

SAO

A collection of dreams and thoughts about dreaming



SAO Psiber Dreaming Art Gallery 2002:

Up close the tiny lights of her headdress were dazzling, piercing, and even seemed to give off a palpable warmth and perhaps a barely audible hum or vibration--I could feel the light of them on my face--delightful and intoxicating.

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Preface

SAO (Shawn Allen O'Neal) died on March 23, 2008. He was a brilliant dreamer, dream artist, and thinker about dreams.

This indexed collection of SAO's contributions to the online dream community is a tribute to his gifts and insights.

As many posts as possible have been collected: from the IASD public discussion board; contest threads at Psiber Dreaming Conferences, and Harry Bosma's Remote Viewing Experiments.

My thanks go to Jean Campbell, Ed Kellogg (and through him Cynn timer Pearson and Dale Graff), Liz Diaz, Harry Bosma, and Laura Atkinson for their help in collecting SAO's work.

May SAO dream-on.

Kathy Turner
14th September, 2008.

**Second RV target (organized by Harry Bosma) – Leander’s Tower
June, 2004
SAO’s dream (with Ilkin’s, the sender’s, comments in italics)**

Waking impressions during the window: upright ring on a pole, seems to be made of brass in one piece

the word "canary" -- immediately associated with the image of a pale yellow and deep purple bird. (not, apparently, a canary) -- this was a bizarre and apparently mythological bird, its pale yellow plumage was puffy and downy while its evenly spaced deep purple feathers, dotting it so to speak, were very defined and even sharp... the bird was on a perch and seemed to be in a very large 'cage' or greenhouse type aviary with a zoo or even a circus type atmosphere. I saw other "parrots" but these too seemed to be fantastic and mythological species. -- I also saw a mass of other bizarre creatures, somewhere between apes and clowns--not very distinct. had the impression these were "historical figures" --perhaps photos or drawings as opposed to actual beings..

then i saw the outside of a building with a sidewalk that ran up a gentle incline all along one side. the sidewalk was lined with a pale blue-violet railing -- the railing and the inclined sidewalk were the most distinct features. the building itself was low, two stories, and seemed to be situated on the side of a cliff or drop-off, with perhaps other floors "underground" or terraced along the drop-off...

Ilkin: The Rose and the Myrtle are sacred to Aphrodite and said to be connected with the story of Adonis. The Dove and Sparrow are Aphrodite's birds, as well as the swans, which pulled her chariot. Since ancient times Aphrodite has been depicted as coming out from a Shell. Lynx was also known as her animal. Canary (beauty of voice, use of song in healing, finding your soul's song, happiness, ability to find joy in song during times in darkness/shadow) was not there, lost in the legend. The maiden is prisoner in the tower, can be defined as cage

Dream, before the window:

I was inside a large industrial-sized shower room with a friend, showering. the building was deserted and there was a bizarre and incongruous sort of romantic feeling. just as I became conscious of this, a huge cockroach (perhaps a foot long) appeared and then just as quickly disappeared. we began to search for this insect because of its obvious striking size. suddenly the roach appeared right before my face in mid air, fanning its wings and hovering like a hummingbird. when i tried to catch it, it vanished. I realized I was trying to get somewhere else and i left the building and saw that it was a "floating building" -- connected to the "shore" by an intricate network of docks or floating sidewalks that shifted and rocked as i walked along them. i noticed large exotic goldfish in the water under the docks. one fish in particular seemed to be watching me. it occurred to me that the building was a 'fish farm'

Ilkin: Floating building, describing the tower and "Goldfish" (prosperity, beauty, harmony, balance between mind and emotion, peace) was what Hero and Leander look for. Scyhiller also describes the waves Hero throw herself in his ballad "Hero and Leander".

2004 Remote Vewing Challenge organized by Harry Bosma
Filed under: November 2004 — @ 7:11 am

I had one waking impression before the window of a place name beginning with the the sound "pot" and a Native American flavor—**Potawatami, Potswani**, possibly **Potoomi**, something close to that. Unable to pin it down precisely.

I have a nasty cold, so my sleep around the window was long, fitful and intermittent and quite full of hypnagogic images and dream segments. This was somewhat good for my RVing attempts though, my frequent waking allowed me to check the clock and remind myself of the RV. I happened to wake up just two minutes before the window and the following submissions occurred completely within the window, then I awoke from the sequence about two minutes after the window had passed.

Hypnagogic images: Hovering over something which looked something like the floor of an ancient **basketball court**. The yellow wood was glossy but deeply scarred and had a pattern of lines (red, black and white) and a **large circle (white)** painted on it. Some of the lines were 'labeled' with odd looking words. On diametric sides of the large central circle were two 'names' which I could read fairly clearly: **Caumus** (or Coumis) and **Sedakis** (or Shiedaukus). I've forgotten the exact spellings.

Note: (This image passed into a dream segment in which I woke up, very sleepy and unable to open my eyes, went to my computer and documented the hypnagogic image. In spite of my eyes being closed I could 'see' what I was doing, which I found outrageous to the point of being almost humorous—but I didn't realize I was dreaming, and actually woke up thinking I had actually documented this image in the way I dreamed I had—and I went to my computer afterward disappointed to realize I hadn't.)

Another hypnagogic image was of a high, black ceiling, cluttered with ducts and pipes etc. This seemed it may have been the ceiling of the 'court' from the previous image. The black 'background' of the ceiling itself, only visible here and there through the industrial obstructions, was somehow fashioned to create a three-dimensional hologram-like illusion of 'indoor rain.' It was quite a beautiful effect and the 'rain' seemed to be coming directly at you wherever you stood. The phrase "**indoor rain**" stuck in my head.

Dream:

I was my younger self in this entire dream, and seemed to be about 12 years old. I was in a strange **school**, the "new kid in town." The **classroom** itself was fairly typical except that the teacher, a very friendly older woman, sat in a **raised cubicle** behind low walls. But the classroom was also part of her "house," and had adjoining rooms. I knew that each classroom in the school was similar, and that all the teachers lived here, **each classroom being part of their respective living quarters**—like an odd conglomeration of 'houses' joined together in a single building with typical school-like hallways and lobbies. It seemed to be a rather **enormous, windowless building**, with three or more floors, and I felt I was on the second floor.

At some point another teacher brought his entire class into our classroom making it rather crowded. I understood that this class was on a 'break' and had been brought to our classroom in order to use the various facilities, mainly the kitchen and the bathroom. The new students were allowed to go into these other rooms a few at a time, leaving the remainder standing around and

fidgiting. I found this rather odd because I was sure this other class had all the facilities they needed in their own teacher's 'house' and they were causing a lot of distraction and also some rather pungent smells from their activities in the kitchen and bathroom. At length all the new students were done and filed out of the room.

I approached my teacher's cubicle and stated that I "didn't see the point of all this pointless migration" since surely all these students had everything they needed at their own teacher's 'house.' She replied something along the lines that it was simply the way things were done. She seemed a little shocked at my outspokenness. I 'apologized' by explaining that I wasn't really a child and that I was dreaming and wasn't used to being so young and the new student in such an unfamiliar place.

The teacher who had brought his class in returned and I realized he was **Liam Neeson**. He was accompanied by a very pretty and petite red haired actress I didn't recognize, but thought I should have recognized. I was fairly sure she was also **Irish** and also a 'teacher.'

Without any sort of communication the three of us (Liam, the actress and I) went into 'my' teacher's 'bedroom.' This room was long and narrow, about 8 feet wide and perhaps 20 feet deep, and **the walls were painted a pale but intense 'seafoam green.'** There was a small bed and bookshelves at the far end and the furnishings all seemed a bit 'grandmotherly' and dated. There were newspapers and other documents strewn on the floor across an **oval multicolored 'braided' rug**, an old television and a 'catbox' though I never saw a cat. There was **a couch, exactly the same color as the walls**, along one of the long walls. The three of us sat down there, myself in the middle and Liam on my right.

There was a complex transition here. I realized we were "filming a scene" but I didn't "know my lines" or know what the scene was about. I looked at the wall across from us and noticed that there were a number of words, lists of words, and simple drawings on the wall that had been rendered in a clear substance. My impression was that these words and images had been drawn there with a substance like "Elmer's glue" and had dried there transparent and glossy. Some of them appeared to have only been rendered once and others looked as if they had been gone over many times, making them more raised from the wall and easier to see. The words were mostly nonsense, with too many repeated letters, like "eeffferreegge." (Typing that it occurs to me they looked more like 'code' than words, but I felt they were words.) Higher up on the wall there were larger drawings depicting garden variety **snails**. There were about **four or five large snails, roughly in a row**, about 2 feet from the ceiling.

I said, without really knowing why, "I don't remember seeing those before." The woman sitting next to me seem stumped and confused by this and at length said "**maybe it's deja vu.**" I realized that my indicating I had been here before was a faux pas in the scene we were filming, that indicating that I had been in this room before was contrary to the plot, and that the woman had mentioned deja vu as an attempt to cover my mistake. I realized we were now 'improvising' and went with it, and the woman and I had a weird, stilted conversation about deja vu.. At some point we just knew the scene was over and we left the room the same way we had come in, but now where the classroom had been was a large area obviously like a **film set or movie studio**, and parts of the previous rooms had been disassembled. A number of assistants went up to both of the actors and were discussing this 'unexpected improvisation' –clearly not knowing what to make of it. I went straight up to "the director," a rather short man, mid thirties, with dark curly hair. He was clearly displeased with the scene but would clearly defer to me if I wanted to 'keep the improvisation.' I just looked at him and said "don't worry, we'll do it again."

I had a number of other dreams including some interesting continuations of the above, but I will limit myself to submitting this because it actually occurred during the window.

I'm not going to try to draw any secondary conclusions, but I'd summarize:

- A place name beginning with the syllable "pot"
- An old school
- Ireland (?)

Comments by sender, *Tjitske*; and judge *Bjo Ashwill*

1. Well, 'pot' certainly has two letters similar to 'Apeldoorn', but whether that would qualify?

I thought the basketball court was interesting. Not because of the thing itself, but because of the term 'court' and its royal associations.

The whole complex of houses fits although it's not a school. But there are lots of buildings in the grounds. The old palace, the newer palace, buildings that house a museum etc. And when I was taking pictures I saw a school class being shown around. Not when I was sending, though.

Comment by Tjitske — Wed 9-Feb-2005 @ 12:24 pm

2. And there is a mention of an elderly lady, though 'very friendly' would not apply to this queen, but interestingly she was in a raised cubicle, which reminded me of a throne.

Comment by Tjitske — Wed 9-Feb-2005 @ 12:43 pm

3. I just keep seeing things here.

It's Ireland now which I just realize has its own connection to our royals, by way of King William III, William of Orange, who spread the protestant word in England and Ireland. In Northern Ireland in particular the (in)famous Orange Parades are still being held. And for us here in the Netherlands 'Orange' is the national colour. When we read that 'Orange has done this or that', 'Orange' may refer to the royals or to the national soccer team or to anything else symbolic for the nation.

Comment by Tjitske — Wed 9-Feb-2005 @ 1:28 pm

4. Ok, here goes. ancient basketball court. (1 point). The historical time thing and "court" being a royal thing to do. Words painted on the structure, on lines. Could be the engravings on the gravestones, or monument.(1 point)The school class (students touring the palace) (1 point.)The woman in the raised cubicle (1 point).The teachers living at the place where the classes took place (2 points). The royals lived in this historical place where learning took place.The description of the building seems similar to the palace. (2 points.)The teacher's remark that this is the way it's always been done reminds me of the

traditional thinking of a long historical line of people such as the royals. (1 point.) Another reference to “grandmotherly” and out dated furnishings. (1 point) The words written on the wall, again perhaps the engravings on the gravestones or the writing on the monumnt. (1 point) The old school of thought. (1 point). Here’s a stretch, but could the 5 snails in a row be a distorted depiction of the horses? (1 point.) Tjitske mentioned the connection of Ireland to the Orange. (1 point). overall = 2 points.

Comment by Bjo Ashwill — Wed 9-Feb-2005 @ 8:14 pm

5. I am changing the overall points for SAO to 2.9. As I relooked at how many points I gave him and the score, it is clear I made it too low.

Comment by Bjo Ashwill — Thu 10-Feb-2005 @ 7:41 pm

Website for target:

<http://www.paleishetloo.nl./templates/mainpage/page.asp?iPageId=1&iLangId=1>

Remote viewing organized by Harry Bosma and carried out by Curt, Gosh and Phil July, 2004

First, the only *problem* I have was the announcing that there was 'something special and unique' about this challenge at the outset. In my opinion it's hard enough to get past guessing and all those other pesky little mind games without being given extra reasons to guess and play pesky little mind games. I don't feel it's *terribly* significant, but it *was* frustrating, and I think such comment should be avoided in future. I feel the 'blankness' of announcing these challenges should be considered critical even if they may deviate from the 'norm.'

Curt, I'd say as well as not working well in a print format, the tables and encapsulated headers do little for the participants comprehension either. For instance I'm having a hard time with how "squiggles" gains a score of 14, 15, 14.5, and 13.5. Clearly must be something missing there... On my own part, I did get some 'personal' hits, or hits that the senders might not glean from my submission. I think my conscious impressions were a little iffy-but might be significant in some way since Curt was sending a 'template' rather than the experience of the site and what I got seemed to be sort of like a partial template, But my dream was pretty interesting. I mention I was "playing a gig with s, d and k," but did not mention (or realize myself till later) that 's, d and k' are two male and one female friend who live in three different places out of town... 'remote friends' so to speak. I also saw myself in a church, and walked up on the altar (I assume the stones may have had such purpose) and found three \$100 bills, which it seems to me, may have been an attempt to tell myself that the 'trinity' had significance. Also in retrospect the 'church' was only a partial structure, or a ruin, with entire walls missing through which I glimpsed a wooded area. I also described men with brown face-paint wearing derbies (hats), but did not go into detail that these men strongly reminded me of some of Cormac Mearthy's sort of signature "apocalyptic indian warriors" which are often seen in bizarre and incongruous scavenged clothing (such as wedding dresses). I didn't describe it but in retrospect aspects of the 'brown man' I encountered reminded me of the stereotypical 'dime store indian' - sort of a mute and inscrutable urbanized medicine man.

Also the 'tone' of both my conscious and dreamt submissions seemed a little... uncomfortable, a little angsted and paranoid... which leads me to wonder if anyone was a little 'psychically uncomfortable' at the site... (obviously Kathy seems to be picking up on this as well)

Usually in participating I feel it's proper to minimize the information as much as possible. I try to avoid the fishiness of submitting encyclopedic lists of colors, geometric shapes and geographies, lol. Usually I submit the actual entry from my dream journal without much elaboration, but I do write these entries in a kind of shorthand to myself, or more truly, I leave out a lot of detail because I know the word images will usually re-evoked the visual image in my head without being intensely specific. Just an acknowledgment that I think in future I'll try to be as descriptive and thorough as possible about the details of the dreams/impressions.

Curt's comment:

I agree that you got some good hits, especially locating the target in New England (you were the only one to do this)! If you look at my submissions, you will see that I posted **both** the experience of the site and the template. The template showed up in my vision about midway through the sending.

Full discussion: http://alquinte.com/en/rv/talk/0407_results1.html

2004 Psiber Dreaming Conference

Precognitive Dream Contest organized by Cynnie Pearson and Robert Waggoner

Subject : Re:Precognitive Dream Contest - Pearson and Waggoner

Author : Shawn saosd@aol.com

Date : Sep 29, 2004 on 12:52 p.m.

Although I'm going to put more money on an earlier, waking impression on this contest, I'll include a brief description of last night's dream, which had some similar elements to that waking impression.

Dream:

Title: Fenced Loop

Theme: Construction, raw unfinished wood, repetitious activity on a bicycle,

Emotions: Bewilderment (lol)

Unusual elements: (If I have to choose *one*) Grecian urns rolling down hill

(In the earlier part of the dream, which I do not feel was precognitive, I was involved in a quasi-nightmarish "virtual reality game" involving a couple of bizarre characters with hatchets, an obtuse, slanting maze of **raw wood**, and a horde of 'enslaved virtual minions' who looked like ordinary people but could be 'turned off' (the words "game over" would appear in the region of their chests) by repeatedly swinging a stolen briefcase at them which contained a single 'magical' white pebble.) ...Aren't you glad I condensed that to one rambling sentence?

Toward the end of the dream I became *semi*-lucid, at least alert to 'looking for the target picture' in what was happening. I was riding a bicycle up a hill on a sidewalk at gradient of about 25-30 degrees next to a **wooden fence**. There were about 15 or so workmen working on this fence, apparently stripping it of its old finish and leaving large sections a **bright yellow and orange of the raw wood**, contrasted to darker and dirtier sections. The fence was solid and about 7 feet tall and had a strong odor of some kind of gasoline-like chemical stripper and also of a **raw wood smell**. It was a bright sunny day and the hill overlooked a residential area much like the one in which I live.

As I rode the bicycle, workmen at the top of the hill, where the fence ended, were bringing out and rolling these large gray, **unfinished clay (like 'greenware') 'amphora' type urns** (long tall urns with the characteristic double handles near the top) down the sidewalk. Most of these would roll off of the sidewalk and into the street and shatter, but periodically I would have to avoid them with wild movements of the bicycle.

I kept getting to the top of the hill, at which point I would veer around behind the fence, where I could see construction equipment, including a small cement mixer, which I assumed may have been involved in the process of creating these strange urns. At this point workmen would yell or I would otherwise receive a signal that I was not supposed to be behind the fence! I would find myself at the bottom of the hill again, and repeat the process. This happened perhaps ten or more times with variations.

(Was it Sysiphus in the **Greek** myth who had to perpetually roll a stone up the hill? let's just say I've been extremely empathic with his predicament the last couple of weeks. 😊)

Waking Impression:

Monday evening I had a strong waking impression which aspects of the dream *seemed* to reinforce.

A **Greek woman** in profile, facing the viewers left, and leaning or tilted slightly to the left, wearing a garment (typical ancient Greek feminine attire, white with many folds) with an elaborate decorative border. The border runs up the front of the garment and around the collar, and is **black, gold and green** with a **pattern of leaves**. She is holding a long stylized vine, almost a repetition of the **leafy motif**. This appears to be like a 'string of laurel,' held in a loose loop, about 4 feet long and with **stylized 'leaf pairs.'** (A common Greek decorative border-type design.)

The woman herself reminds me of depictions of Justice (though not blindfolded) or perhaps **Ceres**--somewhat 'masculinized' heroic greek femininity. The larger composition is mostly white but there are vestiges of **gray, rocky formations** at the base--suggesting a rock strewn area, or perhaps a rocky peak, with sparse vegetation... The composition seems to be somewhere between a water-color and a collage--the collage aspect because the woman seems to be made of stone (?) or at least has a different level of color saturation, is more black & white, and almost looks 'pasted in.' (A bit oddly, all this reminded me of another **Greek myth**, that of the couple, Deucalion and Pyrrha, (looked it up) who were advised to throw stones over their shoulders (the '*bones of the Earth*' (?)) to repopulate the planet.--I also notice that the visual themes of the waking impression seem all loosely related to *money*--the decorative laurel is something one might see on old coins for instance, and the overall composition is something that could be on a piece of bizarre **European paper money**, perhaps...)

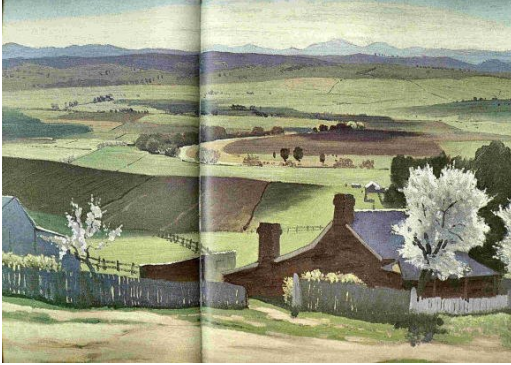
Sorry for this multi-purpose post, but I'm running so behind this week and don't even have time to post again, have a performance this weekend and been quite busy with the logistics of that--I didn't even have time to post my dreams/impressions for the multisensory contest--but just for

grins I'm attaching the small graphic I made for *that* contest here. (I certainly didn't guess it was a pineapple, but after the target was revealed and I looked at the graphic again, it was a bit of a head-slapping moment. In this case I think my visual dependence was a bit of an obstacle.)

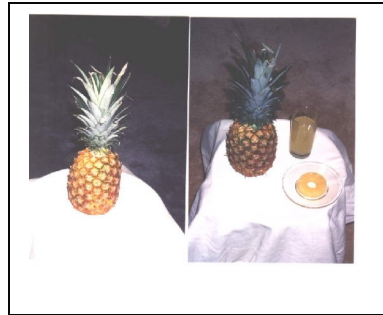
Also, look for updates to the gallery late tonight. (LOST?)

p.s. Hi Cynnie! 😊

Target Image (winner Curt Hoffman)



Telepathy Target



Hello

Tue May 02, 2005

IASD Bulleting Board

Hello dreamers! That's all I really wanted to say. I miss you guys.

I started turning over some new leaves and ended up inverting the whole tree for the sake of expediency. It's all good--but my current situation barely allows me to sit down and check my mail, much less formulate my characteristically verbose interjections to the dream channel. I lurk briefly here and there as it might be though. (On that note I had some rather cool group-coincidences regarding the ongoing experiments Harry's put together--and I say this though I've really barely scratched the surface of the various details thereof.)

Too many ideas, as usual. (Not a complaint). Hope you're all healthy and frequently blissed out. Keep dreamin'.

Love,

sao

Telepathic dreaming

Jun 30, 2005

IASD Bulletin Board

In a lull in a conversation with my brother the other day, I interjected a story of a fairly insignificant precognitive dream that had unfolded earlier that afternoon and started a conversation about dreams that went on much longer than such conversations usually do. It became a regular dream exchange, something the two of us have never really done to any great length or with any great depth.

At one point I told an example of an older, more strongly precognitive dream, and my brother remarked "you've told me this before... ..haven't you?"

I hadn't. He swore I had. I insisted not, but he was *certain*.

This became thematic. As we 'randomly picked' dreams from our memory banks to serve up next in our little tennis match, we seemed to keep hitting on things that were strangely familiar to each

other.

My brother's stories were all of course drawn from very strong and memorable dreams that he's had over the years, one might even say a collection of life-changing dreams--since he doesn't journal and places little importance on day to day dreaming in general--and it was always in the back of my mind that all the familiar elements and triggers were perhaps due to the fact that he *actually had* told me of them, or some of them, before. Support of this conclusion was about to be dashed.

He rather sheepishly mentioned that his most intense and memorable dreams had also been hellish, literally *of Hell* in fact, and occurred around a violent trauma to the eye and the subsequent medical treatment he had undergone a few years ago. (He lived in another city at the time but has since relocated to my town.) The most vivid of these, which he described as drug and pain induced psychedelia, occurred the night after a very critical surgery, one of several, to save his eye, while he was still under the anesthesia.

"I dreamed I was literally *in Hell*, and it was so intense that I almost believed in the place for a while," he said, reserving his usual agnosticism. I asked him to describe it and every hair on my body stood on end just as soon as he began...

"I was shown Hell, and it was a place very much like a drive-in movie theatre..."

He went on to describe its resemblance to a *particular* movie theatre we had known as children, in the general neighborhood where we grew up. There was once perhaps ten of these in our city and this is the only one which remains to this day. It's also considered a bit of a [landmark](#), being a rare [two-sided screen](#) and one of the few remaining *anywhere*.

My astonishment resulted from the fact that *I too, a few years earlier, had a dream that I was "in Hell," and Hell was also, in my dream, a place very much like this drive-in, the Admiral Twin.*

After announcing that I had the same dream and knowing I had my journal on my computer just up the stairs, and that I had a particularly detailed account therein of *my* Hell dream, I asked him to remember and relay as much detail as he could about *his* dream before divulging any explicit details of my own.

He described it thus:

The sweltering heat was *visible*, like an oven, a bright sun at high noon, and he was being ushered--or more accurately muscularly *forced* along by a group of unseen entities which seemed like sinister tour guides, all chattering in unison, and he knew he was being "shown Hell." He also knew that Hell both *was* the *Admiral Twin* drive-in *and wasn't*, simultaneously--a paradoxical feeling of recognition not quite explicable but which I'm sure every dreamer knows from their own experiences. He tried to describe this variously as perhaps occurring in some distant future where all the earth had 'become Hell,' or maybe just being some 'alternate' *Admiral Twin* or representation thereof 'in Hell,' but certainly and in spite of the absurdity, *Hell* all the same.

He said that everything was roaring with a continuous, painful, turbulent sound which he likened some kind of giant *snoring*, and he knew this sound was emitting from monstrous 'organisms'--large globs of inarticulate living matter which were "parked" at the drive-in, more or less where cars would ordinarily be parked. He felt these organisms, frying in the heat in a radiant pattern aligned to the searing blank screens, were also being electrified in some way, linked by wires and

tortured by some kind of machinery.

Up to this point in his account it matched almost literally *word for word* my own account in my dream journal.

The only remarkable *difference* in fact is that I described the *organisms* more explicitly as oversized '*snoring brains*', and saw each of them elevated and 'caged' in crude 'scaffolding.' My 'brains' too were oriented like cars at the drive-in and in obvious naked agony under the absolute zenith sun. I also described it as a somehow futuristic, scorched wasteland, and noted the mirage-like distortions of the heat. I too knew implicitly that I was being 'shown Hell' and felt I was part of an invisible crowd of beings being forcibly guided along.

This was probably the best endorsement of journalism ever; I was able to allow him to describe all this and then show him my notes, probably causing him to consider a number of concepts more seriously than he ever had before. I just had to giggle.

Beyond the descriptions there was an implicit understanding that we had seen exactly the same place, and an experience verging on simultaneous dream reentry. Though this was only the beginning of this shared dream and our respective accounts did vary somewhat significantly from this point, this is perhaps due in part to what we both described as the markedly *psychedelic* nature of the subsequent imagery which was often rather hard to articulate. But perhaps *psychedelic* is entirely the wrong word for an experience of Hell...

So I'll spare the reader much of the gory details which followed, (unless you're really interested), first because they are *very* gory and unpleasant, and second because while they could be said to match completely in tone and general flavor, they varied quite a bit in specific content. Suffice to say that we both described a memory-paralyzing overload of various scenes of excruciating and often sexually overtone ultraviolence, a veritable claustrophobic freak show of weird biomechanical hybrids locked in tortuous feedback loops, and eternally battling predatory things of outrageous proportion and deadly configuration, mutating, mutilating, degenerating and regenerating--a strange and turbulent garden fed on the juices of its own dissolution.

When, exactly, did he have the surgery/dream was my next question. He knew only that it was around Spring of 2002, remarking that he had been pretty much out of commission concerning the reckoning of the passage of time for a few months.

(Although we were not sure of the time match at the time of our discovery, the *exact day* of our dreams *did* match. A subsequent check of his records for his surgery revealed that the dreams were in fact *on the very same night of March 25-26th, 2002*. We had not been in touch with each other for a while around that date and though I knew he had injured his eye quite seriously I had only second hand bits of knowledge in delayed sequences of his accident, surgery and recovery.)

It was hard not to draw the conclusion that I had 'tapped into' *his* dream, particularly because at the time I had the dream it seemed completely out of the blue. I fairly rarely have outright 'nightmares' or such terribly violent and grotesque dreams and even when I *do* I can always connect them easily to something going on, some stress, in my life. Not so here--I was literally left thinking 'now why the hell would I dream *that?*'--and why to such a psychedelically intense degree?

Also, for all its intensity, I was somewhat amused, or bemused, and not at all frightened by the *experience* of the dream--quite literally as if it 'wasn't my own'--while my brother definitely saw

himself in the very threatening presence and full pain of the situation. He also described intense, acrid smells and nausea which I did not share, and though I felt the heat and certainly an amount of revulsion, there was no pain. In the dream I knew that the snoring sound around the brains was *supposed* to be painful, in certain sweet spots, if you will, but I avoided this or was allowed to navigated 'around' it.

I also reflected that I had previously had a few dreams about an 'entrance to Hell,' many years ago, which bore no resemblance to any of this, and though such a broad archetype might certainly take thousands of forms at any given time, this distinction seems persistent and rather defining.

After marveling at the telepathic aspect of all this for some time, he remarked that the *oddest* feature still loomed on the symbolic level: why both of our psyches should choose to entwine the concept of hell with the memory of this particular drive-in--even though I suggested that perhaps only one of our psyches actually did: *his*.

Of course we'd spent quite a few summer nights there as children with our parents and then later as freelance and hormonal teenagers, both in tandem and separately, and had seen a lot of 'scary' movies there, occasionally concealing one another or friends in the trunk (to save admission) and experimenting with various substances and behaviors as teenagers do. (Since we span the middle to late forties in age, this indeed seems like a million years ago in another world.)

I suggested that perhaps our 'religious upbringing,' though not particularly significant or meaningful to either of us now or then, may have contributed to the meshed symbol of the location as a 'bad place.'

My brother then recalled the rather poignant and bizarre fact that he had actually *'lost his virginity'* there (as was surely not uncommon) on the same night that *The Exorcist* was first screened...

SAME THREAD:
Sat Jul 16, 2005

As promised, here's an account of a mutual dream I had with my friend Bill, on the same night, a little over ten years ago.

I had been having and talking about a number of spontaneous OOBes which interested Bill, who was not a particularly vivid dreamer, and we sort of formed our own little 'dreaming group,' and had both just begun keeping journals and frequently discussing our dreams. These activities were increasing dream recall and intensity for us both at the time. We occasionally found broad, somewhat obscure similarities in the dreams we had on the same nights which was rather compelling and in retrospect it might be fair to say we were 'working toward' this experience somewhat unconsciously, since we barely even realized the possibility of a true 'mutual dream' at the time. Nevertheless, this experience both completely *frightened* and delighted us.

Bill had been out of town for about a week and we had no contact during that time. He had returned home late the night of the dreams and he called me about 9 AM the next morning. I'll never forget the phone call. Without even saying hello, Bill exclaimed "this is unbelievable, I know you had it too!" I laughed nervously because I knew exactly to what he was referring, and we agreed to say no more until we could meet and compare journals. I was certain we were going to show some similarities in our dreams chiefly because my dream had been *about* Bill and his extended family, but I was not prepared for *how* similar they proved to be when we met later that

day at a local coffee shop and handed our journals across the table...

Here are the mutual details of our accounts with commentary:

Quote:

- We **both** dreamed that we were at a **party**, some kind of **family gathering at Bill's grandfather's house**--though Bill's grandfather was not in attendance, or at least never appeared. We both spent the overwhelming majority of the dream outside the house where most of the activity was going on, both entering the house only once.

Bill's grandfather lived in a town about 50 miles away. I had visited this house a couple of times when Bill's grandfather was alive. He had died several years previous.

- We **both** described the **weather and light** in a particularly incongruous way.

...specifically as a stormy, threateningly swirly overcast, dark gray sky *coupled with bright, direct sunlight* which 'shouldn't have been present.' This effect was eerie or 'impossible' enough that we both devoted quite a bit of our notes to its description. For both of us the environment, though seemingly somehow 'false,' was most similar to a late summer afternoon and we described everything as intensely green, as if the air itself had a slight hue.

- We **both** dreamed of a **group of children on the lawn, playing a game with a ladder**.

