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The Lucid Dream Exchange



**Lucid Dreams:
To Be Able To
Control Your Dream**

Sleep Paralysis and Lucidity

**My Lucid Dream
Geometric Healing Experience**

**Meeting Dreamers in the Dream State:
A Lucid Quest**

Multiple Awareness in Simultaneous Dreaming

**Dream Characters and Reality Checks Part Two:
Validation and Practicality**

The Lucid Dream Exchange

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An Invitation to Dream

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Statement of Purpose

The Lucid Dream Exchange is an independently published reader supported quarterly magazine that features lucid dreams and lucid dream-related articles.

Our goal is to educate and inspire lucid dreamers through sharing lucid dreams, exploring lucid dream techniques, and discussing the implications of lucid dream activities.

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Submissions

Send your submissions via e-mail to lucy_gillis@hotmail.com. Include the word "lucid" or "LDE" somewhere in the subject line. Please indicate at what point you became lucid in your dream, and what triggered your lucidity.

Submissions are printed at the discretion of the LDE editors.

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In This Issue



DreamSpeak

Robert Waggoner Interviews Ed Kellogg, Ph.D. 2

Lucid Dreams: To Be Able To Control Your Dream

Dream Researcher David Melbourne relates the story of Mark Creed, once a skeptic, now a lucid dream enthusiast 9

Dream Characters and Reality Checks: Part Two

Linda Lane Magallón explores the reality of dream characters in part two of this four part series 12

My Lucid Dream Geometric Healing Experience

Beverly d'Urso describes her extraordinary healing dream .. 17

Sleep Paralysis and Lucidity

Three lucid dreamers share their insights and experiences dealing with sleep paralysis 20

Meeting Dreamers in the Dream State: A Lucid Quest

Four lucid dreamers attempt to meet in the dreamstate 23

Multiple Awareness in Simultaneous Dreaming

Lucy Gillis asks, Do you dream simultaneous dreams? 26

Potpourri

A variety of lucid dreams 27



The night sky

Opened

A window to another world.

For just a moment,

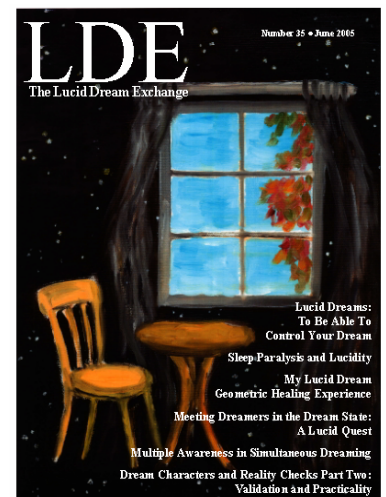
Beckoning.

I couldn't resist

The Invitation.

Lucy Gillis,

The Invitation



Dream Speak

An Interview with a Lucid Dreamer

By Robert Waggoner

This issue's DreamSpeak interviewee and creator of the LDE's Lucid Dream Challenge, Ed Kellogg earned his Ph.D. in biochemistry from Duke University. A proficient lucid dreamer, he has a long-standing interest in the phenomenology of dreaming. He has presented numerous papers and workshops on such topics as the lucidity continuum, lucid dream healing, and mutual dreaming. In 2002, 2003, and 2004 Ed organized and hosted IASD's online PsiberDreaming Conferences.

Robert: Ed, I believe that you and I first met at an Association for the Study of Dreams Conference in Berkeley about 10 years ago. When did you first learn about conscious dreaming or lucid dreaming?

Ed: Up until about the age of twelve or so I experienced occasional semi-lucid flying dreams, as well as what I now can identify as Out-of-the-Body Experiences. However, as a teenager I had few if any lucid dreams or OBEs - although I still had vivid dreams. In college, after reading some entertaining books about "astral travel" from authors such as Sylvan Muldoon, Oliver Fox, and Robert Monroe, I made an intentional choice to regain the dream life I'd enjoyed as a child. I read as many books on the subject as I could lay my hands on. I especially enjoyed Celia Green's *Lucid Dreams* and *Out-of-the-Body-Experiences* books in which she took a more scientific view, and the reprint of van Eeden's classic and inspiring paper "A Study in Dreams" in Charles Tart's *Altered States of Consciousness*.

Unfortunately, I did not find the methods presented in these books particularly effective. I spent many nights during my senior year in college, and in the summer before entering graduate school, developing and testing my own techniques. I invented a technique that allowed me to intentionally succeed in having an OBE 1 out of 3 times. I also invented techniques that allowed me to intentionally have lucid dreams about 1 out of 10 times, but that required much less effort than the OBE technique, and as a side effect also increased spontaneous lucid dreams. I did my postdoc at U. C. Berkeley, and at that point heard about LaBerge's work - in fact I even obtained a copy of his dissertation before the publication of his first book.

Over the years I've intentionally, and I think creatively, developed and deepened my lucid dreaming skills, to the point where I can now consistently succeed - under defined conditions - in having lucid dreams. The lucid dreams that I have now have also changed in the degree of lucidity that I can attain. As a child, lucidity consisted of just enough awareness to know that I dreamed and that the rules had changed - so that I could go flying for example. In many of my lucid dreams today I become fully awake and aware while dreaming - as awake and aware as in physical reality.

Robert: Can you recall your first lucid dream experience? Tell us about that.

Ed: Although I vaguely recall having lucid dreams as a boy, I don't remember any specifically. On the other hand, I clearly and vividly recall a number of OBEs, where I would go flying around and about our house, over the lawn and across the back field - usually at low altitude - less than 6 feet. These experiences felt intensely real - just as real as if I had physically flown. Which, for me as a child, led to some confusion.

On the one hand I knew - absolutely knew - that I could fly. Yet for some strange reason I could only manage to do this at night, while asleep. And yet I had little success doing so when awake - as an attempt that I made of flying from an upper bunk bed one night proved pretty dramatically! <g> However, this set up an early awareness for me of on the one hand, "knowing with inner certainty that I could do something", and on the other hand, "finding out that in practice I could not actually do it." The tension between these two indisputable facts created in me a need, and a drive, towards understanding.

Robert: How do you distinguish lucid dreams from OBEs?

Ed: First, I do not consider OBEs - of which I've had over a hundred - as simply a kind of lucid dream. Over the years a lot of controversy has arisen on the nature of lucid dreams as compared to out-of-the-body (physical) experiences. By definition OBEs fail to meet the most basic criteria of lucid dreaming, that you realize *that* you dream *while* you dream. Also, the two experiences have many distinct phenomenological differences. In my early pre-OBE experiences, I often felt waves of energy rushing up and down my body, and heard a buzzing vibration sound. My consciousness dissociated to a degree from my physical body and associated with a second non-physical body, but this second body still felt attached to the physical. I can see and hear, but although it seems like I do this physically, I often see and hear things not physically present. If I intentionally speed up the vibration/ wave moving up the body, the second non-physical body becomes unstuck, and I can move away from my physical body, which remains in place. During all of this I feel fully awake in an almost identical way that I do when physically awake. In fact, unlike in after even fully lucid dreams where I experience a real shift in consciousness when I "wake up", when I return from an OBE I do not feel like I've awakened - but instead merely shifted viewpoints.

Also, although my state of consciousness in an OBE seems very similar to that in a fully lucid dream, my memory of an OBE after the fact seems almost indelible. This stands in marked contrast to my memory of even fully lucid dreams, which tend to quickly fade unless I make an intentional effort to remember them. The clear and unforgettable aspect of the experience acts as a reliable validation to me that I have had an OBE.

Furthermore, environmental stability in OBE reality behaves much more like physical reality than dream reality. When I take a second and even a third look at objects during OBEs, the objects stay very much the same. I generally find myself in a very close counterpart to my physical body, but sort of a semitransparent white color, that can feel very light or very dense depending upon how much I speed up, or

slow down my "vibrational rate". I feel a very strong and defined sense of embodiment, directly comparable to that felt in my "physical" body. My body shape seems relatively immutable, and although I can fly (and go through walls) if I speed my vibrational rate up sufficiently, I've had very poor success with other kinds of dream magic tasks which I can easily do in lucid dreams.

Unfortunately, once one has had enough OBEs, the situation can become a little more confusing, because one will begin to have dreams of OBEs, just as one has dreams of waking physical reality experiences! Often times I find that paranormal researchers (especially those who have little or no personal experience of OBEs themselves) will include "dreams of OBEs" in their OBE data files, which often leads them to the mistaken belief that OBEs just seem a type of dream.

Curiously, I've occasionally had spontaneous partial OBEs, where for example, my OBE legs have detached and float above my physical legs. I can sense both pairs of legs, but can only intentionally move the "astral" pair. Also, when I have an OBE, until I move about 10-15 feet away from my "physical body", I usually experience myself, to some degree, in both bodies simultaneously. Once I've moved that distance, I only experience myself in my "non-physical" body. In between, I feel to some degree embodied in both, depending upon the distance between the two, and where I focus my attention.

Finally, usually people who have OBEs believe they have actually left their physical bodies. Lucid dreamers usually do not. And OBEs - but not dreams - will often absolutely convince the experiencer that they can exist without a physical body. They often lose their fear of death. Those who have had OBEs quite often find that they enjoy life much more, with a different core attitude towards it - an effect that can last a lifetime.

Robert: How do lucid dreams relate to OBEs then? Any ideas?

Ed: Well, I do have a theory. Just as an OBE body apparently comes out of the physical, so does the dream body come out of the OBE body. The physical body seems the densest and most stable, the dream body the most subtle and changeable, and the OBE body in-between. I've even

experienced the three bodies in sequence, like a series of Chinese boxes. Lucid in my dream body, then returned to my OBE body, floating outside of the physical, and then back to my physical body, in a two stage "waking up" process. Some metaphysical systems teach that we have seven or more bodies, like layers on an onion, each more subtle than the next. I can't speak to the existence of any of the "higher bodies" but I have experienced three.

Robert: What methods did you use to bring conscious awareness into the dream state? Has that changed over the years?

Ed: I started off using a self-hypnosis approach, and even made up a series of programming tapes to listen to before I went to sleep. Because I had a lot of flying dreams, I set up "finding myself flying" into a cue to realize that I dreamed. So I incorporated this key post hypnotic suggestion into my self-hypnosis sessions and tape scripts: "Whenever you find yourself floating or flying in a dream, you will realize that you dream." This worked - if sporadically. To this day, if I have a flying dream, or find myself floating, it will often serve as a cue for me to do a reality check. I created different, and I think improved, programming tapes as time went on, experimenting with techniques from sources as diverse as Milton Erickson and Carlos Castaneda. I also tried a number of dream incubation techniques. I found the MILD technique promoted by LaBerge quite effective, and combined with everything else I did, it increased my frequency of success for intentional lucid dreams to about 1/5. After noticing that the lunar

cycle had an effect on my lucid dreaming ("Correspondence," E. W. Kellogg III, *J. Lucid Dream Research*, 1(1), 48-49 (1983), I intentionally looked for other factors that might have positive or negative influences. Eventually I developed my "*Lucid Dreamer's Checklist*" as a mean of systematically ferreting out my own set of optimal conditions for successful lucid dreaming. (Note: if you'd like a copy, email requests to alef1@msn.com) I found for example that, getting up at about 3 AM, reading for a half hour, meditating, and then using a specific dream incubation technique to set up lucid dreaming works very effectively. And of course, as far as

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E. W. Kellogg III

increasing the number of lucid dreams goes, as with any other skill, practice makes perfect.

Robert: Why have you devoted so much time to lucid dreaming? What motivates you?

Ed: Why do I have a particular interest in the development of lucidity? Although beginning lucid dreamers often see lucid dreaming simply as a kind of entertainment, for me lucid dreaming has become a kind of spiritual practice. In essence, I see lucid dreaming as a kind of yoga (meaning union). "Individuation" (in a Jungian sense) refers to a type of psychic growth, that usually occurs slowly over a period of years, and through which the fragmented self - consisting of many separate and even antagonistic parts - becomes more and more whole through a process of integration. Dream patterns reflect this process, and over a lifetime will show slowly evolving patterns of growth in dream content and theme.

On the other hand, in my experience lucidity also requires a kind of "individuation", in that for the lucid dreamer, two disparate "selves", the "waking self" and the "dreaming self", will integrate to a greater or lesser extent into the "lucid dreaming self". If the "waking self" predominates, the dreamer seems prone to either wake up, or to find themselves in a lucid but powerless state. If the "dream self" overly predominates, lucidity can become marginal - one may have abilities, but it doesn't occur to one to use them.

For me true lucidity brings a third self into the mix - the "Spiritual Self." The more truly lucid I become, the more I've integrated these three aspects of self, and the more of my Beingness the lucid dreaming "I" brings into play.

The waking self brings in my thinking aspect, the dream self my feeling aspect, and the Spiritual Self my knowing/creating aspect. True lucidity for me requires a balance, but once the lucid dreaming self has integrated these three aspects and made this state of beingness habitual, one need not let go of a predominant waking ego control to fly, because the waking ego does not exist separately, but has become an integrated and valued part of a greater Lucid Dreaming Self. One need not 'let go' to fly - one just flies.

However, this seems just the beginning, as the continuing enhancement and deepening of lucidity to me in essence seems a spiritual quest without real limits. A quest for the Holy Grail of Authentic Being. Even in the most super-lucid states I've experienced I realize how far I have to go - and considering how valuable I've found the journey so far, I expect to encounter far greater wonders as the process continues.

Robert: Would you share one of your super-lucid dreams that significantly changed your perspective?

Ed: Sure. This dream occurred during an eight week group of mine in November of 1996, that focused on exploring the Kabbalistic Tree of Life through lucid dreaming. That week we focused on the sefirah Tifareth, in many ways the "heart" of the Tree, and the energy center that corresponds to the level of the soul. It also has an association with the Sun. In the first part of the dream, I'd tuned into the afterlife of a disincarnate man, trapped in a sort of Earthbound limbo, who had just "woken up" some 29 years after his murder. I won't get into the details of this part of the dream, but the situation resolves itself, and suddenly I jump up a level to become part of a Greater Entity:

"He/I now sits at a large desk or an impressive table. He/I seems in charge of a group of incarnates and disincarnates, a sort of Oversoul. He/I feels extremely competent, self-confidant, and powerful, but He/I still takes orders from an even Higher Level. Out of a clear tube He/I gets hundreds of cards relating to instructions for different sefiroth, blue cards, green cards, orange cards. He/I feels a sense of having Eternity to work in. Now I (*the Ed Kellogg part*),

become fully lucid. Although I feel very curious about the cards, and even though it might not seem appropriate ("*the tail wagging the dog*") I decide to try taking advantage of this opportunity to do my predetermined task. I chant SHH AHH MASHH (*Shamash, the Hebrew word for the Sun*). As I chant I intend Integration, for me to tune into the Oversoul entity and become one with it. I feel a powerful vibration on both sides of my head, like two speakers over-volumed and ready to blow. My head feels ready to explode or come apart from the powerful vibrations. I intend the bridges (*connecting pathways*), and manage to chant *Shamash* one more time before returning to waking physical reality."

"After this dream I realized that living in Eternity, that the purposes of this 'Deeper Me', had very little to do with my own temporal and physical concerns. Not out of a lack of caring or compassion, but simply through a fundamental difference in viewpoint. Some might argue that I could have come up with a similar insight if I'd taken the time to consider the matter logically. Granted, but this misses the point. After this dream I did not understand this in a tentative or abstract way - I knew it experientially and with certainty."

E. W. Kellogg III

This bare bones account needs some commentary. First, both I (Ed Kellogg), and the disincarnate man, belonged to the group of entities over which this Oversoul had charge. His/It's attitude (which I felt) seemed benevolent in a purely nonattached way - He/It cared about his charges as parts of a larger picture but had little concern for their individual well-being as such. And as far as their physical well being went, He/It cared no more about the duration of their physical lives, or the state of their physical bodies, than you or I might care about that of a pair of paper shoes. (The disposable ones they give you at health spas to walk around in. Once the shoes have served their purpose, or show any wear, you throw them away and get another pair if you need one. And you do so without slightest thought or regret for the fate of those shoes.) The Oversoul lived in Eternal time and could not view the physical situations of his charges as they did. Unless the physical condition of their bodies had to do with the greater purpose or pattern, it simply had no relevance or importance.

