Hill model is the most researched model of dream interpretation there is. It was developed based on research, has been the subject of many studies of dream interpretation process & outcome, and more research is conducted each year. In fact, a new study is in the works to examine The Dream Toolbox itself. Research results consistently show that clients learn about themselves and enjoy the process of working with dreams when using this method.

For more information and to purchase and/or download a registerable limited demo (for Mac or Windows), visit The Dream Toolbox website at:  
<http://www.theampersandgroup.com/DreamToolbox>

>>>> Dancing With The Bear - Recovering the Arts of Dream Healing

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Join us for an exciting and challenging weekend of adventure in which we practice the ancient arts of dream travel, time-folding, shared dreaming, shape-shifting, energy transfer and soul recovery. Journey into a deeper reality to receive gifts of initiation, insight, and healing; and learn powerful techniques for "dreaming your dream", bringing dreams of guidance and healing to others, and healing our world.

Create Safe and Sacred Space for Healing Yourself and Others

Work With the Dream Animals and Spirit Helpers

Learn to Travel in Your Dreams and Bring Back Gifts of Healing

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Meet the Ancestors of Your Spiritual Background and of the Land You

Call Home

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Connect With Your Higher Self And Learn to Dream True

In this high-energy workshop, we delve deep into the source of healing, flowing with the dreaming of Mother Earth and the animal guardians. As we celebrate and honor our journeys and explore the possible ways to wholeness and fulfillment, we'll manifest our heart's desires and follow the path of soul with greater passion, courage and spontaneity.

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Class at St. Mary's College: "Psychology of Dreams and Symbols," Saturday and Sunday, 10-4:30. Credit available. Contact Laura Hide at 925.631.4293

July 10-15, Santa Cruz, CA  
Association for the Study of Dreams annual conference. For brochure go to [www.ASDreams.org/2001](http://www.ASDreams.org/2001) Continuing education credits available. Dream art exhibit. Dream ball. Meet dreamers from all over the world.

Jul 15-20, Lennox, MA  
The Temple of Dream Healing, an intensive with author Robert Moss. For more information visit the website at [www.mossdreams.com](http://www.mossdreams.com) or contact Kripalu (800) 741-7353, [www.kripalu.org](http://www.kripalu.org)

July 16-20, Berkeley, CA  
Class in the Graduate Theological Union Summer Session: "Exploring our Spiritual Selves Through Dreamwork," Monday through Friday, 5:30-9:30pm EVENING class (#PSSPSS0142). Class meets on the Pacific School of Religion campus. Housing available, if you need it. Cost is \$265 for auditing or for 2 continuing education units, or \$365 for 1.5 semester hours credit. Register online at [www.gtusummersession.org](http://www.gtusummersession.org), , or call 510.849.8268 (if you use MC or Visa) or call 800.999.0528 x 1268.

July 19, New York, NY  
"Dreams: A Way of Listening to God?" sponsored by the C.G. Jung Society. See the library homepage for more information. <http://www.junglibrary.org>

July 29-Aug 4, Ghost Ranch, NM  
Jeremy Taylor will be doing daily dream groups as part of the "The Art of Living Well and Dying Well" conference, held at Ghost Ranch. For details, contact Barbara Coombs Lee at [bcoombsLee@aol.com](mailto:bcoombsLee@aol.com)

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\*\* DREAMS \*\* DREAMS \*\* DREAMS \*\* DREAMS \*\* DREAMS \*\* DREAMS  
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New Series begins with [dream-flow@egroup.com](mailto:dream-flow@egroup.com) Digest #1  
09/29/2000

This issue includes volume # 202 - # 226

Hello and welcome to the DREAM SECTION of Electric Dreams.

This section is edited by Richard Wilkerson and the DreamEditor, a software creation of Harry Bosma, author of the Dream interpretation and journaling software AAlchera@. (homepage: <http://mythwell.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  
[dream-flow@lists.best.com](mailto:dream-flow@lists.best.com)  
[dreamstream@topical.com](mailto:dreamstream@topical.com)  
[DreamsRus@onelist.com](mailto:DreamsRus@onelist.com)  
The Dream Sack <http://www.deeplisting.org/ione>  
Usenet groups (too many to name, search DREAM)

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

If you have a mail list or would like to contribute dreams and comments on a regular basis, you can subscribe to the dream-flow by sending an E-mail to  
TO:  
[dream-flow-subscribe@egroups.com](mailto:dream-flow-subscribe@egroups.com)

You may get a note back to verify the subscription. Simply hit the return or reply key and send the note back.

An Archive of dream-flow is available at:  
<http://www.mail-archive.com/dream-flow@egroups.com/>  
Pre-November 2000:  
<http://www.mail-archive.com/dream-flow@lists.best.com/>  
Pre-November 1998  
<http://www.mail-archive.com/ed-core@lists.best.com/>  
Pre-April 1990  
Use Electric Dreams Backissues  
<http://www.dreamgate.com/dream/ed-backissues>

----- BEGIN -----

[dream-flow] Digest Number 202

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Topics in this digest:

1. skin  
From: Anonymous
2. Unknown man missing both arms  
From: Anonymous
3. flickering in  
From: Anonymous
4. Re: From Shan to Stan [flickering in ]  
From: yes wings <yes.wings>
5. Re: From Shan to Stan [flickering in ]  
From: "socaloca" <socaloca>

---

Message: 1

Date: Sat, 26 May 2001 09:53:04 -0700

From: Anonymous

Subject: skin

Dream Title

skin

Date of Dream

am of 5/24

Dream

peeling the skin off of my nose

---

Message: 2

Date: Sat, 26 May 2001 09:54:23 -0700

From: Anonymous

Subject: Unknown man missing both arms

Dream Title

Unknown man missing both arms

Date of Dream

5/25/01

Dream

I can't remember any other part of the dream except for a very small black man missing both his arms. I believe that he was born that way. I did not see them cut off. All the dream dictionaries I have looked this up in indicate myself missing the limbs and its meaning being death or seperation of a relative. How should I interpret this?

---

Message: 3

Date: Sat, 26 May 2001 09:47:45 -0700

editor's note: Stan requests that his dream and identity info be kept together. - r

stan kulikowski ii <stankuli@etherways.com>  
DATE : 25 may 2001 09:12  
DREAM : flickering in

=( last night i tried to sleep early, around 01:00. both of my vcrs are in the shop for repairs, so mother and i can not start a new video series for the 22:00 time slot when her broadcast stations go flat for entertainment value. i could not sleep yet, so about 02:00 i started work on some tech stuff until 03:40 when i felt sleepy again. )=

the group of about six of us are waiting beside the airlock doors for our routine maintenance of the station from outside. we can not proceed because the new woman, an elderly white haired person, does not know how to properly seal up her suit. with a sigh of patience, i unzip my gloves with their velcro stays to help her.

she has been fumbling with her gloves, so i take over and rematch her seals so they mate smoothly without the wrinkles she had in them. also, she has neglected to put on her helmet before her gloves so she had no hope of getting it on without assistance.

"at the leo stations we rarely venture outside." she tells me with a note exasperation in her voice.

"no surprised." i tell her gently as i make certain that none of her hair is caught in the collar groove before i place the helmet over her head. "the low orbit habitats are little more than tourist traps for flatland visitors." she should cut the hair or at least wear a hair net. in zero g, hair seems to get a life of its own, so most of us just cut it to less than nuisance length.

"here in the high stations we work in the vacuum on a regular basis. we learn to seal up our suits properly." i hear a click of her helmet lock and the wheeze of her internal pressure come up.

we step inside the airlock with the others as i start to put my gloves back on. uhoh, there is a small trembler alarm on my wrist so i look at the status display on the back of the sleeve. there is a series of about thirty long strips indicating the cognitive state for each of the crew. one of the dull gray strips, indicating a sleeper, has gone bright red.

"a demon possession." i say more to myself than to the others in the crew. i press the red strip and hold it for a while until it flickers out to gray. that had activated a

magnetic pulse in the sleeping man's neuroimplant, driving out the uninvited spirit. gray for asleep, white for awake, red for demon and green for angel. but an angel will almost never occupy a person's brain unless first invited, so most of the spontaneous conversions are demonic.

the hiss of the air escaping the airlock dopplers down to silence so the sound of my breathing in the suit seems to magnify when there is no background to listen to. my suit triggers its programmed background music in the helmet to counter the operator strain that comes with deafening quiet.

two of the crew make sure that they have a grip on the old lady as we kick free to the EVA railings on the skin of the station. every one makes certain we are each tethered to the railing before going about our separate tasks. the railing through the attaching cables provides power to the suit devices as well as limiting our drift. it is easier take power through the umbilicals than lug about bulky batteries or solar panels.

"what's my spirit's name again?" i hear the old lady ask. her alzheimer deterioration has gotten more advanced than many who come out here for the union.

"ataliel." i remind her for the umpteenth time today. "one of the twenty eight eight angels of the lunar domain. lord of ebb tide and guardian of softshell creatures by night."

when a few of us have gathered on the moon side of the station, i begin the invocation. it is like the reverse of an exorcism, inviting one of the plasmic spirits to cohabit the failing mind of the old woman, so to strengthen her grip on consciousness, and to provide a symbiotic residence for the disembodied angels. i see a tendril of loose saliva curl away from the corner of the woman's mouth, unnoticed as she looks eagerly up at the near moon viewed from the L3 lagrange orbit.

out beyond the earth's magnetic shock wave, in high orbit further than geostationary, the space stations offer a temporary home for human habitation. at this distance the solar winds also offer a medium for spirits. we call them spirits because of tradition, angels and demons depending on their acquaintance with our earthbound notions of ethical behavior. but technically they are just electromagnetic entities. vaporous organizations of charged particles that reside in the particle streams which emit from our sun.

these spirits have a tenacious presence that cling to the various ions and molecules of the thin etheric soup of interplanetary space, using the energy captured to retain memory and form stable personality processes. the main problem they experience in this disembodied existence is

lack of ability to interact with the dense matter found in gravity wells. about all they can do is merge with each other for brief periods in the raw unorganized ion streams. this merger is how they directly exchange information about their experience and form something like a cultural knowledge.

dense matter holds itself together through covalent molecular bonds much stronger than the forces of plasmic cohesion which form the vaporous bodies of the spirits. the magnetic bow wave of a planet is a barrier through which they can rarely penetrate. spirit existence is generally a numb experience, having little ability to move or change anything beyond the ionic medium.

but the evolution of life on planetary surfaces changed all that. nervous tissue developed a covalent chemical mechanism for self organizing molecules into memory and personality processes, much like the patterns in plasmic life outside the gravity wells. for brief periods the spirit lifeforms could penetrate the magnetic shock waves of planets, surf in long enough to find a molecular lifeform, reshape itself to match the synaptic patterns and thereby possess and control the heavy chemical body for a while. this gave spirits a short but substantial way of leaving their imprint heavy matter. they could develop a culture, artifacts, technology. things not possible for them in the etheric streams of the solar winds which is their natural domain.

but the spirit interaction with the heavy bodies of living matter had other effects. over time the heavy earthside bodies of carbon based chemistry adapted to accommodate spirit possession. indeed, eventually vertebrate evolution developed a nervous system that maintained its own pattern of personality that became self aware without the temporary visitation of the spirits from beyond.

even more extraordinary, chemical beings calling themselves 'human' left the gravity well on hydrogen rockets and came into the heavens which are the natural medium for the spirits. outside the heavy bonds of gravity, the angels could more easily do the synaptic takeover of the bodies since the magnetic forces no longer threatened to tear them apart. it was possible now to establish a permanent presence in the animal bodies off planet for as long as the chemical processes could sustain corporal cohesion.

the problem was that our human bodies which brought ourselves off planet into the domain of the heavens already had an organized personality which did not want to be overridden by the spiritual entities we encountered. the solution was found in silicon. a neuromechanical chip

implanted in the brain could generate a magnetic shield which could drive the plasmic spirits out of the body just as the natural magnetic field of earth made permanent possession on the surface impossible. so space travelers could control when their bodies were available for spirit control, and when they would be in protected self control.

i keep calling through the radio waves, inviting ataliel to come as it had promised to shore up this woman's failing grip on existence. the strip on my wrist panel that is keyed to her neuroimplant begins to flicker in green. the angel is moving into its now shared consciousness. i see her eyes relax and turn clear, now certain of her destiny.