In *both* dreams a group of 6 to 8 children, more or less at times, ranging in ages from perhaps 5 to 11, were far away from the house in the middle of the lawn, clustered around and climbing up and down a 12-14 foot folding ladder. I saw the ladder as made of wood and somewhat old and rickety, and the game seemed extremely dangerous and complex--like an elaborate version of 'king of the hill,' the rules of which I couldn't quite grasp, and I kept thinking *someone needs to keep an eye on these kids, they're going to get hurt*. Bill saw the ladder as made of aluminum and had little concern about the children, explaining as we compared notes that he had actually '*played ladder*' as they had called it, as a child with his friends, a ritual involving pulling a ladder out of storage and playing on it until they were caught and admonished by some adult. In reality they had used an extension type ladder (as opposed to the A-frame folding type) and had most often used it to climb on houses in the neighborhood. I had been unaware of these obscure, although probably typical details of Bill's childhood.

- We **both** dreamed that **Bill was mowing the lawn**.

This in a sense was the least unusual detail. During the summers when Bill's grandfather was of an advanced age, Bill would frequently make trips to his house to mow his fairly sizable lawn for him. The times I had visited the house were with Bill during such trips. In his dream, Bill became extremely frustrated at having to mow the lawn, both because he knew I was at the party and wanted to communicate with me and because the lawn mower refused to work properly. He described a scene of cursing fiercely and kicking the mower repeatedly. In my dream I asked a number of people several different times of

the whereabouts of Bill, and was told 'he is mowing the lawn.' I saw him briefly, once, seemingly happily mowing. Which brings up the next similarity...

- While **both** our dreams were focused on the other person (Bill on me and I on Bill) we scarcely caught a glimpse of the other person in the dream.

As I mentioned, I spent a good deal of time looking for Bill, and it seemed quite natural that I would do so, it being his Grandfather's house. But I only saw him twice, once as mentioned above, very briefly as I was caught up in some other activity, and then again briefly at the end of the dream. Bill reported not seeing me at all until briefly at the end of the dream, and that I had always seemingly just left the area he was coming to, with people telling him they had seen me or that I had just gone around to the other side of the house a number of times.

- We **both** dreamed there was a group of about **30 to 40 people** in attendance, and that everyone at the party, with the exception of the small children and ourselves, were of a **very advanced age, in their 70s, 80s or 90s**. We both knew these were friends and relatives of Bill's grandfather.

And here it's important to note that Bill believed these were friends and relatives *even though he did not recognize a single person*. (Actually this is a dream phenomenon with which I'm pretty familiar--quite often in my notes I feel I'm at a 'gathering of relatives' even though I don't know a soul.) Of course it seemed natural to me not to recognize anyone, having met virtually none of Bill's other relatives in real life. The fact that everyone else was either very young or very old and *strangers* also somewhat invigorated our looking for *each other* through most of the dream.

- We **both** dreamed there was a **solid white** (interior and exterior) **mint condition 'classic' car** in the carport that was one of the centers of attention and activity.

We both saw it specifically in the partial shade of a small carport that was some distance from the house, with a lot of people admiring it. Remarkably, neither of us have any real interest in cars at all, (we're both musicians), perhaps evidenced by the fact that neither of us could say exactly what the model of the car actually was, but only that it was definitely of the 50s era, with 'fins.' I saw it very much like a 57 Chevy (a two-tone version of which my grandmother had driven) with some key differences or exaggerated modifications perhaps. Bill finally described it as a 'Cadillac' but reported that it seemed to take on slightly different forms at different times, at one point even being more like a station-wagon. We both described it as unusually new and pristine, glowing brilliantly and *blankly* in the sun with a sort of magnetic presence.

- We **both** dreamed that **writing, in red, appeared on the car**, though neither of us could make out what the writing said.

This was the most amazing detail for me, because in my dream it was *I who wrote on the car*. In the dream I thought to do this specifically to *leave a message for Bill*. After some difficulty of trying to find an implement to write with, I was finally given a red Sharpie magic-marker by an old man, with

which I somewhat laboriously managed to trace out three words in big outlined block letters, and attempted to fill them in as well as possible as the marker finally began to dry up. I did this on the passenger side of the car on an area comprising some of the front door, front fender and top of the front fender. No one, including myself, seemed to think of this as an act of vandalism on this obsessively well kept antique and several people watched me with interest. Following the old dream cliché of the inability to read, the letters came out as weird looking symbols and I couldn't quite control them. I tried to make them plain and bold but they came out rather uneven and childlike, running uphill. I also knew I was writing a phrase of three words, but I had no idea what the phrase meant or how it 'sounded,' or even of exactly where the words began and ended. Still, I was thinking *that Bill would see this and know I had been here*. Well, Bill *did see it*, however in his dream it appeared written at a 45 degree angle across the hood, as if written by person standing near the passenger side tire--as if in his perception the message had 'slipped' a few feet toward the top of the car from where I had seen myself writing it. Bill also thought that the message was comprised of *three words*, but was also completely unable to read it. At a point Bill left and later returned to make a second attempt to decipher it, but only noted that it seemed to include the numerals '77.' Bill never assumed that I had written the message but was very focused on its sudden appearance and its cryptic meaning through much of his dream. Neither of us had a clue who owned the car but both naturally assumed it belonged to a visitor somewhere at the party.

- We **both** dreamed that nearly everyone at the party was drinking **gin and tonic with lime** and that these were being dispensed by a *group of old women inside the house*.

Completely out of the blue here, we're both occasional social drinkers and neither of us likes gin. Bill's grandfather had been an devout teetotaler and would never allowed such behavior at such a gathering. But we both drank *quite a few* of them at the party. For me the scent and taste was so strong it seemed to linger even after I awoke. Bill reported feeling more and more drunk as the dream progressed and I suspected the drinks were making me a little light headed, especially while I had been trying to write . At one point, on the advice of someone, I had gone into the house to get my drink refreshed and talked at length with one of the three women who were making the drinks in a punch bowl in the kitchen and dipping them out for everyone. I didn't remember anything specific of the conversation but I remembered the woman I spoke with vividly as quite short and small, with white hair and wearing white, including a white sweater. She was slightly hunchbacked and had markedly rounded or 'droopy' shoulders and jowls. Bill remembered being brought a drink on the lawn by a woman of *the same general description*, and at another point had gone into the house to get another drink and was served by a group of old women in the kitchen. For both of us this group of women had a slightly 'witchy' or coven-like aspect, (the three witches in *Macbeth*?), as if there was some special secret to the mixture, but it had a pleasant and entirely positive effect.

- We **both** dreamed of an **overtly sexual old woman** who we both described as almost freakishly **tall** and thin and connected to 'rose' or 'roses' *and the name Rose*.

For both of us, this was at the end of the dream, (many of the other details, though matching, did not occur in sequence), and we both saw each other together interacting with this woman. I saw this woman wearing a short, distinctly *rose-print* dress made of nearly transparent silk and split openly up the middle. I could easily see her nakedness underneath and she virtually oozed sexuality which initially made me quite uncomfortable because of her advanced age, which I perceived to be around 80, but she was laughing and had a joyous 'good vibe' which was infectiously interesting. Bill, who recalled she had worn a white, light business suit type dress, reported that she had made overt sexual advances toward him, touching and kissing him, (which I did not perceive), which also initially made him quite uncomfortable due to both her age and the fact that she towered over him in height. (I am taller than Bill at 6'3", and we both agreed she was a good head taller than me, making her perhaps just shy of 7 feet tall.) In my dream the woman had stood very close to my face to the point of producing an invasive feeling that finally awakened me. At the very end of Bill's dream, this woman *gave him a single long-stemmed red rose*. At the very end of my dream the woman told me her *name was Rose*. Remarkably, my grandmother, who passed away many years ago, had been named Rose, but I merely noted this as an interesting coincidence in passing in the dream as having no real resonance or connection to my grandmother... of course, in retrospect, because the dream had so strongly alluded to Bill's 'ancestors.' I did begin to see a possible connection which I could barely articulate...

Epilogue:

A couple of years after this mutual dream experience, Bill moved to the far side of the continent. We still keep in touch and have had a number of instances of significant dreams about each other which have had possible elements of 'communication,' but never again anything so radical and stark, being more what I would consider 'typical' precognitive dreams. For instance, several years ago I dreamed that Bill was sitting upright, asleep in a chair in his apartment near the open front door and a small wild bird flew in and hovered in front of him as if trying to communicate to him. In a later part of the dream I saw a still very sleepy Bill involved in a gun battle outside his apartment with an unseen enemy. The guns were alien looking and not deadly, but delivered intensely painful 'stings.' and Bill was shot in the arm, falling to his knees in a pain I seemed to share by my observation. When I finally spoke to Bill, some weeks later, I discovered his apartment had been burglarized by a couple of treacherous acquaintances (a 'sting operation'?) and that the thieves had taken literally *everything*, including not only expensive computers and musical equipment but irreplaceable data archives, down to his furniture and clothes and items of no street value. Ironically, they were caught and Bill recovered the most expensive items, but the most personally *valuable*, personal photos and mementos, notebooks, tapes, data etc., the thieves had disposed of and were lost forever.

SAO – thoughts about how dreams can be induced

Dream amplifier: Discussed here:

<http://dreamtalk.hypermart.net/bb2005/viewtopic.php?t=175&highlight=>

July 16th, 2005

IASD Bulletin Board

...Or, *Liquid Dreams*, an example of Summer Afternoon Solar-Astral Waterobics, to be filed under *Cheap Light Exercise*, *Imbecilic Zen Performance Art for One*, or *The Psychological Dangers of Leisure*.

•Materials:

Yourself and preferably 15 or 20 minutes of private and uninterrupted access to one outdoor pool of clear water somewhere between the hours of about 8 AM to 11 AM or about 1 PM to 5 PM on a calm, clear day. Ideally, this pool will be oriented to allow you to stand comfortably in it, approximately armpit to neck deep, either facing west, away from the forenoon sun, or facing east, away from the afternoon sun, in such away that you can look down through the surface and see the shadow of your form focused on the pool floor directly below and in front of you.

Initially, something like this:



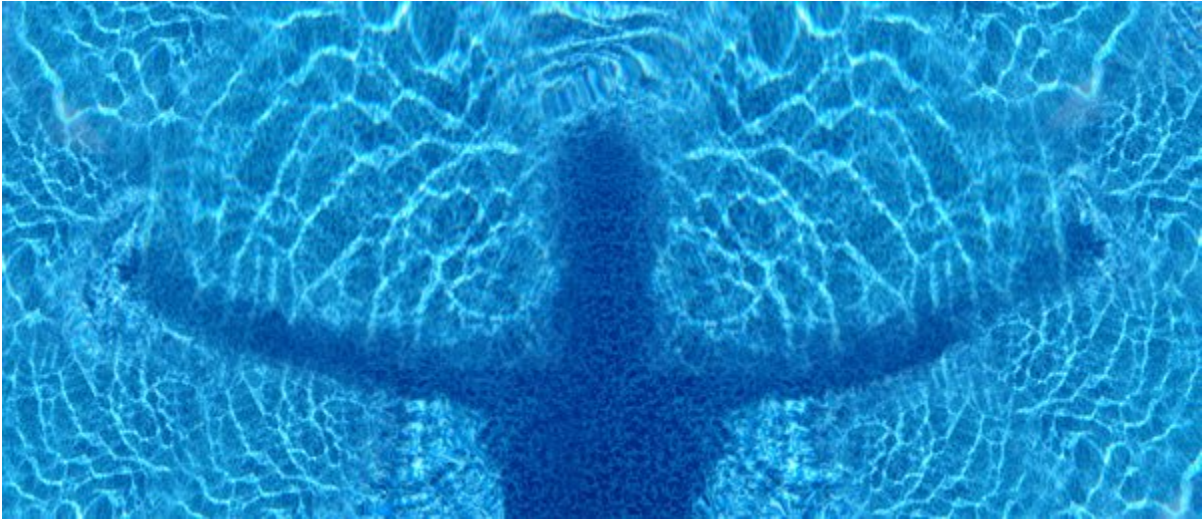
•Process:

In the picture, my arms are on the surface of the water, as is my chin, and my head is bent forward parallel to the surface. I found myself doing this in a sort of daze a few summers ago, idly watching my shadow, and immediately realized that by letting the pool surface grow very calm and then wiggling my fingers or nodding my head slightly (or even blowing my breath on the surface), I could cause a visual display, as growing, radiant concentric rings, of that energy.



•Methods:

This is obviously, and especially if you can limit all peripheral distractions, extremely hypnotic, and also unexpectedly invigorating. Get creative with it. After a minute or two you begin feel the control of this radiant energy as it flows out of you into infinite (seeming) space. This alternates with a feeling of connectedness to the whole pool, and the web-like patterns of energy which reflect, refract and decay over time when you still the flow.



- Effects:

With adjustments you may feel entirely weightless and/or that you are moving freely in a vast oceanic void, and though the display is initially visually stimulating, after a while a kind of sensory deprivation reaction to the monotony begins to kick in, a daydream or vividly hypnagogic state, during which you will may be very relaxed yet strangely charged, seemingly *absorbing* energy almost like a solar cell.

- Possible Side Effects:

Feeling a little silly if someone catches you doing it and you have to explain that you're 'pumping up your aura.' (Just tell them you're from California)

A bit of sunburn on the back of neck and shoulders if you're really into it.

You will feel like you weigh approximately 9000 pounds when you come out of the pool.

But one of the most profound side effects is the answer to the question "why in the world is he posting this in a dream forum?"

Over the past several summers, I've discovered (or at least I believe) that this exercise works *like a dream amplifier*--particularly, that if I do it over a period of concurrent days, it produces elevated hypnagogic and hypnopompic images and brilliant, light-filled dreams...

I once read in some obscure metaphysical jag of a forgotten tome about Akhenaten, the legendary monotheistic sun-worshipper and heretic who was probably the 'victim' of an overactive pituitary gland, that this gland is also broadly thought (by mystics apparently) to be the seat of the 'inner eye' and 'spiritual tendencies,' and that this gland may be stimulated by the rays of the sun during sunrise, when the rays enter the eyes horizontally, as it did every morning for old Akh' and his followers in their ritual of 'greeting the sun.' Not sure why I even mention it, sounds a little crazy now that I do...

The other reason I'm posting it here is that I recently had a dream that I 'should' do so. In the

dream I figured out how to photograph the situation with my digital camera, and although the method was impossible, it led me to realize how it could be done simply by combining layers and composites of different shots.

So there, for what it's worth, you have it, dreambathers. Let me know if you are able to try it and find any reason to concur with my goofball hypothesis. (Maybe we could corner the market on the ensuing parlor franchise...)

Mutual Dreaming
Tue Jul 19, 2005
IASD Bulletin Board

Well, there are some people who would say categorically *yes*, your friend had a version of this same dream--yes also, *even if your friend does not consciously remember the dream*, that you may have 'influenced' him or 'communicated with him' on some level...

Then there are those who would suggest such ideas are purely ridiculous bunk.

I'm somewhere between these extremes, but you might guess which way I personally lean from the 'mutual dream' I had with my friend Bill, posted in [this thread](#).

The point is that no one here can really know for sure the answer to your specific question... perhaps the only person who *could* in this instance would be your friend. Why not ask him?

Better yet, if you haven't already told your friend that you are thinking about going back to public school, you might try an experiment. Call him up and *don't* tell him this information, then casually ask him to tell you about any dreams he's had lately--if he remembers any he's had about you, they would probably come up, and you could judge for yourself if you believe you may have 'shared' any details in your dreams...

If you get any positive results let us know, so we can officially welcome you to the often blurry and complicated, *believe it or not* world of mutual dreamers. 😊

The first dream
Jul 21, 2005
IASD Bulletin Board

[The first dreamer on earth was the Ocean,](#)
[and the first dream is still happening...](#)

SAO's thoughts about dreaming:
IASD Bulletin Board
Jul 24, 2005

And of course there's a limited analogy here in which an association in the waking mind would be like using a specific tag to call a specific image into a post here on the board, while perhaps associations in the dreaming mind would be more like simultaneously browsing the thousands of images nearly any term will return on a google image search. True to the analogy, for me, both

are acts of some kind of *intention*, with different kinds of result.

An association is a set of (more or less) serial leaps from one image or symbol to another, but a single image may afford countless sensory precipices from which to leap. Of course images, symbols or paths are not literally *localized* in certain neurons in the brain like a series of coded pixel intensities are *'hardwired'* to a certain server on the internet. In my experience of my own brain (snicker) they seem rather to exist in complex multidimensional fields of far *too much* interconnection, the largest part thereof from which we are unable to glean any but the most fleeting useful *re-cognition*.

As JZ might agree, these recognitions are something which we *see* or *choose* to see about the way things are connected, not necessarily representing the way things are literally connected in themselves. And as Kathy points out, the linking process is often surprising and unpredictable and creates something new.

But, though we may obviously be less analytical while asleep (lol) I do not think that 'being happy for whatever comes out first' can entirely account for the coherence of dreams, nor does it seem that all of the strangeness, beauty and charm of a dream's storytelling could be a simple knitting together of random threads on the loom of the conscious mind, though that's certainly *part* of the tapestry. Dreams, as the esteemed Juhanisaurus might remind us, have *trajectories*...

Difficulty and easy – makes no difference

Aug 18, 2005

IASD Bulletin Board

Quote:

It is not difficult to set up a chess board the wrong way. It happens even in competitive play. Before you jump to any conclusion ask yourself how many times your work mates set the board up wrong?

The "difficulty" of the things about which we have precognition is completely beside the point.

Granted, being precognitive of exotic, seemingly 'impossible to predict' events may have a greater *wow-factor*, and it may take a number of such profound disturbances in personal experience to ultimately dissolve *anyone's* skepticism, but in the end this is a superficiality, and being precognitive of the most mundane and *likely* triviality is not fundamentally different from being precognitive of the most bizarre and earthshaking surprise.

Also, how *likely* it is that Mr. Lee's coworker would place the bishops incorrectly does not, strictly speaking, make the occurrence *predictable*, although this seems to be your argument, in essence suggesting that if you are going to play a thousand chess games over the next month you should be able to consciously catalog all of the possible anomalies of setting up the board and expect them all to occur or not in a logical way according to hypothetical odds of statistical frequency within given time frames. However if you set out to *decide* that your opponent will misplace the bishops within a certain number of games or over a certain span of time your predictions would almost certainly be frustrated again and again.

The typical Hobsonian argument seems to suggest that Mr. Lee's dreaming self is so preoccupied

with trivial anomalies in setting up games of chess that it has projected forward *every* possibility which subsequently all exist equally in Mr. Lee's psyche until he 'chooses' to see a connection after the fact.

But then of course this is not the process or the subjective experience Mr. Lee has described at all. The probability was simply 'flagged'--*embedded in the additional 'flagged' probability that the anomaly would not be discovered until after having begun the game... embedded in the additional probability that the game would be with the blond coworker...* There is no calculation of odds in any of this, and even if we assume that such calculations *are* carried out on a subconscious level this doesn't answer the question of why the data that was settled on and highlighted was *this particular sequence of events* in Mr. Lee's mind over the many other possibilities.

The experience of this is in fact significantly marked by its singularity. It is not as if Mr. Lee had hundreds of memorable dreams about imminent trivial probabilities of chessboard anomalies and one just happened to be correct, he had *one* with a complete set of flagged probabilities which occurred in the correct sequence.

In fact he was not only unconscious of any reasoning to see this particular anomaly as an imminent probability (other than being mildly 'irritated' by the dream), in this case he actually worked consciously *against* whatever reasoning there might be, *actually preventing it up until the moment he could no longer control it, at which point it was the very first thing to occur.*

Quote:

I had been making sure when I played this coworker I set up the board to see if I could *avoid* the dream. This time I was in the middle of a MSN messenger meeting overseas so I *couldn't set the board up.*

And having figuratively been there and done that I had to laugh out loud when I read it. Even though you obviously felt, however mysteriously, that the data was a probable precognition before the fact, your motivation was actually to circumvent it, and yet this motivation *failed*. You've got to crawl pretty far out on a limb to then suggest that this was in any way a 'self-fulfilling prophecy' or that you somehow manipulated these events to trick yourself into believing in precognition when your *conscious intent* would have served to render it utterly inconclusive if it were successful.

Quote:

But our minds can play tricks on us!

Yes, they certainly can. For instance they can trick us into thinking that time and information flows only in one direction even though we can observe phenomena to the contrary, or they can trick us into believing that only what we see and touch is real even though we know we're only perceiving a tiny local fraction of the universe at any given time.

In the end however I'd agree that no one can really tell you whether or not you've had a precognition and the danger there is basically the same as in interpreting another's dream--no one can be in your head where these strange resonances occur or tell you what they mean.

Quote:

Is it common for people to have precog dreams?

It's common for me. I suspect it's a natural aspect of dreaming at large but people either fail to notice it altogether or dismiss it when they do. Since precognition is often based on obscure trivialities it is often quite easy to miss and/or dismiss. But I also consider that when precognition does relate to such obscure and trivial matters that it may be an intentional form of 'lubrication' to the concept.

Another factor to consider may be that when precognition *is critical* it comes in more filtered and palatable forms of 'guidance' to save us the bother of wrestling with our own skepticism about the ability. I think few sane, modern people start out *wanting* to believe in precognition and it's quite possible that critical examples may function without too much detail or fanfare of an awareness of the source of transmission

Dreams and movies and music
Wed Aug 31, 2005
IASD Bulletin Board

Welcome to the forum Michael.

Soultime wrote:

Sitcoms are the worst.

You mean you don't experience the wavy lines and harp music just before you dream? lol

I thought *Eternal Sunshine of the Spotless Mind*, which I finally saw just the other day, was pretty meticulous, with some very realistic scenes, sets and editing. For me some of the intimate attention to detail, such as the 'hybrid' sets, particularly point up why it seems to be so difficult to realistically depict the dream landscape for film.

I also really enjoyed the dream sequence in *City of Lost Children*, though it's perhaps a bit more like an hallucinogenic experience than a dream, but then many of my dreams also have that quality. After all, it's fairly subjective, we can't really say what *all* dreams are like, just our own-- and even that in a general sort of way. On that note I'd also add that it's not unknown for some of my dreams *to be* experienced from a third person perspective, so that in itself is not necessarily a criterion for me.

You might also enjoy [this thread](#) where I babbled rather broadly about the possibilities of a cybernetic connection between dreams and film.

By the way, perusing your interesting site I noticed you have a section for 'dream music' which reminded me of a thread at the old forum where we collectively compiled a fairly large list of songs with dreams in the lyrics. Since that thread was lost, it might be fun to do it again. (If we don't, who will?)

Precognitive dreams and thoughts on them
Sun Jul 24, 2005
IASD Bulletin Board

I want to interject too, and though my experiences and observations agree with Craig's (and Ed's) on this topic in general, I certainly make no pretense of answering for anyone else.

To *think* you have a precognitive ability--and it really doesn't matter in this context whether you *actually do* or 'just think you do'--is to really submit yourself to a special kind of vulnerability, and probably most especially when the developing ideation *pertains to yourself*.

I also have very frequent precognitive dreams about things ranging from the most obscure and downright inane to the most globally impacting, and I've developed a philosophy I think I recognize in Craig's advice--simply choosing not to get too hung up on whether or not a specific bit of 'dire' information *is* precognitive before the fact equals a much happier existence.

This might seem on the surface a little contrary to professing an *acceptance of my ability*, which I do, but it's really just a consideration that the ability surely would not exist to drive us toward final predestined ends in mounting anxiety, but seemingly occurs to gently, perhaps entirely subliminally in the usual course of things, inform us of imminent but unexpected probabilities in order to better equip us to deal with them.

The reasoning behind this philosophy perhaps explains itself through answering JZ's first three questions:

Quote:

Can you give me an example what your precognitive dream looks like?

No, because (A) while I *sometimes* feel I *do know* a dream is going to be precognitive, I can scarcely articulate *why or how* I feel I know it, (B) this feeling seems to be incorrect at least as often as it is correct, and (C) most often precognitive dreams have no real qualitative difference from 'regular' (or non precognitive) dreams.

((C) is disputed by some, but sure as you settle on some qualities that *all precognitive dreams have* (besides the fact that they resonate with subsequent events), two things will eventually happen: *you'll have a precognitive dream with none of those qualities* and you'll have a non precognitive dream with *all of them*.)

Quote:

How do you know which part of dreams is precognitive dream?

You don't, ever, necessarily. Or possibly not at least for *years* in some cases. (Though I agree with Ed that much more typically the events in question come to pass rather quickly.) Precognitive data is often entangled with non precognitive. Precognition can happen on a number of different levels, for instance being more or less direct versus more metaphorical or symbolic analogs. It can linger hauntingly as the afterglow of a dream or flare suddenly as if from nowhere directly into your waking consciousness.

Quote:

Have you successively predicted any future events?

I'll give some examples here, and then answer that question as directly as I can.

- Slightly less than a year ago (8/12/2004) I posted [a precognitive dream](#) at the old forum which was rather remarkable in that it foretold three unrelated events, all of which came to pass within a few hours of waking.

To distill the dream in terms of the precognitive elements, in separate scenes I (A) saw myself wrapped in blue tubing of a very specific kind, (B) saw deep striped wounds snaking around my right leg, and (C) had a complicated encounter with a supposed 'poltergeist' of a recently deceased cousin.

Upon awakening I was almost immediately informed that some of the information revealed to me in the dream about my cousin *was true*, though I had no way of knowing this information. Within an hour I received notice that my brother's girlfriend's daughter had been in a tractor accident (some 300 miles away), incurring wounds on her left leg which *exactly matched* the wounds I had seen on myself in the dream. Within three hours, through a set of completely unexpected events and at the request of a coworker, I found myself rummaging through a dumpster, becoming entangled in discarded blue tubing in a scene that precisely echoed my dream but that I never could have consciously predicted.

These 'three strikes' in rapid succession seem quite beyond the pale of 'coincidence' to me, but did I actually 'predict' anything?

- Another brief example, and this instance is also a matter of public record. (I posted this dream to an internet discussion board three days *before* the famous events of 9/11, and I can provide you with a link to the time stamped post and ensuing discussions if you like.)

In the dream I had boarded an airplane and had a very bad feeling about the flight. It seemed there were saboteurs on board and I badly wanted to be let off the plane. The plane's crew tried to reassure me but I believed I could tell by their demeanor that they also knew something was wrong. Bob Dylan boarded the plane, wearing a sheepskin coat and hat, looking very nervous and emaciated, and spoke to me, acknowledging that something terrible was going to happen but that I should be calm and not worry. Though I kept thinking of this person as *Bob Dylan*, they had an *Arab* appearance, and I knew on another level that this was not the famous singer at all. At a point, policemen, firemen and reporters entered the plane and there was much confusion. I took the opportunity to sneak off the plane, which I did by crawling through the nose or fuselage of the plane which was in a ruinous state of tangled wiring and had been almost literally peeled like a banana from some kind of explosion. Leaving the plane I noted that it was 'parked' on an upper floor of an enormously tall building which was had been apparently 'gutted' and was covered in thick dust. I looked down into the cavernous interior of the ruined building and estimated I was about 80 floors above the ground, though all the interior floors were missing as if from some catastrophic collapse.

We all know what happened three days later. In retrospect I realized the similarity of the names "Bob Dylan" and "Bin Laden" and that the appearance of this person was eerily similar to that of the terrorist of whom virtually no one had heard before the events, but whose name would be repeated endlessly after the events. The building I saw myself in was almost identical in description to the World Trade Center, though I did not make this literal connection either until after the events.

Again, did I *predict* anything here? Certainly I could not have picked up the phone and warned

anyone that the World Trade Center would be impacted by hijacked aircraft, but there was no doubt in my mind *after the events* that I had seen a distinct 'echo' of what was to come. This has been true of many world events (the Oklahoma City Bombing and the recent tsunami for instance) and literally thousands of more mundane events.

So, *prediction* is not a word I would use to describe my precognitions. This is obvious even in the semantic differentiation: to be *precognitive* is to 'know beforehand' while to predict is to 'say beforehand.' In neither of these instances, nor in most other instances, could I have *literally said what was going to happen*, but it does not diminish the feeling that I *knew* about hidden aspects of the events before they unfolded.

In fact I think *predictions* are a rather sensationalist misconception of a possibility which is not necessarily an intrinsic or even *desirable* part of the phenomenon of precognition at large, and should never be artificially superimposed on it as a strict criteria.

Again, I feel we must take into account the relative 'gentleness' of the delivery of precognitive information and consider that there is good reason, if we indeed have an unconscious ability to 'see the future,' not to download it wholesale into our consciousness. The effect of people knowing absolutely what was going to happen would certainly lead to pandemonium, and it also must be true there are *many possible futures* and to have explored one of these is no guarantee of its occurrence.

And to return to the emerging theme of this thread, it would certainly not benefit us in any organic way to develop phobic reactions to the data, which is of the highest probability when it comes to sorting the data pertaining to our own demise.

- One more example. For years I had an intermittent series of strange dreams and inexplicable conscious feelings about *Chicago*, though I'd never been there, which seemed very much like a *warning* to me. It remained fairly academic until suddenly I received a very attractive offer, in *Chicago*, which required my accepting a flight there, or not, within a period of hours. I tried to convince myself that there was nothing to fear in spite of a nagging feeling otherwise, but the evening before the scheduled flight I had *yet another dream* that seemed to bode ill for the trip and awoke in a complete panic. Cursing myself and feeling like a complete fool, I cancelled the flight and refused to go to Chicago, even explaining to those involved that I had a feeling of precognition.

Of course I'll never know if anything bad would have happened to me in Chicago on that trip, but when the quality of these feelings reaches a *screaming pitch* it becomes simply impossible to ignore them. This pitch then, for me, is the ultimate litmus test of precognition, cementing my philosophical approach--not only accepting it when it *cannot be ignored*, which is an unusual situation, but feeling rather aggressively that if it *can be ignored*, it's probably *best that we do*.

But this philosophy was hard won and the Chicago anecdote was somewhat instrumental in its acceptance. For several years after the incident I developed what can only be described as a *phobia of Chicago*, telling myself and others flatly that I felt that something terrible would happen to me there if I should ever go. Ironically, two different friends relocated to Chicago near this time so that the period became literally *filled* with opportunities and invitations, a constant *temptation* of Chicago increasingly exacerbating what had become an intense inner battle.

Finally, I was able to overcome these feelings and I forced myself to go and spend a couple of weeks there. I had one of the best times of my life and found that I *absolutely loved* the city--in

spite of the fact that my phobia had painted it as some kind of nightmarish hell. (lol)

At some point my conscious obsession with my own precognitive abilities had usurped what may be my actual precognitive faculty and taken over. Even if, as Craig alludes, such obsessions do not become literal 'self-fulfilling prophecies,' they may make for a lot of negative and potentially masochistic behavior. I'll still be the first person to listen attentively to an inner sense of screaming *emergency*, but I must refuse to be *nagged* by uncertain feelings about circumstance beyond my control in order to get on with my life.

On to JZ's next questions.

Quote:

What is the successful rate of your precognitive dream?

In the most specific sense, 'success' would imply that I have some expectation of my precognitive dreams to achieve some kind of *goal* other than their pure and natural, if sometimes sketchy, occurrence. I generally do not.

I have spontaneous precognitive dreams and conscious precognition frequently, but not constantly, nor do I seem to be able to have any but the most tenuous 'control' over when and if I will have them. They do not reliably conform to my wishes and they seem to ebb and flow with their own timetables.

Again, I accept this simply because it can be extremely frustrating *not to*.

Once, playing a game with a group of friends I was suddenly beset by a very odd but lucid sensation and announced the next number to come up on a roll of a pair of dice. To everyone's virtual disbelief *including my own* I was able to correctly predict *twenty-three consecutive rolls*. The first ten or so came with an absolute certainty and ease which gradually lessened until, finally, it was replaced by simple guessing and I felt that the 'temporary ability' had 'passed.' And of course on other occasions I have consciously tried to use such abilities for specific ends and failed miserably--otherwise I'd almost certainly be typing this post from a penthouse suite somewhere overlooking Las Vegas.