Up to the point of this super-lucid dream I had a vaguely anthropomorphic concept of my "Higher Self". I felt that It's concerns had at least some kind of similarity to my own, and that if I could find some way of communicating my needs to It, It would respond in a positive fashion. After this dream I realized that living in Eternity, that the purposes of this "Deeper Me", had very little to do with my own temporal and physical concerns. Not out of a lack of caring or compassion, but simply through a fundamental difference in viewpoint. Some might argue that I could have come up with a similar insight if I'd taken the time to consider the matter logically. Granted, but this misses the point. After this dream I did not understand this in a tentative or abstract way - I knew it experientially and with certainty.

Robert: From your lucid dreams, I also notice that you use "chants" and "spells" to achieve desired ends in the lucid dream. Did you develop this technique? What value do you see in it?

Ed: As any lucid dreamer knows, in dream reality "magic" works - dream [mind] can and routinely does directly affect dream [matter]. However, for me simply wanting, hoping, or intending for something to happen did not produce very reliable results. Reliable magic requires a way for the

dream magician to focus intent. So taking my cue from the wizards and witches of legend, and inspired by one of my favorite fantasy books (*The Incomplete Enchanter* by L. Sprague de Camp and Fletcher Pratt), I decided to give rhyming spells and incantations a try. I found that they worked quite well - not all the time mind you, but far more often than my simply wanting or wishing for something to happen did. Focusing my intent through verbalizations has allowed me to perform many of the feats attributed to the most famous magicians and wizards in fact and fiction, from Merlin to Harry Potter, and with special effects that would make George Lucas or Steven Spielberg envious. Teleportation, visiting the dead, levitation, conjurations,

materializations, and transformations of one's body and environment have become a routine part of my dream life. Although some people assume that "anything goes" in dreams, in practice certain techniques work far better and more reliably than others. And in my case incantations not only work, but they keep me amused.

Robert: Have you ever had a lucid dream experience in which the dream characters responded unexpectedly to a chant? Have they ever chanted back at you?

Ed: In contrast to spells, I use chants (verbally repeating a simple name or phrase) as a means of tuning into something or to someone, or to resonate with something, the way that you might use a mantra in meditation. On the other hand, I use spells to create a particular effect or type of phenomenon.

I have had quite unexpected responses from dream entities, when I've pronounced certain kinds of chants. For example, I've worked a lot with Hebrew "God-Names" as a means of exploring the Kabbalistic Tree of Life

in lucid dreams. Certain names, if chanted with a specific pronunciation AND with a special kind of authentic intent (Kavanah) on my part have resulted in a beautiful chorus of hundreds of other voices joining in. I've also had occasions where dream entities have made fun of me, or have simply told me to shut up!

Robert: Do you predetermine a spell or do they spontaneously come to you?

Ed: Both. I prefer having the time to work on incantations beforehand - so that I can optimally work out their "feel", a

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E. W. Kellogg III

combination of word choice, sound, rhyme, meter, and meaning. On the other hand I've improvised spells many times in dreams, creating spells "on the spot" that worked quite well in producing an effect. I've also found that not all incantations work equally well - for some reason some spells work far more effectively and more reliably than others, even when I designed them for the same purpose. I can only determine which spells work, and which ones don't, by trial and error. And even the most reliable of spells don't always work the way I expect every time I use them.

Robert: From your presentations and writings, it appears that "healing" in lucid dreams seems of special interest to you. What brought about that interest?

Ed: I have a long-standing interest in the mind-body field, as well as in the greater process of reality creation and how that relates to consciousness. Even as a high school student I'd read about the psychophysiological effects seen in scientific studies on biofeedback, directed visualization, and hypnosis. And while many "dream experts" believe that they know the limits of dreaming, and what "having a dream" means, because of my phenomenological orientation I assume - emphatically - that I do not. And as I like to "push the envelope" with regard to what one can do in dreams, the idea of experimenting with lucid dream healing came quite naturally to me. Although I'd not seen any reports of any lucid dream healings, given the vivid multisensory impact of dreams, it seemed likely that they could produce positive mind-body effects.

Robert: Have you had successes with healing yourself in lucid dreams? Also, do you think it possible to heal others, when in a lucid dream?

Ed: Over the years I've had many successes, and some failures, in healing both myself, and others, in lucid dreams. I first used lucid dream healing in 1984 to heal an infected tonsil (I'd skewered it while overenthusiastically eating a fish shish-kabob). I decided to try the LDH technique myself as an experiment. The pain decreased markedly immediately after the dream healing, and when I checked the tonsil a few hours later, the swelling and redness had almost entirely disappeared.

I've learned quite a lot about the phenomenon since then. However, rather than trying to go into detail here in this interview, I'd rather beg off for now with the promise of writing up a fuller account of lucid dream healing for some future issue of LDE.

At this point I will say that the experiences I've had of successfully healing other people in lucid dreams adds credence to the idea that dream reality has a consensual and intersubjective basis, something that the phenomenon of mutual dreaming (where two or more individuals have similar dreams about each other at the same time) also supports. It also brings up the troubling "can of worms" issue that psi-dreaming might not simply involve remote viewing, but remote influencing as well.

Robert: Aside from lucidity, in your work you also have focused quite a bit on psi-dreaming. Why?

Ed: In my view what we today call "psi" and "spirituality" comprise two aspects of the same thing. We separate them linguistically, but in actuality they seem inseparable. Let me try to make my viewpoint clear. Spirituality in essence requires a type of interconnectedness between all beings, and that we as individuals have a Greater Aspect of Self - a "soul" or "spirit" if you will, that transcends the limitations of space-time.

The accumulated evidence of parapsychological research has demonstrated that psi seems a non-local phenomenon (e.g. it transcends the limitations of space-time), and that it serves as an encompassing medium that connects each of us to one another. Without psi, spirituality becomes an empty shell. To me psi

does not seem "an extra", something "tacked on" to spirituality, but an inescapable and integral element, without which authentic spirituality as such can not exist.

For many in our culture dreaming seems the only practical way in which people can access their greater, non-local selves. Unfortunately, modern culture for the most part trivializes dreaming and minimizes its importance. For the individual, a single instance of validated psi-dreaming can act as a powerful counterforce, that not only highlights the potential importance of dreaming, but that can open pathways towards self-knowledge and the first hand experience of inner spirituality.

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E. W. Kellogg III

Robert: What do you feel keeps science from looking in that direction?

Ed: Muggles.

Robert: You have decades of experience in lucid dreaming and a Ph.D. in biochemistry from Duke University. If you chaired the Department of Lucid Dreaming, what experiments in lucid dreaming would you suggest to your faculty?

Ed: I'd set up a three phase program. First, a program to identify those individuals who have the potential to become adept lucid dreamers, and second, a program to develop, test, and, improve techniques that train people to become adept lucid dreamers.

Once we had trained a group of adept lucid dreamers, a third phase would kick in - using adept lucid dreamers to explore - and reproducibly map - the potentialities of the lucid dreaming state. This program would focus primarily on exploring psi-dreaming, such as mutual dreaming and remote viewing, and of lucid dream healing. I believe that well designed protocols, and a cadre of trained and adept lucid dreamers, could establish the scientific validity of psi-dreaming and of dream healing beyond any reasonable doubt through a series of robust and reproducible experiments. This would, at the very least, accelerate the shift away from the reductionist-materialist mindset that still hinders mainstream scientific thinking and research.

Robert: When you think of the cutting-edge issues in lucid dreaming, what do you think of?

Ed: I think of using trained lucid dreamers to systematically explore – phenomenologically - the nature of dreaming *while* dreaming, and to explore the larger issues of the nature of reality and the full potentialities of consciousness. This kind of work requires experienced lucid dreamers who still have open minds about dreaming. If they think they know "all about" dreaming - what they can, and can not do in a dream, they end up in ruts, and rarely if ever try anything new. Because of my own open minded phenomenological orientation, I've felt willing to try many innovative tasks that I had not heard of anyone else even trying before. Someone who believes that dreams only take place "in your head" would not even consider attempting such tasks, even as experiments. For theories on the nature of dreaming, the repeated experimental validation of dream-psi seems the equivalent of the Michelson-Morley experiment in physics, with the exception that few have realized the profound implications. Psi-dreaming has made such strictly subjective, solipsistic, theories of dreaming outdated and untenable. We need to change how we think about dreams, and to understand that dreaming involves a kind of perception.

Still, in one sense it doesn't matter what sort of unexamined assumptions one operates under - scientific or metaphysical. In either case, once someone "knows" what a dream "is", these unquestioned beliefs will limit not only the scope within which they can act, but their ability to perceive without distortion anything that "does not fit". As Goethe put it: "*The most difficult thing of all is to see what is before your eyes.*" In my groups I try to teach lucid dreamers to let go of their preconceptions about dreaming - to experiment with open minds, and see what happens.

For myself, right now I enjoy exploring the idea that we actually live in an information universe, where at the deepest level we input the universe primarily as code, an information pattern, a code that we learn to habitually translate and then experience in terms of sight, sound, touch, etc. A computer does this in a simple way when it translates a stream of binary code information - a pattern of 0 and 1's - into an animated visual display on your computer screen. We as humans do something very similar when we read an engaging story, where the text presents us with an arrangement of arbitrary shapes (letters and numbers) arranged in a meaningful pattern that we ignore as such while reading, experiencing people, places and situations instead. The movie *The Matrix* illustrates this idea in an entertaining way, where the characters live in a virtual reality experienced and only perceived as physical, but which at its root consists of a mathematical code.

Might we tune into this information universe directly when we dream, when we bypass the physical senses? Can we, as lucid dreamers, like Neo in *The Matrix*, find a way to perceive a mathematical universe underlying the sensory dreamscapes that we usually perceive? Stay tuned.

Robert: Thanks, Ed, for your observations into lucid dreaming. Any parting thoughts?

Ed: The idea of "lucid dreaming" still poses an existential challenge to many in our culture. As you know, until recently mainstream psychology considered this phrase a contradiction in terms. However, to those who have experienced lucid dreaming first hand, the psychological impact can seem extraordinarily profound. Although researchers minimally define a lucid dream as one where dreamers have a vague awareness that they dream, a truly lucid dreamer can also enjoy powers of intellect, memory, and free will that approximate and even exceed those of the everyday waking state. Mainstream scientists frequently use the term 'reality' as a synonym for the 'physical universe'. In contrast, I take a phenomenological point of view, that uses the term reality to refer to the world of direct experience, where reality includes not only my waking experiences but my dreaming experiences as well. And although I now feel that I live in something like *The Matrix*, I still don't know "how deep the rabbit hole goes."

Lucid Dreams: To Be Able To Control Your Dream

© By David F. Melbourne

'Lucid dreams have changed my life.' These are the words of former sceptic, Mark Creed. As an industrial chemist, 37-year-old Mark specialised in polymers, and like so many scientists, was schooled in the concept of behaviourism and thought that if anecdotal phenomena could not be physically measured, they probably did not exist.

This story begins during the summer of 1996 when, at a social gathering, I raised the subject of lucid dreams - I had met Mark only a few times previously. Although he considers himself to be open-minded, Mark could not accept the notion that an individual could be fully conscious, yet still be in dreaming rem sleep. Moreover, the idea that a lucid dream possibly constitutes another level of reality, proved too much for him to swallow.

I am accustomed to this understandable reaction from people who, for the first time, learn about the phenomenon. However, unlike some who become openly scornful, Mark was polite enough - albeit wearing a doubtful smile - to hear me out. There then followed a friendly discussion, which covered everything from Newtonian laws of science to quantum physics. By the end, it was evident that I had not succeeded in creating the slightest chink in his steadfast ideas - or had I?

Mark's conscious way of thinking and his beliefs had not changed, but the ever-vigilant subconscious had taken in everything I had said. Just a few days later, he experienced his first, brief lucid dream. The next time we met, he not only had the honesty to tell me this, but he was keen to know more about the strange world of lucid dreams.

Regular site visitors will know that I am in the fortunate position of having formed a partnership in dream research with Dr Keith Hearne. Dr Hearne is arguably the world's leading authority on the subject of dreams, specifically lucid dreams, having pioneered the earliest research into the phenomenon, and established the first structured communication from a lucid dreamer to the outside world.

After giving Mark a fairly in-depth explanation about the subject, I supplied him with Dr Hearne's book, *The Dream Machine - lucid dreams and how to control them*, (Aquarian), which he took away and read with interest. Then, just a few days later, he had another, longer period of lucidity. From that moment, the way in which Mark viewed the world began to change. Since then, he has had many more lucid dreams, some of which he has found to be quite overwhelming.

Mark Creed
(Life and death have new meaning!)

Recalling his old behaviourist stance, Mark reported, 'I've always been a realist and interested in science.' He paused, then added, 'And I've always worked in a logical way and believed that everything had to be proved. I used to believe that dreams were an irrelevance and served no purpose. I simply didn't believe in lucid dreams.'

So how has this phenomenon changed his life? 'As far as life goes, it somehow seems less important,' he explained. 'I used to believe that it was incredibly important, something to be clung on to. Experiencing lucid dreams has diminished my sense of mortality. Life is no more the be-all and end-all of everything. I am now more relaxed in my approach to the future.'

As Mark continued talking, the reason for his comments became clear. 'I used to believe that death was the end of everything - nothing before, nothing after. But, as you and Dr Hearne point out, lucid dreams definitely raise the possibility that we all exist in a mentalistic universe.'

Mark's logical mind then reached the obvious conclusion. He went on, 'Therefore if we exist in a mental reality, what's to say that we don't have another life to look forward to after this existence?'

Mark acknowledged that experiencing such a powerful degree of lucidity has resulted in adding a spiritual dimension to his life, where none existed before. He concluded, 'My entire outlook on life and death has changed!'

Nowadays, Mark records all his lucid dreams and passes them on for Dr Hearne and myself to study and research. Mark's logical thought patterns and grounding in science make him an ideal subject for carrying out specific experiments during these dreams.

For example, Dr Hearne and I are interested to know what happens when a lucid dreamer attempts to pass through solid objects. In this sense, there already exist accounts of effects and events under these circumstances, and Mark's reports could help confirm these findings. Among other tests, we are keen to experiment with precognition, (foresight).

At this juncture, it is worth pointing out to you, the reader, that my own research into lucid dreams suggests that they vary in potency. Some people might become aware that they are dreaming for a fleeting moment, before lapsing into a conventional dream, (slight lucidity). This is sometimes reported during a nightmare.

Others can be aware that they have achieved full long and short-term memory recall, (regained their identity), but take no active part in the dream. Instead, they observe in wonderment as the dream unfolds around them, (medium lucidity).

Mark, however, is fortunate in that his memory and identity are restored, and he enjoys taking an active part in the dream, even to the extent where he is learning to control the events, (high lucidity).

A small proportion of the population, however, experience something more powerful, in that they appear to be able to utilise the lucid dream state to initiate an out of body experience. I have coined the phrase, 'A full-blown lucid dream'.

It must be emphasised that the chart below is based on my estimation of the statistics accessed on dreams that are reported to me - more research has to be carried out in this field before these figures could be regarded as statistically significant. Nevertheless, they do provide an interesting grounding on which to begin such work.

To give you a better idea of the amazing potential of the lucid dream, Mark has kindly agreed to allow us to publish one of his experiences of this miraculous phenomenon. His detailed observations provide valuable research material. I have selected the following dream, because it raises many questions of how the perception of time itself can be affected.

MARK CREED'S ACCOUNT

I was looking through the back door of a car at its interior. I then moved from the car to look at my surroundings. I was on the pavement in a town street. When I looked up, the sky was blue and it was very bright and sunny. I felt euphoric. The street was wide and I don't recall any people. I gazed at the shops and the skyline - everything was bathed in sunshine. It felt Mediterranean.

I ran down the middle of the street. I felt great. I remember thinking about experiments that Dave and Dr Hearne wanted me to do, and recalled the one about jumping off a chair, but I couldn't see one. I needed to concentrate hard to conjure one up, but I was loath to do so in case I woke up; besides which, it was such a fantastic day, I couldn't care less about the chair.

