

ELECTRIC DREAMS

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ISSUE #1

and coming. Do you have a palm pilot? Be sure to read the review by Lars Spivok on one of the first dream journal programs for those on the go.

Our news directory, Peggy Coats, from dreamtree.com, has gathered dreaming news from around the world, events, conferences, and seminars. If you have news items about dreams and dreaming for Peggy, send them to her at web@dreamtree.com

Have you ever become aware of your body when sleeping and found that you couldn't move? If so, you may have been experiencing Sleep Paralysis. Some times people will experience lucid dreams and out of body experiences during this state as well. In this months Lucid Dream Exchange, Lucy Gillis interviews researcher Jorge Conesa, Ph.D., on the topic of Sleep Paralysis.

Linda Lane Magallón, author of Mutual Dreaming and long time dream researcher of outer reaches of human potential, turns her attention to the neglected area of dreams in the work of Humanistic psychologist, Abraham Maslow. Among a host of other achievements, Maslow created a scale of needs to describe the human condition, from basic existence to optimum potential. Magallón shows Maslow's Map how this scale can be used to take the temperature of your dreams. In a rendition of chapter one, included in this issue of Electric Dreams, Magallón explores the context of Maslow's concepts in Maslow's life.

Stan Kulikowski II is well known to Electric Dreamers for his special dream narratives. Recently he began looking at whether the phases of the moon increased the vividness of his dreams and wrote a program to investigate this phenomena. Find out more in "Temporal Features Of My Dream Log"

Robert Moss spends much of his time traveling the country teaching people dreamwork. For some time he has felt that approaches other than just the application of symbolic representational systems is needed. With the release of the 2nd bin Laden tape which showed how pre-cognitive dreams were used and shared by the terrorists, we get a sense that Western culture has fallen behind in the development of our dream sharing skills and that something new may be needed. Moss explores how bin Laden and his followers shared dreams and suggests directions our own culture may take.

If you missed the Osama bin Laden tape about dream sharing (most networks only showed the other part of the tape) I have reprinted the transcript below, direct from the US Department of Defense release. See "Transcript of Usama bin Laden Videotape."

Marc VanDeKeere is known to Electric Dreamers as well after giving us a year of columns on lucid dreaming. Marc is back and investigating the substances that alter, enhance and inhibit our dream recall. To make this research really work, he would like your input. Be sure to read and respond with your folk wisdom and experience to iam@consciousdreaming.com

Read the scoop in "This is your Dream on SUPPLEMENTS: DARE to your Enhance your Lucid Dreaming"

Part 1: The Holy Grail of the Dreamphiles"

Our dream-flow Dreams this month come from all around the Net and have been organized by the soft-

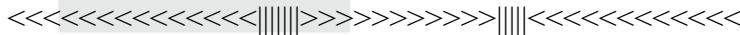
- "DreamSinger" Published

RESEARCH & REQUESTS

- Online Survey: Digital Objects
- Supplemental Aids to Lucid Dreaming

WEBSITE & ONLINE UPDATES

- The Collective Unconscious Project
- Electric Dreams Links and Online Resources
- Electric Dreams Dream Library



N E W S



>> Dream Healing Through The Energy Centers

Exploring the Chakra System with Conscious Dreaming
 A transformational weekend with Robert Moss in Santa Fe, New Mexico
 January 26 - 27, 2002 Saturday 9am 5pm & Sunday 9am 4pm

Attend an exciting and challenging weekend of profound adventure in meditation and conscious dreaming, as we journey through the seven major power centers in the human energy field and develop extraordinary tools for self-understanding and self-healing. You'll discover animal guardians and personal symbols associated with each of the energy centers. Traveling through emotional and spiritual landscapes, you'll identify where you have given up personal power through soul loss or negative attachments. You'll encounter spiritual helpers and locate the places of power from which we can operate to reclaim our vital energy and live more vibrant, creative, heart-centered lives. You'll awaken your inner healer and creator and move "beyond suffering into myth", which Joseph Campbell described as the heart of healing.

The group will meet in the beautiful desert mountain setting of The Randall Davey Audubon Center on Upper Canyon Road. For more information about The Audubon Center, you may call (505) 983 4609.

Robert Moss is a renowned shamanic dream explorer whose fascination with the dreamworlds springs from his early childhood in Australia, where he survived a series of near-death experiences. He teaches innovative courses in dreamwork, shamanism, creativity and personal growth all over the world. His many publications include Conscious Dreaming, Dreamgates, Dreaming True and the audio series Dream Gates: A Journey into Active Dreaming. Visit his website at www.mossdreams.com

Registration: Tuition is \$195 if paid by January 1st; \$215 thereafter. Please make check or money order payable to "Lydia Mueller" and mail to PO Box 9433, Santa Fe, NM 87504. Directions and lodging

information will be mailed upon receipt of tuition. Contact Lydia at (505) 820-7813 or lydiawm@earthlink.net.

>> A Movie Review of WAKING LIFE
by Nora Archambeau, M.A.

WAKING LIFE by director Richard Linklater is an ideal movie for any dreamworker. Created with an updated filmmaking technique called interpolation, all of the characters are actors who have been animated.

Interpolation, animation software developed by art director Bob Sabiston, is taking a video frame of a face, tracing a nose, let's say, then moving ahead a few frames, and tracing the nose again. At times, the viewer doesn't know if s/he is looking at an animated form or a real person, kind of like the characters that show up in our dreams. The fluidity of the movie takes us from one situation to the next with a likeness to everyday waking life situations. Then, as the movie progresses, the scenes change in a more abrupt fashion and become more and more like non-waking or dreaming situations.

The movie begins with a boy and a girl playing a paper puzzle game. The game ends with the "answer" the boy receives, which is "dream is destiny". This main animated actor (or dream character, if you like) turns into a young man in college who has a thirst to know and understand answers to life's most sublime and complex questions. He's a somewhat average, laid-back, yet fairly deep thinking dude. So, while the scenes are set in the external world, filmed primarily in the director's native Austin, Texas with excursions to San Antonio and New York, one feels that s/he is traversing the landscapes of the mind and internal realms of existence.

There is an expansive range of eclectic characters. The movie viewer starts with a college professor speaking about Jean-Paul Sartre's theory of existentialism, proceeds to a discussion with a woman on the importance of language, progresses to perhaps a real physicist-scientist who discusses the evolution of a human to a neo-human, inserts a jailed prisoner's intense hate toward his accusers, and meanders to a bedroom talk between actors Julie Delpy and Ethan Hawke on how we telepathically share our experiences with everyone all the time. What makes this movie especially attractive for dreamworkers are the insertions of characters who speak specifically on the topic of dreams. Solid research has been applied in this movie to the authenticity of a few dream states we experience. There is much said on lucid dreaming. There is also a well-articulated monologue on the difference between dream and waking realities, and lastly, how we should merge waking reality with our dreams. The best line from this movie just might be "[we are often] sleep walking through the waking state and wake walking through dreaming".

No movie review is complete unless there includes some critique. There are actually only two critiques, however, to make of the movie. One is the fact that your eyes may go cross-eyed due to the constant change of visuals found in interpolation animation. The second is the sometimes annoying verbiage that only serves to create a sense of intellectual superiority. And being someone who bristles when another foretells a movie's ending, this movie reviewer will refrain from giving away the most exquisite part that occurs with a turn of dream events towards the closing.

WAKING LIFE is thoroughly enjoyable if you are drawn to absorb some highly mental discourses on the

dilemma of human existence and, of course, to the reality that dreams, waking and non-waking, interface more than some want to admit with our everyday lives. You are invited to view, ponder, and delight in an incredible endeavor from an indie movie artist.

Nora can be contacted at (510) 893-3137 or at narchambeau@hotmail.com.

>> Review of Handheld Software: Dreams v1.1 by Lars

Dreams v1.1 for Palm PDA

Palm OS Freeware

Software Site <http://www.sennhauser.com/dreams/>

Features

1. Password protect entries
2. Categories for dreams you can create yourself
3. Sort dreams by date, alpha-numerically or via categories
4. Find by word, using the Palm search function.
5. Enter Dreams with Grafitti(TM) or built-in keyboard

The author's web site is worth a visit just for the elegant and subject-appropriate animation.

Comments, limitations, Wish List

Additional Dream Information Entry

A. Each dream can be placed in one of the categories (see below),

-limit: 15 letters for category

Thus, for PG Universal House Property Damage or Loss I had to shorten to House Damage

-limit: and only 15 categories. Since I wanted to combine Patricia Garfield's 12 Universal Dream categories which have 12 positive, 12 negative, I ran out of category space.

B. Dreams can be assigned "Quality" levels of deep, medium, or light.

When the full list is displayed, the quality levels can also be displayed with the date and titles of the dreams in the archive.

C. Date of dreams can be changed. This is useful if

you want to enter dreams from the past.

D. Special Categories of Lucid and Private can be checked. There are no designations with these so you can assign whatever meaning you want to them. That is, lucid may mean the part of the dream was lucid, or the whole dream, or just that you are clear about what the dream means. It is likely the function was set up to measure how conscious the dreamer is during the dream that it is a dream.

Also note that if you are not interesting in tracking "lucid" dreams, the category can be used for "flying", however, you may not re-title the checkbox.

E. The private option ties in with the Palm Security Function and allows you to hide these records with the hide-show security option that is password protected.

F. I couldn't quickly find a way to edit and view dreams on the desktop after synchronizing.

Overall it is a good start for those wishing to record and archive dreams on a device that is already easy to use in the dark — just hold down the power key on most models until the screen becomes backlit.

Lars Spivock is an international technology consultant and an original member of the DreamGate.com team. He has been a lucid dreamer since early childhood. He freelances for The Wisdom Channel, Electric Dreams, and America Online's Alternative Medicine Forum. Lars has contributed to dreaming outreach and education projects for the Intuition Network, Institute of Noetic Sciences, Association for the Study of Dreams, Bay Area Dreamworkers, Fly by Night, and the Dream Library and Archive.

Lars also designed and wrote chess software; invented and prototyped a microfilm reader smaller than a contact lens; designed a movie film technology to show 3D films with conventional projectors; taught accredited college cybernetics, biofeedback and impact of technology; designed and wrote art criticism software for Wight Gallery at UCLA, and is now working

on software to automate development of neural networks for forecasting. Lars may be contacted at future@dreamgate.com.

>> Call for Papers: A Special Issue of Dreaming on the Arts

Editor-in-Chief Deirdre Barrett has announced a special issue of the journal *Dreaming on the Arts*, "Dreaming and the Arts." The special issue will be guest-edited by Richard A. Russo, and is scheduled for publication in early 2003. The deadline for submissions is March 1, 2002. Contributions are invited that (1) explore the role of dreams in particular works of art; (2) explore dreaming in relation to the arts in general, or to a specific artistic discipline; (3) explore how the study of dreaming can enhance our understanding of the arts and/or the creative process; or (4) explore how study of the arts can enhance our understanding of dreams. Although articles pertaining to literature will be considered, works that examine less-frequently explored arts, including painting, sculpture, film, theater, performance and dance, are particularly welcome.

Dreaming is a publication of the Association for the Study of Dreams. Instructions to contributors are available in *Dreaming* or at the ASD web site (www.ASDreams.org). Manuscripts will undergo full peer review and should be submitted by March 1, 2002, to:

Richard A. Russo, M.A.
835 Peralta Ave.
Berkeley, CA 94707
(RR@well.com).

>> DreamSingers Published

Langston Hughes described African Americans as "Dream-singers all / My People." In *DREAM-SINGERS: The African American Way with Dreams* (John Wiley & Sons; \$24.95; Cloth), dream scholar Anthony Shafton explores the lively and deeply held traditions surrounding dreams in this community.

DREAM-SINGERS is

the first work to shed full light on the wonderful range of social and spiritual meanings dreams have for African Americans in their daily lives. A reverence for dreams runs like a river through African American experience. *DREAM-SINGERS* distills this heritage through an intimate look at the dream lives of more than 100 individuals. Prominent persons who shared their dreams and understandings with the author include writers John Edgar

Wideman, Gloria Naylor and Ntozake Shange, former Chicago Bulls star Craig Hodges, and poet/activist Haki Madhubuti. But mostly Shafton interviewed ordinary folk from all walks of life—teachers, students, ministers, journalists, businesspersons, workers, prisoners, the unemployed. In addition, some 250 novels, plays, and other writings by African American authors have been combed for dream-related material. You will find a great storehouse of folk and literary treasures," writes author Clarence Major, "in this ambitious book that speaks to anyone who has ever thought about his or her dreams. It's a wonderful adventure and I highly recommend it."

Shafton explores the prevalence of ancestor dreams, the belief in

you can't. You're paralyzed! Fear rising, you struggle to move. It's hard to breathe and there is a force pressing down on your chest. A loud roaring and buzzing noise is building all around you and your panic increases. Inside you're screaming, but no sound passes your lips...

Many people endure experiences like this throughout their lives. For those who aren't aware of what is occurring it can be terrifying and have a profound effect on every day life. But for those who know what is happening, and who are not frightened by it, it can provide an opportunity to enter lucid dreams or OBE's.

Body paralysis is a natural part of the sleep cycle that we all undergo every night. We simply don't recognize it because we are asleep. However, conscious awareness during sleep paralysis can arise and it can feel like your mind is awake but your body is not. (Just like lucid dreaming.) Sleep paralysis researcher Jorge Conesa, PhD., has kindly agreed to help shed some light on this fascinating phenomena and point out how sleep paralysis can be connected with lucid dreaming..

<LG> What first interested you in sleep paralysis (SP)?

<JC> My interest in SP began with my own chronic experiences of SP, since I was 14 years old (I am 46 now). Many of the first-time experiences were frightening mostly because I did not know what was happening to me. For example, my very first SP experience occurred in conjunction with a so-called OBE (out-of-the-body-experience). I had lain down in my bed without being too sleepy and the next thing that I observed was a familiar texture about two inches from my eyes. I realized that this texture was the ceiling of my own bedroom! I panicked thinking that the house had collapsed on top of me. Then I turned around, all the way around, and I saw "myself" sleeping in my own bed. The fright of seeing myself was so intense that I 'woke up' in a jolt. After that, similar experiences would follow a period of paralysis. Since then, I have run the gamut of hypnagogic phenomena, from being accosted by hairy beings, to flying, to nowadays, a situation of almost total control of the vision experience. Unfortunately, through all those early years I never told anyone about these events and did not know about sleep paralysis until I read Hufford's (1982) classic on night terrors in 1985. I became interested in the scientific study of SP while in graduate school (1989-92). While working on my Ph.D. (short-term memory) I came across several references from leading dream researchers addressing the topic of dream recollection research. I was taken by a strong and sensible case for the need to establish long-term monitoring of dream content. Since my own SP experiences were concurrent with vivid and lucid dreams, I decided to conduct a long-term study (at first a single-subject study, now it has grown to include many subjects as well) on my dream recollections associated with chronic SP. This was an attempt at gathering basic SP data from a consistent subject.

