

# LDE

LUCID DREAM EXCHANGE

*Summer Edition*

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## Featuring

**It's Beautiful!**  
**Following the Light**  
**A Fond Farewell to Mama**  
**The Struggling Oneironaut**  
**DreamSpeak with Ian Wilson**





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### Statement of Purpose

The Lucid Dream Exchange is an independently published reader supported quarterly magazine that features lucid dreams and lucid dream-related articles. Our goal is to educate and inspire lucid dreamers through sharing lucid dreams, exploring lucid dream techniques, and discussing the implications of lucid dream activities.

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### Submissions

Send your submissions through our website or via e-mail to [lucylde@yahoo.com](mailto:lucylde@yahoo.com). Include the word "lucid" or "LDE" somewhere in the subject line. Please indicate at what point you became lucid in your dream, and what triggered your lucidity.

\*Submissions are printed at the discretion of the LDE editors.\*

### Subscriptions

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"Dream tonight of peacock  
tails, Diamond fields and  
spouter whales. Ills are many,  
blessing few, But dreams  
tonight will shelter you."

Herman Melville





# dream speak

**AN INTERVIEW WITH A LUCID DREAMER  
BY ROBERT WAGGONER  
RESPONSES © IAN WILSON**

*I first heard of Ian Wilson's lucid dreaming abilities twelve years ago, and felt truly impressed. A self-taught lucid dreaming explorer, Ian Wilson, pushed, twisted and merged the boundaries of waking and dream realities. Read this interview and let your mind expand . . .*

**Ian, you have experienced numerous lucid dreams and OBEs. Which came first for you: the lucid dreams or the OBEs? How old were you?**

The first wave of these experiences happened to me as a child, from the ages of two to five. I would experience many profound experiences during sleep, like a fusion of lucid dreams and out-of-body experiences. As I grew, this conscious awareness during sleep faded, but re-awakened when I was 15 years old with amazing lucid dreams.

**What do you recall of your first lucid dream/s? What excited you about lucid dreaming?**

My first lucid dream came about after reading an Omni Magazine article by Stephen LaBerge describing the reality of lucid dreams. This article fuelled my curiosity and changed my life forever. I was thrilled at the possibility of being awake in my dreams and controlling them. To my total satisfaction, the article proved true and I was suddenly awake in an unlimited world that appears as real as this one.

In this dream, I was working on a military base. I had to disarm a booby trap in a tank. The trap had some type of nerve gas and when I tampered with it, it went off spraying me in the face with this deadly agent.

I remember climbing out of the porthole on the top of the tank, I was gasping and fell from the top onto the dry Earth. The nerve gas was killing me, and I started to spasm and gripped a handful of dirt. My hands clawed in the dirt and started to quiver until I could no longer move my fingers.

When I died in this dream, I woke up into another dream. The transition between this one dream and the next dream assisted in the reasoning that allowed me to become lucid.

In the following dream, I was walking near Okanagan Lake in Penticton BC. There was a concession stand (shaped like a peach) located in the park, which is the wrong location for such a building. There was no attendant at the peach stand so I decided to help myself. I entered the stand and grabbed a bag of M&M™ candies.

At that point a voice echoed in the dream and asked me, "Isn't that stealing?"

I thought about it and reasoned that somehow this was a dream and by that accord, taking the M&M™'s was in no way stealing. It was interesting to have this profound voice just crack open the dream and ask me such a relative question.

The way it triggered my reasoning seemed to also link to the means by which I became suddenly aware that I was indeed dreaming. I remember answering back to the thought, telling it, "This is a dream, so I can't be stealing."

The voice replied, "How do you know this is a dream?"

I thought about it. Certainly, I was somewhere in some experience and there was no questioning that a sense of reality was present. The bigger question was, if this assumed reality was a dream, or something else? Then I remembered the previous dream where I had died. I remembered the switch to the now current dream. My ability to connect these dots assisted in my affirmation, "This is a dream!"

This unknown voice in the dream then said, "Prove it!"

How does one prove such a thing? Not really knowing how to prove it, I looked at what was right in front of me. There was a steel green lamp post buried in concrete. I remember focusing on the lamp post and it started to rise. The concrete started to crack and break. When the lamp post levitated, with a fairly large chunk of concrete attached to the base, I realized fully, "I am dreaming!"

I used this telekinetic levitation of the lamppost as my proof, and the thought (voice) actually laughed, "You are right; it is a dream."

There was this exhilaration that came with realizing I was dreaming. When I knew I was dreaming, I grabbed on to the lamp post and started to levitate with it. No sooner did that happen, than I started to fly.

For a first realization of lucid dreaming, it was a very incredible experience. The start of many that would follow.

**Can you describe any pivotal early lucid dreams that really blew your mind? What happened? What questions did those experiences create for you?**

I am sure each reader has had their own experiences with dreaming something and then days later, the dream actualizes and comes true. This prepared me for the much bigger potential that was to follow -- lucid precognitive dreams.

*"When the lucid dream time and space synchronized with the waking moments, it brought about an aura of Déjà vu unlike anything I had ever experienced. This merging of the duality of dreams and reality clearly demonstrated to me that dreams and reality share a very intimate relationship with each other and are somehow interconnected. Moreover, waking reality itself may stem from the process of dreaming."*

When I was 17, I experienced my first lucid precognitive dream. The dream unfolds in a very fun but mundane way.

Imagine lying in your bed, and you start to fall asleep. The senses start to dim and the body relaxes. Suddenly you feel yourself rising upwards into this empty vast space, it almost feels like a void, that you are the only one who is there.

It feels that way until a voice asks, "What would you like to experience?"

This is the start of my first lucid precognitive dream. The voice felt familiar and I remember this vast yet void like space with rivets of blue energy flowing like a vast ocean, or perhaps nebula.

I remember thinking to the voice, "I want to experience people setting aside their political, religious, and social beliefs to just enjoy each other's company."