I carried on running, looking up at the flags and bunting. I felt that I wanted to fly. Then I thought, 'I can fly!' Concentrating, I ran and flew up, but I couldn't sustain the concentration and came down again.

I carried on running towards another street. As I ran, I thought that I must take off in order to clear the

buildings, but I couldn't get off the ground. I fell over on the pavement and rolled on the ground. As I fell, I kept my eyes open and watched the shops and buildings. They went from in front of me, to being above. The reality and perspective were astonishingly real.

As I lay gazing, I thought clearly that this stunning experience was a creation of my brain. During the fall, I felt no pain. I got up and ran along the road into a huge circular centre, rather like a roundabout without streets leading from it. I stopped and wondered how long I had been dreaming lucidly. I considered it and concluded that it felt like between ten and fifteen minutes.

The place was a bit like Coleford town centre, but without the clock-tower in the middle. Still bright and sunny, it felt even more Mediterranean.

I saw a red car parked, and decided to try and lift it up. Without effort, I lifted it over my head. I felt like Superman. Then, I wanted to see if I could stop a moving car. I ran to the middle of the centre to wait for cars, at which point, people began to appear walking by. I wanted some cars to come out of adjoining streets, but didn't conjure them up consciously.

Low and behold, cars started to appear, driving by. They were all old cars, and I'm sure one was a Triumph Herald. I wanted to run in front of them to see if I had the power to stop them. I still felt like Superman, and didn't think that I could be harmed. The cars stopped coming, so I consciously conjured up some more. Three light olive green cars from the mid-seventies drove by in front of me. They were shiny like new, all in excellent condition and very real.

The cars and people dispersed. I ran down the middle of the street. I felt great. I very much wanted to be by the sea. I ran round a corner, and there was the sea and a beach. I continued running, across the sand and into the sea. Before I saw the sea, I just knew it would be there.

I stopped in about six inches of crystal clear water and began to study things. The sea was so clear and blue, with gentle ripples, as one would expect on a calm day. However, something strange was happening. The motion of the sea was in quick time - sort of fast forward. Carefully, I scanned it from the horizon to my immediate vicinity. It was like watching a video being played on fast forward.

Except for the sea moving so fast, the perspective and colours were totally convincing and real. But the strangest thing was that, in complete contrast, I was

moving at normal speed. Bizarre! Astonishing! I woke up, glanced at the clock. It was 8.30 a.m. I felt euphoric, charged up, fantastic.

Readers will be interested to note that, despite Mark's grounding in science, in this instance, even he was unable to overcome the exhilaration of the experience, in order to carry out the set tests. Also worth noting, is the fact that much of the dream has been cut to avoid this article running out of space - no ordinary dream could be recalled with so much clarity and detail.

Finally, Dr Hearne and I are always interested to receive accounts of lucid dreams, particularly those which contain unusual sequences. Perhaps 'lucid' dreams have changed your life? Would you like to help us in our research, by joining our network of lucid dreamers, who carry out tests and report back to us?

Email dreamthemes@compuserve.com

David F. Melbourne, who lives on a remote Scottish island, has been studying dreams for 25 years and is known all over the world for his accurate dream interpretations. Apart from

the general public, he has analysed dreams for celebrities and famous authors, all of whom have admitted a high degree of accuracy.

David was the first person to discover the 'trigger mechanism' in sleep, which identifies message-bearing dreams, thus disproving Freud's idea that dreams are the guardian of sleep. He was also the first to establish a link between neurological visions, caused by trauma, and the subconscious. He has written a fantasy novel, and has had about 40 short stories (nearly all inspired by dreams) published by various imprints.

More about David F. Melbourne can be found at <http://ourworld.compuserve.com/homepages/dreamthemes>

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Dream Characters and Reality Checks Part Two: Validation and Practicality

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Willie Throughout The Lucid Frequencies Of Dream

Besides regular dreams, I had a lot of Willie dreams on the borderlands of sleep: hypnagogia and hypnopompia, mental and aural states of consciousness, initial awakenings, plus astral projection and out-of-body experiences. I never knew where she would show up.

A mental impression dream has no imagery to speak of. It's a case of dreaming in the dark. I can become aware of cognitive process or have a sense of what can't be translated into a visual picture. This was basically a mental impression dream, although I did get a brief glimpse of Willie.

Willie moves from theory into practice, like transferring from one computer file into another.

During the dark period before the dream scene appears, I can sometimes hear voices. The statements are quickly spoken and just as rapidly forgotten, unless I make a special effort to retrieve them. A couple of times, I actually got a short conversation going between my voice and another's.

I ask, "Willie, are you aware of me?" and hear, "Linda, I am aware of you."

When spontaneous images do appear on the borderlands, their duration tends to be quite brief.

Willie is furtively carrying a package or carton like Pandora's Box down a dark hallway. When she becomes aware I am behind her, she rotates to look at me. "Let's turn it all to good!" I think/say of her mixed bag of blessings. She grins in agreement.

Water is quickly filling the glass stall in which I am standing. Higher and higher the water level rises as I stretch desperately to keep my head above. As it reaches my neck, I begin gasping for air.

Suddenly, a black woman clothed in a black shirt and pants appears next to the shower door. She puts her shoulder to the thick white bathroom wall and gives a mighty shove, breaking a huge, jagged hole. Through the hole is an upper story view of a city plaza. The woman swings open the shower door, grabs me by the arm, and slings me across her shoulder. She leaps through the hole into the air. Looking down from her back, I can see we're far above street level. "You're flying, we're flying!" I exclaim in amazement.

This is the beginning of my breakthrough dream, my first lucid dream. It started as a nightmare, as usual. Up to this point, I'd remembered only nightmares and anxiety dreams; it never occurred to me that a dream could be any different. To have it suddenly change because a dream character rescued me, then took me flying through the sky? Talk about astounding.

Nightmare Resolution

The resolution of nightmares: this was the first practical reason to pay special attention to my dream character, Willie. Soon after the first dream of her, I had a second.

I am on the rear porch of an old-fashioned frame "farm" house. In the distance are hills and barnlike buildings. Willette and a dark male stranger come up to the porch with a wooden pushcart. She asks me for refuse, like what she has on her cart: lettuce leaves, vegetable peelings, etc. I give her my leftovers.

When I woke up it seemed that Willie had been asking me for my fears, guilts and problems. I spent the rest of the early morning hours "giving away" all my anxieties. I felt grateful that someone else was willing to shoulder my burdens. My dream theme was very like Sigmund Freud's theory of "day residue" which posits that dreams are the product of troubling daytime events that haven't been resolved prior to sleep. Garbage in, garbage out.

It's now quite common among the lucid dreamers to suggest that you become lucid in order to resolve your nightmares. I certainly have taken advantage of that advice, with good results. But such a solution only works if you become aware as you dream. What if you are so deeply entranced by sleep that lucidity is light years away? The deep unconscious is where most of my slumber takes place. Was it my good fortune to have an in-dream companion to haul away the refuse of non-lucid dreams? It would have been nice to lay back and let Willie take care of me.

But that's not what the dream was about, although I didn't realize it until years later. I now believe it was implying that I clean up my act *before* I go to sleep: to set aside day residue and make the way clear for the production of positive dreams, uplifting dreams, lucid dreams. In other words, to put after-the-dream work out of business in favor of before-the-dream work. Isn't it wiser to stop a problem before it starts? And suppose you don't have a problem to process? Do you stop dreaming?

The Play Back Game

Besides "day residue," the psychoanalytical field has also contributed an idea called "Doctrinal Compliance." This is the observation that whatever dream context you take to heart, well, that's the sort of dreams your sleeping mind will produce. Freudians will dream Freudian dreams; Jungians will dream Jungian dreams; Sethians, Buddhists and hip-hop artists will dream dreams that reflect their outer and inner environment. None of these dreams are "proof" of any particular dream theory; they are just your psyche playing in whatever sandbox of the mind you happen to occupy during the day.

Initially, I had doctrinal dreams that were knee-jerk reactions to whatever book I happened to be reading. But as time went on, I realized that, instead of complying with other people's dream ideas, my dreaming psyche was commenting on them, describing true emotional reaction, not slavish devotion. I call this the "play back game."

Consider the Jungian idea that a black woman is an African divinity like Oya, a black madonna like Sophia or a dark version of Persephone/Inanna who traveled to the underground. Put the images together and they spell "earth goddess." Oh, really? I never knew an earth goddess who could thumb her nose at Icarus and take to the sky.

Or consider the time I asked for a dream about that archetype the Jungians call the "animus." Although the animus is defined as the unconscious male element in a female's psyche, I didn't get any males at all. I dreamt of four dancing females.

Four of women go up on a stage and stand in a row. The two Caucasian women step out in front (I'm one of them). Two Black women (Willie and one other), line up directly behind them. All four of us are wearing tap shoes, straw hats and canes. In unison, we begin tap dancing to a tune. As I wake, I recognize it. The name of the song is... "Me and My Shadow." I start laughing.

The shadow is supposed to be the unacceptable or unknown aspects of the personality. In dreams the shadow appears as someone evil, immature, troubled, conflicted, deformed, insane, sick or otherwise handicapped. It's a person of the same sex, similar but *inferior* to the dreamer. Did this fit Willie? In my first dream, she had felt superior. But as her dreams continued to multiply, I discovered she wasn't always. A couple of times, I had to go rescue *her*. And sometimes we flew, together, to rescue other people. I also dreamt that she and I were comparing balance sheets, trying to

Several times, my consciousness moved from waking hypnogogia right into the dream state.

In hypnogogia, I remember the "Magic Journeys" movie I saw at Disneyworld. I picture the scene of a boy flying over a ski slope. As I enter the dream, I find myself flying with Willie on my left. Hand in hand we fly down, around, and back the way we came. We are seen by the skiers below us who shout exclamations into the air.

The term "initial awakening" was coined by dreamworker Linda Reneau. It's the lucid equivalent of a false awakening. When I am aware this altered state is not waking reality, I can go along with the story willingly. The initial awakening state is the launching pad for the conscious out-of-body experience in the dream state.

I become aware of movement at the tips of my fingers and that I am sleeping on my front. It seems as though there is a moth under the covers at my left fingertips. It also feels as if my arm is flung over Willie. If she's not disturbed by the moth, neither will I be. I begin to have floating sensations.

Now I realize I am in the initial awakening state, so I try to push up out of my body. As I do, I hear a slight bubbling sound, which increases somewhat as I push. "You can do it kid," I admonish myself, "You can do it!"

Realizing that I'm not getting anywhere this way and fearful that I'll fully wake, I decide to "back off" a bit. I stop pushing forward and seem to change direction to the back right. I allow myself to reexperience the floating sensation and let the picture cease. It seems as though I rise back and to the right about 5-6 feet above my bed. I will to open my "astral" eyes to see where I am. But — oops — I open my physical eyes and see the fern pattern on my pillow.

I quickly close my eyes again and will myself back into the same conscious feeling state. This time I succeed in rising, again to the right and back, while viewing most of the trip. There is much color. I rise up, past the sewing machine, over the aisle and dresser. I am aware of distortions in the environment. For example, there are two windows on my right, instead of one. As I arrive at the top of the room, I turn over on my back to look at the ceiling. It's of acoustical spray and has a mid-beam, just as in physical reality. The view starts spinning. I decide I don't like this angle so I turn so that I am standing up in the air. I spread my arms and start turning around. After two revolutions, I call out the name of a dreamworker in an attempt to go where she is. The effort nearly wakes me. I let the view mist.

Next, I am aware of looking at a Black woman with an Afro dressed in a brilliant yellow sleeveless top and pants. I wonder, "Is this Willie?" and we seem to move closer. As this happens, her features change: the nose elongates, the cheekbones become flatter. Then I find myself looking at a red-haired young man in an elevator with green rippled wallpaper. He disappears and the background starts spinning like a pinwheel.

After I wake, my daughter Teresa comes into my bedroom and reports her first out-of-body experience.

And, of course, there's the full-on lucid dream.

I call for Willie and walk into a room where a woman is seated at a table, her back to me. As I round the table, she smiles, her eyes following me. But when I address her, I get no response. Her hair is close-cropped and curly, but her tan is very light. Her spacey attitude and appearance lead me to conclude that this isn't Willie, or at least not the vibrant Willie that I'm looking for.

[

see that they came out equal. So, not inferior, not superior. An egalitarian and reciprocal relationship. Where's the archetype for that?

Exploration of Altered States

I doubt I would have spent so much time practicing shifts into altered states, if I weren't so curious about Willie. Not only did I teach myself to go lucid in the depths of slumber, I learned to hold onto consciousness on the way into and out of sleep. In doing so, I came to understand that, while consciousness is a spectrum, there are discrete states, each with unique properties. There were definite shifts between waking and sleeping. I had no electronic equipment to gauge the changes. But I had Willie.

Take hypnogogia, for instance. While watching pictures flash on my inner screen, I'd sometimes get quick glimpses of her. I'd ask a question and see her move, pick up an object, gesture or grin. If I pictured her in the waking state, then moved into sleep, her image would suddenly disappear and I'd know that I had entered dreaming. Conversely, if I imagined another person who suddenly switched to Willie, I knew I had fallen asleep.

Chimeras and Creativity

Nightsun golden glowing nickel
Neither malleable nor fickle
Willfulness

Winter wonder, fix'ed mark
Centered in the piercing dark
Of questing capsulated heart

Shaped at sunset, amber sight
Ebony encircled light
Bondageless
("Nickelsun," 12/14/83)

Depending on which version of Willie's existence I might consider to be true, I was motivated to continue the search for her essence by the promise of riches at the end of the rainbow. I might find knowledge about myself, or perhaps the secrets of the universe. Most of these promises would turn out to be chimeras, but a few proved worth their salt. As I've stated, resolution of nightmares, commentary on new ideas and illumination of altered states were true benefits from Willie dreams.

But since I was doing reality checks, I had to admit that all was not equally worthwhile. Some dreams seemed very random and pointless, such as when Willie handed me a rat and a vegetable or when she pointed to a computer screen and asked, "Where is number seven?" Often she didn't even get that close to me. I'd see her at a distance: seated, standing, in silhouette or walking away. She acted like a spy and had a "scary closet." Once, a man even came to warn me about her. Willie was not a good guide to health of body, mind or spirit. I had several Willie dreams involving money that never came true. In fact, I received no verifiable information about physical reality from her.

But there was one bright star in the waking state. Because

of her, I experienced a Renaissance in creativity. Even though I'd received an English award in high school, I hadn't done any writing in decades. Recording dreams was my first step back. Automatic writing, poetry and newsletter articles soon followed. I'd never had any coursework in drawing human anatomy, but that didn't stop me from trying to sketch Willie. My musical talent was minimal, but after I dreamt that I was playing piano, I managed to capture the tune and record it using musical notation. "Play something simple," Willie had told me in that dream. So I did.

Communal Willie

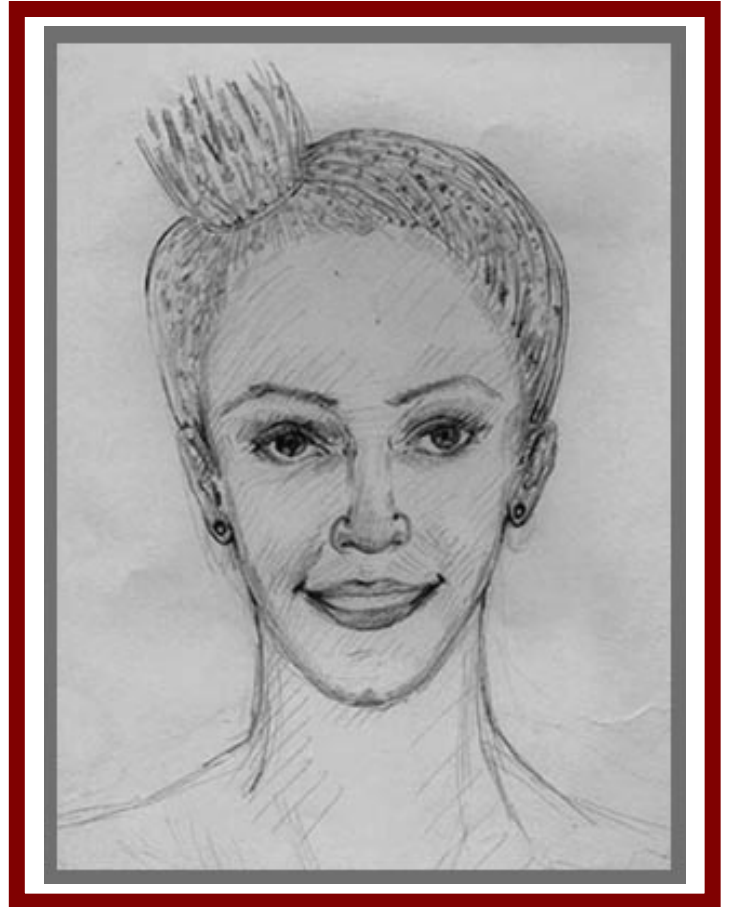
Early on, I realized that Willie was going to be a sociable dream character, which meant I became more social, too. There were some interesting synchronicities along the way. For instance, when I read Rick Stack's book, *Out-of-Body Adventures*, I was flabbergasted to discover that one of his dreams, about a singing performance with a huge audience, was so similar to one of my Willie dreams, it was creepy.