With devices such as Zener cards for instance my results are generally statistically average and often even below average, which to me suggests that having precognitive dreams and even bouts of conscious precognitive abilities in no way automatically translates to preferentially harnessing and focusing this ability. Precognition is not a performance art.

Quote:

Have you had your precognitive ability tested by any research group?

Hopefully having explained the rather complicated balancing state of 'thoughtful disinterest' I employ or the 'cognitive dissonance' I maintain to preserve my sanity in the face of believing I have (or *we all have*) certain precognitive abilities, and my tendency not to be too 'goal oriented,' it might seem a little contradictory that I am extremely enthusiastic about 'testing' them in a public forum and am a participator, huge fan and supporter of the IASD's many casual 'pilot studies' in the form of 'contests.' I've 'scored,' I suppose, fairly well in most of them, but more importantly they've given me an opportunity to *see others* doing *remarkably well*.

These, and the internet at large, seem to offer a remarkable and *benign* way to explore the possibilities within virtually non-threatening parameters, and I'm pretty confident that such activities will eventually proliferate and that precognition will be more widely accepted as a fact of life as a result. Indeed I think that the natural aspect of precognition *has been popularly accepted* throughout most of the history of the human race and in most places until fairly recent times and the advent of typically Western 'scientific skepticism'--which can often actually be an agenda to eliminate beliefs which do not fit into a preconceived world view masquerading as proper indifference.

I do find that too many modern researchers suffer from a kind of constipation, perhaps typified by Hobson's comments quoted here which suggest we must ironically *disbelieve* in the phenomenon to set about either proving or disproving its existence.

Not only does it seem likely that such an atmosphere would not be highly conducive to the phenomenon itself, scientists, as well as people in general, tend to find what they are looking for, and *not* find what they are *not* looking for.

Some say we have no irrefutable evidence that global warming is occurring, and in this case it could prove *extremely damaging* to believe the assumption is false. Here we are safer to take the approach of Pascal's Wager: if we *do* heed the evidence of global warming as a warning and are at some point proven wrong, we've lost nothing and gained an improved technology and a cleaner environment. By the same token, it serves us not to panic at the negative connotations, but get on with focusing on a more positive outcome.

But very frankly, as I experience precognition over and over again in my own life and as most of the people I know seem to have had *at least one* significant encounter with the ability at some point in their lives, I can barely take anyone seriously who assumes the phenomenon is an outright fallacy--though I accept the challenge as probably essential and therefore embrace and will continue to embrace every opportunity *to be 'tested'* in a positive light, knowing full well that direct personal experience is probably, eternally, the full extent of the only 'proof' which may ever be obtained.

More thoughts

Jul 28, 2005

IASD Bulletin Board

Playing catch up here.

To Jajofar:

Quote:

Jajofar:

The idea of precognition and other super natural powers are part and parcel of dreams. Looking at dreams objectively, precognition, remote viewing and other Psi phenomena are illusions. However the illusions are loaded with many useful aspects to the dreaming self. The most important part for those who regard dreaming as the by-product of the brain is the intellectual superiority the illusion of Psi dreaming confers on the dreamer.

With all due respect, this species of "objectivity" seems little more than an admitted prejudice. Your contentions seem to be an attempt to tidy up a preconceived world model by discrediting and eliminating all the messy possibilities which do not fit into it.

As a fellow human, no doubt this assessment is born of my own prejudices, even though I might consider myself more open-minded.

I find the label "supernatural" as applied to precognition rather objectionable both, of course, because I believe it is *entirely natural*, and as it suggests that one has circumscribed a line around all the aspects of nature one deems fully *explicable* and insisted that any useful tool for understanding reality must be found in this targeted intellectual locale.

Given the fact that no single human being in history has managed ever to do much more than mumble a few partial, transient and often contradictory truths about whatever ultimate, underlying or hidden aspects of reality may exist outside this zone, for all we know this situation could be a little like that of the mathematician who knows he lost his keys somewhere on the lawn but looks for them in the garage because the light is better.

Having banished precognition to the realm of "illusions," you allow that these illusions may beget functional *delusions* of "intellectual superiority," but your description of that function is unexamined. The *subjective experience* of precognition for most educated and reasonable people is a *disturbance* in the most literal sense, no more *explaining itself* than a coconut washing ashore could explain Hawaii to an Eskimo.

At the deepest level, those who *do* experience precognition cannot honestly profess that it serves as much more than an intellectual monkey wrench in the progress of their coherent conceptions of reality. Many actually *fear* it, and I could only guess at how prevalent and persistent that fear is or what its possible role in *suppressing* the phenomenon at large might be.

As far as I can tell, the "intellectual superiority" theorem only makes sense to those who believe *they do not possess* precognitive or other Psi abilities but that *others may*, which opens a lucrative little niche for those who would unscrupulously profit from this belief. And the annals of popular precognitives are filled with pure charlatans or *hybrids*: people who may have some Psi abilities but are more interested in the exploitation of the gullible than in the essential and often humbling unpredictability of their own abilities. Hence we have the Uri Gellers (an admitted fake) and the John Edwardses (a skilled purveyor of the *cold reading*), who serve only to confound our collective thinking and exacerbate the contention that these abilities are alternately either pure fantasy or the domain of the privileged.

Of course people will be people and we have only to look at a concept like *death* to see how little tolerance human beings in general have for the seeds of an abject mystery, and the fluency with which the pearly forms of delusion do accrete around them, *even if these delusions are the adopted offspring of others*. But no matter how reasonably convinced we may be that, for instance, heaven and hell are delusions, we cannot with any sense of integrity use them as arguments to suggest that death isn't an inevitable aspect of our reality.

Quote:

Jajofar:

In the known Universe, we occupy very little time, and even smaller space. Our time of life is not long enough to show that even if we guessed every card right, it would not just be by random occurrence in the vast mathematics of the univers.

Coming back to earth, the biggest experiment - the various National and International lotteries, shows no signs of precognition. Important and disastrous events come and go unannounced

Here I begin to understand Ed's feeling of hopelessness in changing your point of view since this seems an admission that even if a child was born who could every single day of its life *predict* the next day's headlines, you'd still be able to dismiss it as a freak occurrence of chance without sufficient significance to bring your conception of reality into question.

As has already been pointed out, using public lotteries as a criterion suggests that you have evidence that no winner has ever applied precognitive ability successfully--not only at best an untested hypothesis but quite possibly an entirely incorrect one, as well as one which does not allow for the consideration that, for instance, it might be quite possible to use one's precognitive ability without even being aware that one has done so.

That aside, this is also tantamount to saying the the Houston Astros do not exist because they've never won a World Series in baseball. The Houston Astros themselves might feel a little dejected about this statistic, but might work up a good chuckle at the absurdity of someone who maintained they were *unreal* because of it.

Quote:

Jajofar:
There is nothing out there beyond mathematical probability!

There is a supreme irony in this for me in that your explanation of our experience of the universe as well as whatever may lie beyond it as *nothing more than mathematical probability* bears little to distinguish itself from a common superstition--the same kind once held by Europeans that the world was flat or that nothing lay beyond the great oceans, while the indigenous peoples of the Americas went about their daily lives without the apparent good sense to know that they did not exist.

Mathematics is a human confection, a language of mechanical metaphor we *apply to or superimpose over reality to describe* it, having as little to do with the *explanation* of the ultimate substance of reality as the word "red" has for explaining the color of a rose.

Further, those mistaking the mathematical *description* of reality for its *explanation* often seem to overlook the fact that mathematics itself includes proofs of its own *deviation* from reality and admits, as it were, that it is *flawed*. Granted, these flaws are functionally arbitrary to the accuracy of counting apples and oranges, but they become quite significant when we try to assemble a fully coherent, consistent and unified model of reality at large. In addition many may then cannily dismiss some of the more exotic and ambiguous implications of the most comprehensive mathematical models, such as the apparent ability of single particles to travel through two holes at once, move forward and backward in time, or influence one another across great distances, not to mention the *many worlds* of Schrödinger or the *shadow world* and two-dimensional time of Kalen J. Craig.

Quote:

Jajofar:

Picking and choosing which type of experiment to use greatly favours your hypothesis on Psi!! I have noticed these provisos in many of your posts where you recommend what should or should not be considered.

Though this comment was directed at Ed, I must point out that your 'picking and choosing' the conditions under which you would consider 'proof' are just as, if not more, *provisional*, for you go on, even though you profess not to believe in it and claim not to experience it, to describe all kinds of qualities it *should have*.

This is a bit like never having been to Bali but deciding how the natives should dress and behave, even though it may conflict entirely with reports of those who *have been* there, then accusing returning vacationists of being *apologists* for that country instead of considering that your projections may simply not apply.

Your criterion seems to allow that Psi can exist only if it can be fully controlled and directed as a performance art, only if we can apply our conscious will to it to achieve a specific desired result. How often do *your dreams* behave in this way on any given level?

To JZ:

JZ: *playing with your 'new postulates.'*

Quote:

JZ:

1). Not all dreams are precognitive dreams;

I hesitate to besmirch such a reasonable and elegant statement but in actuality it has no proof. Simply as an exercise, consider the *opposite postulate*, that "*all dreams are precognitive*", which also has no proof--but more interestingly cannot be concisely *disproven*.

Quote:

JZ:

2). Which part of dreams are precognitive dreams depends on dreamer's experience, feeling and interpretation;

While certainly true, there does seem to be something more at work which is very hard to articulate but seems to come in the form of an *affirmation* which may be curiously unaffected by *'feelings and interpretations'*--indeed often my very first comprehensible *feeling* about seeing connections as a precognition may be in the form of an urge to *negate* my interpretation, to distance myself from what can sometimes easily become an engulfing sense of resonance, even to chant the word "coincidence" to myself until that feeling that I simply *know* implicitly that a transcendental connection *has* occurred has passed. Again, the litmus test seems to be when this intellection simply *fails*.

Quote:

JZ:

3). Most precognitive dreams do not present in details but an outline/draft. But, it

sometimes comes with fine details,.e.g. the lottery winning number (I assume that the number is not longer than 7 +/- 2);

This might be restated in many different ways, such as sketchy vs. pinpoint, vague vs. vivid, indirect vs. direct, or symbolic vs. literal, but in these equations it seems important to note that the nature of *any* dream may simultaneously *combine* these qualities of correspondence on many different levels, so they're not necessarily either/or propositions. A dream may, for instance, have a totally unfamiliar plot, setting, characters and action and yet still palpably and intuitively *pertain* to, or map into, events in our daily lives with remarkable economy and accuracy.

However it's not difficult to formulate a very simple reason for the apparent greater frequency of precognitive dreams to be symbolic or less than perfectly explicit: no matter what one believes or how thoroughly one's beliefs incorporate an affirmation that precognition exists, to see a future event with absolute clarity is *frightening* and even potentially *destructive* to our sense of integration in the consensual world.

It's also important to consider that though one of the ends of precognition may be to warn us of impending events which may affect our survival, or equip us to *change outcomes in critical phases of probability*, these phases do not have a predetermined or inevitable resolution. *We can change a probability very easily.*

For instance, hypothetically, if you were an 'omniscient' third party with my best interests in mind and knew there was a very high probability that I would be unexpectedly fatally injured if I accepted an invitation to a certain party, and if it were your intention to avert this potential disaster, it wouldn't be absolutely necessary to forewarn me with a fearfully graphic depiction of the probable event. Indeed, I wouldn't necessarily have to be consciously aware of the probability *at all* if you could indirectly create a set of indicators making attending the party seem less than irresistible--if you could, so to speak, *change my mind.*

Also, ironically we may wish for or demand explicit examples of precognition as 'proof' *even though such proofs may be entirely contrary to the mechanics of the universe.* Jajofar for instance probably does not believe in a predeterministic universe where our free will is an illusion and we are simply going through the motions, yet insists that precognition should behave as if this were the case!

Quote:

JZ:
4). Not all precognitive dreams match with future events;

While seemingly counterintuitive, this might be accurate. If there is no law requiring precognition to apply strictly to the limited possible events which will impinge upon the conscious domain of the subject in his or her lifetime then, theoretically, all dreams *could be* derived from that same source from which we glean true *personally precognitive* information, but technically we need a new term to describe this aspect of the process, because the linear timelines would never intersect, or in other words, one could not be said to be *precognitive* if the subsequent *cognitive* aspect is missing.

Quote:

JZ:5). To match a precognitive dream with future event, one only need to compare the major features between them, as most precognitive dreams are not given in details. e.g. airplane crash in dream matches to a event of any airplane crash anywhere in the world in the near future.

Quite on the contrary I may dream vividly of an airplane crash and awake to headlines of a real airplane crash and feel absolutely no connection at all. On the other hand I may feel a deep connection between a dream and a real airplane crash *even though the dream may not have involved either airplanes or crashing* as themes.

In fact in my original posting of my 9/11 dream (*links, per Kathy's request, provided below), I was actually discussing the frequency with which I personally *do* have dreams of airplanes crashing, and that I am somewhat aviophobic as a result. But you'll note that while an airplane did figure in the dream, I never saw it crashing (or even taking off) and the detail of 'airplane' was virtually dwarfed by *other matching data*, such as the 'match' of a mysteriously Arabesque *Bob Dylan to Bin Laden*, of the thick dust I saw covering the ruined, skyscraping 'airport' to the cloud of the same material produced by the WTC's collapse, or even of the more obscure 'flooded lettuce field' I saw myself trudging through at the end of the dream, a zone of disintegrated debris which mirrored the awesome and surprising extent of debris produced by the event.

Generally when I see events as *linked* to a precognitive dream it will be because of a relative wealth of matching, interconnected details such as these and not just the "major features." Again, I'd stress that "major features" may not figure *at all*--though obviously people in general are more likely to talk about and consider anecdotes where the matching major features are evident.

And I certainly do not take dreams of loved ones dying as necessarily precognitive, even if they may be terminally ill and likely to die at the time. As I've explained, the instinct in such cases is rather to convince one's self they are *not* precognitive. In fact I might have *many* dreams of a certain person passing away and feel no sense of foreboding whatsoever, yet, more than once I've dreamt of the deaths of perfectly healthy persons--persons about whom I've never had a single dream before--only to discover in horror and disbelief that subsequent reality soon matches my dream.

Indeed, one of my own criteria for determining a dream has been precognitive is the *unexpected nature* of the correalation. If I can dismiss the thing as coincidence, *I am generally more than eager to do so, without needing any extra convincing by skeptics.*



Quote:

Ed:

Opinions differ from facts. And if we really want to understand what goes on during dreaming, we need to learn to distinguish the two.

And while opinions and facts may be different species, neither are ever to be found grazing in isolation from one another. For thousands of years it was a "fact" that mankind could not get to the moon, though all through that span of time some may have had the *opinion that it was possible*. Those opinions were eventually the catalyzing force instrumental in propelling us there,

while those who assumed it was 'better to believe the assumption was false' stood around in the mud with their hands in their pockets.

My opinion is that as long as we continue to apply the same kind of fact finding tools to dreams that we apply to the waking, consensual world, we'll probably *never* understand them. Researchers in this area may as well stop counting statistical sheep and looking for formal axiomatic systems in the same old way, admit the exotic nature of the phenomenon and become radical experimentalists.

It seems what Kathy and Ed have suggested is a kind of "*Reality Show*" which would focus on dreaming and I've been thinking about this myself since first reading the Hobson quote. I don't seriously think one can hope to find anything new about dreaming, or influence anyone's opinions, shuffling brittle reports in a sterile laboratory environment under the indifferent eye of blind judges shuffling even more partial reports of subjects' day to day experience.

I'd say this era of vivisection is obsolete and it's time to study dreams in the wild. At a time where more and more people are increasingly documenting every aspect of their lives, it seems we are moving toward a time where such radical and comprehensive experiments will not only be feasible, but inevitable and perhaps prevalent.

Stay tuned indeed. 😊

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[*9-11 Posts to the ASD Bulletin Board, 9-10 to 10-17, 2001, an archive](#) (Board lost)

Note therein not only my own post (# 2945) but the number of others, some with a breathtaking quality of resonance which reminds me also of the [Tsunami Thread](#) at the old ASD board, and particularly the account in that thread of a dream posted by the user *Explora*. (Board lost)

The original post of my 9/11 dream can be found [here](#) or [here](#) in its full original context, but you will have to join and log into the forum to access them. (Lost)

More thoughts:

Sat Jul 30, 2005

IASD Bulletin Board

Jajofar: Another Shakespearean quip comes to mind, from *Hamlet*:

"There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy..."

I do not intend that as a personal attack of course, just another reminder that science is incomplete, as well as often contradictory, and in the end none of us has an infallible explanation for all of reality, nor could any individual probably comprehend that explanation even if he could obtain it.

For instance, as I'm sure you're probably aware, the law of entropy is not without controversy, and one of the most problematic aspects thereof, much to the frustration of *scientism*, is that this law can also be applied to support an argument for *creationism*. The argument maintains that there is far more order in the universe *than should be allowed by the law of entropy* in its usual interpretation, and that the evolution of life, which tends toward greater and greater *organization*, or *extropy*, should not be, strictly scientifically speaking, *possible at all*.

But it's really not necessary to evoke any governing deities or even evolution to realize that as living beings, both en masse and individually, we are, at least temporarily, the paradoxical antithesis of entropy. As you state yourself, in the same typographical breath as evoking the second law, living things must have a metabolism and we must eat to maintain life. Also we reproduce, become more and more aware of our environment, build cities, become more and more intelligent and develop constantly improving technologies, all of which are forms of organization in apparent *violation* of this law.

Without taking these convoluted arguments any further, this only suggests to me that whether you use the laws of matter to explain the mind or I use the laws of mind to explain matter, neither of us have the big picture, and precognition is hardly the only thing not dreamt of in our philosophies.

I also don't really understand your fixation on the body's need to dream or 'maintain mental activity' simply in order to 'keep us alive.' It seems to me that *unconsciousness*, which occurs at some point every night as dreamless sleep, as well as the fact that some people never consciously experience or remember their dreams at all, refutes this strange idea of 'fatal equilibrium' in and of itself. We may also become unconscious due to trauma, or slip into a coma, and even the 'brain dead' can survive physically apparently *without any of the activity associated with dreams*. Someone may awake from a coma six months later with no memory of what occurred during that time, as if their last experience, waking or other, occurred only a moment before. Granted, some primitive form of consciousness probably occurs even in these states, but clearly no *awareness* of it is required for survival.

Conversely the *involuntary* processes which maintain our breathing, heartbeat, and the myriad other organic functions of the body require none of our attention or conscious mental activity *even while we are awake*, so I see no reason why their continuation would require some specialized injection of mental activity while we sleep. Thus the premise of your theory seems to not only suggest that *unconsciousness should not even be possible*, which is contrary to our experience, but does not really account for dreams or the forms they take at all, being a bit like explaining the various contents of a refrigerator as an epiphenomenon of the mechanical processes which cools them.

•

Kathy and Lee: I was picturing something similar in format to *Big Brother*, the program where a group of people are confined to a house with active cameras in every nook and cranny--although comparing it to *The Surreal Life* would probably prove more apropos.

Imagine a group of ten or fifteen precognitive, or at least active dreamers, agreeing to live in a large black box studio for a couple of months. ('Black box' being the term for basically a naked theatre or an empty gallery, designed and outfitted to be transformed easily into any type of environment, a sort of organic *holodeck*.)

The 'contestants' could be 'banished' nightly to sleep in private soundproofed rooms adjoining the studio, awake every morning and record their own video journals of their dreams, then be allowed to rejoin and interact with their fellow contestants for the remainder of the day in a totally new environment.

Controlling the environment of our little lab rats could definitely appeal to some rather perverse

creativity, especially with a big time television budget. (Giggle, can you tell I'm already thinking about how to pitch this one to the networks?)

Perhaps in their initial meeting the space would appear to be a typical house type environment with furniture and kitchen and bathrooms and readily available food and various typical kinds of entertainment etc. Then things could get strange. On day two they might awake into third century Roman palace, for instance, with a library and gymnasium and some grazing livestock, and populated by some period actors. On day four they might awake into an artificial rain forest with various challenges set for them such as the only available food being surrounded by a mote full of alligators. Day six... well, you get it, the possibilities would be endless...

Of course it's just a fantasy, (maybe we could call it *Preview City*), but I suspect the edited version of such a closed system would be absolutely fascinating TV which would fit right in to the current trends, as well as having the potential for producing some excellent evidence for precognitive and possibly mutual dreaming.

[sarcasm]I doubt it could be as compelling as Paris Hilton's speculations about the nature of Walmart or Hulk Hogan monitoring his daughter's dates with a tracking device though.[/sarcasm]

Difficulty and easy – makes no difference

Aug 18, 2005

IASD Bulletin Board

Quote:

It is not difficult to set up a chess board the wrong way. It happens even in competitive play. Before you jump to any conclusion ask yourself how many times your work mates set the board up wrong?

The "difficulty" of the things about which we have precognition is completely beside the point.

Granted, being precognitive of exotic, seemingly 'impossible to predict' events may have a greater *wow-factor*, and it may take a number of such profound disturbances in personal experience to ultimately dissolve *anyone's* skepticism, but in the end this is a superficiality, and being precognitive of the most mundane and *likely* triviality is not fundamentally different from being precognitive of the most bizarre and earthshaking surprise.

Also, how *likely* it is that Mr. Lee's coworker would place the bishops incorrectly does not, strictly speaking, make the occurrence *predictable*, although this seems to be your argument, in essence suggesting that if you are going to play a thousand chess games over the next month you should be able to consciously catalog all of the possible anomalies of setting up the board and expect them all to occur or not in a logical way according to hypothetical odds of statistical frequency within given time frames. However if you set out to *decide* that your opponent will misplace the bishops within a certain number of games or over a certain span of time your predictions would almost certainly be frustrated again and again.

The typical Hobsonian argument seems to suggest that Mr. Lee's dreaming self is so precoccupied with trivial anomalies in setting up games of chess that it has projected forward *every* possibility which subsequently all exist equally in Mr. Lee's psyche until he 'chooses' to see a connection after the fact.

But then of course this is not the process or the subjective experience Mr. Lee has described at all. The probability was simply 'flagged'--*embedded in the additional 'flagged' probability that the anomaly would not be discovered until after having begun the game... embedded in the additional probability that the game would be with the blond coworker...* There is no calculation of odds in any of this, and even if we assume that such calculations *are* carried out on a subconscious level this doesn't answer the question of why the data that was settled on and highlighted was *this particular sequence of events* in Mr. Lee's mind over the many other possibilities.

The experience of this is in fact significantly marked by its singularity. It is not as if Mr. Lee had hundreds of memorable dreams about imminent trivial probabilities of chessboard anomalies and one just happened to be correct, he had *one* with a complete set of flagged probabilities which occurred in the correct sequence.

In fact he was not only unconscious of any reasoning to see this particular anomaly as an imminent probability (other than being mildly 'irritated' by the dream), in this case he actually worked consciously *against* whatever reasoning there might be, *actually preventing it up until the moment he could no longer control it, at which point it was the very first thing to occur.*

Quote:

I had been making sure when I played this coworker I set up the board to see if I could *avoid* the dream. This time I was in the middle of a MSN messenger meeting overseas so I *couldn't set the board up.*

And having figuratively been there and done that I had to laugh out loud when I read it. Even though you obviously felt, however mysteriously, that the data was a probable precognition before the fact, your motivation was actually to circumvent it, and yet this motivation *failed*. You've got to crawl pretty far out on a limb to then suggest that this was in any way a 'self-fulfilling prophecy' or that you somehow manipulated these events to trick yourself into believing in precognition when your *conscious intent* would have served to render it utterly inconclusive if it were successful.

Quote:

But our minds can play tricks on us!

Yes, they certainly can. For instance they can trick us into thinking that time and information flows only in one direction even though we can observe phenomena to the contrary, or they can trick us into believing that only what we see and touch is real even though we know we're only perceiving a tiny local fraction of the universe at any given time.

In the end however I'd agree that no one can really tell you whether or not you've had a precognition and the danger there is basically the same as in interpreting another's dream--no one can be in your head where these strange resonances occur or tell you what they mean.

Quote:

Is it common for people to have precog dreams?

It's common for me. I suspect it's a natural aspect of dreaming at large but people either fail to

notice it altogether or dismiss it when they do. Since precognition is often based on obscure trivialities it is often quite easy to miss and/or dismiss. But I also consider that when precognition does relate to such obscure and trivial matters that it may be an intentional form of 'lubrication' to the concept.

Another factor to consider may be that when precognition *is critical* it comes in more filtered and palatable forms of 'guidance' to save us the bother of wrestling with our own skepticism about the ability. I think few sane, modern people start out *wanting* to believe in precognition and it's quite possible that critical examples may function without too much detail or fanfare of an awareness of the source of transmission

The trivial and precognition

Sun Aug 21, 2005

IASD Bulletin Board

Just thought I'd offer this up, I'm interested to see how this one can be "explained"--though the usual skeptical explanations often seem a bit closer to offhand dismissals than viable arguments in my book.

Also, I offer this because (a) it's an *extremely* typical example of what I've come to think of as a 'trivial precognition' and (b) the nature of the dream/event correlation was in fact *so* succinctly typical that it crossed my mind that my dreaming self *intentionally crafted it as an example*.

I should probably explain this feeling a bit more clearly, though I alluded to it in my previous post. It is my belief or suspicion, whichever you prefer, that certain benign events are 'selected' periodically to pass through the usual filtering process which seems to function to 'partition' the conscious mind from that part of the mind which is constantly dealing with our probable futures, and that this 'conditioning' goes on with some regularity--at least for those of us who are inclined toward acceptance of this faculty... or perhaps, more truly, *disinclined* to feel that precognition is some kind of misleading and meaningless mental parlor trick.

I believe these examples are designed, if you will, as simple *signs*, signifying in essence nothing more than the fact that precognition *is possible*. They are in every sense of the word *previews* of the ability, which seem remarkably emotionally neutral. The terms *emotional neutrality* and *triviality* are interchangeable in this context.

Now the question of why we should *need* such signs is a very layered and complex one, especially to anyone such as myself who feels precognition is a perfectly palatable accompaniment to my world view, which in fact, admittedly, allows for a good deal more strangeness than just that which is indicated by the mere existence of precognitive abilities.

But I can recognize in myself a rather obvious reasoning for needing these signs: I can profess to 'believe' in precognition as much as I like and yet my rational mind has an almost overwhelming tendency to dissociate from recognized instances of it. This dissociation can be, and usually is, *immediate*, a heuristic reaction to the somewhat dizzying and disorienting initial recognition which develops into applications of doubt and even denial, and can become even more distorted over time.

last night, as I saw the thing I had dreamt of some ten hours previously, I would describe the initial feeling as similar to being shot with a tranquilizer dart in the midst of a mild panic attack--a starkly *dual* and conflicted state, a dream reentry verging on a slightly out of body sensation

coupled with the verbal complaint of the rational mind condemning it as *coincidence*.

Yes, *it must be*, I thought.

And yet I knew it *wasn't*.

I don't mean for my description to seem unduly *traumatic*, but the initial conflict simply *colors* the memory of the matching events in such a way that they may have a great tendency to seem less and less real over time with the constant hacking of the rational mind. And my rational mind seems quite as healthy as that of any skeptic I know, its attempts to dissuade me can be quite a bit more effective than Jajofar on a good day--or would that be a bad day? <g>--and relatively soon the sheer bizarreness of matching dream to reality can seem a bit like a dream itself.

At any rate, my experience is ultimately so saturated with these little signs that I've come to accept them at least as a fact of life whether or not I can explain them on any level or even truly begin to attribute them to the nature of time and sequence. I don't pretend to know of what substance the future of my own experience could be said to be made and cannot say how anything remotely like a 'concrete future' could be said to exist without enraging my own sense of propriety and order.

Thus perhaps a minute or two after coming to my own terms with the concept yet again last night, at the second evening of musical performances I had attended in a downtown art gallery, I laughed, turned to my friend, told her my dream and asked her if the object had been there the previous evening. She got a strange look on her face and said she wasn't honestly sure.

Ironically I hadn't noticed the object at first as we crept into the darkened space a little late during a performance, yet I chose a seat directly in front of it so that I spent the evening with it directly behind my head. It sat on a table with the sound mixing board in the back of the dark gallery and served as a light for the sound engineer. After settling in, I noticed its red glow. The object was a red lava lamp.

At the first break between performances I ambled over to the engineer and, hoping my question wasn't too noticeably nutty, asked him if the red lava lamp had been present the previous evening. He explained that he had decided to bring it from his home that day, having had to wave around an annoying and unwieldy flashlight in the gallery the night before.

Here is my unadorned (and be warned, unedited) journal entry from that morning:

Quote:

"9:38 AM 8/20/2005

at night in a super ritzy apartment, two floors like a loft, many very tall windows with horizontal blinds--the windows were lined along the top on the outside with red neon. i was waiting for someone, a male who lived here--had been with him earlier in the dream but can't remember--and some others and knew they were arriving shortly but not sure how i got into their apartment before they did. There was a big white flower arrangement and a red lava lamp on the butcher-block type kitchen table and i stared at the lava lamp for a long time sort of hypnotized and it became very vivid and made a sort of swooshing circulatory sound and made everything in the apartment glow red. i got a little spooked and impatient for them to arrive and began to feel like i had broken into the apartment for some reason. i tried to find the front door thinking i would wait outside but where the door should have been were the backs or underside of two flights

of stairs, very confusing. a thin bookshelf was against the bottom one turned the wrong way, against the wall. i leaned the bookshelf out and fished around and found this weird phallic object, like a little cartoonish race car looking thing that i was pretty sure was some kind of sex toy. i put it on the top of the bookshelf and inspected the stairs thinking there was a 'trick door' somewhere. I heard my 'companions' coming on the stairs outside and it occurred to me maybe the entry was on the upper floor. just before i woke up i was wondering whether or not to hide the little toy again or leave it there so they would see i had discovered it."

These trivial precognitions are almost always somewhat isolated fragments and deeply woven into alternate contexts like this example. Both the red lava lamp in the dream and the one in reality seemed relatively meaningless in their environments (even though I had fairly meditated on the one in the dream and become rather fixated on the oddness of unexpectedly encountering the real one) and there is very little contextually apparent to relate the one to the other. The real gallery and the dream apartment were not too similar and it would take a lot of mental calisthenics to draw any correlation between the extenuating circumstances, my companions etc.

And yet they stick out like opposable sore thumbs.

I keep five years of dream journals on my hard drive and a text search shows I have not dreamed of a lava lamp, much less a red one, in that time. I can't specifically remember having *ever* dreamed of red lava lamp before, but I could not confidently swear to it, it's possible. I don't own a lava lamp and never have. I have no special connection to lava lamps though of course one sees them here and there. I can't remember having seen one as a point of focus in a darkened room in many years. It's rather difficult to estimate such things, but I don't think a lava lamp had caught my attention at all in any significant way or really even more than very fleetingly and peripherally *crossed my mind* in some time.

Here there is none of the 'day residue' which, for some, may make Mr. Lee's example seem easier to dismiss, but the starkness of the symmetry was, I think, to an extent *incubated*, and brought on in part by the debate which has been taking place at this very forum.

As to why there should be any real necessity beyond such general incubations to construct (or gather?) such signs or for displaying them in such benign forms to the conscious mind, I consider that perhaps in there *isn't any*. No one could claim that in the course of ordinary living we are benefited in any way by the preview of a lava lamp by a few hours or of a false start to a chess game by a few days.

