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

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- ++ The Global Dreaming News
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From Peggy Coats - www.DreamTree.com

- ++ Column: An Excerpt From the Lucid Dream Exchange
By Lucy Gillis

- ++ Article: Maslow's Map

Lucy Gillis explores the world of lucid dreaming and this month offers a short article by Kacper on staring and visualization techniques that may enhance and improve lucid dreaming. Kacper offers personal experience about meditation and lucid dream induction in the Excerpt from the Lucid Dream Exchange.

Linda Lane Magallón, author of Mutual Dreaming and long time dream researcher of outer reaches of human potential, began last month an investigation of a neglected area of dreams in the work of Humanistic psychologist, Abraham Maslow. This month Magallón continues with Maslow's Map A New System of Dream Classification with a selection titled "Taking the Temperature of your Dreams." Have you even wondered whether your dreamwork approach was addressing the wrong level of needs? In this chapter, Magallon show you how to determine your current need level and address the dreamwork with the appropriate technique.

I'm very pleased to offer you an article by Raymond L.M. Lee, Ph.D. who comes to us from the Department of Anthropology and Sociology at the University of Malaya, Malaysia. Dr. Lee explores in his article on lucid dreams the question of our identity through the concepts of postmodernism and many of the major theorists in the postmodern movement. For those of you who are not familiar with postmodernism, please see my article Postmodern Dreaming, summarizing many of the issues at stake here including the self, unity, knowledge, certainty, history, progress, and many others.

http://www.dreamgate.com/dream/articles_rcw/ed4-5pom.htm
Though the postmodern writers can be very critical of modern thought and practice, Raymond Lee take a productive, creative approach and shows how we can use our lucid dreams to enter into a postmodern space that offers a wider range of possibilities than we once imagined. Be sure to read "The Self, Lucid Dreaming and Postmodern Identity."

Ann Sayre Wiseman, artist, writer, Author of 13 books on the Creative Process, including DREAMS AS METAPHOR THE POWER OF THE IMAGE; NIGHTMARE HELP, A guide for Adults from Children; MAKING THINGS Handbook of Creative Discoveries, is with us this month with an article called " In the Night Minds of Children." Wiseman has been teaching children for decades to confront the monsters in

- A empirical investigation on the sources of dreams
- Dreaming, thinking - dream thinking
- Dreams of children
- Dreams of elderly persons
- Dreams of blind persons
- The pictorial representation of dreams in old Chinese book illustrations
- The dreams of Goethes Faust

The magazine ends with a critical footnote on Freud where the writer comes to the conclusion that the best what Freud could happen, is that some of his books or parts of them would or could be lost.

>>> Janine Antoni - Dream Weaver Artist on PBS Series EGG
<http://www.pbs.org/wnet/egg/205/antoni/index.html>

Pairing scientific technology with a traditional craft, Antoni uses an EKG machine to make a record of her brainwaves while she dreams. Then, tearing strips from the nightgown she wore as she slept, she weaves that pattern on a primitive loom of her own construction. Antoni has performed "Slumber" in museums around the world, and her dream blanket is now over 200 feet long.

>>> Desert Dreams Regional Meeting, March 23, 2002

www.e-dreamdesigns.com/desertdreams.htm

Come to ASD's Desert Dreams regional meeting Saturday, March 23, 2002, from 8 a.m. to 6 p.m. This wonderful regional activity will be held in Cathedral City, California (next to Palm Springs, approximately 100 miles east of Los Angeles). Help us spread the word! Forward the Desert Dreams website to people you know.

>>> Clear Dreaming Dream Software
<http://home.adelphia.net/~clefevers/ClearDreaming/index.htm>

Clear Dreaming is a program designed to catalog and index your dreams. Using Clear Dreaming you can keep track of a wealth of information about your dreams, as well as perform searches and view statistics concerning this information. Presently Clear Dreaming is still in development, but within a few months it will

I feel that sharing experiences is what Electric Dreams and LDE is all about. Whether our experiments are successful or not, they are contributing to our knowledge of dreaming. Besides, what may not work for one person may work wonders for another!

Kacper also wanted me to note that "I also found that the gazing technique I thought to be my own trance-inducing method is called tratak in Yoga (what a surprise!) and that it is described in "Exploring the World of Lucid Dreaming" by Stephan LaBerge and Howard Rheingold."

Thanks Kacper, for sharing your experiments with us!

MEDITATION AND LUCID DREAM INDUCTION

By Kacper

The purpose of this short article is to describe several meditation techniques and the outcome of my experiments with inducing lucid dreams with these techniques. Let's first discuss the techniques I have found effective in inducing a meditative state (I'm omitting binaural beats here since I have discussed them in a previous article). [Editor's Note: See LDE 20]

1. Meditation Techniques

a. Staring Technique: It is extremely easy, as it doesn't require breathing exercises nor excessive concentration. Simply choose one point and fix a gaze on it. It can be done while standing or sitting. It may be more effective when used along with shifting awareness to body and imagining warmth or energies flowing through the body. If successful, the practitioner will enter a meditative trance within at least 10 minutes.

The state induced with this technique is characterized by relaxation, both muscular and mental, and mild difficulty with breaking this state. The consciousness of the practitioner can be partially disconnected from the external world (touch sense can be weakened). The difficulty in breaking the trance is not something to be afraid of - the difficulty itself is mild and is a sign of good progress. The after-effect of exercise is usually mental refreshment and better mood.

b. Visualization Method: It differs from the visualization technique I have described previously in some features. First of all, this one is about visualizing whole places, and the best is to focus on the places you know - like the mall you are shopping

in, familiar streets, your home, etc. That's all. When you realize that your breathing has calmed (it should slow down spontaneously) you can stop visualization. By this time you should be in a deep trance. The trance can be broken by simply opening your eyes or moving your muscles. Like the previous exercise, this one brings mental refreshment.

2. Experiments and Results

a. Staring technique before going to sleep: Practiced before going to sleep, the staring technique can enhance your dreaming and clear your mind for the evening. I have found it effective in inducing WILDS:

Lucid dream induced by this method:

After doing mediation and some sleep, I awoke in the middle of the night. I got up to go to the bathroom and went back to bed, not hurrying to go back to sleep. I shut my eyes and could see vivid mental imagery, yet still not formed scenes nor dreams. I laid for some time with eyes open enjoying alert relaxation, then shut my eyes and tried to relax more. I have entered the dream-inducing state (hypnagogical sounds, flashes of light, etc.) and focused on maintaining and deepening this state. Then it broke. I opened my eyes to see a cupboard standing on the edge of my bed (!). Then it dissolved, as it was only a hypnagogic hallucination superimposed on the real perception. I shut my eyes again and could enter the hypnagogic state by concentration. Then I materialized somewhere in town, but the "world" around me was unstable. I passed two humanoidal creatures, went into some basement pub and spinned around, but to no avail - I woke. Then I shut my eyes again. This time I entered a vivid picture of a road running through the woods. I took a walk through the wooded terrain to some unknown town accompanied by some group of people. My lucidity was a bit weak in this one.

b. Staring technique in the early morning: I've observed no side-effects, and in addition it was more difficult to focus than in the evening.

Lucid dream induced by this method:

After doing meditation in the early morning I got back to sleep. After some time I entered a WILD, but lucidity was very bad. I

recall being blind and then (after gaining sight) watching TV. From that state I woke into a false awakening. I went to my window to see that outside, instead of the ordinary street I usually see when I look out, there were beautiful buildings - they looked like towers, like some fairy-tale buildings. They had white walls. They seemed to be moving. My first thought was that in some way I had been transported to another world. Then they faded into the sky. I became fully lucid.

I remember something about merging with another guy that looked like me. Then I flew out the window and landed on the street, which looked completely different than the one in the real world. I decided not to go to the mall on the left, but to go straight. To my right, on the road, there was a traffic jam. I remember there were jeeps among other cars. I started rubbing my hands as my grip on the reality of the dream weakened. Then I crossed the street and was standing before some library. I went inside. There was a sheet of paper with an arrow pointing in the direction of where Wordsworth's "Ode" was stored. That made me curious. Why did they put this pointer? I went downstairs, where the arrow was pointing, and found myself in a kind of underground corridor. I still rubbed my hands. Before me, at the end of the corridor there was what seemed to be an office - with desk, computer, and so on. The sunlight was coming through the window in the office (while the corridor seemed to be lying under the ground). Then I lost the dream and woke up.

c. Visualization Technique: I did not achieve anything significant with this method. Practiced during daytime, it produced vivid auditory hallucinations when falling to sleep. Practiced in the evening and in the early morning it did not produce any interesting results. Maybe I simply haven't any luck with this one.

From my experimentation it seems that the staring technique is best for inducing lucid dreams. Maybe practicing it before bedtime and then in the early morning is most effective, I don't know. Meditation will surely speed up your progress because it acts on the pineal gland, as scientific experimentation proves (urinary levels of melatonin are higher in people practicing meditation, furthermore the meditation can raise the level of melatonin from 7 to 1000%, as pointed out by Ranjiv Singh - for more details see

www.erowid.org/spirit/meditation/meditation_medial1.shtml). Some other good meditation techniques can be found at Ballabene Astral Pages (mailbox.univie.ac.at/~a8424mae/english/engindex.htm).

Then one day the third neighbor chanced to drop some fertilizer at the base of her tree. The rains came and went. The tree grew leaves, blossomed and bore sweet fruit. Next year, the neighbor fertilized her tree on purpose. She also turned up some of the soil, cleared a space for the tree to grow and watered the tree. Lo, the tree bore leaves, flowers and sweet fruit once again. So the third neighbor went to tell her neighbors of her good fortune.

The first neighbor could not understand why the third neighbor had to do so much hard work. He pointed to his tree in the backyard. "See?" he said. "I do not labor, yet my tree bears fruit." He did not realize that his house had been built in a comparatively fertile valley in the first place.

The second neighbor did not conceive why the third neighbor would want to do so much hard work. She pointed to her leafy tree in the backyard. "My tree is just fine as it is," she said. She could not comprehend the joy of eating sweet, juicy fruit. She had never had a taste.

The third neighbor went home to contemplate. She wondered what might happen if her neighbors bothered to clear the ground, to feed and water their own dream trees.

Levels of the Dream Tree

What sorts of branches, leaves, fruits and flowers are growing on your own dream tree? Here's some typical dreams for each level on Maslow's Map. Human development tends to move from basic to growth needs. So, in terms of his scale, I'll be working from the bottom up.

BASIC NEEDS

1. Physiological - Foundational existence
 - Elimination (bathroom dream)
 - Suffocation and paralysis
 - Mutilation and dismemberment
 - Starvation and sickness
2. Safety and Security - Anxiety and threat
 - Chase, entrapment and escape
 - Physical attack
 - Geographically lost
 - Natural disaster
 - Sensing something scary
3. Love & Belongingness - Relationship troubles

- Loss of a pet or a family member
- Being rejected
- Nudity in public
- Hiding from people
- Arguments

4. Self Esteem - Poor self respect
- Taking or forgetting an exam
 - Arriving late, missing transport
 - Misplacing your purse or wallet

GROWTH NEEDS

5. Growth and Development

- Discovering a treasure
- Playing with color
- Friendship with an animal

6. Self-Actualization

- A great performance
- Singing your heart out
- Driving your car masterfully

7. Peak Experience

- Floating in bliss
- Amazed by insight
- Becoming aware

Each sample dream theme has been placed in a likely classification. It's a place to begin consideration, not a rigid rule. For instance, "nude in public" is at the third step, the level of love and belongingness. There, you might be nervous about the reactions of strangers, fearing exposure to other people's judgment and scrutiny.

However, "nude in public" might relate to another basic need:

1. Shivering in the snow (physiological)
2. Vulnerable to attack (safety and security)
4. Embarrassed (self esteem)

But if your "nude in public" experience is positive, it might be at the growth level:

5. Posing for an art class (beauty)
6. Dancing before an appreciative audience (self-fulfillment)
7. Intermingled ecstasy (peak experience)

Placement really depends on your waking concerns and desires backed by the action or reaction of your dreaming self. Thanks to

your flexible dream psyche, there can be more than one theme within a single dream. If a chase scene (safety and security) converts to a game of hide and seek with your pursuer, you are moving up the scale (to love and belongingness, at least). Themes may also shift levels with each new dream of the night.

Average and Normal Dreams

What's the temperature of your latest dream? What would you guess is your average temperature for the year? By the way, if you keep a dream journal, you won't have to guess! Are there times when you are more likely to have one particular type of dream than others? Why is that?

Nobody has taken a Gallop poll of American dreams, nor of any other country that I'm aware. It would be interesting to uncover the average temperature of dreams in your own culture and compare it with others. When I look at Abraham Maslow's schema, I'd say that we usually dream at the level of basic needs.

Then, there's the question of whether the average dream is a healthy one. For Maslow, "normal" did not mean normative, or behaving like the cultural majority. "Normal" meant having the full package of desirable or healthy traits including self-knowledge and the right to question the rules or ethics of society. His list of emotional illnesses included prejudice, chronic boredom, lack of zest and loss of purpose. "There is a character difference between the man who feels safe and the one who lives his life out as if he were a spy in enemy territory," he said.⁽¹⁾ Maslow theorized that emotionally healthy people see the world more accurately than their anxiety-ridden peers.

With this new definition, Maslow challenged a fundamental premise of modern psychology: that we can devise accurate theories about human nature just by paying attention to the mentally ill or to the statistically average. He argued that both Freudians and Behaviorists had for too long side-stepped the higher aspects and achievements of humanity by studying "mainly crippled people and desperate rats."

He also differentiated between psychotherapy, which makes sick people well, and psychogogy, which makes well people better. Since dreamwork has been mainly associated with psychotherapy, it is best suited to resolve basic level problems.

Basic Needs Dreamwork

Dreamwork means work. There is something about your dream that is missing, misunderstood or a mystery. Dreamwork requires repair, attention, adjustment or analysis. The significance must be found, the meaning gleaned, the content altered in order to return your troubled psyche to harmony. In basic level dreams, your dream psyche has to do a lot of struggling and coping. Or a lot of mundane activity.

Symbol interpretation techniques can unlock your dream when it is not a literal description of the situation. You might decipher symbols to uncover the hidden stimuli for your dreams.

Behavior modification methods can help you

- 1) recover from nightmare
- 2) resolve conflicts and concerns
- 3) take responsibility and intervene when there are problems
- 4) distinguish between appropriate and inappropriate defenses
- 5) separate real and pseudo-threats
- 6) clean up the toxic spills in your psychological environment

As a behaviorist, Maslow was successful in producing a marked increase in self-esteem of a very shy and retiring woman. At his advice, she practiced asserting herself in twenty specific but non-crucial situations, like insisting that her grocer should order a certain product for her and disregarding his objections. After 3 months there were definite differences. Unlike her former attire, she wore form-fitting clothes and appeared in public in a swim suit. Her husband reported improvement in her previously inhibited sexual behavior, too. And the content of her dreams changed.

Many dreams certainly feel like a confused and chaotic mishmash. That's why we wake and ask ourselves, "What the #\$% was that?" and go running for the dream dictionary. Or we launch a dreamwork method to unravel the knot in our stomachs and puzzlement in our minds. These sorts of therapeutic techniques occur after the dream has already happened, which is why I call it "end of the stream" work. However, if you become lucid, you can do dreamwork while the dream stream is still in motion. And to prevent the mishmash from happening in the first place, you can take preventative measures at the source of stream, before you sleep.

Dreamwork can provide meaning for your current waking life or explain your childhood. Using dreamwork methods, you can find cultural influence in your dreams and link them to the myths and lore of the past. Basic level dreams are current-past in orientation and can describe how you got to where you are and who

you are now. But they also tend to support maintenance of the status quo.

Dreamwork For Change

Seen from the Wide Band view, it might be argued that a truly effective therapy won't just respond to the dream at hand. Instead, it will result in a permanent shift in the average needs level of your dreams. A dream life that consists mostly of relationship troubles might be replaced by dreams that reflect concerns about your chosen profession. Or vice versa, depending on whichever area requires growth.

Some dreams do respond to what I call "lite dreamwork." This sort of dreamwork advises: just become lucid, just hug your kid, just stand up to your dream enemies or just affirm your good intent and the big, bad monster goes away.

Maslow was of the opinion that deeply entrenched personality traits require effort to change. He knew that simple behavioral techniques don't work well, for instance, on fear that is sharply ingrained. There is a tendency of the well-organized syndrome to resist change or to maintain itself. Even if changes occur, it can reestablish itself.

For myself, one nightmare that kept returning alerted me to a false sense of duty that had been programmed, imprinted, etched into my personality from childhood. Lite dreamwork would only repress it. Surface affirmations were a joke. It wouldn't go away for good until I'd unearthed its roots, pulled the weed and replaced it with a new plant. Interpretive therapy, conflict resolution therapy, cognitive therapy, behavioral therapy - all were involved in the eventual resolution.

In such cases, lite dreamwork can actually enable you to deny or avoid the source of your troubles. I've found that some dream approaches detour me down false paths, because they address the wrong level of my current needs. They focus me on one level when it's really another that needs my immediate attention. Nowadays I determine the needs level of my dream first, before I decide which dreamwork, dream trek or dreamplay techniques are appropriate.