My interest in psi lead me to facilitate mutual dreaming projects and dream telepathy experiments with other people. During several, Willie guest-starred in my dreams. At first, I said nothing about her, just wrote down "Willie" as casually as if I were mentioning the name of a character based on a waking state counterpart. I was hoping that someone would pick up on her telepathically.

When this didn't happen, I decided to tell my dreamworkers group about her. In response, Melinda Nelson suggested, "Why don't we try to dream about Willie?" The suggestion both surprised and delighted me. Since I wasn't having much luck in contacting her in the lucid state, maybe somebody else would. Purposely, I did not share any particulars about her appearance or personality characteristics beyond her race and sex, but I did reveal her full name: Willette Nicholson. That very night Melinda reported the following dream:

Before sleep, I repeat the induction phrase, "Willie Nicholson" over and over, focusing my attention on hooking up to this being who has emerged with such clarity in Linda's waking and dream states. As I internally feel a bodily sensed "click" – a linkage, I drift off to sleep. Immediately the face and upper torso of a young Black woman looms overhead, as if looking down on me, the dreamer, a few feet over my sleeping body. She leans forward, as if to peer into my space, smiling and waving. She is an attractive, sophisticated woman in her mid to late 30's. She is slim, with a worldly way about her, a sparkling smile, and a knowing glint in her eyes. Her hair is pulled back with a kind of saucy topknot, perched on an angle on the right side of her head. It juts out in a sophisticated version of a "punk" style. Her energy is focused, and lighthearted. She obviously sees me, gets a kick out of waving to me, and seems to want me to recognize and receive the connection in a spirit of playfulness.

An accomplished artist, Melinda had soon sketched her vision. She entitled it, like her dream, "Willie Nicholson Drops In" and presented it to me at our next get-together. I was thrilled to receive such a precious gift. At home, I



"Willie Nicholson Drops In" by Melinda Nelson

photocopied two pictures I'd previously clipped from some magazines, as the closest representation I could find of my idea of Willie, and sent them to Melinda. She quickly wrote back:

"I nearly fell out of my seat when I saw the comparison of the drawing to the photo clippings. Every time I look at them my jaw goes into automatic 'hang open'. The similarity to both my dream and the drawing is eerie."

I picture Willie with an Afro hairstyle, so the topknot that Melinda drew seemed totally out of sync. Eventually, two other folks would dream up Willie with a ponytail. But the rest of her perception was right on. Clear, straightforward, slender, intelligent, with just a hint of humor and wise-ass sassiness. Yep, that's how I imagined Willie.

A few months later I attended an Austin Seth Conference. One night I had the opportunity to do one-on-one dreamwork with some of the conference attendees. A woman came and sat down with me. As she shared her dream, part of me was listening to it and chuckling over the similarities with my own career path and with the symbols in my current life. But another part of me was trying hard not to stare at the woman. She was Black, and while she had no topknot, her hair was brushed back and to one side, as in

I stare in astonishment. I can't believe she's finally here! She continues to talk rapidly as I watch her look one way and then the other. I note her hairstyle is at first a frizzy medium-length bouffant with the bangs brushed to one side but still sticking out above her forehead. Her Anglo-American features metamorphose, becoming lighter except for her dark brown eyes. Her hair changes to a smooth Caucasian light brown, but still in a mid-length style. She reaches over to hug me. This is awkward because I am seated as if in bed. We shift position slightly so my head is

My Lucid Dream Geometric Healing Experience

by
Beverly (Kedzierski Heart) D'Urso, Ph.D.

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On Monday, March 7, 2005, I went in for a routine, annual gynecological exam. During the exam, my doctor found that I had an "expanded uterus." He immediately did an ultrasound test and determined that I had: "both a large cyst and a mass that looked like it might be a tumor." He told me to return when I got my period to do another ultrasound test to see if my condition changed.

I decided that I would try to have a lucid dream about my condition. Often, I attempt "direct healing" in my lucid dreams. In this case, I might chant that I want the cyst and mass to disappear and zap my uterus with healing energy which usually comes from my fingertips. However, this time, I wanted to understand more about why the situation occurred after so many years of normal exams. I have had other uterine problems, but not for the last decade.

As a goal for my next lucid dream, I chose to ask some questions. I wanted to know precisely: "What message does this condition want me to know?" and "What can I do about it?" I also felt open to any healing that would occur naturally in my dreams. I practiced repeating these questions to myself during the day, when I first went to bed, and when I awoke in the middle of the night. However, I did not feel very well that week and did not even record my dreams for several nights. After recording all my dreams on Sunday morning March 13th, I finally had some lucid dreams on Monday morning March 14th.

MY DREAMS OF MARCH 14, 2005:

4:37 am

In my dream, I take group classes ranging from easy to advanced work.

5:00 am

In this dream, I hear music, and I discover that my recorder doesn't work.

5:50 am

The dream begins after I worked on some problems with a group of people. I walk to a school, but I get lost. I go past the ocean and down many streets until I get to an old park. Two women stand by a large wooden structure. One has blackish/gray, wiry hair and alternately becomes a man and then a woman. I mention that I need to ask questions about my condition and realize that I am dreaming.

I ask them, "What does my condition mean and what should I do about it?" They do not give me clear answers, so I decide to ask the "Source" to show me answers on the wall structure in front of us. I ask the two people to look at the wall as well. I say out loud, "What does my condition want me to know and what should I do?"

I immediately see these projected images. The first one shows skeletons similar to the ones we had hanging on Halloween. I think they might represent death. Next, I see a traffic scene. An ambulance and fire truck appear. Finally, an airplane comes smashing down from the sky onto a freeway.

I ask the person next to me what she saw and she responds, "I saw the airplane crash in Chicago." I tell her that I grew up near Chicago and ask her what she thinks it means. She says she feels too tired and that I need to ask her later. I respond that I need to wake up and write all this down.

Next, all three of us then lay down and I begin to touch one of them, which I often do to demonstrate that I still feel lucid. I loosen my clothes as I think about what everything I experienced means. I stare at the woman/man's eyebrows and notice how the details look amazingly the same as they would in waking physical reality.

6:45 am

My nine-year-old son, Adrian, and I find ourselves at a camp-like place. We have dinner and he spills some food or drink on me. I have on a levi skirt and a burnt orange sweater, both of which I would not wear these days in waking physical reality. We look for a bathroom and can only find an odd one.

Standing outside, we notice these huge geometric figures in five different colors hovering and circling over us in the sky. They seem as large as ocean liners. A turquoise colored one comes closest to me. It has the shape of two candy dishes pressed together. They all seemed to shoot a kind of energy on me, which I experience as a healing. I become very relaxed and open to taking in this invisible energy. I would describe it best as a type of heat.

Adrian seems scared, but I tell him not to worry. I explain, "They came to heal me!" Afterwards, we go back to the strange bathroom, which apparently now works.

11:00 am

I find myself walking along the side of a freeway that also looks like the street of my childhood home. The ground feels soft, similar to the material people sometimes put under playground equipment. I look over the edge of the freeway and I see water.

I become lucid and see a man. I lift my skirt and flash him, which I often do as a way to demonstrate confidence that I know I am dreaming. I then call out my questions: "What is my condition trying to tell me and what should I do?" I get no answers, so I decide to find the witches from my childhood dreams, whom I now see as my creative force. I want to see if they can help me. Instead of calling them, I go looking for my childhood home where they often reside.

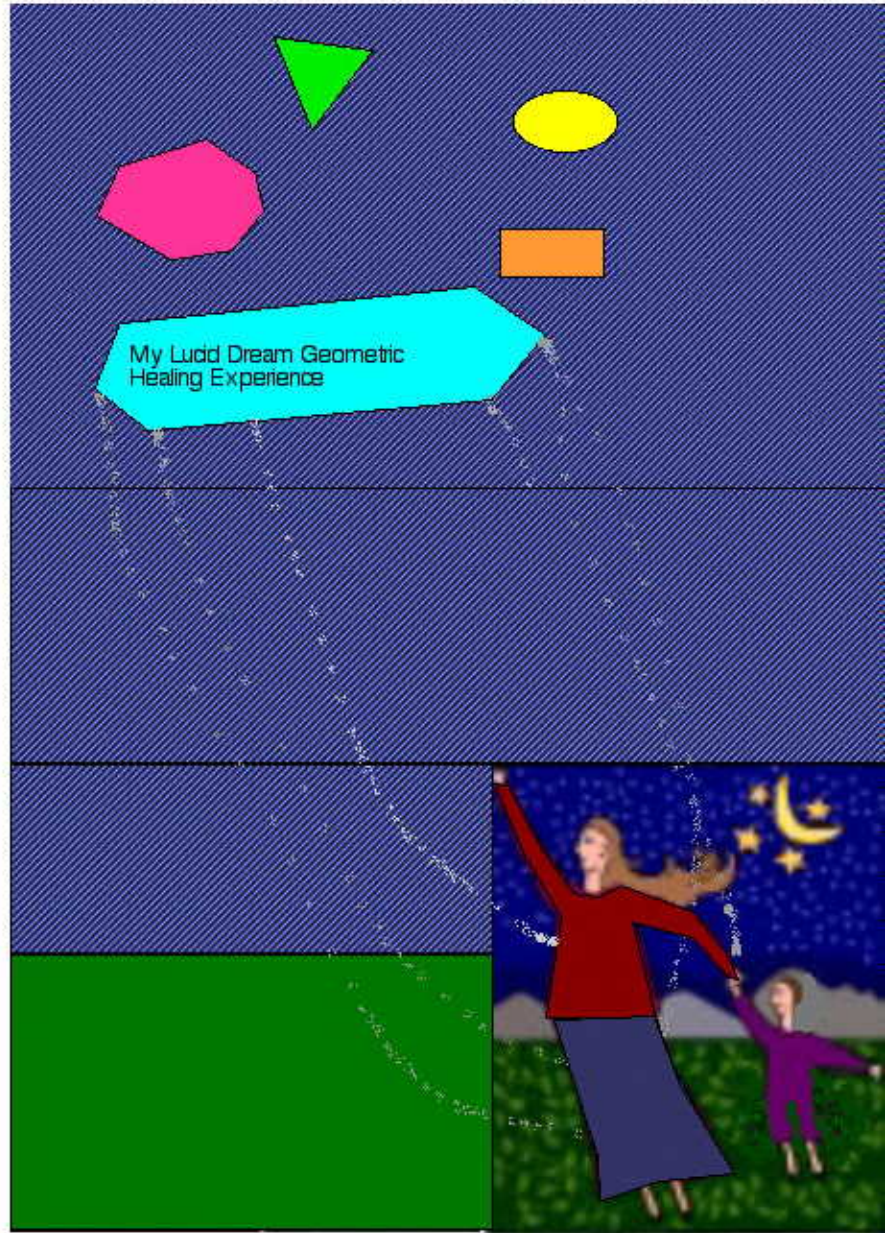
I notice my former elementary school ahead of me and walk towards it. As I get near, I see my friend, CH, waiting under a bridge. In waking physical reality, I often see her waiting by our children's school. I tell her that, "I am in the process of healing." I also ask her if she knows we are dreaming. She responds: "I didn't know, but I am busy."

I leave her and proceed through a door while riding a type of go-cart. I try to speed up so I can get to the house before I wake up. I recognize the appropriate field on my left and the corner stop sign on my right. I know that I will find the house on my right, just past the alley. However, I discover a small, rundown, white-painted, wood house instead of the brick house I expected. I head over to go inside just as I wake up.

ANALYSIS

In the first dream at 4:37 am, I found myself attending classes that seemed to become more and more advanced. This dream seems similar to the lucid dreams of Viola Pettit Neal, Ph.D. (see below), although I did not remember much

about it. In the second dream, at 5:00



am, I heard music, also described by Dr. Neal as healing. Also, my "problem recorder" could represent my "problem uterus."

At 5:50 am, I had a very powerful lucid dream in which I asked the questions I had planned. I received some very detailed images. The images seem to represent: (1) my fear of a serious condition, (2) a sudden attempt at healing, and (3) a destruction of the unwanted condition. I continue to interpret these images in many ways. Also in this dream, "flashing the man" may relate to my position when my male doctor recently examined me.

I find the 6:45 am dream the most amazing of all. In this dream, I obviously experienced a very direct healing. Notice that the bathroom, which often represents the area of my bladder and uterus, seemed "odd" at the start of this dream. By the end of the dream, the "bathroom worked."

I shared all these dreams with Ed Kellogg after my doctor visit. He pointed out a very interesting connection between my "colored, geometric healing figures" and similar ones described in a book called: Through the Curtain by Viola Petitt Neal, Ph.D. and Shafica Karaguella, M.D. I had purchased the book some time ago, at Ed's recommendation, but I had not yet read it. To summarize the book: Dr. Neal has lucid dreams where she attends classes that teach her about topics such as the "healing effects of geometric figures and different colors."

At 2:45 pm that same day, I went back to see my doctor. He did another ultrasound test searching for the cyst and the mass, but they did not exist any more. He found my uterus "no longer expanded, but completely normal and healthy."

Since this day, I have felt more relaxed and find that I can clear my mind more easily than before, especially when I visualize the turquoise figure or see images in my life that represent it. I have begun making a model of this figure. The day after the dream, I received two dinner containers that seem almost perfect for my model.

I have also taken much better care of myself physically. I find it easier to exercise more and eat better. The message, which I requested in my dreams, seems to have told me to "do what I can to remain as healthy as possible."

Although these dreams had a powerful effect on me emotionally and physically, I cannot say for certain what part they played objectively in the remarkable disappearance of the cyst and mass that the second ultrasound revealed. Even so, I believe that they played a large part in my healing experience, and I feel very grateful that I had them. As for my last dream of the night, I recently discovered, in a very unexpected way, that around the time of this dream my one-story, fifty-three-year-old childhood home had been torn apart to add a second story. Most of the second story outside walls consist of what looks like white-wood paneling instead of brick. However, the house currently looks as "pristine and revised" as my uterus!

For additional examples of lucid dream healing experiences see the paper of Ed Kellogg, Ph.D. at:
http://www.asdreams.org/documents/1999_kellogg_lucid-healing.htm

Margaret Dreams of Geometric Figures of Light

**I suddenly find myself
flying like Superman
through an
off-white space; there is
no scenery.**

**I know I'm dreaming,
but I don't have control
of my flight - I continue
to fly at high speed.**

**All around me are pieces
of light; roughly round-
ish
three-dimensional
shapes
like very large crystals.**

**All made entirely
of light.**

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Sleep Paralysis and Lucidity

Sandi Stirling My Experience

I suffer from chronic sleep paralysis, otherwise known as sleep terrors. This is a very scary experience for anyone who has experienced it. Fortunately for me, because I have been having them since a child, I learned how to turn my sleep paralysis into a positive lucid dream experience.