=( 10:05 i have run out of time to finish writing this dream. have to get ready to go teach. made some hurried paper notes and hope for later recall of the rest of this dream. 23:30 i get back to this laptop and finish this written description from my notes and now cold memory of the dream. in the morning i had written the explanatory paragraphs of the basic possession mechanisms which were the central understanding i had of the underlying relations between the etherial and corporal. the action narrative with the space suits and the people were easier to recall, so that is what i tried to save on the paper after the dense understanding part was written. the name 'atatiel' i have just pulled from a bedside book. it sounds close to actual angelic name i knew in the dream but can accurately recall the syllables later in the day. it was close to this sound and length. its angelic lordship and attributes are also not remembered, but something similar to atatiel's was mentioned. )=

stankuli@etherways.com

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Message: 4

Date: 26 May 2001 18:06:26 MDT

From: yes wings <yes.wings

Subject: Re: From Shan to Stan [flickering in ]

This is not a dream Stan is trying to get people to read his creative writting. Stan has no self respect. Poor guy im not surprized he writes sience fiction he is obviously out of touch with honest human relationships. It will be hard for others to relate to him and his writting.

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There are 9 messages in this issue.

Topics in this digest:

1. death of friends  
From: Anonymous
2. ice-  
From: Anonymous
3. ex boyfriend  
From: Anonymous
4. the boy.  
From: Anonymous
5. Dream within a dream  
From: Anonymous
6. My sister?  
From: Anonymous
7. Miss Blow Job USA  
From: Anonymous
8. giving hens  
From: Anonymous
9. Psychic Dog Gatherer  
From: Anonymous

---

Message: 1

Date: Sun, 27 May 2001 19:46:21 -0700

From: Anonymous

Subject: death of friends

Dream Title                      death of friends

Date of Dream                    5/25/01

Dream                            i pushed a bus load of people i  
knew off a cliff killing all of them, then signed sorry  
cards, in a second dream a friend burnt to death in yard

---

Message: 2

Date: Mon, 28 May 2001 15:28:16 -0700

From: Anonymous

Subject: ice-

Dream Title                      ice- confused1101

Date of Dream 05/28/01 <4:00 a.m.)  
Dream last night i dremp t i was on like a  
ride that i climbed to the top of a large <like glacier size>  
peice of ice. and then it started to spin, then it was like  
packed up into a truck and drove away, then i was in a room  
and i was like a lesbain and ahhh im like not-

Comments by Dreamer please help me

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Message: 3  
Date: Mon, 28 May 2001 15:28:39 -0700  
From: Anonymous  
Subject: ex boyfriend

Dream Title ex boyfriend - kitkat

Date of Dream 5-27-01 6:00 am  
Dream i was dating this boy for two years  
and he had just broken up with me - so in my dream i am  
going over to his new girlfriends house with him and they  
are all dressed up like they are going to prom or something  
and then he makes a really mean comment about me to all his  
friends at this girls house and i ran out of the house  
crying. i get alone with this girl but im in love with my  
ex. so i wait outside of the house and they run after me and  
when they open the door im just standing there, and they ask  
if i am ok and i said yes and so on and then they all leave  
- what does this mean?

Comments by Dreamer help me figure this out

---

---

Message: 4  
Date: Mon, 28 May 2001 15:29:53 -0700  
From: Anonymous  
Subject: the boy.

Dream Title the boy.

Date of Dream may 24, 2001/ night time  
Dream I was on a sandy beach and it was  
just beautiful out side, and it kind of had a breezy feeling  
outside, and then I was sitting on a swing type hammock  
thing, and this boy Willie comes up to me, and he starts to  
play with my hair, twirling it just in every which way and  
then he told me about how much he cared about me, all of the  
sudden my boyfriends cousin Kristie comes and sits down and  
says "Evian are you liking to Carson?" and I said "no, Cause  
Willie has a girlfriend, I would do anything with him" and

she said "oh... but he broke up with his girlfriend" at this time Willie backed away a little with still enough room to twirl my hair, then, he said "no I broke up with her" and Carson's cousin Kristie said "see he broke up with his girlfriend for you" and I said "no because I love Carson"

Comments by Dreamer Carson is my boyfriend who I love so much. Willie is a guy in my second period class who has a girlfriend but tells me all the time how pretty I am and asks me, if I'm still going out with Carson everyday.

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Message: 5

Date: Mon, 28 May 2001 15:31:52 -0700

From: Anonymous

Subject: Dream within a dream

Dream Title Dream within a dream

Date of Dream 5/23/01 9:00AM

Dream I am at work, and we are taking a break from the office to go on a beach outing. There are many young girls around me, one is terribly skinny, only bones. I ask her how she is feeling, if she had the surgery, but she doesn't answer. My boss, who is a man, decides that each employee will get to ride in his sportscar, individually. I am apprehensive, but I submit to it, and when it is my turn it gets very uncomfortable on the drive. We stop and he is chasing me around the car. I am pulling on my boyfriend's arm in bed while this is going on, whispering the words that I am screaming in my dream. I want him to wake me up. But he is not actually next to me, it is a dream within a dream.

Lots of yellow and running in the dream.

Comments by Dreamer I cannot find information on what it means to have a dream within a dream. I am sure many others have them, and would also be interested in finding out. Thank you for this opportunity.

Permission to Comment yes\_share\_comments

Permission Comments Please inform me if I have been chosen. brooke@madhive.com

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Message: 6

Date: Mon, 28 May 2001 15:29:26 -0700

From: Anonymous

Subject: My sister?



wanted to hang out with me. It was extremely dark out, and we wended at high speed through wooded areas like old New Jersey Residential Highways. Gavino stopped the car. A white powdery substance had exploded all over the window. I realized he was making a cocaine deal. He'd only asked me along because nobody else would go with him. At first, I just lowered my seat back and pretended to go to sleep. If the cops came, I would just tell them I was only along for the ride and didn't really know what was going on. They probably wouldn't believe me. So I began to wipe the inside of the window with a kitchen sink sponge. Gavino appreciated the help. Gavino and the men who were buying the coke were there, then suddenly gone. I was alone with the car on the road. I drove it to the nearest building which resembled some sort of refinery or industrial complex. It was made of white concrete. I drove my car up a fairly steep slope, avoiding large obstacles (like flattened furniture, like 2-D stage props). I stopped coming upon a large hole the size of a shallow grave with an intricate model of a suburban neighborhood inside. I didn't want to crush it and I wasn't sure if the car could pass over. I was drunk and standing at the top of the slope. I fell and slid face first down on the concrete, scraped my belly up pretty bad. The noise was like wet cement being scraped up by a trowel. The slope was much steeper than it appeared. It was an architectural optical illusion designed by the men in the control room. The slope was a method for testing people. I had scored well, the way I slid down on my stomach, and the members of the institute were impressed. They wanted me to stay on for a while. Days passed and I sobered up. I got a shower and took the test on the slope again. I could see how many obstacles there were this time much clearer and I avoided them easily and gracefully. I knew I'd be getting a perfect score. The course seemed much more involved the second time with the faux furniture arranged on rotating floor panes. Little plastic triggers stuck out of the surface of the slope in star-like patterns. In front of me, a blonde haired woman in a business suit was entering an elevator. The test was still going on. It was certainly a deviation from the test, but I figured I'd chat with her. She was very affectionate toward me and we began touching and fondling immediately. I followed her to a small room set up like a living room. She left me there to read magazines. There was a magazine with a blonde-haired Hardy-boy's era Teenage Model. It was called Miss Blow Job USA. It had the same flavor as a World Wrestling Federation Magazine. The blonde returned with two dark-skinned friends. I noticed how much younger than me they were. I realized the blonde to my surprise was Miss Blow Job USA. She quickly gave me a blow job. And somehow she made me give myself a blow job. This was my first sexual experience and I was a little nervous. I saw myself as a little nervous mulatto boy. The dark skinned girls traded off putting my penis in their mouth and giving me hand jobs. An instructor from the

institute walked through the room and made a comment about the low-quality of the hand jobs I was receiving. He could tell by the redness of my member. Comments by Dreamer There's another little part that seems somehow unrelated. Not sure.

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Message: 8

Date: Mon, 28 May 2001 15:32:50 -0700

From: Anonymous

Subject: giving hens

Dream Title giving hens

Date of Dream 28.05.01

Dream I dreamt that I gave my girlfriend two hens , they were healthy and vwey white

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Message: 9

Date: Mon, 28 May 2001 15:32:22 -0700

From: Anonymous

Subject: Psychic Dog Gatherer

Dream Title Psychic Dog Gatherer

Date of Dream 5/28/01 1:00 PM

Dream I had a dream that I was at a social function where people were driving up with their dogs. There was a busy road, however and the dogs were running around everywhere. They kept telling me to watch their dogs and make sure they did not get hit by cars. So I gathered up the dogs. I was really waiting for a woman who they said would be there. She is a woman who works in a gift shop near by whom I swear is psychic. When I first met her she gave me the creeps, but the more I have gone to her shop, I highly enjoy the comfort in the connection of our thoughts. I saw her in a car driving up, but never had a chance to speak to her because I was awakened by something.

Comments by Dreamer Have you any idea what this means? I'm not sure about the dog gathering, but dreaming about the woman makes me want to visit her soon.

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Subject: Loosing Dreams

Dream Title                      Loosing Dreams - Lockett Somerville

Date of Dream                      31stMay 2001

Dream                                  Sitting under father moon

His pull

His reign

Ever present upon our lives.

His influence, illuminating

Our passage with pale blue eyes.

His solace

As quiet as the dead of night.

His assured presence

Always leads his shadow,

Giving comfort to the solitude

Which seems so real and always there,

Like memories feeding dreams

Like the shadows from his light

Guiding this pen.

And as with this cold, metal bench

That I rest this wandering reality

And in turn the actuality of this nocturnal dream.

The wind

Communications of nature

Whispers it's nightly scent

Carrying the noises of reality;

The excited dog

Yelping its mind

The drunken lovers

Stumbling blind

The scratching pen

Of time.

And while the summer laden trees

With their orgy of leaves

Dance upon the nightly breeze.

Hushed

The wind carries our dreams

Taking them over this land

And out to sea

Where shoals of bottles bob

Helplessly upon the nervous veneer.

And wrapped

Safe inside

Each of these bobbing bottles

A plea for help

>From that little space in time

That second of this night

That reality

Which we call life:

"Help me!

I'm on an island

Somewhere...

There's nothing here



Comments by Dreamer i like mark but he flirts around alot. were always playing around and hugging each other. but nothing more.I just wanna now what this means.

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Message: 3

Date: Fri, 01 Jun 2001 16:49:58 -0000

From: misterdoel

Subject: Various dreams (reposted from elsewhere)

I know I haven't posted much here since I've joined, but my dreams seem to follow some common themes.

For instance, I mentioned the one I'd had a few times where there's something like a interdimensional land bridge that connects all the continents, so that you could walk from New York to Australia in just minutes. Well, now that I think of it, I've had plenty of dreams that feature something like that.

For instance, there have been plenty that were set in an apartment complex like the one my family and I moved from twentysomething years ago, with sidewalks that lead off into the distance. Not running alongside highways or streets or anything, just a sidewalk that stretches off into the distance as far as the eye can see.

Usually I know pretty much what my dreams mean when I wake up, or anyway when I recall them, but this sidewalks-in-the-distance thing has me stumped.

There was another one I can remember, where I was in a meeting room for some type of get-together, and afterwards, when most of the people had left, there was just me and an attractive but somewhat overweight young woman. I felt this compulsion to walk over to where she was, with no idea what would happen next. I did walk over to her but she didn't even seem aware that I was there. Only when I was standing over the woman did she even look up at me. I found myself leaning over as if to kiss her. She reared back, and so did I. Then, I tried again, and this time she leaned in, and when our lips met, something didn't feel right. What I felt didn't match what I saw. It was more like a piece of cloth was being pulled across my lips. Then I woke up...  
...to find that I WAS drawing the edge of the sheet up against my mouth!