But this could even be said of short term precognitions when they *do* seem important. The fact is they may be of *important events* but are almost never terribly important in and of themselves. I always think of my precognition of 911 in the same way: it made no real difference that I was precognitive of it because I didn't know it was a precognition until after the fact and would have been abjectly powerless to change the event anyway. It didn't 'prepare' me for the event in any way and in fact made it only slightly *more disturbing*, though it may have went a long way to dissuade my rational mind from *restricting* the ability.

But to say that precognition can be incubated, or even to call it an *ability*, is not to suggest that we have any particular control over the subject matter which surfaces in the course of day to day living. Without prearranged consensual tasks (such as the remote viewing challenges) the future

probably consists of such infinite human variables that, for instance, the presence of a red lava lamp may have been the *only* aspect of the reality of last evening that was, so to speak, inevitable.

And of course another point of departure here is that this, as well as Mr. Lee's example and even the example of the precognition of 911, may have been products of *telepathy* as opposed to an 'unassisted' survey of the wild primordial soup of the future, but this in itself is a kind of rational distinction, suggesting that it may be more logical to assume I got this information from the *mind of the sound engineer* who made the decision to bring a lava lamp to the gallery.

And yet this almost certainly cannot be the case with every precognition, such as very long term precognitions. For instance I had dreams of living in my current home *years* before I moved into it, years before *any living person* could have possibly had such information. A key here is perhaps that long term precognitions naturally deviate from the 'emotionally neutral' as our periodic recall of them over the course of time seems to inevitably influence, however slightly and often confusingly, chains of personal decisions.

Which possibly leads to a discussion of a whole other animal--*even though this animal may in fact be closer to the essential function of precognition*. And here I must admit that I have no defense for my position other than calling it a mysticism: a philosophy in which I am subtly *drawn toward* any and every resonance with the dream world in the 'real world'--unless it feels *clearly* negatively charged. But anyone who is precognitive knows such distinctions can be infuriating since even the most positive precognition can be a little spooky.

Long term precognitions and significance

Mon Aug 22, 2005

IASD Bulletin Board

Leeballz wrote:

you've had long term precog events too?

Certainly I have. I mentioned my current home, and have mentioned before (long ago at the old forum) that I've had precognitions of every place I've *ever* ended up living, including a few of the apartments, one 1500 miles away in LA, in which I lived only fairly briefly. I'm in my mid-forties and some of these foresights go all the way back to my earliest childhood dreams. (It's perhaps notable here too that I have at least two fully formed and verified *prenatal memories*, but that's another topic.)

Leeballz wrote:

I have (had long term precognitions) and some of them are unimportant and emotionally sterile, while others are very important and heavily charged with emotion.

Again, certainly, and I did not mean to imply that there is a 'rule' that every long term precognition *must* become entangled in emotional values, I was just observing that for me they usually do.

The reasoning there is fairly mechanical. One obviously does not necessarily need to know that data is precognitive in order to be alert to it, watchful of it, or nagged by it, and I can recall countless instances of critical junctures in my life, junctures which have had the potential to

initiate unpredictable and critical changes, in which I would find myself taking stock of a certain organic backlog of these nagging images and trying to calculate whether my choices seemed to bring these images more or less into focus. (This certainly does not imply that this process is my only criteria for making decisions by any means.) This process itself uses a kind of intuitive apprehension that is not strictly rational but *emotional* simply for lack of a better word. One can only ask oneself how one *feels* about such things.

At any given time certain among these images (which are not always strictly dream images) may begin to seem more and more imminent and finally unavoidable--but if I *feel* they are positive or at least benign I will choose to be drawn toward them, while if I *feel* they are threatening or dangerous or undesirable I will attempt to avoid them. The downside of this is that I know from experience that at any time that this can border on outright *paranoia* (and entirely unnecessarily because nothing actually transpires to warrant fear), and if that isn't a description of *an emotional* process then I'm a pumpkin.

The record shows that these emotional apprehensions are not perfect and it might be equally true to say that the precognitive data with which they deal is perhaps not perfectly formed either, and so the pure suspense can be grueling, often till the last moment. This suspense itself is inevitably emotional--often one has *no way of knowing* whether if these things come to pass it will be a good, bad or neutral thing.

•

A striking example: for a number of years, mostly throughout my teens, I had a number of intermittent dreams about a water tower of a very particular antiquated design which was near some elevated train tracks. The light in these dreams was usually the same, a dimming, golden afternoon light and my general feeling was that the dreams were literally old and of somewhere or something in my deep past. Usually the dreams involved rather spectacular and cataclysmic events, generally with the water tower collapsing or bursting by being struck by the train, though, perhaps oddly, the subsequent variable events always seemed rather positive. Eventually I decided that on the symbolic level this scenario represented *birth*, specifically my birth. So much for that.

Almost exactly five years ago, on my birthday, fully a couple of decades since I had one of these dreams though the memory of them had continued to resurface periodically for no real apparent reason, I was visiting friends who live about 100 miles away and we decided to take a road trip to visit some other friends who lived about an additional 250 miles away. I had never been in the city to which these friends had recently moved.

At the moment we decided to take this trip, the memory of these dreams I described became almost overpowering. I rationalized that since I had come to the conclusion that these dreams represented *birth* and since it was my *birthday*, this was perhaps not too terribly strange, though the intensity was a tad annoying--the images were *persistent*.

In fact, halfway or so through the trip it I began to almost think I was losing my mind. I considered trying to convince my friends to turn around but the explanation would have seemed too ludicrous... if I indeed would have even *had* an explanation.

It was as if the slightly disparate images from this series of dreams began to congeal and unify, becoming clearer and clearer until the image of this massive, squatty, golden water tower became what I thought at the time was *ridiculously* specific and filled with deep resonances that I could

barely grasp but which began to fill me with *dread*. Finally I could scarcely hold a coherent conversation with my fellow passengers.

Well, you've probably guessed the general substance of the punchline, even though I didn't at the time. The road we were traveling entered the outskirts of a small town, a place I'd never been, and there was the water tower, *my* water tower, with all its antiquated idiosyncrasies, the elevated track, and the whole scene from my dreams, basked in a particularly golden late afternoon light. The road went almost literally under the tower, and as I looked up at it passing I rather suddenly realized a good description for some of the strangeness that I had been feeling all day was *terror*.

But of course nothing happened. I did not have a stroke or a heart attack, the water tower did not fall on our car and crush us and lightning did not strike me, even though the sheer excruciating bizarreness had almost convinced me that all of these things might happen at once.

I'm not sure if this lack of consequence is exactly what Kathy means by an experience being "dead," but it certainly was a *ringer*.

I was a little disoriented for hours afterward too, but the rest of the trip convinced me that this hadn't been a sign I was going to be killed in a car accident that day, and arriving at our destination and spending some thoroughly pleasant time with friends convinced me their home was not going to get wiped out by an asteroid that evening, and I slept in the strangely familiar guest room and was not murdered by a serial killer in the night. Possibly an invaluable learning experience.

By the next day in fact, I was beginning to actually get a little peeved that this 'sign' seemed to signify absolutely nothing at all--with the possible exception that I had cognition of precisely where I would be on my fortieth birthday for decades before the moment came to pass--and a tad miffed that I had been doing nothing more important than riding in a car and checking the time when that moment *did* come to pass. (Yes, I checked the time on the car's CD player the moment we passed under the tower and it was 7:30 PM, the exact time of my birth according to my birth certificate.)

If this *was* a sign of anything, I concluded, it was one of those with a big red X that simply said "You Are Here."

And yet this can *still* be a little disconcerting on an existential level when I think of it, like right now. What in the hell is the significance of the fortieth birthday, and what's up with the precision?

Hey, are you trying to tell me something? Damned if I know, but if it was merely a coincidence, it's certainly one I will never forget.

I like to think maybe it might mean that that moment was a *halfway point*--meaning I might live *another* forty years, which wouldn't be too shabby a deal... that is, until my eightieth birthday. And I suppose if I do live that long there's a chance the memory of all this might give me a stroke--how would that be for a self-fulfilling prophecy?

I'm kidding, of course. ...Knock on wood

•

Jajofar wrote:

Finally I am sure the lava lamp features in your past experience, though it might be long forgotten.

Again, to state this a little differently, if your criteria is that anything that features in our past experience automatically categorizes a dream which contains that thing as nonprecognitive, or 'coincidence,' then you've pretty much stitched it up.

However, after about age ten or so the world and our experience is made almost entirely of things we've seen and experienced before, and there's very little new. If we're not 'allowed' to have precognitions dealing with our common affairs then there's very little left for us to *be precognitive of*.

Airplanes are known to crash, so we can't ever be precognitive of an airplane crash. People die, so we can't be precognitive of someone's death. Mr. Lee is an avid chess player, so he's strictly prohibited from having precognitive dreams with a chess theme. I've seen red lava lamps somewhere before, so I can't possibly have a precognitive dream about one.

In fact precognitive dreams may not contain water towers, drawbridges, automobiles, blenders, telephones, trees, the sky, the earth, the ocean, cats, dogs, birds, food, sex, love, fear, betrayal or even human beings.

If it seems like I've carried the argument to an absurd plateau, I'd have to agree, but this is the arbitrary view to which it leads.

Or maybe you feel there's a statute of limitations? Clearly spending the evening in the dark within a foot of a red lava lamp a few hours after having dreamed of the same situation even though I had not dreamed of a lava lamp in the *five years* previous doesn't impress you. Would ten years? Fifteen? Twenty?

Would being raised from birth in an isolation tank work? lol

Clearly people are either going to see such event parity when it occurs to them as significant or not quite regardless of their ability to adequately explain *why* they do or don't. I admit I may flop around a bit like a stranded goldfish myself trying to articulate why I think they *are*, but then for me the word 'coincidence' simply has no intrinsic or talismanic power to banish such possible meanings from my vocabulary.

Mistaking precognition and missing it

Fri Sep 09, 2005

IASD Bulletin Board

At the old forum I made a thread called "Precog Blog," but realized fairly quickly that the concept was overwhelming--too much real time background information generally needs to be explained to put these usually trivial precognitive glimpses into their proper context, (see the *lava lamp* story above as an example), and I simply don't always have that kind of time.

Still, I'd been thinking this thread, which has already collected so many examples, would be a good candidate for such a community blog, when and if any of us *can* find the time.

Anyway, since my last posted dream of August 20th I've had a few close encounters of the

obscure kind, but a couple of days ago while I was reviewing my journal, a forgotten detail of a dream I had on August 22nd (the morning of the day I made my last post on this thread) leapt out at me and I just had to share it.

It doesn't require much explanation at all, except perhaps to point out that it was overshadowed by the broader content of the dream which involved an elderly, ill relative--one I barely know--who lives in another part of the country. I awoke almost certain that the dream was a precognition of the imminent fate of this relative, (it seemed like a 'goodbye' and include what I assumed were broad 'funerary' symbols), and even announced this feeling reluctantly to a number of family members who've seen evidence of my precognition. (My mom and dad have both remarked on a number of occasions "If you have a precognitive dream about us, *don't tell us!*") The moral of that story is that some two weeks after this dream, the relative in question is doing well and her condition seems to be improving. It was this fact that prompted me to review the dream to see if I had missed some other significance.

The setting of the dream was my childhood home and had what for me is a very common theme: the arrival of a large number of relatives bearing food. (I often know these are 'family gatherings' even though I don't recognize a soul in attendance--and this was the case here except that I *did* clearly recognize the relative I mentioned and a few others.) It was a longish and complex dream, but it was a tiny detail near the end which shocked me. (The only addition from my original entry is the highlighting of the bold text.)

Quote:

7:22 AM 8/22/2005

...

...other relatives were starting to arrive which was weird because it was in the middle of the night and there were a number of children and babies playing in the middle of the living room. one of the babies was named 'maya.' there was another baby that was just learning to walk but had something wrong with it. it could walk but its head was stuck on the floor and it **pivoted around in little circles** with its head upside down. we were waiting for its mother to arrive and she finally did. she was an older woman named '**cathrina.**'

I had to check my facts to be sure that this was not simply day residue, and found, according to the [Wikipedia](#), that the storm was not officially *named* until some two days later:

Quote:

...The system was upgraded to Tropical Storm **Katrina** on the morning of August 24. Katrina became the fourth hurricane of the 2005 season on August 25 and made landfall later that day around 6:30 p.m. between Hallandale Beach and Aventura, Florida...

You may even note by checking the link that there was some debate about the numbering and naming of this particular storm, concerned with whether Katrina emerged anew from Tropical Storm Twelve, or was the rebirth of the *older* storm numbered Ten.

To a lesser extent, the activities of my mom and dad in an earlier part of the dream were perhaps also significant:

Quote:

...(my mother) was doing something to the curtains on the picture window with thick white wire and standing on the back of the couch very precariously. (my father) went into the garage for something and asked me about the crack in the back of the back door, i told him it had been there forever...

The feeling here is that my parents were 'securing the house' in some obscure way, and in spite of telling my father the 'crack had been in the door forever' this was not a reference to any actual physical reality or memory.

Dream dictionaries and precognition**Fri Oct 14, 2005****IASD Bulletin Board**

Welcome to the forum Ms. Divine.

You may have noticed that we do not indulge in dream interpretations here, for the simple reason that no one is equipped to interpret a dream symbol but the dreamer him or herself. For instance, I might be rather fond of lizards, so my feelings about them wouldn't necessarily relate to yours. The process of discovering the meaning (if any) of dream symbols is, then, quite personal work which no one can reliably do for you.

We also, here, as a community, largely do not subscribe to the kind of *dream dictionary* Zella has constructed and generally believe that investing too much intellectual stock in such ready-made interpretations can create a situation where the more personal and important information in dreams can be entirely overlooked for pat answers.

I think the example of "Green Things" should be obvious in that respect, if I expected to be disappointed everytime I dreamt of something green, well, I'd probably never get out of bed. Also, I recently dreamt of a wedding and found out later that same day that some friends of mine had announced they were going to be married. In such situations, which happen quite frequently for me, I tend to dismiss the idea that these things 'represent' anything other than the future event of which they are precognitive.

At any rate, stick around and I'm sure you could have much to learn from some of our other members.

Recurring dreams**Fri Oct 14, 2005****IASD Bulletin Board**

If your question is 'why am I dreaming of these two specific people repeatedly' then the answer surely lies within your relationship to these people, what you feel and think about them and what they mean to you, but beyond this the situation gets far too complex for someone on the internet to tell you why your subconscious is repeatedly bringing them to your attention.

This applies to any recurring dreams. It seems obvious that they are trying to get your attention, but it's almost never obvious, especially to an observer, *why*. Even advanced dreamworkers cannot always resolve such questions for themselves, and perhaps often we conclude that the

'meaning' is there in its whole form in the *feelings* produced within the dream, whether or not we are able to articulate it--and even whether or not it makes any sense at all.

But the best, and perhaps only real way to sort this all out is simply to ask yourself some very simple questions, for instance--what does an RV represent *for you*? Travel? A Home? Something else? Both? Perhaps it makes you think of a certain time in your life or some other idea or experience? Then, how does its *floating* alter your feelings about it? Does it seem ruined, hopeful, detached?

Invariably when you begin this process, whether you 'unlock the meaning' of the dream or not, you'll automatically reflect on a lot of important and often conflicting information about yourself... and that process itself could well be the answer to the question of *why* we dream the things we do at large...

Sleep paralysis and "out of body experience"

Mon Oct 17, 2005

IASD Bulletin Board

wasn't really sure what you meant either Ms. Divine, but what you are experiencing seems to be sleep paralysis. (run a search here at the forum or on the web for those terms and you'll get tons more info)

It's fairly common (in fact our bodies chemically 'paralyze' themselves every night when we go to sleep to prevent us physically acting out our dreams--so it's said), and people have a lot of common and varied experiences with it. It happened to me a lot as a child also and still does occasionally.* I'd also not be alone in telling you that I think it can be a very useful experience if you are interested in having 'out of body experiences,' as it makes a good 'gateway' to experiment with.

A lot of people are frightened by it, but if you find yourself spontaneously in that predicament again and can remain calm and focused, try thinking of somewhere you'd like to go and imagining yourself being there. You might get some surprising results.

*Actually as a child I used to wake up 'on the ceiling' fairly frequently--sometimes vaguely and sometimes acutely aware of drifting out of my body and being pulled upward. Typically I'd be 'stuck' on the ceiling looking down at myself and helpless. When I was a teenager I began to have experiences more like the typical sleep paralysis--feeling myself locked in my unresponsive body. Now when either of these things happen, I'm able to gain some control of the situation, sometimes being able to 'move freely' in what seems for all intents and purposes a 'non-physical' form. I'm not sure whether I'm *truly* 'out' of my body or only *dreaming that I am* in these experiences, but they are quite profound and not typically dreamlike.

Also, often quite frequently at some point when going to sleep, I have the impression that I can 'see everything that is going on' around me, sometimes very vividly, as if I'm actually still seeing through my closed eyelids....

The answer to the question 'are you really sleeping or not?' is hard to answer clearly, apparently it's quite possible for our bodies to be sleeping while *we* are awake. Clearly the whole process of sleeping seems possibly designed to *prevent* this from happening and some people seem more prone to the 'fluke' of it than others. I see it as an interesting opportunity to get a glimpse of things

usually not seen...

Sleep paralysis and “out of body experience”

Mon Oct 17, 2005

IASD Bulletin Board

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“Bad” Dreams

Thu Dec 01, 2005

IASD Bulletin Board

It's interesting to speculate that mirrors might have some effect on the psychic energy bouncing around the places where we sleep, but I fail to see why Helen's friend should assume these effects would be inherently negative. I suppose either this is a characteristic of superstitions in general, or perhaps seeing herself in the mirror is simply a depressing prospect for her. Being extremely good-looking myself, I don't have this problem...

:rimshot:



I agree and disagree with LizLynne to a degree. Like her and everyone else I have periods of 'bad' or depressing/sad dreams, but I never try to 'wish them away' or program myself to only have dreams of a particular emotional content. I embrace all my dreams and feel quite certain those with a negative emotional content serve a distinct and necessary purpose--and indeed can *always* connect them to some point of stress or concern in my waking life.

If we all agree, and it seems to be the general consensus, that dreams are 'messages,' then this is a bit like hanging up the phone just because the news is bad, or screening your calls and only picking up when the messages are happy. It seems obvious that this would create a situation where we're going to miss a lot of valuable information.

Generally, once we *do* make this connection (to the 'bad' dreams and what they point to in our waking lives), there is a natural resolution and no longer any *need* to have continued bad dreams on the subject, and they go away of their own accord... And when they *don't*, I assume that I just haven't gotten the message yet.

“Value” of dreams
Dec 01, 2005
IASD Bulletin Board

Quote:

Most dreams do their work while we sleep and are quite useless after waking

I just couldn't possibly agree with that and feel your value judgement does not and should not be taken to apply to everyone in any conceivable world. Perhaps *you* have dreams which *you* consider useless to *you*, I can't argue that, however I feel my own are rich with purpose, in fact so many *purposes* that it's an exhausting and probably futile exercise to catalogue them all. Indeed it would encompass my entire world view.

Not only can you not tell other people *what* to value or how they *should or should not apply what they value* to their own lives, your hypothesis that dreams only arise to sustain a viable level of consciousness or to adjust our sleeping positions or incorporate other external conditions simply rings far too confectionary, addresses too few of the aspects of the experience, and seems equivalent to suggesting that our *waking thoughts and feelings* are also nothing more than ad hoc adaptations and incorporations of stimulus without further significance. Yet, even if you were to prove that we are such automatons being batted about between meaningless unconscious and meaningless physical turbulences, I would still find profound beauty, meaning and mystery in aspects of the experience which no science will ever undermine.

Songs in dreams
Dec 01, 2005
IASD Bulletin Board

When I was younger I used to consider the possibility that I was literally picking up radio signals (from the fully conscious state) because the clarity and random sequence of songs I would hear in my head were so 'programmed-sounding' that it would often sound exactly like a radio station--or perhaps a bit more like many stations fading in and out as they do on long road trips. This gradually happened less and less, but still occasionally does.

I very frequently wake from dreams with an 'installed song' in my head as Lee describes--sometimes obviously having been part of the dream landscape though perhaps just as often seeming to have nothing to do with the dream other than being a sort of 'tag line.' I rarely give much thought to these being literally precognitive--as Lee stated, the odds of hearing any given song would render such determinations pretty inconclusive--even though I very rarely listen to the radio these days and the coincidence of these songs appearing later in the day *have* been pretty striking more than a few times. (What are the odds of waking up with *End of the World* by Skeeter Davis in your head and hearing it in someone's car you never would have guessed you'd be in later that day, when you hadn't heard the song since you were ten years old and never listen to 'oldies' stations in your own vehicle?)

Also as Lee describes, often these songs spring up fully fleshed out with structures and lyrics I had no conscious idea that I even remembered. As a musician and avid music fan I am almost constantly either listening to or composing music, and it seems these 'pop up' songs are almost never things in my repertoire (unless I 'intend' them to be) or 'favorite' songs, but generally come from deep memories like the example above and most often are songs I never felt any particular connection with--and with the advent of file sharing I'm amassing a pretty good sized collection of these oddities, as now I find, download and analyze them whenever I can.

Generally I take the same approach as Kathy, interpreting them for meaning like I would any ordinary dream material, with varied results, sometimes seeming significant, sometimes not at all. Like some other dream effects, I also consider that their 'purpose' may be simply to tune me in to a particular channel of memory for whatever reason--and this always produces *something*.

Then again, in more than a few instances these songs have been a *shared phenomenon*--with friends or coworkers occasionally humming or otherwise making it known that they too have been thinking of the song in question. As I recall this has also happened more than once in the context of the remote viewing and/or telepathy contests here. To me, this points up that a song is really a powerful kind of mnemonic symbol, or *package* of symbols that we may be very predisposed to 'transmitting or receiving.'

Another interesting phenomenon is when these pop ups have no counterpart in WPR. I know Harry Bosma has had some luck with transcribing and/or recording some of these emergent melodies, but I very rarely have--generally this music too complex melodically, harmonically, rhythmically or by virtue of sheer length, but occasionally snatches will come through, even snatches of lyric. Also occasionally these songs eerily *seem* as though they *should* have WPR counterparts--almost as if they might be fully formed popular songs from an alternate reality...

A notable example of such dreamt music occurred about 7 or 8 years ago in a dream I had that I was accompanying Jesus and the Apostles as they wandered from place to place. (I'm not religiously inclined but I've had a number of dreams where I'm hanging with the big J and his posse). At a point in the dream a large group of women began to sing an extremely dense and impossibly loud song, and everyone within hearing range began to join in, myself included, almost against my will. Though it was quite beyond the scope of my perception to actually

encompass it, I eventually had the impression that everyone on the planet had joined in with this song, each with their own unique part and so subtly 'counterpointed' in the composition that the tapestry of sound became almost excruciating. As a musician this kind of experience can piss you off as much as inspire, and may do both simultaneously.

Finally, on more of a tangent here, I'm reminded of the liner notes by a composer (I believe this is from the liner notes of *Pieces of Africa* by the Kronos Quartet, but I can't find any definite references at the moment) who discussed the pivotal role of sleep in his compositions. When he would reach an impasse in his usually complex and multi-voiced compositions, he would simply take a nap and then pretty consistently awake with the resolution to the problem 'already in his head.' I always found this really interesting, but have not really applied the technique successfully until recently.

I've written mostly instrumental music for the last 20 years or so, but lately I've had somewhat of a breakthrough in *songwriting* and using my voice melodically with written lyric. This lyrical composition has always been the most difficult and remote aspect of music for me--I've always written poetry and always made music, but could never seem to get the two to mesh without great and prolonged effort--and it never seemed 'natural.' Ideally, one wants to compose both the music and the melody and content of the lyric simultaneously so that they are integral and do not seem merely imposed on each other. Though I say I've had a 'breakthrough,' songwriting is still the most difficult aspect of music for me, but I've found this 'napping technique' indispensable to the process. Typically my conscious mind will be wrestling with far too many literal ideas and images to fit into 3 or 4 minutes of music, and it can rather quickly become exasperating. I find a brief nap, or indeed a regular period of sleep, works like the ultimate 'reset button' and can very effectively distill these knotted ideas to their essence.

Which brings me full circle back to the idea that songs are deceptively powerful little critters. They can often seem like entire, holographic, self contained *worlds* brimming with images of people, colors, seasons, times of day, places and activity, yet when you really analyze their physical characteristics, they contain almost nothing...

Cont'd on the same thread:
Unfortunately not LL.

As I recall it seemed to be a kind of magical language though, sounding at least superficially like Hebrew or perhaps Aramaic, and 'magical' because I *understood* it in the context of the dream. In retrospect I can only say that it seemed to express a great joy--*which I felt* even though it aroused certain distracting irritations in me. (ie: I couldn't seem to help myself from singing which made me feel a bit 'controlled' and I couldn't truly grasp the *exact* literal meaning of what I was singing.)

Also in retrospect it did remind me strongly of some 'real' music which I love, specifically a recording by the group Anuna called *Jerusalem* which is sung in a Scottish style called *heterophony* which has a rather amazingly beautiful, staggered, dizzying effect--and also Steve Reich's *Tehilim*, another beautiful (and long) piece which is based on Hebrew versions of *Psalms*.

About the last piece I have another kind of interesting anecdote which has haunted me forever. (Or at least since 1982, when it was released.) I was driving in the city one evening with some friends and we were listening to NPR on the car radio. This truly beautiful, intoxicating piece of music was playing and I was totally and instantly deeply moved by it and made everyone in the car shut up so I could listen to it. We happened to be in route to a local record store, and when we

parked we all sat in the car listening to the complete piece--aside from being captivated, I wanted to wait for the announcer to tell me what I was hearing. It was a live recording and the end of the piece was a few minutes of applause, after which (isn't it always the way?) the station went to a series of commercials and absolutely nothing was said about the piece. Irked, I proceeded into the record store.

I walked directly to a random (seemingly, at least) bin, the first one I came to, and parted the collection of records in it, withdrawing this beautiful, almost blank deep electric-indigo record jacket. It literally seemed to be glowing to me. The only information on the record was "Steve Reich - Tehilim." At the time I didn't even know who Steve Reich was, but I turned to one of my friends and said "oh my god, this is what they were just playing on NPR." he took the album from me and appraised it briefly then handed it back to me incredulously, saying "now how the hell would you know that?"

I certainly couldn't say how, but I *did* know, and promptly bought it. Of course it turned out that I was right, and this has been one of my favorite pieces of music ever since.

Cont'd

Thanks Lee, that must've been *Somewhere Outside of Umm Qasr*.

Funny coincidence, I've just recently become a complete Pixies *freak*, and by recently I mean in the last two weeks. For those of you who may not know, the Pixies are an old band, been around forever, but I just decided to *really* listen to them and have downloaded most of their CDs... there's no doubt that I was probably downloading them the first time I read this post, and equally no doubt that *Bone Machine* has become one of my favorite songs. It's so absurd and I have no idea what it means, but I had been, right about the time you posted, playing it over and over and virtually roaring with laughter every time I heard it.

Mind you I'm not suggesting in any way that this is anything more than a funny coincidence. Heh.

Cont'd

It's Nights in White Satin, by the way.

The Moody Blues wrote:

Nights in white satin, never reaching the end
Letters I've written, never meaning to send
Beauty I'd always missed with these eyes before
Just what the truth is, I can't say anymore

'Cause I love you
Yes, I love you
Oh, how, I love you

Gazing at people, some hand in hand
Just what I'm going through, they can't understand
Some try to tell me, thoughts they cannot defend
Just what you want to be, you will be in the end

And I love you
Yes, I love you
Oh, how, I love you

•

I wrote:

When I was younger I used to consider the possibility that I was literally picking up radio signals (from the fully conscious state)...

...I can't say that I precisely came to *believe* this, but it is after all something one either *believes*, *disbelieves*, or *tends toward believing or disbelieving* because there can really be no conclusive evidence for either. There is so much uncertainty to consider one can easily go batty.

First, even the 'ability' itself would be almost impossible to localize. I've certainly had experiences with the distinct *implication* that I'm hearing 'real signals,' but I have no tools to tap into this comprehension at will and can't find any clues as to why it happens intermittently or what its duration will be. I've left this relatively unexamined frankly because of the scenario's basic similarity to schizophrenia. Though it may be a giant step from picking up random transmissions to hearing 'instructive voices,' and though creativity at large seems to depend on a basically schizotypal response, I've always preferred not to push my luck. 😊

Then the question of 'proving' that we are hearing real signals is confounded utterly when we consider the question of "from where?"--or even "*from when?*"

Electronic Voice Phenomena (EVP) is bit of a tangent here, but I have a weird anecdote which illustrates this point rather starkly to my mind. Dealing with tape decks almost constantly through the 70s and 80s, this was not the only example of EVP I've personally come across, but it was certainly the most unsettling.

Years ago some friends and I decided to experiment with a Ouija board and did so for a few consecutive evenings without much result. Then one Saturday night, with a house full of people, we decided to try again and had a rather unnerving success. Everyone present described a feeling of an 'invisible door' suddenly swinging open and strange energies pouring through it. We had contacted a very literate 'entity' and found rather quickly that we could not keep up with the information via hand written notes. My friend, D., had the presence of mind to slip in a tape and recorded 90 minutes of the event on a cassette. There was a lot of excitement for weeks, (and in fact several of us remained 'in contact with this entity' which had a rather sparkling wit, intelligence and 'personality,' for several years afterward). At any rate, it was about a month later before anyone even thought to review the tapes.

I received a disturbing phone call from D. one evening, urgently requesting my presence, and when I arrived at his house he was white as a sheet. He put the tape in and we sat and listened to it in its entirety.

from an earlier written description of the tape, edited, I wrote:

...It was a virgin tape, and (was) recorded with a mic on a boom above the table...

...(when playback began)...I anticipated that one would hear us giggling and acting stupid, and then there'd be long pauses wherein you could faintly hear the planchette sliding around, and then someone would say "Wow man, what did it say?" and then someone would say what it said and then there'd be a long pause and someone would

say "Wow" and then we'd giggle and chat some more, and this would repeat ad infinitum...

And of course *that's what's* on the tape, as well as everyone taking turns trying out reasons why we shouldn't even believe what was happening at all and accusing each other of "pushing it," and swearing in turns that we weren't - however there was *other stuff* on the tape too, stuff that, when I first heard it, made every hair on my body stand to attention.

"Well, obviously it's radio interference of some kind," I said, after I pulled my skin back around myself. "Bad cords... the recording head's dirty... amp malfunction... static electricity... uhm..." D. looked at me blankly. "Uh, I don't think so," he replied, with emphatic audiophile sarcasm.

We would scrutinize this tape over and over that day and often afterward, cranking the power and trying to EQ these sounds to the foreground, stopping and rewinding parts again and again to pick out details.

At first you hear what sounds like someone actually fiddling with an old tube radio dial. Whinings and pitchy squeakings and bursts of fuzz, parts of spoken words, slices of music... all very faint. This sort of atmosphere of sound continues throughout both sides of the 90 minute tape. But several minutes in, certain frequencies settle and you can hear very clearly that these are in fact radio broadcasts, which supported my theory (that it was just interference of some kind). But my hair stood on end again, bristling against the headphones, when I discovered the real strangeness of its incongruities.

