Dream Characters and Reality Checks
Part One

Seven Subtle Factors Influencing Lucid Dreams

The Role of Lucid Dreaming in the Process of Novel Writing
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A lucid dreamer and doctoral student at the University of Leeds, England, Clare Johnson seeks to understand the role of lucid dreaming in the creative process. Drawing on her own lucid dreams and those of lucid dreamers in the creative arts, Clare continues to work on her Ph.D. thesis and on uncovering the mysteries of lucid dreaming. Last year, Clare wowed the judges of the Precognitive Dream Contest at the Copenhagen International Association for the Study of Dreams conference with her dream entry, which won first place.
Robert: Clare, you are working on a Ph.D. thesis on lucid dreaming and the creative process at the University of Leeds, England. Tell us, how did you first become interested in lucid dreaming?

Clare: I have always been interested in dreams and different states of consciousness. When I was doing my undergraduate degree, a friend was reading Castaneda, and told me about consciousness in dreams, and the technique of finding your hands in the dream. I was fascinated, read the book for myself, and decided to try it.

Robert: What was your first lucid dream experience? When was that?

Clare: Here it is, recorded on Christmas Day, 1993:

_Last night I dreamt I saw my hands. They were very slender and white, and I thought, I can see my hands and this is a dream. I experienced a huge rush of excitement. I’m going to fly now, I decided. One of my brothers was behind me and somehow heard this thought. He said, "Go on then, Clare." I had a tiny moment of doubt, but reminded myself that since this was a dream I could do as I liked. I recalled that (according to Castaneda) I should receive a 'composite picture' within my dream if I focused my attention in a certain way, and as I looked around me, I noticed the incredible clarity of the scene - my brother looking at me, and an arched stone bridge in front of me. We were outside, the sky blue, the air fresh. It was just like really being there.

I turned my thoughts to flying again and my whole body began to tingle from head to toe. I floated up off the ground. I attempted to fly Superman-style by sticking my arms straight out in front of me, but nothing seemed to happen and I just continued to float, upright, higher into the air and towards the bridge. I’m going to bump into the wall, I realised as I glided towards the inside of the bridge. I relaxed, thinking it wouldn't hurt and that I’d just bounce from wall to wall for a while, but instead I went right through the wall. This was weird, passing through a sheet of thick yet yielding matter. It made me think of quicksand.

The tingly feeling in my body continued, and I started to see intricate fractal patterns unfolding in bright colours, with lots of electric blue. As the fractals moved, it struck me that they had the quality of a running stream, as they were in constant motion, and yet if I 'froze' them they always looked the same, no matter where they were in their cycle of movement. I went deeper into the electric blue, swam right into it, and gradually rose to wakefulness._

Robert: Was there something about that experience that excited you?

Clare: I was very excited by the reality of the scene, the sensation of weightlessness, and the fact that I had voluntarily become conscious inside my unconscious mind. I have always been a vivid dreamer with high dream recall, and as a child I went through periods of sleepwalking. This new experience of being conscious inside the dream reality was tremendous, and I was instantly hooked.

Robert: What methods did you use to become aware that you were dreaming? Has that changed over the years?

Clare: At first I used the finding-your-hands-method and then I became more adept at recognising dream incongruities and my own personal dream symbols and themes. Nowadays, the knowledge that I am dreaming is often there when I dream, just below the surface, so that it is far easier than before to come into a state of recognition, often for no identifiable reason. I just sort of 'remember' I am dreaming, and make the spring into full lucidity.

Robert: As you began to have more and more lucid dreams, were there any lucid dreams that made a deep impression on you? Tell us about them.

Clare: Several of my early lucid dreams made a strong impression on me. Here are a couple of the more memorable ones, which I don't have exact dates for but which took place sometime in 1994:

_Sleeping Double_

_I am at University, working on an essay which is giving me that stone-in-the-stomach feeling of boredom. My head grows heavy and I rest it on my arms, which are folded on my desk. Waves of sleep roll over me and I realise I absolutely must have a nap. Eyes still closed, I force myself to stand up, and slump onto my bed where I fall instantly asleep. After minutes or hours, a curious feeling steals over me: I have two bodies. I am simultaneously lying stretched out on the bed, and sitting at my desk._

_I can feel the weight of my head on my arms, the coolness of the floor under my feet. And I can feel the bed under the length of me, the pillow under my head. This is most odd. I wonder whether I did in fact move to the bed, or whether I am still sitting at my desk. For what seems like many minutes, I experience this dual consciousness. There is some imagery; flashes of my bedroom with its colourful wall hangings and my desk strewn with papers. The imagery is as confusingly simultaneous as the physical sensation, as it is viewed from two different perspectives. I reflect that this must be a bizarre type of lucid dream._

_I try to tip the balance between the two bodies and succeed in becoming mostly the body at the desk for a moment or two, while the body on the bed loses reality slightly. Since I am no longer sure whether I lay down on the bed or not, I cannot decide where my real body actually is. In the end, I drag myself from this pleasant but perplexing double state to see what's happening. It is hard to wake up as I am experiencing sleep paralysis. In order to get some mobile energy moving around my body, I imagine I am wriggling_
my toes, and eventually manage to open my eyes to discover that my real body is... on my bed.

**Ball of Light**

One night there were drunk students in the corridor outside my room, and they wake me up. When I fall asleep again, I go directly into an exceptionally vivid lucid dream. I am standing in my room and everything is totally clear. I announce, "This is as real as reality and I am dreaming." As if in response to a password, a ball of light starts to form across the room by the wardrobe. I watch it swirl and then stabilise. It is beautiful.

The light coming from this ball is orange and yellow, and it has a distinctive female energy. I ask it what it is, and (without words) I am told it will always be there to help me in my dreams. If I need it, I just have to call. It then gives me some sort of power word which I know I'll never forget. Then it disappears. I stare at the place where it was, and experience a rush of joy which propels me up and out of the window. I fly on the cool air and shoot up into the stars. For a long time, I swing across the air currents enjoying the feeling of the wind on my skin and wondering at the startling reality of this dream. Then I wake up, and can't for the life of me remember the power word.

**Robert: What sort of questions did these lucid dreams or lucid dreaming create for you?**

Clare: Lucid dreams such as the above raised questions for me about the nature of reality and consciousness. I began to take an explorative and academic approach to lucid dreaming and persuaded my University - Lancaster at that time - to let me study lucid dreaming for an Independent Studies project while I lived in France for a year (1995-6). During this time I wrote several accounts of my lucid dream experiences in the Paris-based magazine Oniros, and was asked to appear on a French television show to talk about lucid dreams - an offer I had to decline, as I was not going to be in the country at the time they wanted to tape it. Once I had completed my degree, I took a six year break from academia during which time I continued to experiment with my own lucid dreams.

**Robert: Briefly stated, your Ph.D. thesis involves 'investigating the link between lucid dreaming and the creative imagination'. How did your personal lucid dreams and outside influences lead you to this particular area of study?**

Clare: After my undergraduate degree, still intrigued by lucid dreaming and raring to try my hand as a writer, the first thing I did (after travelling around Thailand for three months) was write a novel which featured lucid dreaming as a means to eliminate nightmares. The writing of this novel taught me a lot not only about the nuts and bolts of writing full-length fiction, but about lucid dreams themselves. I developed techniques for weaving fictionalised versions of lucid dreams into the novel, and observed the ways in which lucid dreaming was opening up the fictional dream before my eyes.

I spend much of my time spinning stories from my imagination and creating vivid scenes in my mind's eye. When I first wrote fiction which centred around lucid dreaming, I grasped the inherent similarity of these states. The trance-like, guided daydream into which writers slip while they work, concentrating on something their inner eye is seeing, resembles the conscious gaze of the lucid dreamer who walks through her dream, observing or changing what she sees.

In both states, the unconscious is directly accessed, and in both states, there is - or can be, if desired - a degree of control over events. Scenes can be modified or replayed, different outcomes explored. Alternatively, the writer/lucid dreamer can simply sit back and watch while the unconscious directs the show.

For me, lucid dreaming and fiction writing developed hand in hand, each complementing the other. For six years, I travelled, learnt languages, wrote more practice novels, taught English, and considered lucid dreams and their link with creative work. Then I decided to further my explorations in an academic milieu, as this would enable me to go deeper into a subject that I felt was full of potential.

**Robert: And how is the research coming along?**

Clare: It's coming along well, thank you, although it is fairly difficult to find case studies who are both professional writers and lucid dreamers - unfortunately for me, writers don't brand their foreheads with the words I am a lucid dreamer, which makes tracking them down problematic. For that reason, I have mainly found lucid dreaming writers through the content of their novels (i.e authors who have introduced lucid dreaming into a fictional plot), and not because they have stated in an interview somewhere that...
they use lucid dreaming to enhance their creative process. However, I have found an essential few, and I will also be drawing on my own experience of using lucid dreams in the plot of a novel and as an integral part of the creative process. Through my case studies of professional artists and writers, I am learning a great deal about art and writing and the states of mind which inspire creativity.

This PhD is a very sociable one, as it involves so much networking, so my research is really bringing me into the dream community. The vast majority of people have been very supportive of my endeavours and it was wonderful to attend the IASD conference in Copenhagen last summer and meet some of my contacts in person. The University of Leeds has generously offered to pay for me to fly out to California in a few months to present my research at the next conference, and I am very much looking forward to being there.

**Robert:** As you hear from lucid dreamers who have used lucid dreaming to produce creative work, like books or paintings, etc., what are you learning about lucid dreaming as a means to creativity?

**Clare:** Lucid dreams appear to be active in the creative process, by providing inspiration and solutions to creative blocks, as well as cropping up in the theme of the creative work. Lucid dreaming appears to be a creative state of mind itself, and because of this, controlling the dream is not necessarily conducive to greater creativity.

I went through a period of intense experimentation with lucid dreams about nine or ten years ago where I almost always tried to control the dream action in some way, but in the years after my undergraduate degree when I was developing my creative writing, I found that I was far less likely to want to control my lucid dreams. Instead, I adopted the standpoint of conscious observer, and let the dream action continue of its own accord. I found that this passive observation led to interesting things. Either the dream would continue, often producing fascinating imagery, or else the 'dream furniture' would fade out, leaving me floating in thousands of dots, or bathed in colour. This lucid but 'empty' state is meditative and deeply refreshing, and it allowed my mind to open up and out. It strikes me as a highly creative state, akin to a hypnotic trance or a spell in a floatation tank.

Now, however, with the PhD research dominating both my day-thoughts and my dreams, I have started to experiment again in the spirit of my enquiry. That is to say, my experiments are grounded in my research, so that I might set myself a task such as initiating a dialogue with my novel characters in my next lucid dream. I then incorporate my successes and failures into my research as appropriate.

Here's a recent example in which I try to experience synaesthesia in a lucid dream to help me get into the head of one of my main characters, a synaesthete. Months before this, I'd had a spontaneous experience of synaesthesia in a lucid dream, and that dream (recounted in another part of this edition of LDE) helped me to dissolve a creative block, as I wanted one of my characters to be slightly different but hadn't yet hit on how. After the dream I realised she was a synaesthete. The following dream showed me that lucid dreaming provides an excellent forum for experimentation, and it was interesting to note that I partially succeeded in invoking synaesthesia despite being a non-synaesthete. The feeling in this dream of waiting for tastes or smells to arise from touch will be of help to me when I describe fictional synaesthetic associations in my novel.

**Corduroy Strips and Coral Reefs**

I am underwater with M, breathing effortlessly. The coral reef is so bright and beautiful, and I am amazed that something so dreamlike actually exists. I watch the frond-like tails of fish swirl and hesitate inside tiny nooks and crannies in the reef before the fish emerge in a shower of bubbles. It occurs to me that this swirling hesitation would make a good writing metaphor and I play around at putting the images into words in my mind. There are blocks of turquoise and worn, rounded walls of rock. I want to take a photo and wonder aloud if we can use the digital camera. "No," says M, but I'm not sure it wouldn't work - it doesn't feel wet down here in this lit-up fairy world. "Just a quick picture," I suggest. "The camera will never work again if you do," he says, so I resign myself to imprinting all this beauty on my retinas and storing it in my memory without artificial help. I look, hard and strong, and somehow I realise this is a dream.

"Lucid dream," I say to M, and he smiles at me. "I'm lucid, I'm lucid," I say. I briefly consider synaesthesia and my
Clare: Sometimes, the realisation that I am dreaming is not that 'this is a dream!' and gain lucidity? A process in dreaming when we suddenly become aware of the taken-for-granted reality of the dream is shown to be illusion, particularly when lucidity is unexpected, and this shift in perspective could well be compared with moments of inspiration. For example, there are moments in the writing of a novel when an obscure strand of narrative slots beautifully into place with no apparent help from me; the unconscious finally lets me in on the secret, and I fling my arms to the sky and say, "Ah, now I see where this is going!" From that moment, my perspective of the work-in-progress operates on a different level of understanding.