<LG> What exactly is SP? What is happening in the body when it occurs?

<JC> Phenomenologically speaking, SP is the awareness that one's body is immobile while one is supposedly asleep. Although dream researchers may disagree about the exact correlation between dreaming and REM sleep in general, the fact that SP is about paralysis makes it a REM phenomenon. Part of the normal nighttime cycle of human sleep includes roughly four periods of desynchronized sleep (D-sleep) accompanied by rapid eye movements (REM). During these periods the body is physiologically paralyzed, in order, some dream researchers argue, to prevent us from acting out our dreams. Some individuals can become aware of this normal state and report the paralysis and other accompanying phenomena. Because the period from being awake, to becoming drowsy and finally moving quickly into D-sleep consists of a very dynamic series of consciousness states, then in addition to the awareness of the normal paralysis the sleeper can experience any number of ideatic phenomena. These phenomena can include auditory hallucinations, the

sense or feeling of a presence (FOP) in the sleeper's bedroom, somatosensory-acoustic phenomena such as tingling, crackling, vibrations, "sonic booms", bodily pain, wind-like rustling. Additionally, some subjects (myself included) report OBE's. Finally, in some subjects (myself included) these phenomena become secondary experiences to more creative and controlled forms of dreaming such as lucid dreaming. Some of these experiences can be accounted for neurophysiologically. In an important piece of research Takeuchi et al (1992) showed that, in addition to being a REM disorder, SP is accompanied by alpha waves. This is an important finding because it connects the phenomena with other types of "conscious ideation" (D. Foulkes) practices such as meditation.

<LG> What causes SP?

<JC> Actually, it would be fair to ask: what causes some individuals (normals, experiencing Isolated Sleep Paralysis) to be aware during normally occurring periods of paralysis associated with REM sleep? That is the million-dollar question. To my knowledge, no one has "the answer" to that question yet. I suspect that "the answer" would show a multitude of reasons causing a person to experience/report SP episodes. One way to an answer would be to say that during REM sleep our brain is closer to being awake than in any other sleep stage, and a segment of the population, or all of us at some point in our lives, are more aware of this particular state than others. That is, our studies show a relationship between the amount of awareness (higher arousal leading to higher awareness) that the sleeper brings to his nighttime rest periods and the incidence of SP. More specifically, others have reported (Takeuchi et al, 1992) that individuals who experience SP may exhibit sleep onset REM (SOREM) or the ability to slip into REM sleep while bypassing NON-REM sleep stages. However, it has not been explained why some sleepers exhibit SOREM. The phrase "the amount of awareness that the sleeper brings" includes: psychological anxiety, physical stress, physiological stress (illness), the ingestion of stimulants, and in our study, geophysical variables that could impact sensitive individuals. This grand variable, increased awareness prior to sleep, may be moderated in turn by a variety of culturally diverse sleeping situations and expectations, personality profiles, psychological states, and environmental circumstances. The complexity of the circumstances giving rise to SP opens the door to a multitude of studies. The bottom line is this: some individuals maintain self-awareness into sleep processes that are usually unconscious. The insatiable predormittal preoccupation with stressful events increases the probability of self-awareness during sleep. Unfortunately, Isolated Sleep Paralysis has not been researched comprehensively; therefore, much case-study work needs to be done in order to learn basic information about the personality and the environmental context of the sleep paralysis dreamer. Our own studies are aimed at initiating this basic research. We want to know as much about the context of the experience as possible.

<LG> Can anything be done to prevent SP or ease the anxiety while it occurs?

<JC> Great success has been reported in ways of preventing SP such as: altering sleeping posture (from supine to sleeping on one's side); reducing psychological or physiological stress (antidepressant drugs such as imipramine have been proven useful in treating SP); reducing the ingestion of stimulants prior to going to sleep; and allowing individuals simply to catch up on much needed rest. Four basic things are very useful in easing the anxiety that comes with the SP experience. One, the person must know that she/he will wake up at some point, that the paralysis is a normal part of sleep. Second, people should calm themselves by breathing in a regular and rhythmic manner. Most of our subjects benefit greatly from learning how to breathe in a calm, relaxed manner. Thirdly, some individuals, in a calm and predetermined fashion, may attempt to move parts of their bodies (just trying to move the pinky or one of your toes works, without struggling).

Finally, many subjects can ease their anxiety by combining these methods with a fourth: an attentional exercise. I recommend our subjects to focus their attention at a point two inches below their navel. By trying any of these techniques alone or in combination, the sleeper either naturally wakes up or moves on to dreaming.

<LG> What is the connection between lucid dreaming (LD) and SP?

<JC> There are two parts to the question. First, the electrophysiology of sleep suggests that SP and LD may have little in common. That is, there are reports that lucid dreaming seems to occur at the beginning or the end of S-sleep, whereas SP is a REM phenomenon. Having said that, and going back to my earlier point that sleep is a very dynamic series of processes, these electrophysiological boundaries may mean little to the person who experiences SP with LD. Many of the subjects who report SP also report LD. I have come to accept the fact that self-awareness during sleep, no matter how it happens or when it occurs, is an extraordinary phenomenological event. Once a person finds himself/herself in SP, the probability increases (especially if they can control the transition from SP to LD) that they will experience a LD. In this sense, one can think of SP as a very convenient launching pad toward LD. This is certainly the case in my own experiences. I hardly think of SP as an experience in itself; or if I do, I know it to be a gateway to LD and beyond: I breathe calmly, I focus my attention on my navel area and there I go into some fantastic dreamscape. In this sense, to have SP is to have a gift.

<LG> Do you think that a person's cultural beliefs or folklore influences the SP experience?

<JC> Yes, absolutely! Let me cite the case of The Night Marchers, a SP phenomena reported in the Hawaiian Islands. The vision of the "marchers" typically occurs after people have gone to bed and have experienced some of the classical symptoms of SP-as-incubus: a heaviness in the chest and the inability to move. Then folklore steps in and colors this classical SP experience by homogenizing, if you will, the SP experience with the anticipation of hearing warriors' thunderous footsteps marching near the sleeper's location. Many SP experiencers who have never heard of Hawaii's "Night Marchers" still hear thunderous footsteps marching near their beds. However, they may not interpret these acoustic hallucinations as marching Hawaiian warriors. Furthermore, to me it is interesting that these visions occur in certain parts of the island. This is significant to my own geophysical hypothesis of SP in that it points to locations that may be geophysically (geomagnetically) active, where sensitive sleepers may be affected by these natural forces. Elsewhere (Conesa, J. (2000). Geomagnetic, Cross-cultural and Occupational Faces of Sleep Paralysis: An Ecological perspective. *Sleep and Hypnosis*, 2: 105-111) I have made the case for a greater incidence in the reports of SP and in its folklore in the area generally called the Pacific Ring of Fire. Your question is also very relevant to our homespun, cultural version of SP: the so-called alien abduction phenomena. If a person reports an alien abduction while they are in bed, experiencing paralysis, and without credible witnesses to their abduction, then I am going to bet my scientific dollars that they are experiencing SP with concomitant hypnagogic hallucinations.

<LG> How may geomagnetism and SP be related?

<JC> The connection between SP and geomagnetism began as a suggestion by neurocognitive researcher Michael Persinger that so-called paranormal experiences can be explained by the reactivity of the human brain to electromagnetic fields. It also began after the discovery that cells in the pineal gland are affected by the introduction of fluctuating earth-strength magnetic fields. Finally, it began as a reasonable and parsimonious explanation of certain SP experiences when none of the usual triggers (anxiety, stress) were present.

Some writers have commented that our geomagnetic hypothesis may not be useful once a genetic explanation for SP can be supported. Even if an argument can be made for a familial (genetic) history of SP, this fact alone does not explain away a purported geomagnetic effect, but only enhances it. What I mean is that a physiological reactivity to changing magnetic fields (SP) may confer an evolutionary advantage to an SP experiencer, especially if this human can predict atmospheric or geomagnetic phenomena. This advantage would pay off in terms of greater probability for survival if the same atmospheric or magnetic phenomena affects the creatures she hunts or he plants. What I mean is that SP and its imagery may only be a byproduct of other more important geophysical, natural sensitivities. It would be a bonus indeed if this natural sensitivity to geophysical variables translates into vivid imagery that can warn off the sleeper and create, in turn, rich folklore and practical superstition.

<LG> What are you currently studying/researching with regard to SP?

<JC> There are many facets to our interest in SP. Our three main research goals are: 1) to pursue long-term naturalistic (case) studies of SP experiencers; b) to pursue an understanding of a possible role of geophysical variables in SP when other more obvious triggers are not relevant to the subject's case; and c) to look closely at the interaction of these two emphases by examining cross-cultural varieties of SP in folklore narratives in epidemiological studies.

<LG> What about current research in other institutions? Has there been any recent findings of note?

<JC> I keep track of research coming out of the Stanford Sleep Laboratory. From the same laboratory came a comprehensive study of SP by Ohayon, et al (1999). (Prevalence and pathologic associations of sleep paralysis in the general population. *Neurology*, 52(6), 1194-1200.) If the reader is interested in cross-cultural accounts of SP I would recommend Arikawa's et al study (1999) looking at the Japanese version of SP, Kanashibari (The Structure and Correlates of Kanashibari. *Journal of Psychology*, 133(4), 369-375.) or Wing, et al's. (1994) Chinese study. Finally, our group published a review article in 2000 (Conesa, J. (2000). Geomagnetic, Cross-cultural and Occupational Faces of Sleep Paralysis: An Ecological perspective. *Sleep and Hypnosis*, 2:105-111). Next year, our group will release our decade-long SP study. To my knowledge, this is the only study so far to have monitored a single SP sufferer for that long (Kleitman's study lasted that long but it did not look at SP as the focus). Although we must be cautious making a generalization using single-subject case studies, our data may prove to be useful to sleep (SP) researchers.

<LG> Do participants in your research sleep in your lab? If so, what is being monitored while they sleep? Can you tell, from the monitoring devices, when someone is experiencing SP hallucinations?

<JC> N/A We are not a sleep laboratory. We are a cognitive laboratory trying to narrow down the many variables associated with SP. There is much in my research that obviously adheres to the adage "if life gives you lemons ..."

Being a chronic SP sufferer may have its advantages when it comes to studying this phenomenon up close and personal. Additionally, and thanks to the world wide web, we have been able to collect hundreds of reports from subjects all over the world. This is an added benefit for scientific research if one is very careful about methodology and protocols. We also work closely with the Geological Survey of Canada (Dr. R. L. Coles) in order to obtain our geomagnetic (aa indices) flux data. Earlier in my scientific interest of SP I seriously considered doing work in a sleep research center. But I was persuaded by writers/researchers such as Cohen (1974), Gackenback (1991), and Hobson (1994), that sleep research needed more field

observations in real-life settings if we wanted a comprehensive view of dream phenomena. It would be very difficult indeed to monitor a subject (myself) for ten years with wires hanging everywhere while the (this) subject plays the multiple roles of family man, scientist, educator, hiker and didgeridoo player! It would be impossible to allow this hypothetical subject a LIFE if he was to spend ten years of his life inside of a sleep research facility. It is indisputable that EEG methodology is invaluable in tracking gross sleep events and concomittant behavior (narcolepsy for example). But I suspect that in the case of the SP experiencer the experiential context is larger than squiggly lines on a piece of paper can tell. If we isolate the SP dreamer from his/her rich cultural, natural, or familial context, we may miss the genesis of his/her condition.

<LG> Is there a certain type of personality more susceptible to SP than others?

<JC> Yes! A lot of our respondents describe periods of great personal conflict coinciding with their reported SP episodes. The bottom line is that these individuals report anxiety or are emotionally, physically or psychologically stressed. There are some marginal effects of dramatic life style, including, for example, moving to a new domicile or starting an intense (new) intimate (sexual) relationship. Some female respondents associate their menstrual periods with greater incidence of SP. Some subjects are involved in meditation or do self-hypnosis prior to sleeping. Some subjects who report having migraine headaches also report SP (it may have nothing to do with the actual migraine but with the resulting added vigilance due to the pain and/or lack of sleep). Lately, we have begun collecting data in our survey that includes questions about being a "weather witch". Meaning, some subjects (it happens to me) associate storm fronts with an increased frequency of reported SP (by the way, migraine sufferers do, too). There are lifespan effects as well. For example, SP reports increase during adolescence and peak around the mid to late twenties. I have argued earlier that this increase in reports concentrated around these ages is also associated with turbulent and highly dynamic periods of human development. Individuals who work graveyard shifts in hospitals or factories also report SP frequently. This apparently chaotic list of circumstances can be summed up into two broad categories of susceptibles: One, individuals who are experiencing mild to high anxiety or emotional excitement who are likely to bring this increased sense of self-awareness into their sleep cycles. And two, individuals who are not getting enough sleep and who are likely to experience REM-rebound to catch up their lost D-sleep and consequently move too fast into REM with the recognition of paralysis.

<LG> If someone wanted to participate in your study or wanted further information, how can they contact you?

<JC> We welcome the interest of anyone who is curious about SP. Interested parties can contact me directly by mail, phone or email at:

Jorge Conesa, Ph.D.
The Language and Cognition Lab
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2000 Tower St.
Everett, WA 98201
(425)388-9388
jconesa@evcc.ctc.edu
jorgeconesa@yahoo.com

or they can visit our research and SP information web site at:
<http://www.geocities.com/jorgeconesa/Paralysis/sleepnew.html>

Abraham Maslow was an April Fool baby. Born 1908 in Brooklyn, NY, he was the first of 7 children. Maslow considered his childhood terrible and unhappy. His parent divorced when he was in college. After graduating from high school, Maslow started law school because his father wanted him to become a lawyer. One day a class was discussing how people should behave towards one another, from a legal point of view. The discussion offended Maslow so much that he walked out, leaving his books behind. He marched straight home and announced to the family that he was quitting law school. When his father asked him what he *did* want to study, Maslow replied, "Everything!"

Which, it seems, is exactly what he did. His checkered college experience included study at several institutions and courses in agriculture, humanities, social sciences and the sciences. At the University of Wisconsin, he discovered behaviorist psychology and that set his career path. That same year, he went home for Christmas and married his first cousin Bertha, over almost everyone's objections. Eventually, they had two healthy daughters, Ann and Ellen.

Maslow completed education through his doctorate at Wisconsin. He was of Jewish heritage, which made it very difficult to get a job. He applied for a dozen teaching positions throughout the country with no success despite stellar credentials and letters of recommendation. Desperate, the young husband enrolled in med school and taught Introductory Psychology under a teaching fellowship. But he hated learning the parts of the body by rote and he found it hard to dissociate from the pain and distress of his patients in the medical clinic. Instead, his heart was in experimental research. So most of his life he did that and teach at the college level.