The voice or being then replied, "Very well," and a two-dimensional square window appeared before me. In this scene, I could see myself on a beach in a setting that was familiar to me. I remember from that state projecting into the 2D square image that suddenly became a fully lucid dream.

There are a lot of details here to cover, but what I will do is just pick out some key events that shaped the quality of such a lucid dream.

In the dream, I had my friends from high school with me. Also, there was this biker and his girlfriend who pulled up with a guitar. They began to play a really great Pink Floyd song called, "Wish You Were Here," that I remember singing along to. Another group appeared; they were some travelling Christian group that was putting on plays for kids at schools. At one point in our discussions in the dream, they wanted to show me the play and then performed their play.

You might think all of this is pretty mundane and commonplace for a dream, but what made it spectacular is that it did come true in the most exact, perfect detail.

The lucid dream actualized into a physical event. When the dream came true down to the finest detail, I felt the same thoughts, the same emotions and the same events unfolding as they did in the lucid dream. When the lucid dream time and space synchronized with the waking moments, it brought about an aura of Déjà vu unlike anything I had ever experienced. This merging of the duality of dreams and reality clearly demonstrated to me that dreams and reality share a very intimate relationship with each other and are somehow interconnected. Moreover, waking reality itself may stem from the process of dreaming.

This made me begin to question everything. I had to question who I was, what I was and what reality was.

**About twelve years ago, you appeared on the internet with a very interesting website. On the website, you had photos and witness statements which appeared to show that you had "marked" friends with a geometric symbol while lucid. Right? Tell me how this experiment got started.**

This is something rarely seen in our dream literature. While lucid and using my intent, I changed a dream that had precognitive potential and involved another person's body. Later in waking reality, the dream "materialized" or came true. Over the years, I have done this many times. I will provide some details and a bit of theory and methodology should the reader wish to pursue this avenue of exploration.

My personal theory suggests that like the electromagnetic spectrum, dreams also exist within a spectrum composed of layers, which have their own properties and purpose. Within the dreaming spectrum, there is a layer that I call the precognitive layer. In this specific band width of dreaming, the dream creation then becomes the basic

framework that we later experience here as waking reality.

So if a lucid dreamer could arrive at this layer of the dreaming spectrum, then he or she could perform an action that would later appear in waking reality. When lucid during 1996-1998, I decided to test this idea through "tagging dreams," where I would lucidly make small marks such as geometrical triangles, circles, squares, and even hearts, when I felt like I was in the precognitive layer. The tagging shape would be the identifiable marker to then appear in waking reality.

**You discovered after waking from these "tagging" lucid dreams, that when you re-enacted the dream scenario in waking reality, that the mark would then appear on their skin, right? Then you often took a photo of the mark and had your friend write up his experience.**

In the beginning, I had no idea that it was even possible, but my experiences with lucid precognitive dreams did allude to this as being quite possible. All I needed to do was try.

In the dream, I remembered becoming lucid and recognized my current work place. Behind a concession counter was a person I saw and recognized from my waking life. I remember in the lucid dream thinking that this moment, this dream could have precognitive potential. There was clearly enough indication that the dream at least took place in a setting very familiar to me as it was my workplace and things looked as they normally do.

My intent was still to map out the layers of the dreams and to isolate the precognitive layer. With no way to tell if I was in the precognitive layer of the dream spectrum, and only having a small window of opportunity, I decided to lift my finger in the dream and make a triangle appear on his forehead.

The triangle formed effortlessly with an uncanny precision on his head. This would be my tag, and help me practice mapping out the dream layers. The lucid dream lasted around 5 minutes.

Why I chose my friend and his forehead as the target merely reflected a quick impulsive decision that I made with no real thought of consequences, should it actually manifest and actualize as a precognitive dream in waking reality.

About three weeks later, the lucid dream actualized. Like my first lucid precognitive dream, I felt an amazing synchronicity and Déjà vu like aura as waking time and space synchronized with the lucid precognitive dream.

In this reality, I stood six feet away from this person and I simply went with the flow of the lucid dream. My hand just lifted and the triangle formed as it did in the dream, perfectly on his head. It was visible enough for others to clearly see it.

I remember him looking at me, as I pointed at him. Then he asked me after the fact what I did. I told him I placed a triangle on his head. A cashier next to him saw it, then she screamed and ducked behind the counter.

He ran to the bathroom and looked at it in the mirror. When he came out he was definitely shocked at the visible mark. I took a Polaroid and another follow up picture of it to have physical evidence of the experimentation.

Later he wrote a statement of the account. Also he had to explain the mark to his mother who asked him how he got that strangely shaped bruise on his forehead. She saw it clearly. There was no question this was a very profound event for all of us involved.

**So tell me – in the lucid dreams of marking, how did you do it?**

It is all intent. There is no other means by which we can direct and focus our thoughts. Intent and dream control would be the best descriptor for this technique. If dreams are anything, they are organized thoughts.

**How did people respond when you went public with this? Did people accept it or dismiss it as the power of suggestion (meaning that your friends developed marks simply because you suggested they should have a mark due to your lucid dream)?**

The person in question didn't know about my lucid dream action, until the mark was left. In no way were they a willing participant in this particular experiment either. I think that eliminates suggestion.

A newspaper published an article about my experiments and I published the accounts on the Internet, but the response was little impact. The lack of interest was no surprise to me. It may simply sound too crazy for people to accept as being true. My purpose wasn't to prove some-

thing to the world as much as to prove it to myself and learn from it. This event was real, it did happen and the photographs serve to remind me.

What is more important is developing a viable process by which other dreamers may attempt to explore this precognitive potential that exists within the lucid dream experience. I hope at least to inspire these types of people to dig deeper and go further in their own exploration of lucid dreams.