Robert: This may be one of those 'chicken or egg' type questions, but do you feel that lucid dreaming enhances one's creativity, or instead, is the conduit to higher creativity or the source of creativity?

Clare: I personally think that lucid dreaming is one of many creative sources, and my case studies have demonstrated that lucid dreaming can enhance creative ventures, so perhaps 'both' would be the easiest answer to that question!

Robert: Any surprising responses to your research on lucid dreaming and creativity?

Clare: I was fairly surprised to discover that none of my case studies seemed to have ever considered the idea of dialoguing with fictional characters or the subjects of their artwork while lucid in a dream, although most people said they thought the idea was a fascinating one and would be trying it in the future - so that's something for me to follow up.

Robert: If an aspiring author or painter asked you how to best use their lucid dreaming abilities to assist their creativity, what advice would you offer them?

Clare: I wouldn't presume to know the best ways of using lucid dreaming to assist creativity, as I think it depends on the individual; their working process, the effects they strive for, what they feel their work lacks or exaggerates, and so on. What is emerging from my case studies is that different artists prefer different techniques. Some take an active approach, striding through their lucid dreams collating images for use in their artistic endeavours, or inventing poems on the spot as soon as they become lucid. Other artists and writers prefer a more passive approach, and simply observe their personalised archetypes and dream images as they arise, or let the dream action sweep them along. I personally find that 'becoming just a pair of eyes' in...
a lucid dream is a powerfully creative experience, because if you slow down and watch closely, you can see the moment where thoughts morph spontaneously into images.

Robert: For many of us in North America, we became aware of lucid dreaming through the work of Dr. Stephen LaBerge, or Carlos Castaneda, among others. In England and the rest of Europe, how are dreamers becoming aware of lucid dreaming?

Clare: Many people have lucid dreams for years before stumbling across the nomenclature, but I think that since it is widely acceptable these days for people to talk about their dreams, awareness of lucid dreaming is spreading through word of mouth, the Internet, and the fact that more books on the subject (fiction and non-fiction) are appearing in book shops and in online foyers such as Amazon.com.

Robert: Are there lucid dream authors whom we normally don't hear about in the States? Any that you would like to recommend?

Frederik Van Eeden and George du Maurier have written novels about lucid dreaming, but it has to be said that their novels, although interesting, are old-fashioned and don't exactly make for light reading.

Robert: When you look back over your life, how has lucid dreaming affected it? Has it altered your perspective? Enhanced your creativity?

Clare: Lucid dreaming has done both of these things. It has widened my perspective by introducing me to a state of consciousness which provides endless entertainment and solace. In my lucid dreams, I get closer to my own unconscious processes, I see my dreaming mind transforming ideas into images, colours, and sensations. I can simultaneously play the role of observer, discoverer, and creator. Lucid dreaming has certainly enhanced my creativity, providing a subject for my collages and fiction, and showing me that there will always be new ideas, new impulses. The dreaming brain is constantly searching for the weakest links, creating original metaphors, and merging memories with imagination. I can't see inspiration ever drying up as long as I remember to look to my dreams - both lucid and non-lucid.

For me, lucid dreaming is always worthy of further exploration; it's an area into which one can always push deeper, put out feelers in different directions and discover something new, rather like deep sea diving, or travelling... or writing fiction.

Robert: Thanks, Clare, for your insights into lucid dreaming! Good luck with your research. For lucid dreamers who have produced professional creative work such as a painting, novel or short story, etc., how could they contact you to assist with your research?

Thank you, Robert, for your support and interest. I am currently looking for professional novelists and short story writers who draw on lucid dreaming in the creative process, or who have centred a fictional plot around lucid dreaming. I can be contacted by email at phdcasestudies@hotmail.com

A Lucid Dreaming Tip

I have a little trick that works for me...I couldn't afford Stephen LaBerge's computer eye mask thing....so I got a cheap $20 Timex watch that I set to beep every hour, when it beeps I do a reality check during the day... then at night I hear it beep. At night while sleeping I'll realize I'm dreaming. The beep is not loud enough to wake me up but it works most of the time. Sometimes I don't hear it under my pillow and once I got used to it, but I still think of doing reality checks during my dreams...Hope this can help anyone....

Amy Fusco
I don't know where to begin. I have so many experiences that I would like to share, many of which one would consider to be lucid dreams, the others - I really don't know what to consider them as. I've been doing some research on lucid dreams, waking dreams, night terrors, and out-of-body experiences, and while some of the dreams I would definitely classify as lucid, the others are in a classification that has yet to be classified.

My lucid dreams are nothing short of spectacular; I wake up feeling completely improved, as if gaining a new insight into my mind, body, and soul. My first lucid dream didn't last very long, I woke up as soon as I realized I was dreaming. Over time, and countless lucid dreams, I've been able to stay inside the dream and control the outcome. Although, sometimes I gain control and then seemingly become too weak to overcome my own mind, thus losing control of the outcome - but I am always aware that I am still dreaming.

Lately, and this probably occurs at least once or twice a week, my lucid dreams involve me in an unpleasant situation where I'm either running away or hiding from something or someone evil. That evil entity is trying to kill me and the people that join me in my dreams, usually a family member or loved one. Most of the time, however, it's just trying to get me. For instance, I've dreamt I was in a big city/metro area, maybe New York or something - I've never been, but there were sky-scrapers, subways, and dark alleys. It was night time, and it was cold and rainy - not a very pleasant atmosphere. Throughout the dream I was running from the mafia for whatever reason, hiding in alleys and other such nonsense. One of my family members was captured, so I went to save them. I ended up on top of an extremely high building and was forced to jump, but all the while I wasn't scared because I knew I was in control. So I jumped, and while I was falling told myself to just fly away and I did.

Flight is ultimately what I use to escape any situation I no longer feel comfortable in. I've had lucid dreams where I'm running from some hideous creature in the forest, and I say to myself, "I know I'm just dreaming this, I'll just fly away," so that's exactly what I do - it's an incredible feeling of freedom. This, however, requires a great deal of concentration. I really have to focus on the act of flying to be able to stay in the air. If my focus is lost I'll begin to decline, and have to rest in a tree or on roofs of houses and buildings - or something of that nature - until I can regain focus.

I've also had several lucid dreams involving tornadoes. This is the most common recurring dream, which is a bit strange in that I've never been through one before. In fact, I live in an area where tornadoes are an absolute rarity, but I've been having tornado dreams/nightmares my whole life. It has only been recently that I have been able to control the outcome. Anyway, the most recent one involved me and my family members seeking shelter from an outbreak of tornadoes, but no matter where we went, escape was impossible. So finally I went outside and said out loud, "This is only a dream, there's no need to be afraid." My family and I went outside, and I actually jumped into the cyclone. Music began playing, like the kind of music you hear at the end of a movie, and then I woke up. It was great.

I've come to find that lucid dreams are really a portal into your mind that enables humans to experience and do things that they can't do in reality. I've had some really great sex lucid dreams as well - those are my favorite!

Carlee
I work a lot in Photoshop™ and I like to illustrate my dreams. This dream is one of my ongoing nightmares that lucid dreaming has helped eliminate. It illustrates not being able to hide from the tornadoes in my dream.

For as long as I can remember I've had dreams of tornados coming straight for me and I couldn't hide from them. I was either in an unsound building or in one with only glass or no windows or walls at all (as illustrated in my Photoshop™ picture).

The first lucid dream I had was so wonderful that I knew I had to look further into it. At the time I didn't even know the term "lucid dreaming". After I read into it further, I realized I could use it to stop my tornado dreams. The first one I had in reference to tornados: I used the tornado itself as a dream sign. I realized I was dreaming and stood firm where I was. I let the tornado hit me head on. It kind of hurt but I didn't budge knowing that it couldn't really hurt me. After the tornado passed, I was OK and so were my surroundings. This is now what I do during every tornado dream I have.

Compared to my spontaneous lucid dreams, this one isn't as enjoyable. But at least I don't wake up scared or not being able to go back to sleep.

Sarah Elliott
Dream Characters and Reality Checks
Part One: A Quest for Verification
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What are dream characters? We can speculate from now until the cows migrate to the moon and never come to a definitive conclusion. That's the nature of conjecture. When I first considered this question, some 20 years ago, I was convinced by neither wild guesses nor domestic explanations. I wanted to touch down on solid rock. Even in this moonlit field of study, dreams, I searched for information that had been grounded by reality checks.

The Search For Willie

I did a lot of searching for Willie in those first few years following my breakthrough dream. It was my prime reason for trying to achieve lucidity.

Obregon, 5/8/83

When I come to lucidity, I find myself reading a book and see the word "Obregon." There are three pictures of a Chinese friar and three entries about the Malaysian Peninsula. It as if the friar liked the area so much that he experienced life there three times. I move back from the book and find myself in a room with floral patterned wall paper. As I look around, I begin to lose the dream. I try to retain it by continuing my sense of touch and thus am able to regain my sight. I look around again and discover this is a playroom with crayons in the shelves. In the front is a table with another book atop it. I ask the blonde woman standing there "Is it my Akashic records, my past life record?" “No,” she replies. Flipping through it, I see it contains drawings of the human torso. “Are you Willie?” I ask the woman and bring my eyes close to her face. No, I can tell she isn't. I move back. At this point I realize there had been another Why Do Reality Checks?

Recently, I read an article by a non-lucid dreamer that was written when lucid dreaming was just a flicker in public awareness. He had heard that you could do "anything" in a lucid dream. This is a very common reaction upon attaining lucidity. Wow! This is magic! I can walk through walls! I can fly! The euphoria is addicting; why question it? That would just deflate the sensation, not to mention, put a crimp in the fantastic ideal. It's very true, testing does puncture the happy face balloon. That's one reason why so few people do it.

However, as I will soon relate, there are some good reasons why reality checks are advantageous, even necessary. Let's say you decide to check out the assumption that you can do "anything" in a lucid dream. I suggest that when next you become lucid, you try to remember waking life. Try to recall what you were doing yesterday or last week or 5 years ago. Try to remember the date! As wondrous as dreamspace can be, it does have some limitations and a detailed memory of physical existence is one of them.

When memory is not at optimum, judgment is impaired – this fact is very obvious among certain elderly. It's also a fact as you dream. Along with memory, good judgment is one of the first things to wane. Think of how many times we dream and don't judge our experience to be a dream. It takes extra effort to become lucid; even more to maintain enough lucidity to experiment with the dream world and talk to dream characters. It's easy to assume that what you see is what you get. But there is no guarantee that your initial assessment will be the most accurate one. Unlike the years you've spent awake, you just haven't had the time nor training to develop the same degree of discrimination as you sleep.

Compared to the physical plane, the dream world is not as fixed an environment, and that includes its residents.

Combine impaired judgment with flexible subject matter and the challenge to identify the nature of dream characters becomes
exponentially more complex. Given that the topic is so complicated, why go through all the hassle to try to figure out an answer? Why not just accept dream characters as they seem to be and not bother your head with other possibilities?

Well, some people can do that, no problem. Their dream encounters, their attitudes towards the encounters and the results of those attitudes, belief and behavior are either neutral or positive. Under such circumstances, if the in-dream event is troublesome, they assume that they are basically unaffected because they can overcome the troubled scenario while they dream.

Or they can wake up to a state of consciousness that they believe to be entirely unrelated to the dream. And they think that anything they do to a dream character has no waking world consequence, either. Now, maybe they're right. And, maybe they're not. It's impossible to tell, when their theories aren't being tested. If everything seems okay on the home front, there is little motivation to question and experiment with such presumptions.

However, there are other folks, like me, who can truly benefit from reality checks. We can be having dream troubles that aren't resolved in-dream either because we aren't lucid or because lucidity, in itself, is not enough. We might wonder, is the dream character standing before me sure evidence of a physical sickness, a spiritual crisis, a mental breakdown or some perverse fragment of my sexual personality? Is this dream character a real demon, a real alien, a real succubus or a ghost with a bad attitude? Is this a real live human being, with an evil intent and the power to endanger? When health is potentially at risk, the subject of dream character identification gets real serious, real fast.

Or perhaps the dream encounter is benign, but a dreamer's leap of faith sans judgment starts a chain of events that lead him down a path of dubious merit. I know people who changed jobs, got married or moved to another city as the result of a dream. These stories are quite popular because they play up the positive aspects of the dream (and, in this culture, the dream needs all the support it can get!) But they cover only the first chapter of the story, the immediate event rather than the long-term consequence. When chapter two describes debt, drunkenness or divorce, dreamers tend not to admit it, unless you know them well.

woman, black-haired, who just left the room. I follow her into the next room which turns out to be a galley kitchen filled with women. “Can anyone here get a message to Willie?” I begin writing a note on a piece of white paper. “Dear Willie, Please contact me. I need to talk with you.” I fold the paper and hand it to an Asian woman who walks out of the room. Turning back to the group I ask them, “How come there are no men?” In response I'm greeted with shrugs.

“Where is Willie?” went hand in hand with the question “Who is Willie?” And who were all those other dream characters, besides?