As some of you are probably aware, sleep paralysis often begins with a heightened sense of awareness to sound. You may not even notice this, but (for me anyway) sleep paralysis in its purist form often begins with hearing something in your sleep. For me, it's often that I hear something/one in the house and this conjures up a fear that ultimately leads to many scary images, upon which I am unable to react normally. In this state, you cannot scream for help and often cannot move. You are unable to wake up. You think you've woken only to realize that the nightmare is continuing. This is the stage where I have learned to wake myself up by jerking my leg while asleep. This type of sleep paralysis usually occurs shortly after falling asleep (in my case). However, more often I experience sleep paralysis during the normal course of a dream, upon which a seemingly normal dream takes a turn for the worse and the symptoms of sleep paralysis begin. It is at this stage that I have learned to channel this energy into a lucid dream. This first requires the realization that I am in a dream.

I am familiar with sleep paralysis enough to know that when it happens during the normal progression of an existing dream, that it is in fact a dream. Usually something obviously abnormal has happened that leads me to believe this wasn't real, i.e. I was shot, or I can run extremely fast, or fight abnormally well. Everyone has a signal that lets them know that this is a dream. It is during this stage that I try to gain control of the dream. I can even magically make the things that were scaring me during the sleep paralysis go away. From this point on, I try my best to control the dream. Often it is a battle as the night terrors may try to slip back in there, but not always. Some of my favorite lucid dreams are that I am a professional ice skater and another is that I am a gymnast (neither of these I have ever done). I have flown quite a few times. Mostly gliding, as I am afraid of heights; however, I have flown full scale a few times and I am working on overcoming my fear of heights. I often have very sexual lucid dreams, which are a wonderfully healthy way of relieving stress, again being fully aware that I am in the lucid dream state.

I have had one remarkable lucid dream lately that was a first of it's kind, for me. It happened about a month ago and it was a very spiritual experience. In a nutshell, I was aware that I was in the lucid dream state, and I asked to feel the spirit of God. I was in an indoor open area that was a totally unfamiliar setting with about 10 other strangers. We were all standing up and not looking at each other. I was wishing mentally that I would feel the spirit of Christ. At that very moment I closed my eyes and I could hear a loud voice from above. The voice said "I am coming into you now." With that, I felt a tremendous feeling inside me, like an intense powerful pressure that was scary yet amazingly calming. Then (with my eyes closed) a vision flashed before me like someone playing a movie. In this vivid picture, I saw what looked like Jerusalem. It looked like people from back in Jesus' day working the fields, wearing cloaks and sandals. I saw animals like camels, horses, etc. and I remember thinking how peaceful it felt. Then the vision stopped and another vision flashed before me. It was present day and I saw horrible images of tragedy and war. Then, it all stopped and I can't be sure if I heard the voice again or it was in my head but it said, "Look what mankind had done!!"

That was it. I woke up feeling very affected. The next day, I was boating in California and my husband and I were getting gas in the pier gas station. I remember looking at all the gasoline floating in the water when I saw a bird near the boat. It had a nail through its beak. Then I saw another pelican that was unable to eat because it was sick. I was horrified at such graphic images and I remember thinking, "Look what humans have done to these birds". That's when I remembered the lucid dream. Was it a sign? I think so. When you get into the lucid dream state, I believe you can channel different dimensions. I find my lucid dreams especially vivid - like the one I mentioned - when I am fasting. I know someone who fasted for several weeks and actually spoke freely with his dead father in his lucid dreams. Dreams are truly fascinating.

Darryn Sleep Paralysis and Lucidity

This is the fifth lucid dream I've had, since they started two weeks ago. I can hear a 'wooshing' sound coming from outside my bedroom window. I feel like there's something in the room, something imminent, coming at me. I've never seen anything, though I've read about people experiencing images of figures or people. But it's almost like an invisible fear, a presence almost. Now I don't believe in anything supernatural, and still don't. Then it sounds like a strong wind or the sound of cars going by.

Like most of the lucid dreams I've had, I fell out of bed, trying to make my way to my parents' room for help. Everything is a daze, almost in slow motion. Trying to escape from the presence by any means, you try to move but you can't. You try to scream, and call for help, but you can't. You can feel though. I can always sense touch, running my hands over the wooden bars that hold the railing next to my stairs.

Then I fell down the stairs. It's all so real, still in slow motion. I thought I must have broke my neck or something. You seriously cannot differentiate between dream and reality, it's all so blurred. Then I realise this is a dream and find myself lying inside my bed, but still unable to move or shout, though as I awoke I could hear myself moaning, almost gasping for speech.

I realise it's another lucid dream and try to wake myself up, but I can't for some reason. At this point I get annoyed, and try again. I still can't. So I just lay there and wait... eventually, I wake up.

Jesse Stirling Shadow Demons

Have you ever had a nightmare so terrifying, so real, that the lines between the dream world and the waking world blur? For one week of my life, out of the blue, a series of "night terrors" haunted my sleep. These nightmares featured out-of-body experiences, demons from Hell, and what I thought at the time was a spiritual battle for my very soul.

My first "night terror" occurred seven years ago, when I was 26 years old. I am normally a light sleeper with non-significant dreams (that is, if I can remember my dreams at all). This night was to be different.

As I drifted off to sleep, I noticed a full moon through my bedroom window. The moon was extremely low in the sky. In fact, so low, this was the first time I was able to see the moon out of my window while lying in bed. Even though it was after midnight, it was so bright I actually noticed the yellow moonlight casting shadows across the walls. My girlfriend at the time was with me in bed, already asleep.

The next thing I knew, I was floating above the bed near the ceiling, and looking down at our slumbering bodies. I drifted over to the corner, and noticed that same, yellow moon low in the sky and the shadows. At this point, I remember thinking to myself: "Wow, this is really happening, because I've never seen the moon at this angle except for tonight."



Then, the most horrifying sensation came over me. A groaning, anguished shriek began to pick up volume, while the shadows on the walls and floor began to take form. My "spirit" slammed back into my body, and now my point of view was once again from the bed. I watched as the shadows formed grotesque faces with teeth, hideous black shapes creeping towards me. I was literally paralyzed with fear.

These shadow forms - demons - began to climb on top of me and bind me. My point-of-view once again shifted outside my body, but I realized that I was being dragged down. Being dragged down by the demons. I attempted to concentrate on staying in the "material plane." I had no intention of going where these evil spirits were trying to take me: to hell.

What ensued was hours of struggle, as these creatures terrorized me, crushed me, and taunted me. Worse than the thought of death was the thought of eternal damnation. Somehow, I knew that if I could call out the name "Jesus!" that the ordeal would be over. But my mouth was unable to produce a single sound and the nightmare continued. Eventually, though, I invoked the name of my Lord and Saviour, and the demons let go of their grip on my soul. I awoke drenched in sweat.

I moved to wake my girlfriend, to share this terrible experience and seek comfort. As she turned to me, her eyes were glowing an evil yellow, like a snake, and her teeth sharp like a monster. After this massive fright, I sat up in bed, and mercifully this time I woke up for real. It was still dark, and I really was lying in a pool of cold sweat. Fearful to wake the sleeping body next to me, and shaking like a leaf, I crept out of the bedroom to gather myself and wait for the morning light.

The next day at the office I shared the story with a few of my closest co-workers. They listened intently, but afterwards laughed it off, saying, "Wow, that sounds like one scary dream." Much to my surprise, I was not ready to write off the experience as merely a nightmare. I felt as though I had been through a life-and-death experience - a spiritual battle for my soul. The detail of the room I saw from outside my body, the power of the demons, and the terror I felt were far, far beyond any of my previous dream experiences.

The next night, the demons returned, and the horrible battle began anew. However, this time I was able to call out "Jesus!" in about half the time. It was still stressful, and I awoke in a cold sweat for a second time, yet somehow I knew the tide had turned and I was better equipped to handle the situation. My night terrors were becoming more of a lucid dream experience.

The next three nights, when the "night terrors" returned, each time I was able to invoke the name of "Jesus!" in a shorter amount of time, and wake myself up. Furthermore, as the demons began their attack, I knew I was dreaming, which made things less scary. Finally, on the sixth night, as the scene played itself out once again, I prayed that Jesus would not only save me from the nightmare but banish these demons forever and destroy them.

So the "night terrors" left as quickly as they came. In Newfoundland, they call this experience "The Hag,"; dreams that go beyond nightmares and feature sleep paralysis and life-or-death fear. I will never forget that week of my life, and hope other readers can conquer The Hag in a similar fashion.

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Meeting Dreamers in the Dream State: A Lucid Quest

By Robert Waggoner © 2005

This spring, four lucid dreamers decided to “meet” in the dream state, lucidly if possible, during the night of April 8, 2005. All four of us, Lucy Gillis, Ed Kellogg, Beverly D’Urso and myself, intend to speak as the panel on “extraordinary lucid dreams” at the International Association for the Study of Dreams Conference in Berkeley CA., June 24-28, 05. Together, we felt that a meeting in dreams before our meeting as a panel, might be interesting and revealing.

Since I had been traveling all week in California, I called Ed from my hotel by SFO to learn more about the goal for the night’s dreaming. As I recall, he said that everyone knew me personally, so they were to focus on me and attempt to interact with my dreaming. Also, if any of us became lucid and met one of the others, we were to perform a physical movement in our lucid dream with the hope that the other person (lucid or not) would mention the movement in their dream report. Ed provided me the list of ten pre-determined movements, and suggested I randomly select one for the night’s dreaming.

In preparation for the mutual dreaming attempt, I did not watch TV that evening; instead I read a book by Jane Roberts, and mentally “invited” all of the other panelists into my dreaming. I also told myself that I would be critically aware of my dreaming and achieve lucid awareness. I went to sleep around 9:30 pm and the alarm woke me at 7 am. After each spontaneous awakening, I suggested becoming lucid in my next dream.

DREAM OPENING SEEMS TO INVITE TELEPATHY

Little did I realize that my first dream of the night (around 3:15 am) would suggest considerable telepathic influence from Ed Kellogg! Just before the time of my first dreaming, Ed had woken and began to read a book. Ed writes: “Between 2:30 and 3:00 I finished reading a children’s mathematics novel called *The Number Devil*. The book describes the adventures of a little boy named Robert - who learns about mathematics from The Number Devil - in lucid dreams! <g> Pages 200 - 210 that I read have laid out cut-outs of figures for children to make and then glue

(“weld”) together, to make a tetrahedron, cube, octahedron, icosahedron, and dodecahedron, and one strange figure, a sort of tetrahedral ring. The book also has a fair amount of philosophy.”

In my first dream of the night about 3:15 am or so, I recorded this: “I seem to be at a college like Michigan State, where I seem to be taking two courses -- and have a very breezy attitude about it. One course, called “Forms” involves the art of welding; the other seems to be a course in philosophy. My wife encourages me to study and get things accomplished, but I assure her that I always do fine. At one point, a young blonde woman sets a welder’s torch right by my right thigh. We talk. I tell her, “No, I don’t think welding seems too “blue collar” and I always do well in tests.” Then I add, “It’s not like I actually have to weld anything together, like a rhombus and an octahedron...” Then they all pipe up, telling me that the test involves exactly that -- welding things together! I’m surprised! I leave and go talk to a (D.S. looking) guy about the philosophy course -- he also seems worried about my progress.” In the dream, I surprised myself by saying “octahedron” and wondered about the word’s pronunciation and meaning.

After hearing of Ed’s nocturnal reading of *The Number Devil* on mathematics and shapes, my sudden dream interest in “forms”, “philosophy” and “octahedrons” suggested telepathic influence.

MUTUAL DREAM ASPECTS BEGIN TO APPEAR

In my next dream, # 2, about 4:30 am, I again find some thematic concurrence with Ed’s next dream. Robert’s Dream: -- “I am on a street in a residential area. It feels like during a summer’s day. Two girls come out of a ranch house. They seem about 5 or 6 years old, sandy blonde hair, in coveralls or denim jumpers, nice kids. Something has happened here. Then their two sets of parents come out. I sense that someone has died, or something sad has happened.” While Ed writes: “2. From a small room, white walls, I go out the front door with my small dog (a 14 lb Yorky). I see an unfamiliar

suburban neighborhood / housing development street, concrete walk and sidewalk, curving. Lucid I remember my task, but for some reason I feel I need to go back inside before really beginning it. I feel a little silly, but I call my dog in, go inside and close the screen door. Before I can try the task I have a false awakening, find myself in a small bedroom - a wood bunk bed?, white walls, not like my real WPR one, then RWPR."

While a bit later, Beverly dreams in a similar vein to mine: "(3) 4:57 am, I talk to a father who must care for an unborn baby on his own without the mother. I tell him how difficult that would be. Then he is my husband and I remind him of all he'll have to do without help."

Beverly's last dream of the night at 10:06 am, also picks up some of the above aspects: "We go up to Canada and stay in a house completely over water and surrounded by it. It seems that MLW and TW live there. TW looks like Ed. I want to cancel my class, but the time change means it is already 3 pm. A phone call tells MLW their daughter, DW, died. MLW plans the burial without knowing for sure. (I don't get lucid.)

As a side note, Lucy's last dream of the morning seems to relate with aspects of Beverly's dream: "The dream suddenly changes and I want to go outside for a walk along the beach before I have to leave on my journey (the area now somewhat resembles where I grew up, except that the beach has fine red sand and is quite flat and wide). I had earlier seen my aunt Mae out on our lawn, bundled up against the strong wind, but enjoying her walk." The home where Lucy grew up is in Canada, and overlooks an ocean-fed lake.

Later, Ed and I converse on the phone and discover some other interesting commonalities, like both seeing one-story "ranch" houses in this neighborhood, people behind screen doors, green grass, and similar lighting conditions. In the night's third dream, Ed and I again find interesting commonalities as we both become more lucid in the dreaming state, while Beverly seems to pickup an odd feature in my dream.

Ed writes: "LUCID - I find myself in a high rise apartment or hotel room, again white walls. I remember my task and begin repeatedly chanting "Robert Waggoner". I feel a very strong pull, diagonally downwards. I let the pull take me out the window and fly diagonally downwards, "Superman style", while chanting. Although my entire body

feels the pull, I notice that for some reason the pull feels especially strong in my right hand and fingers. After a minute or two I smell the distinctive salty-rotting smell of the ocean. When I've flown for several minutes, I wonder if I'll arrive before waking up. After 1-20 seconds of more flying, RWPR without having landed or having seen Robert."

And Ed's dream #4: "I go down a large, wide white staircase in very large hotel or mall. A pastry counter to my left on the top landing - a few white round tables and chairs, some people sitting."

While Robert writes: "Dream 3, Partially lucid, 5:15 am (approx) I walk down a staircase, past a large sculpted three piece yellow-beige wood contoured sculpture thing (in three pieces of varying heights 25', 30', 18' tall by 8' curved inward). Somehow that seems odd, and I follow the steps further down (almost a "temple" feeling). I hear Ed's voice....does he call for us?? I think so. As I come around the corner, I see silver marks on the concrete like floor-- they make a sun with rays coming out from it, (and a bench that acts as the horizon) and Ed stands by the bench, surrounded by 5 or 6 others in dark clothing. Ed seems to be chanting or invoking something. He calls our names? (He may be pointing or have an arm extended, but all the dark clothing makes it hard to make him out from the others that surround him). I have the sense that I dream -- that this scene exists as a dream, but do not achieve greater lucidity."

And Beverly seems to pick out the odd sculptural detail in her 6th dream at 6:54 am: "We go to eat outside in the center of a mall where there is a huge, intricate carved cork table-like sculpture about 2 ft off the ground and filling up the whole area, perhaps 10 sq. ft. Now its like Hawaii. Some people come to get pizza. We think of going back to our hotel." Talking afterwards with Ed, we find additional un-stated commonalities in the white coloration of the surroundings, the fact that the hotel (where I slept) stood about 150' from San Francisco Bay (possible source of that salty seawater smell), the downward, diagonal movements that we both made, the wide staircase, etc.

Moreover, Ed and I note that our dreams seem to have a sense of sequential concurrence; both of us dream of a suburban neighborhood, then in both of our next dreams, we dream of going down a staircase, etc. The

dream themes seem to coincide in sequence and general scene and action.

BUT DO WE HAVE SUCCESS?

In my final night's dream, I do become lucid, and perform the task (of making a gesture or two!) to Beverly. But first, please read Beverly's brief dream #4): "5:01 am Women come together in a locker room wearing all black, hooded gowns so no one could recognize them."