Dreamplay

To resolve problems and find meaning in life is admirable. But all dreamwork and no dreamplay makes you a "Type A" dreamworkaholic. To be a healthy dreamer, take a break. Set aside your practical

expectations and serious needs every once in a while. Play with your dreams, instead.

There are some activities that apply to your entire hero's journey. You'll always need to recall your dreams, of whatever kind, but you can make a game of it. Any old dream record will track the path you take, but a creative journal is an ongoing art project. And there are a variety of descriptive tools to use besides writing or speaking the dream, such as sketching, costume and dance.

Dreamplay involves creative movement. There is something hidden, unexpressed or unexplored. The treasure is waiting to be found, the potential unlocked, the creativity celebrated.

Your approach to a dream may vary, depending on whether it is a growth level dream or one that describes the basic needs. If you specialize in survival living, you may wind up painting your nightmares, fashioning anxieties out of paper maché and expressing your fears in poetry. But never exploring creativity at the growth level.

That's why dreamplay is a great vacation from dreamwork. But it doesn't necessarily move you up the scale.

Growth Needs Dream Trek

An egg can't be explained without including what it can become. An ordinary dream can't be explained without including its extraordinary potentials. The irony of healing and recovery is that it's near-on impossible to attain an optimum state of health if you don't really know what that state is. If you've never experienced them first hand, you might not know that dreams can be humorous, fantastic, inspirational and wonder-filled on a fairly consistent basis.

So many dreams fit the "Basic Needs" niche that the most popular dreamwork theories presume that's the only kind of dreaming we do. But true dream health is more than just filling the belly, shedding light on our angst, recovering from conflict or healing the soul. It's about developing human potential. It's about learning. It's about achieving emotional maturity. "Growth Needs" dreams journey into the future.

The symbols and themes in growth level dreams nurture new life. They don't play out old story lines. They are the seeds for emerging tales and legends. They are myth-making in progress. So,

to slice and dice these dreams according to those theories of dreams whose foundations are at the basic needs level, constricts them.

It is not fruitful to pin old meanings on a growth level dream. Such analysis squeezes the juice out of their innovative expression. Free association doesn't work well because it relies on current understanding and past programming. Growth level dreams not only produce new links, they create new visions as well. Fortunately, growth level dream tend to be more coherent, so they are more readily understandable. Thus there is less need to interpret them using traditional means. Furthermore, growth level dreams can be so real and intense that their significance is in the experience, the being and doing *while* you dream. You don't have to do dreamwork afterwards to "complete" them.

Entering the growth phase does provide greater awareness of what's necessary to be a positive person, though. It sends you back to the basic level so that you can clean up your act. So you can clear your dream environment and experience still more of those growth-level dreams.

But just cleaning out the pollutants from the stream doesn't do the whole job. Yes, it allows the dream fish to breathe easier. But you must add nourishment to feed them, to strengthen them, to help them grow. Enrichment activities like incubation, induction and in-dream creativity modify the quality of your dreams and lead to greater dream understanding.

On your dream trek, you might

- 1) Get rid of false notions of your self: learn who you are and who you are not.
- 2) Learn to do well what you want to do, what you can do.
- 3) Learn the discipline of the master dream artist and refine self-expression.
- 4) Choose to risk curiosity for the sake of progress and exploration.
- 5) Make ideals come true (dream up a better world).

Whereas dreamwork judges, defines and transforms, the dream trek celebrates, inspires and encourages. One is the road to recovery, the other the road to discovery.

(1) Maslow, A. H. Motivation and Personality. (New York: Harper & Row, 1970), p. 66.

<http://members.aol.com/caseyflyer/flying/dreams.html>

dreaming brings a wonderful sense of freedom - freedom to try anything in the extended range of experience." Being awake in his or her dream, the lucid dreamer attains a level of consciousness that surpasses the limitations of ordinary waking experiences. Oliver Fox (1962: 33), an explorer of paranormal phenomena, expressed his feelings about his lucid dreaming experience in the following words: "Never had I felt so absolutely well, so clear-brained, so divinely powerful, so inexpressibly free! The sensation was exquisite beyond words; but it lasted only a few moments, and I awoke."

These descriptions of lucid dreaming suggest that self-realization of dreaming is a deconstructive experience. Moments into lucid dreaming, the dreamer realizes the possibility of going beyond ascribed roles in waking life. By experimenting with a variety of new roles in the dream state, the lucid dreamer is actually engaged in deconstructive action that challenges the apparent stability of self-identity in waking life. The lucid dreamer does not lose all sense of the self as conceived in waking life, but he or she is able to act in different ways to undermine the prescribed meanings constituting the reality of the self in waking consciousness. In other words, all social rules for self-identity can be tested and broken in lucid dreaming without the dreamer incurring the consequences of the waking world. For example, when a person walks through walls or flies into the sky in lucid dreaming, there is no one in the dream environment to accuse him or her of being mad.

Lucid dreaming is, indeed, a profound test of self-reality, utilizing the surreal nature of dreaming to question and manipulate the complexities of selfhood. In waking life, these complexities can be analyzed and tested but under circumstances where social rules seem to be hegemonic. For instance, the breaching experiments carried out by the ethnomethodologist, Harold Garfinkel (1967), suggest that disruption of accepted norms is a risky method of self-deconstruction. On the other hand, the manipulation of the dream environment by the lucid dreamer occurs in a surreal context where social rules of the waking world do not apply. Hence, deconstruction of the self in a surreal environment exposes the transparency of social rules for creating self-reality. The sense of freedom experienced by lucid dreamers comes from the realization of self-transparency in a world where fluidity is reality.

If lucid dreaming offers a path-breaking approach to the recreation of the self, how come it has only caught the popular

imagination in recent years? Lucid dreaming was largely the preserve of psychologists interested in paranormal phenomena (Green, 1968; Tart, 1972; Parker, 1975). Only in recent years did lucid dreaming gain publicity as a non-ordinary experience attainable by individuals who seek it. Many books and manuals outlining theories and techniques of lucid dreaming are widely available (LaBerge, 1985; Harary and Weintraub, 1989; LaBerge and Rhinegold, 1990; Green and McCreery, 1994; Moss, 1996; Devereaux and Devereaux, 1998). This sudden outburst of interest in a recondite phenomenon normally studied by parapsychologists suggests some important changes in contemporary conceptualizations of self and society. There is a sense of newfound freedom associated with being conscious in dreams. Self-mutability in conscious dreaming represents a type of autonomy unattainable in waking life. Since social norms are only enacted and validated by individuals who are awake, rebellion against these norms by lucid dreamers implies that society can be dissolved in dreaming for the reinvention of the self.

The argument of this paper is lucid dreaming represents a concerted effort in transcending social norms and boundaries through the reflexive power of being conscious in dreams. Self-reflexivity in lucid dreaming challenges the conceptualization of the modern self as an integrated product of normative socialization. The modern self is a distinct outcome of Cartesian dualism tempered by the institutionalization of world-mastery. By treating the modern self as a unified essence of subjective experiences, the meaning of world-mastery has come to connote the objectified control of manifest reality. The work of Talcott Parsons (see Rocher, 1974) exemplifies this approach to the modern self as the bearer of values and norms that regulate social goals and actions. When values and norms are properly internalized in the self, social action is effectively directed to the external environment. In this model of the modern self, the maintenance of values and norms is essential to the successful manipulation of the external environment.

Yet in lucid dreaming, the model of the modern self is completely reversed. The surreal nature of dreams makes destabilization a constant factor. The lucid dreamer cannot always depend on internalized norms for effective movement in a rapidly changing dreamscape. On the contrary, the lucid dreamer must repeatedly reinvent himself or herself in order to navigate the surrealism of dreaming. The lack of correspondence between internalized norms and environmental events in dreaming implies that lucid dreaming is necessarily anti-normative. The lucid dreamer may act against ascribed roles to actualize discrepant

selves in the vicissitudes of dreaming. If such experiences constitute a new meaning of freedom, they not only reject the model of the modern self but also suggest the emergence of a postmodern model of fractal identities. The idea of fractal identities will become clearer after we examine the fate of the self at the end of modernity.

Crisis of the Modern Self

Modernity placed the self at the epicenter of meanings. Indeed, the modern self could not exist without a subjective presence that outweighed the objects of its surroundings. By possessing this presence, the modern self came to be treated as something distinct with the power to control its own thoughts and influence its relationships with external objects. Unlike the pre-modern self whose sense of being was measured in terms of a greater power than itself, the modern self thought and acted without being necessarily beholden to a greater power. In short, the modern self looked upon its own dominion as empirical and that of the greater power as abstract.

Scholars such as Charles Taylor (1989) and Anthony Giddens (1991) treated the modern self as a reflexive entity. The notion of the self as a separate individual became possible because reflexivity activated a sense of autonomy for the re-imagination of roles. Individuals were no longer dependent on what others said they were, but could reflect on their own actions to redefine their roles publicly and privately. For Taylor, self-exploration was considered vital for reflecting on the meaning of the self. By exploring one's self, each individual was allegedly able to draw out latent characteristics that made him or her unique. Self-exploration was thought to provide an expressive outlet for charting the hidden dimensions of individual existence. It could change a person's self-definitions and relationships with others.

Reflexivity provided the condition for the modern self to delve into its own being and pursue what it thought befitted its desires and aspirations. Freedom was the ability to perform self-analysis in order to actualize personal visions of new beginnings, new hopes and new identities. The modern explosion of knowledge in all fields of human endeavor could be traced to the reflexive nature of self-inquiry and self-examination. By treating knowledge as inseparable from the dynamics of self-exploration, each new discovery reflexively led to other viewpoints that expanded the horizon of empirical understanding. Self-exploration was therefore vital for the development of world-mastery. The self not only came to know itself but also the objects of its contemplation.

Yet, the sense of confidence established by self-exploration failed to take root as the source of certitude for self-understanding. Reflexivity generated an impermanence of knowledge, thereby undermining the stability of self-identity. Each act of self-exploration enhanced self-awareness, but at the same time activated the forces of change in the self. Giddens (1991:28) made this point succinctly when he said, "The chronic entry of knowledge into the circumstances of action [the self] analyses or describes creates a set of uncertainties to add to the circular and fallible character of post-traditional claims to knowledge." Since the reflexivity of the modern self is by nature elliptical, the uncertainty produced by new knowledge cannot but exert a tremendous pressure on the self to perpetually reexamine its own construction. The question of authenticity has become central to the meaning of the modern self. Can we be true to our own selves when reflexive knowledge is constantly transforming our sense of being?

The crisis of the modern self constitutes a statement of doubt about ontology. The transformability of the self in an age of excess increases skepticism of self-identity as an inviolable whole. If reflexivity leads to a continual reevaluation of the self, then self-identity is susceptible to fragmentation and unlimited innovation. Kenneth Gergen (1991:49) emphasized that "technologies of social saturation are central to the contemporary erasure of the self." Only partial identities are possible in a situation where people are continually exposed to new information, knowledge and experiences. Partial identities imply the interpenetration of roles which may not be integrally related. Juxtaposition of identities and roles that are not necessarily integrated reflects an emerging social context saturated with novelty and inundated by information. This is a context that has been described as postmodern (Lyotard, 1984; Foster, 1985).

According to Løvlie (1992: 119), the postmodernist "does not go for identity but for the manifold and equivocal." The strategy implied in this statement pertains to the de-socialization of the subject. In other words, the postmodern self is released from the fixed relationship between nominal identity and social roles. Freedom is found not in the pursuit of authenticity but in the interplay of multiple roles that signify the openness of all meanings. The self is no longer defined as a consistent conglomeration of attitudes and perceptions strung together by the power of reason. Neither is behavior necessarily considered an outcome of clear intentions. The postmodern self rejects the policing action of social institutions and pre-existing social scripts. The identity of the postmodern self does not have a center. Sarup (1996: 25-26) described such an identity as "a

multi-dimensional space in which a variety of writings blend and clash...[and] not an object which stands by itself and which offers the same face to each observer in each period."

A fragmented self seems to have emerged from the crisis of the modern self. Are we all made up of bits and pieces of this and that? Is identity nothing more than an illusion of socialization or a fiction of ontology? It is difficult to imagine a self without an integrated identity, a "subject in process" that is "constructed in and through language" (Sarup, 1996: 47). Yet, this is what self and identity mean in postmodernism, a movement that disparages closure and completion. Because of linguistic relativity, the self cannot maintain a solid identity but must defer to the arbitrariness of all conversational interactions. Hence, the self appears fragmented as a consequence of the fluidity of speech.

However, reflexivity does allow some degree of rational control over the construction of identity. The self is not totally at the mercy of the arbitrariness of speech. Individuals can still exercise choice in self-presentation, although choice is defined by a 'multiphrenic condition' (Gergen, 1991: 49) that empowers all types of innovation. In this situation where reflexivity intermeshes with innovation, it is more appropriate to address changes in the self as a fractalization of identity. The idea of fractalization originates from Jean Baudrillard (1993: 5-6) who treats postmodern culture as the 'radiation of values' or the 'pure contiguity of values'. Thus, fractalization of identity reflects patterns of value permutations that display the mixing of all reference points. For instance, the advent of global culture has produced a unique situation in which tradition becomes a basis for experimentation. One can syncretize elements of tradition and modernity to produce unique patterns of identity that do not necessarily add up to a conventional role package. In the example given by Cohen and Kennedy (2000: 346), young British man fascinated by traditional Chinese martial arts and Jackie Chan movies transforms himself into a Cantonese pop singer. His new identity is not perceived as a conflict of values but a fractalization of disparate cultural elements.

The above example concerns the intricacies of fractal identity in waking life. Voluntariness of such identity in waking life is taken for granted, since the individual is consciously aware of mixing values and their effects. However, in dreaming the fluidity of dream events and the lack of conscious control over these events exemplify the involuntary nature of identity formation in dreams. Thus, fractal identities in dreams have a

different status than those in waking life because the dreaming individual simply cannot exercise conscious control in refashioning his or her identity. The blending of values in dream identities take on an uncanny appearance as they have no direct correspondence with the waking self. The dreaming individual does not normally reflect on the fractalization of identity to ask what are its consequences. Instead, fractal identities proliferate in dreams as part of the surrealism of dreaming.

What happens when an individual becomes conscious in dreaming and treats fractalization as a means of transcending the norms of waking life? The surrealism of dreaming provides a highly unpredictable context in which identities have no anchors and rapidly take on fictional appearances. All the assumptions underlying the integrity of the modern self dissolve into a pool of changing images. The lucid dreamer quickly discovers an ability to manipulate and transform identities without worrying about infraction of social rules. In short, lucid dreaming promotes fractalization without fear of repercussions from the waking world. What are the implications of lucid dreaming for the development of postmodern self-identity? To answer this question, we need to examine the meaning and effects of lucid dreaming in everyday life.

The Self in Lucid Dreaming

As a pioneer in the analysis of dreams, Freud (1954) addressed dreaming as the fief of the unconscious self. Repressed desires and unfulfilled wishes constitute the stuff of dreams in Freudian understanding of how the self submits to the irrational forces of the sleep process. It was unthinkable that such an understanding of dreaming would take seriously the notion of a conscious self actively manipulating its identity in the dream state. Freudian analysis of dreams would become paradoxical if a dreamer awoke in his or her dreams to transform unconscious desires into conscious goals.

Lucid dreaming contradicts the notion of soporific surrender. It challenges the Freudian belief that the dream world is a symbolic representation of our fears and fantasies, which we project but cannot control. In lucid dreaming, the dreamer learns and trains to recognize and exert control over objects in the dream environment. By awakening in the dream state, the self not only becomes conscious of dreaming as a peculiar reality, but also comes to the realization that waking and dreaming are continuous. Stephen LaBerge, a leading researcher of lucid dreaming, tells of his early experience with the Tibetan lama, Tarthang Tulku, who

expressed the view that all perceptual encounters are dreamlike in nature. In fact, LaBerge teaches his readers to reduce the distinction between waking and dreaming events in order to prepare for the onset of lucid dreaming (LaBerge and Rhinegold, 1990). Similarly, Harary and Weintraub (1989: 17-18) teach their readers to imagine themselves waking up in dreams and entering a dream world as they awake. This approach to the meaning of the self in dreaming is radically different from that which takes phenomenological and neurobiological differences to distinguish between waking and non-waking consciousness.

Owen Flanagan's (2000: 58) reminder that "whatever else dreaming is like it is not like being awake" exemplifies the general need of most people to seek self-authenticity in waking consciousness. The commitment to maintain the divide between waking and dreaming elevates the self in waking life above that in dreams. Yet, as Flanagan (ibid.) seems to suggest, it is not necessary to denigrate the dreaming self because "dreams are sometimes self-expressive and can yield knowledge," thereby providing each individual with a means to recognize the self in waking life. In other words, dreams as the 'spandrels of sleep' or the natural side-effects of sleep (Flanagan, ibid.) can be viewed as a loyal servant of the waking self, reifying it through a screen of apparently bizarre and irrational images. In waking life, then, there is a natural tendency to assert self-identity as if it were a special preserve of one's sanity. Treating dreams as 'background noise' or 'spandrels of sleep' may provide a sense of relief after the individual awakes to find his or her self to be relatively intact, particularly in cases of nightmares where self-recovery occurs in the waking state.