For instance, the first segment that you hear, clear but fading in and out, and obscured by our booming voices in places, is a radio program about "*the great spiritualist, Anton LeVay.*" The title and name is mentioned a number of times, (like the 'bumpers' before and after a documentary type program but no real content of the program itself is ever heard). LeVay was of course associated with the Church of Satan in the early part of the last century, and I was dimly aware of this. But the voice of the narrator, and the style of the program was eerily *...old...* and oddly cheerful and pleasant... and I had to ask myself who would have produced such a thing at such a time? ...Something is wrong with this picture.

About as soon as you catch the flavor of that, you're treated to some ballroom music, tinny, big band style. The next level of weirdness is that this soundscape bleeds over the previous one and into the next one, and all these "tracks" are constantly being tuned in and out, so that what we have here sounds like *multi-track radio interference*.

Ok, I'll buy that.

A male voice speaking in German, very squelchy. A brief interlude of Japanese koto music. Another Male German voice. A country music station, steel guitars in the background, the announcer is talking about a restaurant with good down home cookin' just off Highway 75. That one's from the 50s. It's creepy, all these things sound like they're from different *times* as well as places, and indeed in the course of the tape you hear various voices announce different times, temperatures, and places. The Germans are still discussing something with long, obviously transmitted pauses. Ok, what? Are

they in submarines or is this some kind of German movie soundtrack? German CB? A couple, male and female, are speaking quietly back and forth too, in short bursts of discrete stereo, as if across a big room, in what sounds like Chinese. Another movie? Ok, we're picking up television interference, too. Global transmissions out of the blue. Spanish, Brazilian football. There's a French movie playing too apparently, something depressing with very little dialogue, but a lot of clinking chains and outbursts of struggle and angst. It goes on and on, coming and going in overlapping in waves.

We tried to reproduce the effect and failed. D. in fact lived in the same place and had the same stereo system for years, often making miked recordings and the effect was never reproduced...

Unfortunately, some time later, D. became convinced, in a quasireligious pique, that the tape was 'the work of the Devil' and was compelled to destroy it. This makes me want to scream when I think about it.

So how does this tie in to 'picking up radio signals in our heads?' Again, it just points up that we have to consider not only from where, but from *when* they might originate. Maybe these waves can go on more or less forever, perhaps resonating, bouncing back and forth, becoming ever more and more subtle--and it seems the only rational explanation for the occurrence of such a tape would be this factor, coupled with a presumably rather freakish set of 'just the right conditions' which allowed an ordinary amplifier to pick them up. (And of course I don't really feel qualified to use the word 'rational' at all at this point in the discussion--nevermind the fact that the available amplifier was not *supposed* to pick up such subtle signals, much less to feed such signals in to the recording source, much less that the phenomenon was never before or since repeated).

In a sense then, the most awful and annoying question becomes 'why *doesn't* this happen all the time?'

As outlandish as it may seem and if we're only even vaguely barking up the right tree, or are even in the right forest here, there may be actual quantum rules prohibiting our *ever* being able to scientifically verify that humans have this ability. Apparently we'd not only have to build a device far more sensitive than any which currently exists, we'd have to get that device to occupy the precise same space at the same time as a human subject. This might not be impossible, but even if it were possible, it might not necessarily be conclusive.

A simpler experimental approach might be to broadcast a 'message' on a certain secret frequency indefinitely and see if anyone 'picks it up,' but the problems with such an experiment are numerous. For one, there's apparently no way to 'cloak' such a signal from being picked up by typical apparatus. And then too of course, this would bring us back to the inevitable psychic phenomena experimental dilemma with which I'm sure most of you are more than familiar: setting out to consciously test an ability, even when you know with every fiber of your being that *have* that ability, can confound it. Even thinking about this topic in general for the last couple of days seems to have ensured that the 'natural' experiences themselves seem more remote than ever to me.

Another point of interest is that if we *can* 'hear radio frequencies,' it presupposes a faculty for a fairly exotic kind of *transduction*. The relationship of sound to radio waves may seem obvious and even universal but sound is really only one rather peculiar, specific and limited sensory

perception which can be extracted from these signals. The normal transduction of radio waves into acoustic sound is really not all that *terribly* complicated though--at least it's easily achieved with a 9 volt battery, a handful of circuits and a vibrating membrane--but we would apparently be apprehending it and 'decoding' it directly through the central nervous system without the aid of any specialized, translating physical sense organs, which does seem an exotic case...

Then again, there's the old underground bit of folklore about this, which I can recall being told a number of times by various people, including an online friend who reminded me of it just a moment ago--that this is simply an effect of having metal fillings in your teeth! I suppose it might be possible that the even tiniest most subliminal vibrations imaginable, occurring in the proper sequences, might translate as an audible experience no matter what part of us the data is impinging on, (and the mouth might be an excellent choice), in which case it might be no more exotic than the way a blind person 'sees' letters through the fingertips, or 'bat vision' for instance. Having fillings may or may not be arbitrary, in any case I had these experiences *before I had any fillings*, but maybe the Subliminal Sensory Channels Theory is not really too bad. Perhaps it's just as possible to pick up a broadcast in your toenail and produce (or reproduce) a psychoacoustic event... and perhaps these psychoacoustic events are also, obviously, *stored*, and can be 'played back' spontaneously without necessary regard to real time... Brain Tivo™

Then there's the consideration that all of the above is arbitrary because the experience is *telepathic*--that is, we are not picking up random signals in the physical environment at all, but receiving '*pre-metabolized*' packages of information about the actual acoustic experiences of others, possibly anywhere in space and time, possibly through our linkage to a species of databank best described as the collective unconscious. Oddly and admittedly the experiences often have a quality which *seems* to suggest that this is the case--and I might extend this even to the 'random' bangs and clangs and other sounds we 'hear' in the hypnagogic state; those 'bits of dream' which seem imbued with a barely glimpsed life of their own.

But what *is* our connection to them? If all our sensory experiences are collected in such an entity, its laws remain woefully mysterious, and why we should 'choose,' however consciously or unconsciously, at certain times certain threads of such a tapestry over certain other threads, remains utterly obscure.

It's both beautiful and kind of disturbing to speculate that we are participants in a level of organization we can barely begin to understand, much the same way one of our own individual brain cells may not 'know' the full scope, complexity and feeling at the level of experience of which it is a part...

...I think I just heard a limb crack. Did you hear that too?

Being chased in dreams

Fri Dec 09, 2005

IASD Bulletin Board

My experience certainly agrees in a basic way with both Kathy and Denise on the matter, but I would make a slight qualification about *not assuming that the thing you are being pursued by necessarily represents something inherently negative*. (ie: a 'toxic environments' etc.)

I feel I've resolved a lot of these 'pursuit issues' in my own dreamwork, and while these things

often have much less specific forms than that of a particular animal or even an individual entity, they seem almost without fail to signal, in a mildly precognitive sense, the approach of fairly radical but overwhelmingly *positive opportunities for change* in my life--both physically and psychologically.

Generally and repeatedly I've found, in retrospect at least, that what I have mistaken for a predator or some other kind of more or less focused energies 'trying to get me' are actually no more than a kind of messenger service coming up against my general *resistance to change*.

I think it's human nature to resist change, almost until we're *forced* to accept it for our own best interest in many cases, and we seem to have all kinds of mechanisms, conscious and unconscious, to 'avoid the issue'--and just as often, when we do openly accept our thinking about how to make radical, positive changes, we may do so with less than perfectly perceptive and rational intelligence simply because the future seems such an unreal construct.

So, in the broadest possible sense, if it were *my dream*, much more than I would concentrate on a therapeutic approach of dredging up and analyzing a bunch of identifiable negative influences--of which, I think, we are usually already hyperconscious and certainly don't *need* dreams to point out--I'd be simply looking around for sources of untapped energy--being mindful that they could be a bit shocking when you find them.

Hertfordshire fire precognition

Discussion here:

<http://dreamtalk.hypermart.net/bb2005/viewtopic.php?t=341&highlight=sao>

Sun Dec 11, 2005

These are the unedited notes from my journal, Friday.

in my journal, I wrote:

3:46 AM 12/9/2005

was with 'co=workers,' a bunch of guys working in what seemed to be a large (paint?) factory. we were being messed with by someone...like delinquents on the roof. we began to manipulate the structure of the building, electronically, and these huge 'rafters' --big sections of equipment and containers, began to 'accordion' moving high above us and compacting itself creating gaps and we were running around so we could see clearly who might be on the roof. this mechanical compaction became crazy, and i began to walk toward he back of the structure, which was now 'scissoring' like one of those extendo-grabber things. the structure was vast, amazing, towering. at length the whole contraption began to 'walk'--moving across the landscape. i was in the old neighborhood, around the strip pits. i could see the whole structure had moved off into the distance. now i was 'with' a woman in a yellow striped vest--at least we seemed to be going door to door--not together but as like a team, warning people of the impending dangers of this structure being on the move. at one point i crossed a road and could see the structure which had moved about a half mile or maybe a mile away toward a factory in the distance creating an enormous amount of fire and smoke. someone mentioned the structure was now 'making dynamite'. (?) we were warning residents and also helping them, with garden hoses and what-not wet down their property as a guard against the passing structure. i was helping one group soak down what appeared to be an enormous, low fir bush. then i was at a place that seemed to be

a cross between a mexican restaraunt/souvenir shop with all kinds of items outside on the parking lot, like a flea market. I was wetting all of this stuff down with a hose and a japanese man (the owner?) was nonchalant about it even though i was pretty sure it would ruin a lot of it-- all these giant energies and explosions seemed possibly precognitive of some kind of disaster.

--9:39 AM 12/9/2005-- went back to sleep and had another fire dream... was in a strange version of my brother's house, and it had started in a chair... oddly we were going around 'tending' to the fire not trying to put it out or anything. an upper floor was raging and i could see the 'skeleton' of the house. we just milled around.

Not only did I actually add the note after waking and writing down the first dream that it seemed precognitive of a disaster, I had the second dream--and I *very rarely* have two dreams on the same theme like this. I actually told members of my family about the dreams on Saturday, (all of whom take me somewhat seriously these days, even if they groan about it), because I was so certain it was *some kind* of precognition that I got a little worried. It's just recently turned bitterly cold here, a time of year when fires often break out due to heaters and whatnot, and the reference to 'my brother's house'--although really inaccurate in the dreamish way that makes you say 'kinda my brother's house *but not*'--really concerned me.

Anyway, I'm sure you've all heard the [news](#) about the incident near London. "Hertfordshire's Chief Fire Officer Roy Wilsher said: "This is possibly the largest incident of its kind in peacetime Europe."

I even awoke this morning and the first thing I saw was a bit of the blaze on the news, but oddly it barely connected in my head... not really sure why... I suppose the little news segment I caught just didn't seem that resonant somehow--or maybe I'm a little desensitized to the news in general perhaps.

But settling in for the evening just in the last couple of hours I've run across the story on the net in a few places, and a few of the pictures have made me gasp--they could be scenes *directly* from my dreams. Especially this one...



*...which could not possibly be more like the scene I was describing here: "at one point i crossed a road and could see the structure which had moved about a half mile or maybe a mile away toward a factory in the distance creating an enormous amount of fire and smoke." It's such a direct hit in fact, I almost wonder if I was not precognitive of the photograph itself. The following photographs all also could be scenes from the dream and *certainly* have the flavor of the places I was trying to describe. Even the time of day and the weather matched.*



Is this guy actually wearing a yellow and black vest?



Cont'd

AND occurrence of central images over time

I'm expecting Jajofar to reply any time with the theory that I had this dream because I had gotten a little warm in the night and needed to roll over. 😊

Seriously though, I know how hard it is to extract the real feeling of a dream from such a journal entry, especially when a lot of the text is devoted to the oddness of a 'walking erector set'--like a

giant mechanical ant moving through the landscape creating fire. I relate this to my own 'local symbology' as the refineries in my area have a definite sort of 'erector set' appearance.

The more I read the accounts however, the more convinced I am that I was precognitive of the event.

I also thought I was working in a 'paint factory,' which was a best guess related to the fact that the building seemed to be full of large tanks, like giant barrels of some kind of toxic solvents and/or flammable liquids. According to some of the reports the heart of the blaze was connected to a building or area where kerosene was produced. In the dream we initiated the mechanical manipulation of the building *electronically*, and best current guesses as to the cause of the fire involve a slow leakage, possibly of kerosene fumes, which built up into an enormous cloud and was finally ignited by an electrical source.

Another extremely resonant pic, looking almost exactly like the neighborhood with the 'flea market.'



I suppose it's not atypical of a cityscape which could be anywhere, but again there is a deep *feeling* of resonance transcending the physical details which is hard to describe much beyond that.

And another, one of many pics showing the yellow and black vests/jackets:



I said in the journal entry 'yellow striped vest' but the image was definitely yellow and black, and this picture shows a mixture of yellow, black and silver stripes--extremely close to what I saw. Of course American firefighters do wear, in certain situations, the classic yellow raincoats, often with some black in the design, but I had no idea (conscious idea at least) about the dress of British emergency personnel--not that this really matters much, the connotation of emergency personnel was certainly clear enough even though this particular configuration is not precisely familiar to me. The name of this pic, from the official website of the Hertfordshire Constabulary, is actually 'yellow jackets' and shows policemen (constables) which have donned the apparel--which, as far as I can gather, is reserved for such emergency situations.

I've been unable to determine from reports whether any local residential 'soaking' went on, or was

needed, as I described in the dream, although clearly tens of thousands of gallons of water were used by firemen to form a barrier between the exploding tanks and nearby ones.

As to the inevitable suggestion that I probably dream of fire all the time and have simply chosen to connect this dream and the subsequent events arbitrarily, I ran a search of my dream database for 'fire' this morning and was frankly a little amazed myself to see that the word is only mentioned *twice* in the last *five years*, once on 3/9/04 (a reference to a firetruck passing, not related to anything else in the dream), and once on 8/4/01 (a reference to an interior of a building that looked as though it had been 'charred by fire'). Curiously both these examples are semantic, no actual fire even appears in the dreams.

In retrospect I suspect it may have been the relative rarity of fire in my dreams at large that may have alerted me to its precognitive nature--in fact I can only think of a perhaps two other outstanding examples of dreams of actual *fire* that are older than my current database, in handwritten journals--and the 'dream energy' such a large quantity of fire was impressive and memorable indeed.

Cont'd

And one last detail and then I'll stop obsessing 😊

...In the scene in the dream where the enormous open building-like structure had begun to 'scissor' in a criss-crossing pattern of grey metallic beams (which I described cryptically as like an 'extendo-grabber thing') and I walked to 'the back of the building'--what I was actually seeing was an enormous mass, rising from the main structure and towering over me horizontally, dizzyingly vast and improbably high in the atmosphere. The feeling induced here must have been quite close to what many Brits have been seeing the last couple of days of the enormous smoke plume passing overhead.

IASD

Telepathy and physics READ AGAIN

My understanding of [string theory](#) is fairly limited, but the ability to intentionally "fold space" and the concept that by so doing one could actually be said to be physically "closer to China than to Nevada" are, as far as I can tell, not features of it.

These ideas also, to me, would make no headway in explaining how telepathic information would be exchanged anyway. After all, our experiments seem to suggest that it really doesn't matter at all how physically "close" we are to each other and that, as far as telepathy goes, it's just as likely that someone in China might get accurate information about events in California as someone in Nevada.

We're also still left with the *basic problem*: how even to send or receive a message to someone *in the next room*, or even *in the same room*. My experience certainly suggests, for instance, that sending a message to one of you guys may be easier in some cases than sending a message to my own roommate (who I can currently see through my window, mowing the lawn). 😊

Of course string theory (as well as other advanced physical theories) does suggest there may be additional, imperceptible, "dormant" or "unused" or "curled up" dimensions in the construction of spacetime, and it's certainly *possible* that some of these dimensions might carry or transmit information in surprising ways... It seems most physics (and *physicists*) however, while some may admit of some really bizarre exchanges of information *between particles*, is a *long* way from tackling this particular issue, and using such frames of reference we're still left with the rather

bewildering and unsupportable prospect of explaining how the energy of thought might 'fall through the subatomic cracks' (or even more exotic portholes) and emerge whole, or be reconstructed or re-cognized, elsewhere... or 'elsewhen.'

On the other hand, I believe that physics might really be ultimately a description of how *consciousness* works, (as 'opposed' to a description of whatever might be said to exist 'outside' consciousness, if anything does), and consider that since we 'know' some levels of physical information do apparently get from place to place or across time in some incomprehensible ways, there's no reason to suspect that thought would be excluded from behaving that way too. (It certainly *does behave that way* in my opinion, but I can't pretend that this is any better of an explanation than it is: what amounts to saying "since some stuff works in mysterious ways, *perhaps* other stuff does too.")

But if physical proximity has no real bearing on telepathy, it seems to me another kind of proximity might be promising, and it usually in this direction my thinking about it flows.

Almost everyone I know has at least one story dealing with getting telepathic information about or 'from' a *family member*, such as knowing the moment a distant relative has died. The most common stories seem to be between mothers and children; a mother suddenly sensing her absent child is in danger, etc. One might speculate that, statistically, telepathy is more fluent along lines of a sort of *genetic proximity*--or *evolving* quite naturally from the kind of interrelating organisms we are. If there's any meaning at all in this, it might be in the direction of a *genetic* closeness among *all humans* that the 'explanation' for telepathy lies. This is just another way of stating, as I feel intuitively is the case, that telepathy is an *organic* and *collective* aspect of human consciousness--something we can do because we are all, at some level of energy, *truly connected*--parts of a *single* organism...

Of course one way of looking at it is as 'absurd' as another I suppose, and I might also be accused of laziness for maintaining that it just seems 'easier' to imagine a collective, accessible 'database' on a frequency which can be 'tuned in on' by similar living organisms than to not only decipher the mechanics of space and time, but bend them (or fold them) to our will. 😊 Obviously, this doesn't speak to *where* this database is, or *how* we are connected or tune into it--but it evokes the rough and sort of Jungian concept of our species, en masse, functioning, on some level, as a unit, in much the same way that our individual minds (and constituent 'individual neurons') function. If true, the question of to whom we can even apply the term *individual mind* becomes... more interesting.

No real answers of course--just the feeling that although discoveries in the subatomic realm may show us all the exotic and metaphorical potentialities of consciousness, in practice no such knowledge is really necessary or, apparently, even particularly helpful. Telepathy continues to 'break the rules of physics' and even the most exciting potential "Theories of Everything" don't, and ironically probably won't, even touch it.

Olivia wrote:

McTaggart... suggests that any two molecules or atoms that have ever been in contact will resonate and communicate with one another for all time.

I'd be moved to agree just on an intuitive level; it's really kind of a reframing of the old 'Butterfly Effect,' (if a single butterfly flaps its wings in China, the air disturbance may cause a storm in Nevada a month later). Every single interaction changes the 'texture' of the universe ...'forever.'

But again the question isn't really whether this resonance and communication between particles, interactions or events which change the universe *exists*, but *who they exist for*, or, if you prefer, who may 'get' them, sense them, comprehend them... and how...

This also reminds me of another theory (or perhaps more of a thought experiment), (and I was actually able to dig up the passage) from *The Mind's I* by Dennett and Hofstadter:

Quote:

The physicist John Archibald Wheeler once speculated that perhaps the reason all electrons are alike is that *there is really only one electron*, careening back and forth from the ends of time, weaving the fabric of the physical universe by crossing its own path innumerable times. Perhaps Parmenides was right: there is only one thing! But this one thing, so imagined, has spatiotemporal parts that enter into astronomically many relations with its other spatiotemporal parts, and this *relative organization*, in space and time, *matters*. But to whom? To the portion of the great tapestry that are perceivers. And how are they distinguished from the rest of the tapestry?

The question is left unanswered of course.

This is resonant with a couple of my own intuitive theories, brewing in me since childhood and popping up again and again, which are in no way unique, but still rather hard to express.

The first goes somewhere along the lines of there being only *one 'true, central' human 'soul' or consciousness*--an entity which is able to express itself in, oh, say approximately six billion different ways at any given time, (not to mention across time itself), with everything every individual human being thinks, feels and perceives being fed back to the source. I would not call this entity "god" by any means--it doesn't deal with *everything*, it's simply the locus of human input/output--but perhaps it underlies our collective preoccupation with god. Perhaps it also underlies our intuitions about the *simultaneity of all time*, an ancient feeling our species doesn't seem to be able to shake--even though the arrangement may not even *really* speak to the nature of time itself. (Fluent access to this source would simply make linear time *seem* less important.)

The other goes toward 'many world theories' (such as that suggested by Schrodinger's work) or, even the more basic idea of an oscillating universe.

In the many-worlds-brand 'vision' the universe duplicates itself as it goes, allowing the expression of *every* viable probability, bifurcating into innumerable cellular wholes, each with "a me" in it.

In the oscillating-brand conception the universe creates and destroys itself over and over across vast reaches of time, and is, perhaps, 'encoded,' like a seed to grow a particular organism again and again, right down to producing "a me" every time.

In both cases (or even with both cases happening at once!), there are infinitely *many mes* going about their fundamentally and uncannily *similar* business, but also exploring the set of *variables*--vast but defined--which represent "everything that could possibly happen *to me*."

These ideas--and the idea that 'what we are connecting to' is really *different selves*--really ping the pervasive sense of 'deja vu' that, for me, underlies most of my experiences with telepathy or precognition. It's always a feeling that I've somehow 'seen into' the worlds of these 'many mes'--sometimes a sense that *everything* has happened before, or that "*this always happens*"--even

sometimes a sense that *this usually happens*, or *this* will most likely lead, however inexplicably, to *that*.

Certainly still no explanation, but it perhaps expands our definition of self a little, and offers a glimpse beyond physics...

Reading in dreams; out of body experience; inducing lucidity

Sun Dec 11, 2005

IASD Bulletin Board

I'd add that it's not simply a question of some people can, some people can't--for me, and I think this is probably common, I can read with perfect ease in some dreams and not at all in others.

But to my thinking, and I'm not sure if anyone would agree, this is not so much a question of the *quality of the dream*, but seems to be more about *the quality of the thing I'm reading*.

For instance, on one hand I've encountered objects in very lucid dreams which seem to refuse to remain fixed or focused, or do remain fixed and simply make me feel mentally retarded because I can't make sense of them, or clearly say one thing yet I inexplicably read them as saying something completely different. (It could reasonably be argued that these are not then technically lucid dreams, but they *are* ultravivid in most other respects.) Then, on the other hand, just the other night in the context of an otherwise rather vaguely remembered dream, I found a hand-written envelope with addresses, postmarks and about a paragraph of notes, and I awoke with a perfect comprehension and memory of it. (Though the addresses were, apparently, of nonexistent places.)

As far as I know, the idea of looking at your hands to attain greater lucidity originated with Carlos Castaneda--from his book, *The Seven Gates of Dreaming*--or at least, this is where I first encountered the idea, it is perhaps older. I was able to use this with a pretty good effect for a while after hearing of it, and maybe could again if I thought about it as a project, but I see my hands in *most* dreams--at least those in which I feel 'I'm me'--and see my body clearly fairly often and have never noticed any soreness as a result.

I suspect that succesfully suggesting to yourself to notice at *anything in particular* in a dream could have the same effect. I think it's basically the same principle as asking yourself if you're dreaming all through the day so that it becomes a habit and can alert you to the fact that you're dreaming when you are.

Angel wrote:

paralytic nightmares are something I've had a few times though I've learned to keep calm and just force the situation to end.

Have you ever had any out of body experiences? My first such experiences, and many of them still, begin from this paralytic state, and this is reported by many other people as well. Keeping calm puts you way ahead of the game--from there, if you can imagine yourself someplace else, be it standing up in your own room or on a tropical island somewhere if you wish... you might discover some interesting effects. 😊

Precognitive dreaming ...or should that be 'precognecdoté'? 😊

Sun Sep 17, 2006

IASD Bulletin Board: thread:

<http://dreamtalk.hypermart.net/bb2005/viewtopic.php?t=978&highlight=>

I've often, at this very forum as well as in countless conversations, observed that I have dreamt precognitively of every place I've ever ended up living. This phenomenon has proven itself yet again, rather spectacularly to my mind, (of course it's fairly spectacular whenever it happens--as well as being almost impossible to comprehend save in retrospect).

Moving, of course, is an abrupt change of nearly every aspect of daily life (as well as, usually, an agonizing pain in the ass) and very rarely do we (I, at least) have any but the faintest or most broad conscious notion of *when* it's going to happen and generally not much more than perhaps a month of knowing specifically *where* we'll be relocating that day to day existence. In this case, I've been dreaming intermittently of the location I now live for *over thirty years*, and the selection of the location was a matter entirely out of my hands. In fact I would not even see the house in question in WPR until *the very day the purchase was made*.

To be more anatomically correct, I dreamt of the house concentrated in the first few years of the mentioned period during which I had perhaps at least a good dozen vivid dreams of it, and not occurring *again* for *at least* the last twenty years. In fact only one of these dreams actually made it into my written journals (which were rather sporadic and often displaced accounts until after 1993) in a dream dated March, 1982--however by this time I was referring to the dream location as '*the house with the hedges and the garage*,' an indication that I was entirely familiar with the territory from previous dreams. These were not *recurring* dreams, but dreams in which my trajectories *intersected* this location or, as in 1982, *began* at this location and went on to other adventures.

I have always remembered *vividly* what I believe was the *first* dream in the series, one of those intense 'sick dreams' which was the 'product of fever' one winter morning during a bout with the flu on a date lost to history. The memory is vivid due to the intensity and quality of 'completeness' of the dream itself, ever after which I was haunted by the feeling that I had dreamt of a 'real place' and one deeply *familiar*--though one I had never seen. At the time this was accompanied by resonant feelings of melancholy, sadness and an impossible yearning to know more about the place--or at least to 'find it again.' The dream itself was not much more than a 'scene' or a 'snapshot,' but one so 'you-are-there' that it remained in my mind as a kind of benchmark.

In this dream I seemed to have been asleep on the lawn of the place and to have awakened just at sunrise. I was looking down the long gravel road, away from the house itself which I scarcely perceived, toward the very tall hedges which lined the property, obscuring the road beyond. The sun was rising ahead of me and to my right, a direction I recognized to mean the property faced northeast. The lawn itself seemed vast and well manicured, idyllic. There was no subsequent action in the dream, just the mass of subjective feelings and 'sense of reality' already mentioned, and it was imbued with a warmth and 'perfection' which made it seem more, perhaps, like a 'vision' than a dream per se. In 20/20 hindsight I would say that I must have had some inkling, however inarticulate, that the sense of longing invoked meant that it had something to do with my future life.

Details emerged in subsequent dreams sometime later. By the next dream I realized that I 'lived there' to some degree and by the time I had a few more I saw myself living there *with a married couple*, though the identity of this couple was never clear. I always thought it was this or that

couple, couples I knew and was dealing with closely in my current experience, sometimes more or less certainly. In the one journal entry I indicate this confusion with a question mark: " ...*night. was working in the garage of the house with the hedges. R. & M. (?) lived there but they were gone and I was waiting for them to return...* ." Eventually I began to see myself 'working in the garage' as thematic and the initial idyllic beauty of the place became less important. I saw the garage as a structure *detached* from the house and in front of it, about half way between the house and the front edge of the property, opening to the west onto the long gravel drive. The interior of the garage was bright white and well lit and the garage door would always be open and the scene became almost exclusively nocturnal.

Now a little back story. In early March of this year a good friend committed suicide. He had relocated to Tulsa, near where I was living, from Oklahoma City (over 100 miles) and we had become good friends and musical collaborators again after a period of estrangement. We had both alternated living in Tulsa and Oklahoma City for many years (since college, and through changes in relationships and bands, etc.) and had many mutual friends in both cities. Many of these OKC-based friends travelled to Tulsa for his funeral, at which time we all got together grieving for our friend and commiserating about the brevity and one-shot nature of life. This prompted a long time friend from OKC, D., to propose that we start a new band, (we meaning herself, her husband S. (also originally from Tulsa and an old friend) and two others), saying that "we all love each other, and music, and we might as well join forces and stop F-ing around." I agreed and by late March I was commuting to OKC regularly for rehearsals. This proved fiscally difficult in the Bush economy as well as outrageous in terms of time-management and moving equipment and by April D. & S. had urged me to relocate and invited me to simply move into their home for the time. I consented. Almost immediately we began to concoct a plan to better accommodate the living situation by fixing up their current home, selling it for a profit, and upgrading. Ideally we would find a larger place, hopefully outside the city so our midnight rock and roll tendencies wouldn't be a problem. The place should of course have extra room we could use as a music studio, and the optimum would be to have this be an outbuilding, separate from the house, where recording and writing could go on at any hour in spite of people sleeping. Ultimately it should have enough land that in time we could build other structures so more members of the band might eventually live there in what we thought would be an almost communistic arrangement of living together, yet separately, so we could all work together in groups whenever possible without wasting free time traveling about and share the expenses of living to some degree. I also wanted my own private studio where I might pursue painting full time.

By mid-April the search was on, carried out mostly by D. and I, the only ones with any free time during house-hunting hours when we weren't ourselves inundated by repair and improvement work on the current house. We were hoping to get the house on the market by the 1st of June and planned to be 'out and into something else' by July. We informed the realtors of our specifications for the new house and began getting daily faxes of hopeful properties to go and inspect. Of course most of the properties in our price range were fairly dismal. This rather angst filled process continued for weeks and one day I slept late and awoke to find a note that D. & S. had gone to look at a house without me. I made a cup of coffee and sat looking out the window and suddenly *knew*, with an almost perfect certainty, they had found the perfect house *at that moment*. Sure enough, when they returned a few hours later, they were both beaming and almost deliriously happy, saying "we found it, we're buying it, *it's the one*."

Of course I immediately asked for a description. You guessed it, D. said "it has a huge well kept lawn and giant hedges all along the front that hide it from the road. The house itself has plenty of space for us and has *three garages too*. It's perfect!"

Instantly this reminded me of my 'dream house' and I asked what direction the house faced. "Northeast." being a bit of a veteran, I was already at this point *confident* it was the 'same' house and 'predicted' at least one of these garages was separate from and in front of the house, but this was not the case. D. told me the garages were all connected to the house but had been added on in different stages.

Regardless, when I finally saw the house in person, I knew beyond a shadow of a doubt it was the house I'd seen in my dreams, albeit seen with some distortion. It's in the country, outside an obscure suburb of OKC, in place I'd never been before the day we made the final inspection and closed the deal.

A couple of postscripts:

We spent the months of July and August moving in and fixing up the new place. In spite of the fact that this was an enormous undertaking in those two months where temperatures were rarely below the triple digits, and the house was left in a filthy condition, full of unwanted junk and in bad need of some serious repairs, we've all loved it from the first moment and seem to love it more every day.

As days pass I'm reminded of my dreams and the accompanying feelings constantly. My bedroom for instance turned out to be the only bedroom with a view out the front of the house, and I awake every morning looking out my window at the sunrise illuminating the giant hedges and spilling across the idyllic, dew-laden lawn, *exactly the way I saw it in my initial dream or vision*. Now I'm working on the garage I selected to convert into a painting studio, the interior of which I painted entirely white somewhat unconsciously and just because it's a question of good lighting, not realizing I made it match my dream until after doing so (with a chuckle). Some of the walls are equipped with panels of pegboard, also painted white, which I would swear were also a feature of the garage in my dreams, though I don't have a specific record of it. *The garage door opens to the west*, but I'm thinking of replacing it with a finished wall and window to help with climate control. Right now with the weather being so fine though, it's open most of the time. At any rate I'll be painting in it within the week as I'm making a last trip to Tulsa to move my remaining possessions within the next few days.