**How did you explain it to yourself?**

It was 1998, and I would be 27 years old at the time. I already had 10 years of experiencing lucid precognitive dreams and had tried mapping marks a number of times. The person who experienced the triangle on the forehead would be the first and last person that I would ever target in a dream during this mapping phase. After 1998, I was completely satisfied that I could influence change on a dream that had precognitive potential and those changes would happen here. There was no need for further personal evidence.

I firmly knew and understood this covert relationship between dreams and reality. Also, I had placed a mark on my left hand, which is very subtle. It serves as a reminder to me, like a string on my finger should I ever doubt any of this.

**Later, your website showed something equally incredible. The local paper ran an article in which you stated that you had become lucid and intended an unusual cloud configuration, right? Then, sometime later in waking reality, the unusual cloud configuration appeared. Please tell us about that.**

This event with the cloud was the most spectacular phenomenological experience that I had witnessed to date.

As a lucid dreamer, I often prove to myself that I am indeed dreaming by changing the dream. Changing a dream acts as a form of personal validation.

In this particular lucid dream I was standing on a street close to my home at night. There was a small cloud, probably a couple of football fields long and oval shaped. In the lucid dream I affirmed I was dreaming by causing this cloud to form a perfectly shaped triangle, which it did.



There was no indication that this would ever come true. Like all of my precognitive lucid dreams, it wasn't until it actually came true and I could experience that synchronization that I would then be dumbfounded by the experience.

I remember walking home from my friend's house at night. When I got to the point where the dreamt event was actualizing, I had the same realizations and lucidity that I had in the original dream.

What made the physical event a little different was I hesitated for a couple of seconds, enough to allow the cloud to move a little further than where it was positioned in the dream. When the cloud formed the triangle, it actually moved backwards to the focus point I had in the dream and formed the same triangle. I am sure many people will not believe this and I seldom share the story. I know it happened.

There were some other occurrences like this, not on the scale of this particular event. During my mapping phase, I had lost track of how many lucid precognitive dreams actually actualized. Suffice it to say, it was a lot.

Now you might ask, how does one express intent? How do any of us change a dream we are aware of? A real life example is to move your hand left or right, or in a direction you intend to move. That same act of thinking and intent is how intent is also used in a dream.

**Your early experiments very clearly indicate that a talented lucid dreamer can influence what will happen later on in waking reality while consciously aware in the dream state. How did you feel about that? What issues did it raise in your mind?**

There is a lot to be said about having dreams that come true and a lot more for changing them before they come true. I have no ego attached to the experience; it was a learning experience for me. I think once a person fully digests the reality that they have dreams that come true, it's a big turning point in how they start to view the world. I know when I was 15 the reality of precognition frightened me and I was scared at the slightest thought that a dream somehow could predict the future.

The lucid precognitive dreams took this precognitive experience to a whole other level with a much larger scale factor to deal with. It presented the same experience with the added logical and analytical cognitive faculties that come with being lucid in a dream. This really changed

my life forever. I crossed a bridge that cannot be undone. Once traversed all there is, is a grand dream of which we are all participating in.

To further explore this truth, if you are a person who has experienced firsthand your own dreams that have come true, then perhaps you may find what I have shared far more plausible than if you lack this experience. All I can do is share my experience and point the way.

*"The lucid precognitive dreams took this precognitive experience to a whole other level with a much larger scale factor to deal with. It presented the same experience with the added logical and analytical cognitive faculties that come with being lucid in a dream. This really changed my life forever. I crossed a bridge that cannot be undone. Once traversed all there is, is a grand dream of which we are all participating in."*

Changing a precognitive dream when lucid follows a very natural progression with the precognitive potential. This experience has altered my own belief systems; which brings me to what issues it raised in my mind.

The first issue is a belief society holds that dreams do not have any relationship with this reality. Knowing that dreams do have a relationship with this reality then begs the question, what is this reality if it is at first a dream? Dreams if you break them down are really just organized thought projections and they have no physical matter or energy behind them.

Our society is very dream illiterate, and the skill itself is very atrophic in most people I meet. Most people treat dreams like they are garbage thoughts the mind produces and are not worth remembering. It seems to me that dreams are a gateway into a much larger system of reality. We may find that all reality stems from this process of dreaming, and that our Universe is built on the principles of organized thought and consciousness. Physical reality may be a sub-system within this much larger non-physical reality.

**Oftentimes, people reading an account like this feel shock, if not disbelief. Even simple ideas, like healing one's self in a lucid dream, strike some un-experienced people as bordering on the bizarre. You obviously sought to provide evidence for these lucid dream/waking world interactions. What does this evidence suggest?**

Let me share one dream that literally set in stone how I believe people react to the truth of my experience.

In this one dream, I was on a train feeding coal into a fire. The train had come to a stop as it caught on fire and started to burn. We all exited the train and I was in this beautiful open field deep within a forest. There was a river and I went to drink from the water. In the river bed there was all of this quartz, and in some of the quartz was gold. I was excited to have found gold, and pulled a piece of it out from the quartz.

I went over to a person to show him the gold. When I passed it to him, the gold turned into fool's gold, and he replied, "It's fool's gold."

What this dream metaphorically taught me was that one man's truth is another man's fool's gold. That truth has to be experienced to be realized, it cannot always be handed to you. Each of us must find our own gold, our own truth.

**Some experienced lucid dreamers have used their intent to perform lucid dream healings. Have you ever tried to heal yourself or another in a lucid dream? What happened?**

I'll share the first healing that I experienced when I was 18 years old. It was in November of 1990 and I woke up late at night with a burning fever, inflamed lungs with lots of mucus, and a severe headache. The terrible cold flashes, and the clammy feeling of the fever was making me angry. I just wanted to sleep and wished the whole illness would go away. I laid in bed coughing, dreading how terrible I felt. Finally I was fed up and my anger aided in a fast instant projection outside my physical body. I felt much better since I was in an out-of-body state observing my ill body lying on the bed.