Becoming aware of dreaming while in the dream state poses a peculiar question of whether the waking self becomes dominant in dreaming or the dreaming self becomes more reflexive. In either case, self-realization of dreaming tends to weaken the rigid distinction between waking and dreaming because it is the same self-consciousness that now operates in both states of mind. Lucid dreaming, therefore, provides a bridge between the two states that are conventionally defined as waking and dreaming. The self may become more pliant as it engages in lucid dreaming since it is able to negotiate the dream world as if it were awake, or to act in waking life as if it were dreaming. This breakdown of the boundary between waking and dreaming through lucid dreaming yields a new approach to the meaning of the self as a source of critical identity and knowledge. In lucid dreaming, the sense of guardedness for maintaining self-boundaries is relaxed in order for the self to experience other possibilities of being.

Consequently, these experiences could introduce creative moments in waking life because the self no longer sees the necessity to confine innovative ideas in dreaming to the dream world. For example, Evans (1983: 226) asked whether a scientist could use his or her lucid dream experiences to uncover new knowledge.

An important outcome of collapsing the boundary between waking and dreaming is the realization of the constructed nature of the self and the phenomenal world. This realization can occur by lucidly confronting the ephemeral nature of the dream world. Upon waking, the lucid dreamer may come to treat the waking world as if it too is a theater of manipulable images. LaBerge and Rhinegold (1990: 287-88) explained that "the dream state and waking state both use the same perceptual process to arrive at mental representations or models of the world. These models, whether of the dream or physical world, are only models. As such they are illusions, not the things they are representing..." The implication is that dream lucidity can have a jolting effect on our conventional understanding of the world. If we can reinvent ourselves in lucid dreaming, then our experiences of the waking world can be construed as being more open to deconstruction.

In other words, lucid dreaming challenges the formidability of waking reality. Can we say that the self in the waking state is more real than that in dreams? Lucid dreaming offers a new experience for probing the organization and presentation of the self. By being lucidly aware of the deconstructive nature of dreaming, we may become more attentive to the way we constitute ourselves in waking life. Alternatively, if we adopt a deconstructive approach to waking life, then we may begin to explore our personal dream identities in ways that we have not done before.

Postmodernism, Fractalization and Dreaming

The deconstructive agenda of postmodernism addresses the fragility of social reality. In particular, it is the social reality constituted by waking consciousness that has become the focus of postmodern critique. The apparent concreteness of social reality is placed under microscopic inquiry by postmodern critics who want to demonstrate the arbitrariness and impermanence of all social constructions (see Sarup, 1993). The thrust of this critique opens up new areas of inquiry concerning the meaning of waking consciousness and its relationship to various levels of non-waking consciousness, including dreaming. Postmodernism not only unravels our fundamental assumptions of social reality, but also suggests the equivalence between waking and non-waking realities.

Postmodern deconstruction is a line of inquiry that makes possible our realization of the fleeting nature of all phenomena in the waking world. As such, postmodernism disprivileges waking consciousness. Under postmodern gaze, the social constructions of the waking world can be made equivalent to the fleeting dreamscapes of the sleeping mind. What we conventionally perceive as the robust structures of waking reality become reversed in postmodern thinking as the illusory metanarratives of the modern world. In modernity, metanarratives provide the parameters of action in everyday life, giving the impression that our consciousness is based on a logical set of rules for defining sound behavior. When these rules are exposed as the precarious constructs of linguistic conventions, as demonstrated by postmodern critics, metanarratives can be reduced to the peculiar workings and reworkings of conversational life, thereby revealing the surreal nature of waking reality. In general, the surrealism of waking life is hidden by our commonsense view of the world. It is a view that is supported by an unquestioned consensus on the unproblematic nature of waking reality. The postmodern emphasis on ironies and contingencies (Rorty, 1989; Lemert, 1992) turns this consensus on its head, disclosing the surreal moments of waking reality.

On the other hand, the surrealism of dreaming directly impinges on the rationality of individuals because the metanarratives of modern waking life cannot be consciously maintained in sleep to provide a buffer against random perceptual associations. In other words, dreams lack the consensus that defines the routines of modern waking life. In sleep, the ironies and contingencies of dreaming penetrate the modern metanarratives that prioritize waking life. Individuals navigate their dreamscapes not by accessing the familiar metanarratives of waking life, but by an uncanny immersion in ironies and contingencies that are ignored or made irrelevant in waking consciousness. It is as though postmodern deconstruction occupies the foreground in dreaming. Thus, the surrealism of dreaming converges with postmodern deconstruction to suggest a new experience of de-differentiation between waking and dreaming. This new experience is exemplified by lucid dreaming that redefines the meaning of dream consciousness as a special state of awareness.

The approach advocated by lucid dreaming experts for de-differentiating between waking and dreaming focuses on maintaining a sense of alertness while falling asleep. This technique allows the individual to develop skills in being aware of entering a dream state without losing consciousness. By using hypnagogic

imageries in the initial stages of sleep, individuals can train to directly experience lucid dreaming without any lapse of consciousness. Hypnagogic imageries emerge as random and vivid mental pictures as the individual hovers between waking and sleeping. It is a state of 'half-dreaming' where the individual experiences a series of seemingly disconnected images that lead directly into dreams (Harary and Weintraub, 1989: 55; LaBerge and Rhinegold, 1990: 96). Hypnagogic imageries can be compared to an aspect of postmodern deconstruction that highlights the relative positioning of all signifiers. According to Jacques Derrida (1976), all signifiers are not necessarily prearranged in ways to determine fixed orders of meaning. On the contrary, there is an endless play of differences (différance) that results in a perpetual change of forms and meanings. The purpose of postmodern deconstruction is to challenge all social structures and interpretations as stable, permanent and ineluctable. It paves the way for approaching the world as uncompromisingly open and decentered. Thus, the experience of perceiving rapidly changing images in a hypnagogic state is analogous to a deconstructive view of the world. The kaleidoscope of images perceived in the hypnagogic state represents a free play of signifiers that eventually shades into dreaming. Dreamers who are able to maintain awareness while falling asleep develop a special sensitivity to witnessing the 'breakdown' of the waking world into a random display of images.

Lucid dreaming is, therefore, an enhanced consciousness of différance. To wake up in dreams suggests the possibility of transforming all signifiers and pushing one's self-identity to the limits. The game of 'trading places' recommended by Harary and Weintraub (1989: 61-62) provides the lucid dreamer with the opportunity to experiment with the mutability of self-identity. They claimed that it is within the power of each dreamer to consciously shift perspectives with any dream character. Being in a lucid state, the dreamer is said to be in an ideal position to assume the viewpoint of various dream characters and to transform himself or herself into a completely different person. There is a schizophrenic quality to such an experience because the dreamer comes to take on multiple personalities that would be perceived in waking life as a threat to the integrity of the self. But in lucid dreaming, such schizophrenic experiences are considered a means for training the mind to redefine the ability to assume different personalities as a game of deconstruction rather than a threat to self-integrity.

By relinquishing the idea of the self as given, the lucid dreamer is able to take fractalization in dreaming as the

normative condition of consciousness to engage in the play of differences ad infinitum. Without the constraints of waking life, fractalization in dreaming empowers lucid dreamers to relativize themselves in a manner that would not be considered disastrous to their sense of well being. The lucid dreamer becomes a 'dream chameleon' and may come to realize that fractal identities in waking life are kept at bay by the illusion of a social order that disparages différance. The freedom of lucid dreaming described by Charles McCreery and Oliver Fox refers precisely to the potential of dreamers to consciously transcend all fixed identities of waking life. It is a freedom to reinvent ourselves without being held accountable to the metanarratives of waking reality.

If postmodernism is a critique of these metanarratives, then it is also a movement of consciousness transformation that bridges the fragility of waking reality with the surrealism of lucid dreaming. The metanarratives that we have internalized as the parameters for defining our self-identities are challenged by postmodernism as the untenable constructs of everyday life. Once these constructs are demonstrated to be nothing more than an unrecognized play of differences, it is but a short step to the realization that they are dreamlike in nature. In other words, the surrealism of everyday life is veiled by our commitment to the metanarratives of social order and structure. Postmodernism cuts through this veil to activate a lucidity that parallels the self-realization of dreaming.

Conclusion

The crisis of the modern self produced a deep skepticism of the subject. It spawned postmodern critiques that challenged the belief in the integrated reality of selfhood. Postmodernists opted for the notion of a decentered self whose sense of being was predicated on the endless play of signifiers. Deconstruction became the primary strategy for disengaging the subject from the hegemony of metanarratives. Freedom was defined by the ability to cut through the illusion of fixed identities.

This freedom is also experienced by lucid dreamers who can consciously switch and combine identities in the dream state. They can transcend the normative expectations of waking life without being stigmatized as anti-normative. As an inner experience of différance, lucid dreaming provides profound insight into the constructed nature of waking reality. It is a special condition of awareness that reveals the fragility of waking reality as being equivalent to the surrealism of dreaming. Lucid dreaming is indeed a form of postmodernism.

However, only a small proportion of the general population experiences lucid dreaming. An even smaller proportion is able to maintain a consistent pattern of lucid dreaming. This implies that most people have the potential to experience lucid dreaming, but only a few have gained lucidity in dreaming and possibly realized the equivalence between waking and dreaming. For this reason, the metanarratives of waking life remain intact and continue to constitute the basis for distinguishing dreaming from waking. Postmodern critics may question these metanarratives but they have yet to forge links with lucid dreaming as a method of de-differentiation. When postmodernism is recognized as a perspective that offers deconstruction as an entry into lucid dreaming, a new level of consciousness transformation becomes possible for bringing together social critique and dream creativity.

At present, techniques of lucid dreaming and new technologies for inducing lucid dreaming (see LaBerge, 1993) are available to the public, making it possible for interested individuals to develop and practice lucidity in dreaming. The popularization of lucid dreaming suggests that as more people come to experience lucid dreaming, the meaning of waking and dreaming will undergo radical change. The realization that one can actually awake in dreams implies the possibility of treating waking life as dreamlike in nature. It is beyond the scope of this paper to speculate on how these developments will influence the future meaning of social and cultural reality, but suffice to say that the world will no longer be the same once we all awake in our dreams.

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Katie 5

I'm in a haunted house with a Vampire who will eat me up, drink my blood, and put goo on my legs so I can't walk.

Jared 7

The King sends the dragon monster to pull my head off and eat my eye balls. If I don't cooperate he will throw me to the alligators. The King is so strong he cracks the hill.

Alexis 6

Skeleton chased me into a deep hole. I was so scared I fell right off my bed.

Terri 7

my sister and I are in San Francisco. Lightning has burned every single door and window. A storm came with icy needles. We are screaming. Mom is holding a metal pole which isn't a good idea. Metal is a conductor of lightning it could kill her her.

* * * * *

This was just one morning's visit in an ordinary classroom, long before the September 11th disaster. Imagine what nightmares are now in the minds of children following such an unbelievable act as the World Trade Center Attack. Dreams are the silent unspoken dilemmas of our ordinary healthy, happy seeming children. These dreams can also be helpers and seen as a metaphor for the kind of fears or life challenges that our children face, without acknowledgment, council, or help. We say they are ONLY dreams but in fact they can offer us an opportunity to learn from our fears.

Seeing the dream on paper offers the child a way to remove the fear from the mind and anchor it on the paper. Working with dreams helps to teach negotiation skills, self defense and creative self empowerment. (Something I never learned in school, did you? A kind of lifemanship my parents didn't demonstrate very well, did yours?) Skills I only began to appreciate and implement when I started training in the Expressive Therapies, in Assertiveness Training Workshops, in Co-Counseling, EST and Psychodrama.

Why do we wait until 40 for permission or courage to say NO, to confront the antagonist and stand our ground without guilt or apology?. To defend ones right to be alive, to feel worthy of existence etc. Why not teach these skills beginning in first grade?

The answer is complex. People who don't have these skills can't teach them. And that is many of us who slide through life avoiding issues, giving in, or taking the consequences.

I decided to see how kids would grasp the, encouragement and permission to empower themselves by changing the dynamics, by renegotiating a fairer solution, by redefining the bad situation which the night mind delivered in a dream or nightmare.

We started with paper and markers, putting the dilemma out of the head onto the paper. That already felt better, the dreamer was more in charge. And once the dream was made visible, together we could talk and John could discover more information.

"John, What needs to happen for you to help the paralyzed spaceman part of yourself who is being held hostage by eyes of the aliens, yelling HELP in your picture?"

" I don't know. He can't move"

"Can he talk?"

"Yea I guess so if they speak English"

"Close your eyes and listen, see what he is saying to the Alien"

" He said Why are you holding me hostage what did I do?"

"Close your eyes again and listen. What does the Alien say?"

"He says that's my job."

"Ask him does he like this job"

"He says he has to do it and he likes scaring people because he feels powerful"

"John, ask the spaceman if he is still paralyzed now he can talk to the Alien"

"No, it helps when we talk he can move a little."

Any small shift in the dynamics that empowers the Dreamer, changes the victim position and opens the way for negotiation and eventually a win-win solution.

John said "If you scare me and hold me paralyzed with your eyes, neither one of us can fly the ship". That revelation made John laugh. He said I guess we better find a way to get back to earth and that logic released him from the terror into a creative solution.

The excitement of exercises like this spread far beyond the drawing of dreams, kids found they could use dialogue like this to handle situations in the classroom and at home. Betty said her art teacher gave the clay pot she made to another girl and instead of crying she worked out the dialogue on her drawing, until she found a way to convince the teacher that she had made an understandable mistake, and that helped the teacher listen to her side of the argument that explained the pot was really hers.

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

This issue includes volume # 379 - 398

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

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

----- BEGIN -----

379- (only notes, start 380)
[dream-flow] Digest Number 379
[dream-flow] Digest Number 380

There are 2 messages in this issue.

Topics in this digest:

1. tentative new member
 From: "birchholly" <birchholly>
2. (no subject)
 From: LOSTKRAFT

Message: 1
 Date: Sun, 27 Jan 2002 19:16:33 -0000
 From: "birchholly" <birchholly>
 Subject: tentative new member

Hi. I'm interested in this site. I'm a little concerned by the e-mails from the person who can't get unsubscribed. They sound a little desperate, and it reminds me of that hideous hotmail set-up where you're tied to them for an eternity of endless adds for viagra, low mortgage rates, and naked pictures of Brittny Spears. But I'll take a chance. When people see how long my first posted dream is, they may wish I'd never joined. But I would like someone to explain why that person can't get unsubscribed. Is there a moderator who can explain to me? Anyway, here's the dream, from last night. Jan 26

This was a storyline dream involving me as a young version and 2 young guys - we were teenagers, I guess. I can't recall everything, but there were 2 people holding us prisoner. One was a middle-aged woman, a sharp, businesswoman type, and the other was a man who had a business. We were being held prisoner at the man's business, where guys were building things - there was a big service garage-looking area where you could see the men working.

There were also office rooms off a hallway. The man was a cross between Billy Holloway and his assistant Skip in terms of looks and aura, and he had a southern accent. He had his own personality, which I found hard to understand. He was keeping us prisoner, but he had no malice and I couldn't figure out his reasons for doing this. He was sometimes friendly, as if we weren't in such a situation, and sometimes careless about watching us, which worked in our favor. The woman was always the same. She was the more practical and focused and therefore dangerous. She had her own business and I'm not sure why she was hooked up with the southern guy. I don't think we ever figured out why they were holding us. As I recall, the 3 of us went to this guy's place for some reason, and he locked us in by locking the door to the outside. We were free to move around the building. I can't recall everything in between when he first locked us in, but I recall moving along the hallway and seeing the men to the left working. They had coveralls like mechanics and there was some kind of machine involved that sometimes emitted fire. The 3 of us were taken to this one room, and for some reason the 2 boys were sitting at this desk set-up with a ledge a little above them, like some computer work stations, except I could see their faces. They were doing something for the guy - research, maybe. We were all 3 pretending to be okay with things in the hopes of better disarming the guy and the woman and escaping. I was sitting on a couch against the wall, next to a window to my right. I was facing the boys directly. There was a fish pond kind of pool in the yard, which became more defined the more I looked at it. The water also extended further the more I looked, and I recall having some thought about the water being an escape route for us. The pool was beautiful, with a lot of plants at the right end, then extending into just the water part, with some kind of beautiful "pond scum" growing on the surface. Lots of green, like the green of velvet. Actually, at first one of the boys was not at the desk yet. I'll call him Pete although he had no name in the dream - no one did. I saw that he saw that one of the weapons we had brought with us had been fastened somehow to the ceiling. It was a long-handled axe.