__________

Woman With The Blue Face
12/29/83

A woman with a blue face (mask?) is seated wearing a long, billowy gown. She says something I don’t understand. I reply, "I can't hear you."

She bends toward me, but not too close. Is there a barrier or force field between us? Whispering in my ear, she repeats the unfamiliar language. It has several "sss" sounds – like the pressure escaping from a steam kettle. "I'm sorry, I can't understand you," I say. "Do you know how to contact Willie? Should I call, write her, or send her a note?"

Amused, the woman shakes her head several times, "No, no, no."
Then there's the fantastically wonderful dreams that convert strongly held beliefs and start a cascade of new ones. The genesis of most major religions includes powerful dreams. Religion making is at work even today. I know several people who started new spiritual practices and began to teach and spread the word as a result of dreams. Perhaps the neonatal belief benefits the founder and his disciples. But what about the rest of the community? Does the new "truth" or "prophecy" pronounced by the guiding dream character make non-believers objects of scorn or worse? Holy cow.

Okay, so this dream character told me what not to do. But not what I should do. Big wow. Some dream characters were just no help at all. Others, well...

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**The Woman Who Knows Willie**

11/19/84

I'm at a conference, standing next to one of the long tables in a large room. I go over to another table with papers on it where a woman is seated. She is facing the bookcase against the wall. I view the dark, kinky hair on the back of her head (is she Caucasian? Black?). She turns toward me and says, "Hello Casey." I ask hopefully, "Willie?" She replies, "I know her."

"Oh," I say, thinking this must be a friend of hers. "I really think I should sit here," I say but return to my original table in the back left-hand corner of the room. Then I turn around. "May I join you?" the woman asks. At this location there seems to be quite a few people in nearby tables, including an Asian man who is being helped by a teacher. Since there are so many people in such a small space, I feel hesitant about inviting her to join me, so I gesture with a shrugged shoulder and open hand as if to say, "You can if you want, but there's not much room. Seated, I see my dinner in front of me: a plate of crispy-coated rice, vegetables, and fish.

And what about people or dream characters who take advantage of your naïveté in terms of psychic phenomena? Well, I hope you get my point. Dreams and related endeavors are barely emerging from the dark side of the moon. Ignorance, immaturity and misinformation intermingle freely with valuable and verifiable notions. It's easy to get discombobulated.

Much of our perplexing phenomena are shared experiences. At the very least, we can have similar scenarios in each of our private hermit caves. But it goes beyond that. Speak of wholeness or a peaceful Earth, for instance, and you are no longer ensconced in your cave. You are looking at the whole planet of dreams and dreamers from an outer space perspective. See any floating cows out there?

**Some Standards for Assessing Dream Characters**

1. **Expert Opinions**

Here you are, with your dream report in hand, intrigued, perplexed or greatly bothered by a dream character who played a leading role. What to do? Well, if you are new to this puzzler, you can, of course, leap to conclusions or play guessing games, but I've already described the problems with that course of action. At first, you might not have the "right stuff" to solve the mystery on your own. So, if you aren't savvy enough to bring your inquiry down to earth, why not consult someone else? How about a book, a dream dictionary, a workshop instructor, a dreamworker, a scientist, a guru or your next-door neighbor?

After I began seeking information, it soon became obvious that there was no single answer. Instead, there were lots and lots of theories and suggestions. Last time I counted, I had upwards of 30 major categories. In my quest, I mainly concentrated on a single character, the black woman who had appeared in my first lucid dream. In many cases, but not all, I recited the dream so that folks might get a better idea of my dream dynamics. I thought that approach would limit speculation to the most likely choices. It didn't. People still felt free to ignore the content of the dream and insert their preferred explanations.
In this society, the reactions to encounter phenomena are quite polarized, because that's how we think physical reality works. Either we meet a real entity or we have a hallucination, a fantasy, an illusion. These are the sorts of responses I received when I asked people about the black woman who had appeared in my dream.

For the materialists, she was simply the firing of a brain synapse, a reaction to a bit of undigested food or a random image drawn from my memory banks. The literalists labeled her as a soul mate or relative from one of my past lives. The spiritually minded saw her as a shaman, a priestess, an angel or an astral guide.

Then there were the symbolists. For the Freudians, she was a wisp of wish fulfillment. The Jungians couldn't decide which archetype to fish out of their sea of unconsciousness. Was she shadow or anima? The most popular response came from the Gestalt camp. The black woman was definitely a part of me.

Uuh, huh. Everybody was convinced; nobody offered explanations that were much more than proclamations without supporting evidence. It soon became obvious that I wasn't dealing with solid information, even if the explanation came from the scientific establishment. It didn't matter which philosophical treatise, academic thesis, psychological technique, spiritual tenet, psychic reading or off-hand remark I considered. It was imagination run amuck. Or born-again religion: this is the "truth" and thou shalt not challenge the authority who speaks it. Or quoting the word of somebody else who quoted the word of somebody else who...Holy cow.

Instead of one ungrounded bovine, there was a whole field of them. I dutifully collected all the possibilities and tried to milk them for what they were worth, with little sense of surety or satisfaction. How expert can experts be if they've never had a lucid dream?

2. Your Own Dream Life

Some of the people who suggested explanations for my dream character didn't even bother to hear my dream. I found this most bizarre. It's the sign of an interpretation system that takes a dream element totally out of context, adheres to fixed concepts and produces a pronouncement strictly by the rules of the system. The symbol-game. You'll find it in any dream dictionary and in many dream theories. It's highly favored because it's so easy to remember or use, especially when you're talking off the top of your head instead of offering thoughtfully considered commentary.

Someone says the tomato sauce is from The Mid-West. I wonder, "Is the fish in the Mid-West " fresh?" Behind me is a window opening with potted plants. I perch on the sill. I want to leave; it's boring. So I lean back and fall out of the window.

As I drop down the side of what turns out to be a skyscraper, I wonder, have the people in the conference room seen me? Will they worry? So I fly back up and sit on the window sill to repeat the scene. This time, I fall out when I'm sure no one's looking.

The skyscrapers in the area are so high that I can't even see the ground. To my left I can see two other people who are practicing flying, too. One is a woman, in white; I'm also in a chic white outfit. I fly off toward the right down a "canyon" of buildings.

At one point I realize that my movement seems to bring the dream into clearer focus. I think, is this all just my projection? It sure is fun.

This wasn't the first nor last time I got distracted while lucid. Food and flying will do it every time! I just wish I had had the presence of mind to question more thoroughly the woman who addressed me as Casey.

That's the same name that Willie had called me in my first lucid dream.
I become lucid while flying down a narrow valley. I stop at the end, on a street corner. There's a field beyond with a single small shack. On the corner are two black teenagers. I ask, "Do you know Willette... (I have to think hard)... Nicholson?" The young man says softly, shyly, "She isn't here now." I get the impression the two are Willie's younger siblings.

Yes, Willie has a first and last name.

To me, no dream element exists without a context in which it lives. No dream is a tree without roots and supporting environment. The dream element's primary context is the dream itself. One question that I was never asked by proponents of a fixed system was, "Does your dream character have a name?" If they'd bothered to listen to the dream, the answer would have been obvious. In the dream, I called her "Will-it." Willie, for short. Just that small piece of information can open up a whole new string of associations. No guarantee that any of them will be the ultimate answer, though.

The popular dream methods have another limiting factor. They interpret only a single dream. They don't pay attention to any others. Here's a second context all too often ignored: the entire dream life of the dreamer. Few people inquired if I had had any other dreams like that first lucid dream. Nobody asked if I'd ever had another dream of Willie. Within three weeks of the first one, my answer would have been "Yes," although it was not a lucid one. Willie became a recurring dream character. And I became a journal keeper.

Willie's dreams, recorded on bits and pieces of paper scattered here and there, would not have been very informative. Especially when it comes to reality checks, a dream journal isn't a luxury; it's a necessity. Everything gathered in one place. And titled. And indexed. Eventually I word processed and printed out Willie dreams to fill a binder dedicated just to her.

The first context for a dream character is the dream in which the character appears. For me, the second context included further dreams in which she appeared. Now, I can tell you that I have recorded over 140 dreams which featured Willie, although most of them have been non-lucid. Thus, I have had limited in-dream opportunity to interview her directly. For the most part, when I became lucid, I didn't have enough presence of mind to ask penetrating questions. I was too caught up in the moment. Or too afraid I'd lose my fragile hold on lucidity. I had few opportunities to ask the obvious questions, "Who are you?" or "Who do you think you are?" But I did inquire that of other dream characters. Plus I asked some of them who they thought Willie was. Not to mention, who they thought I was. If you are a lucid dreamer, doesn't it make sense to do some in-dream detective work?

I also have a slew of lucid dreams in which I went looking for Willie, called for her or tried to get information about her in some other way. The effort was not always fruitful (as was true in the waking state). The answers I did get were varied (as was also true in the waking state). Some responses were straightforward; some were quite bizarre. But in neither state of consciousness was there consensus. I did not find the dream to be the pristine and single-minded source of wisdom that some views would have us believe it is.
3. Expert Systems

If you can't find the answers outside yourself, go within. So claims the new age credo. The irony about "new age" belief is that much of it is actually old age tradition and practice. It's only new to our culture.

The willingness to distinguish lucid dreaming from non-lucid dreaming is a fairly recent phenomenon, so lucid dreams, per se, usually aren't considered as a source of information. When "dreaming" is mentioned, rarely is the subject sleep-in-bed dreams, anyway. Rather, the topic is more likely to be altered states or waking imagination. And you don't have to stretch your imagination much, if you follow a prescribed system.

I Ching, Tarot, Star*Gate, runes, astrology: these and other divination systems can be used to ask questions. I used them to inquire about my dream character. Some systems presuppose that the information will reveal yourself, so you are predisposed to believe that a dream character is a sub-set of you. Other systems will allow for the existence of someone other than you, but mostly in terms of how he affects you. Not in terms of being an independent entity. It's important to keep in mind that the answer to a question is preprogrammed to stay within certain limits, by the structure of the belief in which it lives, whether that be systematized or not.

Within the field of dreamwork, there are a host of interpretive and non-interpretive methods to illuminate dreams. When Fred Olsen and I founded the Bay Area Dreamworkers Group, in effect, we extended an open invitation for all sorts of dreamwork and new age techniques to step out of the shadowy past and into the spotlight of the present.

Freud's free association, Jung's amplification and Gestalt dialogue were already well known in the field of dreams. But there's many more like bodywork, hypnotherapy, "re-entering" the dream via waking imagination, sand tray, visualization journeys, vision quests, dancing, singing, and creating art from dreams. If anything, dreamwork is even more heavily disposed to the idea that a dream character is part of you, since it's genesis is individual psychology rather than social philosophy.

Just the opposite used to be true when it came to channeling, automatic writing and mediumship. The idea of being possessed by someone (or something) beyond you was a hot topic of discussion. In recent years, the pendulum has swung in the opposite direction. As regards these specific activities, my experience does lead me to favor the entity-as-part-of-me notion. However, I've found that the session can be influenced by outsiders, just not the ones traditionally credited or blamed.

My friend and colleague Bob Trowbridge ran a channeling group for 10 years. While there were many possibilities for the source of channeled material, the most popular choice was a deceased human being. As Bob says, with tongue in cheek, "Just because you're dead don't mean you're smart!"

No matter what the actual source of the material, there's always the question of how valid the content is. And how valid it is to seek answers from that source, compared to others. So how worthwhile was this quest to discover the essence of dream characters? And what source, if any, gave the most fruitful answers or inspired useful ideas?

Next in the series – Validation and Practicality

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Phone/FAX: 435/259-5936
LDE Quarterly Lucid Dreaming Challenge
March, 2005

by Ed Kellogg
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(This feature provides an unusual lucid dreaming task for LDE readers with each new issue. Participants agree to accept personal responsibility and all risks should they choose to undertake these tasks, which may possibly bring about mental, emotional, and even physical changes. We invite those of you who attempt these tasks to send your dream reports to LDE.)

Lucid Dreaming Task

Contacting an Angel, Ally, or Guide.

Before performing this task: incubate dreams for guidance on how to accomplish this week’s task – what to ask about, which medium to use, etc. Record your experiences and / or the answers that you get in your dream journal in as much detail as possible - use illustrations to depict your experiences if appropriate. Use this information to better focus on the task for this week. Use whatever techniques work best for you to incubate lucid dreams, or dreams on specific topics that interest you. Keep a record of how well different procedures work.

The task: When you next gain full lucidity in a dream, either call to you, or try to find, any one of the following: 1. Your Guardian Angel; 2. The angel Rafael (meaning “Healer of God), pronounced Rah fah ELL. ; or 3. Any other angel, ally, guide, saint, bodhisattva, god or goddess, of your choice.