Almost as if instinctive, I sat down on the floor in a meditative position, and strong waves of white light with blue/green hues poured from my hands and flowed from my hands like a fountain and bent towards my physical body forming a balloon of light around it. My whole fo-

cus was to heal my body. The whole room fluctuated and several humanoid shapes appeared around me. They had no color, no visual details other than the fact they maintained a humanoid shape. I observed them and acknowledged their presence and entered my body.

Still sick with flu, I woke up. I felt worse if not better for the moment; then it happened. Instantly the nervous pins-and-needles that the flu was causing instantly turned off. Then, the hot and cold flashes followed. Third was the headache. It felt like someone literally stuck something in my head at that point and drained the headache from me. At this time, I was in denial because it was spanning over seconds. Fortunately this did not stop the healing. The final phase was all the mucus in my nasal passages and lungs. It felt like they were just bubbling away inside me. One moment I could not breathe, the next moment I would not have known I was even sick with the flu.

The whole process occurred nearly instantaneously. That was my first and last taste of this potential. I guarantee many a fever has come and gone where I wished for similar results and had none. Clearly a skill that may exist but I suck at.

**In lucid dreaming, we all encounter dream figures or dream characters. In my book, I suggest that dream figures are actually much more varied than normally supposed. Also it appears that some dream figures have an awareness equal to or beyond that of the lucid dreamer. What's your take on dream figures? Are they all symbols from our mind, or something else?**

This is interesting as we are embarking on the more collective nature of dreaming rather than the subjective nature that we assume exists. When we encounter intelligence in dreams that appear to be greater or beyond our own current understanding of ourselves, that intelligence may show you that you are a part of a greater whole, that you are in fact interconnected within the scope of an entire Universe. What can be revealed is an epic truth, that we are part of a greater consciousness, a greater reality. That we are all one.

This may be the most shocking truth. Personally I think it is more profound than all of the phenomenological experiences I have had to date. That realization alone should aid us in seeing everything as aspects of a greater self, whereby everything exists as individualized parts. Everything is connected and self-similar.



The profound nature of this oneness, as hard as it is to believe or accept, is at the core of what we all are. Each of us exist as an individual part of a Universal Consciousness, self-similar to how a cell is an individual part of our body, and a part of us. The whole Universe functions on these interconnected principles.

The reality that exists in Dreams is a gateway to a larger system of reality by which we will find parts of ourselves on a scale factor that dwarf human consciousness and human intelligence. We may call it God or whatever label, the fact remains... bigger fish swim in this ocean than just human intelligence.

Quite a red pill in my opinion, but one worth swallowing and realizing.

**Lucid dreamers toss around the idea of mutual lucid dreams and how to validate those experiences. Have you had a mutual lucid dream? Anything about it that suggests a valid, consensual encounter in a dream space?**

This is all part of the dreaming package. I hope more people connect with their friends and family in these mutual dream states. My first mutual dream was with my best friend, again when I was still in high school. The first time it happened, I was totally oblivious to this potential and of course totally blown away when we realized we both shared a dream.

When we had this mutual dream, I called him that morning and I would tell him part of the dream, he would tell me other parts... in no time we realized that we had shared a dream.

I would have several mutual dreams with this person and other friends as well. In one case, I actually drew a picture from his dream and when we met one day he told me about the dream. To totally blow his mind, I drove right over to my house to show him the picture which in turn, blew his mind because there was the dream he was describing all drawn out in comic cell form.

In another case, I was at work when some girls started talking about a dream they had only to find out that all three of them had the same dream. I remember the dream had some very unique and exaggerated features like an over sized picnic table with engravings on it.

The girls were all talking about these unique features confirming and remembering the same details with one another. It was awesome to be there watching people come to the realization that they may have shared a dream.

Dreams are a far greater part of reality then we give them credit for. Our planet suffers from dream illiteracy, and perhaps one day I can help others overcome this limitation, and I do feel that sharing in our experiences will help. People need to remember they are dreamers down here... get back to the core of who and what they really are.

*"The reality that exists in Dreams is a gateway to a larger system of reality by which we will find parts of ourselves on a scale factor that dwarf human consciousness and human intelligence. We may call it God or whatever label, the fact remains... bigger fish swim in this ocean than just human intelligence."*

**What kind of experiments would you like to see conducted in lucid dreaming, and why? What lucid explorations do you find yourself doing nowadays?**

That's a good question. A lot more personal experimentation is needed. My current lucid exploration has become limited as I have had so many lifestyle changes. I tend to sleep a lot less, 2-4 hours a night due to workload and family demands. My dreaming schedule has become less stable for the level of lucid dream exploration I am accustomed too. However, I do manage to get out and sometimes I stretch clock time during sleep where two hours of sleep may yield days of dreams. Clock time and psychological dream time do not need to tick side by side.

**Have your lucid dreaming experiences affected your views on spirituality?**

Absolutely. I had no spirituality until I woke up and realized there was a far greater reality than just the limited box I was stuffed into called a physical body. Now I know in a full-spectrum way, that there truly is a greater reality far beyond the reach of just this world. We exist in an amazing Universe. It's epic!

**Any final advice for our readers about lucid dreaming?**

Yes, get lucid... be conscious during sleep. You possess the keys to an amazing vehicle that you can drive when your body is asleep at night. All it needs is you to take the wheel, put the key in and drive out into the vastness of dream reality.

# Don't Miss!

The International Association for the Study of Dreams is proud to announce **TWO** upcoming conferences!

IASD's 28th Annual Conference

**2**

## DREAMS AND CULTURAL DIVERSITY

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Kerkrade, The Netherlands

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For detailed information  
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<http://asdreams.org>

**1**

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The Stuff Dreams Are Made Of



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Call for Proposals  
Submission of Accepted Papers

Deadline: August 1, 2010  
Deadline: September 1, 2010

There are only 24 spots for PDC presentations during the conference. Proposals must be submitted by deadline for consideration. Presentation title plus a brief abstract can be e-mailed to Jean Campbell at [jccampb@aol.com](mailto:jccampb@aol.com)

# The Big Blue Penis

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Like many who work with dreams, people approach me to get my thoughts on a dream that they've had. Sometimes they will ask for advice on how to recall dreams more frequently, or how they might use dream incubation to find answers. One of the pieces of advice I give is for people to read more about dreams. It helps keep the thought of dreams on their mind, thus giving a boost to their intention to recall more dreams. Reading books or articles on dreams also helps them learn about various different methods of working with dreams as a way of finding meaning within them.