Suddenly, in the way of dreams, it was the case that each of us had brought a weapon with us to this place. Pete started to climb up the wall by the axe, using a pipe that ran up the wall, and was almost able to get the axe when we heard the guy coming. So he jumped down as the guy was coming in and I recall thinking, "I hope he gets down in time that the guy doesn't realize what he was up to." Pete did, and started acting natural, and the guy realized nothing. Then the 2 boys were both behind the desk, working. The guy sat on the couch next to me and was acting pleasant as though there wasn't a problem, and I wasn't sure how

to respond to him. I almost liked him. I can't recall what he was saying, but I recall his accent. There was communication going on between the boys and me without words, and we all realized what was going on with each other. Everything was about our escaping. I saw that the other boy - I'll call him Eddie - had noticed the axe on the ceiling and was thinking of getting it. Pete saw this too, and signaled Eddie with a look to hold off. Eddie evidently then thought of a way to get the guy out of the office so they could get the axe. He offered to help the guy with some kind of application or something. He even said "when we're done here" which I thought was cunning, because it would mislead the guy into thinking he was in no hurry to handle the application thing. The guy was enthusiastic and left the room to get the application, or whatever. I recall turning to look out the window in case the guy turned around in the door way or came back for a moment. We were all trying to look as if we weren't getting ready to act. So then Pete got up and this time he got the axe off the ceiling. I knew my weapon had been a knife of some kind, and we were now all trying to find our original weapons. I don't know which boy had brought the axe. So we were moving around through the place, looking for weapons. I kept finding box cutters that I could see a nice sharp blade, but every time I picked it up and tested it, the blade had become a dull, harmless edge. I started thinking that the woman and guy had set this up - that I was never going to find one that was sharp. I thought about going to the kitchen - I figured that maybe I could find a sharp knife there that wouldn't change on me, because knives don't change. I was kind of looking forward to using the knife, because it would be a strong, self-affirming thing to stand up for myself. Also I was angry at them holding us here. There was a part where I found some kind of tool that had a round blade that you could make rotate, that was sharp. Kind of like a small sander, except with blade edges. I was thinking how well this would work to threaten the woman, because it would screw up her face. I figured I would only really use it if I had to. I showed it to the boys, but they didn't think it was good. Pete said how also when you attack someone you have to move back away from them, and that wouldn't allow me to use the tool effectively. I saw his point. The tool already seemed sort of weak, as if it didn't have a lot of steady power to it. There was a scene in the kitchen, which was like my parents' old kitchen in Lincroft, but I can't recall it now. I think it was between me and the guy. Then, later, the 3 of us were in the kitchen (it was now like Sandra's kitchen and dining room) and also the woman and the guy. A whole crowd of people had come in through the picture window, and were standing there. They had some business to conduct with the guy and woman, and had no idea what was going on

in terms of them holding us prisoner. I thought "great, now we can get away. They won't try and stop us with all these people here." I suggested this to one of the boys, who was standing to my left by a doorway. To my surprise, he said no, it wasn't a good idea. But before he could even say why, I decided to go ahead with my plan. I got the attention of the people and was saying "these people are holding us prisoner, they're not what you think they are, please help us," or something to that effect. The people clearly didn't believe me. I kept shouting to them what the truth was, but they were all leaving, and I saw that the boy had been right. I recall seeing them in the distance across the yard through the window, dwindling into the horizon. Only one woman stayed, and she was trying to explain what we were doing wrong. She didn't believe me either, but she had at least had the decency to stay behind and try to explain things as she saw them. I realized the others had all left because they thought I was crazy, and wanted no part of it. I can't recall what the lone woman was saying, but I interrupted her. I was so angry that she and the others didn't believe me. I was shouting "Fuck you! Fuck you! at her over and over, and I recall seeing her face changing to an expression of distress and some surprise. There was also a part where I was shouting to the people to come back, only I couldn't get enough sound, and then I was trying so hard I ended up really doing it, and woke myself up. I wanted to keep shouting but realized it was only a dream and I needed to shut up. My sleep posture was that I was hugging myself and my legs were pulled up in some weird position.

Message: 2

Date: Mon, 28 Jan 2002 07:49:24 EST

From: LOSTKRAFT

Subject: (no subject)

> Subject: THE MIRACLE OF TOILET PAPER > > Fresh from her
> shower, a woman stands in front of the mirror, complaining > to
> her husband that her breasts are too small. Instead of
> characteristically > telling her it's not so, the husband
> uncharacteristically comes up with a > suggestion. > "If you
> want your breasts to grow, then every day take a piece of toilet
> paper > and rub it between your breasts for a few seconds." >
> Willing to try anything, the wife fetches a piece of toilet
> paper, and > stands > in front of the mirror, rubbing it
> between her breasts. > "How long will this take?", she asks. >
> "They'll grow larger over a period of years", he replies. > The
> wife stops. "Why do you think rubbing a piece of toilet paper

between > my > breasts every day will make my breasts grow over
the years?" > "Worked for your ass , didn't it?" > He lived,
and with a great deal of therapy, may even walk again....

[dream-flow] Digest Number 381

There are 10 messages in this issue.

Topics in this digest:

1. Psychic Death
From: Anonymous
2. airplane explosions and crashes
From: Anonymous
3. birds
From: Anonymous
4. New Dream
From: Anonymous
5. Violence in my sleep
From: Anonymous
6. The Stage
From: Anonymous
7. roller coaster dream
From: Anonymous
8. Charlie's Death
From: Anonymous
9. Re: Violence in my sleep
From: mara flynn <maramflynn
10. Re: Violence in my sleep
From: kate hess <birchholly

Message: 1

Date: Tue, 29 Jan 2002 17:20:45 -0800

From: Anonymous

Subject: Psychic Death

dream_title: Psychic Death

dreamer_name: Fate

dream_text: I was walking with my grandfather on a bright sunny day and we were just talking and then there was a HUGE clash of lightning and my grandfather turned around but the sky had turned black and he was wearing a black robe but he was a skeleton. That's when I woke up

dream_comments: I had the dream a week before my grandfather died. I am dying to know what it meant.

share_dreams: ON

Message: 2

Date: Tue, 29 Jan 2002 17:21:30 -0800

From: Anonymous

Subject: airplane explosions and crashes

dream_title: airplane explosions and crashes

dream_date: every couple months

dreamer_name: afraid to fly..... now.

dream_text: I am always either watching comm. airplanes blow up in the sky, crash into the ground or I am inside the airplane and its going to crash but right before it crashes, the dream starts over. the latest dream i had, i was in the plane and after takeoff, the planes engines turn off and the plane starts to shake real bad, the oxygen masks come down and i put it on myself and then my baby afterwards. i look out of the window and i see lots of trees like a forest. all of a sudden the engines come back on and we immediatley land and we are ok. if i remember correctly this is the first one of my dreams with me on board to play all the way through.

dream_comments: i have been flying since i was born so i have never been afraid to fly. I started having these dreams about two or three years ago and now i avoid planes. so this has nothing to do with 9-11. these dreams started all by themselves. i need to know why iam having these dreams. should i never fly again for my own safty? please help

Message: 3

Date: Tue, 29 Jan 2002 17:22:09 -0800

From: Anonymous

Subject: birds

dream_title: birds

dreamer_name: anonymous

dream_text: I was sitting with a child in my arms in the bath. I thought it was my daughter of 3 years old. But then it was a doll. The head of the doll broke and at the same time a bird flew in looked right in my face and flew away.

Her daughter has a lazy eye and has to wear a black cotton for her eye. The child is 4. My first impression of the dream was that the child was more concerned about this handicap then she thought so I told her to explain it better about the problem of the eye to her child and that everything will be oke in some time. But perhaps the dream is warning her for an other thing? You have any Idea what this dream will tell?

dream_comments: what will this dream say

Message: 4

Date: Tue, 29 Jan 2002 17:24:40 -0800

From: Anonymous

Subject: New Dream

escaping many wrecks (some typo's corrected - editor)

dream_date: 1-25-02

dreamer_name:

dream_text: My sister came over to my house & wanted me to bring my little boy to her house for a visit. We traded car seats on the front porch and she said there goes Kim (my neighbor, who is a nurse) She was in a large bus doing compressions on a patient. My sister said they have had a lot of traumas today. Then later my husband comes home and i decide to leave our son here so i can go (to my sister's). every time i left the room my husband would re-arrange the furniture! So then I'm on my way driving in my car, I almost had a wreck with 2 cars, but i didn't then i took a turn and suddenly I'm facing oncoming traffic that is coming of the

interstate I'm on the exit ramp going the wrong way. Well i got turned around after a few close calls & i got back on the right road. as I'm driving i notice lots of helicopters flying very close to the ground. I think to myself... they must be going to pick up all those traumas my sister was telling me about. suddenly one of them crashes right next to me, so i just punch the gas on my car to get out of the way, and i did then i am going very fast around the next curve and there are 2 helicopters crashed in the middle of the road and i was going too fast to stop or miss them so i crashed into one of them. and i could fell myself flipping in the air (much the falling feeling in a dream except i was flipping) i remember feeling the metal crushing me as i flipped and thinking this is really going to hurt when i land and then everything went white and i was not flipping or hurting i was kinda floating. and i thought well this is it I'm dead. my last thought was "I love you Jared" (That is my son)and i woke up!

dream_comments: I would really like to know what this may mean if you can help e-mail me at g_robbin@hotmail.com thank you

Message: 5

Date: Tue, 29 Jan 2002 17:25:15 -0800

From: Anonymous

Subject: Violence in my sleep

dream_title: Violence in my sleep

dream_date: 22&24/01/2002

dreamer_name: Stacy

dream_text: On both occasions my baby daughter is gone. On the first occasion she is kidnapped by a ghost. We are in a double stores thatch hut and the ghost first tries to kill her by pulling away the gaurg rail but I catch her, then she is gone, taken by it. In the second dream with the same type surroundings, my husband and her are stabbed. At first my husband is dead but then he is'nt and only she is. My oldest daughter is fine and I am running around crying because my baby is dead. I don't see her body, I just know she has been stabbed and is dead.

dream_comments: I am disturbed by the dreams as I love my daughter very much, especially the baby. Why is she always gone.

Message: 6

Date: Tue, 29 Jan 2002 17:26:38 -0800

From: Anonymous

Subject: The Stage

dream_title: The Stage (some typos edited)

dream_date: Jan 12 2002

dreamer_name: Lucky

dream_text: My dream starts out as I'm going to a concert with a bunch of my friends. The Concert was Janet Jackson. My friend Nicole went with me and my friend Jenn. But JEnn wasn't with us she was just, just there. Then everybody was dancing and then a guy came out and was like you people the first 3000 people here get to go on stage and dance with Janet Jackson. But Nicole hasd gone somewheres so I was by my self. Then I met up with Nicole by the back of the stage and we were waiting to go on stage. We we're just about to go on stage when I fell and the dream was over.

Message: 7

Date: Tue, 29 Jan 2002 17:27:10 -0800

From: Anonymous

Subject: roller coaster dream

dream_title: roller coaster dream

dream_date: 29 Jan 02

dreamer_name: Drek

dream_text: I had a dream last night that may or may not be related. I was riding alone on a roller coaster, controlling it by myself, enjoying it alone, somewhat aware of the novelty of being alone on it, when it somehow derailed itself from the track, only a few feet from the ground, and I fell out. My first thought was to get the car back on the track, I think I found some type of adhesive glue, but the dream fragments here, because the next thing I knew I was wandering through the rest of the amusement park, which seemed immense, and from my angle I could see all of it really well, and again there were no other people around, it

was just me alone. Eventually other people either showed up or became noticeable to me, and it grew darker, and parts of the carnival began to fall, far off in the distance. A portion of a display, off in a dark corner which was close enough to see, began to explode from what seemed to be fireworks going off. I heard yelling, native Indian voices, anger over what was happening, and the dream ended there pretty much.

dream_comments: send email comments to: zouzou2@yahoo.com

Message: 8

Date: Tue, 29 Jan 2002 17:27:47 -0800

From: Anonymous

Subject: Charlie's Death

dream_title: Charlie's Death

dream_date: 1-9-02

dreamer_name: anonymous

dream_text: Charlie's Death

It was the middle of class and suddenly the fire bell rang. Everyone jumped up and ran out of class. We were on the second floor so some people were running down stairs. My back was still hurting from my wreck so I knew that I wouldn't be able to make it down stairs so I followed the rest of the pack to a short hallway with some windows at the end. Suddenly all kinds of debris was around me and everyone was climbing over it to get to the windows. Everyone around me was acting really worried but not for their own lives.

People around me kept saying "Charlie, something happened to Charlie", "Charlie is dead", and "He's on the roof."

I wasn't walking fast enough and my teacher, who was right behind me pushed me out of the way. I landed on my back which hurt me a lot. Finally I made it out the window only to find that I was alone on the roof. I looked down at the large crowd on the ground. Everyone was staring up at the roof.

I suddenly looked up and there was Charlie lying on a rail over my head. I could only see his back side because his body wasn't facing me. The rest of the crowd saw his face, however. Suddenly I had really good vision and I looked into Amanda's eyes and saw what she saw. She was standing on the ground looking up at him. He had blood coming out of the corner of his mouth and I

just couldn't figure out how he died and it was really bugging me. I could not bring myself to actually look at him even though I saw him through Amanda's eyes.

Suddenly she started screaming. It was a long, high, soulful scream. She was mourning for him from the bottom of her soul. I then got the urge to scream but mine was a scream of pure terror, the exact scream I screamed when I got in my wreck. Our two voices screamed together for what seemed like hours. She stopped screaming but I kept on. Finally, I stopped and the PHS cheerleaders on the ground started cheering for Charlie. They were praising him for a wonderful life and saying that we would miss him a lot. Amanda was once a cheerleader so she joined right in and knew every word and move. I just sat there alone on the roof wondering how everyone could be so happy after such a horrible accident.

dream_comments: I woke up sweating and wondering if it was really a dream because it seemed so real. I was honestly scared for Charlie's life. I was going to call Amanda but I didn't want to get her in trouble. I wanted her to tell me that Charlie was fine and that I could go back to bed.

About two days later Amanda was sitting on Charlie's lap when they suddenly went off the road and hit an oak tree, killing them both instantly. I look back on that dream all the time. In it I screamed the exact same scream I screamed when I got in my wreck and I can't help but wonder if her scream was the same as it was in her wreck.

Message: 9

Date: Tue, 29 Jan 2002 17:58:29 -0800 (PST)

From: mara flynn <maramflynn

Subject: Re: Violence in my sleep

Hi Stacy, I'm a mother just like you and always worry about my little girl's health and wellbeing. I always wake up at night to check if she is all right. That's motherly love. Had I had these dreams, I wouldn't worry too much; they are not warning me; they just feed my fears, maybe even the fear of losing my innocence and youth. Then I open my eyes to watch my child asleep and I'm consoled. Mara

dream_date: 22&24/01/2002

dreamer_name: Stacy

dream_text: On both occasions my baby daughter is gone. On the first occasion she is kidnapped by a ghost. We are in a double stores thatch hut and the ghost first tries to kill her by pulling away the gaurg rail but I catch her, then she is gone, taken by it. In the second dream with the same type surroundings, my husband and her are stabbed. At first my husband is dead but then he is'nt and only she is. My oldest daughter is fine and I am running around crying because my baby is dead. I don't see her body, I just know she has been stabbed and is dead.

dream_comments: I am disturbed by the dreams as I love my daughter very much, especially the baby. Why is she always gone.

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Message: 10

Date: Tue, 29 Jan 2002 19:51:48 -0800 (PST)

From: kate hess <birchholly

Subject: Re: Violence in my sleep

Hi, Stacy. I agree with Mara. Often when people dream of violence happening to someone it's because of their fear for that person. Also, dreams speak a lot in symbols. You might think about what ghosts, and children, and being missing, and being stabbed represent to you. Kate --- "Wilkerson, Richard"

<rcwilk@dreamgate.com> wrote: > dream_title: Violence in my sleep
> > dream_date: 22&24/01/2002 > > dreamer_name: Stacy > >
dream_text: On both occasions my baby daughter is > gone. On the
first > occasion she is kidnapped by a ghost. We are in a >
double stores thatch hut > and the ghost first tries to kill her
by pulling > away the gaurg rail but I > catch her, then she is
gone, taken by it. In the > second dream with the same > type
surroundings, my husband and her are stabbed. > At first my
husband is > dead but then he is'nt and only she is. My oldest >
daughter is fine and I am > running around crying because my baby
is dead. I > don't see her body, I just > know she has been
stabbed and is dead. > > dream_comments: I am disturbed by the
dreams as I > love my daughter very > much, especially the baby.
Why is she always gone. > > > >

There is 1 message in this issue.

Topics in this digest:

1. scared
From: Anonymous

Message: 1

Date: Thu, 31 Jan 2002 00:01:13 -0800

From: Anonymous

Subject: scared

dream_title: scared

dreamer_name: nat_mp

dream_text: I'm in this place and i'm lost and i can't find anyone because i'm so scared i start to run around looking for someone i know, i start to call out but no one can hear me.i finally sit down and wait and cry,then something happens a shadow comes over me and i wake up.

dream_comments: It happens everytime i'm going somewhere far I always talk in my sleep, or yell for some one like i'm talking to someone

[dream-flow] Digest Number 383

There is 1 message in this issue.