Chant the name of the chosen entity clearly, while staying centered and focusing your intent in a respectful way similar to prayer. Repeat if necessary. Decide on a pronunciation beforehand, and practice chanting it in the waking state. In the experience of the author, some pronunciations work better than others, so choose your pronunciation with care. If you know how to do so, while lucid dreaming bring yourself into the meditative state known as Kavanah, which aligns the conscious self with the Superconscious Self. (For more information see the "The Gate of Kavanah" by Rabbi Azriel of Gerona, translated by Aryeh Kaplan in his book Meditation and Kabbalah. To see a version of this technique adapted for lucid dreamers, e-mail a request to alef1@msn.com)

When you come into contact with this entity - or think you have (give whomever/whatever shows up the benefit of the doubt) ask their advice on a question that really matters to you (decide on this before going to sleep!) and listen carefully to what they communicate to you, verbally, and non-verbally. Record your experiences, describe the appearance of the entity, and the answers that you receive in your dream journal in as much detail as possible - use illustrations if appropriate. Also, look for the appearance of helping entities, and of guidance information in all of your dreams. Often, after rehearsing this lucid dreaming task as you go to sleep, the entities or answers to chosen questions will show up in your dreams whether you become lucid in them or not.

Example:

4/11/96 EWK ". . . semi-lucid, I find myself in a crowded old-fashioned book shop, with many people standing and sitting around. I compose myself, and notice a number of pairs of glasses in a Victorian style study - my study, which I notice does not look right. Now fully lucid, I remember my task and chant: "My God-self and I make one / Let my . . ." I pause before completing the chant, but before I do a young man, completes my chant with: “guardian angel to me come” before I can say it. He looks 20-25, dressed in Victorian style garments that fit the
From LDE 33’s Quarterly Challenge:

THE LUCID DREAM INFORMATION TECHNIQUE

In LDE 33 Ed Kellogg described a technique to use to find information from your lucid (and non-lucid) dreams, by finding notes and messages (in drawers or under bowls, for example). See LDE 33 for complete details. Though Karl B. didn’t start out to attempt the task, it seems evident by his dream below that he nevertheless was giving it a try.

Karl B.
A Dream Is Like a Box of Chocolates
December 2004

I'm behind the wheel of a car on the front row of the start of a race through the streets of a city. The race starts, and I take the lead. I go a little too fast around a corner and nearly hit a building. I take the next corner too tight and come out skidding sideways. I skid sideways all the way to a stoplight, where I straighten out. To my left, an old tan pickup cheats up on the light. In the cross street to my right, a black SUV noses out into the intersection. My light turns green, and I step on it and honk at the SUV.

Now I'm in the country, on a blacktop. The area reminds me of the farmland north of the small town where I grew up. Suddenly, I somehow realize I'm dreaming. I begin fading back and forth between waking and dreaming, easily slipping back into the dream and maintaining full lucidity. I feel I've found a great way to have a lucid dream—just imagine a dream, and go into it.

I settle down in the dream state, and now I'm in the green 1966 Chevrolet that I drove when I was a teenager. It's nighttime. I try to turn on the lights, but when I work the switch, the lights don't come on. I realize this is a dream sign; if I hadn't been lucid already, I might have used this to become lucid. I try to will the lights to come on, but they won't. But then a little while later, they finally do light up the road in front of me.

I see I'm on a blacktop, coming to an intersection. Two old black women cross the road slowly ahead of me, but I avoid hitting them. I turn left at the intersection, to the west, then left again at the next intersection and up a lane, to an abandoned place that I think might have been an orphanage or a home for the indigent. A big rusty silver water tower stands amid some trees.

I see a box of chocolates atop a table. As I pick the box up, I realize it's a message from my higher self. There's a note on the box. I read it, but I don't retain the words. I eat the single chocolate in the box, and then I discover another layer with a lot of chocolates.

Suddenly, I'm in a carpeted living room, with a child, a son. In the dream, he's my third child—in waking life, I have just two children. This boy is a toddler. I try to tickle him, but that upsets him. As I sweep my hand across the carpet, I feel something. I see it's another note from my higher self, camouflaged the same color and pattern as the carpet. I realize I can make these messages materialize at will. In fact, I suddenly know that everything in this dream or any other dream can contain one of these messages, if I want it to. And then I realize that the same is true in waking life, that if I look at anything in waking life with the intent of finding a message from my higher self, it will be there.

I open the note. Inside, I see some English and Sanskrit writing. I suddenly recall that the note in the box of chocolates had a Sanskrit letter on it. As I examine this second note, I see that it contains some scenes from a movie, and now, this movie is playing on a TV set in the room. It's a silly, sappy movie about an Elvis-like lounge singer named Bob Sanders, who looks like Charlie Sheen. It's all about love. My wife comes in and laughs and asks me what I'm watching. She says it sounds silly.

And that's the end of the dream. Subsequent nights showed me that I had not mastered a lucid-dream induction technique, but I think the dream has shown me what might be possible. The insight about anything containing a message was powerful and has stuck with me. Now, in waking life, I occasionally stop and consider something in my surroundings and ask myself what kind of message it might have for me.
I am a doctoral researcher with the University of Leeds, England, investigating the role of lucid dreaming in the process of novel writing. My research is rooted in practice as I am currently writing a novel which features lucid dreams, and I am exploring ways of drawing on lucid dreams for inspiration at each stage of the creative process. My research methodology includes a case study evaluation of professional writers, artists, musicians, and lucid dream researchers. Through these case studies, additional insights are acquired into the practical and theoretical possibilities of lucid dreaming as a creative tool across the arts.

In his 1908 paper, ‘Creative Writers and Daydreaming,’ Freud compared the imaginative writer with the daydreamer. Both writers and artists slip into a vivid, guided daydream when they create a piece of work. This ‘creative trance’ represents a contrived balance between waking and dreaming consciousness. This state is similar to lucid dreaming, in which the dreamer wakes up inside the dream and can therefore guide and observe events. In both states, the unconscious is consciously accessed.

Lucid dreams have been known to eliminate creative blocks (Exploring the World of Lucid Dreaming, LaBerge & Rheingold, 1990; The Committee of Sleep, Barrett, 2001) and sensory experience can be consciously extended in lucid dreams before being reproduced in a work of art or fiction. Similarly, lucid dreams can be used to advance a ‘stuck’ fictional plot, as the dreamer can actively create dialogues between fictional characters while lucid.

Questions which my research raises and considers are as follows:

- What is a ‘creative trance’ and how is it connected with lucid dreaming?
- Might the high level of perceptual realism in lucid dreams stimulate the imagination more than a state of daydream would?
- Could the practice of lucid dreaming bring writers and artists into closer contact with the imagery and archetypes prevalent in dreams?
- Could lucid dreams be useful in the elimination of creative blocks?
- What are the pitfalls of using lucid dreams to complement the creative process?
- What benefits could be had from writers entering into dialogue with their fictional characters during lucid dreams?
- Do lucid dreams cultivate spontaneity?
- Can lucid dreaming facilitate the creative flow of ideas in art and literature?

This study, while still in progress, provides evidence that lucid dreaming is a state predisposed to creativity and points to the conclusion that writers and artists stand to benefit from working with lucid dreams. I hope to present my work at the 2005 IASD Conference in California.

Currently I am looking specifically for lucid dreamers who have published novels or short stories. If you fit into this category and would be willing to help me with my research, please email me and I will send you a research questionnaire.

phdcasestudies@hotmail.com
Writing, Dreaming and Lucid Art

One of the main characters in the novel I am writing for my PhD has a series of powerful lucid dreams which revolve around childhood memories. She turns the main images into collages. The idea for these collages came from my own early experience of lucid dreaming, as although I can’t draw or paint, when I started consciously inducing lucid dreams in 1993 I was eager to find some means of representing them visually. I used a simple marbling technique, and combined this with images cut from magazines and old photographs.

Hands and eyes frequently crop up in my collages. The hands are linked to Carlos Castaneda’s technique of focusing on your hands in a dream to stabilise the scene – a method which I have often successfully used to maintain lucidity - and the eyes represent the conscious gaze of the lucid dreamer. The bright, contrasting colours reflect the extreme visual clarity of lucid dreams. Below is a dream I had in 1998 in which my lucid dream collages appeared to remind me to stay lucid. A selection of my lucid dreams then follows, including the one which won first prize in the 2004 IASD Telepathy Contest.

Surreal art gallery
08/05/98

I am walking through a house and realise through a feeling of weightlessness that I am dreaming. I am instantly alert. It is like moving through a surrealist painting which has suddenly come to life; walls and ceilings are tilted at odd angles, objects emanate a brooding consciousness, colours are loud and shiny. I concentrate on the sensations of my dream body and experience a strange, squeezing resistance each time I lift my feet from the ground. I bounce my knees up and down as if I am cycling, and this takes me up into the air. I drift onto the landing of what has now become my family’s house. I float horizontally for a moment, and then do a back-flip so that I am hanging upside-down. Everything looks as it would do in upside-down-vision in reality. I smile at the thought that my family are sleeping nearby oblivious of the fact that I am out here on the landing doing back-flips in my dream body. Then I float into a different place where a girl is writing in a notebook. I glide over to read her words, hoping for dream guidance for my novel. To begin with, as my eyes skim the words, I understand the content perfectly, but as soon as I backtrack, I see the words mutating, turning into nonsensical, jumbled phrases. I laugh and point this out to the girl, explaining that this is a dream and so nothing is stable. She replies that while this is true, if you read very fast you can still get the essence. To demonstrate, she shows me a T-shirt she’s just printed and tells me to read the text on it very fast. It says, “The most powerful force in the universe is the will.” Then I read it again slowly and it is gibberish. The girl is pleased to have proved her point.

I feel my lucidity spinning away from me. The girl has vanished. What to do? I decide to look at my hands, and this is very odd as one of them looks normal but the other is grotesquely distorted and misshapen, like a Hall of Mirrors reflection. I remind myself that this is all an illusion, but still find I want to change my hand into something slightly more respectable. I attempt to do so with a flash of willpower. It calms down a little, but is still bloated. As I stare, it becomes a frightening skull-thing. At this point I get the impression that my real eyes have opened slightly in my bed, and I see there is a bit of duvet jutting directly in front of my vision – could this be the cause of the huge hand image? There is no time to speculate, and no way of telling if my real eyes did actually open or not, because I am directly back in the dream again. My hand has resumed normal proportions now and I am ready to explore some more, but I’m still struggling to get back to a state of strong lucidity.

For a moment, the dream scene acquires the texture of gravel and shifts sideways. As I start to slide with it, I catch a glimpse of one of my lucid dream collages, one with a dragon flying down over mountains. It has been blown up to poster size and is oddly elongated. This, I realise, is a mental reminder in my dream to remain alert. I am fully lucid again, and the dream scene stabilises accordingly. As I drift...
over to view my collage, I am distracted by another picture – not by me this time. It is of a woman sitting on a couch, painting a person sitting at an easel. It is a dark, slightly disturbing image, but I like it. I move on past other strange images, and the squeezing resistance in the air has returned. I can’t move fast; it’s like floating through deep space, except I am in this corridor-shaped art gallery. Further down the hall, I see another of my lucid dream collages, this one with a stretching purple hand. Being immersed in this glutinous air is making me feel sluggish. I want to keep looking at the pictures, but I also want to curl up and sleep. I lose lucidity.

Lucid Synaesthesia
03/04/03

I am lying on a beach watching cirrus clouds evaporate in a blue sky. A sense of spaciousness and possibility makes me realise I am dreaming. I pick up a handful of sand in my fist to test how real it feels. As the grains slide through my fingers I experience the texture as a colour; deep orange. I look at my hand and it is full of this luminous orange.

I look back into the sky and there are coloured lights exploding across it. For each colour of the spectrum, I hear a different sound. Some of the colours are musical tones, while others buzz or crackle. I remain lying on the sand for a long time, listening to this orchestra of colours.

Planets for Eyes
21/07/94

I am at a riotous party. People are playfully winding sari-like scarves around their limbs as they dance. I realise my feet are only grazing the ground when I walk. This reminds me of one of my earliest childhood memories, of floating down the stairs behind my mother at the age of three and calling to her to look. Disappointingly, by the time she’d turned around, my feet had settled back onto solid ground again.

I consider my current weightlessness and understand that I am dreaming. I weave through the dancing crowd and go into the bathroom. I peer at myself in the mirror which runs the length of the wall and grow fascinated by my eyes. They are large and shiny with huge dark pupils and as I watch the irises and pupils melt together and morph into two planet Earths which begin to spin slowly. The world is in my eyes, and I am in the world, I think. I float closer and closer to my reflection, thinking how curious it is that in this dream, I have planets for eyes. I get so close I can see the oceans and mountains, like a satellite picture. My nose bumps into the cold mirror. I wake up.

Hunting for Fictional Characters
21/11/03

I’m standing around with people at a party. “Of course,” says a young man in a brown leather jacket, “in dreams, you can float.” I immediately glance down at my feet and see I am floating several inches from the ground. Well, I think, this is a lucidity cue I couldn’t miss even if I wanted to. I propel myself instantly upward and out of the window, moving my feet and arms in the way I would when swimming up to the surface of a pool after diving in. I shoot up into a beautiful sky overlooking grassy lawns with wooden picnic tables and people drinking in the sun. It’s very detailed, with vivid colours. As real as reality – except I’m hovering about 15 metres above it all.