A recent opportunity to assist someone with dream recall and understanding turned out to be as exciting for me as it was for her, since it led to her first, spontaneous lucid dream. I gave my usual suggestion of reading about dreams, but rather than reading what might be considered beginner's level dream publications, she chose to begin by reading several articles in The Lucid Dream Exchange. I found the results to be both promising and interesting.

*"We tend to live our lives, both in and out of dreams, engaged with our own assumptions. We think something will be hard before we ever try, or we say to ourselves, 'That's just the way I am.' But, are these things really true? Given the opportunity to have an open mind, we can accomplish much more than we ever knew possible. That is the nature of lucidity – to become more aware and to open our minds."*

The subject in this case was completely unaware of lucid dreams. Her understanding of lucid dreams came about as a result of reading articles written by lucid dreamers, as well as from interviews conducted on lucid dreamers. Some of those articles and interviews were technical, or "deep." Talk about diving right into the deep end of the pool. But after reading through a few articles she said to me, "I think I have an understanding now of what lucid dreams are." This was my first experience in being a part of someone learning about lucid dreams without me taking too active of a role in explaining what they are. Seemingly, people can learn much about lucid dreams just by reading about the experiences of others, even if they have little or no experience working with dreams.

A second result from reading LDE was an increase in her dream recall. Though this particular subject reported very rarely recalling her dreams throughout her life, she recalled a dream in two consecutive nights following reading some articles and interviews in LDE. These dreams were written down as follows:

## The Big Blue Penis

*I've got my grades back from my first week's economic assignment. The instructor used colored penises as a grading rubric; much like the United Way uses a colored thermometer to measure the amount of pledges received during their annual fundraising campaign. If the problem was right, the penis was green; if the problem was wrong the penis was blue. I had a series of green penises for all the written portions of questions and I had a bunch of blue penises for all the math problems. She wanted me to redo the questions with the blue penises and resubmit them. The big assignment that was due at the end of the week (which I usually refer to as the written assignment) is weighted more heavily than the two discussion questions. I received a big blue penis.*

## Pink Pumpkin Guts

*I was in my childhood home on \_\_\_\_\_ but I'm an adult. I am with Richard Ramirez, the serial Killer. We both wanted to have sex but I couldn't for some reason as per the Doctor's orders. We couldn't stay away from each other and ended up having intercourse anyway. I was on the bed on my back and he was standing up. He had a 3 foot long penis that moved much like a "snake" flashlight. Penetration was not deep. The dream did not specify ejaculation. After initial penetration, he inserted his fingers into my vagina. It felt good but once again, the dream*



*did not specify if climax was reached. When he pulled his fingers out, they were covered in pink pumpkin guts. I was embarrassed that his hands were messy from the guts. I wiped his hands off and then proceeded to wash my own hands. The sink was in the bedroom and the bar of soap was the old mangled bar of soap that was in the soap dish that's currently in the bathroom. As I threw away the pumpkin guts before washing my hands I thought, "I wonder what my mom would say? Hell I am 38".*

Certainly the sexual nature of these dreams calls one's attention to them. Also, the subject was able to match up emotions from these dreams with waking life situations, vulnerabilities, and an opening up to new ideas and concepts. In fact, opening herself up to the dream world and self discovery is something she identified as a theme in these dreams, including in the penetration scene. At this point the subject, in a very short period of time, went from paying little if any attention to dreams and having little dream recall, to experiencing a noticeable increase in dream recall and an ability to make sense of some symbols and themes within these dreams.

Over the following weeks she continued to read more about dreams, still focusing much on lucid articles, along with writing down some dreams and often discussing them. After a month and a half, she sent me two dreams that rather stunned me. The first dream suggested that she had achieved semi-lucid awareness as a dream co-creator. The second dream indicated that she had left behind archaic views of dreaming and reached her unstated goal.