=====

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When I mentioned my dreams following common themes, I mean

common for me. Many of them contain the same or similar symbolism.

Another one that I recall rather vividly, started as far as I could tell in a large official building, like a public library or post office. A large crowd was gathered in the lobby, and they were all looking or waiting for something in particular to happen outside, and there had been a warning not to leave the building until whatever it is had happened. Meanwhile, people outside were at the windows and doors, beckoning us insiders to come out. After a while I began to see people outside who had been inside, but they hadn't opened the doors; it was like they had teleported outside or something. Finally some insider decided to be brave: he opened the doors and walked out. The crowd followed, and as soon as I got out there, I saw my father, who wanted to know why I was holed up in there with all those people. I didn't really know myself.

He went on about his business, and in quick order the crowd dispersed. I began walking away from the building, and on the sidewalk I came across a large oily metal contraption that resembled a truck part, a telescoping axle or spindle of some kind, and it was still spinning. I couldn't understand how the thing was still working if it was lying there on the ground, unattached to anything. Just then I noticed that not only was the apparent truck part oily, but the ground, the sidewalk, the street, and even the trees were covered with a thin coating of black oily grime.

I walked away from the slowly spinning and pistoning truck part and as I neared the next corner, the surroundings got more and more oily. Pretty soon there were large puddles of black goop in the street, and cars were splashing it all over everyone. At the corner the oil seemed to be oozing up from small holes in the concrete.

There was a man who stood out in my mind. He was a formerly well-dressed middle-aged black man (I mean, he would have been black even without the oil), and he was wearing a suit. Every exposed inch of his clothes was soaked with oil, but it was dry on him while everyone else was greasy with it. Somehow, though, the man's oily crust didn't seem to bother him, though all the oil bewildered me. I couldn't understand why I was the only one the oil seemed to be bothering. Everybody else was standing around and letting the passing traffic splash them.

I waited at the corner for my bus, and while I waited, every manner of wheeled conveyance passed, splashing oil everywhere. Finally, a young white couple, both in white T-shirt and jeans, ran around the corner trying to avoid the flying oil. I wondered how they managed to keep their t-shirts mostly white and dry when everyone else's clothing

was mostly black and oily.

Then, I woke up.

=====  
=====

Last night I had a doozy.

I seem to have a regular thing in my dreams where the setting is one I don't recall ever being in in real life. In this case the setting was an office party, in an office I've visited rather often in my dreams but never in real life, at least not that I can recall.

In the dream we were having a going-away party for a coworker, a very attractive dark-skinned black woman named Rose, who was also a personal friend of mine from before I started the job (also a fictitious person). In the dream I was somewhat infatuated with the woman, who was leaving to get married and move away. At the end of the party, she was somewhat morose, singing "I wanna go home" with a sad smile on her face, meaning not where she was then living but the new home she would be making with her husband.

In the party we had given her a full-length fur coat (aren't we generous coworkers?), and the office was supposedly closed for the afternoon. Someone had forgotten to lock the front door, however, so unknown to us a drug-addled young man had made his way into the office, and was busy going through the outer rooms to see what he could find. Rose had placed her new coat on a table just inside the main reception area, where someone could easily reach through the window and take it. Well, the young man saw the coat, and tried to take it, just as Rose saw him approaching the window. She foolishly grabbed the coat and tried to pull it from his grasp. He pulled out a gun and killed her with one shot.

Left me and the coworkers quite distraught.

The next thing I knew, I was back at the beginning of the dream. Somehow I had traveled back in time, but I was the only one aware of the repetition. I knew what was going to happen, and now I had a chance to prevent it from happening, and naturally I was quite ambivalent about whether I should try. I kept thinking that if I prevented this tragedy from happening to Rose, it could be ME that gets killed this time, or maybe I would just "disappear" once I changed the course of events that technically have already happened.

I kept trying to speak privately to Rose or to her best friend, an attractive light-skinned black woman also named Rose, but every time I tried, someone else would pop up and have something to do or say that took my opportunity away. I



Topics in this digest:

1. 6/1 dreams  
From: Heratheta
2. Golden Eagles  
From: Anonymous
3. Dreams again  
From: Bryan Doe <misterdoe1

---

Message: 1

Date: Sat, 2 Jun 2001 11:29:31 EDT  
From: Heratheta  
Subject: 6/1 dreams

See [WWW.dreamgate.com./dream/dubetz/](http://WWW.dreamgate.com./dream/dubetz/)

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Message: 2

Date: Sat, 02 Jun 2001 09:48:00 -0700  
From: Anonymous  
Subject: Golden Eagles

Dream Title                      Golden Eagles

Date of Dream                    1995

Dream                              My brother and I are walking along a very long straight road, with trees lining either side. We walk a long time and become very hungry. Pidgeons fly around our heads and we try to reach them for something to eat but they flutter beyond our reach. We hear a car pull up behind us. We look around over our shoulder, while continuing to walk. We see two plain closed govt security men with rifles get out of a panel van. We look forward, then back again. The van is still there, but the cops are gone and in their place are two large golden eagles. They come and fly over our heads, sweeping around the pidgeons. The pidgeons fall to the ground, cooked and prepared beautifully. We pick up our shares and eat as we walk. We are filled. We look back and see the eagles land on the van. We look back and the men are getting into the van and the eagles are gone. The van drives off. We continue on our path.

Comments by Dreamer            This was a very colourful vivid dream. Any clues to it's meaning? All comments welcome.

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Message: 3

Date: Sat, 2 Jun 2001 10:25:08 -0700 (PDT)

From: Bryan Doe <misterdoel

Subject: Dreams again

I can see that a lot of my dreams include involvement with a woman, sometimes a real person, sometimes fictitious, but it's always a romantic involvement of some type.

Last night was no exception. There was a young woman, a very attractive lightskinned woman that seemed to be fictitious (she doesn't bring anyone in particular to mind). She was nineteen, but rather childish. She and some friends (including me) went on a trip, and someone seemed to have delivered an ultimatum to her that she might "have a chance with me" if she found a way to grow up during this trip. So she did. Most of the dream is kind of sketchy, but one scene I recall is me just standing there, staring at her, with our faces just INCHES apart. To use military terminology, she was standing at three-o'clock and staring straight ahead (off to my right). It was almost as if we were trying to see if we could outlast each other by being that close without doing anything. We did speak, but there was no contact, even though her lips seemed to be SCREAMING to be kissed, or was it my lips that were screaming to kiss them?

There were other dreams too, but they're still kind of a jumble right now, and I don't want to spend too much time on the computer today (for once), so I guess I'll have to fill in the rest later.

\*Bryan\*

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There are 12 messages in this issue.

Topics in this digest:

1. Cobras and The Beach  
From: Anonymous
2. doors  
From: Anonymous
3. Boxing Ring  
From: Anonymous
4. The Invincible Man  
From: Anonymous
5. serinity\_rain  
From: Anonymous
6. shooting, scared and wondering  
From: Anonymous
7. School  
From: Anonymous

8. ODD TO SAY THE LEAST-  
From: Anonymous
9. Golden Eagle  
From: Anonymous
10. 'Hostage'  
From: Anonymous
11. Another time  
From: Anonymous
12. Re: Digest Number 207  
From: "Cheryl" <kiara01

---

Message: 1

Date: Sun, 03 Jun 2001 16:43:29 -0700

From: Anonymous

Subject: Cobras and The Beach

Dream Title Cobras and The Beach

Date of Dream 5/28/01

Dream My husband dreamed that we were living back in my hometown and the beach was covered with Cobras and he was hired to go and shoot them all.

Comments by Dreamer Do you think this means anything?

Permission to Comment yes\_share\_comments

Permission Comments Any hints are welcomed.

---

Message: 2

Date: Sun, 03 Jun 2001 16:44:11 -0700

From: Anonymous

Subject: doors

Dream Title doors

Date of Dream may 1 2001

Dream im in my bedroom and hear a noise-- i get up and it's a alligator--white-it starts to chase me threw each room and i keep closing doors as i go--but it keep's on chaseing me. i am screaming--i wake myself up

Comments by Dreamer i know the closing of the doors is important but i don't know why--what does it mean ?

---

Message: 3

Date: Sun, 03 Jun 2001 16:41:50 -0700

From: Anonymous

Subject: Boxing Ring

Dream Title                    Boxing Ring, suzie\_q13

Date of Dream                 wed. may 30/2001

Dream                         i dreamed i was a lawyer on ally mcbear and i was against one of my friends, only we were grown up and she was married to a guy in our class, who she doesn't like. when we were in court, in the center of the room there was a big boxing ring, and we were fighting with sockem boppers. the judge was the guy who she was married to.

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Message: 4

Date: Sun, 03 Jun 2001 16:43:47 -0700

From: Anonymous

Subject: The Invincible Man

Dream Title                    The Invincible Man

Date of Dream                 May 31,01 at 1:30 am

Dream                         I dreamed that I was next door at my neighbors house (who just moved), and the new neighbors were there. A man walked in the door, and wanted to reenact a scene from *Scream*, and I didn't want to. I ran to the kitchen and got a knife, and we were wrestling. I stabbed him in the shoulder, then again in the other one. I stabbed both of his eyes out, his nose, and through his brain. I wrote with the knife the word "stop" on his chest, and he still didn't die. What does this mean?

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Message: 5

Date: Sun, 03 Jun 2001 16:42:26 -0700

From: Anonymous

Subject: serinity\_rain

Dream Title                    serinity\_rain

Date of Dream                 5/27/01

Dream                         i walked into a house which looked very familiar after a minute i realized it was the house i used to live in. i walked into a room and there i saw my father lying on his death bed. i guess several days had gone by and i was the only one there with my father. i whispered for me to come over to him. there he took my hand and told

me that he loved me and i should never forget that and not to weep for what was about to happen. he slowly let go af my hand and passed away

Comments by Dreamer           it scared me to awake and expect my father not to be there, but i was relieved to see him ready to go and take me to school that morning. i just can't help but to wander what if any the hint or message of that dream was.

---

Message: 6  
Date: Sun, 03 Jun 2001 16:43:11 -0700  
From: Anonymous  
Subject: shooting, scared and wondering

Dream Title                   shooting, scared and wondering

Date of Dream                5-26-00  
Dream                        i had a dream that me and my mom were in some kind of store and a man ( im not sure if he worked there) started shooting at us, we both had holes all over and in the middle of our head. but yet we ran out of there and did not die. we were talking in the car showing each other our wonds, and there i woke up.

Comments by Dreamer        it was really weird, im now thinking if its time for me to die or am i going to get hurt? whats even stranger is i spent the night with my boyfriend that night and he had a simmalar dream but his was of a guy chacing him and his fanily around trying to kill them. is something bad going to happen to us or our familys? and also y was it me and my mom? i know we have been haning alot of problems lately and i have alot of hatred toward her for the past, but i would never wish for her to die

---

Message: 7  
Date: Sun, 03 Jun 2001 16:45:17 -0700  
From: Anonymous  
Subject: School

Dream Title                   School

Date of Dream                June 1/6:00 a.m.  
Dream                        I had a dream that my x-boyfriend was helping me around my school that seemed alot bigger. It was very very dark and you couldn't see that well. He held my hand the whole way but I don't remember letting go.

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Message: 8

Date: Sun, 03 Jun 2001 16:44:33 -0700

From: Anonymous

Subject: ODD TO SAY THE LEAST-

Dream Title ODD TO SAY THE LEAST-LUCID DREAMER

Date of Dream 06.01.06-early in the morning

Dream I practice lucid dreaming, and this one was undoubtedly the strangest one yet. I awoke in my room, thinking I had really gotten up, but I noticed strange markings on the walls. The marks looked like some kind of ancient writing. Next, I realized I was dreaming and instantly sensed that the markings had just been put there by aliens. I ran into the hallway and encountered my brother Erik, and immediately I started telling him that we were dreaming together, but he didn't respond and seemed totally detached. I lost lucidity, and found myself awaking again in my dream. I thought I had really become awake, but I was dreaming again. But this time, I ended up dreaming in my dream. I was suspended in space, and I could see the milky way galaxy, and a few others. I had the strongest sensation that I was really just hanging somewhere in the universe, observing galaxies. I was lucid in my inner dream, but felt paralyzed.