I remember my decision to meet Alida (the main character in my novel) in my next lucid dream, and taking a deep breath, I shout at the top of my lungs, “ALIDA!” It is hugely liberating to shout like this in the fresh air. Some of the drinkers glance up at me in amusement but do not seem surprised. I recall reading the other day the opinion of Russian philosopher Ouspensky that lucid dreamers cannot pronounce their own names in a lucid dream without waking up. This scene is so solid and my lucidity so matter-of-fact that I decide to try it. Deep breath. Then I shout my name on a long breath, as loudly as I can. “CLARE!”

Nothing happens, not even a tremor in the scene. I laugh and do it again. It feels so totally as if I’m really shouting that I wouldn’t be surprised if my body in bed was also shouting something in my sleep. Still hovering, I wonder if perhaps what Ouspensky meant was that lucid dreamers can’t say their names in a dream and simultaneously sleep-talk the word aloud in their
bedrooms without waking up. This idea intrigues me, and I ponder it until I realise that the thought of my real mouth and vocal chords is now making me feel less lucid. The scene has grown somehow sparser and less colourful.

I pull myself together abruptly by concentrating on two men below me who are chatting. I swoop in low and eavesdrop on their conversation, which is in German. I then soar over the picnic area asking random people, “have you seen Alida?” Nobody has. This is the same lucidity I had in a dream a week ago; strong and sure and effortless. I let go of the idea of looking for Alida, since she doesn’t appear to be here and the thought of trying to conjure her up doesn’t appeal.

The sun is glancing off the heads of the drinkers and flashing in their eyes when they laugh. I swim through the air with expansive strokes of my arms, twisting my body into lazy somersaults and letting the hum of conversation wash over me.

**Tandem Flight**

29/01/94

I am on a bridge which is covered in foliage. There are dead birds littered all over it and this upsets me. I cross the bridge carefully, trying not to step on their tiny bodies. As I am about to descend the other side, I see the tail of a dead squirrel sticking out from the greenery at an odd angle. I feel a strong reluctance to walk past it. “Why does everything have to be dead?” I ask aloud, looking around me. Then the realisation comes to me that I am in a dream, and that nothing has to be dead after all.

I jump boldly from the bridge. For a split second, I don’t start to float as I’d expected, but then I do. I drift down into a field and recall my intention to find R in my next lucid dream. I concentrate totally on him. “I am now going to find R,” I say with great conviction. I run into the air and circle around about 30 feet up. I see a beautiful valley to my left and am tempted to go there but remember that I must find R and not get distracted, or I’ll lose lucidity. I will him to come to me, and can’t seem to get him at first – I’m not sure where to start looking in such an unfamiliar setting. Then I look down at the ground and to my amazement R is standing there wearing his big duffle coat. I call to him to come and fly with me, and remind him that we are dreaming. He looks up, and suddenly I am very close to his face. He looks deep into my eyes and confesses that he doesn’t know how to fly.

I tell him I will help him, and I grab his arm and lift him into the air. He is quite hard to lift so our take-off isn’t exactly smooth, but we are both feeling really good, flying higher and higher. Suddenly R understands how to fly alone. We fly independently of each other over hills and fields, and I have the vision of a kestrel; I can see the petals on yellow flowers far below, and the quiver of butterfly wings. I notice detail after detail, until at some point one of these bright details sucks me in and the dream changes.

**Dream Telepathy and Tree Shouting**

20/06/04

In a Copenhagen youth hostel at around midnight, I conjure up a strong visual memory of Beverly D’Urso standing in the auditorium a few hours earlier, clutching the envelope with the dream telepathy image in it and inviting us to dream of her. ‘Okay, Beverly,’ I think. ‘I’m listening.’ Then I drop straight into an exhausted sleep. Several hours later I wake up feeling thirsty and drink some water. I think briefly of the telepathy contest and scan my dreams but they are just a tangled bulge of impressions from the conference. I wonder what the telepathy image might be, and go straight back to sleep again. This time the sleep is a lighter one.

Green begins to seep into my dreams. It hangs in translucent blocks of colour as a backdrop to the dream action. It reflects off people’s faces. Soon I am surrounded by it and the scene morphs into a spacious park full of big old trees. The air is fresh and I feel happy. I am wandering around with IASD members, commenting on the greenness. In the distance, a woman’s voice is shouting ‘Tree! Tree!’ as if she has just discovered the answer to some fundamental question. I glance in the direction of the shouts but see no-one. I hesitate, looking into the woods, but I’m not lucid at this point and I’m caught up in the pleasant social interaction.
I feel it would be rude to leave them.

Later, we are all at the conference site in a high-ceilinged room, discussing the dream telepathy contest. I see Beverly across the room and know that I’m dreaming this. Beverly looks cheerful but I think she’s got to be tired since she must be having a sleepless night trying to transmit the image. I ask her how she is feeling. She flings her arms out, grinning, and says, “I’ve just been shouting the word inside my head!”

“That’s interesting,” I say, “because in my last dream, people were shouting about trees.” I want to ask her outright if tree is the image she is projecting, but think this might be cheating. A woman across the room says excitedly, “I’ve been getting that, too. Tree shouting.” We get into a discussion about the nature of greenness. Is green a positive or negative colour? We agree that it is both dark and light. Deep and beautiful.

Then the scene changes and I am alone before an image of a big leafy tree. Even the background is green. I remember that the IASD people said we should try to draw the images we see tonight in our dreams. Dutifully, I take a pen and paper but I am no good at copying things and there is a pale patch of brown down to the left of the picture which is distracting me as I draw. It might be an owl. I try to draw it and as it seems to want to speak I give it a speech bubble, but then can’t think of words to put in it. I scribble the owl out and glance again between my spindly, inaccurate drawing and the serene tree before me.

It finally dawns on me that trying to draw the dream image is a waste of time, since I’m dreaming and nothing more than the memory of this whole scene will remain with me when I wake up. I toss the pen and paper aside in relief and look again at the tree image. Then, very slowly, I wake up. I am smiling in the dark. ‘The telepathy picture really might be a tree,’ I think. Since I am in a youth hostel sharing a room with 11 other girls, I can’t switch on the light and record the dream, so I just go over it in my head and go back to sleep until morning.

The moment my alarm clock goes off, I snap into ultra-organised mode, as my plane is leaving that afternoon and I need to get packed up and then race over the river to catch a few final workshops at the conference. I scribble down the tree dream in disjointed sentences, but in the cold light of morning I am convinced I haven’t accurately dreamed the image. I push the telepathy contest to the back of my mind.

When I walk into the second or third workshop of the day, Beverly is sitting there. “I had a dream about you last night,” I tell her, and recount the dream. When I’ve finished, she asks me if I’ve entered the contest and I say no. She asks me if I’ve seen the four images and I say no. Then she tells me I should write down exactly what I’ve just told her and hurry over to Registration and enter my dream before the competition closes. The workshop is about to start and I don’t feel I can just run out of there but in the end Beverly says, “Clare, you’ve just exactly described one of the images. You should definitely enter the contest.”

When I get to Registration with the slip of paper upon which I scribbled down my dream, there are three images which don’t resonate with me at all, and on the end is a picture of the tree I tried to draw in my dream. I return to the workshop and can’t concentrate on anything the presenter is saying.

As I had to fly home that day, I missed the dream ball and so only discovered a few days later that I’d won the contest. I was intrigued to learn that Beverly did actually shout about trees inside her head while attempting to communicate the image. This experience has given me food for thought concerning receptiveness in lucid dreams. I’m certain I’ll be able to work it into my research, or my novel... or both.
Hey There,

I was just reading various websites regarding the meaning of dreams when I came across yours regarding lucid dreams and sleep paralysis. I am currently 30 years old. I began having sleep paralysis when I was a young as 4 or 5 years old. I distinctly remember them as night terrors as they were extremely scary and the inability to move or scream was truly terrifying. The SP (it was not diagnosed as this at the time) became so prevalent (about every 2nd night) that my parents took me to our doctor. My parents became very concerned as I would beg mom to sleep with me and she would notice during the course of my sleep that my breathing was very intense and when she’d wake me up, I would be terrified for hours.

I remember the SP starting when I was 4 or 5. The SP began with a simple presence of a man at the end of my bed. He did me no harm but I couldn’t move or scream for help. Eventually they got more scary with mannequins and beasts of sorts.

Anyway, my doctor knew little about the situation, but did give my parents the advice to tape a tennis ball on my back so that I would not fall asleep on my back or turn on my back throughout the night. This helped a lot and my SP seemed to really decline unless I somehow slept on my back.

As you can imagine, I didn’t take kindly to putting a ball under my back every night, hence I tried to consciously stay on my side. This in itself helped reduce the SP significantly (to about once a week) until those times I would roll over on my back during the night or fall asleep while reading or watching TV.

This continued throughout my childhood. However, it wasn't long before I figured out ways to wake myself up. It's funny that I just read about the recommendation to wiggle your toe (to wake up) because I used to focus on jolting my leg. I also quickly began to recognize that I was dreaming during my SP. I think this is significant as I was so young.

Another interesting point is that I began suffering from migraine headaches around the same age as the SP. I'm not sure if there is a link, but it was a very young age to have either of these horrible things happening to me. The migraines continue today, although not nearly as frequently.

I also have experienced lucid dreams. I didn't know they were called such, but I've had them all my life and continue to have them today. I usually know that I am dreaming and can alter the situations, fantasies, flying, etc....I also agree that SP is a gateway to Lucid Dreams but it can also happen vice versa. Sometimes when lucid dreams take a turn and you lose control of the dream, it can turn to SP. I definitely want to develop my abilities more and I am very interested in your studies. I live in Canada but if I can be of any help or answer any questions, I would be glad to.

Sandi Stirling

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The Lucid Dream Exchange ● March 2005
Over the past 30 years of lucid dreaming, experience has taught me that occasional subtle factors influence the likelihood of lucid dreaming. Like running downhill with the wind behind your back, these subtle factors seem to influence one’s awareness, so that the threshold of conscious awareness or lucidity appears more easily attained in the dream state.

In my early years, the connection between these subtle factors and lucid dreaming seemed scarcely noticeable. But as the years progressed, I began to recognize the pairing of the factors and the lucid dreaming. Over time, I began to meet more and more experienced lucid dreamers, and I found concurrence with our joint observations, and some new subtleties that had escaped me. That subtle factors seem to influence lucid dreaming or one’s ability to become consciously aware at all, suggests that the “mechanism” of lucid dreaming involves more than simply an intense desire or memory activation to achieve lucidity. It suggests that lucid dreaming has biological and environmental antecedents supporting it.

When certain conditions appear, a potential lucid dreamer may have an extra boost in reaching the threshold level of conscious awareness. I have selected the following seven subtle factors influencing lucid dreaming for your consideration:

1) **Approaching Thunderstorm or Weather Fronts**
In my experience here in the Midwest, there seems to be a subtle increase in the number of spontaneous lucid dreams when a thunderstorm or (spring, summer, fall) weather front appears imminent. In fact, I have wakened from a number of lucid dreams by the sound of thunder. As meteorologists discovered, the imminent arrival of thunderstorms or a storm front appears associated with a number of atmospheric changes such as changes in barometric pressure and electrical ionization. Many people report that they “feel” a storm approaching before seeing any outer manifestations. Could these atmospheric changes of stormy weather influence the likelihood of lucid dreaming? Though a subtle factor, it seems possible. From that observation, I have a negative ion air cleaner in my bedroom.

2) **Extreme Physical Labor or Exhaustion**
While I do my best to avoid too much labor, inevitably during the year, I put in a hard day of gardening or lawn work, or helping a friend move to a new apartment. Afterwards, falling asleep seems welcomed relief. Yet, surprisingly, these nights seem to create a higher likelihood of lucid dreams. Why? Are there chemical changes in the body from the physical labor that promote lucidity? Or does the lucid awareness come into existence as a counterbalance to hours of external, physical focus? As a subtle factor, infrequent lucid dreamers may wish to suggest a lucid dream after a day of serious physical work. That assumes, of course, that they are not too exhausted to care about lucid dreaming after a tough day.

3) **Yoga**
Perhaps similar to the subtle factor of extreme physical labor on some levels, I have noticed that attending my weekly yoga class seems to increase the likelihood of a lucid dream that night. Though the class lasts for one and a half hours and varies in strenuousness, the compelling subtle factor appears to involve performing the asanas or yoga postures. Though one may claim that the greater probability of lucidity results from the subtle (or not so subtle) energy or chi arising from the yoga postures, my experience suggests that whatever the reason, yoga seems to improve one’s chances of lucid awareness.