Eventually Maslow became chair of the Department of Psychology at Brandeis University and was elected President of the American Psychological Association (1967-68). He was a founder of both Humanistic Psychology and Transpersonal Psychology.

Maslow suffered from an undiagnosed life-long physical weakness (he got a "D" in ROTC). At one point he had to take a sabbatical and work for his family, who owned a cooperage in Pleasanton, CA. (A cooperage makes the barrels for wine). This is where he got first hand experience in business management. During his last years he had a fellowship for research here in the Bay Area from the SAGA Corporation. (SAGA is a food service company that manages college cafeterias). Maslow died at home in Menlo Park on June 8, 1970 at age 62 from massive heart failure while jogging in the California sun.

Influences

Maslow wasn't a militant, but his essential humanistic values showed up early. During college, he walked off a summer job, with the entire staff this time, because the boss was a liar and a rip-off artist.

At the time he studied psychology, the emphasis was on hard science. Maslow took courses in physiology, chemistry, physics, statistics, zoology and animal behavior. In the lab he learned to perform animal dissections and he did a good job of it. He observed the behavior of apes and monkeys...not in deepest Africa, I doubt he could have survived the physical rigor required...but at the best local substitute, the Bronx Zoo. These innovative and well-respected studies in animal sex and dominance brought him to the attention of the scientific community and led him to human research on the same subjects.

But the birth of his first child changed him. "I'd say that anyone who had a baby couldn't be a Behaviorist,"

he mused. "I looked at this tiny, mysterious thing and felt...stunned by the mystery and by the sense of not really being in control." Maslow realized that human beings couldn't be studied as scientists study chemical reactions, stars and galaxies. The study of people required a study of values.

Maslow was advocating quality over quantity, a very original perspective for the time. His proposed master thesis had been on the psychology of music, a subject he loved. But it was rejected as being too "soft-minded." Instead he had to do traditional research, ringing bells and flashing cards in front of students to test their memory and learning. Later, when he could, he shifted to case studies.

Whereas Freud had relied on case histories of a small sample of affluent Viennese women psychiatric patients, Maslow first interviewed mid-class college educated men and women. Like Freud, like Jung, he preferred the women! In fact, since his study of female sexuality and dominance, he had been an advocate of the rights of women to assert themselves in many areas of life, including the intellectual. He thought raising children well came from emotional maturity, not just from maternal instinct.

Maslow created the Social Personality Inventory. Stanford published it and it became widely used in psychological research. But Maslow became very aware of its limitations when he did fieldwork with the Blackfoot Indians in Canada. He concluded that his list of personality traits "was ridiculously useless when used to measure secure people."

Compared to the Blackfoot, Americans were very insecure, a finding recently corroborated by Patricia Garfield when she compared the dreams of American children with East Indian children. In her study, the older American children reported almost no purely pleasant dreams, whereas the Indian children did not stop having them as they grew up. She wondered, what happened to the Americans? And she affirmed, as I do, that something could be done about it.

Maslow's second research tool, a test of whether people actually were secure or insecure, did work across cultures. He became convinced that an insecure person, no matter what the tradition, would tend to show the same general characteristics of insecurity, such as the need to be empowered and a feeling of uncertainty about the feelings of the people around him. Note that this second approach relies less on outer behavior and more on inner perception and feelings, just the sort of things that are reflected by dreams.

Because of his cross-cultural research, which extended well beyond the Blackfoot, Maslow became friendly with anthropologists Ruth Benedict, Gregory Bateson and Margaret Mead. Actually, his colleague and friendship network reads like a "Who's Who" of the greatest thinkers of the time. Erich Fromm, Carl Rogers, Victor Frankl, Rollo May, Ashley Montagu, Lewis Mumford, Paul Tillich, Willis Harman, Arnold Mitchell, Robert Hartman, S. I Hayakawa. Although he dearly treasured his privacy, clearly Maslow was not an recluse. He lived in society, not just in his head.

His relationship with Esalen's Michael Murphy was like father and son. Political activist Abbie Hoffman was his student. His daughter Ellen went to work for Timothy Leary as an assistant in psychedelic research. She also joined the Freedom Riders to fight for black voter registration in the Deep South. He made friends with Betty Friedan, whose devoted nearly a chapter to Maslow's humanistic approach as an alternative to Freud's demeaning view of women in her book "The Feminine Mystique."

Maslow had studied under Max Wertheimer and Kurt Koffka, two of the co-founders of Gestalt psychology. It was Wertheimer who argued that people learn through insight, the "aha!" experience, so favored as a

measure of completion by dreamworkers today. Wertheimer also described what Maslow would later come to call “peak experiences.” These are moments when the individual feels at his very best: moments of great awe, happiness, rapture, bliss or ecstasy.

Maslow also knew and studied with psychoanalyst Alfred Adler. In contrast to Freud’s gloom about the human condition, Adler taught that social institutions could be reformed and revitalized for human betterment. Maslow took this lesson to heart.

But Maslow based his view most heavily on Karen Horney’s neo-Freudian outlook. Human beings have basic needs that must be fulfilled in order to be healthy. He argued that early deprivation and frustration of any basic need almost inevitably damages or emotionally cripples adult life.

He drew an analogy to vitamins. “At its core,” he said, “a deficiency disease (arises from) being deprived of certain satisfactions which I call needs in the same sense that water and amino acids and calcium are needs, namely that their absence produces illness.” Whereas psychotherapy may help satisfy current and future needs, it can’t restore what was lost. It can’t bring back the missed opportunity to experience a normal life during that early period.

Impact

At one point Maslow identified with the child in the *Emperor’s New Clothes.* It was the child in that folk tale who alerted people to the fact that they were living a delusion. “Never underestimate the power of a single individual to affect the world,” he said. “Remember, one candle in a cave lights everything.”

Maslow had a pretty big candle. His most popular book, *Towards a Psychology of Being,* was passed from hand to hand. From his work, many people were led to careers in psychiatry. But Maslow said that the theory “needs a life situation of the total human being” to confirm it.

Actually, it was the industrial situation. The job situation, rather than the laboratory or the couch, served as verification and validation of his theory. Maslow was sought after by corporations and government agencies interested in fostering creativity in their employees, especially in such fields as engineering and research and development.

Besides business management and marketing, his theory of motivation has impacted nursing and health care, marriage counseling and education, psychotherapy and theology. People in general have begun to form a more positive view of human motivation and potential.

Maslow The Counselor

Despite his serious dedication to the cause of human actualization, Maslow wasn’t a cold intellect. He had a sense of humor and he could poke fun at himself. Because of his essential warmth, Maslow made a good counselor to college students. The students didn’t have the time to devote to in-depth analysis, but there was no proven alternative. So Maslow had to rely on reading, on conversations with his analyst-friends and on his intuition to develop his own techniques. Instead of lengthy Freudian free association, he used an approach he called “lifting the lid off the repression.”

Maslow described to the students many case studies in order to establish the naturalness of their thoughts,

feelings and behavior. Through his comments, he created an environment of acceptance and reassurance. He pointed out that it takes courage to recognize and deal with one's troublesome impulses and feelings.

But, true to his profession, he didn't just provide a safe place to talk. Maslow gave out homework. He often gave students an outline to use so that they could write out their problems, then bring the installment to him once a week for his analysis and suggestions. "I also ask them...to keep a dream diary," he said.

Furthermore, Maslow urged students to go beyond reflection to action. He suggested creative activities like art or music that could be uplifting or calming: whatever was warranted.

Maslow was keenly aware that the source of much conflict came from selecting a vocation that was a mismatch with personality. Or a course of study that repressed talent, calling and potential development. In part, he developed his theory of self-actualization from these encounters with the students.

Maslow The Teacher

As a teacher, Maslow was innovative. He invited students to his home to discuss psychological issues. Because he believed that the best way to make psychological theory come alive was to relate it to our own experiences, he had each student write in advance something autobiographical, something about their sexual history or dreams, and be prepared to share those comments with the group. He believed that honest self-disclosure does much to remove anxiety and awkwardness about such topics. (Sounds to me like he'd make a good community dreamworker).

Maslow's Own Dreams

Did Maslow pay attention to his own dreams? Yes. For one thing, he went through psychoanalysis. Then there was the episode at Brandeis. Maslow co-taught there with historian Frank Manuel. Maslow respected Manuel enormously, but the team-teaching heightened the differences in their temperament and outlook. Finally, Manuel left for New York University and Maslow was crushed. He reported that he had frequent dreams of rejection for months after the bad news.

Maslow and ESP

Did Maslow pay attention to ESP? Yes. At Cornell he and his college buddies conducted an ESP experiment in which he was the receiver. Much later in life Maslow wrote a letter to famous parapsychologist J. B. Rhine suggesting that, rather than to attempt fostering psychic communication between people who were virtual strangers, it might be more advantageous to hold a telepathic experiment between people who knew each other well.

Maslow and Groups

Yes, Maslow was not a hermit. He said that we should avoid making the "stupid mistake of defining self as nothing but our reflections in an awful lot of mirrors." For Maslow, the determinants of behavior were both interpersonal and intrapersonal. Both private and social.

At Lake Arrowhead he observed T-groups (therapy groups/encounter groups) experiencing from within and without. He concluded that feedback from others leads to the experience of inner happenings in a form

less chaotic or frightening than a private experience might be.

Then he experimented in groups with interview and feedback techniques. Each group member was a listener to one other member and a speaker to yet another. Each played the part of patient and therapist. Like peer dreamwork groups. Or the exercises I did in business management courses. Intimacy, exposure, listening, expression were part of the mix of what he came to call “personal development groups.” He especially emphasized less structured communications. He said, “...we need to be more poetic, more mythical, more metaphoric, more archaic in the Jungian sense.”

Maslow At Esalen

I’ve already mentioned that Maslow studied under 2 co-founders of Gestalt psychology and he incorporated some of that theory into his own. I’ve already told you that he treated Michael Murphy of Esalen like a son. He presented many times at Esalen, the prime haven of encounter group therapy. He was pro-group therapy and pro-Gestalt. I mention this again so you can appreciate the context in which this next incident occurred.

One day Maslow came to Esalen to discuss peak experiences. He thought that by bringing together a group of congenial people personally familiar with such experiences and his own psychological theory, he could help build a meaningful, shared language of transcendence. Rather like the lucid dreamers hashing out the definition of lucid dreaming in their group meetings. At the time Gestalt therapist Fritz Perls resided at Esalen, so reluctantly, Murphy invited him, too. Talk about a recipe for disaster. Perls once called Maslow a “sugar-coated Nazi.”

After presenting his theory and its implications, Maslow started his discussion of language with a simple example. “Take ‘duty,’ he began, “Now, how would you define duty in a non-traditional way, a psychological meaning that conveys self-actualization or health?” Silence. Then one person suggested that duty can be thought of as fulfilling one’s personal destiny, one’s innate potential; that is, the duty to yourself to be the best or truest you can be. “Right,” replied Maslow, “that’s a good example.”

“This is just like school,” Perls exclaimed in a loud, sarcastic voice. “Here is the teacher, and there is the pupil, giving the right answer.” Maslow ignored the jab and those Perls would level that evening and the next day. By nature, Maslow avoided confrontation as much as possible. Nor did Murphy want to challenge Perls, nor did anyone else. But that didn’t stop Fritz Perls.

Next night, the atmosphere grew more and more strained as Maslow doggedly continued his effort to develop transcendent language. Suddenly, Perls dropped to the floor and began to make whining, infant-like sounds. Before the astonished gathering, he slowly wrapped himself around Maslow’s knees. Maslow stared down in disbelief. Tersely, he told Murphy, “This begins to look like sickness.”

The gathering broke up in confusion. Seething with unexpressed feelings, Maslow stayed up into the late hours of the night. Writing down his angry thoughts calmed him and eventually he fell asleep. Next day, he delivered an impassioned speech in which he pointed out some of the problems at Esalen....like putting up with delinquent behavior in the name of spontaneity.

This did not earn him any new friends. Some of those in attendance found Maslow’s passionate speech well-intentioned but annoying and paternalistic. Others, like Murphy, respected Maslow for accurately

ing when i woke. on that morning i did. a few days later i sent email with a longer dream in it. it seemed to me that this was a handy way of keeping dreams in a machine readable format which i could eventually use for an analysis of sorts. the email also would put a detailed time stamp on the data. i began sending myself emails with dream contents whenever i could remember them.

i have now 369 dreams in these files, containing 40995 lines of text. there is about a 9 year gap from 1985 until 1994 in which i have very few dreams. i recall writing dreams during that time, but apparently i lost them at some time, probably in a hard disk crash. i may eventually recover some as i have crates full of old storage disks around, or those missing dreams may be lost forever. the early part of the dream logs were written in emailers on time sharing computers using a terminal that i kept by my bedside. the time stamps for those come at the end of the writing sessions, when i pressed the send button. the later dreams were written in word processors on microcomputers that i kept beside my bed. those time stamps are written as the first data in the file before i start with the dream content. that is the major systematic change in the temporal aspects of the data collection. the last dream in the log files is dated 10 sep 2001 06:43.

here is how my dreaming happens in relation to the phases of the moon.

Moon Phase of Dreams

```

0    new moon : 6:*****
1    :15:*****
2    :14:*****
3    :16:*****
4    waxing crescent :14:*****
5    :12:*****
6    :10:*****
7    first quarter : 8:*****
8    :15:*****
9    :16:*****
10   :17:*****
11   waxing gibbous :12:*****
12   :11:*****
13   :14:*****
14   : 8:*****
15   full moon :15:*****
16   :10:*****
17   :12:*****
18   waning gibbous :14:*****
19   : 9:*****
20   :11:*****
21   :15:*****
22   last quarter :16:*****
23   :11:*****
24   :13:*****
25   : 6:*****
26   waning crescent :15:*****
27   :11:*****
    
```

28 : 6:*****
29 new moon :17:*****

i see no obvious pattern here, hence i conclude that i have no evidence of a lunar or menstrual cycle. the synodic cycle of the moon is 29.530588861 days in length during the two decades of this data collection. my calculations, being simplistic in nature, vary by a few hours compared to references i can find on the internet, but my data is mainly accurate to the day i wrote the dreams, not the hour. the phases of the moon within the cycle are also rounded off in the graph above. the full moon happens on day 14.77, which i have plotted as 15 here. there are more accurate moon phase algorithms which agree to the minute, but since the method of dream recording does not give that level of percision, day by day analysis ought to suffice.

since i built the code to do this level of temporal analysis, it is of no extra difficulty to plot other time cycles, like day of the week.

Week Day of Dreams

0 monday :57:*****
1 tuesday :63:*****
2 wednesday :40:*****
3 thursday :55:*****
4 friday :54:*****
5 saturday :38:*****
6 sunday :62:*****

i was surprised that there is no pattern here which favors weekends, as i believe i have more time on those days to record dreams than on days when i have to rush off to class.