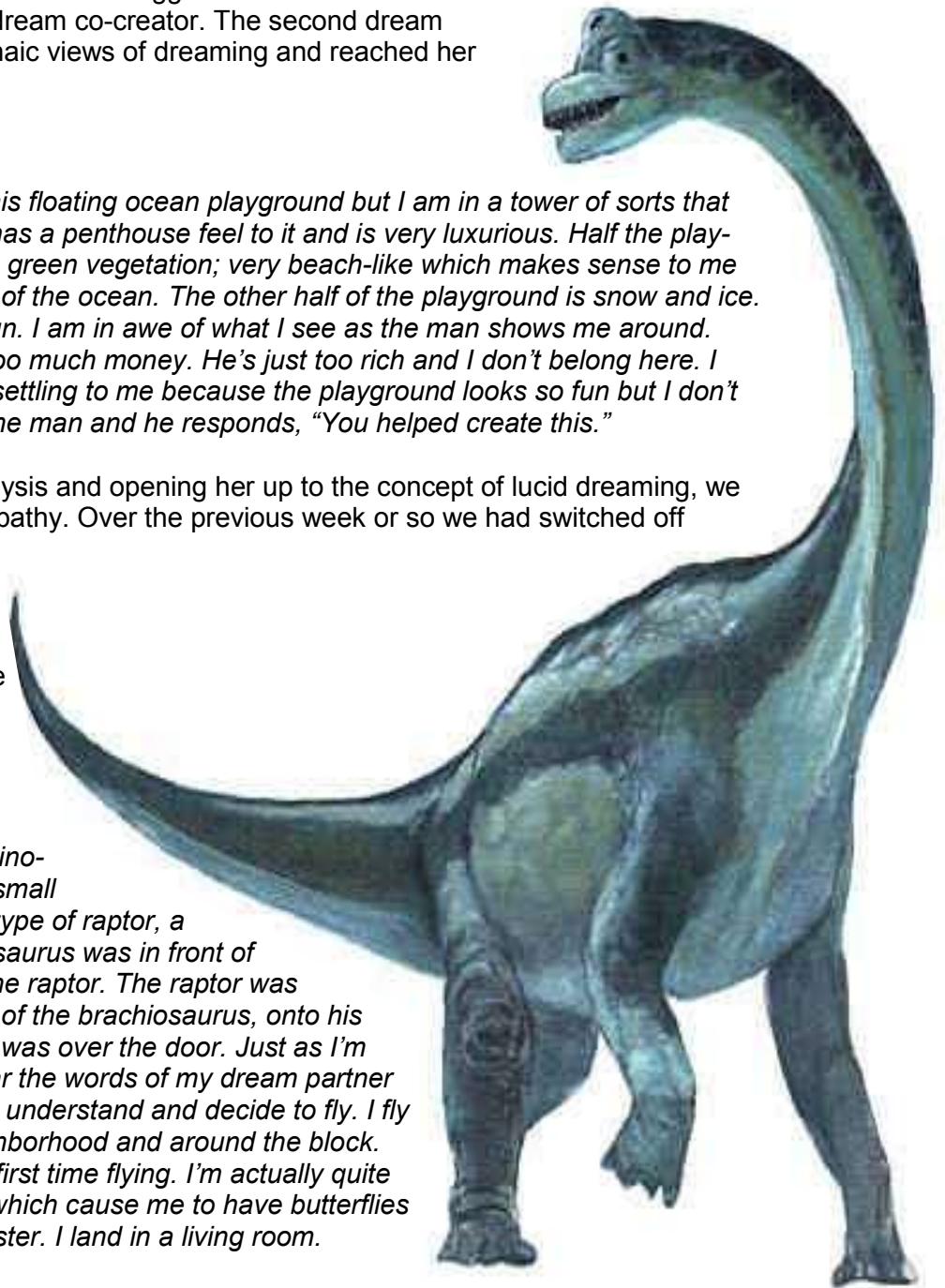
### Do I Belong in This World?

*I am dating a very rich man. I am on his floating ocean playground but I am in a tower of sorts that overlooks the entire area. The tower has a penthouse feel to it and is very luxurious. Half the playground is a tropical paradise with lush green vegetation; very beach-like which makes sense to me because we are floating in the middle of the ocean. The other half of the playground is snow and ice. There is tubing and even a bobsled run. I am in awe of what I see as the man shows me around. Suddenly I realize that this man has too much money. He's just too rich and I don't belong here. I don't belong in this world. It's very unsettling to me because the playground looks so fun but I don't think I belong here. I mention this to the man and he responds, "You helped create this."*

In addition to working with dream analysis and opening her up to the concept of lucid dreaming, we had also begun to discuss dream telepathy. Over the previous week or so we had switched off nights in which one of us would be a sender and the other a receiver of an object or image. On this night I was the sender, and I had sent her the ocean. On the same night she had the following dream.

### I'm One of You Now

*I am in a larger version of my friend's Condo in St. Paul and there are two dinosaurs in the condo with me. One is a small brachiosaurus and the other is some type of raptor, a bit smaller than a T-Rex. The brachiosaurus was in front of the door and I was being chased by the raptor. The raptor was about to get me when I ran up the tail of the brachiosaurus, onto his back. I jumped out of the window that was over the door. Just as I'm about to hit the cement sidewalk I hear the words of my dream partner telling me that this is a dream. I finally understand and decide to fly. I fly over the treetops of the sleeping neighborhood and around the block. I'm not proficient at it since this is my first time flying. I'm actually quite bad at it and take a few sudden dips which cause me to have butterflies in my stomach as if I'm on a rollercoaster. I land in a living room.*





*The room has dark paneling and blue, green and black carpet. The room reminds me of the home of family friends from my childhood. I look around the room and see a table with a few orange vases and a black radio from the 70's. I decide I want to fly again but say to myself, "WAIT! I should try a different trick that I learned!" I then said, "Show me what I need to see." The radio comes on and the voice on it is once again my dream partner / tour guide and he says to me, "S\_\_\_\_\_, this IS what you need to see." I understood this to mean that what I need to see is that I have the ability to become lucid and to fly.*

Upon awakening from my own dreams, I often realize that my perceptions follow my assumptions. As an example, I have had dreams of intruders in my home that I assume are there to harm me, but after the dream I realize that they never actually did anything to hurt me. I had made an assumption. We tend to live our lives, both in and out of dreams, engaged with our own assumptions. We think something will be hard before we ever try, or we say to ourselves, "That's just the way I am." But, are these things really true? Given the opportunity to have an open mind, we can accomplish much more than we ever knew possible. That is the nature of lucidity – to become more aware and to open our minds. I thoroughly enjoyed observing the progress of someone rather rapidly entering into this realm of lucid possibility. The title of the final dream in this article is fitting. Yes, you are one of us now.

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## The Movie "Avatar" and Lucid Dreaming

By Alicia Hollinger

Director, James Cameron, reflects on how his dreams were a powerful influence in his creation of the blockbuster film AVATAR. "I've been thinking a lot about this film," says Cameron, "and maybe why it's connected to people so much, and I've kind of realized that what I was trying to do was create dream imagery, create a lucid dream state while you're watching the film. I think that most people dream of flying at some point and when we're kids we dream of flying and I certainly did, and still have a lot of flying dreams and I thought that if I can connect to an audience, to a kind of collective unconscious in almost the Jungian sense, then it bypasses all the politics and all the bullshit, and all the culturally specific stuff and all the language specific stuff around the world and connects us all to that kind of childhood, dreamlike state when the world was magical and infinite and scary and cool and you could soar. So that was the concept behind these scenes. And for me, personally, this was the part of the movie that I like the best, that I can watch over and over again."