Topics in this digest:

1. Re: scared
From: Heratheta

Message: 1
Date: Thu, 31 Jan 2002 18:54:32 EST
From: Heratheta
Subject: Re: scared

see www.dreamgate.com./dream/dubetz/

[dream-flow] Digest Number 384

There are 7 messages in this issue.

Topics in this digest:

1. chasing demon
From: Anonymous
2. What Time Is It
From: Anonymous
3. scary
From: Anonymous
4. What Time Is It
From: Anonymous
5. family killings and protection?
From: Anonymous
6. Re: family killings and protection?
From: mara flynn <maramflynn
7. Re: chasing demon
From: mara flynn <maramflynn

Message: 1
Date: Fri, 01 Feb 2002 10:50:46 -0800
From: Anonymous
Subject: chasing demon

dream_title: chasing demon

dream_date: 9-11-01

dreamer_name: anonymous

dream_text: i was i a black room.everything was black.when i was walking around i saw a creature following me that was just a shadow from the light that was above me. when the creature came close to me the creature had no face just bright white eyes. and it started to chase me around in circles i started to scream. then he reached out for me and that is when i awoke

Message: 2

Date: Fri, 01 Feb 2002 10:51:14 -0800

From: Anonymous

Subject: What Time Is It

ream_title: What Time Is It

dream_date: 2-3 days before

dreamer_name: anonymous

dream_text: I was on a building, wearing a suit, I was waiting for something. I didn't know what. It wasn't my body so who knows, it was obviously whoever I was seeing the dream through's eyes. He went to the side of the building and checked the time on his fancy gold watch with the light brown leather strap. He was looking over the side, about a meter away, there were other people on the building too but not as much as you'd expect. And the building didn't seem big, only 100 metres by 100 metres or so. I didn't want him to get too close to the side though cause I don't like heights (well, if there's people around me that I don't trust). Then he went back to the middle of the building where he seemed to meet his bud and they glanced at each-other but not for long so as not to draw attention. The person who 'I' was glancing at looked like some movie character to be honest... can't remember his name. But anyways, he had a light tan-coloured or sandy-coloured suit, and definitely had sandy-coloured stubble and/or facial hair, looked 40's. And he kept on checking his watch, awaiting the magical time. Then all of a sudden, we knew it was time, so we looked down, and I saw the concrete beneath my feet give way and I rode the concrete down a few seconds in to a cloud of dust and that's all I can remember. But the people checking their watches was what really kind of freaked me out. It all seemed like a computer simulation to be

honest. I was having those "flinch" dreams where you're falling the nights before and I asked God to let me meet someone who would actually want to dream of this crap.....

Message: 3

Date: Fri, 01 Feb 2002 10:52:24 -0800

From: Anonymous

Subject: scary

dream_title: scary

dream_date: 2002 january 28

dreamer_name: yo yo

dream_text: I was walking down my street and every guys that I meet I have sex with wats with that

dream_comments: weird

Message: 4

Date: Fri, 01 Feb 2002 10:51:41 -0800

From: Anonymous

Subject: What Time Is It

dream_title: What Time Is It

dream_date: 2-3 days before

dreamer_name: anonymous

dream_text: I was on a building, wearing a suit, I was waiting for something. I didn't know what. It wasn't my body so who knows, it was obviously whoever I was seeing the dream through's eyes. He went to the side of the building and checked the time on his fancy gold watch with the light brown leather strap. He was looking over the side, about a meter away, there were other people on the building too but not as much as you'd expect. And the building didn't seem big, only 100 metres by 100 metres or so. I didn't want him to get too close to the side though cause I don't like heights (well, if there's people around me that I don't trust). Then he went back to the middle of the building

where he seemed to meet his bud and they glanced at each-other but not for long so as not to draw attention. The person who 'I' was glancing at looked like some movie character to be honest... can't remember his name. But anyways, he had a light tan-coloured or sandy-coloured suit, and definitely had sandy-coloured stubble and/or facial hair, looked 40's. And he kept on checking his watch, awaiting the magical time. Then all of a sudden, we knew it was time, so we looked down, and I saw the concrete beneath my feet give way and I rode the concrete down a few seconds in to a cloud of dust and that's all I can remember. But the people checking their watches was what really kind of freaked me out. It all seemed like a computer simulation to be honest. I was having those "flinch" dreams where you're falling the nights before and I asked God to let me meet someone who would actually want to dream of this crap. Be careful what you ask for, you might actually get it!

Message: 5

Date: Fri, 01 Feb 2002 17:09:56 -0800

From: Anonymous

Subject: family killings and protection?

dream_title: family killings and protection?

dream_date: 1/31/2002

dreamer_name: dylirym

dream_text: Last night I fell asleep on my couch in the living room. I was deeply disturbed and awakened at 3:30am with this approximate dream:

Mt ENTIRE family was at a restaurant Sunday brunch. In the middle of the meal, I grabbed my knife, got up, and walked behind every one of them. I walked around the whole table carving the knife blade into each one as I walked by - fairly unnoticed by anyone else in the restaurant. I then continued on to the bathroom.

My intentions in the dream were to kill. I spared my husband completely however. I entered the bathroom to rid myself of the "murder weapon" and could hear others discussing the situation from inside my stall. Someone even tried to peer into my stall through the door crack to get a look at me.

As I came out of the bathroom into the dining hall, it was apparent that some members of my family DID die. My mother and father did not, however, and suspected it was me. They offered to COVER for me and help create an alibi. My father was very adimate in offering to defend me. My husband was no where to be found.

dream_comments: I have had some pretty strange dreams before..always in real settings, but never about me wanting to kill. This disturbs me very much and would like any thoughts on the matter.

Message: 6

Date: Sat, 2 Feb 2002 04:38:12 -0800 (PST)

From: mara flynn <maramflynn

Subject: Re: family killings and protection?

Hi Dylirym, killing in dreams often represents death and rebirth issues. In this dream, I'm trading death of aspects of myself I no longer need with rebirth as a renewed being who has shed unwanted baggage. I spare my masculine (my husband) since I need that part of myself to feel whole, but that part disappears when I see the parts of me symbolized by my parents. I think they represent my committment, strength and willingnes to take responsibility (my father), and my softer, motherly part representing protection and love (my mother). The qualities I appreciate most of myself stay with me and give me a solid base to proceed in life. In addition, I may have problems in waking life that need an aggressive approach to be dealt with (killings), but my qualities of discernment will help me succeed. Hope this helps.

Mara "Wilkerson, Richard" <rcwilk@dreamgate.com> wrote:

dream_title: family killings and protection?

dream_date: 1/31/2002

dreamer_name: dylirym

dream_text: Last night I fell asleep on my couch in the living room. I was deeply disturbed and awakened at 3:30am with this approximate dream:

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blade into each one as I walked by - fairly unnoticed by anyone else in the restaurant. I then continued on to the bathroom.

My intentions in the dream were to kill. I spared my husband completely however. I entered the bathroom to rid myself of the "murder weapon" and could hear others discussing the situation from inside my stall. Someone even tried to peer into my stall through the door crack to get a look at me.

As I came out of the bathroom into the dining hall, it was apparent that some members of my family DID die. My mother and father did not, however, and suspected it was me. They offered to COVER for me and help create an alibi. My father was very adimate in offering to defend me. My husband was no where to be found.

dream_comments: I have had some pretty strange dreams before..always in real settings, but never about me wanting to kill. This disturbs me very much and would like any thoughts on the matter.

Message: 7

Date: Sat, 2 Feb 2002 05:22:28 -0800 (PST)

From: mara flynn <maramflynn

Subject: Re: chasing demon

Hi, If this were my dream I would have to become aware of my shadow and embrace it instead of running around being chased by it. My shadow is reaching out to me, it wants to be acknowledged. It is not that scary after all; it has white eyes. I must be able to look into those eyes to discover the hidden parts of myself that I need to bring back to the surface. I would try to re-enter my dream and let my shadow touch me so that there can be light and my being can be complete.

dream_title: chasing demon

dream_date: 9-11-01

dreamer_name: anonymous

dream_text: i was i a black room.everything was black.when i was walking around i saw a creature following me that was just a shadow from the light that was above me. when the creature came

close to me the creature had no face just bright white eyes. and
it started to chase me around in circles i started to scream.
then he reached out for me and that is when i awoke

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[dream-flow] Digest Number 385

There are 3 messages in this issue.

Topics in this digest:

1. Re: FROM THE PAST
From: fallenstar0314
2. Re: am i gay
From: julie laroche <julie_prevost_2000
3. Boat and Impassable Cliffs
From: Anonymous

Message: 1
Date: Sun, 3 Feb 2002 11:07:28 EST
From: fallenstar0314
Subject: Re: FROM THE PAST

swayde,

You dream sounds like a story, something that really
happened. I feel that this may be a past life dream, unless you
have been subconsciously thinking about Indians and cowboys or have
always been interested. Otherwise, I'd say this is a past life
dream.

Lori

Message: 2
Date: Sun, 3 Feb 2002 22:54:25 +0100 (CET)
From: Julie
Subject: Re: am i gay

a écrit : > > dream_title: am i gay, I meant to put it on the >
other one but i put I'm a gay > > dream_date: 1/14/02 > >
dreamer_name: Goku > > dream_text: i'm sitting in someones living
room in a > chair. then 2 naked > men walk in and sit on the
couch opposite of me. > Then they start to have > sex on the
couch. Then when my alarm went off i woke > up but they has sex >
for like and 1 of my dream. please help, i have a > girl friend. >
>

I beleive you're curious about same sex activities..whether it be
for yourself or others. it doesn't mean you're gay..but it is
normal to ask yourself this question.

There are 5 messages in this issue.

Topics in this digest:

1. The mouse & the wooden snake
From: Anonymous
2. Auction
From: Anonymous
3. Raymond
From: Anonymous
4. brother had a party
From: Anonymous
5. peter
From: Anonymous

Message: 1
Date: Mon, 04 Feb 2002 20:21:39 -0800
From: Anonymous
Subject: The mouse & the wooden snake

dream_title: The mouse & the wooden snake

dream_date: 02-04-02

dreamer_name: constant dreamer

dream_text: I had this live white mouse, I was going to use it for a meal. (yuck!) I purchased a can of tuna at the store and was going to mix the mouse in with the tuna. I started becoming fond of the white mouse, having second thoughts about eating it. the mouse got loose and ran into this closed cubicle where there was a stranger (female). A snake appeared, a cobra and went into the cubicle, i was worried about the mouse being eaten. Then the snake turned into wood and said "I'm not even a real cobra, I'm wood & I'm not sure why I was made into a cobra." I knew the mouse wouldn't be eaten, but still I was worried about the "what if". I found the mouse, it fell in my bowl of tuna, i was worried that it's species would contaminate the food, then I thought, well the whole of the mouse, if eaten, would have species in it. I decided to wash the mouse to cleanse it, to ease the contamination. I nearly drowned the mouse. I felt really awful. I had pity on the mouse, and was starting to really like the little thing. I was struggling "to eat or not to eat" the mouse. This was a really vivid dream, and it has bothering me all day. It is disgusting to think about eating a mouse!

dream_comments: What does the mouse & wooden snake mean?

Message: 2

Date: Tue, 05 Feb 2002 08:52:42 -0800

From: Anonymous

Subject: Auction

dream_title: Auction

dream_date: 5/2/02

dreamer_name: Doynx

dream_text: Myself and lots of my friends were in a room that i used to go to the boy scouts in years ago, auctioning off things that were dear to us. I can't remember what i had along with me but my girlfriend had a large crane (as in crane bird), and my friend had a huge jaw breaker (about the size of a soccer ball). Suddenly the crane started to break through the hard shell of the jaw breaker with its beak. At this my friend-to get revenge-picked up a set of chopsticks and repeated the movement of the cranes beak on the jaw breaker, on the auctioneers breasts. When

the crane broke through the shell so my friend broke through the skin of the womans breasts.

dream_comments: Any idea as to what any of this means

Message: 3

Date: Tue, 05 Feb 2002 15:46:02 -0800

From: Anonymous

Subject: Raymond

dream_title: Raymond

dream_date: Febuary 2-2002

dreamer_name: Luxe Brown

dream_text: Ok. I know this my sound a little crazy but here gose. Ever since my "X" trip I keep seeing my furture. Like I'll be drawing in art class then look up and feel like I've already been there feeling. It's a strange feeling to get and I don't know how to deal with it This one time i smoked a j and i was going to sleep on the kicthen table and i could hear a voice and feel the other person with me. I knew who it was to. This guy named Raymond. It was like he was talking to me. and wanting me to remember what he looked like. But I couldn't. My eyes where twiching and i had the same feeling i had while on "X" (you know how anything you touch feeling good.) (warm feeling) Man I was Tripin' bad and i only smoked one j. I didn't understand it. Then finally i remember what he looked like. and everything that i was feeling went away. Oh yeah I never went to sleep while having this dream i mean it wasn't a dream it felt so real.

dream_comments: I just don't understand seeing my furture. I mean its good not bad. but yet so werid

Message: 4

Date: Tue, 05 Feb 2002 15:47:38 -0800

From: Anonymous

Subject: brother had a party

dream_date: 2/4

dreamer_name: anonymous

dream_text: My brother had a party at my house, and my parents were gone. It was the class of 2001 from Churchill HS. I found two people in the guest room, Julie and Paul. I started screaming at them saying that they were both sluts. Then this girl, Jessica Weiner, started bleeding from her head because someone cracked it open. Blood was dripping everywhere. I ran downstairs to get some ice when I saw that my parents had gotten home. I had a softball game the next day and my dad still wanted me to play even though all this had happened. We kicked everyone out, but people were still walking slowly. Also, My brother didn't even care that my parents had gotten home, he was in the hot tub. And that's all I can remember.

dream_comments: Julie is a old friend of my brothers and I like her. Paul lives up the street from me and I don't really care for him. Jessica is just this girl in my brother's grade with red, puffy hair, she is pretty cool. It's weird though, I never think about these three people. They are just people I know through my brother, so I don't understand why they would randomly appear in my dream. Also, I have played softball my whole life and that's all my dad cares about, is me playing softball. So I quit last year, and he was pretty upset, but I don't play anymore. My brother is someone who I look up to and he used to have parties at my house all the time, but he left to go to college at Northwestern University. I am a teenage girl, I go to a co-ed boarding school in Maryland and I hate it. That is just for your information.

Message: 5
Date: Tue, 05 Feb 2002 15:46:31 -0800
From: Anonymous
Subject: peter

dream_title: peter

dream_date: january 30,2002

dreamer_name: Luxe Brown

dream_text: I was having this dream with my boyfriend in it and we went to visiting my grandparents but for some reason they didn't like Peter I had no clue why. Then i looked at his face and it wasn't even Peter it was my cousin boyfriend. I was like just what the fuck!. I woke up and was just like blah.

[dream-flow] Digest Number 387

There are 6 messages in this issue.

Topics in this digest:

1. Re: Re:
From: Robert Alan Wolf <wolfr
 2. Re: The mouse & the wooden snake
From: "coralight21214" <mbassoc
 3. America Fall
From: Anonymous
 4. monster
From: Anonymous
 5. before 9-11-01
From: Anonymous
 6. Ponytail
From: Anonymous
-
-

Message: 1

Date: Fri, 08 Feb 2002 14:48:35 -0800

From: Robert Alan Wolf <wolfr

Subject: Re: Re:

The clock on your computer seems to be set to the wrong year.

Message: 2

Date: Sat, 09 Feb 2002 00:28:00 -0000

From: "coralight21214" <mbassoc

Subject: Re: The mouse & the wooden snake

You asked what mouse and cobra means. Symbols of a dream are that which holds the nature of the dream. mouse---shows some areas in your life are fastidious and much attention has been given to the

details and other areas are totally neglected. When a mouse shows up in your dream you have the need to pay more attention to the greater you and not letting the focus be to one side. Cobra snake -----sensitivity to its environment and mood swings according to what the environment is. It shows it's tough side and sensitive side in order t find balance. tuna fish ----nourishment of the body and soul

Your dream's meaning: you are paying attention to the nourishment of your body and soul by mixing the mouse and the tuna together. But you have second thoughts because your attention is focused only on one side of what needs to be balanced in your life. The small part of you that is meticulous seems to satisfy you but you lack in another aspect of your self. the strange women in the cubical represent you. You are in this small separate compartment with great sensitivity to your environment. Your wanting to strike out with venom but your nature is not to hurt any one so you say, "I am not that kind of person". You then appear to be a fixed replica with a venom attitude. You try to clean up this behavior but you have tendency to over do it, which leaves you with the feelings of indecision.

Dream's message: the dream wants you to bring balance into your life by being true to both sides of your personality, the sensitive sid and the tough side.

Message: 3

Date: Fri, 08 Feb 2002 20:49:18 -0800

From: Anonymous

Subject: America Fall

dream_title: America Fall

dream_date: September 10, 2001

dreamer_name: anonymous

dream_text: I actually wasn't asleep when I dreamed, but was wide awake, speaking prophecy of the event of 9-11-2001. It was actually the day before on 9-10-2001, I uttered this to my fiance.

dream_comments: You may use my e mail address @ tonibell57@hotmail.com.