Hour of Day for Dream Writing

0 : 5:**
1 : 3:*
2 : 5:**
3 :11:*****
4 :13:*****
5 :24:*****
6 :56:*****
7 :30:*****
8 :45:*****
9 :58:*****
10 :52:*****
11 :23:*****
12 :17:*****
13 : 5:**
14 : 2:*

While in our society media and government people may have a hard time understanding that we dream the future and can derive vitally important messages from precognitive and early warning dreams, Osama bin Laden knew better. One of the most fascinating and chilling stories of 9-11 to emerge since the terror attacks is that the man behind the mass murders feared that dreamers would expose his plot before it was carried out.

On December 13, 2001 the Pentagon released a videotape in which Osama bin Laden and some of his followers discussed the 9-11 attacks on the United States with a visiting shaikh, believed to be an extremist Saudi cleric. The tape was said to have been made in Kandahar on November 5, 2001. Though the quality of the recording was poor, many independent analysts agreed that the tape was probably genuine and that the English translation prepared by George Michaels and Dr Kassem Wahba of Johns Hopkins University was substantially accurate.

The video segments in which Osama bin Laden boasted of how he had orchestrated the 9-11 terror attacks generated headlines throughout the world media. The media almost completely ignored the fact that about half of the video discussion is about dreams and visions. Bin Laden and the visiting shaikh talk about a series of dreams predating 9-11 in which members of the terror support network who were not privy to the details of the plot foresaw, sometimes with considerable accuracy, what was going to take place.

Bin Laden tells his guest that a man called Abu al-Hasan told him “a year ago”:

I saw in a dream we were playing a soccer game against the Americans. When our team showed up on the field, they were all pilots! So I wondered if that was as soccer game or a pilot game? Our players were pilots.

Bin Laden specified that the dreamer knew nothing about the 9-11 operation until he heard it on the news. “He said the game went on and we defeated them. That was a good omen for us.”

One of Bin Laden’s followers is next heard saying off-camera:

Abd al-Rahman said he saw a vision before the operation. A plane crashed into a building. He knew nothing about it.

The shaikh contributes another dream or vision, from one of the “religious people” who had come to Afghanistan to support the cause:

I saw a vision, I was in a huge plane, long and wide. I was carrying it on my shoulders and I walked from the road to the desert for half a kilometer. I was dragging the plane.

This dream may have anticipated the burden the kamikaze skyjackers would impose on the people of Afghanistan, and their own networks?

The shaikh quotes another man who told him that he “saw” in 2000 “people who left for jihad...and they found themselves in New York...in Washington and New York”. There was something about a plane crashing into a building that was not understood until 9-11.

I have another man...my god...he said and swore by Allah that his wife had seen the incident a week

here and face us.”

(...inaudible...) He told me a year ago: “I saw in a dream, we were playing a soccer game against the Americans. When our team showed up in the field, they were all pilots!” He said: “So I wondered if that was a soccer game or a pilot game? Our players were pilots.”

He (Abu-Al-Hasan) didn't know anything about the operation until he heard it on the radio. He said the game went on and we defeated them. That was a good omen for us.

Shaykh: May Allah be blessed.

Unidentified Man Off Camera: Abd Al Rahman Al-(Ghamri) said he saw a vision, before the operation, a plane crashed into a tall building. He knew nothing about it.

Shaykh: May Allah be blessed!

Sulayman ((Abu Guaith)): I was sitting with the Shaykh in a room, then I left to go to another room where there was a TV set. The TV broadcasted the big event. The scene was showing an Egyptian family sitting in their living room, they exploded with joy. Do you know when there is a soccer game and your team wins, it was the same expression of joy. There was a subtitle that read: “In revenge for the children of Al Aqsa’, Usama Bin Ladin executes an operation against America.” So I went back to the Shaykh (meaning UBL) who was sitting in a room with 50 to 60 people. I tried to tell him about what I saw, but he made gesture with his hands, meaning: “I know, I know...”

UBL: He did not know about the operation. Not everybody knew (...inaudible...). Muhammad ((Atta)) from the Egyptian family (meaning the Al Qa’ida Egyptian group), was in charge of the group.

Shaykh: A plane crashing into a tall building was out of anyone’s imagination. This was a great job. He was one of the pious men in the organization. He became a martyr. Allah bless his soul.

Shaykh (Referring to dreams and visions): The plane that he saw crashing into the building was seen before by more than one person. One of the good religious people has left everything and come here. He told me, “I saw a vision, I was in a huge plane, long and wide. I was carrying it on my shoulders and I walked from the road to the desert for half a kilometer. I was dragging the plane.” I listened to him and I prayed to Allah to help him. Another person told me that last year he saw, but I didn’t understand and I told him I don’t understand. He said, “I saw people who left for jihad...and they found themselves in New York...in Washington and New York.” I said, “What is this?” He told me the plane hit the building. That was last year. We haven’t thought much about it.

But, when the incidents happened he came to me and said, “Did you see...this is strange.”

I have another man...my god...he said and swore by Allah that his wife had seen the incident a week earlier. She saw the plane crashing into a building...that was unbelievable, my god.

UBL: The brothers, who conducted the operation, all they knew was that they have a martyrdom operation and we asked each of them to go to America but they didn’t know anything about the operation, not even one letter. But they were trained and we did not reveal the operation to them until they are there and just

before they boarded the planes.

UBL: (...inaudible...) then he said: Those who were trained to fly didn't know the others. One group of people did not know the other group. (...inaudible...)

(Someone in the crowd asks UBL to tell the Shaykh about the dream of ((Abu-Da'ud)).

UBL: We were at a camp of one of the brother's guards in Qandahar. This brother belonged to the majority of the group. He came close and told me that he saw, in a dream, a tall building in America, and in the same dream he saw Mukhtar teaching them how to play karate. At that point, I was worried that maybe the secret would be revealed if everyone starts seeing it in their dream. So I closed the subject. I told him if he sees another dream, not to tell anybody, because people will be upset with him.

(Another person's voice can be heard recounting his dream about two planes hitting a big building).

UBL: They were overjoyed when the first plane hit the building, so I said to them: be patient.

UBL: The difference between the first and the second plane hitting the towers was twenty minutes. And the difference between the first plane and the plane that hit the Pentagon was one hour.

Shaykh: They (the Americans) were terrified thinking there was a coup.

[Note: Ayman Al-Zawahri says first he commended UBL's awareness of what the media is saying. Then he says it was the first time for them (Americans) to feel danger coming at them.]

UBL (reciting a poem):

I witness that against the sharp blade
They always faced difficulties and stood together...
When the darkness comes upon us and we are bit by a
Sharp tooth, I say...
"Our homes are flooded with blood and the tyrant
Is freely wandering in our homes"...
And from the battlefield vanished
The brightness of swords and the horses...
And over weeping sounds now
We hear the beats of drums and rhythm...
They are storming his forts
And shouting: "We will not stop our raids
Until you free our lands"...

Bin Laden visit footage complete. Footage of the visit to the helicopter site follows the poem.

[End]

sleep and dreaming is most prominent during the early morning hours, this delay between ingestion and actual dream action could have hindered the results from my previous experiments. It would make more sense to time the ingestion to be in sync with the target dreaming time after several hours or early morning. Ideally, a time-released supplement would do the trick, but believe it or not I could not find an extract of cayenne pepper in time-release form.

Searching for the Holy Grail - The Entire Universe in a Grain of Salt?

Maybe I should write the manufacturer about my needs and my dilemma. Seriously though, if there is a way to boost my dreaming even to a fraction of the intensity that I experienced wearing the patch, I would be ready to try just about anything. I would eat salted bananas if that were required. Don't laugh! I tried it after reading an excellent book, "The Dreaming Universe" by Fred Alan Wolfe. In this book, the author points out that potassium and sodium play crucial chemical roles in the dreaming process. Not one to overlook any possible advantages, I salted up a banana that night and munched it down. I grimaced on the outside but was inwardly excited as I eagerly anticipated some nocturnal magic.

After taking my dream medicine, I fell asleep and had an incredibly intense lucid dream. I woke up filled with excitement even more than I would after any lucid dream. I thought I had found the Holy Grail of lucid dreaming! Who would have known it was salted bananas? Finally the key to open access to the lucid dreaming realm. Unfortunately, four days and four salted banana nights later, I could not repeat the initial magic. I was forced to chalk it up to a placebo effect, but in any case, it was still good for one lucid dream. While this was an amusing digression, I hope, it actually ties back in with the previous concept of target timing. I had tested this salted banana idea before going to bed. So once again, the ingestion was not targeted to coincide with most active dreaming time. As a result, it may be grounds for some further testing. Pass the salt, would you?

Oops, I Could Have Had a B-6?

Let's get back to the matter at hand, the prospect of enhancing the dreaming process. I believe that we can enhance our dreams by adding the right ingredients. If you barely have any gas in your car, you cannot expect it to travel cross-country. However, with a full tank you may actually arrive wherever you are intended to go. Along the same lines, the dreaming process may be augmented with certain vitamins, minerals and other supplements. Taking some dream supplements may be a smart way to enhance the dreaming process and maybe even maximize the odds of successfully inducing a lucid dream. Normally, I take several nightly supplements for dream enhancement. I usually take a Lecithin supplement (great source of choline), some B vitamins (B-6, B-12, and B-Complex), potassium (occasionally) and recently I have added some Blue / Green Algae for good measure.

I previously reported on the effects I experienced while taking Blue / Green Algae supplements. For more information on this experiment, you can check out the Blue / Green Algae article in the archives. In light of the turbo dreaming effects I experienced while wearing the nicotine patch, I am going back to the bedroom laboratory to test a wide variety of supplements in hopes of finding the perfect combination of natural dreaming supplements. The list of would-be helpers on the testing block will include combinations of the following: Ginseng, Kava Kava, Cayenne Pepper, Melatonin, St. John's Wort and Calea Zacatechichi (a dreaming herb). If you know of any other supplements that you would like to test, please feel free to email me and I will add it to the list.

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New Series begins with dream-flow@egroup.com Digest #1 09/29/2000

This issue includes volume # 337 - # 360

Hello and welcome to the DREAM SECTION of Electric Dreams.

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

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
dreamstream@topical.com
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

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

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BEGIN

[dream-flow] Digest Number 310

[dream-flow] Digest Number 337

There are 3 messages in this issue.

Topics in this digest:

1. Re: dead brother and red wine
From: Gail <growlgirl2001
 2. Smoking
From: Anonymous
 3. legs
From: Anonymous
-

Message: 1

Date: Sat, 24 Nov 2001 07:56:10 -0800 (PST)

From: Gail <growlgirl2001

Subject: Re: dead brother and red wine

Dear mara, I am new to group, and am not sure I have any sense of your dream, yet if it were my dream I might feel it had to do with my brothers' drinking somehow, and my brother does drink yet I have had no like dreams. I did have a dream about a friend who loves animals and she and her sister were in a car with their favorite dead? dog and then came back to her house and I sat there with them with 2 little boys with other dogs going in and out of doors in the room. When we were in the car there seems to be no doors in the car!!!

There are 8 messages in this issue.

Topics in this digest:

1. Re: purchasing shoes
From: mara f <maramflynn
2. 9-11
From: Anonymous
3. Five Dogs
From: Anonymous
4. this is hard
From: Anonymous
5. really cute guy
From: Anonymous

6. sleepless nights

From: Anonymous

7. Snakes

From: Anonymous

8. Re: dead brother and red wine

From: "Heather Rich" <h1r71

Message: 1

Date: Sun, 25 Nov 2001 04:25:56 -0800 (PST)

From: mara f <maramflynn

Subject: Re: purchasing shoes

Hi,

I would like to ask some questions about this dream:

Could you please specify the gender of the two people involved? Is your colleague also a friend you would normally go shopping? How did you feel toward your friend? Did you go during a break from work? At what time and day were you purchasing the shoes? What kind of shoes were you purchasing? Were they shoes you would normally buy? For whom were you buying the shoes? Where you in a store? Was there a person helping you? How did you feel about this person? Were you paying the shoes? How much? In which currency? Did you feel the price was right for the purchase? Were you touching money, credit card, check, other?

There are 5 messages in this issue.

Topics in this digest:

1. Waiting For Some Replys...

Deleted - not about dreams

2. Opps Baby

From: Anonymous

3. Lasagna

From: Anonymous

4. EX GIRLFRIEDND IN ITALY

From: Anonymous

5. smoking

From: Anonymous

Message: 2

Date: Mon, 26 Nov 2001 10:57:02 -0800

From: Anonymous

Subject: Opps Baby

dream_title: Opps Baby

dream_date: 11-25-2001

dreamer_name: Dixie

dream_text: I had a baby, although I hadnt known I was pregnant. The baby was a happy baby, didn't cry

at all. But I had nothing for the baby (Carseat,crib, swing) b/c I hadnt known I was pregnant. I was trying to sanitize a bottle to make for her (i think it was a girl) but my mother kept taking the water off of the stove.

dream_comments: It was really strange b/c my husand and I have been trying to get pregnant for about a year now.

Message: 3

Date: Mon, 26 Nov 2001 10:58:23 -0800

From: Anonymous

Subject: Lasagna

dream_title: Lasagna

dream_date: repeating

dreamer_name: anonymous

dream_text: Im sleeping and all of a sudden I hear noises down the hall and wake up .. i walk down the hall and as I walk I see different plates if Italian foods, such as chicken parmigiana, penne alla vodka, spaghetti, etc. The closer I get to my parents room at the end of the hall, the louder the noises get. By the time I reach my parents door and open it, I get sucked into the room and turn into Lasagna.

Message: 4

Date: Mon, 26 Nov 2001 10:57:46 -0800

From: Anonymous

Subject: EX GIRLFRIEDND IN ITALY

dream_title: EX GIRLFRIEDND IN ITALY

dream_date: 22ND NOVEMEMBER 2001

dreamer_name: SIANJOAN

dream_text: I was in a house which looked french with Big bay window outside there was lots of colors, things, people the atmosphere was one of happiness and busy lifestyle. The sun was sunny bright it felt it was in Italy. The house i was in was quite empty with bare floors, with two room on the top floor i saw a curly stair-case. i single single bed in one room with a open door no picture on the wall, everything was brown. but with good lighting so it wasn't to dark. there was a white bath in the hall way which seemed very bright against the brown walls. the taps were golden and the water which filled it was clear but very hot stream was coming off it. Inside the house there was myself and my ex girlfriend we were talking about getting back together.it felt as if we both knew the house and lived there together. Even though we looked the same i felt as if we were much older in ourselves. My ex-girlfriend Lucy had a big smile on her face As she told me she was moving to dublin next year when i return to Liverpool to finish my degree. Liverpool is where we both went to university and where she lives now. Then Lucy climbed into bath but the water did full up more but emptied more. Then we were both outside a welsh museum wearing coated and scafs i felt cold. we were surrounded my people i thought i recognized. we kissed each other on the museum steps then i woke up.