And Lucy's dream from earlier in the night: "Another quite long dream at the beginning of the night, but I don't think it is relevant: It mostly entailed a house being totally rearranged, then a small fire in it (from a blow torch), a man making romantic overtures then groping me like a clumsy teenager. I did notice he would change from being dressed to undressed to partially dressed in the blink of an eye".

"Meeting Beverly" 7 am, April 9th, Lucid, Robert: "I see something like a computer screen, showing the "Easy Access Form" (I had dreamt of "forms" in my first dream of the night!), I begin to fill in the form, and it has some odd info that surprises me, but grants me access. Suddenly, I stand on a bit of a rise above a street, lucidly aware that I dream. It seems like evening, dusky, a mild evening. Then about 50 feet in front of me, I see Beverly looking left and right, walking down the street towards my direction surrounded by 7 to 10 others. She wears black, and a black hat (almost looks like a classical witch dress)!

"I can scarcely believe it....I go down to her, and say something like, "Beverly, wow, this is amazing!" I decide to make a gesture, and put my hands straight up, like a "goal". She says something back, and has a fairly typical look, but not as animated as mine. I tell her that I dreamt of this Easy Access Form, and entered the dream lucid, because the Easy Access Form had incorrect info about me; the form stated that I attended Ames Racine High School, and I knew this was wrong, which prompted my lucidity. I don't know if she follows me, and decide to make another gesture; so now I salute. She looks at me, but does not make a gesture in reply. We go walking along in the dusky state, talking. I notice the large older houses, and big trees along the street. I see some young men heading towards one house with an object (a case of beer perhaps?). I tell Beverly, "Let's go up there" and we follow them into a large, wooden older, two or three

story house that feels like a fraternity. I help the guy with the door. We step in, and some people move out of the way; one seems to be an Asian-American girl who smokes.

"I take a left into a small den type room. Bev and I step inside, and see three or four guys, sitting around a firebox that sits on the floor. This fire box burns bright intense white, with deep orange and some blue, and measures about 2 feet long by 18 inches wide and the flames go about a foot high! Inside the fire box seems to lay a miniature person, a man -- extremely odd, I wonder about this -- could it be a symbol?? Bev and I sit together, at the far end of the room. I begin to talk to the young men seated there, who seem intent on the fire. Finally, I say "Do you know that she and I are lucid dreaming?" They seem disinterested. I say, "Do you know that our physical bodies lay in a bed, but our lucid selves are here with you? That we come from an alternate reality?" They grunt, a "yeah right" response. I expect more, so I bring it up again -- at this, one of the young men rubs all of the hair off of his legs and chest and exits the room!! I think, "Oh crap, don't go weird on me dream". Bev and I prepare to leave, when suddenly the alarm rings, and I wake."

Perhaps you noticed that in my lucid dream, I lucidly observe: "I see Beverly looking left and right, walking down the street towards my direction surrounded by 7 to 10 others. She wears black, and a black hat (almost looks like a classical witch dress)!" While in Beverly's dream at 5:01 am, she writes: "Women come together in a locker room wearing all black, hooded gowns so no one could recognize them."

And did you notice that Lucy dreams, "It mostly entailed a house being totally rearranged, then a small fire in it (from a blow torch) (and a man who went form being) dressed to undressed to partially dressed in the blink of an eye". While in my dream, I enter a room with "guys, sitting around a firebox that sits on the floor." And at the end of my dream, one of the young men rubs all of the hair off of his legs and chest and exits the room!" I failed to mention that seconds before, he had been clothed, and suddenly seemed to remove most of his clothes and rub the hair off his chest and legs!

Continued on page 36

Multiple Awareness in Simultaneous Dreaming

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“Have you ever had simultaneous dreams?”

Almost twenty years ago I had my first lucid dream. From that day on I began to have many new and exciting dream experiences and was eager to learn all I could about consciousness and dreaming. During this time I was fortunate to have met, through the Lucidity Institute, many other enthusiastic lucid dreamers. I was corresponding with several of them at the time and was enjoying the advice and suggestions I was receiving, not to mention the invaluable examples of lucid dream reports that everyone was sharing with me.

In April of 1988, I had an unusual experience with dreaming consciousness that I had not experienced before, nor had I ever heard about:

April 24 1988

[I think I experienced two dreams simultaneously.] In one dream, JI, someone else, and I go to some place like the Holiday Inn for a Sunday Service. It is dark out. The “someone else” could be M or L. We are all dressed up. JI has brought something to smoke. We begin to smoke outside a doorway. JMK shows up, stands in the doorway, and watches us. I try to not let him know about the smoking.

In the parallel dream I am in my apartment in Halifax. I am rushing around doing things; small household chores. The apartment is dimly lit. I go to the kitchen to replace a roll of toilet paper, which goes on a holder (which is on the wall) above the garbage [this is obviously not a reflection of the real life kitchen]. I see a “dot” on the holder so I say to any invisible helpers that may be around, “There, you hold it, that’s your job.” Apparently, the dot indicates that it is their job. I turn my head as I say this. In this moment, I also become aware that I am in my bed. A strong “force” pulls my head back into place. It feels very strongly, physically like someone is slapping my head, rapidly and repeatedly, across what is sometimes called the crown chakra area, and like my head is being forced into my neck. It feels so real.

All the while, I am also, AT THE SAME TIME experiencing the smoking scene with JI and JMK. Several thoughts go rushing at super speed through my

mind like “Well, I did want stronger contact with my spirituality, I guess I asked for too much, etc.” I also became frightened and said mentally “White Light! White Light!” in an effort to wake up out of the dreams. I then woke fully, in bed; the force and slapping ceased.

This was a strange and unique event and I wondered if others had experienced anything like this. I turned to my network of lucid dreamers and asked the question, “Have you ever had simultaneous dreams?”

I soon realized that I needed to clarify what I meant by simultaneous dreams. I recall receiving a letter from one dreamer who kindly answered my question. But as I read through her letter, I became disappointed. Yes, she said, she had simultaneous dreams all the time, just like in waking reality where she could (for instance) wash dishes, look out the window, hum a tune, and think about what to make for dinner – all at the same time.

She misinterpreted what I had meant. I obviously had not explained the question very well. Yes, I can hum, wash the dishes, think about dinner, and look out a window all at the same time too. But doing things simultaneously was not what I meant by simultaneous dreaming.

The next time I asked the question I tried to explain the question a little better. I used phrases like “at the exact same time” or “two places at once”.

Some dreamers thought I referred to a dual awareness that is sometimes felt between the sleeping body and the dreaming body; when sensations in the physical body are felt in the dreamstate. I knew what they meant, I had experienced what I believe was an out-of-body experience in which I momentarily felt my dream hip move while I was standing in a hallway, while at the same time I felt my physical hip of my sleeping body in the bed move slightly. But I didn’t mean two places, as in being in bed and being in a dream at the same time.

Others thought I was talking about dreams within dreams, where you wake up from one dream to find

yourself in another. I had experienced that too, (false awakenings would be a similar event) but that wasn't what I meant either, those events happened one after the other, not **all at the same time**.

What I meant was more like being in Alaska, out for a walk, while **also** being in Calcutta, having lunch, **AT THE SAME TIME**, being aware of being fully focused in both places at once. In other words, no switching between awareness from one place then the other.

The few that I think grasped what I meant, said that no, they didn't think they'd ever experienced anything like that. So I gave up, and stopped asking the question.

However, by a happy "coincidence" (if you believe in "coincidences") I eventually came across the idea of simultaneous dreaming in two Seth books by Jane Roberts. In the first book, *The "Unknown" Reality Volume One*, Jane Roberts' husband Robert Butts mentioned that he believed he experienced two dreams at once. He too, became curious about them and wondered if others had experienced them, but he had better luck than I did in finding others who had had these "double" or "triple" dreams as he called them. As I continued to read, I discovered that he had later heard of nine people who had had two or more dreams at once, and judging by the descriptions of a few, I knew that he and I defined simultaneous dreaming in the same way.

I was delighted and relieved to discover that others were indeed experiencing this too. I was now also curious to see what Seth had to say on the subject. In *The Nature of the Psyche*, Seth explained:

"Many people are aware of double or triple dreams, when they seem to have two or three simultaneous dreams. Usually upon the point of awakening, such dreams suddenly telescope into one that is predominant, with the others taking subordinate positions, though the dreamer is certain that in the moment before, the dreams were equal in intensity. Such dreams are representative of the great creativity of consciousness, and hint at its ability to carry on more than one line of experience at one time without losing track of itself...."

"In double dreams and triple dreams consciousness shows its transparent, simultaneous nature. Several lines of dream experience can be encountered at the same time, each complete in itself, but when the dreamer wakes to the fact, the experience cannot be neurologically translated; so one dream usually predominates, with the others more like ghost images."¹

It wasn't until a year later, in April of 1989 that I experienced another simultaneous awareness event, but this one was a little different:

April 28 1989

[I can't remember my dreams specifically, but I remember seeing three separate scenes and then coming into my body and waking. I feel I must have come back to my body after experiencing three simultaneous dreams at a more conscious level. I was three separate points of consciousness, then I (all three "me's") merged into one and lowered into my body:]

I can see three scenes beyond three doorways that hang in a black void. The scenes/doorways seem to be receding into the distance, from my "main" point of view. (I don't seem to have a body, I am a point of consciousness.) Yet at the very same instant I am also three bodiless points of consciousness, each feeling wholly and completely "me", moving away from each of the three doorways. The three me's merge into one at the "point" that was/is my main point of view (I guess that means there were really four me's in total.) Then the now "one me" point of consciousness lowers into my sleeping body into my forehead area. I feel myself "filling out" my body as I open my physical eyes, now fully wakened into physical reality.

This dream (or whatever it was) was not like previous dreams in which I have seen a probable or, if you will, "parallel universe" version of myself. Although I recognize other Lucy's as probable me's, they are separate consciousnesses – I am not aware of what they are thinking. But in the experience above, I (the I that I know intimately as my ego self) was aware of each of the me's as being the same ego-self, yet as three separate (bodiless) points of awareness.

Confused? Sorry, it's not easy to describe this sort of thing. I don't think the English language has invented the appropriate words yet. But I think Seth was able to

at least introduce the idea when he wrote in *The Nature of the Psyche*:

“There are too many varieties of such dreams to discuss here, but they all involve consciousness dispersing, yet retaining its identity, consciousness making loops with itself. Such dreams involve other sequences than the ones with which you are familiar. They hint at the true dimensions of consciousness that are usually unavailable to you....”²

His description certainly fit. My consciousness was indeed dispersed, and yet, I did maintain a sense of identity, and a sense of awareness that I was not awake in usual terms. Although this experience, (and the one previously described) was not like a “typical” lucid dream, there was the awareness that I was not in ordinary waking physical reality.

Over the years of keeping a dream journal I began to notice some subtle things that were happening just on the edge of waking. For instance, I once caught myself censoring a dream. At the point of waking, while still more in the dreamstate than awake, I distinctly heard myself say/think “Oh no. No. I don’t want to remember that dream,” and as I heard that, I knew that I (I? Or some part of me?) was arranging for me to forget the dream, so I focused as hard as I could and did manage to retain details of the dream. But I’ll never know if I retained it all or if I did indeed succeed in censoring out some possibly disturbing or frightening imagery.

I’ve also noticed that very often as I’m waking I’ll be able to hold, just for the briefest second, more than one dream each with equal intensity and clarity in my mind, as I awaken from both of them at the same time. But as I become more awake, I can almost “feel” the dream images “rearrange” themselves in my mind until I end up recording one dream, but one with a lot of “this happened, yet that happened too,” the images “feeling” like they are somehow mixed up. Yet I’m convinced that what I experienced were two (or more) simultaneous dreams, but upon waking, the dreams – or more accurately, the *memories* of the dreams – “telescoped into one” as Seth put it, to accommodate my linear based physical reality thinking.

Now sometimes the reason may be more simple. Perhaps I had two dreams in a row, very close in time to each other, and upon waking, I’m getting them mixed up. Or maybe I had one dream earlier in the night and I’m recalling events from it, but with respect to a more recent dream, and am getting those mixed up. Or maybe I had nested dreams, one occurring inside the other, but I don’t recognize them as such.

But maybe, just maybe, simultaneous dreaming is far more common and natural than we might at first think. Maybe, as Seth implies above, we often have many dreams at once, and maybe to do so is a more natural state of dreaming consciousness and waking up simply puts us in a more limited, linear time based reality where we tend to order our focus of consciousness (and our memories) in a sequential fashion.

Maybe.

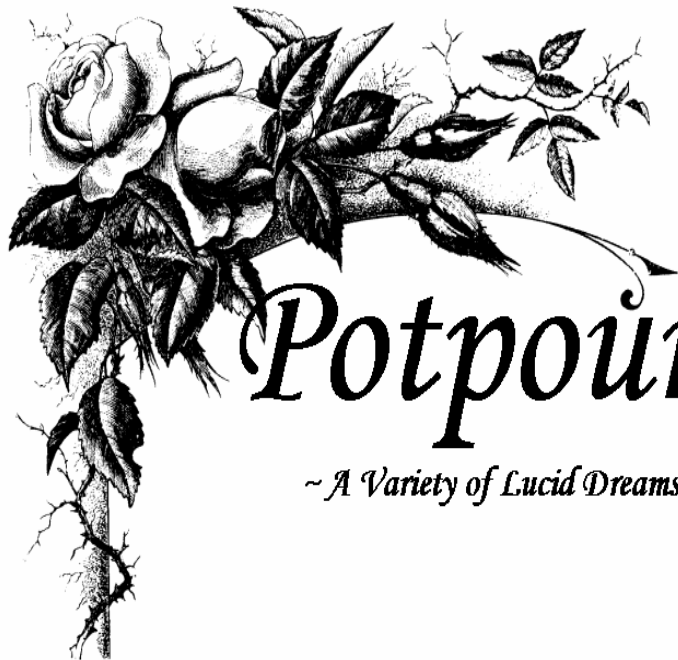
It’s been many years since I had these two experiences, and though I believe I can “feel” traces of similar events as I wake, I have not experienced any as intense as those two mentioned above. But simultaneous awareness in dreaming (or in any other states of consciousness) still intrigues me, and so far I have only my own experiences and those mentioned in the Seth books to draw ideas from. (I won’t say “draw conclusions” from, because I know my ideas on the topic are far from complete.) I still want to know if other people are experiencing simultaneous dreams and what they think of them. So, I’m going to ask the question again.

“Have you ever had simultaneous dreams?”

If so, I’d love to hear from you and I’m sure other LDE readers would too. Drop us a line at LDE and tell us all about your simultaneous dreams!

¹Roberts, Jane, *The “Unknown” Reality Volume One, Session 692*, Bantam Books, New York, NY, 1988,

²Roberts, Jane, *The Nature of the Psyche, Session 794*, Amber-Allen Publishing, San Rafael, CA, 1995



Potpourri

~ A Variety of Lucid Dreams ~

Craig Sim Webb, February 27 2005

Lucid Light Switching Experiment Somewhat Successful

I forget many earlier details, but I'm with someone I know (in the dream) and I spontaneously realize this is probably a dream. I fly upwards to test and it does indeed work, so I know I'm dreaming. I send a willful intention for my friend to join me flying, and he does indeed fly upward to join me, apparently quite amazed. I think he's Chinese.

I switch focus and ask the dream to guide me. A soft tug starts and pulls me down, falling into darkness as I'm used to. After a little while, I start to hear spider webs or something wispy hitting this fabric that's falling in front of me. It spooks me a little because I think perhaps we're deeper in the earth than anyone's ever gone in a long, long time (like cobwebs - or maybe The WEBB of interconnectedness!). Anyway, I brake a bit and look behind the parachute-like sheet to find a room there that's nicely and artistically lit with a few different lamps and such. It feels comfortable. I begin experimenting with turning the lights on and off. It seems to work, sort of. One lamp goes off but with a few seconds delay after I will it off or flip the switch. Another does the same. A third wall lamp pops half off the wall at 45 degrees, and I think it dims a bit, but doesn't go off. Interesting. I awaken into another dream, still lucid and try interacting with the people a bit more. I forget the details.