Finally, that ended and I found myself in a basement with a group of other people who all appeared to be lucid, and someone was telling us we would stay in that basement forever. But then there was an earthquake, and the whole environment started to melt, and a few seconds later I awoke. I've omitted a few details for the sake of brevity

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Message: 9

Date: Sun, 03 Jun 2001 16:44:59 -0700

From: Anonymous

Subject: Golden Eagle

Dream Title Golden Eagle

Date of Dream 1995

Dream My brother and I are walking along a very long straight road, with trees lining either side. We walk a long time and become very hungry. Pigeons fly around our heads and we try to reach them for something to eat but they flutter beyond our reach. We hear a car pull up behind us. We look around over our shoulder, while continuing to walk. We see two plain closed govt security men with rifles get out of a panel van.

We look forward, then back again. The van is still there, but the cops are gone and in their place are two large golden eagles. They come and fly over our heads, sweeping around the pigeons. The pigeons fall to the ground, cooked and prepared beautifully. We pick up our shares and eat as we walk. We are filled. We look back and see the eagles land on the van. We look back and the men are getting into the van and the eagles are gone. The van drives off. We continue on our path.

Comments by Dreamer            All Comments welcome

Permission to Comment        yes\_share\_comments  
Permission Comments        you can reach me by email on  
swshhh@hotmail.com

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Message: 10  
Date: Sun, 03 Jun 2001 16:45:38 -0700  
From: Anonymous  
Subject: 'Hostage'

Dream Title                    'Hostage' By Chelle

Date of Dream                28/5/01  
Dream                        I was in a hotel and was called down to reception upon where a masked gunman grabbed me and took me into a room with lots of other people. We were made to stand in a line by the window so that the police could see us. The gunman then went to inspect everyone but when he got to me he reacted different. He picked me up and threw me through a glass window then shot at me . I was hit and remember feeling a pain in my stomach where I was shot. I then fell to the ground and died on the spot.

Comments by Dreamer        I woke up feeling very scared and remember trying to wake myself from the dream as it was happening but was unable

Permission to Comment        yes\_share\_comments  
Permission Comments        Any help would be useful as I have never had a dream like this before.

---

Message: 11  
Date: Sun, 03 Jun 2001 16:42:53 -0700  
From: Anonymous  
Subject: Another time

Dream Title

Another time: erenamidnight

Date of Dream

25/05/2001

Dream

I had a dream that I was to perform in a concert, as I was standing there waiting I thought to myself, I can't sing or dance they must have the wrong person. I rushed to the bathroom to have a look at myself in the mirror and the image that stared back was a totally different person. I was shocked, stunned and curious. I perform and found out I could sing after the concert my bestfriend took me back to her house. In reality I have never seen this person in my life but in the dream it felt like I had known her for years. Anyway I found out she was dying and she asked me to guide her spirit to heaven, I then told her I wasn't allowed until it was my time to go to heaven. Then she died and I watched her spirit float higher and higher into the sky. I was amazed by what I had just seen and went wandering down the road in a peaceful state. I then came to a undercover carpark and there I saw a lot of wolves with white hair and blue eyes. At first I was afraid but then something inside me told me not to be afraid. So I carry on walking, I felt pain for these wolves for they were injured, some of these wolves came in families with their pups, then all of a sudden a man came out of nowhere and killed a wolf, I knew he was a hunter and strange enough my instincts told me he had killed a female wolf. I was really hurt and enraged I was so angry with this guy that I wiped him out of the place and of existence. I then woke up wondering about everything I had dreamed of.

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Message: 12

Date: Mon, 4 Jun 2001 10:13:25 +1000

From: "Cheryl" <kiara01

Subject: Re: Digest Number 207

Ok...I dream I am in a car...people are strangers to me, I am in the back with 2 children. I am in the middle. There is a man with dark hair driving, but I can not see his face. Everyone else appear to be sleeping. We are on a long stretch of road that curves to the right ahead. Coming up to the curve I feel there is something about to happen. The man does not seem to be turning with the curve...ahead of us a I see an approaching cement wall...I think it is a part of an overhead bridge. We are going straight for the wall....just before we hit, I close my eyes....and then I hear like a very loud wave after wave of peircing noises...and I jump myself awake. Weird eh? and not a nice thing to experience!

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There are 6 messages in this issue.

Topics in this digest:

1. Llama Quest -  
From: Anonymous
2. bombed without oxygen  
From: Anonymous
3. kamy  
From: Anonymous
4. Stuck on me!  
From: Anonymous
5. Re: Llama Quest -  
From: "P Ingerson" <pi
6. Underground Overground  
From: "P Ingerson" <pi

---

Message: 1

Date: Mon, 04 Jun 2001 08:55:03 -0700

From: Anonymous

Subject: Llama Quest -

Dream Title                      Llama Quest - Whyte Pearl

Date of Dream                    I don't remember

Dream                            I dreamt I was about to be cursed with immortality in the body of an animal. There was a bengal tiger there with the same problem. He told me that if he killed another with his curse, he could become human again and live out the rest of his life. But he didn't want to kill me because he thought I was another tiger. A female one. Then I changed into a llama. The tiger saw this and decided to finish me off, but I was more trouble to him than he was expecting and kept evading him. The last of my dream had me jump into the back of a truck just starting to speed away, so I knew the tiger couldn't catch up and kill me.

Comments by Dreamer            \*chuckles\* I loved this dream. Some would consider it a nightmare, but it was unexpected for me to turn into a llama of all things.  :)

Permission to Comment        yes\_share\_comments

Permission Comments        Sure. Heh. You can try to interpret this dream if you like. My email addy is whyte\_pearl@hotmail.com.



Date of Dream

Dream I had a very physically disturbing dream a few weeks ago that I was eating peanut-butter bread, with human ashes scattered on it. I was conscious of what I was doing, but didn't seem to mind. There was a very distinct smell and taste - one I remember from a similar dream several years ago, in which I was eating a human spinal cord. Both dreams made me physically ill (but in the dream, I was unmoved at the prospect of cannibalism). I do not have cannibalistic thoughts or desires, and have obviously never tried it. Both dreams came at a seemingly normal part of my life. I am so interested in what anyone may have to help me.

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Message: 4

Date: Mon, 04 Jun 2001 16:22:37 -0700

From: Anonymous

Subject: Stuck on me!

Dream Title Stuck on me!

Date of Dream

06/04/01

Dream I dreamt of a green frog stuck on my back. I could even feel the pressure of it attached to me! Someone was trying to get it off my back but it just wouldn't come off.

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Message: 5

Date: Tue, 5 Jun 2001 05:08:55 +0100

From: "P Ingerson" <pi

Subject: Re: Llama Quest -

Hi Pearl,

I read your dream on the dream-flow list, and I loved it. Sorry I don't know much about interpreting other people's dream, but here are my thoughts anyway. Hope they help.

----- Original Message -----

| Dream Title Llama Quest - Whyte Pearl | Date of Dream  
| I don't remember | Dream I dreamt I was about to  
be cursed with immortality

It's interesting that you think of immortality as a curse. Is there any big problem or worry in your life? Something that won't go away and you can't solve?

| There was a bengal tiger there with the same problem. He  
| told me that if he killed another with his curse, he could  
| become human again and live out the rest of his life. But  
| he didn't want to kill me because he thought I was another  
| tiger. A female one.

So he spared your life so he could mate with you? The cliché'd suggestion is that maybe the tiger could represent something connected with sexual desires? Either your own sexuality, or a (potential?) lover?

| Then I changed into a llama. The tiger saw this and decided | to finish me off

Ok. He's gone from wanting to mate with you, to wanting to kill you. If the tiger is your own sexuality, then maybe you're afraid of it? Do you feel like you're something different from the normal sexual relationships? Perhaps there are some repressed issues you need to resolve?

Or if he represents a lover, then the fact that you've changed and he no longer finds you attractive, might imply doubts and worries about a real-life relationship?

| but I was more trouble to him than he was expecting and | kept evading him. The last of my dream had me jump into | the back of a truck just starting to speed away, so I knew | the tiger couldn't catch up and kill me.

Either way, you're just running away from the problem instead of addressing it, which brings me back to the original point about you not wanting immortality because of issues that won't go away?

| Comments by Dreamer \*chuckles\* I loved this dream. | Some would consider it a nightmare, but it was unexpected | for me to turn into a llama of all things. :) | Permission to Comment yes\_share\_comments | Permission Comments Sure. Heh. You can try to interpret this | dream if you like.

Hope this helped.

Pi.

---

Message: 6

Date: Tue, 5 Jun 2001 06:08:13 +0100

From: "P Ingerson" <pi

Subject: Underground Overground

I've still been only remembering brief snatches of my dreams, often not enough to even bother writing them in a dream-journal.

Here's one of the longer ones from a couple of nights ago. In fact it's the longest bit of a dream I can remember for weeks:

I'm in a London Underground station, probably Victoria only it's different from the real-life station. There are lots more barriers and restrictions on where you can go, including low brass railings running along the centre of the corridors.

To cross from one side of the corridor to the other, you must put your ticket in one of the automatic gates. (These don't look like the real ticket gates, instead they've got a Victorian-style look about them with lots of brass and wood.

But I don't really notice this at the time.)  
I'm there for some reason that must have been explained earlier in the dream -- probably running or hiding from someone. But I'm not there to catch a train, so I don't have the right ticket to put in the gates and I don't want to draw attention to myself by asking for help. I wander round, unable to get where I want to go  
Finally I find a gate which lets me through. It's in the low brass railings that run the length of a very narrow corridor. And although the left-hand-side of the corridor is empty, I've now crossed over into the right-hand-side which is crowded, making my progress hard.  
I emerge from the station into a strange place. A wide passage, open to the sky, between two gently sloping, curving concrete walls. Although there are no more railings or barriers, the paved floor has lines marked on it, dividing it into lanes, and within each lane into sections. (With hindsight, the markings on the ground and the fact that it's gently curving make it look a bit like an athletics track. But once again, I don't notice this at the time, which isn't surprising because I'm not a big fan of athletics at all!)  
People are standing on the lines, waiting for something. I realise what this place must have originally been. This was where people waited in Victorian times while letting doctors remove all their blood to experiment on it. Because it was such a messy process it was done outdoors, and the markings dividing this place into sections were so that they could have one patient per section, and they wouldn't get splattered by their neighbour's blood as that was removed.

Well, that's all I remember of that dream. I think it ended about there anyway, but I just wish I knew more about how it started and why I was in the Underground station in the first place.

I've got snatches of other dreams from the same night (sitting in a pub or café being distracted by the vendor's cries from a whelk stall outside. A four-month-old photo of my cat Shelly reading a book with markings on her that look like she's wearing one of those mediaeval veil things.) but nothing as long as this one, so I suppose I should be glad I can recall as much of it as I did.  
Cheers, Pi.

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There are 4 messages in this issue.

Topics in this digest:

1. crab  
From: Anonymous

2. Buildings with narrow hallways  
From: Anonymous
3. bridge high above a violent river  
From: Anonymous
4. crush on ted dreams  
From: Anonymous

---

Message: 1

Date: Thu, 07 Jun 2001 19:10:53 -0700

From: Anonymous

Subject: crab

Dream Title crab

Date of Dream 6/7/00

Dream My 5 year old son dreamed about crabs and I dreamed about the same thing the same night. I ask a couple of people and they said this is not a good sign.

Comments by Dreamer I need to know what this mean/

---

Message: 2

Date: Thu, 07 Jun 2001 19:12:12 -0700

From: Anonymous

Subject: Buildings with narrow hallways

Dream Title Buildings with narrow hallways Roni

Date of Dream Have been having it over the past few years offand on

Dream I'm always wandering through buildings looking for something, usually the halls are narrow, it's not scary or necessarily frustrating, I'm just always wandering hallways, looking into rooms but the rooms never have anything significant about them.