Also, since living here both D. and I have had a small series of dreams which were clearly about the former occupants of the house although we had no contact with anyone but the former matriarch of the previous family to live here. We subsequently discovered among the many forgotten possessions left behind, photographs and other documents revealing we both got quite a number of 'hits,' but these dreams deserve a whole separate treatment. Suffice to say D. dreamed of a former female occupant and found a picture exactly to the girl's description among the debris, and I somehow realized the father, who the owner had told us died on the lawn a number of years ago, was a police officer and an unusually strict disciplinarian, a fact confirmed by my new neighbors.

Dreams are awesome.

More on this later, and I'll include some pics when I get my own PC online, which should be soon.

Cont'd
Wed Sep 20, 2006

Thank you all for your replies.

Dreamdeer: I definitely *do not* recall ever drawing anything remotely like 'reassurance' from the existence of this dream and the images therein, the memory of it simply vaguely nagged me from time to time. This is not to say that in those moments when I *did recall* it for whatever reason, moments probably not numbering more than once or twice annually in the last 25 years, some kind of 'emotional work' was being done to 'move me closer to the destination,' but I can't possibly know if such a thing would be actually true. Also, that the images *might even represent a destination*, per se, was never the least part of my conscious thinking about their value. (In fact I don't even assign that value retroactively, for a couple of different reasons.) I do mention that I had a 'longing for the place' initially, but after 25 years I had pretty much tossed the whole affair into the Inexplicable Quirks of Dreaming bin, which is pretty wide and deep.

As far as the dreams recurring "at turning points" I would be compelled to argue that possibility simply on the basis of them occurring so long ago--it seems unlikely in my life that events embedded that deeply in time would be more critical to this particular future than many many other events in the decades which followed, during which *I could have really used the insight* if you get my drift. Again though, this is not to say your theory is necessarily wrong, but it's a bit like saying the flap of a butterfly wing in Montana can affect the weather in Brazil--probably *true* since everything is connected, but something one wouldn't ever depend upon in practice. Indeed had I actually *known* that this was a *real future place that 'I needed to get to'* I'd've probably lost my freaking mind--as well as, knowing me, done all the wrong things. 😊

Having said that, I do believe, as **Kathy** so beautifully put it, that the future structures the present as surely as the past does. In the final analysis I'm just fine with this being a mystical or at least enigmatic statement, and even with it seeming paradoxical, and really it's hardly the *most*--much less the *only*--paradoxical thing I accept about existence.

In my opinion the concept of 'free will' is totally compatible with this scenario. I never feel that my free will is compromised by precognition, whether the thing comes to pass tomorrow or ten years from now. It seems obvious to me that what we are perceiving is *probabilities* and not something that *must* come to pass. It seems likely, perhaps, that the Inexplicable Quirks may be attributable to our cognition of probabilities which never *do* come to pass. This makes it no less eerie and stultifying that we can often see these probabilities so clearly, or that I could never in a million years, much less 25, have gathered enough information to consciously calculate this particular probability. I've certainly come to no definitive conclusions as to *how* this can happen **Leeballz**, yet I know that it does. My power to rationalize it crumbles hopelessly, but this is true of many facets of life and no obstacle to ultimate acceptance. (If my acceptance of a thing as real required rational explanation I'd have to be content to be convinced that 98% of my experience is pure 'illusion'... and *perhaps it is*.) Maybe all time is simultaneous, as mystics have insisted is the case for thousands of years.

The crux of my thinking about it is summed up in a comment by Douglas Hofstadter and Daniel Dennet in *The Mind's Eye* as a criticism of Turing's *Computing Machinery and Intelligence*, whose last chapter deals with *The Argument from Extrasensory Perception*, though my experience comes to a different conclusion than theirs:

Quote:

...Turing took "cold comfort" in the idea that paranormal phenomena might be reconcilable in some way with well-established scientific theories. We differ with him. We suspect that if such phenomena as telepathy, precognition, and telekinesis turned

out to exist (and turned out to have the remarkable properties typically claimed for them), the laws of physics would not simply be *amendable* to accommodate them; only a major revolution in our scientific world view could do them justice. One might look forward to such a revolution with eager excitement, but it should be tinged with sadness and perplexity. How could the science that worked so well for so many things turn out to be so wrong? The challenge of rethinking all of science from its most basic assumptions on up would be a great intellectual adventure, but the evidence that we will need to do this has simply failed to accumulate over the years...

Personally, the evidence in my life *has* accumulated, though I'm obviously intellectually dwarfed by the task "of rethinking all of science from its most basic assumptions on up." However very similar ultimatums have been offered up throughout human history: to those who believed the earth was flat, or that the sun revolved around the earth, or that atoms were like billiard balls. I don't see why so many people need to believe that science and our collective cosmology has somehow evolved beyond this possibility of being totally redefined. I see it as inevitable. And to suppose that *everything I know (about time, particularly) is wrong* is no more disconcerting than affirming that I have no idea what's *really happening*, and who *really* believes that they do?

Was I "real" when I was sixteen? Will I be "real" when I'm fifty? Am I "real" right *now*? Don't all "real things" impinge on and communicate with one another? (Like butterflies and weather patterns.) Why *shouldn't* it be possible for my "future self" to channel information to my "past self"? Isn't that, perhaps, precisely what I'm doing when I look out my window and think about how strange it is that my long-ago self has 'already seen' this?

Pfft. I dunno.

(Interestingly Hofstadter and Dennet also deal with free will versus determinism at length in the above mentioned tome, making the point through the analysis of a number of works by different authors and from many different angles that there is no significant difference between a universe where I actually *have* free will and one in which I *think I have* free will in spite of being a mere agent of determinacy. How would we know the difference--and what difference would it really make?)

As close as I can come to coherence about all this, which isn't really all that close, derives from a model of an oscillating universe, which would have qualities, imperfectly metaphorically, like those of a snowflake. Picture the same amount of water (energy) becoming a snowflake, melting, and then repeating the process infinitely. We know from observation that each formation would be *different* even though it was made of the exact same substance (energy) every time. We also know that it would never be a Volkswagen or a giraffe, it would always be a particular kind of crystalline structure that, from a distance anyway, would appear roughly identical at every 'incarnation.' Several qualities of such a 'fixed energy system' are remarkable, not the least of which is that is neither absolutely deterministic (which would be a gross simplification in light of every snowflake being different) nor dependent on free will.

A universe created over and over, and containing "me" every time, would only allow so many probabilities *for me*, just like the snowflake would allow only so many probabilities for an individual water molecule--'only so many' even though they would be dizzyingly abundant.

Where is the information about where that individual molecule can be stored, or, if you will, who

or what *knows* this information? If we give our little molecule the faculty of self consciousness, would it "know how to snap in place" by observing the variables of the current freeze as determined by the chance arrangement of other molecules? Could it make choices? After a thousand reformations, could this fantastic little creature learn to 'recognize' at some level the whole process? Would it *dream* of certain probabilities?

My brain hurts.

Strangely though, this is how precognition actually *feels* to me. Like *I saw it coming because I've been there before*. The feeling compounds the mere paradox of precognition... but then, by the time I've been everywhere I can be, *I will have been everywhere before*.

OK, my head exploded.

Back to the simpler topic, (ouch) I also want to stress that while I love my new house and living arrangement, I don't see it as the "ultimate" anything, as Dreamdeer suggested, or as a profound "coming home," which is just kind of creepy. (lol, sorry Kathy.) It's just one in a (hopefully) long series of situations of which I've been precognitive, and at the most mundane level I see it as yet another step in the process of getting somewhere else. And I hope it is.

This points up the downside of being precognitive. Superstition always seems to come into play the moment rationality fails. The moment I found myself here (in a house I had 'precognated') it scared me a bit. Oh my god, I thought, this may be 'the last place' I live. I'm gonna die here. But I had to remind myself that this little fear *always* seems to accompany precognition, especially precognition dealing with future living arrangements, and I've proved it to be unfounded again and again. I also have to remind myself, when I ask myself why I don't see houses in which I will live in the future, that I never thought that was what I was seeing about *this* house anyway--and that it's quite possible my dreams are full of references to future homes that I simply have not recognized as such... yet. Just as often though, I can take the situation to mean that "I am on the right path," a meaning most of my friends usually try to stress to me as the most positive one--while I just chuckle: it seems equally superstitious after all.

Leeballz asks how our dreams can be so specific and accurate and I can only answer with another question. How could they *not be*? Precognition is precognition and it takes a hell of a lot of real world resonance to convince me. I only say I've had a precognition when I can't avoid thinking otherwise, and I'm not the kind of person to dream of an earthquake and wait around to pounce on the first earthquake which happens as proof of an ability.

I have no earthly idea of the *value* of precognition, or if it even has one--other than to remind me that things are not as they appear--I just know it exists.

On hypnogogic images and sleep paralysis

Tue Sep 26, 2006

IASD Bulletin Board

On hypnogogic images:

The story I've always heard (about Salvador Dali) is that he would sit in a chair in front of the canvas he was painting with a pie tin on the floor between his legs and a fork in his hand dangling over it. As I understood it this was not so much for artistic inspiration as for endurance. He

believed that the 'microsleep' between releasing the fork and waking to the clatter was all that was needed to refresh his energy and get back to work. I've actually tried the microsleep theory during high stress deadlines etc. (I don't need any apparatus, I can program myself to wake whenever I wish--usually) and it does stave off the intense need to sleep, but I would hardly describe it as 'totally refreshing.' 😊

Dali's work however *does* bear a strong resemblance to much of my hypnagogic imagery, which is generally super detailed and often tends toward hyperbeautiful or hypergrotesque scenes--and often both at once. As a visual artist it would probably be impossible to *not* draw inspiration from them. Hypnagogic *sound*, for me, also usually has a gargantuan and often explosive, clanging aspect. I can usually remember these images and sounds with no problem even after a full sleep, often more intensely than I remember dreams.

On sleep paralysis:

It's hard to be certain exactly what you mean Justin, but I would *not* describe my episodes of sleep paralysis, which are fairly frequent, as "not feeling like" moving as you have. I would describe it as being *completely unable to move* even though I may *feel* like doing so very much. It generally happens after a period of full 'blackout' sleep--and I also 'awake' fully and feel fully alert (not exhausted) during the paralysis. The first few times I experienced it were terrifying: I was 'trapped inside myself' literally *screaming* at my muscles with all my might to *move* and of course not making a sound or causing any effect.

Over time I've found that this can easily graduate to 'out of body experiences' or at least a profoundly unusual dream state, somewhat like lucid dreaming. One simply has to 'ignore' the symptoms of being 'frozen' and relax.

Your description of 'feeling a presence in the room' with you is however a very common aspect of sleep paralysis for many people. If you run a search for the topic "sleep paralysis" or "catatonia" (here as well as on the web) you'll find many examples and a lot of information.

Cont'd and sleep paralysis and out of body experience Wed Sep 27, 2006

I don't think it can be simply 'pop culture brainwashing' Leeballz, as so many people (both in existing literature and people I've talked with in the field and read here on the board) have no idea it *is* a common experience. A very typical scenario seems to be finding out it's common through research *after* experiencing it.

This is also true of me personally, having had the archetypal experience at a young age before ever having heard of it. (Picture something like Regan from *The Exorcist* crouching on your chest and trying to feed you locusts while you're paralyzed--though I've also had much more benign and even pleasurable versions of 'the presence' resonant with the Succubus or Incubus from literature.) In fact, after researching it, I never had this form of the experience again.

I've always thought the sensation of the presence is probably due to more organic factors, such as you mention, sleeping on your back. I find it almost impossible to sleep on my back, and when I do it almost always leads to some kind of disruption: paralysis, out of body experiences and often just waking up from a sensed difficulty in breathing.

The simplest theory may be just this, waking in the paralyzed or semiparalyzed state and feeling

the need to take over the automatic process of breathing which results in panic. In this twilight state the imagination can easily become 'manifest.'

A possibly more exotic theory might be that the presence we feel in the room is *ourselves*, and, based on my experiences this seems somewhat likely. After many out of body experiences I began to realize that the physical body is almost always 'safely paralyzed' while we are 'out,' and I've often had a dual perception, such as the perception of 'the me' lying paralyzed *and* 'the me' floating or moving around the room. This dual perception is 'flickering' and can be hard to maintain and it often seems that the 'two mes' seem to be operating in distinct 'time zones'--and thus it may be that we can be out of body and 'functioning' without being entirely conscious of it, just like we may dream without being conscious of it. (In fact maybe the out of body experience itself *is* simply *a dream* that we are up and moving around, and waking in that twilight state it's difficult to correlate precisely what is happening.) At any rate this theory occurred to me when I found myself investigating my own body while 'out'--which could feel a bit like molestation according to where the consciousness is focused... It may all sound a bit outlandish if you've never experienced this state, but it could make sense if you have.

Mutual dreaming and forced incubation

Fri Dec 29, 2006

IASD Bulletin Board

tarzan wrote:

-Visualization of the dream scenario is selected to be suitable for both of us.

Perhaps this might just be another way of saying that the dream will be 'safe' or 'appropriate' for both of you (?)--but if it means that you have agreed on some specific format for the dream to take ahead of time, (something like a meeting place) this would seem a little counterproductive to me. In other words if you allow the format its own spontaneity any resulting matches will be quite apparent, while matching results derived from aspects that you've already agreed on will have much less definite impact.

No expert here, but my other input would be that I think perhaps you are focusing *too much* on scheduling, (and perhaps wanting results too quickly). The largest percentage of possible mutual dreams I've had have been spontaneous (not planned in any specific way), and while they may have happened on the same night (though not always) I rather doubt that they happened at the exact same moment. Insisting that they *do* occur at the same moment seems to presuppose aspects of the mechanics of the process that may or may not be necessary conditions. (At the very least I think it's fair to say that dreams can often wreak havoc on our sense of linear time.)

For me, the only criterion is if enough details of the dreams are matching, and I would consider it a mutual dream even if I dreamed first and was awake when the other dreamer dreamed--possibly even if the dreams were separated by more than a day--or even longer--if the details are matching *enough*, and of course providing no details were shared in the interim.

Also, after a spontaneous mutual dream with a friend*, we set out to try to have another and have certainly had 'hits' a few times over years--though never as spectacularly as the first time--and seemingly only *after* we *stopped consciously trying and intently focusing on it* in our excitement, a period during which we seemed to get nothing. This makes me consider that perhaps the way to go about it is to make the simple suggestion (plant the seed that you *will* have a mutual dream)

and then let yourselves forget it--though of course setting aside a waking time each day or so to compare journals. (In fact *not* to compare notes *daily* might even be helpful.)

And I also personally find this is true of incubation in general; I can usually have the dream I'm incubating, but often only *after* I've stopped trying to 'force myself' to respond in a particular way. Desire and expectations then seem to be the culprits, and only when I've relaxed those desires and expectations does the magic usually happen.

I'd also bet that you will both *know* when the mutual dream occurs from the quality of the dream, before even comparing the details--that you'll know when *it is* time to compare notes. At least this, also, seems to be my experience.

*This [thread](#) contains accounts of two of my mutual dreams, the dream indicated being the second.

Cont'd
Mutual Dreaming and time
IASD Bulletin Board

tarzan wrote:

"can two people interact on mutual dreaming?" From your explanation, I believe I'm being a little too "optimistic" on that subject...

Well, I *can't really answer your question* authoritatively and wouldn't pretend to, although I tend to think interactivity *is* highly possible, and did not mean to sound un-optimistic. 😊 Neither did I mean to *explain* anything about the possible weirdness between 'real time' and 'dream time,' only to point out that their may be ...idiosyncrasies.

Consider the open-endedness of the question of "when" a dream actually occurs. "How long" it takes. The possibility that a dream (even a lucid one) might be said to be 'created,' in a neurological sense, at one time, and experienced, 'had' or remembered at another. Or the possibility that levels of interactivity are possible which do not have corresponding 'real time' coordinates... the possibility that, even, *many* mutual dream experiences *already* exist between you and this person (indeed between us all) and that the goal is to 'access' them...

All this points to a possible nonlinear structural aspect to dreaming which is, again, why if your descriptions of your separate dreams seem to match overwhelmingly this will be far more important than that they happened simultaneously.

Again referring to my shared dream with my friend, note that we *barely even saw each other* in the dreams, but the interaction was still unmistakable, for my money, on a number of different levels. For instance I *wrote* on a white antique car and he saw *writing appear* on a white antique car, though he had no idea who had done it... until later. 😊

On dream registry and sawlogs
21st Jan, 2007
IASD Bulletin Board

Hi again Erik, sorry to have freaked you out. 😬

erik wrote:

the only thing is that it is not so easy to discuss a particular dream with someone

This is why I gave each post an index number, and in fact you might find you will get *more* feedback about your dreams this way.

The feedback I've already gotten from some members is that this is much easier to read and keep track of, as threads move to the top and get shuffled around. This way people can read the thread in its entirety at their leisure and be sure that nothing fell through the cracks. 😊 (And you may notice the link to the first thread where a discussion had already started.)

erik wrote:

i had in the past on a forum some 6 posts removed by the owner of that forum

Yes, most forums might consider 17 posts in one evening to be *spamming*--and many might remove them without even looking at them. Again, here you may feel free to post more of your dreams or start new threads, but try not to monopolize the entire front page of the board. 😊

Apparently from the dates on your dream reports you do keep a journal, which is awesome. You might want to consider keeping your journal *online*, and there are several members here who provide resources for such.

For instance, The member Rick Smith has created [Sawlogs.Net](#), A "community dream blog," described as the "the best way to store, sort, search and share your dream journal. At Sawlogs you can keep your dream journal online, discover who dreams like you, discuss yours and other dreams, and get stats and facts about your dreams." The site also has features like the 'Dream Cloud': various ways of visualizing what the community is collectively dreaming about graphically.

Also, Harry Bosma has created the "[Dream Registry](#)" which may interest you--a place to "register your dreams before they come true."

There are many other such blogging and dream community-type resources.

At any rate, please don't be discouraged, and again, welcome! 😊

Mutual dream – telepathy

Wed Feb 14, 2007

IASD Bulletin Board

•Principal Character Introductions:

M: a casual friend of about 20 years with whom I share a lot of mutual friends and acquaintances. Because I lived about 150 miles away, we would typically only see each other maybe three times a year or less during most of that time--until I moved to about 50 miles away from her town last July, and since then we've been seeing each other socially about a couple of times a month.

V: This is a gentleman that M and I "hung out with" a handful of times, years ago--a mutual acquaintance whom neither of us knew terribly well, but who lived in M's town. She had known him a few years longer than I, but neither of us has seen him in over ten years and his current whereabouts are unknown to us.

•**The Dream:**

Quote:

9:35 AM 2/09/2007

Was with M 'at her apartment' but it wasn't like her real apartment.

(Some details omitted--cut to end of dream, which was quite lucid)

(M. and I) Discovered a room attached to her apartment. A very narrow door led to it and we had to squeeze through the door which was also partially blocked by some boxes. (It was absurd because the room was long and somewhat narrow, and led to a very small enclosed porch or sun room spanning the whole front of her apartment--so it was essentially the front room and entryway of her apartment, though neither of us had ever seen it before. But it was also strangely and intensely familiar.) The room was all dark wood with a dark wood floor and quite crooked and dilapidated, dusty and cobwebby and filled with 'junk.' It had that ancient musty smell. We began to examine and sort through the contents of some of the boxes, looking for anything of possible value. (Some of the items had little colored stickers, like old price tags, and the feeling was that there had possibly been a 'garage sale' at some point, long ago, and the junk was stuff left over from this, which had been sealed there for no telling how long.) I found an old box which contained some odd brass pieces, old cups and cookware and a crucifix. I was happy to find the crucifix and 'claimed' it. (I collect crucifixes.) We continued to sort through boxes and piles of stuff and at length I realized the long table running down the middle of the room held boxes full of old vinyl record albums. I looked at a few of them, not really that interested--but immediately 'recognized the collection' and came to the conclusion that this had been 'V's room.' I pictured him quite clearly and said to M, "oh, *this was V's room,*" which she seemed to concede, (then I was certain *all* of these things had belonged to V), though we were still quite puzzled by the whole affair--why and how this should be "V's room."

•**Developments:**

I woke up, made coffee and a journal entry of the dream, and proceeded to some computer tasks. Presently, my roommate awoke and informed me that M had called for me while I was asleep, (he had obviously answered the phone and gone back to sleep), and told me she wished me to give her a call at work as soon as I woke. As I dialed her up, I'm already thinking there's something mildly telepathic or precognitive afoot, and already sensing there's going to be more to it.

I reach M and she tells me that a couple of her coworkers, **J** and her husband **T**, are moving some stuff over the weekend, and asks, since I have a truck, would I like to help them out? The house they are moving out of is out in the country at a point almost centered between my house and M's house, and they are moving to a fourth location about another 50 miles away. They would of course pay for my gas plus offer a generous hourly wage and it would be quite a bit of work,

probably spanning several weekends--a nice bit of extra cash.

I've heard M speak of J and T a couple of times but never met them. M reminds me that J was an artist whom she'd mentioned a few times, saying she did art that was a bit similar to some that I sometimes do--collages made of interesting 'found objects' (i.e.: junk). In fact, most of what she will be moving (they'd already moved furniture and most personal possessions) is just such "junk"--things she's packed away in rooms and in several storage buildings that she thought she might use for this or that project. M told me J would be sorting through it all in the process and, since they were moving to a more compact space, probably throwing a lot of interesting stuff away--no telling what--but stuff that I could also have the pick of, if I wished, in the bargain. M would also be along to 'chaperone' and help out, for the first few trips anyway, so I shouldn't feel a total stranger.

I said I'd do it, and then promptly told M about my dream. We laughed and she called me a freak.

I was pretty sure there was a mildly telepathic element then. I had apparently 'gotten a message' from M about something broadly to do with 'picking through old junk'--and gotten the message at almost exactly the same time she was trying to send it by calling me on the phone. I even considered there might have been a possibility that I had *heard* the conversation between my roommate and M in my sleep--a fairly remote possibility and one that would only account in any case for part of the information. I asked, but no details were discussed. Still, *possibly* I might have been aware of getting the phone message on *some level* and been simply 'making the rest up.' Certainly the part about V didn't seem to make any sense...

I was also a little haunted by a visual aspect not in the dream report, but that had begun to seem in retrospect the strongest image. Over the door between the narrow rooms--the enclosed porch and interior room in the dream--there was a transom of dusky, thick, beveled glass, which was cracked so that part of it hung slightly askew. This refracted the slow movement of a ceiling fan, on the porch, so that it pulsed darkly and somewhat ominously the whole time we were in the room. Somehow, inexplicably, this image seemed to be the 'signature' which made it recognizable as 'V's room'--even more than the 'record collection'--though in fact, neither of these things really made any sense--there was absolutely no resemblance to any real objects I could remember.

The next morning I mapquested the address I'd been given and arrived to help with the moving. I met J and T and was instantly shocked by the fairly dilapidated and ancient-looking quality of the house and its outbuildings. It turns out they hadn't actually lived in the house for many years and during this time it had just been amassing storage. Some of it had nearly 'returned to nature' completely. The significance of *this* didn't really hit me until I walked into the main house, *and it looked and 'felt' exactly like the rooms in my dream.*

I couldn't help mentioning this to M who laughed and called me a freak again.

We got to work and I was rather bemused to find myself engaged in acts *exactly* like the dream, in an environment exactly like the dream, all day long.

There was even a narrow enclosed porch on the front of the house extremely similar to what I had seen: there was a ceiling fan *and there was a transom over the connecting door through which you could see the ceiling fan.* The transom was different structurally than the one I had seen, being made up of many thin vertical panes, but the refracted pulsing effect was quite similar and we spent most of the time in the room where the effect was most evident.

At several points I was given boxes that contained an array of objects almost identical to the box in which I had found the crucifix in the dream--and kept expecting to find one, but didn't, *yet*. (Long story short here, I would find one *the next day*, a large one very similar to the one I had seen in the dream and when I expressed an interest in it, J kindly gave it to me. Though surely given the quantity of boxes I went through and the quality of their contents, I should have been perhaps more surprised if I *didn't* eventually come across such an object.)

J had also previously sorted through much of the material in question, some of which was to be moved to one place, some to another, some to be thrown away and some to be donated. *She had marked these items with small color-coded circular stickers.*

At a lunch break on the first day, M and I sat a table and talked while J and T continued to sort items. I mentioned how weird it was to be once again in the midst of something I had dreamt previously, and described the dream to M in the fullest detail. She had never seen the house before either, and I had given her enough details on the phone previously that she was already somewhat amazed at the basic 'accuracy' (calling me a freak yet again).

Eventually the topic turned to V. Why had V been so strongly implied in the dream? We couldn't imagine, but sat reminiscing about various events we remembered in which V had been involved or present. Certainly nothing about him seemed connected.

After awhile I said, "perhaps I dreamt about V because I was precognitive of *today, this* place and *these events*, and here we are talking about V--our talk now forever *part of these* events." It implied a strange loop of course, but we agreed that it *could* be possible. We shrugged.

At this point J came and sat with us, and asked about the topic of our conversation. We explained we were discussing an old acquaintance, V, (whom J had never known), and I also explained the dream, which she found interesting. This flow of conversation led J to begin telling us some of the odd history of the house.

The house itself, she told us laughingly, had cost \$100 and they had *moved it here* in 1983. It had been in another location and was scheduled for demolition and they decided to purchase it and have it moved to this location, on some land they had purchased earlier. This accounted for its somewhat dilapidated state; the foundation built for it was rather crude and the house had settled unevenly. Additionally, a couple of the rooms had to be 'chopped off' in order to navigate the house to its new location and there had ultimately been some rearrangement of the floor plan. J seemed fond of the resulting 'idiosyncrasies' and I suppose it *did* have a certain crazy charm--at least the 'disheveled,' *ad hoc* quality was absolutely resonant to *my dream*.

In passing, J mentioned the house had originated from M's hometown, the town in which both M and J work--and was from a location, now a small office complex, in fact quite near to their workplace. As J described the specific streets and location, I could see M's mind working, trying to remember the house in its original location so many years ago. Finally she had pictured it and said, "oh yes, I remember," and then did a double take. Then a triple take. Then a quadruple take.

If you're following my convoluted little story so far, perhaps you can guess at this point what she had realized.

"*Oh my god,*" M exclaimed, grasping my hand across the table, "*V used to live in this house!*"

•Some Barely Coherent Ramblings on The Nature of This Experience

In its previous location, a few years before 1983, the property had been a rental. *V had lived there briefly at the time that M had first met him.* By the time I would meet him, he lived somewhere else. It's possible that at some point in history the fact of his living in the house might have been mentioned to me though I certainly can't consciously recall it. I also can't recall a memory of the house in its original location, (and still can't even picture that location in my head as M was able to do), though it is probably likely that I might have seen it, driven by it, years ago, at some point. Even so, the problem of knowing that the house had been moved and where to, much less that I would end up *in* the house the day after my dream, remains.

The 'record collection' seems to have been perhaps symbolic. It was only through M's (and J's) 'record collections'--their memory or *recollection*--that the information of this having once been V's house came to light. And it required of them both (really, of all three of us) an effort to even discover it. It's quite easy to imagine these same events unfolding without any of us having the slightest realization of this information at all.

Over time I seem to prefer when these experiences can be chalked up to *telepathy* rather than *precognition*, for no other reason than it's somehow more palatable to think of connective frequencies and influences between living beings than to remind one's self incessantly that any and all ideas we have concerning the structure of time itself must be disturbingly wrong--even though, I suppose, they probably must be anyway.

But at the time of the dream in this case, *no one* involved had the information, or it seems *even could have possibly had* the information--*consciously* at least--that it was going to turn out that V had once lived in this house. Indeed it's hard to even see how any of us could have been said to have 'had it' *unconsciously*. At the time of the dream neither M nor I even knew exactly where the house *was*, much less what would turn out to be its history, and J of course never knew anything of V at all.

Also, to the best of my knowledge, this is the first and only dream I can ever recall having had about V in my life. So to chalk it up to coincidence would be quite simply, to my mind, like ignoring an elephant in the room.

The interesting question I suppose is "where" was this information *before* it came to light? If we don't know the rules of that "where" perhaps it shouldn't seem so strange that glimpses of it can appear to defy the structure of time.

In this case the sheer *synchronicity* or *weirdness*, for lack of better words, *of the circumstances themselves*, the oddity of making and seeing such connections even in real time, connections which seemingly wouldn't even exist in any sense of the word if we weren't there to make them, almost seems to suggest that such meaning doesn't really *happen* at any given time or place at all, but that it simply *...is*. That it has its own network and distributed being.

This is of course damnably hard to articulate, but it's almost as if there's a convergence of meanings here that exists 'for its own sake,' and 'picking it up,' even 'beforehand,' is something as *natural*, after all, as hearing an echo... or seeing something in the distance...

Non-reductionist

Feb. 28, 2007

IASD Bulletin Board

Jajofar wrote:

Is it not satisfying to know that your dreams keep you safe while you sleep and brings you back from the edge of oblivion when you had your peaceful rest?

I frankly think you're a little obsessed with the idea that 'oblivion' is lurking in every afternoon nap. *Relax*. "Satisfied that my dreams have kept me from blinking out of existence" is not something I'm very prone to feeling. Call me laid back.

Primitive people sometimes prayed to the sun all night so that it would come up again. What a relief it must have been to get over *that*.

Jajofar wrote:

Can you not see the the striking similarity of the computer to the human brain?

I see a *metaphorical* similarity of limited usefulness, since they are in principle and function far more strikingly *different* than similar.

Jajofar wrote:

I get my spiritual satisfaction from "seeing" how dreams work, and my regret is that others have shorter visions.

I realize that there might be a good deal of profundity in it *for you*, but with your own theory of how dreams work up for the Most Abbreviated and Underinclusive Award, it seems, well, *ironic* to call others 'short'.

People will never be satisfied to be told that the source of their dreams are glorified hiccups, arm pains and stomach aches, dude, *even if it's true* on some level. It's like saying "stuff is made of atoms" to close the case of reasoning on the subject of peacock feathers being beautiful and having purpose. That case don't click shut.

Gloria: 😊

The title made me laugh, but also made me certain I knew what the topic would be about. I imagined someone sleeping with balled fists and a look of consternation, gritting their teeth and sleeping, damnit, sleeping!--unwilling to let go of some upcoming challenge or problem which twists and turns torturously in the fragmented lanscape of their flickering consciousness.

Not that I've ever experienced such a thing mind you.

But as far as an American stigma to the afternoon nap, I'm apparently immunized.

Is there anything more glorious? Frankly whether it's an until-twilight indulgence (sex optional) or if it's just a few lapses into microsleep, sucked in by the density of hypnagogia between computer screens? GIMME.

Oh my, that smacked of aggression didn't it?

By the way, a while back I ran across [this](#) (among a few other sites). It's fun to read all the serious speculation about the meaning of the "symbols" in the in the Rozerem ad.

Incubation and time

April 7, 2007

IASD Bulleting Board Remote Viewing Challenge

Count me in.

For the record, I also always get impressions on first hearing of the experiment, and did this time as well--I 'heard' a distinct word and another phrase.

I usually don't concentrate too much on these initial impressions, but sometimes they linger virtually unchanged or morph and unfold into something else (as an influence on the final result, sometimes for better or worse), and sometimes they seem quite meaningless--but they always seem to function as a 'seed' for dream incubation. Of course I finally do try to forget them completely while awake during the actual window...

And, while I like to have time set aside for the actual window, my feeling is that the nature of time makes such things more or less nonsensical--in one sense you and Laura are already there... in one sense, perhaps, you are *always* there...