4) **New Sleep Locale**
Have you ever noticed this? You go on a trip and sleep in a new bed, and that night you have a lucid dream? Or, you renovate your house and sleep in a different bedroom for a few nights, and the first night you have a lucid dream? I have. I think that the mechanism behind this involves greater vigilance.
from sleeping in new surroundings. Perhaps some primeval part of our brain/mind feels the need for greater awareness in the strange new surroundings of the different sleep locale, and this greater awareness translates into a greater chance of conscious awareness in the dream. Want to lucid dream? Go sleep in the den, or maybe the kitchen!, some lucid dream? Go sleep in the awareness in the dream. Want to greater chance of conscious awareness translates into a sleep locale, and this greater surroundings of the different awareness in the strange new feels the need for greater primeval part of our brain/mind from sleeping in new and-work lifestyle doesn’t seem typical, 50 hour a week, get-up-wide-ranging on vacation. The consciousness seem freer and mind, thoughts and dreams on the weekend. My found that I remember more work and its stresses. I have the sense of a break from daily- normally have this in common: the sense of a break from daily-work and its stresses. I have found that I remember more dreams on the weekend. My mind, thoughts and consciousness seem freer and wide-ranging on vacation. The typical, 50 hour a week, get-up-and-work lifestyle doesn’t seem naturally conducive to lucid dreaming, except on the weekend or on vacation when “time” becomes freer and returns to one’s self. It appears we need “free time” to free our mind, and become lucid.

6) Diet
A number of lucid dreamers have noticed that diet seems to influence the likelihood of lucid dreaming. I have to agree. While the proper diet for lucid dreaming may take decades of research to determine, diet appears as a subtle factor in lucid dreaming. For interested lucid dreamers, they may wish to look back at their diet immediately before a spontaneous lucid dream. If they notice commonalities, they may wish to incorporate that diet into their lucid dream incubation.

7) The Full Moon
Even though I submitted a (short) lucid dream in this LDE that occurs on the night of a full moon, I and some others have noticed that achieving lucidity on or around a full moon seems more difficult than other times of the lunar cycle. While some may suggest that a waxing moon seems the best time for lucid dreaming, I would like to see an actual research study of spontaneous (that is, unplanned) lucid dreaming occurrence and the phases of the moon. Any graduate students out there needing a research project? Numerous anecdotes and some research on criminal activities suggest that full moons tend to correspond with behavioral changes and “lunacy”. But why a full moon seems to impact negatively the occurrence of lucid dreaming, I don’t understand, yet it too appears as one of those subtle factors in lucid dreaming success.

So there you have seven subtle factors that seem to influence the likelihood of lucid dreaming. If you feel you have more subtle factors, send Lucy or I an email, and we hope to include them in future issues of the Lucid Dream Exchange.

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The Lucid Dream Exchange ● March 2005
I dreamed that I was living on another planet. I was being driven around in a crowded limousine and I was being treated better than a rock star. It is at this point that I became aware that I was dreaming because of the obvious...I'm not famous.

To test that I was dreaming, I willed myself to turn myself invisible and walk among the people on the streets. I felt like a god. I came across a lawyer plotting to steal money from a hard working hot dog vender. When I caught the lawyer in the act, I became visible and watched as the lawyer fell to his knees and pleaded for his life. For he knew that in this world, I was God. I changed reality so that the hot dog vender became the lawyer and the lawyer became the hot dog vender. They switched bodies, lives, wives, and bank accounts. But only the lawyer, now living in an older, aged body of what used to be the body of the hot dog vender knew the switch had taken place. The lawyer, now in the street vender's body, thanked me for sparing his life. I walked away.

Becoming invisible again, I came across a woman in a simple home hidden away from the busier part of the city. She was sitting in her kitchen worrying over the fate of her daughter. Her daughter was dying of cancer. I sensed the child was going to die very soon. So, I made it not happen and I revealed myself to the woman and told her I was responsible for saving her daughter. She was so happy that she offered herself to me. And I accepted. She became pregnant with and gave birth to another child. I cannot recall if it was a boy or girl. I remained with her to help her raise the child. Now at this point I forget that I am dreaming:

There exists, in this town, a Grand Council of Gods that learned of the existence of the second child. They killed the woman and both her children. The Grand Council banished me and sent me off into time and space.

I eventually found myself falling through the atmosphere of a planet. I crawled out of the creator that was created from my fall. I climbed up and there was snow all around. I needed to cool off, so I fell and rolled around in the snow. Steam rose up as I rolled around. Two waitresses who were closing a restaurant near by came to see what had happened. They came over and saw me rolling around in the snow. They startled me as well as I startled them. I became embarrassed because I was completely naked! This is where I realized I was dreaming so I willed them not to be afraid. I commanded them, "Hide me!" And they did.

They placed me in a storage room and closed the door. In my mind, I could see the local authorities racing in police cars towards the restaurant. Two police officers walked through the restaurant and eventually, they opened the door to the room I was hiding in. They didn't see me because I willed myself to become invisible right after they opened the door. What I saw were two uniformed police officers standing right in front of me; but behind them, stood two lobster-like
ghosts standing behind the officers. The lobster-ghosts had wires and cables going from them and into the minds of the police officers. The officers were puppets to the lobster ghosts. I was the only one that could see the lobster ghosts. Convinced that I wasn't there, they turned and left in their police cars. The two waitresses were waiting for me in the dining area of the restaurant. One waitress had such big teeth that I couldn't understand her when she talked. The other didn't talk. Again, I realized that I was standing naked in a dream...

...so I became invisible again. The three of us walked to a car and drove to their apartment. There, I fixed the waitress with severe dental problems and made the other look thinner and sexier. I gave them the ability to send their thoughts to my mind, rather than speaking. The two of them sat and watched me as I watched television. I saw anchormen and women, political leaders, generals, athletes, and actors. Some had the lobster ghosts directing their actions, and some did not. We left and went shopping for clothes, then I woke up.

Amy Fusco
February 2005

In my house, my parents are in the dining room and I am in the doorway between the dining room and kitchen. My father is throwing glasses of water at me. I dodge the first, the second hits me. I am soaked, then I start thinking he would never throw water on the wood floors I must be dreaming!

I'm happy and I try to tell them to wake up, they are dreaming. They won't listen so I want to do something fun. I look around the house... nothing cool... so I go outside and the scenery starts to get blurry. That day in waking life I read someone saying this online here so I tried it: "Increase lucidity" It worked! The scene was clear again. Then I see a trampoline in our yard. I'm psyched. I run towards it, get on and start jumping.

After a few minutes, I try to command again: "Jump higher" and I do!! Really really high, but I try to look down and can't see anything but clouds. I say "Increase lucidity," hoping to be able to see. Instead I go back down and everything turns into cartoon. The trees, my hands, the grass, my house, the trampoline, a lil bird in a tree, and the street. It took me a minute to soak it all in. I decide it's cool and jump and dance on the trampoline, then I wake up.

Jane Ahring
Meeting My Great Grandmother
January 2005

I am running from a large male lion, scared out of my mind and screaming. Then this opening or door opens up into a long, endless, transparent blue hall.

A huge boulder was in the front, so I jumped behind it and hid from the lion. I peeked up, and the lion came full force over the boulder. I stood up, pointed my finger at him and in my deepest voice said, "Don't you dare!" Then the lion was gone. At that point, I thought, "Wonderful, I am lucid dreaming!"

So I stood on the rock and said, "Okay dream world, I know I am in a dream, so give me something good or maybe someone I haven't seen in a long while or something." Then, at this far point in the hall, I saw the back of a white haired head, and so I walked towards it. When I stood in front of her, I realized it was my great grandmother, NuNu. I can't recall everything that she said, but it went something like this. She said, "You have good timing, honey! I get out of purgatory tomorrow and am headed somewhere wonderful." She told me not to worry about her. Then said that I should not worry so much, and that I have many people who love me. After a while, she said she had to leave, and I asked her if she had a message that I could give to anyone. She said, "Tell your grandmother that I love her dearly, and I will see her shortly. Tell your mom to try to be happy." Then she said, "In fact, tell her to remember the old room in the back part of my home. She'll know what I'm talking about." With that, I kissed her and woke up.

Postscript: The next day I called my mom at work and told her the dream and what NuNu said. My mom started crying - she couldn't believe it. She had never told me that in NuNu's old house, she had a back room full of children's toys and dress-up clothes for all the grandchildren. My mom said that she had some of her happiest memories there in that room. My mom had never talked about this to me. Also, two weeks after this dream, I learned that my grandmother has been diagnosed with an illness, which reminded me that NuNu said that she would be seeing her shortly.
Keelin

Just Stretching His Legs

My family enters a restaurant for dinner. We are all here - Mom, and siblings, even my father, who died over 40 years ago. Ah, well then, this must be a dream! I decide to just go along with the flow of this extraordinary occasion (in reality, we could never have afforded to dine out as a family). I sit down between Mom, who sits at the head of the table, and Poppy, who settles in at my right side. We all decide to hold hands and go around the table expressing what we wish most for each other. For Kate, I express a wish for clarity.

Then I lean into my father's side and tell him that I miss him, that I love him so. It is a warm and tender moment. He whispers to me that he's been enjoying walking the beach in Laguna, and lately hanging out at an orange juice stand. The sensation of his warm breath is vivid in my ear, and his comments lead me to smile. I turn for only a moment to look at Mom, then back to him, but he has disappeared! Oh no! I feel the familiar tug of grief, so common in dreams of him, when the innate instability of the dream world (despite lucidity) takes its toll. I offer a plaintive look to my mother who smiles indulgently. Patting my hand reassuringly, she offers words of comfort. Don't worry, dear, your father's just stepped out to stretch his legs. I find her assessment of the situation oddly and sweetly funny. The thought of my dear father no longer crippled, out and about, stretching his long legs.

I wake laughing gently beyond the tears, grateful for the dream, and especially grateful for the awareness lucidity brings to make the most of such occasions.

C.S.

December 6 2004

I had awakened and lay in bed for about one hour before falling asleep. I had not thought about, nor programmed for a lucid dream. I was very ill.

I had a long non-lucid dream. Then I was in front of two doors, not knowing which to enter. I thought, "It doesn't matter, since I'm dreaming." (I don't know what made me think that.) I got excited and said, "I am dreaming!"

I entered the door on the left and walked into a room filled with dream characters. Most of them were men. I didn't know what to do when I noticed a rather handsome, middle-aged man that attracted me. I wondered if I should have sex with him even though I had no desire. The thought provoked feelings between my legs as if I were having intercourse. However, I did not have any sexual excitement, just touch sensation. Visually I could still see the man standing still, and a woman with her legs spread apart. I thought, "If I don't have any sexual desires in my waking life, apparently I cannot have them in my dream life."

I woke up feeling very ill. There was no feeling of well-being. I had absolutely no sexual feelings and no passion. I want to sleep.

Bill Parkyn

January 2005

I fell asleep to the wave-sounds of a Sharper Image product. In my dream I was listening to a radio news broadcast from a parallel universe. Though I didn't understand it I could clearly hear the syllables of the male voice with a cadence identical to news readers. I knew I was dreaming and had control of a tuner for listening to different parallel universes. I tuned into another channel and heard a different male voice in a different, also unknown language.

I turned the knob again, to a more distant parallel universe, and heard aliens talking while swimming in an ammonia ocean. Suddenly I knew I had to turn off the radio or they'd know I was listening, and find me soon afterwards, so I willed myself to wake up, where I was beyond their reach.

This was my only all-hearing dream, let alone all-hearing lucid-dream. I'd love to find that dial again.

Emily

The Parallel Universe Dream

February 20 2005

Before this I woke up at 7:44 and got a drink. I put the drink by the side of my bed.

I am walking down a street and I realise it is a street out of “Eastenders.” I decide to have a look round and I accidentally walk into a few cast members. I start talking to Zoë Slater and apologise for me walking onto the set accidentally. She assures me this is fine
and says I can watch for a while and meet the cast. At this point I become aware I am dreaming because my eyes open and I can see the orange of my duvet. At first I think it is a big orange barrier in my way but I am walking with Zoë Slater and the orange-ness stays. She leads me to a seat but I can’t see it because all I can see is orange. Eventually she pulls the chair down for me (as it’s one of those flip down chairs) and I sit down.

Suddenly I realise that if it is a dream I can do what the hell I want, so I go wandering off. I keep finding it hard to see because my eyes keep flicking open and I keep getting big orange mountains wherever I go. Without realising it I’m in a room by myself. Because it is a dream I start trying to control things, so I will someone to come through the door. I try to will a guy about my age to come in but the door opens and an old fat ugly man walks in. He comes towards me and pushes me against a wall. I start to panic and more and more people come in. They keep trying to touch me. Eventually this hugely obese fat blob of a woman comes in and grabs hold of me. I scream and wake up. I’m glad I’ve woken out of the dream and I sit up in bed. I look at the blue clock on my wall and the time is 7.44. I realise I must have forgotten to change the clock forward and the time must really be 8.44. I reach over the side of my bed for a drink but see that the cup had tipped over and water is all over the floor. I decide to try and sleep again.

However now I realise that I didn’t wake up. There is no clock on my wall nor did I spill the drink over.