---

Message: 3

Date: Thu, 07 Jun 2001 19:11:48 -0700

From: Anonymous

Subject: bridge high above a violent river

Dream Title

Date of Dream 29/05/01  
Dream Started on rope bridge high above a violent river, surrounded by cliffs. At one end there were 2 men waiting to push my off and at other end there was a rope ladder. Very difficult to climb down. Managed to get down and meet my friends at a hotel we were staying at. Go back to the river but now there is a water park. I remove my jacket and notice I'm only wearing my bra so guy I'm currently dating (Jon) decides to take me back to hotel. Get back to hotel lobby and put my bag down but when I turn back I can't find it. Jon is struggling to carry loads of bags but won't let me help him. We head upstairs towards the room but I keep losing him and don't know where I am. When I get to the top Jon opens the door of the room and we both go in.

Comments by Dreamer Very vivid. Occurred a couple of days after one where I went out with Jon and friends in just a bath robe, are these connected?

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Message: 4  
Date: Thu, 07 Jun 2001 19:12:55 -0700  
From: Anonymous  
Subject: crush on ted dreams

Dream Title

Date of Dream  
Dream i had two dreams and i think they are related. the first one was one when i had a crush on ted. It was his 16th birthday party and i showed up wearing my dad's clothes. When people would talk to me, i couldn't hear them. Then a slow song started playing and me and ted looked at each other. He came over and took my hand and said "Come with me." We ended up walking on the corner of my street. My clothes had transformed from my dad's clothes to one of my dresses, with my hair done and everything. Then i realized ted was crying. I asked him what was wrong and he said he was going to take care of everything. He pulled out a gun and i yelled "Ted what are you doing?" I pulled on his arm and then there was a gun shot and everything went black. When my second dream happened, i had gotten over Ted and was dating Joey.  
Here's what happened in my dream; I was talking to Joey online and I kept typing that i felt dizzy. Then i fainted. My dad came home 10 minutes later and called 911. I was in the hospital with tubes up my nose and everything. My dad and my brother were waiting outside. Joey came in and asked "Can i do anything to help?" I said just hold my hand and don't let go. Then i closed my eyes and i didn't have a pulse. The doctor's rushed me to ER to operate on me or something. Then i came back to life. My mom died when i was

10, and the whole time i was there i could feel her there watching over me.

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There are 7 messages in this issue.

Topics in this digest:

1. I missed my chance with her  
From: Anonymous
  2. cat  
From: Anonymous
  3. me  
From: Anonymous
  4. Taking shots  
From: Anonymous
  5. many nightmares, usually very gruesome ones  
From: Anonymous
  6. Hopelessly Confused  
From: Anonymous
  7. 7 year nap  
From: Anonymous
- 
- 

Message: 1

Date: Sun, 10 Jun 2001 21:25:37 -0700

From: Anonymous

Subject: I missed my chance with her

Dream Title                    I missed my chance with her

Date of Dream                06/08/01-10:10 A.M.

Dream                        My dream was about this girl that I met in some store. I was picking my mother up a present for her birthday. I got her a catalog on furniture. The girl hands me a hook that you can use on bricks. She was wearing a orange shirt with a black coat over it. (The reason why I used this title is because I missed my chance to express how I felt about her let alone her phone number.)

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Message: 2

Date: Sun, 10 Jun 2001 21:30:52 -0700

From: Anonymous

Subject: cat



in her home. The second part--after returning to sleep was that I was driving his car and stopped to shoot a deer that someone else had hit but did not kill...as I stood beside its body a car came roaring over the hill and hit me....a bit disturbing...I am getting no rest lately and any help in interpretation or control would be greatly appreciated.  
Dee

Comments by Dreamer            When dreams come regularly as nightmares to the point of no rest the stress seems to carry forward and increase...Are there resources that can be utilized for practical control?

---

Message: 5

Date: Sun, 10 Jun 2001 21:30:29 -0700

From: Anonymous

Subject: many nightmares, usually very gruesome ones

Dream Title                    Please help me in this-  
Crabby\_Lioness

Date of Dream                  recurring at around 3:00 a.m, 4:30 a.m and 6:45 a.mon June 10th, 2001

Dream                          For the past weeks, I have been having many nightmares, usually very gruesome ones mainly about dangers to my family (my parents and my 2 elder siblings). But for the past 2 days, I have been having the same dream 4 times and it had only a few differences but usually the dreams are very vague. Before I relate it, there is this bloke Peter whom i love a lot (in fact more than my own life) and he lives in Harare.. I have so far not had any disturbing dreams about him but this one being different makes me very scared.-

On all 4 occassions, the dream starts (?) on a very sunny locality with blue skies, lots of greenery, at a small sports stadium. Peter is a sportsperson (also in real life) and I come across his team mates and their wives. However I meet two others whom I know well but they don't seem to notice me even when I try to talk to them. Saddened, I go to the lawn where I am joined by my two close friends Priety and Neesha. It is then that I understand that I am going to get married tomorrow to none other than Peter. However I don't seem to be happy about it at all. In fact it is as if I am forced into it. I try to talk to Priety about it (she is usually a great listener) but she tells me to get over my fears and get married. When I get back to my home, there are many to wish me congrats on going to get married tomorrow. I also come across a guy who seems to be actually my love interest or something, Andy (in real life, there is no other person I despise most). Then comes the wedding!

I have always wanted a formal wedding with the traditional

white gown and the like, but this wedding took place in a large room and Peter was wearing a tux but I was wearing a short pink dress (pink is not exactly my favourite colour). It is the recurrence of this dream which scares me along with that everything I dislike figures. I have never ever dreamt of marrying Peter and this happens to be the first time.

Comments by Dreamer            Please can you interpret this and e-mail me at [crabby\\_lioness@yahoo.com](mailto:crabby_lioness@yahoo.com)?

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Message: 6

Date: Sun, 10 Jun 2001 21:25:16 -0700

From: Anonymous

Subject: Hopelessly Confused

Dream Title                            Hopelessly Confused

Date of Dream                         June 8,2001:morning

Dream                                    June 8, 2001

A dream:

At night,I am sitting (in the street ),on the ground and in front of the door of an educational institution.I have a briefcase and some kind of a LabTop computer and I am searching for something on the Net.....

Now I am in the building (in a corridore)sitting behind the door of a room which I know is a girls' class.I look at the screen and I see a list of newsgroups .Then they suggest me that I choose a name in order to start my own group.I choose the name " hopelessly confused" ,(I have no reason for choosing this strange name unless I have heard it recently in Walter Mondale's quotation : "If you are sure you understand everything that is going on ,you are hopelessly confused ").

The class is now over .Suddenly the door opens and the girls rush out of the class.

I have to go away from my current location while I am trying to disconnect and turn off my computer.The briefcase in one hand,the computer in the other and trying to turn it off,I have a ridiculous position.Eventually,I succeed and I am relieved.I look up and I see girls and women smiling at me kindly as they go towards the exit door of the building.I am now trying to get out .A lady(about 40) says to me with a smile : " you go first,please."

Embarrassed,I refuse to go out through the door before she does.

Ramteen R.

30/male/Tehran

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and we are supposed to be in bed and we hear a radio go off and that is an alarm that there dad is coming and we pretend like we are sleeping and the dad looks like someone that I cant remember maybe the main lead actor in Pleasantville or a little different, someone else I know but I can not pin the name (we were all sitting on a brown covered bed and we all laid down and pretending we were sleeping with the light and TV on, didn't work),. So he gets pissed at us even me cause we are pretending to sleep and should be in bed, then we go to bed.

Wake up, she has a computer but it is like a see through case like a microwave and has a lot of hard drives and the monitor is really small. I go out to where I left my shoes and they are gone and I ask her if anyone ever steals anything from there and she says no, I don't know what is up. Then somehow I see a scene that I am not actually at, there is this control tower that all these planes have to fly RIGHT over and the guy in the tower has to verify them it is dark and in a mountainous valley, and there is some cord that identifies the plane on the top of the tower, several planes come in and then someone cuts the wire and the place blows up on the inside and the last plane just passes by a few times but it doesn't work so he leaves, then I follow this person to some place (her home?) and she lets me in. She is really hot, and maybe looks like Pamela Anderson lee? For some reason, I did see her on TV a few days ago, maybe that's why, she like ties me to a couch and gags me cause I followed her and what she did was most likely illegal or something, I dunno.

Then some other guys come in, I talk with her, she is kinda strange, but really cool. She wants to watch a movie and unties me and stuff and sits between me and another guy, but she sent one home or something, this place is not like a normal house, its dark and stuff, technoish or something, then the other guy leaves or something and she goes to her computer and I see that she has a Do As Infinity folder on her desktop and I name a few songs of theirs and prove to her that I know them but she doesn't really have a reaction. Then she starts to play some game that looks like asherons call (asherons call2?) then she says it is the beta for Quiz Web or something, but its all 3d and stuff and stones and moss and stuff, dunno, then she plays some other game but I cant remember it DMANIT, she reminds me of a "Killcreek" interview I read, maybe she looks like her? A combination of the two people? Anyway, she seems to like me for some reason, maybe cause we had common interests, (I have no idea if I look older or not or if I look the same, but I seem to only have the same knowledge, me and mike discussed earlier before we went to sleep that it would be cool cause we would wake up 21 or so and actually do high school and college but not actually do it, like we slept but our body still did stuff as normal or something) fuck I just remembered, there is some date I was gonna remember to see if any of this actually happened later or something... fuck, something in





Message: 1

Date: Tue, 12 Jun 2001 12:25:57 -0700

Note: Stan requests that his name and email be kept with the dream. - rcw

DATE : 12 jun 2001 12:04

DREAM : susan and the orange uniforms

=( this is the fourth dream i can recall from last night. i was certainly busy all night it seems. )=

when i got to the conference center, i was dressed in my uniform, air force summer blues, but i found that everyone else was in orange jump suits. apparently an order had come down that i missed. since i was early, i had time to go back to my hotel room and change. the pants i have on now are bright orange, but i have crimson shirt that looks better than the regular issue. although the colors are garish, i feel that the fit of these garments is pretty good for me.

i come up to the turnstile to go into the conference center. the man at the ticket booth asks for a dollar. i pat down my pockets but do not find my money clip. must have forgot in the other uniform, but still, it is only a dollar so i probably have that in loose change.

i pull a small bunch of coins from a pocket. among the coins i spread out on the counter i find two quarters and some nickels. there are also some larger foreign coins that i set aside. one is a really thick bronze coin, probably ancient. the others are european money left over from various overseas missions i have to go on. i carefully count out the last fifty cents needed to get in. i have just enough nickels and dimes to make it.

once inside i am disappointed that i do not find susan here waiting for me. i look at my watch. i am only five minutes late. i would have thought that she would still be here, but maybe not.

i go to the first session room and find it full, so i stand at the back and lean against the wall. the talk given is not all that long and rather dull so i do not listen much to it. instead i am wondering how i will catch up with susan since i do not see her here in the room as we agreed to attend together.

as soon as the session ends, i go out with the others in a stream. no where particular to go since this group let out early.

"there you are." i here her voice from behind me and turn around gratefully that we found each other.

"where were you? i looked for you and did not find you for the first session." susan looks really good to me. she does not look directly at me, but off to the side in annoyance. usually everything fits together perfectly with her, but today something is out of alignment with her. i can not say just what. her dark hair is slightly mussed, the frown on her mouth seems crooked. even her clothes suggest too much attention like this is more important than i realize.

"i have decided that we are not going to go on like this." she tells me point blank. "i know we said we were here together. you have done nothing wrong that i can point to, but i am going to end this now before we get any further involved."

what? i am taken by surprise and do not know what to say. i go over her words carefully trying to find some reason for hope or explanation of error on my part. i had thought we were well past the time of indecision. my heart seems to be shrinking in my chest, leaving a hollow empty feeling as the realization is finally coming on that i have unexpectedly lost her. i look closely at her for some sign of hope, but she avoids looking at me, giving me her cold hard appearance of determination to see this through. i better get used to this empty feeling inside as the pain starts.