Full article by Alicia Hollinger here:

<http://www.hollywoodtoday.net/2010/04/20/cameron-with-lucid-dreams-as-avatar-blu-ray-bows-on-earth-day-422>

Alicia Hollinger is a Los Angeles based writer and digital artist (and lucid dreamer...) More articles by Alicia Hollinger on Hollywood Today: <http://www.hollywoodtoday.net/?s=alicia+hollinger>

Alicia Hollinger's digital art website: <http://www.WonderlandArt.biz>

# A FOND FAREWELL TO MAMA

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*"All is like a dream or a magic show..."*

*Tibetan song*

After my mom died a year ago, I longed to see her again in this lifetime. To do so, I turned to a technique I've used successfully – WILD, or Wake Induced Lucid Dreaming – part of Tibetan dream yoga since time immemorial. While Tibetans use hand signs and sit and chant in particular ways, I merely stay awake while my physical body goes through the sleep cycle.

As I rest comfortably in bed, a switch goes off – bonk! – and my brainwaves change to a different frequency. Then my body goes stiff, and I can't move. I feel excited, but keep my body very still and remain immobile. Slowly, I sink deeper into a sleep state. All of a sudden, I'm gone – and have entered delta deep sleep! As a separate ego identity system, I no longer exist – and I'm one with the divine. Of the meditation techniques I've tried, lucid dreaming offers the easiest way to reach this sweet spot of deep divine connection.

A thought comes floating by: "You're dreaming now. What do you want to do?" Ah ha! I've done it! I've come through the delta deep sleep and into a dream state.

Suddenly, I'm walking down a narrow hallway with doors on both sides. I look down and see my dream feet walking on the plush carpet. I realize I'm on a cruise ship – the Queen Mary, which my mother and I once took from New York to Dover, England.

During our voyage, Mama liked to dress in her finest evening clothes, apply artful makeup, wear dazzling jewelry – and make a royal entrance in the grand ballroom for formal dinner at six in the evening. All that fancy jazz doesn't suit me. I'm a hippie at heart and like to do my own thing and go au natural – so don't tell me when or what to eat or how to dress or look. On that trip, I was insensitive to Mama – I was a killjoy, refusing to dress up and never commenting on how beautiful she looked.

In the dream, I touch the door handle and know Mama is on the other side. It takes courage, but I open the door. There is Mama! Flesh and blood, in all her 3-D glory – just as she was in life.

Mama flutters around – smoothing her dress, putting every hair in place, donning her sparkly jewelry, and giving her lipstick a final touchup. She asks me to button her cheongsam, the Chinese-style dress she's wearing. As I push each button through its silk loop, I'm gentle and tender. "Mama," I say, "your hair looks beautiful and your makeup is perfect."

All of a sudden, I feel anxious. I worry that my clothes are too casual. But when I look down at myself, I'm wearing a beautiful evening dress.



I know full well I'm dreaming, but Mama has no idea she's in my dream. She chats excitedly about dinner. Even though she is animated and alive, inside I'm crying. It's sad but also healing. In the dream, I do what I neglected to do for Mama in waking life.

As the dream continues, I walk to the balcony. The deep blue ocean greets me, and I see the faraway horizon line. Suddenly, I realize I can see clearly. In waking life, I'm nearsighted but don't wear corrective lenses – so reality is a big blur to me. But since this is my dream, I have 20/20 vision.

A thought comes to me: "I want to see everyone I love at dinner." One by one, I conjure up my loved ones. In my omni-clear vision, I see them on the cruise ship, in their own rooms, putting on their finest formal attire and preparing for a lavish dinner.

I feel elated, but my joy is mixed with melancholy. It occurs to me that I'm dreaming it all up...Just then, my real-life feet burn in pain, as if they are on fire – taking me out of the dream and back to my physical body. After a moment, I remember what Louise Hay said: If your feet hurt, you're afraid to move forward on your spiritual journey.

I think of my ocean voyage, and realize that "crossing" is a significant metaphor in Buddhism. We're on this shore – this busy waking life – and get on a cruise ship, the dharma, to reach the other shore. Our loved ones, the sangha – our helpers, our mates, our children, our partners – are on the cruise ship. We take off. The ocean is vast, and the journey is full of ups and downs. We fight, we love, we learn lessons from enlightened beings, the buddha, and do our best to make the crossing. In time, we reach the other shore.

"Would she be a clever woman," the Buddha asked, "if, having reached the other shore, she were to cling to her raft, take it on her back, and walk about with the weight of it?"

We look back, and the cruise ship with the loved ones is gone. These are illusions that help us make the crossing. Once we reach the other shore, the magic show is no more.

After my lucid dream about my mother, I spent the rest of the day crying, lost between worlds, processing the information along with a torrent of mixed emotions.

Lucid dreaming is a profound gift from my higher soul – and has changed my outlook during waking life. The people on the ship are my community, and together we make the crossing. *All is like a dream or a magic show – even waking reality.* As I sleep, I awaken. I understand that all is illusion – and only love is luminously real.

***"When the state of dreaming has dawned  
do not lie in ignorance like a corpse.  
Enter the natural sphere of unwavering attentiveness.  
Recognize your dreams and transform  
illusion into luminosity..."***

***Tibetan Buddhist Prayer***





# Lucid Dreaming Arts & Creativity

Has lucid dreaming influenced your artistic endeavours? Do you find you are more creative after having a lucid dream? Do lucid dream landscapes, or dream figures show up in your creative work?

And what about from another perspective? When you are most creative, or enjoying your artistic pursuits, do you have more lucid dreams? Does your art influence your dreams?