Message: 4

Date: Fri, 08 Feb 2002 20:49:39 -0800

From: Anonymous

Subject: monster

dream_title: monster

dream_date: 2-01-02

dreamer_name: anonymous

dream_text: This dream was from my five year old niece, she has been having dreams of a green monster chasing her. And a bear that eats all her food. And once she said she had a "no color" dream and was trying to find me in her dream. The dream with the green monster is a recurring dream. And she can't figure out a face on it, it's just a green blob.

Message: 5

Date: Fri, 08 Feb 2002 20:48:48 -0800

From: Anonymous

Subject: before 9-11-01

dream_title: before 9-11-01

dream_date: one month eairler

dreamer_name: Luxe Brown

dream_text: Ok. I know this my sound a little crazy but here gose. Ever since my "X" trip I keep seeing my furture. Like I'll be drawing in art class then look up and feel like I've already been there feeling. It's a strange feeling to get and I don't know how to deal with it This one time i smoked a j and i was going to sleep on the kicthen table and i could hear a voice and feel the other person with me. I knew who it was to. This guy named Raymond. It was like he was talking to me. and wanting me to remember what he looked like. But I couldn't. My eyes where twiching and i had the same feeling i had while on "X" (you know how anything you touch feeling good.) (warm feeling) Man I was Tripin' bad and i only smoked one j. I didn't understand it. Then finally i remember what he looked like. and everything that i was

feeling went away. Oh yeah I never went to sleep while having this dream i mean it wasn't a dream it felt so real.

dream_comments: I just don't understand seeing my furture. I mean its good not bad. but yet so werid

Message: 6

Date: Fri, 08 Feb 2002 20:50:02 -0800

From: Anonymous

Subject: Ponytail

dream_title: Ponytail

dream_date: 12/01

dreamer_name: Proteus

dream_text: I saw my husband step up to the door outside an unfamiliar house and ring the doorbell. The door was opened by one of my old lovers. My "old lover" asked if my husband wanted to come in. At which he replied, "No, I'm here for the kids." The view shifts to the "old lover" standing in the room looking out the door. Neither man seemed surprised to be face to face with each other. As he is standing there, I walk up behind my "old lover" from another room and stand on his right side. Then I woke up.

dream_comments: The first thing that hit me when I woke up was that when I saw myself standing beside him, my hair, which is long, was up in a ponytail. I only wear my hair that way at home. It's one of the first things I do when I come home. This was one of those times when it didn't seem like a normal dream. I remembered, and still do, everything in detail. And I woke up with a very calm feeling. Will I get a return email or do I just watch the ezine?

[dream-flow] Digest Number 388

There is 1 message in this issue.

Topics in this digest:

1. Fwd: [ELM] Fw: I think you'll like this
From: LOSTKRAFT

Message: 1

Date: Mon, 11 Feb 2002 07:36:08 EST
From: LOSTKRAFT
Subject: Fwd: [ELM] Fw: I think you'll like this

[dream-flow] Digest Number 389

There are 3 messages in this issue.

Topics in this digest:

1. Any ideas?
From: LOSTKRAFT
2. Re: Any ideas?
From: mara flynn <maramflynn
3. Recurring Dreams- Past Present Future
From: eddie0787

Message: 1

Date: Mon, 11 Feb 2002 19:17:00 EST
From: LOSTKRAFT
Subject: Any ideas?

I had a dream the other night that I was sitting in my bedroom with an old lady who told me her name was Magdalene. She was an old woman, in her 60's or 70's. Very frail, long grayish hair. I told her that I needed a reading done, and she said fine and then told me to meditate. I did, and went into a trance like

state. When I opened my eyes I saw rainbows everywhere throughout my room. When I told her this, she said that I must have called upon our lady of the roses. Then she pointed to two pictures on my wall. She told me they were my front doors. I didn't see the one behind me, but the other one was a picture of Jesus.

Now, the interesting things are #1- I do not know anyone by the name of Magdalene. #2- I looked up and found there to indeed be such a person as our lady of the roses a.k.a. St. Theresa of Little Flower. I had no prior knowledge to this before my dream. So I am wondering if there is in fact a deeper meaning to this, and was just wondering if any one could help me out. Thanks.

Message: 2

Date: Mon, 11 Feb 2002 16:54:50 -0800 (PST)

From: mara flynn <maramflynn

Subject: Re: Any ideas?

Hello, If this were my dream, I would have the feeling that it is a call toward a spiritual understanding. Perhaps my life is going in a direction that would benefit from knowing the life and story of St. Theresa. In addition, Magdalene may be the woman close to Jesus whom the Gospels talk about. I may feel close to her too. I would try to fall into a trance-like or meditation state to see the other picture on the wall. It's my second "door" toward my future; I need to know where it leads me. I would also try some dream re-entry techniques. Hope this helps. Mara LOSTKRAFT@aol.com wrote: I had a dream the other night that I was sitting in my bedroom with an old lady who told me her name was Magdalene. She was an old woman, in her 60's or 70's. Very frail, long grayish hair. I told her that I needed a reading done, and she said fine and then told me to meditate. I did, and went into a trance like state. When I opened my eyes I saw rainbows everywhere throughout my room. When I told her this, she said that I must have called upon our lady of the roses. Then she pointed to two pictures on my wall. She told me they were my front doors. I didn't see the one behind me, but the other one was a picture of Jesus.

Now, the interesting things are #1- I do not know anyone by the name of Magdalene. #2- I looked up and found there to indeed be such a person as our lady of the roses a.k.a. St. Theresa of Little Flower. I had no prior knowledge to this before my dream. So I am wondering if there is in fact a deeper meaning to this, and was just wondering if any one could help me out. Thanks.

Message: 3

Date: Mon, 11 Feb 2002 22:11:08 EST

From: eddie0787

Subject: Recurring Dreams- Past Present Future

Dream Title- Past Present Future

Dream Date- Over summer of 2001

OK i had 3 dreams 3 nites in a row and one was about the past the next the present and finally the future. In the past i went into a spaceship and was fighting evil villians(i guess) and i was flying through the air doing matrix shit and stuff like that. I also had a partner with me but do not remmebr who he was. We took over the ship and i defeated a character of an anime series. In the Present i dont really recall much but i think i was in a shootout with a gang and remmeber running away from them as the took the stadium(i was in) under unrest. Now in the future i remember walking along outside a parking lot of an apartment building on the street and i remeber getting shot at and dying. There lying in a pool of blood i remeber a song playing and my partner looking at me and then i blacked out.

Dream comments- It was sunset in the future, Sunrise in the past and miday in the Present. Can someone please help me? I'd really like to know what this is about.

[dream-flow] Digest Number 390

There is 1 message in this issue.

Topics in this digest:

1. DREAM : communicating with the tornado pe
From: Anonymous

Message: 1

Date: Tue, 12 Feb 2002 08:42:44 -0800

DATE : 12 feb 2002 07:36

DREAM : communicating with the tornado people
stan kulikowski ii <stankuli@etherways.com>

=(last night was a monday, and i got home around 21:00 from one of my evening courses this term. the afternoon had been too warm, so i had not dressed warmly enough for the motorcycle ride home when it had gotten much colder after dark. so i was chilled, and lit the fireplace as soon as i got in. i was unhappy because the quiz software at the end of class refused to come on when the server time was reached. i will have to debug that tomorrow before the quiz in that evening class. i do not like it when my classes get further out of synch like this for no apparent reason. mom and i watched a little known frank sinatra movie and i went to sleep early around 0:30 feeling tired.)=

steve, as a young man in his early twenties, is a valuable asset to our research project. he looks a little erratic or slightly scattered in his manner of dressing, his choice of clothing just not quite matching the usual standards of young people his age, but that is just the edge of his eccentricity. he pulls out a comb to comb back his greased blonde hair into a sweeping duck style of late 1950s street punks. this hair style is at least ten years out of date.

steve can not speak and that is his primary virtue for the project. when he was an infant, he was diagnosed by doctors as being retarded and his parents gave up on trying to teach him. actually, steve was born deaf and so did not profit from verbal instruction, but without proper parental models to learn from, he developed his own idiosyncratic method of sign language. he was energetic enough as a child that people picked up on his system of gestures and atonic yelps to understand his needs.

when i met steve in his late teens, we had properly determined that he was deaf, not retarded, and could expose him to standard american sign language. but, by then, his primary language acquisition had been completed with his own idiosyncratic gesture patterns, so he would never become truly fluent in the gallaudet dialect. he was living on the margins of suburban life, almost a feral street child.

we have brought him into the research project because feral language abilities are exactly what we need if we succeed in

communicating with the aliens. i have left steve sitting in the living room of my parents home in ohio. no one lives in that house anymore, but the territory is familiar enough for my project.

i am waiting in the open fields out behind the house, looking expectantly toward the north. the sky is overcast and dark, the clouds scooting along at a good pace.

usually the weather pattern brings in the storm clouds from the west, but today we have the cloud attractor turned on at wright patterson air force base, about fifteen miles to the south. it is drawing the weather in on a direct vector to itself, so we can predict where the tornadoes will form in the path of the attractor. all air traffic has been diverted from this landing pattern for the afternoon.

as i wait in the field, i can see the swirling dark vortex in several clouds above. good, it won't be long now.

sure enough, a small dust devil forms at the far end of the grassy field and begins to swirl my way. it is a short funnel, perhaps only thirty meters tall and half a meter wide. just the right size for the beginning exercises. when it bends and weaves its way toward me, i am able to reach out and grab it in a hug with both arms.

the little column of tight air squirms and twists in my grasp, but i am able to hold anchored in place. its top portion above me strains and pulls toward the attractor in the south, but i have the bottom earth attachment held fast.

the little dust devil gets deformed by the opposing forces working on it. it stretches out thinner and thinner as the top yearns for the attractor and i have made the bottom fixed here. as the column of air gets thinner, it gets darker and more concentrated. the velocity of the air swirling gets higher too, but i am able to hold on without much discomfort.

suddenly i feel a wrenching tear as the column of air tears off about twenty meters or so above me. the top half of the severed column quickly dissipates as it rushes on southward, but the bottom half which i have in firm grips becomes more solid like a dark brown snake whose head has been cut off. after a little writhing around, it falls dead and still on the field.

now that the thing has been made tangible by me holding it in place, i can release my grip on it. for a few minutes now, it will remain solid in our plane of existence before dissolving back into the ether. this was a good beginning, but i did not manage to extract the being who rode at the top of the vortex. that had been my goal. this funnel had just been too small to hold long enough to get the entire thing materialized.

it is not long before another, slightly larger funnel cloud touches down in my vicinity. this one is a couple meters wide at the base and has a proper tornado configuration coming out of the cloud cover. i am battered about trying to hold the base attached to the earth. indeed, a couple times the base tears loose of the ground, trashing me about before i can push it back onto the ground. when this one finally tears free at the upper end, i still do not have the occupant captured at the top.

the rest of the afternoon continues like this. with maybe half a dozen small tornadoes coming within my grasp, each a little larger than the last, none of them produce their rider when anchored in our dimension.

from the cloud pattern it looks like we are going to have a little break before the next one materializes. a little tired and dirty from my efforts, i walk over to the end of the field where the triage team has been waiting near a metal lunch wagon. triage is there in case the aliens are injured when we manage to catch one.

i ask for a hot dog on a bun with mustard from the person inside the lunch wagon. i am more tired from my exertions than i had realized. i see a really huge tornado come down a few miles off to the west of us. it is hundreds of meters wide. clearly i would not have been able to wrestle one that size if it had come down here. i see it sucking up buses and automobiles from some street over there. i think we should notify the air base to turn off the attractor, the storms are getting too big to handle.

inside my parent's house, where steve and my wife are waiting in the living room, a blue skin humanoid pops into our existence. my activities in the field to capture one has gotten their attention.

steve sees the being and lets out with one of his yelps. he quickly signs some warning to my wife, but she does not understand his intention, having little experience with any sign language.

the blue skin alien grabs her from behind and drags her over to a mirror. they both step through it like a portal and are gone. steve rushes over to follow, but of course it has solidified back into glass.

=(it is 07:09 on the clock when i wake. i feel rather refreshed and not at all sleepy which is unusual for me at this time of day. i take about twenty minutes to think about this dream and go over the sequence of events several times to make certain i have them in memory before i sit up to type this into the laptop beside by bed. the character steve is a teenager i worked with when i taught handicapped students in ohio. he was born deaf and had developed his own sign system with a little exaggerated finger spelling he had been taught. he was in continual trouble with community policemen, being somewhat delinquent and taking advantage of his handicapped condition whenever possible. the wife that shows up at the end of this dream is no one that i know. i seem to remember another dream from several years ago which had storm riders seated at the top of tornadoes, but the recollection is vague. this may be a continuation of that theme, trying to capture one for communication purposes. when i have time, i will search my dream files to see if i can find it. i think the mirror as a portal at the end is a bit tacky, like a movie clichÉ, but i guess it is culturally common from at least lewis carroll and probably earlier with snow white and the brothers grimm.)=

[dream-flow] Digest Number 391

There are 6 messages in this issue.

Topics in this digest:

1. tonabear
From: Anonymous
2. Dannio
From: Anonymous
3. zuni soapstone ward
From: Anonymous
4. stranger
From: Anonymous
5. "The Grim Reaper and I"
From: Anonymous

6. going...never arriving
From: Anonymous

Message: 1
Date: Thu, 14 Feb 2002 14:33:01 -0800
From: Anonymous
Subject: tonabear

dream_title: unknown

dream_date: 02-10-02

dreamer_name: tonabear

dream_text: I was at my school and a boy is talking badly about my friends and i stand up to him and he shoots me and shoots me. I take and get up and i am not bleeding but kids at school and one of my favorite teachers take and get a bus and kids get on the and i get on and we go to the hospital and every one takes turns watching me. while i was at the hospital i took and i heard a car crash i got up and walked out and seen the car crashed but everyone was fine and my dad was getting them out. I go back into the hospital. the next thing i know i am in the opperating room. I get operated on and i came out and every one is huging me.

dream_comments: i dont know what my dream was about but i was scared. please email me at t_bear_87@hotmail.com if you can tell me anything about my dream

Message: 2
Date: Thu, 14 Feb 2002 14:27:35 -0800
From: Anonymous
Subject: Dannio

dream_title: Speed

dream_date: Feb 10-11

dreamer_name: Dannio

dream_text: I am sitting in Tim Hortons and I am with two people who i dont like, a good friend of mine named Alex and numerous people whos faces i can't make out. I decided that it would be good if we all did speed. We all put back a pill and nobody seems worried but me. Conversation goes on as normal but i can't catch anybodys words. I eat another pill when nobodys watching. My whole body is filled with energy and i convince everybody to go for a walk. The streets are all shiny and wet and its night out. everybody is walking down the street talking normally but I am running in zig zags around them. Then i stop and look forward and 2 people are coming out of a dark fog. One is a tall man and i seem to think hes really cool for some reason and i cant tell who the other one is. I climb a tree to get a better look. The tall man says that "these kids are so funny" to his friend refering to us. I jump out of the tree and ask the tall man to fight me and if i win he must give me a joint. We fight for a long time but I am too fast and dogde his punches, eventually I win. He then runs away. "But I have super speed!" I yell after him and catch him easily.

Then i woke up

dream_comments: When i awoke from this dream my whole body was filled with energy even though i had only slept a short while. I felt it very difficult to get back to sleep.

Message: 3

Date: Thu, 14 Feb 2002 14:41:46 -0800

Subject: zuni soapstone ward

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

DATE : 13 feb 2002 10:16 DREAM : zuni soapstone ward

=(i got home last night around 22:30 from my evening course. some of the students stayed a little late after class to work. i fixed myself a late supper and went to bed around 0:30. once again i went to sleep right off, feeling too tired for my usual late night projects. tuesdays this term are a long day of university teaching so this early to sleep from being tired will probably become a pattern until summer.)=

"turn left up ahead here." says the elderly woman pointing up the road at the next intersection. i am driving a pickup truck and

she is in the front seat with me. there is a shell over the truck bed and it is filled with various relatives of her tribe. they are all zuni indians of this local region of new mexico. we have been driving through the desert for some time to reach this remote spot. i can hardly hear her because the young men in back are singing some song in their language, and the acoustics of the camper shell in back echo their songs forward into the cab.

i turn left where indicated and proceed down a dirt road toward the base of some steep rugged hills. soon we reach a rather hidden place sheltered in the some ravine or canyon walls. i see an elder shaman of the tribe who has been praying and doing some rituals involving smoke from a small fire and feathers.

the shaman looks over at us as everyone unloads from the truck. "ah, you have come at last." he says. the young men disperse into the surrounding area, apparently searching for something while i stay with the elders. "these are dangerous times and some one of your race needs to know in case we fail." he tells me.

i feel the rocky ground beneath my feet crack and groan. a slight subsidence produces a few small cracks centered a dozen paces away from which small wisps of steam escape.

"it will take them some time yet to burrow through from the other side." the shaman says as he steps over toward the epicenter of the cracks and waves his handful of feathers at it. the steam quickly chokes off as if throttled below.