=( i wake this time at 09:01, now fully awake and very sad from this and the other dreams last night. i had a flash of joy when i first saw susan in this dream, but it came quickly crashing down. i wanted to continue this dream as i had a hope of convincing her otherwise and never got a chance to speak before i woke. my real relationship with her ended around 1977, and she told me to get out of house over the phone, so we never really had a face to face like this. it was unexpected but i managed to move on rather easily at the time. about five years later, susan called me out of the blue and wanted to see me. in that last meeting she told me how sorry she was that we broke up and hoped for another chance, even though she was leaving the state the next day. i was involved with someone else at the time, and was again surprised by this admission. a couple years later, when i was once again on my own, i checked up on her through her family. she was married and pregnant i was told, so i could not follow up on her request for another chance. i hope she has had a good life, as i used to hear about her indirectly at least until her son was in middle school. these residual dreams of her is all i have left it seems, and i am usually grateful to recall the short time i had in her life. )=

stankuli@etherways.com

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Message: 2

Date: Tue, 12 Jun 2001 12:24:56 -0700

Note: Stan requests that his name and email be kept with the dream. - rcw

DATE : 12 jun 2001 10:48

DREAM : the greenbloit man

=( this is the second dream of this night that i recall.  
the other was much earlier in the morning. )=

ron fussell and i going into a pet store as we often do when i am visiting with his family. this is a little larger shop than usual, having several rooms crowded with cages and tanks of all sorts. we usually go into these stores on some business he has, either selling the hamsters he raises, picking up feeder mice for his snake or getting supplies of some sort. this time i have decided to buy a new pet, but have no idea what i want. just let impulse or fortune guide me.

the first room has the usual range of rodents and reptiles. nothing exotic enough to interest me. going into the second room i find several new things to look at. i am attracted to a turtle that has bright colors on its shell like it had been painted. small puzzle shaped sections in bright primary colors, mostly red, blue, yellow and greens. i like the colors, but the turtle is a bit too large to be really cute. it is maybe seven inches long and has the general shape of a painted turtle. i have to look close to determine that its garish colors are indeed natural and it has not been literally painted.

i see some kind of large cat with long fur around its neck. there is something odd about its eyes, too large and too round. it looks a little crazed and behaves strangely.

in a lower cage i see a really odd creature. i call the proprietor over and ask what this is. "a benari" he replies.

the benari is generally dog shaped and about the size of pit bull. but it has an odd two dimensional quality to it, its body almost like a shadow or stain on the back wall of its cage. its head is three dimensional like it is spread out over the flat neck and shoulders. this head is cruciform with small teeth or horns at the ends of the four

extensions. in the center there is no opening, just a flat area, but up a little ways in each of the four branches i see small mouth slits. i can see no eyes or nose.

"it has four mouths?" i ask the store owner.

"more than that." he says. "there are some you can not see until it is feeding."

i shudder a little at the thought. i do not want to think about what this thing must eat. since i have the owner's attention i go to the next cage, a tall upright one.

"what is this?" inside is a small ape, perhaps one and a half meters tall. it is generally brown in color, but no fur that i can see. on top of its head is a puffy white mass of tissue that drapes down around its face and ears. it looks almost like an absurd flower has sprouted from the top of its skull, but he petals are too fat to be a plant.

"that is a greenbloit." the shopkeeper tells me. "that white thing on its head eventually falls off when it is out of breeding season. it will then ask to be left alone until the next time of estrus. they are generally solitary except when breeding."

ron comes over, having heard what he said, and we look at each other.

"asks you?" i ask him. "what do you mean 'asks'?"

"well, it says 'i want to be left alone' or 'do not bother me now'. things like that."

i am incredulous. "in a voice like you and i speak in?"

"yes. just like we talk." he answers.

"that means this is not an ape, but a human being of some sort." i tell him. "only humans have language abilities. people can talk. that is what distinguishes us from the animals. you can not sell this as a pet. that amounts to a form of slavery."

"parrots talk." he says.

"no, parrots imitate sounds they hear. they do not speak with intention. they do not rephrase what they want to say."

the eyes of the greenbloit peer out between its fleshy white protuberances with a pleading look, but it says nothing to indicate that it understands what we are saying. perhaps i am reading my own sentiments into it's glance. every caged

creature looks sad.

the shopkeeper is looking uncomfortable, so ron takes my arm and leads me out the back of the store. he has to do business with the man and does not want to have trouble with him in the future.

leaving through the back of the store, there is a garage like loading area. ron points to a small bed set up in an open cage. "that must be where the greenbloit sleeps at night."

we look at the small bed. it is certainly made up with blankets and pillows smoothed out like a child would make its bed. if it sleeps in an open area at night, the store owner must know it is a person and puts it in the cage during the day as part of the sales pitch to make it seem like an animal.

=( i wake here briefly, but do not look at the clock as i usually do. i have to go take a piss then come back to bed still sleepy. i suspect it is after 06:00 but do not confirm it. ron fussell is a friend from massachusetts. he was here with his brother and two of his sons about three weeks ago. he no longer sells hamsters to pet stores, but we still go for snake food whenever i visit him. i do not have any associations with either of the two neologisms in this dream. the word 'benari' may not be the actual term i heard, but something like that was said by the shopkeeper to name the shadow creature. 'greenbloit' is the actual term i remember. i still have two more dreams this morning. )=

stankuli@etherways.com

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There are 2 messages in this issue.

Topics in this digest:

1. Lost  
From: Anonymous
  2. Re: giving hens  
From: salamander <salamander02135
- 
- 

Message: 1

Date: Wed, 13 Jun 2001 10:06:31 -0700



From: Anonymous  
Subject: Apartment Woes

Dream Title Apartment Woes--qia

Date of Dream 6-16-2001

Dream This dream I had is a recurring dream. In the dream I am in my old apartment that I used to live in about 3 or 4 years ago. I am in my old apartment, and i didn't use the key to get in, in fact I had to sneak in by breaking the lock. So, I am in this apartment with my 6-year old son, and we are trying to be as quiet as possible so as not to disturb the neighbors downstairs. Anyway, some deranged drug addict starts banging on the door trying to get in, and me and my son hide in the apartment in case he does get in. Eventually he leaves and everything is back to normal. Now the dream gets a little vague here and I can't seem to remember what happened next. Then suddenly, a man is in the apartment with us and we are running and running, running up staircases(which there were no staircases IN the apartment itself), going through tunnels, and hiding behind furniture, all to escape this man who is after us. Now I know something happened, but I don't know what, but it ends up that me and my son eventually escape from the man in the apartment, and we are going down the stairs to the first floor( the apartment was on the fifth floor), and my son is limping and missing clothes and shoes, and he is bleeding ( I can't remember my own condition). Now I remember that it is cold outside, and I think to myself, I can't take the baby out there like that, and then I notice that there are clothes and shoes in the hallway -which is uncommon for an apartment building and especially uncommon for that building- so I take what I can to clothe my son and we leave. Once we're on the street I see my sister..... and this is where the dream ends.

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Message: 2

Date: Thu, 14 Jun 2001 11:47:34 -0700

From: Anonymous

Subject: the end is near

Dream Title the end is near raven

Date of Dream all year

Dream okay this is a really scary dream. okay it starts out that i am all alone and that i am in the middle of nowhere i mean nowhere like a space like scene and then I look to my right and I see lisa then i look back forward and i see heather my best friend and then I look to my left and then I see Heather no when I look at me lizz lisa and heather I am facing north lizz is facing east and

lisa is facing west and heather is facing south and then we each start to glow the color of our signs. well we start to whisper the end is near the end is near and then boom lizz is pulled back like jerked she's about two feet away and then she stops and then she looks exactly the same like she is looking right through everything and then the same happens to lisa but she is pulled in the opposite direction and dido for heather. i try to reach for them but i can i am like stuck in the same spot and I can't move and then I drop straight down and as I do I feel this heat and it gets hotter as i am falling and then boom I hit something hard like a stone table and then I black out and when I wake up i see my friends and they glow even brighter and the glow keeps growing but as the glow got bigger is saw theat they weren't lights they were flames and the got bigger until finally each one of my friends woke up and they started to scream and then I got hotter as well and then I saw that I was also engulfed in flames and when I try to get up i cant cause I find out that my legs are tied down and i can get to them they finally see me and scream out my name and I start to cry then the flames rise up as if they we going to fall on top of me but instead they fall only to stop right in front of my face and I see this like demon that laughs and after he laughs he shoots up to destroy my friends and then they disappear like a ball of fairy dust exploding and then they turn and come back on me only to burn me enough to where I stay alive until the same demon flies up again and then laughs a final time and then finishes me off to and then at the very end I only see the word apocalypse

Comments by Dreamer            i have the dream every night since I found out what my history was and I gets clearer every night

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Message: 3  
Date: Thu, 14 Jun 2001 12:17:04 -0700  
From: Anonymous  
Subject: lost

Dream Title                    lost

Date of Dream                 6/11/01  
Dream                            I'm lost in the woods and I hear something I turn, no ones ther. I want to get home but I hear a haunting chant, Beware the pine needle floor. I hear A loud noise and then i see a hideous face ,and I scream and run and then I trip over a cliff

Comments by Dreamer            Scary and confusing

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Message: 4

Date: Thu, 14 Jun 2001 12:18:42 -0700

From: Anonymous

Subject: A Secret, Angel Rose

Dream Title                                   A Secret, Angel Rose

Date of Dream                                May 21, 2001, 4:30am

Dream                                        I was in my grandmother's house. It was me and a small child and my grandmother. There was a knock at the door, I opened it to find a large white man with a suit on and a sheriff's badge, he said he was a police officer and opened the door to come in. The next thing I remember in the dream was, he changed into someone else and was there to kill us all, he murdered the small child and set out after me. I remember running and fleeing, but he always seemed to find me and catch me. There was a car, I think I was driving to try to find help. I remember running down a street screaming for help. A friend appeared there somehow, I told her to hide, run as fast as she could to get away. Next thing I was in the front yard of my grandmother's house, a lot of people and police were there also, the murderer was there and I was very afraid - he tried to kill us again, both me and my grandmother, but someone shot him with a shotgun, but he still alive, then they shot him again and hit his head and the whole top of his head came off and landing on the ground in front of me. There was blood everywhere. The next thing I remember is being in a house with all of my family and relatives. Everyone, especially all of my cousins couldn't figure out why I wouldn't play with them. My grandmother was there and it was if her and I had kept all of this a secret and had not told anyone about it. I then remember trying to sleep, there was a knock at the window by my bed, at first I didn't seem to hear it and then there was another one, I looked to see a large black man peering through the window and screamed in fear! I jumped out of bed screaming and ran, my parents were there and couldn't understand why I was so upset. I sat them both in a large chair to begin to tell them the story. I saw my grandmother in the next room walking towards the door with freshly baked bread in her hands, watching us, and I began to explain to them what had happened with me and grandmother and why the small child, everyone knew, was no longer there. I was on my hands and knees in front of them as if I was asking for forgiveness. The fear was overwhelming and tears were flowing down my cheeks as I began to tell them the story and then I awoke.

Comments by Dreamer                        I can usually figure out my most of dreams on my own, but this one has me completely confused.

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There is 1 message in this issue.

Topics in this digest:

1. Child of the Beast  
From: Anonymous

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Message: 1

Date: Fri, 15 Jun 2001 06:20:17 -0700

From: Anonymous

Subject: Child of the Beast

Dream Title

Child of the Beast

Date of Dream

The night of June 13, 2001

Dream

I was driving to a familiar gym and parking lot with my best friend. When we got there, I parked and walked into the gym. I saw 2 lines of people. Mostly men and only 2 females. I walked in front of the group and noticed they were all wearing black karate looking uniforms. They seemed to be at some type of practice. Both girls were wearing a lot of make up and the first one I saw smiled at me. The second one had ugly make up on and she resembled my boyfriend's ex girlfriend I had insecurities with. She leaned over to me and asked: "Let me guess, child of the Beast?" I thought she was calling me ugly, so I said, "Well, my dad is ugly, but my mom isn't." So I walked back to my best friend who then asked what the girl said. I told her and she asked if I was just going to take that from her. So I yelled: "Bitch! learn how to put make up on right. At least make it look good!" My best friend and I then walked out of the gym to the car. The girl was following us. We got to the car and the girl was either calling me the child of the beast or just saying it to me. Then she asked if I was a freshmen (people often think I'm younger than I really am because of my looks) and she said, "Bam! bam! I'm a senior and a semester!" so I laughed and said, "NO, Bitch, I'm a senior!" we then threw a few hits and she then ran away. So I yelled for her to come back and yelled Fuck You to her. But I also yelled it out loud and woke my brother up.