Janice

A Lucid Dream from Sometime in 2004

I woke up briefly then let myself fall back to sleep while otherwise remaining fairly conscious, then "rolled out" of my body to the right. The visuals were vague at this point. I thought that if I were literally out of my body, I should be able to pass my hand easily through my bedroom door, and decided to experiment with this. At first my door disappeared, but I concentrated to stabilize the image.

To my surprise, I was indeed able to pass my hand through it multiple times. I did not conclude that I was literally out of my body, though, but considered this to be a lucid dream as usual. I then went outside, through the window I believe, and had fun cavorting about all over the place in the rest of the dream by sinking my hands partway into the ground or the floor and pushing myself along.

Later dreams of the morning retained this theme. In one, for instance, I remembered how I had been penetrating solid objects before but was surprised to find I could not do it at all in this particular dream.

Karl B.

No Resistance

I'm on an east-west street south of Burlington Street. I see a couple of men confront each other on the street. It's the 1880s or 1890s; all the men are wearing vests and derbys. These two men have guns, and I'm afraid

there might be a shootout. Other men run up, all members of a gang, some wearing sparkly German-type helmets. I defuse the situation and talk everyone out of fighting.

I go into a building and see a silver-haired man in his 60s. He's somewhat heavy, a Native American, wearing a suit and a white trench coat. He's bleeding from his right armpit; he's badly wounded. I try to help him walk, thinking maybe we can make it to the emergency room, but we make it only as far as the door to the outside here, when he collapses. I call 911 for an ambulance. Then I go outside and flag down a police SUV. It stops, and another police car pulls up, too. I go back into the building with the police. I put pressure on the man's wound; he's still alive.

I see a newspaper, from a day in 1888. I realize I'm dreaming. I study the paper carefully, wanting to remember all the information on it so I can verify it when I wake up. I decide to write some notes, thinking that taking notes will help me remember. (But it doesn't; when I wake up later, it's all gone.)

I see tangled aerial tree roots, like tropical trees. I look through them and see a beach on the other side. I remember that going through a portal like this can take you places in a dream, so I squeeze through the roots and wind up on a tropical beach with white sand.

A snake slithers up to me. It's about three feet long, pale white with red markings like letters that have been filled in. One in particular looks like a filled-in M. The snake tries to bite me, but it's not very good at striking, and I easily evade it. It keeps trying. I realize I've had this kind of dream before, but now maybe I should let the snake bite me and see what happens. I'm not thrilled with the idea, but I finally do let it strike me. The snake is so feeble, nothing happens.

I see boats near shore, and people wading out to board them. They have to wade through a mass of crocodiles to get to the boats, but the crocs seem docile. Di, my wife, is with me now, and we wade out, too. I recognize some of the people.

I see that the vaguely orange-tinted sky is really a ceiling, and we're in a vast room, like in **The Truman Show**. I tell Di I want to explore, so we say good-bye to our friends and head for the wall. We find an exit and go outside, where I see we're on a college campus. We see ape-men walking along the roofs of buildings, an invasion force. Each group of ape-men has a human

commander.

We go back inside and warn everyone. Then, young children come in to take over our computers, which are in a big computer lab in another room. I shut each computer off when it becomes infected. Each child has a PCMCIA card with a cable attached, which is used to infect computers, and a foot-long metal wand, which is used to "borg" people.

Since I know this is a dream and I can't really be harmed, I grab one of the kids. He tries to infect me with his wand, and so does another child, and then another. I can feel the energy from the wands, but I can resist the effects. This scares the children, and they turn and run out of the building. I chase two older, preteen children and scare them out, too.

C.S. April 13 2005

I was babysitting with Mrs. Henklemen's children when someone was knocking very loudly at the front door. I looked out the door window to see who was there. A few unknown men frightened me so I checked to see if the door was locked. The door changed its shape and texture in such a bizarre manner that I knew I was dreaming.

I chased the men down the street and went back to the house. They were a few large, fat, blown up men that looked like balloons. I thought that I didn't want this dream. I wanted to fly. With that thought I began flying while lying on my back. I could see the stars and wanted to go higher into the universe. However, I noticed that I was approximately two feet off the ground, looking up. Nothing seemed to be working for me. I told myself to go higher and higher. I woke up

Robert Wagoner April 7-8 2005

Re-connecting with a Discarded Aspect of Myself

Wendy and I and my brother (who occasionally changes) seem to be stuck in an old post-depression farmhouse that is struggling to keep food on the table. The wife comes home with three children, and they put some beans and other items on the stove to cook.

After a while, they serve us a small portion of beans, but there seems to be a problem of some sort. Behind me, I see a tall slender black woman, who seems to be with us. It seems the farm wife doesn't care to mix their food with our food. We wait. As I sit there, I look at my brother and then at the black woman; it suddenly

occurs to me, "This is a dream." I stand up and want to know what this means. I pick up the black woman and ask, "Who are you? Who are you?" She looks at me, and surprises me with her response. "I am a discarded aspect of your self." Immediately, I sense the truth of her statement and feel the need to reintegrate her into my being.

I (falsely) believe that I wake, and try to find my pad and pen to write this down, but notice that the pad seems full of dreams. I go to look for more paper and step outside to find a classroom; it seems to be the last day of class. A young girl struggles to recite a three or four line poem. I decide to head home, and see Wendy coming along. She has on lipstick and an odd hair-do; she says something about someone and a clinic. I can't seem to understand.

Note: I found it interesting that (once again) the hidden aspect of my-self seem symbolically represented as a black woman. Also, I noticed that she stood "behind" me, suggesting that I had forgotten her, ignored her or put her behind me. When I realized the truth of her statement, it felt good, like an honest recognition of something important.

A. Dreamer March 11-12 2005

Ed Kellogg's December Issue Challenge

After about 45 minutes awake (in the middle of the night) I fall asleep and have a dream. I can't recall the very beginning of the dream but eventually I become aware I'm dreaming. After I become lucid, I recall I was going to try Ed Kellogg's challenge (Issue 33) and ask what are the next steps for deep healing for myself. I had decided what might work for me was to go into the next room saying that what was inside would be a message for me. In the dream though, I happen to be outside so I plan to find a house, go inside, and do the same thing. I get to a group of houses in the distance but when I arrive they are all boarded up. I figure they are empty so don't bother to go inside. I walk across this gray-green area of trampled tall grass thinking I'll just hang out, but I really want to do the experiment. Then someone is pushing me in an odd contraption. I think I'd rather fly so imagine myself in the air. Soon I am aloft, on my back, flying through darkness. I say I'll come down where I can receive the information I need about healing.

I come down by a department store escalator. It is moving down to the floor below so I say that once

down the escalator, I'll be in a place to receive the information I need. At the bottom I see this display of bed linen sets, sheets or sets of pillowcases. A couple of pillowcase sets feature tiny mojo bags of the same material - commercial "magic"? I assume the person fills the bag with healing items or protective materials and sleeps with it around his/her neck. Then up above I see a display of teddy bears. I grab a largish but soft one dressed in a skirt and leave the store.

I plan to go to one of the houses across the street and continue the experiment. A middle-aged African-American woman is following me. She is friendly, but I'd sort of like to lose her. I tell her what I'm doing and pick a house. I hope but isn't "hers". I go in, then open the only door I see beyond the antechamber. It leads to a not very neat bathroom. It has the nightgowns of a heavyset woman, as well as the dirty clothes of a toddler strewn about the floor and hamper. It's not totally filthy but it isn't particularly clean either. There is a "catty" smell; I go out, puzzled. How do I get into the house proper? Is this the complete message?

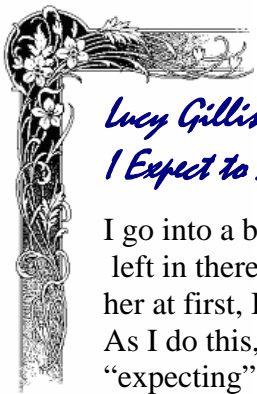
The African-American woman is in the foyer. She's had better luck. There's another door to the left she indicates to me. I open it and enter a living room. I see a couple of toddlers crawling about and the somewhat slovenly woman lounging in a chair. In the middle of the floor I see the cat. I then lose interest in everything else and lose much of my lucidity.

The cat is strange looking, bigger than a cat should be. Still, it's soft and fluffy, with white fur though less fur than you'd expect as if it had been shorn and the fur was growing back. I grab the cat. It protests, meowing.

Then something gets into me. I start teasing the cat though I know that's wrong. My sister is on one of the couches and says, "Don't tease that poor cat," more amused than admonishing me. Unfortunately that just goads me on. The cat is hiding in some kind of tunnel. I squeeze it with my legs. I notice I am pretty much covered with clothes, even wearing white, furry gloves like the cat's fur. I've lost the teddy bear. At that point I wake up.

Note: I found all the images and the whole situation of the dream helpful to look at though it seemed pretty strange at first.





Lucy Gillis January 19 2005

I Expect to See Her

I go into a building to look for someone who was left in there sometime before. When I can't find her at first, I keep positive and expect to see her. As I do this, I realize I'm dreaming (because "expecting" someone to appear is a technique I use when lucid). Over and over I say to myself "It's a dream. It's a dream." But I want to complete my goal and find the woman. By the time I do find her though, lucidity has faded away and I soon wake up. I go back to sleep and have the following lucid dream:

Show Me My Future Lives!

I don't recall what triggered my lucidity or even the details of the non-lucid part of the dream. I walk towards a computer that is on a table not far from where I was standing. I sit in front of the monitor, knowing that I'm dreaming, and "open" up the screen into three flat panels – as though there are three screens originally folded over each other. The screens then become mirror-like and I see vague reflections within. I want to maintain a high degree of lucidity, and try to keep clearly focused on what I'm doing.

Then, without thinking, I command, "Show me my future lives!" For a moment the scenes in the mirror/screens are blurry, then one resolves into the image of a tall dark haired woman wearing a long dark robe. She stands in front of a fuchsia-coloured backdrop.

Lucidity seems to dim a bit as I then find myself trying to push through a grey, cloudy space. At first it feels like I'm pushing my head through one of the monitor "panels".

Soon I am "through" but am still in the grey cloudy space, flying and trying to get to another scene. In a moment I can see two women and a man, but it feels like I'm watching a TV commercial. I follow them as I fly above them. I will them to have longer hair. It works. Lucidity continues to fade as I am soon interacting with them, instead of watching them....

Note: Interestingly, I asked to see "future lives" instead of past lives. This was a spontaneous idea that originated in the dream, it was not a predetermined goal.

Steve February 1 2005

Breakthrough

After two months of trying I finally succeeded in having my first lucid dream. It is the night of February 1st. I am running along a beach. The sand is white and the sky's a beautiful blue. On my right is a palm tree. It is very similar to the beach my wife Rosa and I were enjoying in the Dominican Republic.

In the dream I am running very fast, thinking to myself I must look quite impressive to the other beach patrons. I run into the water and swim out a few feet. It then turns very dark. I see Rosa on the beach looking at me. I catch a wave into shore. While riding the wave I start rising higher and higher. Suddenly I know I am dreaming. It is an amazing sensation. I am excited yet calm. Since I am dreaming I want to fly high. I ascend very quickly and find myself looking down onto the beach. I am very high; perhaps a hundred feet or more. Being this high I should be attached to a hang glider.

Suddenly I am attached to a hang glider. I can now see my silhouette crisscrossing the sand. The moon is above me. Everything is very clear and the sensation of flying amazingly real. Then I start to lose control of the hang glider. Plummeting towards the beach I begin to worry. Just as I am about to hit the beach nose-first, I say to myself "Stop." I stop, inches from the ground. Still floating, I detach myself and walk down the beach. Then I find myself drifting into a second lucid dream. I call this lucid dream the Cricket.

The Cricket

Now I find myself in my parent's house. The living room is similar but different. There is a carpet; in their real house they have hardwood. There is a basket. In the basket are two small cats. They look like babies. Then I notice movement upon the carpet. It is a cricket. I do have a phobia of insects. This starts to worry me. I know I am dreaming. I am very lucid and aware of my surroundings. The cricket becomes larger, now the size of a cat. I am terrified and say to the cricket "Disappear." It does disappear but then reappears. I know it will attack me. Insects in my dreams always attack me. Again I say "Disappear." This time the cricket disappears for good.

I feel better and since I am dreaming and aware of it, I am not sure what to do next. The hallway is to my right and I walk down the hallway. Then I jump up into the

air and land onto the side of the wall. Both feet are planted firmly. I am enjoying the sensation of balancing off the side of a wall several feet in the air. Soon the dream fades away and I wakeup. It was a great experience.

C.S. February 25 2005

While lying in bed I heard a noise coming from another room. It seemed as though people were talking, but I couldn't understand what was said. I realized that this was a sign that I was dreaming so I got out of bed. It was difficult to move my body.

As I was going to go out of the bedroom to check the sounds I heard Donald walked into the room. I asked him if he was all right and what he was doing in my room. He sat down and said he was feeling fine. As I sat down in front of him I noticed a dream character was sitting in my seat. I told her that she was a dream character and pushed her out of the chair.

Finally we were alone so I sat in front of Donald. As I looked at him his face kept changing and he didn't look like himself. This, certainly, reinforced my lucidity and I knew I wasn't speaking with him. However, I thought something might be wrong with him and the dream was sending me a message, so I asked the dream character what was bothering him. He told me that the noise in his room was getting him down and discouraged. I knew his room was very quiet and that was not a problem. So I pursued further. However, loud voices coming from behind me were blocking out what he was saying. I went to them and said "Look, you are dream characters, so get out of here!" They didn't move so I punched them, and they were gone. I really wanted to hear what Donald had to say, but I woke up suddenly.

I had awakened around 10 pm and around 11 pm fell asleep and had a very short lucid dream in which I flew out of the house into the rain. The streets were flooded and muddy. When I woke up I didn't record it because I wanted to sleep. The phone rang once and that made me think something was wrong for someone to call me at that hour. Perhaps I was dreaming and it really didn't ring. However, I was upset and worried before I went to bed because Donald was not feeling well the previous day so I had the above lucid dream. He felt better the next morning.

Al Mahamir, March 2005

Around 2:57 am woke up but went to sleep again. Vibrations came over me very wide and I was hearing voices and felt overwhelmed or scared and tried to wake up. I was in the room again and different girls were presenting themselves to me with disgusting anatomical sex organs.

I looked outside of a window and it was day. I was at a place and knew about a book that was said to be at top of Mt. Alberta and could tell me the secret of at I vibrations. I found the territory and climbed the mountain with Craig and got the book but could not find anything mysterious. It was written in a mix of symbols and Farsi letters and I was reading aloud but could not make out what it meant. I took two books and it was the same.

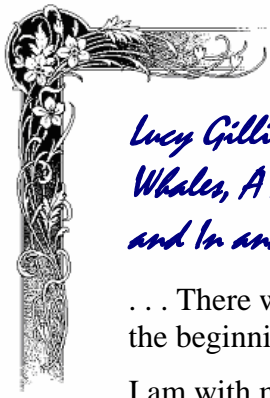
There was a child girl all along with me. And I happened to find a mirror so I thought I need to look at myself and I was wary not to be surprised. I started by looking at my eyebrows and moved down and saw my eyes and full face. My hair looked like a crew cut and my face was longer and fleshy and my eyes were sort of closed. It was not a nice face as it appeared to me. Before that I had felt and groped all my hands and face and body.

I thought I have to get back home as I did. I was in the room again but my curiosity continued to check my surrounding as how they looked and felt in this dream.

All through the journey I was in an experimental mood. I looked on the bed and saw where my body supposedly would be. I saw a figure under the white blanket and I simply got in the bed and rolled in and felt myself adjusting into the outline of a body and I woke up.

Highlights: The name of the book that was connected with that mountain name; there were two names. The mountain was high and snowy and it was quite a climb. But when I got to the top there were other people there. I passed by some people and one of them a short man with a strange east European accent was talking about PetroCanada.





Lucy Gillis January 31 2005
Whales, A Blue Feather,
and In and Out of Dreaming

... There was a kitten caught under a blanket in the beginning of the dream... Then:

I am with my uncle in a place that is mostly my childhood home, but is sometimes very different. At some point I look out the living room window. It's a sunny day. I see the bright blue choppy water of the lake and many swimmers near the shore.