Message: 5

Date: Mon, 26 Nov 2001 16:55:12 -0800

From: Anonymous

Subject: smoking

dream_title: smoking

dream_date: november 25, 2001

dreamer_name: anonymous

dream_text: i was shopping with my friend amanda and my sister angela. the walls were white and almost everything was white. then manda pulled out some cigarettes and we were smoking through the whole store. then she pulled out a long joint probably about a foot long and i smoked almost the whole thing in one breathe. i could feel the smoke in my lungs and it felt so good. manda got mad at me for smoking the whole thing and not sharing it with her. suddenly we were at her house and the walls were white with baby pink curtains. we went back to the mall and i bought a shirt that was blueish-green.

dream_comments: i don't smoke or drink but my friend does when offered. she's not addicted.

[dream-flow] Digest Number 340

There are 5 messages in this issue.

Topics in this digest:

1. Re: this is hard
From: aubree <aubreemarie
 2. Re: for 11/27
From: Heratheta
 3. MORE THEN FRIENDS
From: Anonymous
 4. Pregnant
From: Anonymous
 5. : ANGELS
From: Anonymous
-

Message: 1

Date: Tue, 27 Nov 2001 11:37:46 -0800 (PST)

From: aubree <aubreemarie

Subject: Re: this is hard

I think it is more of a fear that your boyfriend will leave you for a woman and not necessarily a dream that will come true. I have a few dreams about school now and then. You may have had a hard time in school and have certain fears related to school and that may be why your dream takes place there too.

There are 4 messages in this issue.

Topics in this digest:

1. unsubscribe
From: aubree <aubreemarie
 2. School Camp Colourblindness
From: Anonymous
 3. The Bending Tower/The Albino Seal
From: Anonymous
 4. The end of August '01
From: Anonymous
-

Message: 1

Date: Thu, 29 Nov 2001 06:52:10 -0800 (PST)

From: aubree <aubreemarie

Subject: unsubscribe

— Heratheta@aol.com wrote: > see www.dreamgate.com./dream/dubetz/ >

There are 2 messages in this issue.

Topics in this digest:

1. Attacked by a White Tiger

From: Anonymous

2. The accident

From: Anonymous

Message: 1

Date: Fri, 30 Nov 2001 09:35:37 -0800

From: Anonymous

Subject: Attacked by a White Tiger

dream_title: Attacked by a White Tiger

dream_date: 11/26/01

dreamer_name: paradoxx

dream_text: I was attacked by a large white tiger who bit down on my left leg , i struggled and began to scream as the tiger continued to devour me. The incident happened somewhere indoors. I am 47 and rarely dream in such vivid detail and in color. Any meaning?

dream_comments: scared the dickens out of me . was shaken for several sleepless hours afterwards

Message: 2

Date: Fri, 30 Nov 2001 09:35:08 -0800

From: Anonymous

Subject: The accident

dream_title: The accident

dream_date: 29/11/01

dreamer_name: Brenda

dream_text: I was driving in a car (not mine)it was very sunny and extremely hot. I turned off the road and there was just snow everywhere. Cars were covered in snow and trying to manouvre their way along a sharp corner of a highway. I was in the end lane and another vehicle pushed me against the barrier. The driver of this other vehicle was an old lady and somehow I was able to touch her on her shoulder and I was yelling at her to stop because I was about to go over the edge. The other vehicle then became a mini-bus and sped past me at which time I noticed a pregnant women in front of the mini-bus. The pregnant woman ran ahead of the bus, but the driver (not the old lady anymore - a younger lady now)did not stop. Suddenly the road ended in a concrete wall and the pregnant woman was pushed against it. I shouted at the woman to reverse the mini-bus and the pregnant woman just lay there with blood pouring out everywhere.

dream_comments: It might have something to do with the fact that I have been going for numerous (and some painful) fertility tests. Everything has been normal so far, but I do have 1 more progesterone test left, which will be done on 5/12/01.

[dream-flow] Digest Number 343

There are 5 messages in this issue.

Topics in this digest:

1. dream girl
From: Anonymous
 2. Fleeing
From: Anonymous
 3. Dead Friend
From: Anonymous
 4. Death is calling and now tells who will die next?
From: Anonymous
 5. Re: Death is calling and now tells who will die next?
From: mara f <maramflynn
-

Message: 1

Date: Sat, 01 Dec 2001 10:17:18 -0800
From: Anonymous
Subject: dream girl
dream_date: 11/28/01
dreamer_name: dream girl
dream_text: I had a dream that I was peeing and then all of a sudden my bladder fell into the toilet and I didn't know what to do I tried to pick it up to wash it off but it fell out of my hands, then my kidneys fell out and they had green flowers on them. Then I called a doctor. And that was the end of my dream. But there was never any blood though so I thought it was so weird. Does anyone know what that dream means?

Message: 2

Date: Sat, 01 Dec 2001 11:34:04 -0800
From: Anonymous
Subject: Fleeing
dream_title: Fleeing
dream_date: 09/08/01
dreamer_name: Chant
dream_text: My dream started out with me in an arab country. In my dream the arab country bordered with England. It was dusk, a group of peoples and myself, all covered in long robes and long scarves over our heads were following leaders through a rocky pathway in an escape. We were all trying to be quiet, and moving as quickly as possible into the night.
After a long journey we were led to a castle that was overgrown by vines etc. From the outside it appeared abandoned. The leaders of the group told us we were on the outskirts of England and that this is where we would be staying. That noone would think to find us there.
People began disbursed to different areas looking around. As I walked through a hallway I came upon a group of people standing by a doorway looking in. One of the men who led the group through the night was speaking and explaining what the room and castle were about.
This room in particular had 3 huge iron plates on the walls with engraving on them. Each one on a separate

wall, the 4th wall being the wall with the door. As I looked and listened, he explained that the king who originally built the castle had 3 sons. As each child reached the age of 12, they died mysteriously. All 3 sons died at the age of 12.

My dream then switched and I found myself in a long narrow hallway. As I passed one of the rooms walking, I saw a man attempting to rape one of the arab women. I noticed in her hand was a small scalpal like knife. There was another woman with her backed up against a wall. When the man looked down for a moment, she took the knife and cut her own face, engraving a symbol onto her face. When the man looked up and saw that he was shocked, and at that precise moment she took the knife and slit his throat. Then I found myself back in the hallway again and at the end of it saw a table with freshly made bread on it. While walking towards it somehow into my mind came the knowledge that there was something in the castle that was being sought after, something valuable.

I went to the table and started to cut piece of the bread. I was hungry from the journey. While in the middle of cutting the bread I felt the knife hit something hard. Right as that happened I heard the cry of a baby and the sound of men talking muffled. I knew the men were looking for whatever the valuable thing was. I felt I had just found it in the bread but didn't take the time to look any closer. I put in under my robes and ran looking for the child whose cry I heard.

I found a baby boy about 6 mo old, laying in the middle of a room. He was filthy from dirt and wet cloth diapers. He was abandoned. I picked him up and went in search of a bathroom or place to wash him off. I ended up finding a huge kitchen. The room was shaped like a U. There were several sinks but all were filled with food. The room was spotless and the food was all fresh, vegetables, fresh breads, etc. I walked around to the other end of the U and in the corner found one lone empty sink right against the back wall. I place the baby in it and turned on the water, starting to clean him up. While I was doing that the solid walls switched to a curtained wall then to an open wall. In the room next to this kitchen that opened up, were lots of peoples laying, sleeping in cots, the floor etc.

In one cot there was a man and woman. Her back was turned to me at first. I saw her shifting positions to turn around. In doing so she reached her hand out to me. I took her hand in mind and instantly noticed the age of her hand, she was an old lady. When she turned to look at me and push the scarf away from her face, she had the face of my real life godmother, but yet was a stranger to me, just similar in looks.

My gaze returned to her hand that was being held in my left hand, then to that of the baby's hand held in my right hand, and my own in the middle. I was thinking how old, how young, and then of my own age and hand. I felt a sense of alarm and as this sense came over me, my last thought was. What does this mean...and I suddenly woke up.

dream_comments: When I woke up from this dream. I woke up with the same sense that came over me, the sense of alarm. This dream bothered me intensely and I called my own mother to relate to her my dream. In doing so told her, I felt something terrible is going to happen and my dream is trying to tell me. This is not the first of this kind of dreaming, a dream I feel is trying to forewarn me of something. I do not get that feeling with every dream just certain ones.

I do not know if my dream had any relations to the 911 events, but as they unfolded chills came over me, with each unfolding part.

I had never before dreamt of being in an arab country or England. I was baffled by that when I woke up. I could not understand why on earth I would dream of that and in talking with my mom told her that too.

This has been a dream that haunts my waking hours and if anyone has insight to interpreting or commenting I sure would love to hear it. I feel like there is a lot of symbolic type things in this dream I just don't know what it means.

Chant

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January 2002

Message: 3

Date: Sat, 01 Dec 2001 11:34:32 -0800

From: Anonymous

Subject: Dead Friend

dream_title: Dead Friend

dream_date: can't remember date

dreamer_name: Chant

dream_text: This dream took place in a real place and with a real person from my life. The place was a beach that was close to my home. The person was a person with whom I had grown up with all my life, and had died in a motorcycle accident when I was 17. I had not thought or dreamt of him in over 20 plus years.

Yet on this night I dreamt of him. In my dream, I was walking on the beach. Everything looked the same as it does in real life. I was walking along the shoreline and saw this man in the distance walking towards me. As he got closer I recognized him. In my dream I knew he was dead and asked him what he was doing there. He said he came to see me. We walked and talked for a short time. We came upon a part of the beach in which a road runs parallel to the shoreline same as it does in real life. However the only difference in the dream was the sand that is normally up to the road was washed away creating a space under the road. My friend went under that space and lied down. I asked him what he was doing. He answered lying down. At this point I also asked him because I had noticed the only difference in his appearance was the color of his eyes. In real life they were black but in my dream they were a startling blue. When I asked about the color of his eyes, he told me he had to go with a sad smile. I asked will I see him again. He said yes. I asked when. He said in time. At that moment I woke up in a panick.

dream_comments: When I woke up from this dream I was still panicking I bolted to the phone and called my mother asking her if everyone was ok. She said yes. I told her somebody is dying something is wrong. I don't know why I thought but that is what automatically came to my mind. She asked me why I said that I told her about my dream. She told me, I was just having a nightmare but I was insistant in telling her no, somebody is hurt they are dying and they have blue eyes. While in the middle of this phone conversation with my mother, an ambulance went past my house with it's sirens blaring. I told my mother see, someone is hurt. My mom assured me she would try to find out what was going on with the ambulance. About an hour later, she called me back and told me, on the very same beach I had dreamt about a young man died that morning. He was a surfer, got himself tangled by a buoy, and with the sea being rough couldn't get untangled and drowned.

He was blond haired and blue eyed. Even though there was nothing in particular that my friend in my dream did or say to make me think someone was being hurt. It was the fact he appeared after so many years and his eyes being the wrong color that led me to thinking so within the end of the dream. I was very disheartened by this dream, and wish, even though I know there was really no way for me to do so, that I had awakened earlier. This is another dream that haunted me for a long period after dreaming it. Whether or not it was meant to be associated with the death of the young man that day, that is how I felt it to be.

Message: 4

Date: Sat, 01 Dec 2001 20:49:15 -0800

Subject: Death is calling and now tells who will die next?

dream_title: Death is calling and now tells who will die next?

dream_date: Nov 11 & Nov 28, 2001

dreamer_name: Sweetum

dream_text: The first dream was the night I had my minor car accident in real life. In my dream the car accident must have already happened because all I remember is sitting on the couch and the phone ringing. It was a lady at a Physiotherapy clinic that wanted me to come to her clinic (apparently in my dream this type of business made a lot of money off of people that were hurt in accidents). I had said to this lady very kindly that "I'm sorry, I already found a clinic that I will be going to". She than said "Crystal", I said "yes", there was a pause and then "Your going to die!" I immedialtely hung the phone up and started crying and then I awoke from my dream. This dream has truly bothered me and in real life I feel like it's telling me that (I know this may sound silly to some) I'm going to die. I find myself paying attention to little things that are happening in real life, things that would happen normally that I'm thinking are little messages that something is going to happen and it's scaring the shit out of me! Now for the second dream that I can't remember much about. All I remember is someone in my dream telling me my husbands father is going to be the next one to die! I woke up shaking and feeling "why am I dreaming of death and people who are going to die including myself"?

dream_comments: Please help make sense of this. I have tried myself and I can't seem to understand it.

Message: 5

Date: Sun, 2 Dec 2001 00:21:32 -0800 (PST)

From: mara f <maramflynn

Subject: Re: Death is calling and now tells who will die next?

Hi dreamer, I'm always inclined to think that dreams of death are in reality dreams of rebirth. We have to die first (or know that we are going to) in order to be reborn into a more mature and complete human being. If something major is happening in our life we are bound to go through the experience and come out renewed. Somebody may even worn us against the difficulties and dangers. And for a new evolved woman, she wouldn't need her husband's paternal support, would she? So that protective side of her husbands would kind of disappear, die out, as your husband's father in your dream.

Mara

dream_date: Nov 11 & Nov 28, 2001

dreamer_name: Sweetum

dream_text: The first dream was the night I had my minor car accident in real life. In my dream the car accident must have already happened because all I remember is sitting on the couch and the phone ringing. It was a lady at a Physiotherapy clinic that wanted me to come to her clinic (apparently in my dream this type of business made a lot of money off of people that were hurt in accidents). I had said to this lady very kindly that "I'm sorry, I already found a clinic that I will be going to". She than said "Crystal", I said "yes", there was a pause and then "Your going to die!" I immedialtely hung the phone up and started crying and then I awoke from my dream. This dream has truly bothered me and in real life I feel like it's telling me that (I know this may sound silly to some) I'm going to die. I find myself paying attention to little things that are happening in real life, things that would happen normally that I'm thinking are little messages that something is going to happen and it's scaring the shit out of me! Now for the second dream that I can't remember much about. All I remember is someone in my dream telling me my husbands father is going to be the next one to die! I woke up shaking and feeling "why am I dreaming of death and people who are going to die including myself"?

dream_comments: Please help make sense of this. I have tried myself and I can't seem to understand it.

[dream-flow] Digest Number 344

There is 1 message in this issue.

Topics in this digest:

1. the texas crash

From: Anonymous

Message: 1

Date: Sun, 02 Dec 2001 08:43:10 -0800

Subject: the texas crash

dream_title: the texas crash

dream_date: ? november, i think

dreamer_name: paddy

dream_text: i remember almost none of it. however, the part that stands out is that the morning of the recent airplane crash in texas i had dreamed of an airplane crash taking place, which i have never done before, (just a helicopter crashing on the night after sep 11) and then when i heard about the crash that day, it seemed very much like what had happened in my dream in the morning, which i dreamed just hours before it happened.

dream_comments: the coincidence just seemed really odd and struck me as weird.