"this place is a weak point in the walls of our universe." he explains coming back to his small campfire. "every few centuries, creatures from another place attack this spot attempting to gain entry into our lives. they are a terrible enemy, destroying every one and every thing they encounter."

he hands me a small tattered piece of parchment with a drawing of two concentric circles connected with sixteen bars. i can see a flat rock nearby that has the same pattern carved into it.

"this is the guardian mark our tribe had put here. it strengthens the walls of our universe so they can not get through."

from a beaded bag near the fire, the old shaman takes out long crystal of amethyst and a few pieces of white agate. he puts the large purple crystal into one of the bar slots between the concentric circles carved into the stone slab, and the pieces of agate fit into the outer concentric ring.

"not so long ago, a few generations back, your people came to claim this land for your system of government and some of them removed the guardian stones from here. these are the only ones we can find now." i look at the carved pattern. fifteen crystals, most of the outer ring and whatever goes in the center are incomplete.

"my people should have guarded this place better. perhaps covered the symbol under soil, but we think that the crystals collect sunlight for the energy to strengthen the walls." the old man shakes his head. "but, we have other duties in our world that are just as important as this one, so we did not notice when your people took the sacred stones from here."

i say to him, "if any amethyst and agate will do, i can probably find replacements in mineral shops at local malls. it will take a few days to travel around to find enough of them. what goes in the middle?"

"that piece was soapstone, come to us from the far north and marked with strange fish that swim in the northern seas." i suspect he is referring to eskimo carvings the zuni must have traded for. this could be impossible to duplicate if the carvings have some significance to the warding operation of the symbol. even finding a raw piece of soapstone the size of a pie pan will be difficult, perhaps in seattle or vancouver. it would take at least a week to travel there. perhaps i can shop the internet and ship samples here UPS next day delivery.

"how long do we have to repair this device?" i ask him. i feel the ground crack and shift again. it feels like the earth is in pain with broken bones. that may just be my sympathy with the situation rather than an accurate description.

"we do not know for certain, but probably not more than a day, maybe two." he waves his feathers again to seal the steam cracks. "this enemy can be killed, but not with conventional weapons. our young men will do what they must, but we must repair the seal."

=(i awoke around 02:30 feeling too hot. i had forgotten to turn down the furnace my mother had cranked up during the evening when i was not here. i thought about typing this in right then, but i thought i might have more dreaming to add to this. i did get back to sleep, and had more dreams which were not a direct continuation of this one. they are mostly lost in my recall now, so i won't attempt to record them. i believe one late in the morning did involve attacks by some gelatinous monsters that may have gotten

through the cracks in the universe, but i can not say for certain and there were lengthy dream contents about living in amherst that were certainly unrelated to this theme. i can not really recognize zuni indians nor do i know if they live in the new mexico region, but that is what my dream intuition thought of them. they seem noble and brave, defending this world in this manner. i wonder what their other duties are which are as important as this.)=

Message: 4

Date: Thu, 14 Feb 2002 14:49:37 -0800

From: Anonymous

Subject: stranger

dream_title: stranger

dreamer_name: jaime

dream_text: I've been having this dream about this certain guy over the past few months. At first when I saw him I couldn't see his face. He has appeared to me in past and present time. He always looks the same or doing the same thing. He has dark black hair, at times he has been an Indian, Egyptian or oriental, that still isn't to clear. When I am with him or see him I get the feeling that I know who he is and he knows who I am. We both are trying to reach out to each other and just as we do we are pulled apart or I wake up. And if I go back to sleep the dream will continue. I have this feeling for this person that I can't explain as if I love this person. As time goes by I still have this dream, his face is clearer I can hear him better and everything. The past few dreams show him in today's time, he'll have a dress shirt and dress pants on as if he was getting ready to go to work. In one dream I was sitting on the counter top in the bathroom all of a sudden there was a woman in the bathroom, she put her hand on the counter and screamed. It was as if she could feel my leg. I know I could feel her hand on my leg it even woke me up then i shut my eyes again and I started seeing the same thing again. She then put her hand straight through my chest then all of a sudden I was pulled back through the wall and was in the hallway. I know I was still in the same house because I could here her talking in the back to so someone. In the hallway I saw him he was walking towards me he couldn't see me then all of a sudden he stopped like he sensed something, then he started talking to me. I wanted to put my arms around him but of course I end up waking up after soon after that.

dream_comments: These dreams seem so real. The first times I had a dream of this man I had this feeling run through my body, not just in the dream. You know that feeling you get when your with someone you love or like a lot. Thats the feeling I had and still get, asleep and awake.

Message: 5

Date: Fri, 15 Feb 2002 09:56:48 -0800

From: Anonymous

Subject: "The Grim Reaper and I"

dream_title: "The Grim Reaper and I"

dreamer_name: Eve

dream_text: My mother and I were walking our neighbor and her son home one night. It was really dark so we had to hold hands to keep up with each other. Then I think they deliberately tried to loose me and they did. Then I got scared and kneeled down in the road and started crying. Then I looked up and there was the Grim Reaper reaching out his hand. I couldn't even see his face. He was wearing a hood. I took his had and we started walking. The next thing I knew, we were in my front yard. When I looked up to thank him he disappeared.

dream_comments: I didn't feel afraid, it was actually comforting.

Message: 6

Date: Fri, 15 Feb 2002 09:57:16 -0800

From: Anonymous

Subject: going...never arriving

dream_title: going...never arriving

dream_date: almost always the same type of dream

dreamer_name: running

dream_text: always trying to get to work,home or other destination and confronting some obstacle to either stop,slow or distract me from completing trip.

dream_comments: feel like i will never complete something
(anything)

[dream-flow] Digest Number 392

There are 4 messages in this issue.

Topics in this digest:

1. i was black
From: Anonymous
 2. green peppers
From: Anonymous
 3. ABANDONED BY MY FAMILY
From: Anonymous
 4. White Noise
From: Anonymous
-
-

Message: 1
Date: Sun, 17 Feb 2002 15:26:10 -0800
From: Anonymous
Subject: i was black

dream_title: i was black

dreamer_name: anonymous

dream_text: I am a white guy, and i had a dream that I woke up to
a black family and I was black.

dream_comments: What does my dream mean?

Message: 2
Date: Sun, 17 Feb 2002 16:05:12 -0800
From: Anonymous
Subject: green peppers

dream_title: green peppers

dream_date: 10th feb 02

dreamer_name: dooby

dream_text: well, i dreamed that my younger sister woz chopping green peppers and the green peppers were my older brother! - i think he died? not sure, but i woke up crying.

dream_comments: i am 20. sister is 19. brother is 23. i recently moved to canada to get married. but my family lives in london, england.

Message: 3

Date: Sun, 17 Feb 2002 16:06:29 -0800

From: Anonymous

Subject: ABANDONED BY MY FAMILY

dream_title: ABANDONED BY MY FAMILY

dream_date: 01/15/02

dreamer_name: CRAZY

dream_text: MY DREAM INVOLVED MEMBER'S OF MY FAMILY, FRIEND'S, AND LOT'S OF KID'S. MY SISTER RUTH ASKED ME IF I WAS DONE WITH HEROIN. i heisted for a moment, but then said i give you a definite answer. ya i was dead and revived and still want it. all of a sudden police, an ambulance came pulling up and getting out of their cars. they started chasing me and i fell; waking up in i.c.u. this was not only a nightmare, but several day's later we all lved it

dream_comments: it's a crazy dreaw but it
actually

Message: 4

Date: Sun, 17 Feb 2002 21:47:57 -0800

From: Anonymous

Subject: White Noise

dream_title: White Noise

dream_date: 2 or 3 times a month

dreamer_name: SneakingYoda

dream_text: There is this dream I have, where I'm sitting on the edge of the bed. and all the things in my room are whispering to me. Soft undertone whispering. Everything is casted in a odd blue light, and I look at the door. There is this hair thin line tracing from me to the door. At heart level. The whispering increases and seems to form into this glimmering ball of light. And it rests on the end of the line at the door. then the whispering stops and there is this soft low low sub level humming. It buzzes in my ears and through my body.. I SWEAR I can feel things in this dream. And the ball coasts slowly along the line coming for me. I reach up my hands and cup the end of the line suddenly and frown. and with all my will I push this .. ball thing back. Fighting it along the hair thin line, which is nearly invisible. The humming fades a little and the whispers start up again, like bees, a thousand humming voice and whispers. The Ball gets nearer and nearer... until I finally push it slowly back down the line. And everything gets really quiet, I feel my gut tighten oddly, and everything gets kinda fuzzy.. and turns sideways.

[dream-flow] Digest Number 393

There is 1 message in this issue.

Topics in this digest:

1. Re: dreams are merely thoughts
From: NIKKI <NIKKI69302642001
-
-

Message: 1

Date: Mon, 18 Feb 2002 00:58:09 -0800 (PST)

From: NIKKI <NIKKI69302642001

Subject: Re: dreams are merely thoughts

--- fallenstar0314 wrote: > anonymous, > Dreams
are thoughts for people and > are not for certian > people. For
alot of people, dreams tell them > information that they need to
> reflect on in life. > > Lori >

There are 6 messages in this issue.

Topics in this digest:

1. helping people
From: Anonymous
2. Re: helping people
From: eddie0787
3. The blonde little girl
From: Anonymous
4. graduation night
From: Anonymous
5. Two recent dreams
From: "P Ingerson" <pi
6. Re: graduation night
From: eddie0787

Message: 1
Date: Tue, 19 Feb 2002 14:18:54 -0800
From: Anonymous
Subject: helping people

dream_title: helping people

dream_date: sept 11 2001

dreamer_name: cat out of water

dream_text: i had this crazy dream. i dreamed that i was helpin
people in the smoke and then in the sky. i was holding their
hands and showing them that they were dead and it was time to

move onto the spirit realm/heaven. it was very moving and it repeated several times of the next following days.

Message: 2
Date: Tue, 19 Feb 2002 21:16:32 EST
From: eddie0787
Subject: Re: helping people

thats some crazy shit

Message: 3
Date: Tue, 19 Feb 2002 20:37:22 -0800
From: Anonymous
Subject: The blonde little girl

dream_title: The blonde little girl

dream_text: It started as a really fun dream. I was at some function held by my company. There we all were in some sort of obstacle course and having a really great time. All of a sudden everyone was gone and I was all alone in total blackness. No floor, ceiling, walls, just blackness. Then I notice a door, just a closed door. I walk over to it and open the door. Hanging in the doorway, by her neck, was a beautiful blonde headed girl around 2 or 3 years old. She appeared dead but I reached out and grabbed her anyway to lift her weight off her neck. She looked up at me and started to cry and said, "It's not fair it's just not fair" and I cried and told her "I know it's not sweety I know it's not fair" With that I woke up feeling very shakey and afraid.

dream_comments: This dream is 9-12 months old and I cant seem to forget it. It would be very liberating for me if some one could tell me what this dream could of meant.

Message: 4
Date: Tue, 19 Feb 2002 22:19:21 -0800
From: Anonymous
Subject: graduation night

dream_title: graduation night

dream_date: 2/13/02

dreamer_name: funtimer

dream_text: well it was on my graduation night wich hasnt happened yet and i noticeda girl at my party that i had always seen around school but never talked to. She was in my room looking out the window towardsthe lake. So i said "hi whats up?" and she said "how come now you decide to talk to me wen youve never said hi before" and i said "because i want you and ive always been to shy". so we always talked and talked and made out a little and then i woke up in the dream and she was lying in the bed next to me. but i never remembered doing ne thing with her. Imagine that

dream_comments: i dont know why my dream went right past the fun part like that but the next day i saw that same in school and she was checking me out i wonder if she had the same dream

Message: 5

Date: Wed, 20 Feb 2002 09:00:32 -0000

From: "P Ingerson" <pi

Subject: Two recent dreams

DREAM FROM LAST WEEK Dallas, Venice, my back garden and Middle Earth

Imagine the opening titles of Dallas. They beginning of the opening titles, as the split screen shows images of Dallas and the surrounding countryside from a camera in a helicopter. Then, as it comes to the part where we should see the cast, it doesn't show us the actors. It just displays their names against images of modern buildings.

I think they are supposed to be different types of buildings for good and bad characters, but I can't tell which. (Of course, the names were as illegible as all dream text, so that didn't help much!)

Now we're back to the helicopter shots. No split screen this time, but a long, long tracking shot from a lighthouse on a cliff on the Texas coast, over Southfork Ranch and along the road towards Dallas itself. I'm curious to see exactly where the town and the ranch are in relation to each other. There are two roads running in parallel, one on a hilltop and one in a valley bottom.

Our helicopter is following the valley road, and I hope this road will arrive at Dallas before the top one.

(With hindsight, it reminds me of that Scottish folk song "You take the high-road, and I'll take the low-road, and I'll be in Scotland before ye." Don't the rock group Texas come from Scotland? That's all something to think about now anyway, but I didn't see the Scottish connection at the time.)

Anyway, I'm so eager to see what the town looks like, that I 'm now inside the image instead of just watching it. Strangely, this suburb of Dallas is like Venice. It has the quiet Venetian squares and pathways you'd find away from the canals. There's a church-like building. I go into the porch, but a pair of locked white doors blocks progress into the main building.

I leave the building and wonder round the squares a little. I meet someone while I'm there. In the dream, I know him. But he isn't anyone in particular, just a bland, generic friend. By now we've also arrived back at that church, even though we've been walking downhill all the way.

This time the doors are open. I leave my friend behind, and climb the strangely familiar stairs up to the attic. (In reality they're based on the staircase in the library I used as a child, but they'd changed as a result of appearing in so many dreams through the years.)

The attic isn't really an attic, but a garage. Or rather, an annexe to a garage. But that's OK, since I'm no longer myself but Captain Katherine Janeway from Voyager. The interior of the garage itself can be seen through the large plate-glass window in one wall. It's very dark in here, and everything is in monochrome, but I still find the xylophone that my friend downstairs is waiting for. I play a quick snatch of a tune (in reality I'm almost tone deaf) thinking how it's good that all Starfleet officers have to be virtuoso level at some musical instrument: me/Janeway with my xylophone, Chakotay with his silver trumpet, etc.

* * *

The trumpet! My silver trumpet! It's getting crushed as I grab at the tree branch with the hand I'm holding it in. I can't stop to see if it's alright, because the other hobbits are shouting at me to follow them up the tree, over the fence and out of the

garden. I get over just in time, as hordes of goblins, orcs, and other monsters come swarming out of my house.

(This is my real-life back garden and fence, even though I am no longer myself, or even Janeway, but a generic hobbit. Probably Fatty Bolger who was so bland and generic, they didn't even include him in the film. The house isn't my real one, but it isn't a hobbit hole either. And the country lane on the far side of the fence is nothing like the alley behind my garden in real life.)

Frodo urges us to run: the monsters are still behind us and he doesn't know what's happened to Gandalf. Out of nowhere, the Wild Man of the Woods -- a cross between Tarzan, Jack O' the Green and Brian Blessed -- swings down and picks us up, carrying us to safety. Phew! But even now, I can't be sure we're truly safe. What if our rescuer is the treacherous Boromir in disguise?

As soon as I started wondering that, I woke up. I guess I'll never know...

There are 2 messages in this issue.

Topics in this digest:

1. Re: dreams are merely thoughts
From: Heratheta
2. Re: dreams are merely thoughts
From: "P Ingerson" <pi

Message: 1
Date: Wed, 20 Feb 2002 23:01:54 EST
From: Heratheta
Subject: Re: dreams are merely thoughts

see dreamgate.com./dream/dubetz/

unless the dthought helps you to avoid the previous nights dream
it should also be avoided

Message: 2

Date: Thu, 21 Feb 2002 09:11:26 -0000

From: "P Ingerson" <pi

Subject: Re: dreams are merely thoughts

Heratheta wrote on Thu Feb 21, 2002 4:01 am:

<<see dreamgate.com./dream/dubetz/ unless the dthought helps you
to avoid the previous nights dream it should also be avoided>>

You've been recommending that particular webpage on dream analysis
quite a bit, but never saying why you prefer that method. Do you
think it works for all dreams? Or is there something special
about the specific dreams you've been recommending it for? Would
another technique work better for a different type of dream?

P Ingerson _____

"Dorothy Parker...described a party she had been to where seven
sexes were present: male, female, homosexual, lesbian,
hermaphroditic, neuter -- and herself." (Robert Kaplan, "The
Nothing That Is") _____

[dream-flow] Digest Number 396

There are 3 messages in this issue.