Immediately I enter a house and I know straight away it is a dream. This dream feels different though as I feel that I cannot control the environment. Everything feels very real. People come up to me who I don’t know and talk to me like they know me. Just to check it is a dream, I wake up. It feels strange when I wake up. There is a rushing sound in my ears and I feel my body change shape from standing in the house to sleeping in the bed. Satisfied that it must be a dream I fall back to sleep and re-enter the house. I am slightly concerned that I felt no difference in my consciousness between the dream and reality.

Liz comes up to me. I decide to go along with the dream and find out what is going on. I ask her what her age is and she says 21. I ask her what my age is and she says 18. I realise this is wrong but keep talking to her anyway. She seems to look down on me in the dream like I am a child and she is an adult.

Always in the background there are men watching me. Really old ugly men. I spot Kieran in the house and as I walk over to him the men pounce on me. I grab Kieran’s hand and run into a room. I have to push the men out of the way and shut the door on them.

I start talking to kc. I’m still trying to realise how much control I have over my own dream so I ask him to do something. He acts like he hasn’t heard the question.

I realise there is something wrong with his appearance. His beard is gone and his hair is receding with a bald spot. He looks in his late thirties. I ask him what year it is. He replies that it is 4043. (Forty – Forty Three)

I begin to think that I have entered a parallel universe via a dream. Just to check I wake up, feel my body change to a sleeping position and then I return to the dream. My consciousness feels no different so I still believe it is a parallel universe.

(Because I never did wake up properly that is why I felt no difference.)

I start to think in my dream that I have swapped my conscience for the Emily that lives in this universe. I think that the Emily they know is now controlling my body and is asleep in bed and I am controlling her body. Every so often I wake myself up to check that I haven’t moved.

At one point I even get out of bed and walk over to my desk. My room furniture in the same but it is arranged as it is in Kieran’s bedroom at home. This doesn’t strike me as being odd.

On the desk there is a yellow post-it with symbols drawn on it. The symbols look like circles with lines coming off it. To make sure I remember the dream I turn over the note and begin to write on the back but the pen runs out. I look back over at my bed; it is empty but I seem to expect to see me sleeping there. I get back into the bed and return to the universe dream.

I am back in the room with Kieran. I look out of the window and I see Helms Deep. I am amazed that it has been reconstructed so perfectly but I assume as it’s 4043 they have the technology. Kieran informs me it was made using coloured sand.

I meet up with some friends who seem to know me.
They tell me they were Liz’s friends from when she was at university. I ask them if they know Nik and Marc. They start to reminisce about their days at Uni but say they haven’t seen them for years. One of the girls is called Kirsten and she is very friendly.

We walk into a theatre where there is a man there who I recognise as being Alex, a guy I knew from last year at Uni. He is about 60 with a grey afro and his skin is black but I can still tell it is him. He seems to be the stage manager and shouts out orders in a camp fashion.

I wake up again to check my body is still there and I get up and go to the toilet. I find Kathryn and Laura arguing. I think this is odd as Laura is in Russia so I watch for a while and join in taking Kathryn’s side. I assume Laura is a hologram recording and Kathryn is practising an argument. Because I don’t think its real I lose interest and return to bed.

I find Rochelle, a girl off my course from uni and leave the theatre. Outside there seems to be a massive castle with flames all over it. Rochelle informs me it was made using sand. I recognise the castle but can’t remember where from. Outside, the streets are in mayhem. There are lots of roundabouts and cars being chased by wooden police cars with flashing lights sticking off at odd angles. I feel amazed that in 4043 there isn’t more order or better police cars.

I am suddenly struck by how silver and foggy the sky looks and I wake up.

I wake up for real and immediately know that the whole thing was a dream. The time is 10:23.

A. Dreamer

Words of “Wisdom”
December 18-19 2004

As I laid down to go to sleep I felt a really bad toothache coming on. It was too late to call anyone and I hate taking pain killers so I began praying to the Goddess to help me. After several minutes I thought I heard someone making noise in our house. I tried to get up but it was like moving through mud. I realized that I was in a state of sleep paralysis, and instead of struggling I relaxed with it.

I instantly felt myself released from my body and became lucid. I began floating around our house, still interested in finding out where the noise came from. I saw two lizards on a table top. They were puffed up, facing each other ready to fight. I picked them both up in my right hand and they immediately relaxed. I put them down and saw a figure approaching me. I knew it was the Goddess. She was in the form of a naked old crone. She came over to me and pressed me to her breast. I looked up at her and asked her name. "Ska" (skay), She answered. I then began nursing her breast, like a baby.

I was immediately filled with light. I felt an incredible sense of contentment and peace. When I looked up at Her again, She was gone. I thought I had awakened and saw three women, who I thought had come over to our house for a visit. I told them about my incredible dream. We decided to write a song for the Goddess and were working on it when I actually woke up and realized that it had been a false awakening.

I got up and wrote down the whole experience, and then realized that my toothache was gone.
early thirties. He says he has no wisdom to give me. Then I somehow get out of the mall.

I come to a street with a row of houses. I decide to visit a dream house and talk to the characters. I go toward one house. I see another woman going there too. I think it doesn't matter and go ahead and knock. A mother and her two daughters answer the door. She sees all of us and asks me, "Have you slept in Candy's room?" I say, "No." She asks the other woman, who says she has a couple of times. I think Candy is one of the daughters. The woman turns to me. I have obviously failed her "test." She says I'm a fake and asks me to leave. I leave and stop at the next house. I ask the woman there for her "words of wisdom". She says, "Wait a minute," and leaves. I think waiting is not a good thing to do in a lucid dream. I do my best to stay in the dream. She comes back pretty quickly. She has brought me a black sweatshirt with Japanese characters on it. She says they express the best wisdom she has gleaned from her life. I look at the shirt. At first I see just the characters but the translation appears underneath. It is literal and awkward-sounding. The gist is "Be kind to those in your village because the outside world is full of hyenas." I thank her for her gift and leave with the sweatshirt.

I cross the street. Once across, I am close to a body of water, a city lake. Rocky, brush-filled hills rise up across the lake. Close to me I see a small blue butterflies fluttering. When I see water in a lucid dream, I want to swim. I look at the things I am carrying, the sweatshirt and a purse of the sort I used to carry. I set them on the shore, trying to make them inconspicuous. Even though I know they're only dream objects, it is hard to let go of them, especially the purse.

Then I go into the water and swim out. The water is shallow, only up to my waist. I swim a little then see an oil rig. I question the water's cleanliness then think it doesn't matter in a dream. I see a couple of others in the water. Soon I feel ready to wake up. I've been in the dream a long time. I slowly try to bring myself awake. The awakening is easy. It is amusing to move from being in the midst of water to being in the midst of my covers.

Comment: The "wisdom" I received from a dream character is, unfortunately, how all too many people view the world. It is likely a part of me thinks that way at times. No matter how one views dream characters, I think it can be interesting to ask them for words of "wisdom."

Robert Waggoner January 30-31 2005
Falling Into Darkness - The Cube of Light

My wife and I are riding bicycles through an older area of a town at night. I get a bit concerned as the neighborhoods begin to get run-down, and suggest we head towards a major road to our right. We head down a sidewalk and meet some people walking in the same direction. I talk to them about dreams and lucidity.

We get to our (dream) home and I immediately lay down to sleep. Almost immediately, it occurs to me in the dark that I am dreaming! I feel myself heading for the room's window and flying outside in the night. Oddly, I can not seem to get ANY visuals -- in fact, I feel that I need to imagine any imagery -- even then, nothing much happens visually.

I decide to simply accept the lack of visuals. I accept the situation and let go of making any changes. At that point, I begin to feel that I am falling backwards in the darkness. I keep falling and falling. Suddenly, I begin to see slivers of light-- the colors of a prism -- intense cuts of red, yellow, blue, violet. I wonder at this, and keep falling. Now I begin to see shapes - circles, circles within circles, crosses, crosses in circles. They seem to be made of glass and the prismatic colors flash inside them. I am a bit surprised to see crosses!

Finally I stop falling, and now the scene resembles a cubic space, maybe 60' square, and arranged precisely in the cube along 45 degree rows leading to a center point are these crystalline shapes of circles and crosses, flashing brilliant prismatic colors. I occupy a spot in a lower corner. Now from the center of the cube, a consciousness communicates to me. It seems to (non-verbally) say something like "Goodness is everywhere" and "Nothing to fear". I wake up feeling amazed.

(Note: This dream seems rare, since I went to sleep within the dream, and almost immediately became lucid. Also, I stayed in a non-visual lucid state for quite a while, until I simply let go of trying for visual stimuli. Finally, while "forms" occasionally appear as prominent features of a lucid dream, in this lucid dream, "forms" existed as the primary feature, along with the form structure of the cube hanging in space with me inside. Very rare.)
It took me a while to get into this dream, before I realized I was dreaming...also, this dream is just another dream that proves to me that we do dream in color.

I was standing in crutches with the cheerleaders near the end zone watching a high school football game. It was night. I was wearing a lettermen jacket. Right after the seconds on the game clock showed the end of the first half, my attention was directed up to the night sky. A strange pink cloud was falling towards the football field. As the cloud got closer, I noticed that it wasn't a cloud; but a bunch of small brightly colored pink inflatable dolls. They hit and bounced all over. The field and seats were littered with them. Everyone thought it was part of the half time show; so people started gathering them up. My cheerleader girlfriend picked up two and showed them to me.

They had two eyes, a smile, no nose and they appeared to be inflated with air. They had tiny little stubs on the back, near where their butt might be. That gave the impression of a tail. Everyone thought they were cute, especially the cheerleaders.

Me and two cheerleaders met up with a friend, who played on the football team. We made arrangements to meet after the game outside the locker room to straighten out plans for going to the homecoming dance later that night. When the game ended, the stadium began to empty out. Everyone was still carrying their little pink dolls. Because I was in crutches, my girlfriend and I decided to stay behind so as not to slow down the mass exodus out of the stadium. After a few moments of boy-girl time and waiting for the stadium to empty we started out to meet our friends outside the locker room. My girlfriend offered to carry my pink gift for me.

Outside the stadium we heard the usual rowdy yells of students cheering, chasing, teasing, and screaming. Then the tone of the screaming changed as if something serious had happened. Once outside the stadium, people were running in all directions, as if a gun was fired. People had expressions of complete terror on their faces. We couldn't see what was causing the chaos, so we hurried as fast as we could towards the locker room. Along the way, we noticed that some dolls were tossed on the ground. One of them got up and started to climb up my girlfriend's back. When she turned to face me, I saw her look in terror as it started to force itself into her mouth and down her throat.

Once inside, I sensed it stretching out and sending tethers throughout her body. Her face became a blank stare and she began stripping off her clothes and walking off’. When I looked around, other people of different ages began doing the same thing. I followed my girlfriend and became stressed when she didn't hear me. It is at this point that I realized I was dreaming because I realized that I didn't have a blonde haired girl friend in real life. (I'm married to a woman with black hair). And also, because I realized that I graduated from high school 14 years ago. So I decided to follow my naked, blonde dream girlfriend. As I walked, I saw other people pulling off their clothes and heading towards a field. I came across a line of people standing to go into a rocket space ship. At this point, I forget I am dreaming. The spaceship was tall. At the entrance were two insect-faced aliens. One was taller than the other. The tall one was scanning people before they stepped into the ship. The second was helping people finish taking off their clothes. I took a place in line, and realized that the tall alien was looking for people who were awake and realizing what was happening.

One guy realized he was naked and standing in front of an alien and the alien struck him down by decapitating him. When it was my turn to enter the space ship, the scanner revealed that I was aware. Facing the fear of having my head cut off by an insect-faced alien made me become aware that I was still dreaming. I made them allow me to enter the ship. Inside, the walls of the ship was lined with naked people as high as I could see. One woman woke up and started screaming because she became aware of her situation.

As I tried to help her, a black tube came out from the wall and forced itself into her mouth and down her throat. She became silent and closed her eyes. I headed back toward the opening of the ship, the aliens stopped me at the door. They told me that earth was in peril of being destroyed by a comet. I was told to remain on the ship and help people adjust to their new reality. I woke up.
C.S.
December 28 2004

I woke up about 1 a.m. and could not fall asleep so I thought about having a lucid dream. I kept saying "I'm dreaming. I'm dreaming." over and over.

I was lying on my right side when I really believed that I was dreaming. I decided to get out of bed to do a reality test. However I could not move at all. I felt paralyzed. I couldn't move in a dream or in waking life. I still felt strongly that I was dreaming and wouldn't give up.

Finally, I was flying up to the ceiling. I put my hand up to feel the ceiling. I could feel my hand go through the ceiling just a little and stop. Then I was lying on my back with my head going into the bedroom wall. I expected to go outside. However I hit the wall and couldn't get out. I woke up.

Robert Waggoner
The Woman from the Previous Dream
December 17-18 2004

I seem to be walking through a space like an airport terminal's junction of hallways. I stand there for a moment and look around. Seems a bit odd, somehow. I look at various people, a young black kid, etc. Finally I realize the odd-ness and my awareness seems to telescope into a new level and I say, "This is a dream."