[dream-flow] Digest Number 345

There is 1 message in this issue.

Topics in this digest:

1. bone transplant

From: Anonymous

Message: 1

Date: Mon, 03 Dec 2001 09:24:38 -0800

Subject: bone transplant

dream_title: bone transplant

dream_date: 11/20/01

dreamer_name: angel

dream_text: I had a very weird dream. I am usually able to interpret my dreams but I don't know what to make of this one! Here it goes: I had a dream that my bones were rotting in my body and I needed a whole new skeletal system, during the dream the person was telling me something and I said "But those are medium bones! I'm going to weigh 120 Lbs., now! then I was in some store (I think we were shopping for the bones) and I looked down and there was a hole in my thigh. Just a hole, like it was going to fall apart and it was really gross. There wasn't any blood, it didn't hurt, it was just a hole in my leg! Then I went in for surgery and my mom gave me stuff to numb me and she put a needle in my leg, then I felt it get numb, then she put four in my hand like in interviewis and that hurt. Then it ended.....

dream_comments: I have no clue what this dream means! Can anyone help?

[dream-flow] Digest Number 346

There are 3 messages in this issue.

Topics in this digest:

1. Re: 12/4 DREAMS

January 2002

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- From: Heratheta
2. Very Hungry
From: Anonymous
 3. I wanna talk about my dreams!
From: Elizabeth <proudestmonkey421
-

Message: 1

Date: Tue, 04 Dec 2001 09:38:55 EST
From: Heratheta
Subject: Re: 12/4 DREAMS
SEE WWW.DREAMGATE.COM./DREAM/DUBETZ/

Message: 2

Date: Tue, 04 Dec 2001 13:41:11 -0800
From: Anonymous
Subject: Very Hungry
Very Hungry
dream_date: 11/30/01
dreamer_name: *s*
dream_text: i dreamed i was (at one point) very hungry. i wanted to eat. i was with my family and i had one of each thing we ordered for the table in my plate- (battered broccoli i remember as being one of them) and i laid my head down for a bit and when i came to, someone ate my food. i was irritated.
my parents and i were then in a car. my dad was the driver, mom was in the passenger seat. my dad told me to look up at the sky. it was a very interesting sunset: dark blue and very dark orange right on the horizon. my dad wanted to drive over this bridge that was falling apart- it almost looked like railroad tracks. there were chunks missing, rotting beams. i knew if he drove over it we would go off. i told him not to. he took a left on to the bridge (it also looked a bit like railroad tracks). i don't even know how he got that far on the bridge before the car went off. i drowned. i remember the sound of water after i stopped struggling, and the calm of breathing it in. my vision was watery, i saw the sun through the water. i came up to the top, aware that i was dead. i went "home", it was a very cute small old house. a friend of mine was sleeping on the couch, and i had the impression that she was just finished crying over my death. i then decided to wash dishes. an older woman came in the house and she saw me. i was surprised she could see me. she began to mist me with this stuff in a bottle and said it would help me "pass along". she had apparently sprayed this stuff onto my thumb at the crime scene as well, something about my thumb getting ripped off in the accident (?). she said i had to leave. i was still sorta washing dishes. "can't i stay?" "no, you have to leave." and i woke up crying.
dream_comments: i think i understand it, but what do i do with that information? moving on... how?

Message: 3

Date: Tue, 04 Dec 2001 19:17:02 -0700
From: Elizabeth <proudestmonkey421
Subject: I wanna talk about my dreams!
I wanna talk about my dreams. I'm joining your little group:~)

There is 1 message in this issue.

Topics in this digest:

1. Heaven vs Hell

From: Anonymous

Message: 1

Date: Wed, 05 Dec 2001 22:10:57 -0800

Subject: Heaven vs Hell

dream_title: Heaven vs Hell

dream_date: not sure

dreamer_name: Shelly

dream_text: Once, I first dreamed that a guy was trying to kill me. He had long mussed hair, and asked me how I wanted to die. Then, he came into a room I was in and asked me again. He carried an armful of knives, and I knew that if I didn't answer he would just stab me. I wanted to go some quiet way so I said I wanted to be poisoned. So I was, and when I got to heaven, God was a little man with a pillow on His head. A group of about five other men were sitting down on a cloud and I was rejected and sent to Hell. I was in Hell and saw a sword, but then woke up terrified and relieved. A few nights later, I dreamed that I died again (I don't remember how) but that this time I went to Heaven. I was thrilled that I would get to spend all Eternity there, and that I would have no more worries. Everything was gold, and people were just happy and carefree. I saw my aunt in line to be judged, and she was crying and I hugged her and saw my best friend there too. Things were unbelievable, indescribably, wonderfully happy. We had chocolate chips for money, so everyone just ate all their money! I remember just running freely on the golden clouds, then the odd part was that everyone gathered around to see a huge floating blimp. Soon, I woke up astonished that I wasn't actually in Heaven, and got ready for another normal day.

dream_comments: This dream was so real! It was probably the most real one I even experienced. My friend told me that the devil sends us nightmares, and makes us think that we are in Hell. He isn't afraid to show God but is to show himself. That would explain why I didn't actually see Satan in my dream. Then, I think that God might have sent me the other happy dream to sort of make up for it. That morning I had absolutely no doubt that there was a Heaven and that I would someday be there. Since then, my faith in God has strengthened somewhat.

[dream-flow] Digest Number 348

There are 4 messages in this issue.

Topics in this digest:

- 1.

From: Manfred <ManfredMDahmen

2. Touch

From: Anonymous

3. The Clown that took Him

From: Anonymous

January 2002

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Message: 1

Date: Thu, 6 Dec 2001 20:20:51 +0100

From: Manfred <ManfredMDahmen

Subject:

I wish to subscribe!

[This message contained attachments]

Message: 2

Date: Thu, 06 Dec 2001 11:48:19 -0800

Subject: Touch

dream_title: Touch

dream_date: 12/6/01

dreamer_name: Nicole

dream_text: The dream takes place in a highschool. The school is dark and vacant, leaving me to believe it is at night. I'm walking down a long hallway with a friend. I do not know this person, but she seems to be very dear to me. I am following an old woman in the hallway. I get the feeling that this old woman knows she is being followed, and she wants me to follow her. Instead of locking the doors leading to the next hallway, the old lady leaves them open for me and my friend. I go through the last door with my friend, and see the old lady smiling at me. I reach for her shoulder. As I'm touching her, I receive a thrilling sensation throughout my body. I realize that she is an exceptionally kind person. As the old woman leaves me, I approach a mother and her child in a room adjacent to the hallway.

The room is completely dark, but the mother and her child can be clearly seen. The baby girl is in her mother's lap. I walk over to them and notice the baby is fidgeting. The child does not like me, and I am fully aware of this in my dream. I pick the child up and watch the girl squirm around. Touching the girl gives me an uneasy feeling. I know this girl to be evil, even though she is only about 18 months. I then, place the young girl down on her mother's lap and place my right hand on the mother's cheek. I receive a terrifying feeling of pain. I'm not sure if the mother is in emotional pain or is terrified of me. I run out of the room clinging on to the wall of the hallway. My friend is still in the room with the mother and child.

dream_comments: This dream seems to denote psychic power. By touching these people, I become aware of their personalities, their love, their fears etc.

Can these people be me? Am I showing myself through the characters in my dream?

Message: 3

Date: Thu, 06 Dec 2001 17:53:08 -0800

Subject: The Clown that took Him

dream_title: The Clown that took Him

dream_date: here and there

dreamer_name: anonymous

dream_text: Ok my mom, her ex boyfriend, his name is Gary, (who is like a father to me), his son, his name is Kris, and I go to this Halloween store, I am afraid for some reason, I know that something bad is going to happen, then all of a sudden a scary yet normal looking clown comes out, my mom's ex boyfriend son wants a scary costume, Kris told this to the clown and the clown gave him a pill. I knew the pill was bad and I begged Kris not to eat it, but my Gary and my mom told me it was going to be ok and the pill

was harmless. So sure enough you took the pill, the clown gave a evil grin and after Kris ate it, he disappeared out of thin air. My mom and Gary was sad, including me of corse, and we went to go to the police. The police went to the store along with us (theyhad the whole works, like ten police cars, guns, micro-phones) but when we got the store that the clown took Kris, it wasn't there, it was a burned down book store and I knew that kris was gone for every. Then I wake up.

dream_comments: Ok there is something that you have to know about me, I hate clowns, (maybe because after this dream, I dont know) and I am not fond of libraries (I dont know that might help but its true) when I go to a library I have a freaky feeling like something bad is going to happen.

[dream-flow] Digest Number 349

There are 3 messages in this issue.

Topics in this digest:

2. Goddess Words

From: Anonymous

3. Two Phoenixes

From: Anonymous

Message: 2

Date: Tue, 11 Dec 2001 02:15:34 -0800

From: Anonymous

Subject: Goddess Words

dream_title: Goddess Words

dream_date: 11/12/2001

dreamer_name: Shadow Greentrees

dream_text: In this dream, I was walking in a grove. There were trees around and grass. I came to this tree and it had a patch beside it. It was dark-brown and it had symbols/glyphs on it. It was a site dedicated to the Goddess and I placed a white feather on it as an offering to Her.

dream_comments: I feel as if the Goddess was talking to me via this Dream. I feel as if She was speaking to us.

Message: 3

Date: Tue, 11 Dec 2001 02:16:03 -0800

From: Anonymous

Subject: Two Phoenixes

dream_title: Two Phoenixes

dream_date: 6/9/2001

dreamer_name: anonymous

dream_text: I saw two phoenixes in the distance. They were spreading their wings. They were beautiful, all flowing energy. I tried to respond back to them in kind, spreading my arms wide. Then, I was standing where they were and they were gone. There was a large glowing phoenix feather on the ground and I picked it up.

dream_comments: This dream came a few days before the 9/11 tragedy. I woke up from the dream, with the memory of holding the phoenix feather. I knew somehow that it was a prophetic dream. I had only to wait and see.

[dream-flow] Digest Number 350

There are 3 messages in this issue.

Topics in this digest:

1. Rotting bones
From: "pisces03142000" <fallenstar0314
 2. dream about a toothbrush
From: Anonymous
 3. lost then find my self
From: Anonymous
-

Message: 1

Date: Tue, 11 Dec 2001 20:48:33 -0000

From: "pisces03142000" <fallenstar0314

Subject: Rotting bones

I had a really odd dream that I cannot figure out what it means. Here it goes: I had some kind of problem where my bones were rotting out of my body and I needed a bone transplant. In the dream, I was upset because they were medium bones and my bone structure is small so I starting getting mad and saying "I can't have medium bones! I'll be 120 lbs!!! So then it the day before or the day of my bone surgery, I was walking around somewhere and all the sudden, there was a hole in my thigh and it was a small hole, almost like a cigarette burn and there was no blood, but I had it because My bones were rotting. So then, I got the surgery and they gave me plastic medium bones and it was just odd... Does anyone know how to interpret this?

Message: 2

Date: Tue, 11 Dec 2001 13:57:16 -0800

From: Anonymous

Subject: dream about a toothbrush

dream_title: dream about a toothbrush

dream_date: 12-5-01

dreamer_name: Denis

dream_text: i had a dream about a toothbrush. I was in a bathroom and i kept seeing this toothbrush. It was blue with white stripes, i don't own and have never seen a toothbrush like this. Somehow i kept ending up in different bathrooms and this toothbrush was always there.

dream_comments: After I had this dream i read that if u dream about teeth then it fortells a death.

Message: 3

Date: Tue, 11 Dec 2001 14:34:14 -0800

From: Anonymous

Subject: lost then find my self

dream_title: lost then find my self

dream_date: 12/05/01

dreamer_name: help me please

dream_text: me and my fiance' went to my grndmothers house(no-one has lived there for years)we went in to the house and the kitchen is a shack.so we walk in to the living room and its a manchin.we go out the back door and nothing is there but a road.so we go back the way we came in and it was nothing but a road,our car was goen everything.so we start walking and i am talking to him and then all the sudden he is goen.i am scared and don't know what to.up ahead to the left of me is a tornado and on the rite is a hurricane,and in the middle is a snow storm.at the time it is raining and th wind is blowing.so i start running it seems for hours.then i come to a church and i walk in side and i see my feance' at the front,he dressed in a tux and i look down and i am in a wedding dress.the church is full but know one i know but my sister,and then we get married.

dream_comments: i hope i can get some help with this.

[dream-flow] Digest Number 351

There are 2 messages in this issue.

Topics in this digest:

1. Re: Touch

From: fallenstar0314

2. Re: Touch

From: mara f <maramflynn

Message: 1

Date: Thu, 13 Dec 2001 17:18:49 EST

From: fallenstar0314

Subject: Re: Touch

Nicole,

To my simple feeling, I feel that may be you get along with older people better than younger people... I just got that feeling. I don't know why I got that feeling, I know other people would probably try to say something else, but that was a strong feeling I got... Do u get along better with older people than younger ones? Not old elderly people but people who are exceptionally older.

Message: 2

Date: Thu, 13 Dec 2001 22:58:00 -0800 (PST)

From: mara f <maramflynn

Subject: Re: Touch

Hi Nicole, it seems to me that the dream is trying to unveil the feminine. There are parts of the whole self disguised as the ego, the shadow, the crone, the friend, the mother. I would try to see the dream from this perspective, perhaps even interviewing the characters to inquire about the relationship they have with the dreamer. Maybe incubating the feminine would be a good strategy to further unfold the dream... Mara

“Wilkerson, Richard” <rcwilk@dreamgate.com> wrote: dream_title: Touch

dream_date: 12/6/01

dreamer_name: Nicole

dream_text: The dream takes place in a highschool. The school is dark and vacant, leaving me to believe it

is at night. I'm walking down a long hallway with a friend. I do not know this person, but she seems to be very dear to me. I am following an old woman in the hallway. I get the feeling that this old woman knows she is being followed, and she wants me to follow her. Instead of locking the doors leading to the next hallway, the old lady leaves them open for me and my friend. I go through the last door with my friend, and see the old lady smiling at me. I reach for her shoulder. As I'm touching her, I receive a thrilling sensation throughout my body. I realize that she is an exceptionally kind person. As the old woman leaves me, I approach a mother and her child in a room adjacent to the hallway.

The room is completely dark, but the mother and her child can be clearly seen. The baby girl is in her mother's lap. I walk over to them and notice the baby is fidgeting. The child does not like me, and I am fully aware of this in my dream. I pick the child up and watch the girl squirm around. Touching the girl gives me an uneasy feeling. I know this girl to be evil, even though she is only about 18 months. I then place the young girl down on her mother's lap and place my right hand on the mother's cheek. I receive a terrifying feeling of pain. I'm not sure if the mother is in emotional pain or is terrified of me. I run out of the room clinging on to the wall of the hallway. My friend is still in the room with the mother and child.

dream_comments: This dream seems to denote psychic power. By touching these people, I become aware of their personalities, their love, their fears etc.