Topics in this digest:

1. feeling afterward
From: Anonymous
2. Life Lessons
From: Anonymous
3. Foretold
From: Anonymous

Message: 1

Date: Thu, 21 Feb 2002 10:35:30 -0800

From: Anonymous

Subject: feeling afterward

dream_title: feeling afterward

dream_date: 2/20/02

dreamer_name: zao

dream_text: ok, it started when me and this girl, thats in my class, and we were flirting and we were in like a forest and she said "you promise to take me swimming on wed." and i said yes. and then we kissed and she said " did you kiss me." and i said yes. then she walked away and the next thing i know im walking up to a computer and she was on the computer next to me and i was showing her pictures of some trip i went on and then her parents called her and she walked over to them they were sitting by some trees and she started crying because they were going to get a divorce. and i started to walk over to and an older friend walked to me, he's like 39, and said you know what you have to do. and that was it.

dream_comments: but since then i cant stop thinking about her and i feel like i have feeling for her but i don't really know her. so i was wondering why that happens if you could help me that would be great. thanks

Message: 2

Date: Thu, 21 Feb 2002 10:54:10 -0800

From: Anonymous

Subject: Life Lessons

dream_title: Life Lessons

dream_date: February 1, 2002

dreamer_name: confused

dream_text: My husband and I were at a party with family and friends. My husband had asked me to go get the car as everyone was carrying heavy items while leaving. I got into the car and was driving out of control. I was also under the influence. Amazingly, I never, hit anyone or another car and managed to get control of the car. When we got home, the phone rang and the voice on the other line said.."You should never drink and drive"..."You are very lucky". I said "who is this?" She said.."You know very well who this is" I panicked and said... "I will not speak to you unless you tell me who this is". and hung up the phone a little freaked out because I DID know who was on the other line. It was my grandmother who had passed away two years ago.

dream_comments: I could not stop thinking about this the next day. I don't really know if my grandmother was trying to send me a message. I found it strange that it was about drinking and driving because that is not something that I nor anyone I associate with would ever do. I'm also not a big drinker, so she would not be telling me that I have a drinking problem.
anonymous

Message: 3

Date: Thu, 21 Feb 2002 10:53:44 -0800

From: Anonymous

Subject: Foretold

dream_title: Foretold

dream_date: 1996

dreamer_name: Ljo

dream_text: I was standing in a field of wheat and from the ground rose a ship made completely of some type of metal. The ship had the head of a dragon/demon and on the side of the ship were etched clouds and the name Draccos. (This was a word unknown to me consciously at the time of the dream).

The dream flashed me to the other side of the ship which was being guarded by black dogs and a dark skinned man with black hair and eyes whom was wearing camouflage. He asked if I wanted to go aboard the ship and placed his hand on my back. When his hand touched my back, I lost my self-will and said that I wanted to go aboard.

The dream flashed and I was on the ship and was introduced to a man with bright hair and eyes who said his name was Yaseweh. I told him that I was not supposed to be there. He said, "you better wake up quick!"

I woke up.

I have had other dreams about draccos, one dream he was a dragon in the flesh and in one dream he was a flying space machine. In the last dream my mother, who is now gone to Jesus, said something to Draccos and he left never to return in my dreams again.

dream_comments: I am a Christian. I believe that I am dreaming dreams of the last days as we know them both physically and spiritually.

[dream-flow] Digest Number 397

There are 4 messages in this issue.

Topics in this digest:

1. me and my boy
From: Anonymous
 2. Re: dreams are merely thoughts
From: Heratheta
 3. Re:2/22/ dreams
From: Heratheta
 4. Re: Foretold
From: eddie0787
-
-

Message: 1

Date: Fri, 22 Feb 2002 10:21:26 -0800

From: Anonymous

Subject: me and my boy

dream_title: me and my boy

dream_date: 20.february.2002

dreamer_name: double b

dream_text: In my dream I met my exboyfriend who I am still in love with.He suddenly told me that he is not mad at me and that he is still in love with me.So we got back together again.In between the scenes of me and my boyfriend I saw brown fur everywhere.

dream_comments: I just broke up with my boyfriend a few days ago and we had a huge fight.

Message: 2

Date: Fri, 22 Feb 2002 16:33:17 EST

From: Heratheta

Subject: Re: dreams are merely thoughts

it sounds as if you haven't tried dreamgate.com./dream/dubetz/

Message: 3

Date: Fri, 22 Feb 2002 16:37:28 EST

From: Heratheta

Subject: Re:2/22/ dreams

see dreamgaste.com./dream/dubetz/

Message: 4

Date: Sat, 23 Feb 2002 03:47:45 EST

From: eddie0787

Subject: Re: Foretold

what last days?

DREAM_FLOW 398

There are 2 messages in this issue.

Topics in this digest:

1. Re: Digest Number 397
From: "P Ingerson" <pi
2. goddess in the garden
stan kulikowski ii <stankuli@etherways.com>

Message: 1

Date: Sat, 23 Feb 2002 13:14:40 -0000
From: "P Ingerson" <pi>
Subject: Re: Digest Number 397

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

Date: Fri, 22 Feb 2002 16:33:17 EST
From: Heratheta
Subject: Re: dreams are merely thoughts

|
| it sounds as if you haven't tried
| dreamgate.com./dream/dubetz/
|

I've seen the webpage. It gives one method of interpreting dreams. But it doesn't give any reason why that method should work for everyone, or for every type of dream.

For example, the dream about Kenneth Brannagh that I posted here earlier in the week.

Clearly, Brannagh was the central focus (what Dubetz calls "the Middle") of the first part of the dream. He was singing and being blackmailed. According to Dubetz, I should avoid becoming like "the Middle". Well, I never sing anyway, because I'm tone deaf. And no-one is planning on blackmailing me, as far as I know.

The section of the dream involved corridors. They were all covered in blue tiles (either depressing dark blue, or cheerful

light blue). So, if Dubetz is correct, the dream was telling me to avoid covering myself in blue tiles..? No problem. Do you really think I was going to do that!?!)

The third and final section of the dream was centred around a woman with strange transgender/personality problems. She was clearly "the Middle" here. So, now I have to avoid having strange transgender/personality problems. Ah..! That could be tricky. I've got a strange condition (partly medical, partly psychological) which means I'm stuck with more gender-based problems than anyone else I know. I simply haven't got the option of avoiding them.

That's not one, not two, but three times this technique has failed in my dream. Now, this isn't a criticism of the Dubetz method. I'm sure it works for lots of people's dreams. But it clearly doesn't work every time for every dreamer. Yet you seem only to recommend this method, and no other.

So, to get back to the original question from my last post, when you recommend this method, do you have some sort of reason for recommending Dubetz for the dreams that you do? Or are you simply suggesting it at random?

P Ingerson

Message: 2

Date: Sat, 23 Feb 2002 10:21:53 -0800

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

DATE : 23 feb 2002 07:35

DREAM : goddess in the garden

=(last night was a friday. i had taught all afternoon at the university and was rather tired all evening. of course, i could not get to sleep until around 04:00 which is a typical time for me, but i was unable to get any late night work accomplished.)=

the catholic church of holy sanctuary is a modern cathedral design surrounded by enormous parking lots where the faithful park their cars in order to receive divine blessings. the church is brickwork and flat metal holding enormous stained glass windows in the american style of simple geometric designs done in primary colors. as temples go, this is not overly impressive, but it is a devotional to efficient functionality: get the masses of people in to be serviced by god.

just outside the main sanctuary, on either side of double entry doors, are two smaller shrines established for the virgin mary. i am there waiting for the priest at the main alter which i can see through the double doors, to finish his mass. i hear him say "go in peace". now it is my job to close both of these smaller shrines.

i start with the one on the right. going over to the open end of the enclosure, i genuflect three times, crossing myself in the prescribed manner. the shrine is a long box shaped like an ornate european cathedral about a meter and a half tall, only about a third as wide and twice as long. at the far end, a white marble statue of the holy virgin smiles benignly, forever holding her hand up in blessing. i douse the interior candles, cross myself once more, then slide the front steeple down which closes the box for the night.

now i go over to repeat the same procedure on the other shrine which is an exact duplicate of the first. i wonder why i have been assigned these duties everyday for the last couple months, but it is not my job to question my superiors. if they say attend to holy shrines, then that is what i do. i am not a catholic, or a religious man by nature, but i understand the role of ritual and do not mind following its forms and formats in the pursuit of my responsibilities.

with the final steeple pulled down as a door to the second shrine, my job here is done for the night, and i follow the few people leaving the main mass out into the parking lots.

i encounter a man from india wearing a blue turban around his head. "come with me, stan" he says to me, bowing with the triple hand salute over the chakras that the muslims perform. i know him. he is a colleague who worked with me in some research projects years ago, so my trust in him is complete. he reminds me of john rhys davies. he is always called punjab, i assume for the place of his birth.

we cross the flat asphalt of the parking lot and go into the forest on the far side. soon the ground angles upward in a steep mountain side, but the trees thin out as we climb higher. soon we are on a path cut into the mountain side. every so often we pass small shrines cut into the rock for various hindu gods. here is one to the elephant shaped god, ganesha; and soon another to the monkey faced hanuman.

when we arrive at the top of the mountain, i am expecting a glorious sunset cleansing the world of corruption. maybe a holy guru to oversee the fulfillment of all karma. but no such luck. there is just a scattering of people, dressed in the white clothes of ashram sikhs. they are milling about, apparently in mild confusion.

i am puzzled as to why punjab has brought me here until he tells me, "there is someone who wants to see you." out of the crowd of sikhs comes an old friend, gloria jean. i am pleased to see her after all these years. the last i heard from her, years ago, she was diagnosed with hodgekin's nymphoma and i have wondered if she survived.

"there is great danger hidden here." gloria tells me as she comes and gives me a polite kiss on the cheek. we were never serious lovers like that, so any slight affection is all that is expected. i do not see any apparent reason for alarm, but i follow her and punjab off the mountain top by a another path than the one we came up on.

soon i can see a problem forming. the descending trail is wider and as we get to the base, larger groups of hindus are gathering in militant groups. they are looking at us, coming down from the mountain, as if we have trespassed upon sacred domains where foreign peoples are not allowed.

the hindus are not a trouble. they are angry and may shake their fists with a curse, but they are unarmed and generally an ineffective mob. they do not possess even that stupid palestinian tendency to hurl rocks and stones with their insults. the problem is that among them i keep seeing shorter beings, generally humanoid in shape but with smooth unformed features. these creatures are a yellowish brown color which contrasts among the dirty white garments of the hindus.

i understand these yellow brown things to be demons, but not in themselves terribly malevolent. in large numbers they can be lethal, but spread out individually, like they are now, they can

be easily dispatched one by one. more an annoyance than a true danger.

gloria does not seem comforted. she keeps looking among the hindus for something else, so i keep my attention alert and soon i see a reason for her concern.

stepping out of the angry crowd, a dark eyed man with dark beard and wild hair glares at us with a defiant look. his features are so well defined that he has the aura of a demigod. this is a being of real threat, difficult to put down under any circumstances. he is slightly dressed, mainly in a loin cloth and sandals, showing a stocky rounded shape to his hairy unkempt body.

another demigod comes out of the crowd to announce its presence. this seems to be a rule of warfare among them, to proclaim their heroic presence on the field of conflict, to array their skills before engaging in combat. the second demigod is a thin creature with the head of a bird and the body of a man. it seems more egyptian if the bird head were smaller, but it is almost oversized for the body.

the situation is getting serious as two more special demigod creatures step out further down the line. they are too far away for me to see their attributes, but their presence almost seems to glow among the mundane hindu people.

we have come back under the canopy of the forest, so i can stretch up and pull down a tree branch. gloria jean, seeing my intention, comes over and snuggles next to me, holding on around my shoulders. swinging one arm around her, i cut the end of the branch with a khaiber knife i have pulled from my belt. this releases the branch upward as if cut free from a rope. i catch the severed end of this branch, and we are both pulled upward away from the crowd.

the dark hair, man shaped demigod howls in dismay that we are escaping. before punjab can follow my lead and pull down another tree limb, the demigod catches him by scruff of his neck, like a cat holds its kitten. i can not see what happens to punjab as i am busy negotiating branch after branch and clutching gloria jean to my side rather like tarzan hauling jane through the jungle.

as a pair of branches part, i see that the bird head demigod has taken up pursuit of us through the branches. it is ahead and swinging directly toward us. i manage to shift the current branch between gloria and myself and find a grip with my feet so my one

arm with the khaiber knife is free. i swing the blade at the birdman and make a large gash at the base of its neck that would almost sever the head of a normal person. but no blood gushes out, just a large empty cut like you would expect on a cadaver. i doubt that this injury will do much more than slow down this creature, but it should be sufficient to allow us to escape.

although we get away from the center with the demigods, we run out of trees before we run out of angry hindus. the forest ends on the edge of a large town with city streets. descending from the trees is no problem, but we still must escape the attention of the hindus or they will summon their demigods.

on the nearest roadside, there is an empty taxi parked. when i release gloria, she runs over to the taxi and climbs into the driver's seat. "i can drive this" she happily calls over to me.

i jump into the passenger seat and she starts the taxi. i look out the back window at the crowd chasing after us, but we quickly outdistance them.

before i can be relieved by our escape, i find that gloria has overstated her driving abilities. we almost hit the wall of a building along an alley, but i pull the steering wheel so the car swerves back into the center of the alley.

"turn on to that street." i yell to her as we lurch into an intersection. the street should be wider and therefore easier for her to manage.

but gloria is just happily driving along at a frantic pace, unaware of her reckless steering. "we are on the wrong side of the road." i yell over to her. she suddenly seems to notice that oncoming cars are headed straight for us. rather than correct to the right, she turns the car onto the sidewalk on the left. we screech to a halt.

"we can not stay here." i say, looking at a nearby police cruiser that is noticing us parked on the wrong side of the street. gloria jumps out of the car and tells me to follow her. she seems to know where we are to go now, so i chase after her leaving the taxi behind.

soon we come to a bridge over a river. it's surface is covered with a sheet of ice but there is a box sled sitting at the end of it. gloria and i jump into the box and with a push we slide quite freely across the bridge. there is no sign of further pursuit

behind us. we seem to have made good our escape. gloria laughs with delight. the sensation of sliding so freely across the bridge does have an exhilaration to it that is infectious after our near encounters with danger.

when we come to the end of the ice bridge, gloria shouts "we go to the right." she points to a walkway along the river bank. we both lean on that side of sled which veers down the sidewalk as we want. soon, however, the ice stops and we grind to a halt on the gravel path.

everything seems quite nice now. gloria jean smiles her best southern belle smile and takes my hand as we walk down the path. this area of the riverbank has been carefully landscaped with flower beds and trimmed shrubs.

we step into a formal victorian garden plot. clumps of lavender and various herbs are mixed with flowering plants in a square plot surrounded by a tile sidewalk. there is sort of a geometric statue in the center of the herb garden, a pyramid affair with a sphere perched on top. it seems to be part marble and part bronze.

as we approach this, i notice on the tile sidewalk there are splotches of red which seem to a tomato sauce spilled about. the pyramid statue does is not that large, but somehow a tall elegant woman appears from behind it. she was on the other side, apparently daubing about here and there with a brush or wand that deposits that tomato sauce everywhere it touches. the sauce smells really good as i get a strong whiff everytime she daubs a new spot.

the woman is dressed in hooded robe made of a thin nearly transparent fabric which is deep purple in color. every time she moves, the thin cloth either shows through or suggests by shape her body underneath which is remarkable in its firm sensuality and erotic suggestion. strangely, however, i seem to be unaffected by her obvious sexual attractive nature. gloria smiles again and squeezes my hand in anticipation of something i do not exactly understand.

the garden woman finally looks directly at me as if noticing us for the first time. i can not see her face under the shadow of her hood, but her eyes gleam out an intense red like looking into a laser. i am fixed to the spot where i stand so long as she looks at me.

"do not worry about my rowdy children back there on the mountain." she tells us in a voice deep and sultry. i assume she is referring to the demigods, perhaps the hindus too. "they are just playing out their roles in the cycles of fate. even your punjab is safe."

she looks away to put a blob of tomato sauce that runs down the side of the pyramid face. i am released when her eyes glance away. "that is what mountains are for." she says carefully. "they raise you up then bring you down. i will see that it all works out for the best in the longer scheme of things."

the woman glances once more at us, and i feel a thrill run down the length of my body. i could stand there forever just watching her tend the garden with the savory smelling sauce. with a wave of her hand she dismisses us, "you two can run along now and enjoy each other."

gloria jean seems delighted with this benediction and pulls me over to the privacy of some nearby bushes.

=(i awake with the clock saying 07:15. it does not take me long to sit up and begin typing this dream into my log files. gloria jean moore was her name when i knew her in massachusetts. she told me of her cancer problems maybe a dozen years ago the last time she called me from corpus cristi or brownsville, whichever in texas where she lived. i sometimes wonder if she is still alive. she had given me an aloe vera plant which grew wild at her home, and that single sprig never really thrived, but it never actually died for the longest time. it would turn brown and wilt away until i would toss it out on the patio, thinking it dead. then a few weeks later it would turn up green and healthy again for a while. i wondered if it had somehow tuned itself to gloria's health going up and down like that. finally it died completely a few months ago and i was sad by its final passing. the character punjab just reminds me of the role john rhys davies played in _raiders of the lost ark_ which was on television last week. the goddess at the end certainly suggests a healthy sexuality without actually doing it. i wish i could have stayed asleep a little longer to find out how much gloria and i could enjoy each other with the goddess's blessing in those bushes. that may be something i missed out in waking life.)=

----- END DREAMS -----

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