Then suddenly I see dozens and dozens of whales swimming close to shore, heading west. I go to the "next room" to tell my uncle that there are whales in the lake, and to come see. I go back to the window. At first they look like pilot whales, their black dorsal fins glistening in the sunlight. I begin to wonder if I could be dreaming, as I often dream of whales in the lake. I watch them intently and say to my uncle, who has now joined me at the window, that I don't think they are pilot whales at all, the dorsal fins don't look right anymore. The fins now look like large upright shingles on the animals' backs. I run out of the house for a closer look.

When I do so, I find a wide blue feather with a yellow band of colour across it on the lawn, not far from where the car is usually parked. I pick it up and show it to my uncle who is either still at the window or perhaps at the door. Though I know it is not true, I say that it is a blue jay feather. For some reason, my uncle wants it, urgently, so I run up the steps and toss it in the open doorway, leaving it on the floor. I go back outside and rise up into the air, now positive I'm dreaming as I also see the whales morph into more dinosaur-like beings with legs, while the lake water disappears.

Then the visuals disappear to black and I am even more aware that I'm dreaming. I then seem to be standing in a room indoors. I turn and see the interior of a room. I turn back to the window (now the place resembles home again) and see at the end of the lawn total blackness as though there is an infinitely huge window at the edge of the lawn and there is nothing but blackness beyond. I'm entirely certain I'm dreaming now!

I turn back to the room and fly upwards, wanting to get outside. I go up and "feel" the ceiling as I pass through it up to my waist, but then I feel (but don't see) multiple ceilings as I try to push them all down and away from me. I think I speak to someone about it, possibly my uncle. I then rise up further, into the "sky" ignoring the feeling of the ceiling and even though I am flying/hovering in almost total blackness, I point my hands in the general directions that the neighbouring houses should be in, naming them as I do so in an effort to manifest them below me. It doesn't work, however. I then hear a waking physical reality noise outside, and allow myself to wake up to check it out. It was a heavy rain pounding on the window.

[I didn't sleep solidly after I woke, but would enter dreams and stay close to waking, kind of waiting for my alarm to go off so I could get up and get ready to go to my Pilates class.]

I find myself back in a dream scene and see a kitten. I know she is from a previous dream. I start to hand her a sandwich (crusts cut off) and "know" that the meat inside it is made from the kitten of the previous dream. I say something like "Kitten sandwich for the kitten" to some person who has been walking beside me. I put the triangle-cut sandwich on the floor and see the filling become a more orange colour. I say something like "There, she's transforming it into lobster."

My alarm goes off, I hit the snooze button. I then slip easily back into dreaming. I'm alone. I'm lucid, aware that I've re-entered the dream state. There are many furnished rooms in the building that I find myself in. It is like a campus dorm, and there are also labs. I begin to look around, hoping to manifest a certain situation. I go from room to room waiting patiently for it to materialize.

I go around a corner in a room, hoping it will lead off into another room, but suspecting it won't. It doesn't, but when I turn to go back out, there are now three men in winter jackets, bent over desks or tables, working. I go over to them, wondering if one will comply to my wishes without my having to say or do anything. One guy with dark wavy hair and glasses gets up and gently pushes me away from the others. . . . A few minutes later, I want to continue with the dream plot, but I'm also distracted by thinking that the snooze alarm should be going off any minute now, it seems like a long time since the last alarm went off. Then I begin to wonder if the snooze is set, and if not,

will I fall into sleeping and miss my Pilates class? I feel close to waking, so I do, I let myself wake long enough to look at the clock. I have four minutes to go. I'm then easily back in the dream. I continue with the dream plot, but I'm still distracted with waiting for the alarm. Finally the alarm goes off again, but I've not completed the dream scene as I had wanted to. I hit the snooze button and try to go back in one more time, but I'm too awake and can't get back in.

C.S. February 2 2005

I woke up at midnight and couldn't sleep for one hour. Then I was standing next to a door. Someone on the other side was turning the doorknob in an effort to get into the house. I became frightened and ran upstairs. When I looked down I saw a colorful narrow corridor with no steps in a spiral construction. It was so bizarre that I said, "I'm dreaming!" Three men approached me. I hit each one on the head and told them they were dream characters, so disappear. They were gone immediately. I walked into a room that was very cluttered with items and people. The room was attached to other rooms. I wondered what I wanted to do. Maybe I should have sex. I asked if there was a man prostitute around and two appeared. They were quite willing to service me, but they turned into one man. I looked down and he was lying back on a lounge chair. He had one eye and a tongue in his head and a face with one eye and a tongue in his abdominal area. I asked him why he was like that. He said to think about how pleasing that could be for me. I got the idea and was about to get on top of him when I started to analyze the situation. I told him this was my first time with a prostitute, and I didn't know what to do. He said, "Just relax and do nothing." I did. The lack of action and relaxation made me lose the visual and I woke up feeling relaxed.

It was a false awakening since I immediately was in another scene. I got involved in a very exciting non-lucid dream with lots of action.

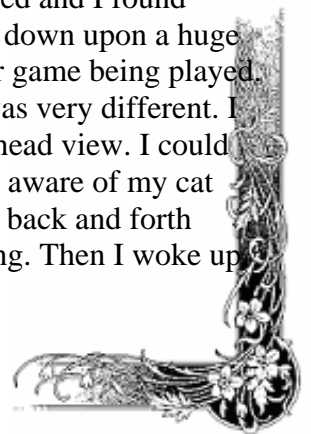
Steve April 18 2005

During the morning of April 18th I experienced an exciting lucid adventure. It began when I found myself in a dimly lit office. There were other people around me. They were clapping for me and laughing. I was the center of attention for some reason. Then I said, "I am dreaming". Whoosh! Suddenly I shot out of my body or dream subconscious. I was flying through my

bedroom. I was unable to see anything until I stopped flying and was standing firmly on my feet. The sensation of detachment is quite thrilling. I compare it to the feeling you get when you are looking down a huge steep drop sitting in the front car of a roller coaster. When the car descends rapidly and your stomach and whole body goes funny; this is the sensation. I have experienced this detachment numerous times and still find it thrilling. Now in front of me is my bedroom window. I knew my sleeping body was on the bed. I looked at the window and walked right through it. The glass did not break and I did not fall to the ground below me. After passing through the glass effortlessly, I found myself in a beautiful landscaped backyard. On my left was a swimming pool nestled among bushes and rocks. It was nighttime but there was enough artificial light to see clearly. I don't know where this light came from. I was enjoying this lucid dream. Walking among the dreamscape was wonderful. I found myself concentrating hard to remain lucid.

Suddenly I was in the hallway of a large vacant apartment building. A strong wind was howling through the hallway. I could see large glass doors leading to the dark outside. I had a very uneasy feeling about this place. I wanted to change locations. I walked towards the white wall. It looked very solid. In my third lucid dream, "Chinese Hotel" I was unable to pass through glass doors. I did not think I could accomplish this feat. Now I knew it is very possible. My hands went into the wall then my head and then my entire body. It was like melting into the wall. I was thinking of a Greek or Roman garden. When I emerged from the wall I was standing in a beautiful garden with white pillars and small rectangular pools of water. Once again it is nighttime. Illuminated by soft light. It was peaceful here. I walked on top of the water. I could feel the water and hear it splashing.

Again I was enjoying this lucid dream but was having trouble hanging onto this. It changed and I found myself hovering in the air looking down upon a huge big-screen TV. There was a soccer game being played. The angle and view of the game was very different. I was watching from a strange overhead view. I could now hear myself sleeping and was aware of my cat sleeping beside me. I was slipping back and forth between waking and lucid dreaming. Then I woke up. It is a lot of fun being lucid.



C.S. April 1 2005

I programmed to have a magical lucid dream. I didn't give any specifics. I wanted my inner self to do it all.

I was lying in bed when I decided to check the time. The clock was not there. Instead I saw a strange looking window. I thought that this is a sign that I'm dreaming.

I felt someone in bed next to me. It was T. We were very much in love when I was in my late twenties. We were both back in time, looking very young. I began to feel that wonderful magical feeling of being in love. He kissed me on the forehead and cheek. I thought, "What a wonderful dream." He told me he loved me. He asked me to marry him. I told him, "Yes". He said that he wanted me so much that he hurt. I asked, "Right now?" He said, "Yes". In saying that, I felt his penis inside me. However, I was still lying next to him. Yet I also was on top of him.

Then, mother came into the room and sat on the bed next to T. I realized we were in mother's bedroom in Scranton, PA. I lived in this house when I was a teenager. The thought that mother was witnessing me in bed with a man was overwhelming and embarrassing. I lost lucidity and did not recognize her as a dream character. The shock woke me up immediately.

This was a magical dream and easy for me to

The Conscious Exploration Of Dreaming

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interpret. It helped resolve some past mistakes.

Meeting Dreamers in the Dream State: A Lucid Quest

Continued from page 25

CONCLUDING THOUGHTS

Sadly though, I had hoped that this fully lucid dream with Beverly would indicate a definite mutual lucid dream event. Although finding Beverly in my lucid dream led me to believe that she too must be lucid, it seems that she may have been either a symbolic figure in my lucid dream, or a non-lucid dreaming-Beverly in my lucid dream. This latter view of a non-lucid dreaming-Beverly might be supported by the independent dreams by both of us about women wearing all black. But, alas, she did not perform any of the agreed upon gestures in my lucid dream; nor did she report any lucid dreams for the night.

In the dreams and partially lucid dream with Ed, the first dream certainly suggests dream telepathy, as Ed reads of *The Number Devil* and I dream of taking courses on "Forms" and "philosophy", and mention the idea of welding "a rhombus and an octahedron" surprised by my own vocabulary! In the "residential neighborhood" dream, we seem to get the setting basically correct. And in Ed's lucid dream of flying and chanting my name, and my partially lucid dream of hearing Ed chanting and calling names, one can see some interesting common features and a fascinating sequential concurrence of two dreamer's dreams, but no face-to-face mutual lucid dream meeting.

Much of the value of lucid dreaming to the science of dreaming involves the ability to experiment consciously in the dream state, when lucid. As lucid dreamers begin to explore the dreaming state further, reports of mutual dreaming experiences seem likely to increase. The ability for two (or more) lucid dreamers to relate independently of each other "mutual lucid dreaming" experiences that seem correlated should begin to interest the dreaming community greatly.

With the proper experimental protocol and conditions, positive experiences in mutual lucid dreaming could begin to blow open traditional views of dreaming and the dreaming state. Like Alice in Wonderland, lucid dreamers could open the door to a world made "curiouser and curiouser."



**The 22nd Annual Conference
of the International Association
for the Study of Dreams**

***Dreaming by the Bay*
June 24-28, 2005**

at the Doubletree Hotel in Berkeley, California

*To Register
and for more information
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www.ASDreams.org/2005*

Explore the meanings and mysteries of dreams and nightmares with world-famous authors, psychotherapists, psychoanalysts, artists, educators, and researchers in the field of Dream Studies. The conference program—which will include speakers and presentations from all over the world—begins with an opening reception Friday evening, features a special Cruise of the Bay reception event, and ends with the popular costume Dream Ball on Tuesday evening.

Inspiring Program

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Venue

The Conference will be held on the San Francisco Bay at the Doubletree Hotel at the Berkeley Marina. The hotel is in a beautiful quiet waterfront setting across the bay from the Golden Gate Bridge, and offers spectacular views of the bay and marina. The site offers a wildlife sanctuary and large waterfront park, plus ready access to Berkeley and Fourth Street shops and restaurants. The San Francisco Bay Area is an ideal cool and sunny summer vacation spot, and the Fourth of July fireworks displays at the hotel location the weekend following the conference make it a perfect time to stay and vacation in the Bay Area.

Register Early for Best Rates

Online registration for the conference is recommended, where you may register and either pay online with a charge card or follow-up with a check—go to ASDreams.org/2005. There you will also find printable registration forms which you can mail in with a check or your card information. *For Hotel Reservations:* reserve directly with the DoubleTree by calling (510) 548-7920 or toll-free at (800) 528-0444. Ask for the special IASD Conference group rate: \$119 single, \$129 double plus state and local tax. Reserve now since room blocks are limited and special view rooms are first-come, first-served.

Transport

Advanced discount fares are often available (particularly to Oakland) so plan early.

The Doubletree Hotel in Berkeley is located on the San Francisco Bay and is easily accessible by cab or Bay Area Rapid Transit (BART) from the Oakland and San Francisco Airports. A hotel shuttle is also available from both airports. Once at the hotel, there is local bus transport around the Berkeley area and easy access to San Francisco from Berkeley by BART.

About IASD

The International Association for the Study of Dreams (IASD) is a nonprofit, international, multidisciplinary organization dedicated to the pure and applied investigation of dreams and dreaming. Come see what it's all about!

Information

For information and updates about the conference, log onto www.ASDreams.org/2005 where the complete conference program, presentation abstracts, CE information, site information, accommodations, and information on special events will be posted as they become available. If you have questions regarding the conference or registration you can also contact us by e-mail (ASDCentralOffice@aol.com) or you may leave a call-back message at the conference registration number (toll free if you are in North America) at 1-866-DREAM12 (866-373-2612). For periodic updates you may subscribe to the monthly IASD E-News (groups.yahoo.com/group/asd-eNews) by contacting Richard Wilkerson at rcwilk@dreamgate.com.

LUCID LINKS

The Lucid Dream Exchange

www.dreaminglucid.com

The International Association for the Study of Dreams

www.asdreams.org

The First PhD. Thesis on Lucid Dreaming

A site featuring Dr. Keith Hearne's PhD thesis as well as other lucid dreaming firsts.

www.european-college.co.uk/thesis.htm

The Lucidity Institute

www.lucidity.com

Lucidity Institute Forum

A thought-provoking, inspiring place to participate in on-going discussions about the very stuff that lucid dreams are made of.

www.lucidity.com/forum

The Dream Explorer

Linda Lane Magallon's website featuring lucid, OBE, telepathic, mutual and flying dreams. Some dreams and articles have appeared in LDE.

<http://members.aol.com/psiflyer/dream/explorer.html>

Linda Magallón's Flying Dreams website

www.members.aol.com/caseflyer/flying/dreams.html

Electric Dreams

www.dreamgate.com

Lucid Dream Newsgroups

alt.dreams.lucid and alt.out-of-body

Janice's Website

With links to lucid dreaming and out of body sites.

<http://www.hopkinsfan.net>

the5aint's website

www.angelfire.com/ca/auricles/lucid4.html

Dreams and Lucidity

<http://www.spiritonline.com>

Lucid Dreaming Links

<http://www.greatdreams.com/lucid.htm>

The D.R.E.A.M.S. Foundation

www.dreams.ca

Sleep Paralysis and Lucid Dreaming Research

www.geocities.com/jorgeconesa/Paralysis/sleepnew.html

Ralf's "Maui DreamCamp Picture Show"

<http://home.t-online.de/home/Ralf.Penderak/index.htm>

Reve, Conscience, Eveil

A French site (with English translations) about lucid dreaming, obe, and consciousness.

<http://florence.ghibellini.free.fr/>

Werner Zurfluh

"Over the Fence"

www.oobe.ch/index_e.htm

Beverly D'Urso - Lucid Dream Papers

www.durso.org/beverly

Lucid Dream Documentary in California

Contact Richard Hilton

<http://www.bulbmedia.net/lucidity/>

The Conscious Dreamer

Sirley Marques Bonham

www.theconsciousdreamer.org

Robert Moss

Numerous articles including such topics as active and shamanic dreaming, plus upcoming workshops and more.

www.mossdreams.com

Jayne Gackenbach

Past editor of Lucidity Letter, Jayne Gackenbach is in the process of putting all issues up on her website.

www.spiritwatch.ca

Lucid Dream Tea

<http://www.algonquintea.com/luciddreamtea.shtml>

Experience Festival

Several articles on lucid dreaming, false awakenings, etc.

http://www.experiencefestival.com/lucid_dreaming

David F. Melbourne

Author and lucid dream researcher.

<http://ourworld.compuserve.com/homepages/dreamthemes>

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