Harry Bosma's and Laura Atkinson's remote Viewing Challenge cont'd

April 11, 2007

IASD Bulletin Board

Apologies if I'm being all over the map here; it surely means I got a lot of noise, but I wanted to be thorough about the various threads of my interpretations in case something is tangent.

Initial Conscious Impressions and Developments

Clear as a 'bell,' I heard the phrase "*rule of thumb*" on first reading this thread. Then I heard the word "*Bell*", capitalized because it seemed to be a name, probably a place name, and seemed to have nothing to do with a 'bell' as an object. I never really derived anything else from the phrase and suspect it was just flotsam.

But both of these linguistic bits also carried a (synesthetic?) connotation of a very specific shade of dark blue, approximately the color of cobalt glass, or cobalt paint straight of the tube for that matter, but slightly darker. This field of color insisted on being an upright right triangle. Eventually this became a 'roof' and and I got many different (conflicting) impressions of roof structures incorporating this hue, some with complex gables.

Later I saw a series of horizontal cylindrical objects. At first I saw a large one, like a dark tunnel set into rock. This seemed to be laterally bisected, with the top half of the cylinder as a 'separate piece'--a half-cylinder which could move in and out of the surrounding 'tube.' Then I saw many of these shapes, inverted (the solid *bottom* half of horizontal cylinders) arranged in a field (almost like an array of 'solar cells'). These shapes were *pink* and from certain angles their geometric interconnectedness looked, whimsically, like a field of 'pig' caricatures, the cylindrical objects

forming the 'ears.'

All of these impressions seemed to gel together in an odd way to eventually become a tower like structure, cylindrical and *vertical*, with a pointed blue roof. It made me think of a lighthouse.

Dream:

Quote:

I wake up (disoriented) and am living in a large two floor upstairs apartment. (consisting of two floors--perhaps the 3rd and 4th, or 4th and 5th floor in the larger structure.) the upper floor, where my room is, is open in the center (like a surrounding balcony to the floor below) and lined inside with an old fashioned wooden railing. the apartment is full of people. i actually count them. 44. many are children with 'sitters' and there is a feeling like they are waiting in a queue that wraps around the upper floor for 'a doctor.' i go downstairs and out. i live 'above the fair' and downstairs is like the 'food service' for the fair. i walk through an area where everyone is rushing around, loading vans. jodi foster is there and we recognize each other. she is rushing with a giant jar of pickle relish. we speak briefly but i can't recall details. i'm thinking she looks like a nurse in her 'food service' whites. I stare at the giant jar of relish and find it amusing for some reason. I'm laughing. i go out and walk around 'the fair' (this is like the 'tulsa state fair,' and i am near the old pavillion. * see below) as i walk by this couple sitting at a table i hear they are discussing the nature of god. they have german accents. i pass them and walk along to the corner of the building and overhear the woman say "but then why do people hate other people?" i've walked past them and to the corner of the building. it's evening and the wind is blowing softly around the building and the dream becomes intensely vivid. I decide to answer her question and turn back and say "because people are hateful--it has nothing to do with god." she is impressed by this answer (as was I, it seemed quite profound at the time) and asks me to come and sit with them. saying it's so nice to meet 'other intellectuals' (lol) we sit awhile and discuss things, god, art. they show me that they are both working on drawings. they have tablets. her drawing is a crude colored pencil landscape which is covered with a weblike mesh in the foreground, the web has been made into thin little characters. (little 'people' rendered in an almost stick-like fashion, all linked together.) his is less specific, something on graph paper, and includes a poem, I can't make it out. it is perhaps like a sketch of a tree, rendered very nervously. I can't read the poem, but it looks small, like a haiku. then i suddenly notice (as if he had been there all along but 'just appeared') a younger man is also sitting at the table. (their son?) he is wearing some strange electronic device on his head over his eyes, something like night vision goggles--a dense black and complicated looking apparatus. (something like *Borg* fashion...) they discourage me from trying to talk to him, waving him off. his eyes, i can see thru the lenses are tiny pupils in an all white eye. no iris. disturbing. i lean over the table so that i can look directly into his eyes. he's obviously in a kind of trance. I suspect the goggles are some kind of virtual reality apparatus. there's a delay and then he switches something on his goggles and his irises appear (like a camera shutter opening) and he begins to talk at me, very close, very animated, almost voilently gesticulating close to my face. can't understand him, maybe speaking german. he's clearly psychotic and now i know why they discouraged me from talking to him....

Comments on Dream:

The dream switched gears here and I've omitted the latter part of the dream which seems to deal directly with some personal issues. I do feel compelled to include that at the very end of the dream, I dreamt my roommate came into my room and called me "lazy." I include this because it is so out of left field; I have distinctly *not* been lazy over the last week or so, being quite busy with garden and landscaping projects... lol

Obviously, even though they had German accents, I could not help but think about Laura and Harry and the RV in relation to the three people I met at the table. The couple seemed older than L and H, but they were artists, actively sketching, writing poetry and discussing 'things metaphysical.' The younger man with the goggle apparatus did have a fairly striking resemblance to Harry, and absolutely had 'Harry's hair'--which, unless I'm mistaken, is moderately curly and just above shoulder length. (?) Also the placement of the table was totally incongruous--there was very little other activity around and the table was right next to the wall of the pavilion, oddly isolated and out of place. At any rate, even during the dream, I related this scene to the RV and took that perhaps what my attention was really being called to was the 'Tulsa State Fair Pavilion.'

This was a bit of an icon of my youth, and the emphasis, in my memory, is totally on the bas relief animals, people and floral designs that surround the entire structure. These are the best pictures I can find, but in my memory (and in the dream) the are *more* animals: (especially) *elephants*, giraffes etc. included in the designs.

The conclusion (guess?) I'm making here is that the dream was telling me that Laura and Harry's target was a large building, with colored relief carvings of scenes or designs of some nature, possibly animal-themed. As to the interior or 'purpose' of the building, speculation leads me back to the 'strongest' interior of impression of the dream which was of a broadly *medical* nature... I would even go as far to say *pediatrics*.

In way this may come full circle with my impression of a 'lighthouse,' because I also have the association of a memory of a *children's medical organization* in my old hometown called 'the little lighthouse'--and I realize as I write, another association of a doctor's office I was taken to many times in my childhood, which featured a large mural of painted animals in its waiting room.

Or maybe I'm just a freak. 😊

Harry and Laura's remote viewing challenge cont'd

April 12, 2007

IASD Bulletin Board

Comments on mutual dreaming within challenge

Interesting Gosh. 😊 I was writing the following as you were posting:

Goshengolly wrote:

This mutual dream sharing alone keeps me hooked into the question of dream telepathy. How about you?

Absolutely, although to me dream telepathy is not really a question, I'm certain it exists. If only this certainty were helpful in some way to the process of intentionally directing it... lol 😊

I would also point out that we share the 'binocular' image Gosh--your sight seeing binoculars and my man with the 'virtual reality type goggles'--and that both of these, again, are 'horizontal cylinders'--echoing the archway and tunnel images. In a very basic way your picture of the device is remarkably similar to my *Harry's hair-having guy's headgear*. (And by the way, if this was you Harry, I apologize for calling you psychotic.)

I also notice Diana seemed to be in a subterranean environment that seems resonant with my image of the tunnel, with the 'water seepage.' Although it's unstated in my original submission, virtually everything I got was 'saturated' with a nearness of the sea, especially my 'tunnel set into rock' and of course lighthouse. Interestingly, I think I can recognize that I may have actually *avoided* some of these references in my mind because they seemed so deductive--being from the heartland with my limited knowledge of the real Rhode Island, these things seem almost *cliche* really so I was cautious about their seductive power. Of course this is not to say I didn't throw caution to the wind in indulging in other branches of deduction.

Also Olivia 'guessed' a zoo as the target, which, it almost seems I *should* have said as well due to the predominance of animal imagery, though my deductions simply and somewhat inexplicably led me in another direction there. This is all the more inexplicable when I realize a local zoo I visited many times as a child had a great wall of bas relief *elephants* that's had a lasting impression on me--and may in fact be mingled in my head in such a way as to have caused me to believe the pavilion itself included elephants.

Keywords also pop out at me in Rita's submission. The camera imagery makes me think of the quasi camera-likeness of the goggles and the fact that the irises of the man 'opened like a camera shutter.' She also has 'lots of children' in an area with *stairs*--implied in the configuration of my two floor 'apartment' with its open, balcony-like upper floor--and she's 'tending to a child,' like my 'sitters'--each of whom seemed to be responsible for one child or two or three. Another impression I may have actually *avoided* here was that the adults in this scene were teachers and the children were on some kind of 'field trip' and waiting in line for some kind museum or perhaps *aquarium* presentation... again this seemed perhaps too pat or cliche.

Anyway, yes it's great fun to see these kind of mutual correspondences. I'm confident we're not simply 'imagining' them at this point--and I'm sure all you 'veterans' would agree because they seem to happen almost every time these experiments transpire--but it is sometimes a little hard to know for sure when they are 'concrete' and when they maybe just be something we want to see.

Can't wait for the *intended* results. 😊

Remote Viewing Art Motivation Providence
<http://alquinte.com/en/rv/tg0704/target.shtml>

Remote Viewing Art Motivation Club Providence
IASD Bulletin Board
13th April, 2007

Thanks you guys! Great choice.

Well, I do think I got some hits, but I also see how I sidetracked myself--as I knew I would.

I believe I was trying very hard to get a picture of the structure itself. The roof is almost a right triangle and includes both gables or gable-like structures *and* a shape which appears to be a cross

section of the solid upper half of a cylinder. (The half-circular shape connecting the two upper floor windows in the picture.)



Also, these appear (?) to be living spaces above the deli, and I did feel that I was 'living above the food service area' for what I took as a fair. Jodi Foster and her pickle relish really seemed too outrageous for me to take as a real clue and perhaps I should have paid more attention to this. A giant jar of pickle relish was certainly something a deli would probably have on hand. (Jodi foster wasn't your waitress I take it.) 😊

Also, obviously, the main part of my dream was focused on 'sitting at a table talking to artists about their sketches.' This in itself is surely my strongest hit. Here I would like to ask if the conversations centered on the nature of god at any time, because this seemed to be the main theme of conversation at *my* table. Of course perhaps 'nature of god' here might be a metaphor--since I'm dreaming and the conversations were actually about the *nature of dreams*... if you can follow that rather bizarre line of reasoning.

Obviously elephants figured. 😊 I wish I had caught the significance that what I was actually seeing was *renderings* of elephants... sculptural, but *artworks* all the same--*representations* of elephants.

This photograph has been posted to the site, but it's unclear if this photograph was actually presented during the evening:



I will be relieved if so... because this clearly explains my 'iris of the eye opening like a camera shutter' to me, which was, for me, the strongest single image, if only for its bizarreness. The figure with the gun (as well as the whole composition really) could explain the 'violent' or 'psychotic' reaction I got from the image as well.

I'd also like to know more about this piece: *"One woman presented her "waking dream" of cut paper collage - extremely intricate. She created a very intricate "doodle"."*

This *sounds* like it could be a description of the woman's artwork I saw at the table, but it's hard to tell. The 'layering' I saw in this piece had a very Miro-esque quality--the web or mesh of simplified and stylized figures of people, all connected, could have been a Miro cutout layered over what I saw as a colored pencil landscape sketch. The mesh layer had mottled, multicolored gradients that had a look of dyed tissue paper.

I'm also very interested in your 'creative breath ink paintings' Laura. This reminds me of a grade school art project where we made "Japanese style" paintings of trees by pouring ink on paper and blowing it through a straw to form the organic branch shapes. If this is anywhere close to what you're doing in these pieces I would feel that the man's drawing I saw was also a strong hit. (The 'nervously rendered tree'--and even the haiku (also Japanese)--looked very much like this 'blown ink' technique, done on graph paper.)

Also, if I may ask both of you to condense what were the strongest impressions you came away with regarding the other's works? I mean, when you think back on the experience, what are the first or strongest artworks that come to mind?

Remote viewing: Art Motivation Club Providence cont'd
Dream Art
April 14th, 2007

Olivia, forgive me, (and excuse the Freudian interpretation) but it occurred to me that:

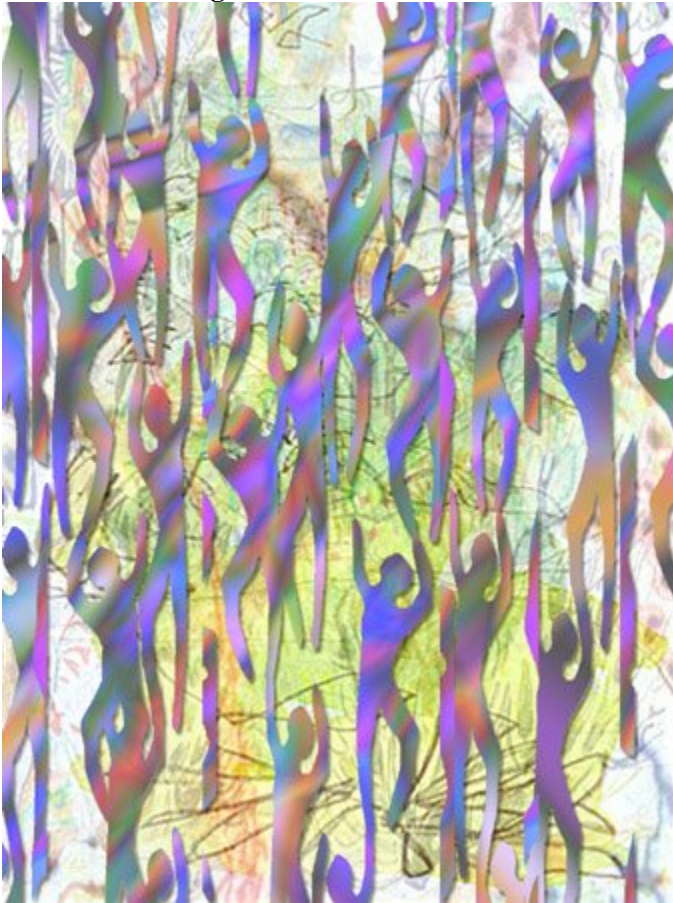
Olivia wrote:

I was in some kind of educational institution, found myself sitting on a toilet and realising all the walls around me were gone...

Could definitely be construed as exactly what's going on in any *group of artists* meeting... well, for just about any purpose, lol! I'm sure Laura might relate to this. (I think I'm *mostly* kidding, but...)

Had a minute so I threw together some quick renderings of what I saw on the couple's drawing pads at the table. I wouldn't call them literal in exact detail, but definitely fair impressions.

woman's drawing:



Man's drawing:



Harry wrote:

I have many animals in dreams. The strongest experience I've had is with (an) Elephant.

Ditto.

Hmm...



Using the internet to track telepathy/precognition

April 24, 2007

IASD Bulletin Board

I wonder what leads you to believe that picking up the contents of a sealed envelope a thousand miles away (or remote viewing experiments with live senders, for which many members here are also enthusiasts) is 'WAY harder' than 'just exchanging email addresses'?

For one thing, you admit that you 'rarely find anything of interest' as a result of your searches for the terms you've dreamt--and I know this feeling. Several times I've even gotten specific names

and email addresses in dreams and found and made contact with 'the person' in question, only to get a reply of something like, at best, "Well, that's interesting, but I have no idea why you picked me up or what it could possibly mean."

Furthermore, though certainly finding evidence of a *mutual dream* might happen this way, it's rather like looking for a needle in a haystack--or waiting for a random coincidence to prove a theorem. In my estimation, this quest would probably be FAR more difficult than participating in a group, simply because the group has commonly focused goals. In the case of remote viewing for instance you have a sender whose *clear intent* it is to *make contact with you* and check against details of this contact. There are also mutual dream experiments which create a situation where all the members go in more or less alert to the possibility of meeting the other members and exchanging (obscure) information.

Finally, though you say your scientific sensibilities make you crave something *testable*, you must realize that such a 'random' experience as you are pursuing would be, in reality, quite unverifiable. It is very unlikely that such a 'result' would include (more than one) timestamped journal or blog entries, witnesses or just about any other conceivable way to actually verify the claims of either 'participant.' You would, most probably, initially have only 'the word' of the person you contact, and even if many details of the separate dreams in question matched, it would be exceedingly hard, if not impossible, to 'prove' this was the actual case. Even on the deepest personal level, you might be left with some doubt.

The type of experiments, challenges or 'contests' which members of the IASD organize on the other hand, while somewhat casual and not *absolutely* scientifically controlled themselves, are more than just 'neat'--they are an opportunity to focus on and test this ability in a more direct way, and get definitive and more or less immediate feedback and results.

Judging from your post I think you would find such exercises invaluable and I hope you'll show up to participate in the next event. 😊

realityhandbook wrote:

Why, with the advent of the great connectedness that is Google-and-the-Internet, hasn't there been a stunning breakthrough in confirmed dream telepathy?

It's coming--but I'm also often frustrated and amazed at the general lack of vital interest in exploiting the web, and artificial intelligence, for this purpose, and it seems we have a way to go. And of course many brilliant people still contend that telepathy and/or precognition doesn't exist and isn't worthy of legitimate research. It's also my experience that most of the people I know are not committed enough to their own dream lives to even *write them down*, much less blog them or contribute them to a pool of research.

I'm confident though, at some point, enough people will begin to regularly input dreams into a single searchable and self-referencing database that will have *much to report*...

Thoughts on “noise”, what makes an image appear significant, morphing of target and (other) dream images
May 5th, 2007
IASD Bulletin Board

Per my brief PM (sorry not to get back to you, technical difficulties) I would volunteer to be the sender for the next event, and thought about arranging to send from the selected location *more than once*, separated over a period of hours on one day, or perhaps even over different days, to hopefully both maximize the possibility of 'reserving a window' for potential participants with busy schedules and, more theoretically, to increase the signal of transmission. Drop me a line if you want to run with it and we'll set a date(s).

Ramble:

Having said *that*, and while I like the idea of a round robin approach with everchanging senders very much, I do have some continuing qualms about participants *knowing who the sender is going to be, or knowing even the general location of the sender.*

I'm not married to an agenda here, I'm sure there are pros and cons for both approaches and my own various opinions can get a bit contradictory.

I think the positives for *knowing who the sender is* have been stated as making the challenges more accessible and friendlier.

That's an odd situation, because some of us only know each other in that internet sort of way, while some of us know each other, as they say, 'in real life.'

As a negative example, in the last experiment I felt my dream of sitting at a table with artists looking at and discussing their works was very close to the real event, however I do know *a little bit* about both Harry and Laura--that they are both artists--and so a more skeptical assessment could be formulated that my dreaming mind was simply taking information it already knew and presenting it in a novel, but more or less predictable way that happened to coincide with the real event. (Not my real feeling, but a plausible enough argument.) I might still claim the 'special attention' to the *table* itself to be a kind of hit, but this is much more tenuous.

Also, knowing the *general location* is perhaps a little problematic. I've never been to Rhode Island but as I mentioned in my report, I had a few imaginary 'stock images' of the place to sort through before sitting down to do a conscious viewing, and even afterward I was tempted to *discard* things resonant with those stock images--which in some cases would be counterproductive of course. Obviously in a very clear viewing--one might say in the *proper*, clear frame of mind, purged of any expectations--this might not be a problem, but knowing the location is in Rhode Island or Rhodesia seems to work against this.

Had I gotten the above 'hits' (artists at a table) *without* knowing Harry and Laura were the senders, I would have been much more certain that they *were* hits I think--and I think it might be more apparent to others as well, or at least more plausible to the skeptical.

But perhaps these 'hints' are valuable in spite of these 'noisy' distracting effects, serving as a kind of platform to launch our abilities, not into the vast void, but toward something vaguely familiar.

Of course when I've participated with 'unknown senders,' a somewhat similar problem seems to arise, that of 'guessing' the location--or focusing on where in the world the sender might be. It seems in that situation there are more submissions dealing with the location, and we (some of us) know the general pool of senders (roughly) and that none of us are likely to be in China, for instance. But I guess this really just points up that describing the *situation* is more important than

describing the specific location.

I also noticed an interesting effect in the last challenge dealing with the 'stock images.' I saw a small animated scene where the stock image actually *morphed into* accurate details about the real event--at one point reassembling itself into an *extremely accurate* picture, and then continuing on and becoming more and more 'refracted' and complex.

(Specifically I saw a 'lighthouse' which rotated in several planes eventually and briefly producing the semi-circle shape and a roof structure strikingly similar to the photograph of the location--then I saw these shapes multiply, (as if to convince myself they were significant), and become something entirely different. Of course I only realize in retrospect the accuracy of the brief image, but I suppose the most interesting question is how I knew this sequence was significant at all. I can't really answer that clearly, it wasn't merely *focus* because I had at least several other visual 'episodes' of almost equal intensity that didn't seem significant at all.)

Another consideration for not knowing the sender is the position in which it puts our heroic organizer, Harry. Someone has to organize and if the identity is kept secret from the rest of us, Harry will still know and therefor not be able to participate 'on the same level.' This is significant from my point of view because remote viewing is my favorite sport, and I'd much rather *play* than sit on the sidelines. 😊

I've always thought it would be great to have a dedicated and 'disinterested' committee preside over these experiments, but I doubt we can find enough disinterested people who would also be interested. 😊

Someday maybe the process could become totally automated. I envision a pool of participants who could be randomly selected as senders and notified, given a preset window and a choice to accept or decline. If they accepted, they might happen to be anywhere during the window, a 'slice of life,' on train on the way to work, *at work*, able to plan something more 'special' or what have you--and no *human* would be involved in the preliminary structuring of the event.

Goup dreaming with JanetC
May 24, 2007
IASD Bulletin Board

Had a lot on my mind, (yesterday was weird), dreams were rather piecemeal and chaotic.

Strongest images:

A row of 'topsy turvy' houses all leaning at weird angles and very close to one another. I visited a man who lived in one of these houses. He was sitting up, shirtless, in a hospital bed with bandages around his head and hands. He was very large, stocky and muscular. No idea what happened or why I was there. No conversation. I helped him drink some coffee. (I did 'consciously' think of the experiment here, but couldn't make any sense of *why*.)

I am trying to cross a rather swiftly flowing stream or river, water about chest high, holding a small white, lightweight box (cube) above the flowing water. The cube had something like a floral pattern in pale gold, a few flowers and leaves on each face. The flowers looked more like gears than flowers. I'm trying to get to a female form beyond the stream in a densely flowered 'forest,' (Roses mostly). The female form, which I never really reach, is, I'm thinking, a "hermaphrodite" and I get close enough to see that she has some extra limbs. I can recognize that

one of her arms is a 'goat's leg' but have difficulty with the rest. She's dressed in a manner typical of 'Greek goddesses,' pleated white 'gown' and I believe a laurel 'crown.'

I have to admit that I didn't remember this vignette until I read tinebluebird's post, but I also had a small episode (I think in one of the 'topsy turvy houses') of being in a very dimly lit room with my hands glowing fluorescent green, like in a blacklight. (!) I related this (loosely) at the time to the man with bandaged hands.

There was a very heavy thunderstorm this morning and as I was waking I kept incorporating these unbelievably *ripping* thunderclaps into my dreams. This must have happened at least a dozen times but the only incorporation I really remember was that I was playing my keyboard through an amp (I was working on a song last night until bedtime and I kept hearing it repeating all night) and the thunder was a glitch or 'complaint' in the amplifier. (I think I added reverb to the thunder to make it seem more 'authentic.') I visualized the incredibly explosive thunderclap which finally woke me as a 'zipper' in the mesh screen of my amplifier that kept coming unzipped and causing components to fall out with explosive, reverberating sounds.

Comment from JanetC: group dreaming

SAO - I meant to mention your hit upon flowers which I had brought to the group dreaming. As I walked along our local bike path that day, I picked honeysuckle which is yellow and white, but I also saw and smelled lots of wild roses, which were mostly white. They bordered the path for miles.

Group dreaming School: JanetC

June 8, 2007

IASD Bulletin Board

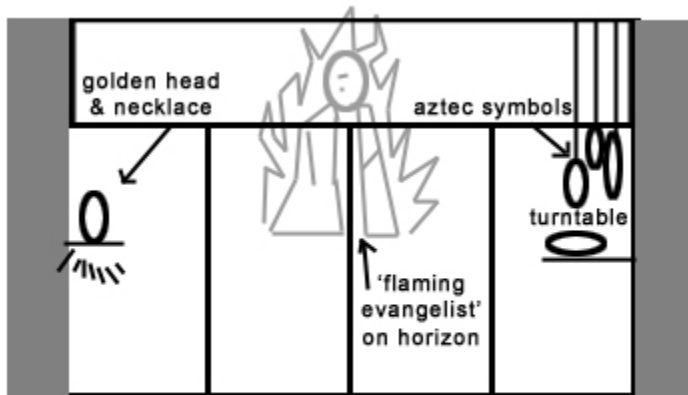
had very active dreams including two 'complete narratives,' waking between the first and second. (Might as well mention I went to bed a bit tipsy, having had a few whiskies 😊) I feel most of the subject matter is probably personal and I never actually thought of this experiment (during the dreams), but couldn't help but notice that very specific structures figured very prominently in both--so I submit them here in full, with quick sketches of the key features. "School," broadly, is a fairly frequent dream-theme for me, though neither of these dreams seemed to ring that particular bell, except that the second, with the evidence of children, made me literally think of school, just briefly. In retrospect however I could interpret some of the elements as possibly related to the theme.

Quote:

4:38 AM 6/8/2007

was in a car with D. (female friend), we were driving from tulsa to okc (east to west). D. was very sleepy and driving. she asked me to steer so she could go ahead and sleep. we did this for a bit until i realized it was crazy, and i woke her and told her i shouldn't be just steering because she was controlling the gas and it was dangerous. we pulled off (on the wrong side of the road) at the base of a fairly steep hill. S. (male friend) was with us now and we walked up the hill. there was a structure at the top of the hill: brick at the east and west ends and glass panels on the north and south faces. there seemed to be no doors so it was like a 'display booth' of some kind, about twenty feet long (east to west) and ten feet wide. there were four glass panels on the glass faces from the ground to head high and then a larger glass panel along the top of each side. we were looking into the south face (looking north)--the top glass panel was broken in a place at the top and there were some moths inside. at the brick ends were two 'shrines' built

with shelves and with stuff hanging inside. the one on the west side contained a golden head with a golden 'necklace' of radiating rods (primitive, african or possibly egyptian) very monochromatic--also some ribbons (red) and other less distinct smaller things. the east side contained what appeared to be a turntable (record player) and had three large aztec symbols (the 'highest one being off-white and apparently a figure seated on a stylized snake--the other two 'lower' ones were yellow and less distinct) hanging from string. (and some other less distinct things.) we noticed down the hill somewhat to the east was a house and many cars parked. a white truck pulled up in the drive and some mexicans got out and went up to the house. we went over to the house and it was like a large mexican family party. they invited us to the party and we had a few drinks and smoked some marijuana with them. we were outside, night, and very starry. the family were all very friendly. as we were leaving i picked up a small brass pipe (smoking) which looked like one i used to own and asked if it was mine. a mexican guy said it was and i took it even though i knew it wasn't really mine. we walked back up the hill to the shrine/booth. K. (female friend) was with us now too. i walked around to the south side and looked through the structure. the turntable began to play some very loud 'overture.' (the scratchiness of the recording being much louder than the music) a 'video image' of a man appeared on the horizon (beyond the structure as i was looking through it) he looked like a generic tv evangelist or something and he was surrounded by flames. (he wore a white robe with some trim, like a priest, and was seen from about the waist up) this was awesome as it was appearing in the sky, full of stars. (and appeared to be some kind of impossible 'video projection'--moving, perhaps i think in a loop, and speaking and gesturing but no sound associated with the image itself) then i noticed some red curtains on the north inside of the structure and they began to be moved by a strong wind, apparently contained within. they came together and twisted violently and began to spin, like a red tornado. all of this imagery was happening at once and was really breathtaking--waking me up.

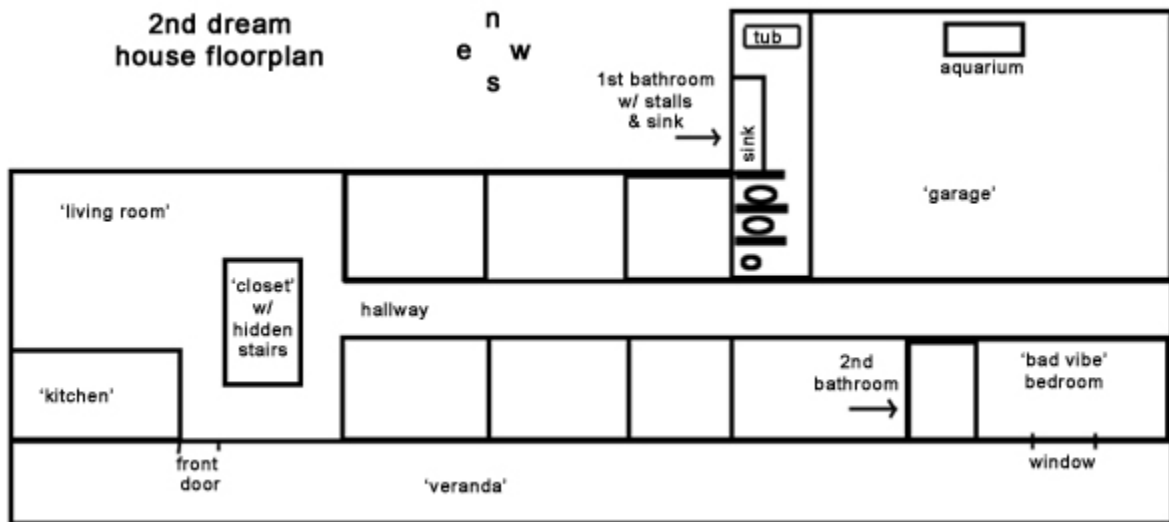


1st dream : 'display booth'
looking south

Quote:

10:21 AM 6/8/2007
my mother and father and oldest brother M. had all moved. they told me M. had gotten 'a little house behind their house.' D.H. was there (a friend I haven't seen in about 5 years). can't remember my mom and dad's house but D.H. and i drove from there to

M.'s house separately. D.H. had gone ahead of me. M.'s house consisted of several buildings way down in a field. a road went there by a big right angle, but i drove through the field which had big patches of swampiness, mud and wet leaves, thinking i might get stuck at any moment. it was twilight (evening). the house was HUGE and long. it had what appeared to be a veranda running the length of the front and had two stories. lights were on everywhere all through. i could see M., T. (M.'s ex girlfriend) and D.H all sitting in the 'living room' which was the lower front left of the house. i went in. house was very bright. (actually the kitchen was the extreme left front, but this lead to the living room. the door was toward the center of the house, past the kitchen and there was a 'foyer' or hall-ish entryway leading to the living room.) more than half of the ceiling of the living room was open to the upstairs, which i could see was very brightly lit by a series of harsh worklights, and seemed to be wallpapered in a white wallpaper with some very widely spaced small print. I wanted a tour of the house and wanted to start with the upstairs--it seemed to be one large room upstairs. i looked around a bit for the stairs and there seemed to be none. my brother pointed to what looked like a pull-down ladder (a square recessed) but T. indicated the 'real stairs' were 'hidden' in a closet. (this closet was large and open and had clothes and coats hanging in it). for some reason it was 'too much of a hassle' to get me upstairs so T. started me down the hallway for a 'tour'. the hallway ran down the center of the house and i looked into several nondescript rooms. then we came to a bathroom. the bathroom was long and narrow and ran toward the back of the house. there were three toilets with dark wood stalls, which i found strange and amazing. the first toilet was a small pink one (undersized like for a very small child) and the other two were normal. i had a strong impression that the people who'd lived here before had many children--and that most of the 'stuff' around must have been theirs. next in the bathroom was a long, large pink sink about the size of a bathtub, but raised almost chest high. there was water running in it and it was almost full. i assumed they had been filling it for some reason and had left the water running so i turned the water off just as it was about to overflow. there was also an old fashioned tub. next we came to the garage, again running toward the back of the house. it was also HUGE and carpeted with a berber type carpet that was multicolored but mostly dark brown. it was empty except for a very large aquarium in the back (100 gallon or more) i could tell it was being set up (had no fish yet) and it had what appeared to be a submerged 'car' in it. (a model car, almost as large as the aquarium itself) we finally came to the (other) front corner of the house which was a bedroom--had the impression it was a bedroom for several children, several beds. it was all dark wood. i told T. this was the only room in the house that gave me a 'bad vibe.' could see out the front window that there were three other 'buildings' as 'part of the house,' sitting at weird angles. one seemed to be a barn/garage and one was a smallish cottage-like house, and one was a metal building (like another 'storage barn'). adjacent to the bedroom was another bathroom, again with multiple toilets but no stalls. other furniture was stored in it. G. (another male friend, not seen in over ten years) was there moving stuff around. he was dressed in fatigues (camouflage). I had a conversation with him about the 'bad vibe' at this end of the house (this bad vibe was not very specific, but made me really uncomfortable). he was warning me, trying to convince me not to mention this bad vibe to anyone else. (was something somewhat sinister to this).