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There are 3 messages in this issue.

Topics in this digest:



From: Anonymous  
Subject: Wild Buffalo by Westgirl

Dream Title Wild Buffalo by Westgirl

Date of Dream 06/16/10am

Dream It was early evening, there was myself

and a couple in a remote resort surrounding. No one else around. A house, a tennis court. We were talking about something, and i was warning them to be careful of the wild animals (or something this is blurry).

The girl and i spoke. The atmosphere was casual, but i felt a little tense.

All of a sudden I see a wild Buffalo

in the near distance in the, and i say 'they are endangered - wierd'. Then a few seconds later the wild buffalo

suddenly appears coming from behind the house up a path, i tell the girl to watch out it will CHARGE. It sees the girl, but peers its wild eyes and big head around a corner to the porch I am standing on. (the guy is behind a fence on the tennis court, the girl is in front of the house, I am on a very narrow porch). The buffalo begins to run at me, and I freak out inside because there is a big railing I will need to jump over to avoid imminent DEATH. I am so tired i say to myself i won't be able to do it, my legs are exhausted from working so many long days/nights.... i try to think of another way to avoid BEING CHARGED AT BY THE WILD EYED BEAST.

The porch is completely blocked in by this rail, exhausted i fling myself over the rail, sure i will be crumbled by this prehistoric icon.

Somehow, i made it, and i run to the tennis court where we cower behind the high fence. The buffalo wanders off.

Upset i wander why it tried to attack me. It seemed poignant. I awoke in real time feeling disturbed and hurt, and could still see the wild eyed brown beast clearly.

Comments by Dreamer That's it. My wierd dream.... Any ideas... I would like to hear your thoughts on it. Thanx.

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Message: 3

Date: Sat, 16 Jun 2001 19:52:49 -0700

From: Anonymous

Subject: Can't Interpret

Dream Title Can't Interpret

Date of Dream N/A

Dream I dreamed I was looking into this mirror. What I saw was horrible. My P.E coach and I were together, naked. He was leaning over me, doing sexual things to me. I looked out at myself with this dazed look in my eyes. Then my coach turned and looked out at me and smiled and went on kissing me.

Comments by Dreamer I'm not for sure what it means. My friends think my teacher likes me and they tease me about it because they say he acts different around me.

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There are 2 messages in this issue.

Topics in this digest:

1. "Friends" B.C.  
From: Anonymous
2. empire state  
From: Anonymous

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Message: 1  
Date: Sun, 17 Jun 2001 12:13:37 -0700  
From: Anonymous  
Subject: "Friends" B.C.

Dream Title "Friends" B.C.

Date of Dream June 5, 2001  
Dream I had a dream where I was at a swimming pool, I don't know if it was supposed to be mine. I ended up being surrounded with many of my friends that I had not been in contact with for a while. I talked with one of my friends father in my dream, but my friend was not in it. None of my close friends were in it, neither my girlfriend, which I thought was weird.

Comments by Dreamer I don't know if this is telling me that I should keep in touch with my friends, but it has really been bothering me.

Permission to Comment yes\_share\_comments

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Message: 2  
Date: Sun, 17 Jun 2001 11:46:17 -0700  
note: stan requests that his name and e be kept together - editor

stan kulikowski ii <stankuli@etherways.com>  
DATE : 17 jun 2001 11:32  
DREAM : empire state

the top of the empire state building is a rather spacious place, plenty of room to wander around. they have divided the area in half, a restaurant on one side and a cemetery on the other. it is opening day and the owners of the two establishments on top have planned some festivities to celebrate their endeavors.

the restaurant has put out some flutes of champagne and small foodstuffs. i have tried some of these before going over to cemetery part.

they have not imported a lot of soil up here for burials, but rather have an arrangement of box like mausoleums, each marked for some famous family of the state. mine is the fourth crypt in the first row, labeled 'phish' for my family. no one is entombed there yet, this being the opening day and the places are reserved for future use. there are about thirty such block houses constructed here on the top of the tallest building.

i wonder if my body is destined to lay here lifeless some day. presumably the symbol of burial in a such a high place is to be nearer to heaven so the departed has a shorter journey after the funeral, or perhaps the angels can watch over the site from nearer proximity.

whatever the reason, i step up to the balloon to take part is the festivity of the cemetery. young men from most of the families who have one of the mausoleums are being strapped to the side of a hot air balloon. once my harness is in place, the master of ceremonies steps into the small gondola in the center of the circle. with a couple words of announcement that i can hardly hear, he pulls the chain on the propane burner and a loud hiss sends more heat up into the yawning balloon.

with a jerk, the contraption ascends pulling my feet off the building. we arise like departing spirits beside the tall central tower intended to tether the zeppelins. i feel the air get substantially colder as we leave the protection of the building. good, i think. colder means more lift for the balloon and that makes me feel safer strapped to the outside of a gas bag.

i can not help looking down as we drift past the edge of the building. i would expect that many ghosts feel a longing for the familiar touch of earth when ascending to the heavens. my sense of vertigo kicks in with the walls of the building forming a perspective trap all the way to the ground. but once we drift a little further away, the direct lines

descending are broken from my field of view and the vertigo go away. the automobiles in the streets below look like dots below my shoes, which are just dangling there. a whitish fog seems to be trapped between the buildings of the city. i do not really enjoy this experience and wonder why our families allowed its young princes to be thus used. i recall that my family really put the pressure on me to take part in this.

it is not too long before the operator of the balloon pulls a release cable which allows hot air to slowly escape from the top of the bag. we slowly descend into central park. ride over.

i am rather grateful to get back on the ground and unharnessed from the balloon. the restaurant has provided a similar buffet spread here at the landing point as they had up top. i feel my cell phone ring in my pants pocket. taking it out, i hear a friend on the other end.

"don't eat any of the food." i hear him tell me. "they contracted a department store to cater this affair. they used leftovers from their bait store to prepare it." i look at a plate of finger shrimp. suddenly they do not look as appetizing as a minute ago. i wonder why a restaurant would let a bait shop to prepare their food.

i know my mother and sister have gone inside a fenced off area to take a table. i pick up a wide mouth glass of champagne and go to the line waiting to get inside to join them. perhaps they will not eat any of the buffet offerings before i can get inside to warn them of the low quality. the champagne also tastes rather cheaply made, but i know my mother likes it that way, not too fizzy. i hold on to my empty glass when i have finished, but during the wait in line, i see that i have broken it. a large fragment from the side is missing.

=( the clock says 07:41 when i awake. i do not write this right off, and fall into a light sleep as i hear my wrist watch across the room beep beep beep at 09:30. still later i have another dream which i can not recall at present. finally around 11:00 i sit up to write this. i have been to top of the empire state building once as a boy. it was not nearly so spacious as this. i did not enjoy the experience as the vertigo of looking over the edge was extreme for me and the feeling of the building swaying the wind under my feet gave me no sense of security. i do get vertigo only from visual cliffs as described here, not just from height either from being on top of ladders or airplanes. obviously, my family name is not 'phish' which was marked above the door of the mausoleum. i do not know why the quality of shrimp from bait stores would be that much different from seafood vendors, but i guess it might be if that family name

is pronounced 'fish'. eating the tainted food then going off toward heaven sounds like some kind of death ritual. )=

stankuli@etherways.com

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There is 1 message in this issue.

Topics in this digest:

1. gems dream  
From: Anonymous
- 

Message: 1

Date: Tue, 19 Jun 2001 21:16:20 -0700

From: Anonymous

Subject: gems dream

Dream Title gems dream

Date of Dream once a week

Dream i have a reoccurring dream, in this dream me and my boyfriend of 2 and a half years are climbing up ice stairs, with difficulty but every time we reach the top we appear at the bottom again. We have a good relationship so if you could interpret this dream i would be very grateful. gemma age 18 my boyfriend is 21

Comments by Dreamer please could you e mail me with the interpretation

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There is 1 message in this issue.

Topics in this digest:

1. Dream Fair  
From: Anonymous
- 

Message: 1

Date: Wed, 20 Jun 2001 18:39:09 -0700

From: Anonymous

Subject: Dream Fair

Dream Title Happiness or not?

Date of Dream 9th or 10th around 11pm-2am  
Dream I am at the fair and it is night time the lights are bright and colorful. I am there with Megan, Brian, and Jose. We are walking I am holding hands with Jose and eating Pink cotton candy. We are walking by the games and I hear the Fair music and the people going Winner! But all the guys I ever thought I loved were there and all of the ones Megan thought she loved too. Even Jose! and Daniel! But in my dream We didnt see them! it was like they werent there only I could see them they were we walked along and we saw all the other people stranger and friends just none of our old loves. Not even Jose! It was like to us they werent there he said "Hi" and is like in my face and I still dont even know he is there we just keep walking and having fun at the fair. I was happy and felt fulfilled inside.

Comments by Dreamer Megan- is my Best Friend  
Jose and Brian- are these new guys we just met.  
Jose- is this guy I loved so.. much I would get butterflies everytime he came near me.  
Daniel- is Megans Ex-boyfriend  
I dont understand cause there is no way i could just walk by the ex-loves of my life without even noticing there precence what does this mean?  
and does the fact that Jose and Brian are with us mean anything?

Permission to Comment yes\_share\_comments  
Permission Comments Just dont change it for any reason.

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There are 2 messages in this issue.

Topics in this digest:

1. I was gonna die...  
From: Anonymous
2. Fighting with Friends  
From: Anonymous

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Message: 1  
Date: Thu, 21 Jun 2001 11:40:31 -0700  
From: Anonymous  
Subject: I was gonna die...

Dream Title I was gonna die...

Date of Dream 6-21-01, 5:30AM  
Dream I was beaten up by some guys in the town near where I live, had severe internal bleeding, and was told that I was gonna die. Finally, my mother appeared and we were crying because I wasn't ready to die. Before I died, though, I woke up.

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Message: 2  
Date: Thu, 21 Jun 2001 11:40:02 -0700  
From: Anonymous  
Subject: Fighting with Friends

Dream Title Fighting with Friends

Date of Dream 6/18/01 7.30  
Dream I had a dream about me and my friends. And we were sitting on my porch of my home and me and my friend bursted out into a fight over his new girlfriend.. the water was very muddy and the waves were very high and when i tried to get my friends attention he ignored me and then we made up after wards... but the girl hes going out with was hanging all over him and we still fought about it and i don't want to lose him as a best friend... what does this all mean??? im i just jealous of her???? well thats all i can remember. i really don't know what to do i really had a crush on my friend at the time...

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There are 4 messages in this issue.