Can these people be me? Am I showing myself through the characters in my dream?

[dream-flow] Digest Number 352

There are 2 messages in this issue.

Topics in this digest:

1. old apt complex
From: Anonymous
2. better this than nothing at all
From: Anonymous

Message: 1

Date: Sun, 16 Dec 2001 11:20:49 -0800

From: Anonymous

Subject: old apt complex

dreamer_name: sober213

dream_text: i had dream one night and i dreamt that i was walking up to this old apt complex. the apt complex was one that i had in considered renting at and i really wanted this particularly apt for some strange. i think its probably cause of how old it was the apt complex was one hundred and one years old and used to be a great big house and some point in time. it had a high porch with large white columns in the front. so i approach the complex and i find a friend there. a girl i hadn't seen in months and ever so curiously i was attracted to her she a bit tomboyish but she had a great personality and she was just downright tough for a chic and i dug that. so i notice that the landlord is showing her the apt that i was considering renting and i mentioned that to my friend and she said not to worry about it that i could be her roommate. so at this point we are making our way to the apt and we are climbing some old hardwood stairs the whole complex was wooden with hardwood floors. at this point we are at the top of the staircase and to the left we enter the apt. the door creaks open and we enter to find that we are standing in a large restroom with purple almost pink tile everywhere and a closet in the far left corner and as we walk over we notice that we can see people downstairs and they look and they can see us. two young men one who had an immense infatuation of love with me and the other a silly bother type. the only type of flooring in the closet is a small

v shaped staircase sort of thing then there was an opening the bedroom on the right wall. so we all make our way in and find a very small room with only space to fit a queen sized bed. so next thing you know me and my girlfriend are on the bed making out and going down on each other and the landlord is no where in our presence and i could just feel it. but then suddenly i opened my eyes to the find that the room is as large as the bathroom with brightly colored walls and the sound of our landlord banging on the door and we scurry to get our clothing back on but she literally breaks down the door. for some reason she was furious to the fact that she had found us in bed together and naked at that holding one another. she attempts to storm out of the bedrooms but we i run up off the bed after and with only one touch all her limbs fall to the ground and my friend is kicking her limbless body and successful begins to pull her head off her body. she hands me her head and i proceed to make her give herself oral sex. next thing you know we run out of the room and we are in my mothers car and on our way to my grandmothers house. i begin to search for a cd frantically. i obviously cant find the one i am looking for. then another one of my friend, a girl whom i often ran away with and went on many drug binges, pulls up next to us and i know its her and she has what i need but when i look and her her face distorted and she seems demented and foreign to me. i yell at her for my cd and she throws into the car. and that is where the dream ends.

is

dream_comments: i would like comments and feed back on this particularly peculiar dream email
sober213@yahoo.com

Message: 2

Date: Sun, 16 Dec 2001 13:57:37 -0800

From: stan kulikowski ii <stankuli@etherways.com>

DATE : 16 dec 2001 07:45

DREAM : better this than nothing at all

=(yesterday i should have spent the entire day grading the student web sites for my courses which just ended with the class party. but after the last week of constant time pressures, i just could not get the mental juices flowing. grades are due monday afternoon so i will have to push hard all day tomorrow. i went to sleep early, around 12:30 and feel to sleep easily being more tired than i thought.)=

i open the door to the hotel room and i am greeted by a musty, unused smell of mildew in the corners and cracks. the room is mostly empty of furniture, just a small card table and a few folding chairs. the carpet is slightly littered with scraps of torn paper, some of which cling to their position when i walk past and others chase about like living things avoiding a predator. i hurry over to open a side window just a crack to allow fresh air to replace the lifeless dead air i am trying not to breathe in too deeply. the room is a corner room on the building so there are windows on two of the walls looking outward several stories up. i turn as i hear bill griffin enter the room. he is my immediate superior at work and he does not look pleased to be here, but he called this meeting and i have only made this room available for it. he looks at me, slightly puzzled.

“this is not my only room.” i explain to him why it is so barren. “i normally live next door, but i keep this place too.” a couple more men come in and take up seats at the card table and begin discussing their business.

it does not take me long to determine that their affairs do not really include me and that i have been asked to attend this meeting mainly to increase the company presence here, not really to contribute anything meaningful. they all seem to know it too, so i am not even addressed in courtesy. they seem rather tense about

what they are negotiating, hence the lack of polite inclusion.

that is acceptable to me. while they are going over some point of contract or another, i find an old typewriter of mine leaning against the wall in the corner. i bring in over to the table and open its metal carrying case. brush off the flaking chunks of rust and dirt that have accumulated through years of neglect. inside the typewriter is in only slightly better condition. i use my hand to brush off its patina of rust which comes off in granular grit rather than flakes. i scroll in a piece of white paper, the platen rolls rough for the first few line clicks but loosens up with a little work.

i start to type and discover that the key and lever mechanisms still work, only a little stiff with age. i have some trouble stretching out my fingers to the proper key positions. in order to make the typewriter smaller and more portable, the type arms have been levered in between keys so when i press key the type arm pops up between my fingers on its way to hit the ribbon. sometimes the arm is next to the key pressed in which it is easy to keep my finger straight so it does not interfere with the moving part. but other times when i press a key, the type arm swings up from way across the other side of the keyboard. this is harder to recall which fingers i must keep apart to allow the passage of the type arm. i recall that we are supposed to feel the difference between the smooth keys and the ridged type faces, so to keep our fingers in their proper places. but over the years, my fingers have lost their sensitivity to this so i often find that i have placed my fingers directly over the type head that must move, instead of being over the keys.

i can not feel the difference until the type arm actually starts to move and pushes my finger instead of hitting the ribbon. the meeting breaks up with hardly a word to me and i am left alone to lock up. i pop the cover of the portable typewriter back into place and decide to take the machine with me to rehabilitate it.

on the ground floor, i leave the lobby of the hotel and go out to the patio where there is a restaurant serving tables scattered around. the tables, mostly empty at this time of day, are arranged in groups separated by an occasional tanning bed. on one of these i find a woman waiting for me. she moves over and pats the flat bed beside her, indicating that i should lie next to her.

these tanning beds are not made for two, but i manage to find room next to her. she snuggles back into with familiar feel. we have been intimate many times before this. i admire her short dark hair and brown eyes so deep that i get lost inside them. usually i have this weakness for blondes, but her beauty is so extraordinary that i have no choice at all. she is accustomed to getting anything she wants from me. today i can see that she is worried about something.

“why are men so possessive?” she asks me. “my husband does not really care for me anymore, but still he gives me nothing but grief when i come out on my own.” she has made it clear that secrecy is necessary between us, yet today she openly wants me to comfort her. “you don’t seem to have this problem of sharing me with him.”

“i know what he feels. any man would.” i try to be careful in talking with her when she is distraught like this. “i only get a few moments of sex with you, a brief pleasure. the leftovers and scraps. none of the longer understandings and deeper involvements of living with you. it has been that way from the start and so i have had to just accept my status with you as being a second class male in your life. everything i am to you is just filling in the voids, the gaps where the two of you pulled apart or never melded. bits and pieces is all i have.”

i look at the ground, at the sky, anything except the look of objection in her flashing eyes. “it is either that or

nothing at all.”

she squirms a little bit closer into me as a gesture of acceptance. “i am glad that you know your place then. he could have had it all, he expects it by right, but never even bothers to make time for us. we fill in time when nothing else comes up. that is not enough for me.”

one of the things that fascinates me about her is how she is so self absorbed. filling in time when nothing else comes up is all i ever have of her. she does not seem to notice. better this than nothing at all. i put my arms around her and squeeze to give her some brief comfort.

i look down the alley behind the hotel. i see a long perspective of buildings and store fronts. the colors seem coordinated in bright pastels arranged just to please the eye like an impressionist painting. i know how city planning goes and that this effect of composition is just a convenient coincidence of this moment. but still, i am here and everything seems just right. for years now i have been grateful for these little now moments with never an expectation of a tomorrow. better this than nothing at all.

=(it is around 07:35 when i wake up, not feeling rested but not sleepy either. it does not take long to sit up and start typing this dream into the files. bill griffin was my immediate supervisor when i got here in pensacola, but he has retired and moved away several years ago. nothing ever came out of that employment except meetings it seems. this moody woman is unknown to me, except by feel of familiar emptiness. real life seems like this as often as not. it seems that the romantic ideal is an artificial plot and our lives are just what happens in between searching for it.)=

[dream-flow] Digest Number 353

There are 2 messages in this issue.

Topics in this digest:

1. Re: old apt complex
From: fallenstar0314
 2. Not really my dream, but i am curious none the less
From: Anonymous
-

Message: 1

Date: Tue, 18 Dec 2001 17:03:29 EST

From: fallenstar0314

Subject: Re: old apt complex

In a message dated 12/16/01 2:37:20 PM Eastern Standard Time, rcwilk@dreamgate.com writes:

<< sober213@yahoo.com >>

That's one trippy dream! I think the old house and the old friends represents your past and the limbs falling off your friend and you continuing to give oral sex probably means that when you were young your sex like, wasn't so together, maybe a lot of relationships gone wrong and that drug friend also represents old memories. You've thinking of you past and it's coming out in odd forms. That's what I think, anyway :)

Lori

January 2002

Electric Dreams 9(1)

Message: 2

Date: Tue, 18 Dec 2001 16:20:03 -0800

From: Anonymous

Subject: Not really my dream, but i am curious none the less

dream_title: Not really my dream, but i am curious none the less

dream_date: 12/17/01

dreamer_name: Bakara Majnuna

dream_text: well, a friend of mine had a dream, i was wandering what it meant, and so that you know, we aren't dating or anything like that... just to take out any of those, "your destined for each other" talk, anyhow, the dream goes that she was in a glass mall, and in this glass mall, i was climbing these huge windows, and i started to threaten to commit suicide, and everyone was freaked out, because i had scissors in my hand, and i ran around with these scissors, and they didn't care that i wanted to commit suicide, they just said that i wasn't allowed to run with scissors in the mall, so i announced that you were going to kill myself on the glass window, jumped down and ran around and she was like no, don't kill yourself and i was trying to convince her to let me, with really foolish arguments, but they were Barbie scissors

[dream-flow] Digest Number 354

There are 3 messages in this issue.

Topics in this digest:

1. Re: bone transplant
From: Lauren <lauren
 2. Re: bone transplant
From: fallenstar0314
 3. Repetitious Shooting Airplanes
From: Anonymous
-

Message: 1

Date: Wed, 19 Dec 2001 14:03:14 -0500

From: Lauren <lauren

Subject: Re: bone transplant

Hi, Dreamer,

I only have three questions regarding your dream.

1a) Who was the person suggesting the "medium frame" bones? Is this person someone from real life, and if so, what do they do/what do they represent in reality? 1b) If you didn't recognize this person, what role did they play in your dream? 2) A personal question for you, Dreamer - you say in the dream that the bones suggested before you started to shop were a medium frame and you'd weigh 120 lb. Is weight a consideration for you, either personally or professionally?

Lauren

Message: 2

Date: Wed, 19 Dec 2001 19:04:33 EST

From: fallenstar0314

Subject: Re: bone transplant

In a message dated 12/19/01 2:02:52 PM Eastern Standard Time, lauren@ulster.net writes:

<< Hi, Dreamer,

I only have three questions regarding your dream.

1a) Who was the person suggesting the “medium frame” bones? Is this person someone from real life, and if so, what do they do/what do they represent in reality? 1b) If you didn’t recognize this person, what role did they play in your dream? 2) A personal question for you, Dreamer - you say in the dream that the bones suggested before you started to shop were a medium frame and you’d weigh 120 lb. Is weight a consideration for you, either personally or professionally?

Lauren >>

Hi Lauren, Thank you for atleast responding to me. I did not reconize the person, I don’t even think it was a person it was just the fact they were going to be put there. The person or whatever it was, represented a doctor and a person of fashion... I don’t worry about my weight, but I used to have an eating disorder and I have been slightly thinking about wanting to loose more weight and I have been. The thing that freaked me out was the fact out of know where there was a hole in my leg, like the bones were just ganna come right out if they didn’t get taken out. It was gross.

Lori

Message: 3

Date: Wed, 19 Dec 2001 17:13:54 -0800

From: Anonymous

Subject: Repetitious Shooting Airplanes

dream_title: Repetitious Shooting Airplanes

dream_date: About a month after September 11th

dreamer_name: Kris *Please use my e-mail (Editor - Kris didn’t include an e-mail address with this dream)

dream_text: My dream was very frightening afterwards, but while I was dreaming I wasn’t scared. The dream happened in a place that I didn’t know of...it was on a roof and seemed like it was some community or a concert. We were all sitting on the floor very comfotably just hanging out and having a good time. I don’t know exactly what was happening, but all of a sudden these places or jets were streaming by. Each time they soared above us, they show a straight paralell line as if to try and shoot the people from the front to the back. Each time they would go by and shoot, my friends and I would scoot ourselves back a little ways. The shooting was very repetitious and it was hectic. But my psychological state in the dream didn’t seem afraid, just confused. The dream felt like it was happening in some big city, and like I said, on the roof of some building.

dream_comments: I know that my dream was taking place in a concert or community surrounding because there was a concert that I was supposed to go to on September 11th. The feeling that it was in New York was obviously because the World Trade Centers were bombed in New York. The fighter planes or jets seemed like they were our enemies from a long lasting war. Like old enemies or something.

NOTES TO THE EDITOR *Please use my Real Name *Please use my e-mail
(Editor - Kris didn’t include an e-mail address with this dream)

[dream-flow] Digest Number 355

There is 1 message in this issue.

Topics in this digest:

1. The Restaurant

From: Anonymous

Message: 1

Date: Thu, 20 Dec 2001 10:34:39 -0800

From: Anonymous

Subject: The Restaurant

dream_title: The Restaurant

dream_date: 12/20/2001

dreamer_name: memyselfni

dream_text: I was working in a restaurant as a waitress. My ex-boss was there with her boyfriend Eric. However, she did not know he was there. The restaurant was divided into 2 parts. The front was the dining portion of the restaurant, and the back was the bar.

I was in attendance when Eric was shot numerous times, and I do not know who actually killed him. After the shooting, I went to the table where Anne was sitting, but I could not bear to tell her about Eric being shot. Later after she had eaten, she went home to her apartment, and it was there where she received the news of Eric's demise, she was in a total state of disbelief. I went over to her home, and arranged to have a limo pick us up to take her to the funeral home.

The limo arrived. It was a stretch limo, with maroon color. Inside was a handsome driver, and a girl from high school that i did not know very well. Before I got into the limo, MY ex-boyfriend and son showed up in some type of an SUV, i asked the two of for some funds, and they gave me a tin of popcorn, with chocolate covered pretzels.