Online Dream telepathy Contest (winner)
July 2nd, 2007
IASD Bulletin Board

I had a full dream but did not think it was connected to the contest, (after viewing the pics I may change my mind, in which case I'll post it), but after waking up briefly, reminding myself of the contest, and going back to sleep for about 15 minutes (waking at 9:30 AM), I had the following strange dreamette, rather psychedelic:

Quote:

I was in a swampy glade filled with pale bluish gray gnarly roots and cream colored water. I saw **four objects hovering around a central sphere**, the sphere was bright, dark blue and was like a bubble of some kind of irregular resinous material, a heavier 'wad' of it at the bottom, semi-translucent, (everything in the dream seemed to be semi-translucent, including the swamp itself which seemed to be lit from below). The sphere reminded me of the old 'toy' which I used to get sometimes as a kid which was basically a big straw with some plastic goo that you would stick on the end and blow up into big swirly-colored bubbles. These four objects kept floating down (?) into the plane of the sphere and 'dancing' around it. They appeared to be a cross between an onion and a goldfish--their tops were organic, bulbous shapes, looking more than anything like the bulbs of green onions, and at their bases were almost transparent, iridescent 'fins,' the 'ribs' of which changed colors, pulsing through the colors of the rainbow. Each had four of these fins and they were arranged like **'organic propellers,'** (but they didn't spin independently of the little entities). The entities, which I somehow knew were called "sandovers" ((?) pronounced like a combination of the words 'sand' and 'over') and kept thinking of as 'fairies,' all moved in unison, rotating on their vertical axis back and forth in irregular patterns and also moving up and down vertically. They would disappear upward and then come back down, dancing around the sphere over and over. Something was going on here that is difficult to describe: something or someone was initiating or initializing these little constellations of objects

over and over, trying to 'get it right,' and it was clear they 'represented' something ...conceptual... but I couldn't grasp exactly what.

Target image and report:

http://www.asdreams.org/2007/idx_telepathycontest.htm



Metaphor of blindness

IASD Bulletin Board

July 5th, 2007

The topic comes up fairly often. There's an interesting link in [this thread](#), [The Dreams of Blind Men and Women](#).

My feeling about Kate's friend is that it is, broadly, "metaphorical" as suggested. I can certainly relate to *aspects* of my own dreams involving 'blind spots' or periods of blindness or complete lack of comprehension involving certain, sometimes obvious, things. I don't think it's related to 'processing power' or that a partial rendering is 'easier' for the dreaming mind as AI suggests--on the contrary, I think it may be a method of drawing a specific kind of attention to certain things...

On symbols in dreams

July 5th, 2007

IASD Bulletin Board

I would also agree. In fact, usually, I am either completely mystified by dreamt events (can find *no* real meaning) or experience the polar extreme of the symbols working on many levels at once--in other words, if they work at all on *some* level, they will usually work on *many*.

But this is possibly more about the nature of 'the symbolic' than the nature of dreams, per se. It's

difficult to think of *any symbol* which would mean the same thing to everyone, or even the same thing to *myself* in every context.

Talent in remote viewing

July 5th, 2007

IASD Bulletin Board

Being a son of a twin (and having two brothers, both with sets of twin children) I might suggest that the advantage of twins is perhaps more than tiny.

My mother and my aunt not only *wear the same clothes almost every single day without ever discussing it*, they've been known to go to separate stores and *buy the exact same new clothes* on the same day without discussion. Of course this is just one of many many anecdotes about their freakish behavior. (Sorry mom 😊)

So, I don't know about "spiritual makeup" per se, but I think *environmental factors* are probably hugely important. It was simply a given in my childhood that telepathy exists, and I saw constant examples. I was not moved to question it *too* awfully much in my own early experiences.

It's my feeling that it is of course utterly innate, but is probably rapidly *unlearned* in less fertile environments. As far as sending vs. receiving, perhaps this is related loosely to introversion/extroversion defenses, but I would doubt there is some pat equation for it.

On reasons for the existence of telepathy

July 14th, 2007

IASD Bulletin Board

My understanding of [string theory](#) is fairly limited, but the ability to intentionally "fold space" and the concept that by so doing one could actually be said to be physically "closer to China than to Nevada" are, as far as I can tell, not features of it.

These ideas also, to me, would make no headway in explaining how telepathic information would be exchanged anyway. After all, our experiments seem to suggest that it really doesn't matter at all how physically "close" we are to each other and that, as far as telepathy goes, it's just as likely that someone in China might get accurate information about events in California as someone in Nevada.

We're also still left with the *basic problem*: how even to send or receive a message to someone *in the next room*, or even *in the same room*. My experience certainly suggests, for instance, that sending a message to one of you guys may be easier in some cases than sending a message to my own roommate (who I can currently see through my window, mowing the lawn). 😊

Of course string theory (as well as other advanced physical theories) does suggest there may be additional, imperceptible, "dormant" or "unused" or "curled up" dimensions in the construction of spacetime, and it's certainly *possible* that some of these dimensions might carry or transmit information in surprising ways... It seems most physics (and *physicists*) however, while some may admit of some really bizarre exchanges of information *between particles*, is a *long* way from tackling this particular issue, and using such frames of reference we're still left with the rather bewildering and unsupportable prospect of explaining how the energy of thought might 'fall through the subatomic cracks' (or even more exotic portholes) and emerge whole, or be

reconstructed or re-recognized, elsewhere... or 'elsewhen.'

On the other hand, I believe that physics might really be ultimately a description of how *consciousness* works, (as 'opposed' to a description of whatever might be said to exist 'outside' consciousness, if anything does), and consider that since we 'know' some levels of physical information do apparently get from place to place or across time in some incomprehensible ways, there's no reason to suspect that thought would be excluded from behaving that way too. (It certainly *does behave that way* in my opinion, but I can't pretend that this is any better of an explanation than it is: what amounts to saying "since some stuff works in mysterious ways, *perhaps* other stuff does too.")

But if physical proximity has no real bearing on telepathy, it seems to me another kind of proximity might be promising, and it usually in this direction my thinking about it flows.

Almost everyone I know has at least one story dealing with getting telepathic information about or 'from' a *family member*, such as knowing the moment a distant relative has died. The most common stories seem to be between mothers and children; a mother suddenly sensing her absent child is in danger, etc. One might speculate that, statistically, telepathy is more fluent along lines of a sort of *genetic proximity*--or *evolving* quite naturally from the kind of interrelating organisms we are. If there's any meaning at all in this, it might be in the direction of a *genetic* closeness among *all humans* that the 'explanation' for telepathy lies. This is just another way of stating, as I feel intuitively is the case, that telepathy is an *organic* and *collective* aspect of human consciousness--something we can do because we are all, at some level of energy, *truly connected*--parts of a *single* organism...

Of course one way of looking at it is as 'absurd' as another I suppose, and I might also be accused of laziness for maintaining that it just seems 'easier' to imagine a collective, accessible 'database' on a frequency which can be 'tuned in on' by similar living organisms than to not only decipher the mechanics of space and time, but bend them (or fold them) to our will. 😊 Obviously, this doesn't speak to *where* this database is, or *how* we are connected or tune into it--but it evokes the rough and sort of Jungian concept of our species, en masse, functioning, on some level, as a unit, in much the same way that our individual minds (and constituent 'individual neurons') function. If true, the question of to whom we can even apply the term *individual mind* becomes... more interesting.

No real answers of course--just the feeling that although discoveries in the subatomic realm may show us all the exotic and metaphorical potentialities of consciousness, in practice no such knowledge is really necessary or, apparently, even particularly helpful. Telepathy continues to 'break the rules of physics' and even the most exciting potential "Theories of Everything" don't, and ironically probably won't, even touch it.

Olivia wrote:

McTaggart... suggests that any two molecules or atoms that have ever been in contact will resonate and communicate with one another for all time.

I'd be moved to agree just on an intuitive level; it's really kind of a reframing of the old 'Butterfly Effect,' (if a single butterfly flaps its wings in China, the air disturbance may cause a storm in Nevada a month later). Every single interaction changes the 'texture' of the universe ...'forever.' But again the question isn't really whether this resonance and communication between particles, interactions or events which change the universe *exists*, but *who they exist for*, or, if you prefer,

who may 'get' them, sense them, comprehend them... and how...

This also reminds me of another theory (or perhaps more of a thought experiment), (and I was actually able to dig up the passage) from *The Mind's I* by Dennett and Hofstadter:

Quote:

The physicist John Archibald Wheeler once speculated that perhaps the reason all electrons are alike is that *there is really only one electron*, careening back and forth from the ends of time, weaving the fabric of the physical universe by crossing its own path innumerable times. Perhaps Parmenides was right: there is only one thing! But this one thing, so imagined, has spatiotemporal parts that enter into astronomically many relations with its other spatiotemporal parts, and this *relative organization*, in space and time, *matters*. But to whom? To the portion of the great tapestry that are perceivers. And how are they distinguished from the rest of the tapestry?

The question is left unanswered of course.

This is resonant with a couple of my own intuitive theories, brewing in me since childhood and popping up again and again, which are in no way unique, but still rather hard to express.

The first goes somewhere along the lines of there being only *one 'true, central' human 'soul' or consciousness*--an entity which is able to express itself in, oh, say approximately six billion different ways at any given time, (not to mention across time itself), with everything every individual human being thinks, feels and perceives being fed back to the source. I would not call this entity "god" by any means--it doesn't deal with *everything*, it's simply the locus of human input/output--but perhaps it underlies our collective preoccupation with god. Perhaps it also underlies our intuitions about the *simultaneity of all time*, an ancient feeling our species doesn't seem to be able to shake--even though the arrangement may not even *really* speak to the nature of time itself. (Fluent access to this source would simply make linear time *seem* less important.)

The other goes toward 'many world theories' (such as that suggested by Schrodinger's work) or, even the more basic idea of an oscillating universe.

In the many-worlds-brand 'vision' the universe duplicates itself as it goes, allowing the expression of *every* viable probability, bifurcating into innumerable cellular wholes, each with "a me" in it.

In the oscillating-brand conception the universe creates and destroys itself over and over across vast reaches of time, and is, perhaps, 'encoded,' like a seed to grow a particular organism again and again, right down to producing "a me" every time.

In both cases (or even with both cases happening at once!), there are infinitely *many mes* going about their fundamentally and uncannily *similar* business, but also exploring the set of *variables*--vast but defined--which represent "everything that could possibly happen *to me*."

These ideas--and the idea that 'what we are connecting to' is really *different selves*--really ping the pervasive sense of 'deja vu' that, for me, underlies most of my experiences with telepathy or precognition. It's always a feeling that I've somehow 'seen into' the worlds of these 'many mes'--sometimes a sense that *everything* has happened before, or that "*this always happens*"--even sometimes a sense that *this usually happens*, or *this* will most likely lead, however inexplicably, to *that*.

Certainly still no explanation, but it perhaps expands our definition of self a little, and offers a glimpse beyond physics...

“If you sleep on the dog’s pillow, you’ll have the dog’s dreams”

Jul 16, 2007

IASD Bulletin Board

Leeballz wrote:

So IMHO it may be the uncomfortable sleeping position.

Physical discomfort (and *distractions*, as AI mentions), are probably factors, but because you mention you are house-sitting, I lean toward a possibly broader explanation of an unfamiliar ambience. This is based on my own experiences specifically with house-sitting. (Somehow I'm always getting house-sitting jobs, during which I *always* seem to dream my butt off, even when I sleep comfortably and quietly. True, the houses *are* often fairly *familiar* (belonging to friends or what have you), but definitely less familiar than my own usual sleeping domain.)

My theory about this is that one remains more aware of the environment in that situation--that there are all kinds of unknown variables and idiosyncrasies, unfamiliar sounds and ambient activity, and one just stays a little bit more 'alert.' I usually experience the same in hotel rooms or really just about any time I sleep somewhere unfamiliar. I've also always noticed that sleeping as a passenger (particularly in a car, which I love to do) really heightens dream recall/lucidity and hypnagogic imagery--and consider this may be the same basic effect: a sort of keeping tabs on the 'unpredictable' environment which causes a 'lighter' or more superficial sleep, or at least periodic and/or partial 'environment checks,' just making it more likely that we will 'catch ourselves in the act' of dreaming...

I wouldn't call it *fear*, but probably a survival instinct nonetheless; a kind of subliminal vigilance.

Your dreams seem pretty 'personal,' so this may be a bit off-topic, but more than a few times the nature of my dreams *while house-sitting* has led me to speculate about a possible 'fresh psychometry' angle too, (getting 'psychic impressions' from *physical objects*--or, expanding the definition a little, impressions from a 'psychic residue' left behind by the human occupants), sort of but not quite the old wives' tale, as my grandmother used to say, "if you sleep on a dog's pillow, you'll have the dog's dreams." Crazy, I know, but you might recall one example in the little illustrated account of [The Boats](#), where I describe a dream that seemed to get information about past residents of the place I was house-sitting, among other things...

LINK to Psiber Dreaming Galleries 2002,3,4,5

<http://dreamsounds.hypermart.net/psigallery/index.htm>

Symbolism, psi and hope

Aug 2nd 2007

IASD Bulletin Board

caroldreamer wrote:

not to discount meanings of symbols I am just challenged in understanding how one thing can mean the same thing or feel to all

It seems you're in the right place. 😊

The mission statement of the IASD after all is exactly that--one symbol *does not* mean or feel the same to all, even to ourselves. Symbolic meanings in dreams depend on the context of the whole person, in specific times and situations, and may develop and completely change across time.

I recall [this thread](#) wherein you stated that dreams are 'multi-messaged.' This, for me, is the basic truth. It also means not only that an individual symbol may have more than one meaning, but that dreams themselves may have many meanings and applications--so many that we do dreams (and ourselves) a disservice to even attempt to catalog them all.

caroldreamer wrote:

with that in mind do some people dream just psi and others more symbolic and psi?

...I am interested most in the psi dream work but think I am looking for something with in depth experimental psi work...

Most of my dreams also contain 'psi' elements, but this hardly discounts the possibility of other levels of meaning--*many* other levels of meaning, some barely articulated. I don't think that it's possible for anyone to dream 'just psi.' We surely do not dream as a simple response to our preferences, dreaming is a much more vital and rich experience.

For me, the 'experimental psi work' is an ongoing part of the process of my everyday life. The communal work done here in this area requires some patience, but is, I believe, important. In time, I'm sure more and more people will become interested in it, and the opportunities will grow.

I'm not sure why you feel you are a 'misfit.' You've described yourself in a way that I'm sure most of us here can relate to quite well. 😊

**Psiber Dreaming Conference
Precognitive Dreaming Contest
September, 30, 2007**

Hi... Having to work long hours over the weekend and afraid I might not be able to submit *tonight's* dreams before the deadline. This may or may not suck in the final analysis, but being extremely process oriented I feel it sucks in the preliminary analysis. 😊

(It also sucks that I already can't get caught up with the conference in general!)

Anyway, here's last night's dream:

Quote:

8:34 AM 9/29/2007 **Dream Title: Phrenology in Pajama Land**

I visit a facility that seems to be either a sleep insitute or a loony bin. Everyone wears pajamas. **The farbric from which all the pajamas are made is identical, a white background with a pattern of uneven stripes. (see illustration)**

I am given my own pair of pajamas. This is unpleasant for me as I generally sleep nude and find that the idea of pajamas is inexplicably rather icky.

A fellow 'inmate' shaves my head and does a very poor job of it, leaving great tufts of hair and me feeling and looking like I've just had chemotherapy. The fellow who wields the clippers is a rather goofy, leering quasimodo type character with an outrageous overbite and barely concealed sexual designs on my person.

One of the other 'inmates' was a **half man/half lion** (looked very familiar, like one of the 'manimals' from the *Island of Dr. Moreau* perhaps). He had a blond shock of 'mane' framing his face and a lion's mouth and nose, was apparently mute and simply stared wildly at us sideways. He was very old and seemed profoundly sad in spite of the rather malevolent appearance. There were also three black and white ordinary house cats in the room. At length, I'm left alone, and with the clippers and attempt to remedy my haircut situation by taking matters into my own hands, faring only slightly better than quasimodo, but making some improvement.

I met another character that I was thinking was **half man/half rabbit**--I knew everyone referred to him as "Rabbitman"--but in retrospect I have no idea why, he seemed to be a normal person except that he had apparently been a burn victim and had a lot of wrinkly scar tissue. He was tall, thin and hairless, in his early twenties, slightly creepy but very friendly and helpful. He offered to help with my haircut and worked on my head for some time, though I could tell he was doing something other than cutting my hair. Eventually I realized **he had drawn, with a black magic marker or sharpie pen, an intricate phrenology 'chart' on my head. (see illustration)**

I am brought an ordinary looking brown cow, on a leash, and told to take it outside, presumably to graze. **I feel rather ridiculous, leading a cow with a bad haircut and a phrenology chart drawn on my head in icky pajamas**, but I also feel momentarily somehow iconic--like I might be a well known image from a common fairytale or minted on a coin.

I walk through a vast 'customer service area" (this is a recurring sequence for me, dreamt of it at least several times). This is comprised of desks and counters with "tellers" on either side of a very long, broad hallway, filled to the brim with groups of identical items and here and there people waiting in line. One area might contain 100 identical vacuum cleaners, for instance--as if

named Daniel. (What are the odds?) One of them was quite young, perhaps 10 years old, and the other was mid twenties. They were not of the same family, but I met them at the same time and they were introduced to me as "Big Daniel and Little Daniel." Neither of their mother's names was Debbie however.

Target image: [Winner Patricia Kelly]



**Cont'd
October 1, 2007**

I just took a few moments to read over the submissions. Congratulations to those of you who got strong hits (I see quite a few). I was *moments* away from posting my dreams of the 30th when the target was posted, and I would have made a little better showing than my dreams of the 29th, but nothing as impressive as some of the hits I see.

I also see an amazing series of *mutual hits* as usual, and this always pleases me. (And seems to never fail).

I was particularly impressed by Gloria's submission personally. Though it was perhaps a little 'garbled' it's structurally quite similar to the target. Note how there are four feet hanging from the larger winged mass.

Excellent work y'all. 😊

**Cont'd
October 2, 2007**

I still have no time but should be catching up soon--but after reading Cynnies last note I couldn't resist posting my 2nd and 3rd dreams from the morning of the 30th. The 2nd may have been my closest hits to the target--though still very garbled, and the third might be resonant to Cynnies note. (Also thanks to Q, I didn't even realize I had said anything about a 'fairytale'--though I did catch my 'hybrid creatures' as well as the hybrid theme in many submissions).

Quote:

(bolding as in original)

Dream #2 I was in a park at night. A lot of indistinct activity and people. Someone was carrying **a huge white egg**. The effect of this was very **Hieronymus Bosch**. (This is the same park I dreamt of about a week ago, which a group of people was cleaning up--obviously the process was still ongoing). Several people were struggling with **a huge black branch** and I pitched in. We dragged the branch to an older African American woman's house who lived near the park, and took it inside and 'set it up' in her kitchen. (It filled her kitchen horizontally. I understood this was to give her 'better reception' for some important program to be televised later.)

Dream #3 I went to play that I had written which was being produced by a group of students. The premise involved a woman crawling down on to the stage from above through a double **'gerbil trail'--(a transparent set of tubes, corrugated by the spring-like spiral structural supports)**. The tubes went through an 'obstacle course.' (In retrospect I'm not sure what this means--I'm guessing the tubes went through twists and turns. Also not sure what I mean by 'double'). There were rows of desks, like typical classroom student desks, onstage and all the action was partially concealed by **two layered gauze scrims, one black and one white. Over all this were vertical bars, painted gray**. The overall effect was that the action took place in a misty or murky jail cell. The students had elaborated on my original script to a great degree but I was pleased with the results. They had turned it into a musical.

Dream from 2006 that made an impact (request from Harry Bosma)

Jan 8, 2008

IASD Bulletin Board

I awoke completely tensed against this grotesque image and feeling but just sort of chuckled and shook it off.

Now I do periodically have dreams about vampires. They tend, as the above dream, to have a 'stylish' somewhat futuristic or apocalyptic quality that I can't help but note is a quality shared in a lot of modern vampire films (think *Blade...* on LSD). I'm also usually a vampire 'hunter' or trying to 'infiltrate' the vampires in some capacity. In a significant number of these dreams I've been aware that these vampires, with an elaborate hierarchy and militant efficiency, are turning the entire population into *zombies*--or will-less drones. In more than one I've seen these zombies lining up like sheep to 'report in' at 'check points' and have been able to pass for a zombie myself in order to see what was going on and/or plan escape. They are of course always wrought with a feeling of extreme danger and the connotation of *infection* is ever-present.

A few years ago I did, too, see a strong possible connection to the threat of *AIDS* (especially) and other infectious diseases in these dreams--indeed at one point I was certain this was in fact the 'meaning' of these dreams, believing even perhaps for a while that I might be 'tapping into the

consciousness of the disease itself' if such a thing is possible. And of course I've always had the rather broad interpretation that vampires might represent anything which can sap our energy-- particular people, situations, ...*habits*.

Thus the other day, almost a full year after, I had an epiphany about the above dream. I think it is, on one level at least, about *smoking*.

- the house itself with hallway and symmetrical chambers = *my lungs*
- the 'vampires' = cigarettes: they burn up--all one has to do is touch them with a 'lighter'
- what remains is a coal-like head, which must be 'snuffed out'
- they are 'holding me down'
- they 'have me in their grip' (addiction) and could, easily, kill me--and force me to look at my own mortality in the face constantly

(And by the way the whole 'crazy horse' aspect had some unrelated and possibly precognitive implications which I won't go into here.)

Ironically I was unable to put this interpretation to the dream at the time, *even though it was in February* and occurred right around the time of my *2006 relapse from quitting on New Year's Eve*, which I do nearly every year.

In fact, for about the last ten years or more I've quit and relapsed *often*--able to go cold turkey for months at a time or adapt to long periods of only smoking once or twice a day, only to find myself back up to a pack a day. And that's where I am now--though I promised myself to quit again *this* New Year's Eve and have yet to get around to it. (Not to cop out, but the first week or so is always crazy-making and I've had too much to do to be a mental invalid this year so far.)

Anyway, it would be fair to say I didn't *need* this dream in order to be conscious of all it implies-- I'm very conscious of these things every single time I smoke--and yet this dream, and the realization of this interpretation, seems a powerful and *positive* sort of mental talisman to me now... so perhaps it *was*, for me, a dream of 2006 for 2007.

Cont'd March 11, 2008

I just wanted to bump this thread and say that the dream I recounted in it may have been one of the most important in my life.

I quit smoking in July, 2007. Of course it was a struggle, and I'm still dealing with it, but I have no doubt at this point that I've quit permanently. I've got that 'hallelujah' feeling.

The dream was instrumental, and in a way that I couldn't have predicted.

As I mentioned in the post, the information that smoking was 'bad for me' and was something I needed to quit was certainly not new; I dealt with that knowledge daily for over 30 years. And, even though, once I had realized the interpretation, the dream did haunt me, this in itself was not enough to 'make me quit.' As any smoker knows, you're 'haunted' every time you smoke one of the damned things, whether you've had death-filled dreams about them or not.

But after posting the dream, I also began to tell friends about it. I'm sure I must have told at least a few people about it at the time I had it, but now I began to tell the story *with the 'punchline' of my interpretation*.

I often talk to my friends about dreams, and most people who know me well not only know that I have *precognitive* dreams, but have seen evidence of my precognitive dreams at some point--having heard about some of my dreams before the events they are about come to pass.

So, when I began to tell this dream and its interpretation, the overwhelming response I got was wide eyes, drained faces and friends telling me in stern tones that I was crazy for not taking the dream seriously. One friend said "It's like you think you only have precognitive dreams about unimportant things or other people, but you really need to listen to this one for yourself."

Well, I did--and I'm as happy about it as Harry's avatar looks. 😊

Last edited by sao on Sat Mar 08, 2008 1:17 pm; edited 1 time in total

Cont'd March 8, 2008
IASD Bulletin Board

Danke Harry. I do credit my friends and you among them. 😊

Precognitive dream: McCain will be Republican candidate
IASD Bulletin Board
March 10, 2008

Here's mine (?):

The other night I was reviewing my recent dream journal and noticed I had several dreams in a row in late January that involved a number of indistinct "candidates" milling around. This got me thinking about the possibility of 'going in' to get some information about who would be the new Prez.

Last night, without really meaning to, I had an incredibly intense, explosively symbolic dream that hit on far too many personal ramifications to go into--every symbol, every *thing* in the dream worked on at least two levels and every 'message' was stressed a number of ways. I've been working with the dream like a Rubik's Cube most of the day.

The aspect which relates to this post however didn't click until just about an hour ago, when I ran across [this internet news item](#), the headline of which reads: **John McCain's Phoenix Retreat -- Laid Back and Far From Washington (But it Still Has a Spa): Peek Inside**

Here were the pertinent points of my dream:

Quote:

"we were circling around (I was filming a friend of mine in the dream) this italian or mexican villa, white stucco with a blue linear design along the top and terra cotta roof. It was long and had some deep 'bays' (sort of architectural 'dead end' areas) and a pool...

...we came across an open door and looked inside. there was a large tiled shower area and I thought this is the 'spa.'

...we went inside and there was an area like a small art gallery full of painted american indian pottery and dolls..."

If you can click the slideshow you'll see these are pretty good descriptions of some of the features of the house. My own commentary is that I was seeing *exactly* the house in the article.

Also, I noted a very prevalent soundtrack for this particular dream, the song *The Story In Your Eyes* by the Moody Blues, which I haven't heard in ages. The lines kept going in my head: "We're part of the fire that is burning, from the ashes we can make another day."

"From the ashes"=Phoenix.

I had a very strong impression that the interaction happening between myself and several friends (all happening around this house) were projections of the future. I don't think they were *literal* things which are going to happen, but they most definitely *signified* certain more or less guaranteed future situations.

Anyway, on the basis of this, as much as I hate to, I'm going to have to call it McCain at this point.

I realize many people might see this as the 'safe bet' anyway, but it would probably be hard to get me to even admit it the *possibility* of another republican taking office if not for the dream. I'm just contemptuous like that...

Of course I've still got time to have a *better dream*. 😊

Slide show (slide 4 is Indian artifacts; side 8 spa): :

http://www.architecturaldigest.com/homes/features/archive/mccain_slideshow_072005?slide=7#globalNav

Cont'd

Of course I considered that's a possibility, and a pretty good one given the way precognitive dreams often work.

But my hunch that the precognition is more far reaching is based on the larger context of the dream. Given the strength of that context and the multiple, codified meanings within the dream, knowing McCain no longer lives in the house doesn't really change my feeling.

We'll see. And, more than posting for the sake of this single dream, I was interested if anyone else was having any dreams on the subject, or if this might incubate any.

Meet Kipasso
March 8, 2008
IASD Bulletin Board

Article: [The Sleepwalking Nurse Who Draws Masterpieces](#)

The [video](#) on YouTube, mentioned in the article--disappointingly obscure.

Garlic and dreams and dreams and prescriptions
March 8, 2008
IASD Bulletin Board

I know I mentioned garlic in the old threads. I often chew a raw garlic clove (this made Jean run and hide) for general respiratory... cleansing, being a bit prone to sinus infections etc. Without fail, every time I do this, I dream extra vividly.

I don't believe this is due to the old pizza-that-conquered-the-world nightmare theory, because I have what is commonly referred to as a 'cast iron stomach' and am generally not bothered at all by the garlic--or anything else. (Though I've awakened a few times to find my partner sleeping on the couch 😊)

I speculated in the old thread that it may be due to the allicin in garlic, which is also in onions. There was a whole conversation about a connection to onion and dreams and studies that show that people who don't like onions dream less. (I told the story of the twins I know who refuse to eat onions in any form and also both claim to *never* remember their dreams... then we discussed the old folklore that garlic wards off vampires...)

Along the lines of what Barabara was discussing, I recently received an interesting "prescription" in a dream.

I had been suffering from ridiculously intense, painful dry eyes for about a week, to the point I was about to seek medical advice.

I dreamed that I was giving a performance and about to go onstage (accurate day residue) and I got into a fight backstage with two transvestites. There was a large one and a small one, a couple, and the small one was yelling at me and telling me I 'never listened to anyone' and similar things, while his friend was trying to calm him down. I got away from them and was sitting at a table waiting to go on when the small transvestite rushed up to me with half a lemon in his hand. He put the lemon right up to my face and squeezed, squirting lemon juice in my eye. This caused some pain which jolted me awake.

Later in the day I was making myself a glass of iced tea, and while cutting a lemon slice I remembered the dream. What the hell, I thought. I squeezed a little lemon juice on my finger and gingerly tested rubbing a bit into my eye. It stung, but only for a second, after which I experienced the most marvelous relief, my eye filling with lubricating tears for the first time in days.

Before getting carried away, I consulted the internet and found that, sure enough, it's a fairly common home remedy. I even found an old article suggesting a daily eye wash of diluted lemon juice was great for general eye health. I used the lemon juice for just a few days and my eyes returned to normal. Haven't had the problem since.

When to get non-dream help

March 11, 2008

IASD Bulletin Board

think what al was trying to say is that if you think you need a priest or protection from aliens, the chances of getting help from a dream forum may be slim. No one here is going to have an explanation for you given the limited information about your predicament.

But, with all respect, if you actually *believe* your 17 year old son was picked up, spun around and scratched 200 times by some nonphysical entity, you definitely *should* contact a priest or some form of mental health care worker.

Cont'd

March 11, 2008 (later)

Fair enough. Again, I don't feel we have enough information here to make that *specific* call, but getting objective help in *some form* other than posting on an internet forum seems absolutely indicated.

Dream continuum and fasting

March 11, 2008

IASD Bulletin Board

Frank: you're certainly not the only one who thinks dreaming may be a continuum. This seems almost obvious to me--about the only time it *doesn't* in fact, is that moment after awakening, when you're grasping at what just happened... "like stars extinguished by the chatter of dawn."

I'd also mention that *fasting* seems to have an effect on the intensity of my dreams.

Last edited by sao on Thu Mar 13, 2008 3:33 pm; edited 1 time in total.