Topics in this digest:

1. teeth were falling out  
From: Anonymous
  2. Swimming Pool  
From: Anonymous
  3. Safe as Wood?  
From: Anonymous
  4. Run Lola Run!  
From: Anonymous
- 
- 

Message: 1  
Date: Fri, 22 Jun 2001 20:51:26 -0700  
From: Anonymous  
Subject: teeth were falling out

Dream Title

Adrienne

Date of Dream

6/21/01

Dream

My were teeth were falling out especially the left middle tooth. Along with teeth blood was pouring out. I saw myself not clear but I knew it was myself in the mirror with a missing tooth

---

Message: 2

Date: Fri, 22 Jun 2001 20:50:57 -0700

From: Anonymous

Subject: Swimming Pool

Dream Title

Date of Dream

6/21/01

Dream

I was in a swimming pool, it was very deep. There were a lot of people in the pool I was way down below the surface and I was working my way to the surface. I could see that there were a lot of people and there was also a big bar that went across the top and I had to make sure that I didn't bump my head on it when I came up. (It looked like the bar above the back room on my boyfriends boat that I had bumped my head on in real life.) I started to see that there was no room for me to surface and I started to get scared. Then up behind me came Chris, my friend Kelly's new husband. He swam up underwater and from behind me and guided me several feet up to the top of the surface safely. As soon as we surfaced, I turned to him and kissed him passionately on the lips. He was tan and bare chested and I thought he had nice shoulders. He returned the kiss. There was music. The kiss felt foreign and exciting, but he was not that great of a kisser. His kissed with his lips kind of thin and pursed. Then he and I and maybe some other people were outside lying on the ground. We were watching a large 747 airplane in the sky. It started spiraling and twisting and turning into a squiggly form as it was circling above us. I pointed to it, and Chris started to say it was nothing, but then he said "No! its going down!" and then the airplane got closer to the ground and crashed. Chris and I both knew that since the airplane was so close, we would die from the explosion. We turned on our stomachs away from the plane and covered our heads. I thought to myself that I was going to find out what it was like to die. I was bracing myself for extreme pain. I thought it would be quick, but that I was going to feel what it was like to burn up. We got hot, but did not die. We were amazed. Then we were in a house. There was a futon or thin mattress on the floor with blankets. We kissed again, but not on the bed. The kiss was exciting yet still disappointing. I asked him why he was not in Costa

Rica where they were going for their honeymoon (in real life). He said he had to come back because he couldn't breathe and that his lungs were bleeding. I thought I remembered that he had lung problems. He said that Catherine was still there. Both of us knew it was just a kiss, and didn't mean anything. But I knew that Catherine would be upset if she knew. Then Catherine came home and I looked at the bed on the floor. Even though I hadn't been on the bed, I wanted to make sure it did not look like two people had been in it. It didn't. Only one side was turned down. I was not worried at all about her finding out.

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Message: 3

Date: Fri, 22 Jun 2001 21:05:21 -0700

From: Anonymous

Subject: Safe as Wood?

Dream Title                      Safe as Wood?      by Tree

Date of Dream                      22/6/01 a.m.

Dream                      I believe I was working, but not at my current job. Some people came by for business and I had to go. We were travelling in a weird mini van. Everyone looked really cold and sterile, unemotional. The van broke down and we had to cross this clay bridge. So I got out and walked over the bridge which turned into a ground level tube station. Suddenly I was in this cold sterile office, lots of people chain smoking in the hallways. The whole thing had a military feel. This military woman came by and kicked me on the leg. I got angry and started yelling at all the people about the constitution, the the 1, 2, 3, amendments. Everyone ignored my comments, they said they were trying to maintain a safe community. I thought it was sad. Next thing I know I'm at my parents house, looking for my husband, and I found my self looking out the front door. It was dark. I saw a little girl and my aunt came up next to me to let her in. I looked out the door again and saw a little boy holding a small block of wood with a nail sticking out of it. I called out through the door. I told him to drop it and he did, but it fell under my mother's car. I openend the door and told him to get it. He did. I said he could come in if he threw it away. He said no. I thine said, give it to me and you can have it back when you leave, "that's fair isn't it"? He agreed. So as I let him in the house he handed me the block of wood with the nail in it and a half full plastic carton of milk!

Comments by Dreamer              To me maybe this dream speaks of issues of authority, personal safety, and sexuality. But only general. Most of my dreams aren't this vivid. Felt the need to write it down.

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Message: 4

Date: Fri, 22 Jun 2001 21:07:39 -0700

From: Anonymous

Subject: Run Lola Run!

Dream Title Run Lola Run! Mr. Majestic

Date of Dream 06/22/01

Dream I find myself running away from harm, But I can't run. I'm moving but its so labored. I get basically no where. I really struggle to get away. I even try to use my hands to help me push. These are repeating dreams that have been going on for years.

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There are 2 messages in this issue.

Topics in this digest:

1. broken glass and sis  
From: Anonymous
  2. Re: teeth were falling out  
From: Sbeach688
- 

Message: 1

Date: Sat, 23 Jun 2001 07:17:37 -0700

From: Anonymous

Subject: broken glass and sis

Dream Title broken glass and sis

Date of Dream 6/23/01 am

Dream I was walking on broken glass. The glass was all over and I had no shoes on. I was calling for my daughters boyfriend to help me. He picked me up and put me on a table and helped get the glass out of my feel..

Comments by Dreamer The dream was very vivid but I don't remember color. Also I remembered it easily.

---

Message: 2

Date: Sat, 23 Jun 2001 14:24:16 EDT

From: Sbeach688

Subject: Re: teeth were falling out

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There is 1 message in this issue.

Topics in this digest:

1. the fledgling  
From: Anonymous
- 
- 

Message: 1

Date: Sun, 24 Jun 2001 13:01:26 -0700

Note: stan requests that his name and e remain with the dream text.

stan kulikowski ii <stankuli@etherways.com>

DATE : 24 jun 2001 11:03

DREAM : the fledgling

=( last night was a typical saturday evening. mother watched a couple broadcast television programs and i put on a dvd, proof of life. meg ryan was somewhat disappointing in that. i kept hoping to see her sparkle, but she seems to have lost it. i went to bed a little early, around 01:00. i have been rather sleeping too much lately. did not do anything productive all evening which is unusual for me. )=

the end of a school day is that period when many students surge through the hallways like a tide. i am waiting for an appointment in the vestibule of this high school, so i must put up with the jostling of the crowd as the students flow out to the waiting buses. i have to mind the small cardboard box i am holding so it does not get crushed in the hurley burley.

soon the students ebb away and the buses leave. now the halls echo with emptiness except for the distant sounds of extracurricular activities. a secretary from the front office finally has time to see me. she comes out to call me in.

"do you have a license for that?" she points to the cardboard box as i put it down on the counter in the office.

"did not know i needed one." i open the box and a small bird shakes away the loose packing material around it. "our team is called 'the hawks' and this is our mascot. it is

traditional that such animals come to games." i put my hand down near the bird and it jumps up on my wrist.

she looks at the young bird with obvious distaste, but says nothing more. we compare our calendars for the next season to schedule in several game dates. i am a soccer coach.

our business concluded, i go back into the hallways preparing to leave. when i start to put the bird back in its traveling box, it takes off trying to fly. it manages to get to the glass doors, but since they are closed it has nowhere to land and plops down on the floor. i hurry over to retrieve it before someone might injure it, not noticing such a small bird walking on the floor.

i scoop up the bird and put it back in the box, making a nest in the packing material. the university provost comes in from an adjoining hall. "do we have to have any special licensing for a team mascot?" i ask him.

"i will look into it with the school lawyers." he replies.

with the bird back in its box, i go out to my car in the parking lot. it is a triumph spitfire. i put the box in the small backseat and get ready to start the car. before i do, a young lady comes over and asks "can i get a ride with you?"

"sure, climb in." i reply. i do not ask where she wants to go. it does not seem relevant. i would be happy to drive an attractive girl like this anywhere she wanted to go.

leaving the school parking lot, i discover that the campus is in the center of a large city. the streets around it are torn up with construction, so i can not get to the lanes that i want. i go over a bridge in the wrong direction and have to make a u turn when the traffic allows. crossing over the river again, i still can not find the signs of how to get on either routes 69 or 40. from either of those i can find the course home.

after some driving around, i pull down a side street and remember a task that i could do while i am in town. after a couple blocks i pull over in front of an abandoned building where i used to have an apartment. i was hoping she would wait, but the girl gets out and waves bye as she departs down the street.

i take the box with the bird and go behind the building. there is a very small fenced in backyard. the fence is a privacy fence, long wooden upright poles lashed together. i remember when i put that up many years ago, but now it is old and falling apart. i open the rickety gate. inside the small patio area, i open the box to let the hawk flutter

around for exercise. it is too young to get very far and the surrounding area is sufficiently closed in to be safe.

i pick up some clutter in the patio area and pile it neatly over to one side. i look in through the sliding glass door at the empty rooms and recall some good times i shared in there with various friends. it was a very small place, really a garage that had been converted to an apartment, but i managed to enjoy this place more than most. usually the places i have lived have been happy, so it is a little sad to see this one about to be demolished.

i start to dismantle the privacy fence and stack it over by the side with the other. when i get about half of the fence torn down, two over dressed ladies come walking down the alley. the little hawk flies up into the air toward them and lands on the handbag of one of the women. "oh dear." she exclaims rather flustered, but she does not swat at it which would probably injure it.

i go over and take the bird from her. "it is just a baby hawk." i reassure her. "it can not hurt you."

=( 09:37 is on the clock when i awake. there are many associations in this dream. the provost was d\*\*\* f\*\*\*\* who used to have that position at the university here in pensacola until four years ago. the city was dayton, ohio, where i used work in summer theater downtown during three of my undergraduate summers, 1966-68. one of the few urban city areas i ever got familiar with. i have always lived in rural or suburban areas. the one-room apartment with the fenced in patio, was one i had in amherst for a while around 1981-2. the high school is unfamiliar, could have been any of dozens i have been in over the years. i have no athletic interests and would never coach a team unless made to do so. the spitfire was my first car, a 1966 model but i did not own it until about 1970. the little hawk is novel to this dream. i have never known anyone who kept raptors. to me, this seems like an unremarkable do-nothing kind of dream, except maybe for the various threads of my personal past life woven through it. i do get a vague sense of past lives here blurring together. times when i was rather different from how i am now, but still at least historically connected in one person, myself. when i consider the me that worked in theaters, or the one that drove the spitfire, or lived in the garage apartment, they do not seem to have much in common with the me here today. and worse, they all blend just as easily with that false me as a soccer coach. )=

stankuli@etherways.com

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There are 4 messages in this issue.

Topics in this digest:

1. snake bites  
From: Anonymous
2. family and people,  
From: Anonymous
3. reincarnation  
From: Anonymous
4. apparitions  
From: Anonymous

---

Message: 1

Date: Mon, 25 Jun 2001 19:10:19 -0700

From: Anonymous

Subject: snake bites

Dream Title snake bites - charlesie

Date of Dream 06/24/2001 4:00 am approx.

Dream i dreamed i was in a work place, everyone seemed ok that there was lots and lots of snakes there. i was bitten & told a co-worker i needed to go to the hospital. i gathered some sort of machine & headed out to the hospital when i woke up?????

---

Message: 2

Date: Mon, 25 Jun 2001 19:09:08 -0700

From: Anonymous

Subject: family and people,

Dream Title family and people, : danielle

Date of Dream 06/25/001/ 3:00am Dreamsometimes its colour and black & white, there is a alot of negativey and there is verable abuse also. there is alot of running in my dream, when there is pain in my dream. Comments by Dreamer i dream about them everynight and alondged time. since i moved out on my own in 1991. Permission to Comment yes\_share\_comments Permission Comments " please help me what should i do" i can't dream about anything else, i can't escape from it, i feeltrapped.

---

Message: 3

Date: Mon, 25 Jun 2001 19:09:39 -0700

From: Anonymous

Subject: reincarnation

Dream Title                   reincarnation

Date of Dream                 06/25/01

Dream                         i had a dream that i had died some  
how but returned in the body of an old friend i haven't seen  
since childhood.but the body i was in had various physical  
defects,my teeth were chizzled and carved while i was in the  
dream, i also had a small tooth like bone under my  
hairline.very strange dream.

Comments by Dreamer         i have alot of unusual dreams like  
this. almost every night,very detailed dreams. i wish  
someone had the answers to these dreams...

Permission to Comment       yes\_share\_comments

Permission Comments         somebody please help me with these  
dreams!!

---

Message: 4

Date: Mon, 25 Jun 2001 19:09:59 -0700

From: Anonymous

Subject: apparitions

Dream Title                   apparitions

Date of Dream                 06/20/01

Dream                         this is the 2nd dream i am  
submitting.this time i had a dream that i came home to a  
house i have never seen before. when i arrived i ran into a  
little girl ive never seen. she was sitting down staring at  
me.i then proceeded to close a nearby window but as i  
approached it the shutters on the window slammed shut. i  
felt very scared at that point and ran out of the house. i  
then began what i thought was running down the street past  
some more children. thats when i realized i wasnt running, i  
was floating, and the children were asking how i was doing  
it. very weird dream , is there a meaning?

Comments by Dreamer         please help with these dreams!!!

Permission to Comment       yes\_share\_comments

Permission Comments         help!

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

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