Anne, myself, the limo driver, and the girl from high school drove off. We arrived at some elaborate high rise apartment complex, where the girl from high school got out and climber up to one of the highest units. She went out on the balcony and started to sing. That was apparently the end of the dream.

dream_comments: I do not know where to begin. My mother died a year ago. From that point on, other things have happened. IRS audited my parents, I am going through a custody battle, I gave birth, and I must travel up and down the road for adherence of a court order.

[dream-flow] Digest Number 356

There is 1 message in this issue.

Topics in this digest:

1. Re: bone transplant

From: Lauren <lauren

Message: 1

Date: Fri, 21 Dec 2001 17:17:25 -0500

From: Lauren <lauren

Subject: Re: bone transplant

Hi, Lori,

Thanks for answering my questions about your dream.

The thing about the bones, the skeleton as a whole, is that it's at our core, the structure which frames, supports, and in some cases even protects. When there's something wrong with it, it effects everything else around it.

If this were my dream, I'd say that, for the moment, I felt something was wrong in the framework (bones/skeleton) of what I am, in this case to a point where the whole framework needed to be replaced. The hole in my leg doesn't hurt me and doesn't bleed, it just looks gross. To me, this would say that while this doesn't hurt me in a way that makes me feel it right now (no pain), and I'm not losing anything as a result (no blood loss), I know that this problem is still doing some damage to me anyway ('cause it's gross, and gross just normally isn't good). If I'm going for a bone transplant of an entire skeleton rather than just letting it continue to break down/rot, then maybe I'm working toward or are willing to take steps to make it better (shopping for bones, going for the transplant).

The shopping for bones makes me think that I'm looking around, putting together bones or trying to find a skeleton that I liked, looking for something that still did the job, but was more "me." I didn't like what the person in the dream offered because I felt it didn't fit what I wanted as my basic structure.

Then, the surgery. I'm going for the surgery. I'm going to do something to help fix this problem, and I'm letting people help me. Even my mom. Mom tries to numb the pain, make the process easier. What mom does hurts (sticks a needle in my leg, and intravenous needles in my arm), but I know that while some things hurt, they also help.

Now, my skeleton in this case could represent concerns about my health, not necessarily bones really rotting, but maybe I'm worried about something that's not quite right or right for me. If I were really worried about something like that in real life, naturally, I would go see a doctor. The fact that mom is part of the process of helping makes me think mom already knows (or I think she knows), and is doing her part. Mom in this case could also represent the part of me that knows by experience (been there, done that), wisdom and common sense what will actually help me in this situation.

If I've looked at my physical self and I'm really in good health, and nothing's happening that might harm me physically, then next, I'd be looking at everything that makes up me, my identity, my philosophy, the basic structure (skeleton) of what I am in my mind. I'd look at what's happening in my life right now. What's going on? How much is it effecting me? It may not be happening in a way that hurts (no pain, no blood), but it's still there (the hole in my leg) and bothers me (the "gross" factor). It might be something small that happening over a period of time (somebody/something bugging me or maybe making me question who and/or what I am), or it could be something that's happened recently and suddenly. In both cases, it's at a point where maybe I think I need a new framework - a new support system, a new outlook or way of looking at things - and that maybe the people around me agree and are willing to help me toward that goal.

There are other ways to look at this dream, as many interpretations as there are dreamers. This is the way I would interpret it if it were my dream. My sense is that, despite the grossness factor, this is actually a positive dream. Seeing that there is a problem and working to correct it is a good thing. The fact that it becomes more obvious that there is a problem toward the end of the dream, with the hole developing in the leg, could mean that the problem was there before, but is now showing itself in a way that you can actually recognize as something wrong. I'm not necessarily talking about seeing something physically wrong, perhaps getting back to the whole "who I am in my mind" concept, but just something that's caught your attention.

Sorry to have taken so long to get back to you. I know you wrote this back in November, and whatever caused the dream in the first place may have already disappeared out of your life. If so or if not, I hope this helps, or at least gives you another way of looking at your dream.

Happy dreaming.

Lauren

[dream-flow] Digest Number 357

There is 1 message in this issue.

Topics in this digest:

1. Re: bone transplant
From: fallenstar0314
-

Message: 1

Date: Sat, 22 Dec 2001 11:13:12 EST

From: fallenstar0314

Subject: Re: bone transplant

Lauren,

THANKS! I get it now and it does make sense! You should have a little network of your own for interpreting dreams! Your good, and I completely understand my dream.

Thank You,
Lori

[dream-flow] Digest Number 358

There is 1 message in this issue.

Topics in this digest:

1. Tunnels
From: Alice E <egoyandreaming
-

Message: 1

Date: Mon, 24 Dec 2001 02:51:01 -0800 (PST)

From: Alice E <egoyandreaming

Subject: Tunnels

Hello! I am new here. I've had vivid dreams, visions and OOBES my whole life. Went through a period of trying to just shut it out of my life, but it was too hard and not good. I'm going to be starting an online dream journal at my website soon. Here is a dream I had about a week ago:

I was in what looked like a tunnel, looked like there was white around the tunnel, as though lining it, some sort of parachute-like material. There were people around me bundled up and I heard a voice say 'Chechnya'. Then I saw a stone wall and the edges were on fire.

Short one, I know. I also had an interesting one the night before Sept 11 and some months before too which I actually drew a picture in my journal to accompany. I will send those later if we can send attachments, or just a link.

Good to be here.

-Alice

<http://www.thedreamingeye.com/>

There are 7 messages in this issue.

Topics in this digest:

1. Re: Tunnels
From: fallenstar0314
2. Heaven
From: Anonymous
3. burried by potatos
From: Anonymous
4. The Virgin Sandra
From: Anonymous
5. Ghost House
From: Anonymous
6. my love, lost
From: Anonymous
7. Brother who pasted away
From: Anonymous

Message: 1

Date: Wed, 26 Dec 2001 13:45:02 EST

From: fallenstar0314

Subject: Re: Tunnels

Alice,

some questions... Did you feel like you were in a igloo? I kinda got that feeling when I was reading your dream, I don't know why...Did you feel cold? How did you feel? I know that white light means positivity... Did you feel safe? when that person said that word do u know what laungage that might have been? What did that person look like?

Thanks,
Lori

Message: 2

Date: Wed, 26 Dec 2001 12:57:07 -0800

From: Anonymous

Subject: Heaven

dream_title: Heaven

dream_date: 12/18/2001

dreamer_name: Russ Grant

dream_text: I died in my sleep. I remember my heart stopped. I went to a big valley that was really a big room. It had hardwood floors and the ceiling was there but not there. It was so restfull and i felt relieved to be there. There were about 70 other people in there with me. I felt so wierd because it felt so real. It was total relaxation and relief. I was telling people that i couldn't believe that it was so painful to die. I remember sitting there waiting for something to happen. Then i woke up.

dream_comments: I have heard that you cant die in your dreams or you really do die. I died. My heart stopped and I remember dying. I remember the way heaven looked and felt. Is their anything I can do to have this dream again? Please use my Real Name- Russ Grant Please use my e-mai-
fatkiddeluxe@hotmail.com

Message: 3

Date: Wed, 26 Dec 2001 12:57:30 -0800

From: Anonymous

Subject: burried by potatos

dream_title: burried by potatos

dream_date: 12/20/01

dreamer_name: Beatrice

dream_text: Last night I dreamt that I was in my bed and very warm. my husband was burrying me with hot potatos - not burning hot but more than warm. He was putting them on me like he was making a brick wall.

Message: 4

Date: Wed, 26 Dec 2001 12:57:59 -0800

From: Anonymous

Subject: The Virgin Sandra

dream_title: The Virgin Sandra

dream_date: 12/19/01

dreamer_name: LucidlyLikeMe

dream_text: This dream begins with me in a specialty condom store, buying this box of Condoms wrapped in fancy gold wrappers that has little treats in it *think Godiva rubbers*. I'm buying them because I'm going to lose my virginity to my boyfriend *who is my ex in real life* and want it to be special. I go to bed. The next day I wake up, sick, and my stomach is strangely stiff in the abdomen. I don't know why it's this way, so I go to my mother, and she tries to figure it out, but she can't. Soon my whole family is involved, and very puzzled, so they take me to the doctor. My doctor looks at me like I'm an idiot, and makes me take a pregnancy test. It comes out positive! This really irks me because I've always told everyone I was a virgin, and I don't remember losing my virginity to anyone, but yet I'm somehow pregnant. So I go to ask my boyfriend if he and I.. you know. But he pushes me away, calling me all sorts of names and a liar because he thinks I lied about being a virgin. Then he dumps me. Soon everyone I know begins to say the same, and I can't do anything but cry, and my stomach suddenly starts growing big. But I woke up right before I gave birth, alone, in a dark room.

dream_comments: I am constantly having dreams where I immaculately conceive a child, this is just one in a list of many, and the weirdest.

Message: 5

Date: Wed, 26 Dec 2001 12:58:20 -0800

From: Anonymous

Subject: Ghost House

dream_title: Ghost House

dream_date: 12-25-01

dreamer_name: Thomas

dream_text: I have a recurring dream(it crops up at least once a year) about a dilapidated Victorian house. I am frightened to look at the house because I always see a strange woman either standing in front of the house or, more often, looking back at me from a window on the top floor. This terrifies me because I know that she is dead, but more than anything else I am sad; I get the feeling that her whole life was wasted

and there is nothing she can ever do to get it back. This dream has disturbed me for years and I would love to know what it means!

dream_comments: Could this particular dream actually be relevant to my waking life? I'm a 29-year-old male and I read quite a bit (I have a passing acquaintance with Jung's work), but I have not been able to get any kind of clear meaning from this dream.

Message: 6

Date: Wed, 26 Dec 2001 12:58:44 -0800

From: Anonymous

Subject: my love, lost

dream_title: my love, lost

dream_date: 12-24-01

dreamer_name: lynn

dream_text: well i was dreaming of my boyfriend, who i grew amazing close to in a shory period of time, who i love to death—my dream took place at his house with his neibor (who i dont even know of that well). she seemed to like my bf, and he seemed to like her all this time we have been dating. it was so real and true that i woke in tears. why would i have a dream about some girl i dont even know, with my bf? it was really scary... maybe something is up between them??-i guess i will never know.

dream_comments: i would like to know why i had that dream...there has to be a substance behind it..of some sort maybe just not screaming at me through my dreamn but actually looking in to it a bit deeper...email me please glitteranshine@yahoo.com thankyou

Message: 7

Date: Wed, 26 Dec 2001 12:59:06 -0800

From: Anonymous

Subject: Brother who pasted away

dream_title: Brother who pasted away

dream_date: 12/23/01

dreamer_name: mr7575

dream_text: I dream of my brother which pasted away in October 16, 2001. He was stand up and the background was white. He was wearing brown shoes, brown pants, white shirt, and a tan jacket. He left his arm and was telling me to come to him with his hand. He told me to hurry up and go to him. I told him NO, and woke up, as I wake up I was very cold inside. What does this mean.

[dream-flow] Digest Number 360

There are 3 messages in this issue.

Topics in this digest:

1. Re: Heaven

From: fallenstar0314

2. Cranes, Children, Sisters, and a Fatal Earthquake

From: Anonymous

3. Re: Tunnels

From: Alice E <egoyandreaming

Message: 1

Date: Thu, 27 Dec 2001 13:21:07 EST

From: fallenstar0314

Subject: Re: Heaven

Russ,

My feeling was you were probably astrally traveling which is when you go visit the "Other World". That is how I feel and there are exercises that you can do to make you astrally travel

Lori

Message: 2

Date: Thu, 27 Dec 2001 10:37:50 -0800

From: Anonymous

Subject: Cranes, Children, Sisters, and a Fatal Earthquake

dream_title: Cranes, Children, Sisters, and a Fatal Earthquake

dream_date: 12/19/2001

dreamer_name: FrontierDog

dream_text: One of my sisters (younger) and I went to New York. (We had previously talked about doing this at Thanksgiving.) We were walking in a residential area up a hill on a sidewalk. A boy is angry with her and throws a ball at us but it hits me in the head. I turn around and he's angry and I see an infant laying on the sidewalk with a baby bottle crying. I am then distracted by more children ages about 7, and we are under a locust tree. Then a cloud of white cranes land in the tree. They are very tame and let me touch them and soon we are all holding and petting cranes. They were very pretty and as I inspected their wings I noticed the yellow markings were actually hungarian folk art of a yellow background and red flowers. I am then walking away, I've let my crane go, back up the hill. My sister had gone on ahead without me after I turned to talk to the boy who had thrown the ball and I don't see her. 2 of the children, sisters, walk with me. The youngest still has her crane and wants to keep it but I tell her she should let it go, it will want to go home. They walk with me up the hill, getting older, to age 13. Nice girls. One walks farther ahead, the older one. We enter a large brownstone building, somehow near its top floors. There is a tall ceiling hallway leading to a skybridge made of stone and copper railings turned verdigris. One girl has gone across. As the other girl and I come to the doorway to cross, the other side is starting to shake and crumble, I'm thinking the crumbling architecture reminds me of Pompei. Now the sister on the other side is standing against the building and seems to be the younger sister now, she is trapped. The other girl seems now to be older around 16. She and I have nowhere to go. The earthquake gets worse and I hold her while we crouch in the stone doorway. I'm thinking that at least I have my cell phone and I'll be able to call my parents to let them know I'm alright and I'll be able to call my sister who was somewhere ahead to find her. I'm looking up as things are shattering and then the building I am in with this girl begins to collapse. I know at that moment that this is fatal and there is no escape. I felt defeated but unconcerned, kind of "oh well, that's it then" and I woke up just as the building came down on top of us.

dream_comments: This particular sister and I are not very close although we have been gradually moving closer in recent years. It would not be unusual for her to be fed up with my interest in the birds and walk off alone and expect me to catch up. The birds I don't understand and certainly the earthquake I don't understand except that I do live in earthquake land and earlier in the year experienced the hard one in Seattle in an office. It was terrifying for a moment and then I realized it was not going to get any worse so it was better then. The children and the sisters changing ages...I just don't know.

Message: 3

Date: Thu, 27 Dec 2001 16:34:52 -0800 (PST)

From: Alice E <egoyandreaming

Subject: Re: Tunnels

Lori, No, I didn't feel safe. I was trying to look around the people bundled up. And, no, it was not an igloo. As I said, it was a tunnel, like we were going underground for the subway or something, or walking beneath an arch. Chechnya is in Russia I believe. I don't know much about it to tell the truth. I didn't see anyone speak the name. I just heard the voice...or maybe the voice was just "there". Maybe I'll try and find some photos of Chechnya online. I could have just been travelling in my sleep. The dream had a definite "feel" to it though. Like some dreams I have are distinct in the way they feel as though they need to be looked at, you know?

-Alice

END DREAMS -----

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