I decide to go up to the kid and ask him, "Can you tell me about my future?" He kind of mumbles something, when a lady to my right starts talking to me. She tells me her name; she says, "I am Marena Sch......" I repeat it, and she says it again - it sounds Polish or Russian or eastern European. She says that she is an authoress who has died. She says that she will help me with writing. Then she says, "Do you remember me?" I think, "Yes - she was in a previous dream!" She tells me that I must pay more attention in my dreams.

I start to feel this odd energy in the crown of my head....and wake.

Heather
My First Lucid Dream

My first lucid dream happened when I was at least 10. It started out at some long road and it had slim-looking colorful houses along it. I was running to school but then ended up doing some type of report at Chuckie Cheese’s with my friend Estabon. I told him this was a dream but he just looked at me in confusion.

I told myself to forget trying to prove to him it was a dream. Anyways, we ended up having so much fun we didn't realize what time it was. I looked out the window and I realized we were locked in.

Before you know it I'm out of there and I'm at my house's backyard. It had a pool table with all my guy friends from my class. I suddenly forgot it was just a dream, but remembered again. I had noticed when I forgot it was just a dream I was shakey because I was nervous of me doing something embarrassing. When I couldn't control it any longer I just woke up.

Keelin
A Reassuring Wink

[The following dream brought great comfort, as only a couple of days earlier, I had experienced what is called a central retinal vein occlusion which has caused serious damage to my right eye. Needless to say, it's a rather unnerving experience to suddenly lose most of the sight in one's eye, but wouldn't you know, the dreamer within rises to the occasion to offer a reassuring wink.]

With the health threat to my eye weighing heavily on my mind, it's no surprise that I find lucidity cued when an exact duplicate of me (what, another "I"?!) appears directly opposite of where I happened to be standing.

No mirror image, this one. Amused and amazed, we looked each other in the eye. Then, impishly, the one "I" identify less with, smiles and winks, closing her right eye -- as if to say, don't worry, all will be fine. I wake a moment later, then return to dream (with lucidity intact) rocking gently, thinking healing eye thoughts before floating and tumbling in the air above the bed with a light bed sheet whirling around me like a wide, weightless ribbon.

C.S.
October 25 2004

I made a suggestion to myself that I would not have to get up to urinate during the night. I wanted to have a full night’s sleep.
I needed to urinate so I looked for a ladies room. Since I was outside, I noticed two stalls and one toilet with no cover. I decided I would not be embarrassed to use the open toilet. All of the facilities were under repair by women workers. The flooring was made of wood. I was concerned about falling through the floor. I couldn't urinate when I saw a man watching.

Suddenly, everyone started to yell and run. I followed them uphill and down the other side to a valley. Then I noticed we were surrounded by short, fat apes. My fear subsided when I yelled out, "Don't be afraid. They are not real. We are all dreaming!" Immediately, the apes froze, and the people disappeared. I didn't like the barren surrounding so I told myself I wanted things that are good and beautiful. I was in a building surrounded by many different colored trees. Some were growing in a garden outside, and the others were in vases.

The colors became more vivid as I approached them for a better view. Then, I noticed some of the petals were turning brown. I rejected that, I wanted them to be young, fresh, and lovely.

I noticed that I was at a resort in the Poconos. (A place that I frequently visited during my twenties.) I went up to the social director to say "Hi". He had a very round youthful face. He said he didn't recognize me. So I went outside for a cup of tea. I wanted to see how it would taste in this dream.

I sat at a small table. Some people joined me. Their child sat on the table, crowding me. I noticed he had a rash on his neck. I pulled down his shirt and observed psoriasis.

Then I saw his identical twin at my right foot. He did not have a rash. I said, "He has the gentle propensity to get psoriasis, but he has not yet encountered the environmental precipitator." I didn't like the crowding of these people so I decided to get away from them. I woke up.

(I felt the dream to be important under the circumstances of my life right now. I'm handling family deaths and illnesses by recognizing that my thoughts create my suffering. I remembered: "whenever you think, think about things that are good and beautiful." It's a saying that I had used years ago to get through the bad times. I felt a feeling of well-being that persisted.)
the next “Fleur de Lis” and try to emerge from that one. I repeat this a few times more, feeling like I am both in, and not in, the stone, yet there is no sensation of stone, or of anything. I either wake briefly, or slip into non-lucid dreaming.

Comment: I assume that I was in the sleep paralysis stage of sleeping and my dreaming mind conjured up a scene to coincide with the idea of paralysis (my physical body being like unmovable stone). Obviously I was unable to leave it (at least consciously) and go out for an OBE. Another clue that I was in SP, is because of the image of stone. Several years ago, when entering the SP state, I could feel my face grow rigid like it was “turning to stone.” I think this memory contributed to the imagery that was generated.

Robert Waggoner

An Awareness of Awarenesses

January 16-17 2005

(I had gotten up around 3:30 am to help my wife to the bathroom. She had broken her foot a few days earlier. I think I might have thought about lucid dreaming, since I felt so awake.)

I seem to be walking along a roadway, and I look up to my right, and see a blue airplane with an orange tail flying past. I identify it as a Southwest plane. Then that strikes me as odd, so I look back and don't recognize the surroundings of cityscape and bluffs. I wonder, is this Omaha? I begin to realize this is a dream, and I pull my awareness fully into the dream. (Sometimes this seems like pulling something from a deeper place - it's almost a physical sensation.)

I decide to ask the dream residents some questions, after deciding not to take on Ed Kellogg's challenge of probable selves. Incredibly, I begin to have an unusually long lucid dream with lots of discussions with various dream residents. As I go on, I realize that it is hard to remember some of the conversations.

I begin talking to some of the dream residents about my situation in the dream and their situation in the dream. The basic conversation develops that I appear as a type of awareness in the dream state, and to me, they appear as a type of awareness. When lucid, one needs to show one's understanding and appreciation of the other dream resident's valid awareness. When one does not, then the dream resident does not care to interact with one so un-aware and un-knowledgeable. The dream residents suggest they need to be treated thoughtfully in order to respond, thoughtfully.

I go along and talk to some other groups. Finally I get to a cafeteria-type place in a university setting. I recall talking to an older couple in line. They seem to comment to me about my wife and I, and our history together and our future. I believe that they suggest they are fairly recently deceased. Then I sit down by a woman eating salads. Behind her is a cooler with a display case - in it, are odd cakes with the title "Britlander" or "Britlander Ice" and some salt. I wonder about this odd detail.

Lastly, I see some men who seem to be from India, so I walk over to them. I ask them if they would like to comment on the nature of reality, my reality. After talking a bit, the main man pulls out a mechanical pencil and another similarly shaped pointed object. He puts the two points together, in order to make a "point" that my reality exists as the interface between base reality and my perception and interpretation of it (represented by the mechanical pencil). Yet like the mechanical pencil, which he now opens up to reveal the 7 or 8 leads in it, we have a number of various lives in which to perceive. In each life, we make our "mark" but at some point we exhaust our living, and realize the nothingness. At some point, we eventually realize that the nothingness of base reality creates the myriad phenomenal reality. To realize this involves cleaning the mind, cleaning the perceptions. At this, someone suddenly sloshes a bucket of cleaning water on the floor of small white tiles in preparation to clean it.

decide to wake up.
To LDE:

I came across your website recently. I will like to share a nice online book (English translation) with the group with title sleep, dreams and spiritual reflections"

It can be downloaded from http://www.awgp.org/english/books/sleep_dreams.pdf

Author - Pt. Shriram Sharma Acharya

Regards,
Vipul Patel, PA, USA

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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

Attend lectures, panel discussions, paper sessions and experiential workshops. Take advantage of the daily social events to mingle with authors, experts, and friends. Join in small group lunches with dream experts, purchase author-signed books, and chat informally with your favorite dream authors. Presenters include such well-known authors and researchers in the field of dreams and dreamwork as: G. William Domhoff, Ph.D. (The Scientific Study of Dreams); Brooks Berman; Charles Tart, Ph.D.; Maria Mavrakou, Ph.D.; A. Byron Bunker (Book on Dream Interpretation: The Creation of Acheim); Chitra Banerjee Divakaruni (Mistress of Dreams); Patricia Garfield, Ph.D. (Creative Dreaming); Stanley Krippner, Ph.D. (Dream Telepathy); Ernest Hartman, M.D. (The Nightmares); Jeremy Taylor, Ph.D., S.T.D. (Where People Fly and Water Runs Uphill); Stephen LaBerge, Ph.D. (Lucid Dreaming: Kelly Bulkeley, Ph.D. (Healing Dreams); Alan Siegel, Ph.D. (Dream Wisdom); Richard J. Russo, M.A. (Dreams are Wiser Than Men); Maria Emery, Ph.D. (The Invisible Soldier); Robert Hoss, M.S. (The Language of Dreams); and many more.

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 splendid views of the bay and marina. The site offers a wide variety of restaurants and shops, 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 check information. For hotel reservations, reserve directly with the Doubletree by calling (510) 549-7900 or toll-free at (800) 538-2045. Ask for the special ASD Conference 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

A free shuttle service is available (particularly to Oakland), 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 this year's conference, log onto www.ASDreams.org/2005, where the complete conference program, presentation abstracts, key 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@asdo.com or you may leave a call-back message at the conference registration number toll free if you are in North America) at 1-800-DREAM12 (666-370-6123). For periodic updates, you may subscribe to the monthly IASD E-News (group@asdo.com/grouplead-ENews) by contacting Richard Wilkinson at rwiilson@dreamgate.com.
# Lucid Links

**The Lucid Dream Exchange**  
[www.dreaminglucid.com](http://www.dreaminglucid.com)

**The Association for the Study of Dreams**  
[www.asdreams.org](http://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](http://www.european-college.co.uk/thesis.htm)

**The Lucidity Institute**  
[www.lucidity.com](http://www.lucidity.com)

**Lucidity Institute Forum**  
A thought-provoking, inspiring place to participate in ongoing discussions about the very stuff that lucid dreams are made of.  
[www.lucidity.com/forum](http://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](http://members.aol.com/psiflyer/dream/explorer.html)

**Linda Magallón's Flying Dreams website**  
[www.members.aol.com/caseyflyer/flying/dreams.html](http://www.members.aol.com/caseyflyer/flying/dreams.html)

**Electric Dreams**  
[www.dreamgate.com](http://www.dreamgate.com)

**Lucid Dream Newsgroups**  
[alt.dreams.lucid](http://www.dreamgate.com/alt.dreams.lucid) and [alt.out-of-body](http://www.dreamgate.com/alt.out-of-body)

**Alt.out-of-body Website**  
With links to lucid dreaming and out of body sites.  
[http://www.hopkinsfan.net](http://www.hopkinsfan.net)

**the5aint's website**  

**Dreams and Lucidity**  
[http://www.spiritonline.com](http://www.spiritonline.com)

**Lucid Dreaming Links**  
[http://www.greatdreams.com/lucid.htm](http://www.greatdreams.com/lucid.htm)

**Lucid Dreaming Guild for the Physically Challenged**  

**The D.R.E.A.M.S. Foundation**  
[www.dreams.ca](http://www.dreams.ca)

**Sleep Paralysis and Lucid Dreaming Research**  
[www.geocities.com/jorgeconesa/Paralysis/sleepnew.html](http://www.geocities.com/jorgeconesa/Paralysis/sleepnew.html)

**Ralf's "Maui DreamCamp Picture Show"**  
[http://home.t-online.de/home/Ralf.Penderak/index.htm](http://home.t-online.de/home/Ralf.Penderak/index.htm)

**William Buhlman**  
[www.williambuhlman.com](http://www.williambuhlman.com)

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

**Christoph Gassmann**  
Information about lucid dreaming and lucid dream pioneer and gestalt psychology professor, Paul Tholey.  
[www.home.sunrise.ch/cgassman/tholey2.html](http://www.home.sunrise.ch/cgassman/tholey2.html)

**Werner Zurfluh**  
"Over the Fence"  
[www.oobe.ch/index_e.htm](http://www.oobe.ch/index_e.htm)

**Reve Lucide**  
A French site dedicated to lucid dreaming.  
[www.revelucide.com](http://www.revelucide.com)

**Beverly D'Urso - Lucid Dream Papers**  
[www.durso.org](http://www.durso.org)

**Lucid Dream Documentary in California**  
Contact Richard Hilton  

**Ilkin’s Dream Discussion Group in Turkish:**  
[http://groups.yahoo.com/group/dream-ruyaTurkiye/](http://groups.yahoo.com/group/dream-ruyaTurkiye/)

**The Conscious Dreamer**  
Sirley Marques Bonham  
[www.theconsciousdreamer.org](http://www.theconsciousdreamer.org)

**Robert Moss**  
Numerous articles including such topics as active and shamanic dreaming, plus upcoming workshops and more.  
[www.mossdreams.com](http://www.mossdreams.com)

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