The Autumn issue of LDE will feature ***"Lucid Dreaming, Arts, and Creativity"***. We would love to hear from artists of all disciplines or media who would like to share their experiences and their views. And of course, if you'd like to share some of your work, (a photo of your painting, or sculpture, a passage from your novel, or poem) we'd be happy to include it. Although we welcome submissions from all, we'd especially like to hear from professional artists on the impact that their lucid dreaming has had on their work.

**Deadline for submissions is August 15 2010**

You may submit through our website on the submissions page (at [ww.dreaminglucid.com](http://ww.dreaminglucid.com)) or send them to Lucy at [lucylde@yahoo.com](mailto:lucylde@yahoo.com)







Over the last 30 years, I have experienced many nocturnal events, from rampant and recurrent night terrors, to much less frequent lucid dreams, and out-of-body experiences.

Recently though, it is as if this fountain were drying up. Night terrors, I am happy to say, have been banished (consciously) since October of 2009. Lucid dreams and OBES are sporadic. Even ordinary dreams are almost nonexistent, fragments of no particular interest. The other day I was looking through my dream journal and realized that with all of the time and effort that I put into dream incubation and induction, (the 3:00 a.m. awakening, and subsequent return to sleep), the results are sketchy. Often something occurs to sabotage my nocturnal effort - a body part involuntarily moves, breaking the trance, loud noises outside, and now - insomnia. I just can't get back to sleep, so not only am I not dreaming, but I am quite tired all day. And if I don't do the 3:00 a.m. awakening, I subsequently don't even have any recall of ordinary dreams. However, even with this rather poor record, I am extremely interested in these sojourns into virtual experience.

In April, I was visited by my sister, Ava and her friend, Terra. We decided to try to lucid dream together. (They had never lucid dreamed before.) We awoke and met at 3:00 a.m., went over the induction process that I use, drank chamomile tea, talked about meeting in the dream, as was Terra's desire, and also decided to find our hands in our dreams as a lucid dream trigger or reality check. We also decided that just having any lucid dream would be totally fine in itself, for to experience the fruit of the lucid dream is enough to change one's perception that physical reality is all that we can know. We did this actively for two nights, and just seeded dreams the third night, without the 3:00 a.m. meeting.

This is what happened the first night, after our meeting:

- Ava has an extremely vivid lucid experience in which she awakens to find me, Carole, talking with Terra, about lucid dreaming at the foot of her bed. She feels surprised and confused that we are there, thinking that this is not what we had agreed on and that we are rudely impeding her trying to have a dream. Then it occurs to her to look at her hands. Then she realizes that this is "The Dream!" The dream collapses.

- Terra, dreams that she sees the hands of another and this impels her into a lucid dream in which she sees a very seductive and powerful woman, with penetrating eyes, that seems to invite her closer. Terra remains distant, not trusting yet what powers this woman possesses. Then she finds herself on a beach with Ava, they look over towards the ocean horizon, saying that Carole will arrive any moment.

-I, Carole, do not have a lucid dream (and I confess that this might be the expectation worry effect, because I had considered before sleeping, what if I don't even dream? - as the leader of this dream group, I would feel rather embarrassed). But I do have an extremely vivid dream, much more vivid than I have had in perhaps a year, in which I will mention only one important element that pertains to our mutual induction efforts: there is a brown owl that really loves me. It is doing acrobatics for me, and then disappears. I believe that it might be dead and am looking for its dead body everywhere, but never find it. Then I think, I have to ask Terra what this owl means to me. (The next morning, I do ask her, and Terra, who is quite psychic, perceives a small monkey that I really did have many years ago, saying that the owl has temporarily taken the form of my monkey, that it is my animal guide and it has been waiting for me to recognize it for years.)

Second night: again awakening at 3:00 a.m., we drink camomile tea, speak of dream induction out loud, and set intention to meet in the dream:

- Ava's dream trance is awakened by Terra's body forcefully lurching in the bed in the room, and does not dream

- Terra once again sees the hands of another person, and awakens into a lucid dream. She sees the powerful woman from the night before, this time much older, recognizing her because of her piercing and seductive eyes. She telepathically says to the woman, "I know who you are, you are a sorceress." The woman telepathically says, "Yes." With this, Terra moves violently in bed, as she is so impacted by the presence of the sorceress.

-I, Carole, have a very hard time to get back to sleep, my usual recent early morning insomnia problem. At 5:00 a.m., I hear 5 tolls of church bells in the distance. This sends me into an out-of-body experience, (I often use the repeated sequence of a timer to create trance) - and find myself flying. I am flying extremely fast, for a long period of time so that I can get to the beach to meet Terra and Ava. I am flying with a confidence that I don't usually possess. I look down over green hills and valleys, now the landscape is becoming rocky and inclined towards bluish mountains with intermittent cloud covering. I know that just beyond this is the ocean and the beach where I am supposed to meet Terra and Ava. Then I also remember that because I

started the dream so late, that they probably are no longer dreaming and will not be around any longer to meet me! With this realization, the dream collapses. This experience probably lasted about 40 minutes.

Third night - we decide to not have our usual 3:00 a.m. meeting - as Terra and Ava find that they are left feeling somewhat hung-over in the morning. So we do our dream induction and seeding at 10:00 p.m.

- Ava has a vivid ordinary dream where she gains insight about a work possibility

- Terra does not remember her dreams

*"We also decided that just having any lucid dream would be totally fine in itself, for to experience the fruit of the lucid dream is enough to change one's perception that physical reality is all that we can know."*

- I, Carole have an extremely vivid ordinary dream about cleaning out rooms - I see very specific items from many years ago. This is highly detailed and has important significant and symbolic meaning to me even now, a month later

Now that Ava and Terra have returned to their homes, thousands of miles away, I once again have returned to practically a "no dream" and fragmented and vague dream

imagery situation. We had talked before parting about meeting on certain days at 3:00 on Skype, setting up dreaming together, setting the intention to meet and interact in lucid awareness. Since everyone has these busy life schedules, we haven't coincided yet to meet nocturnally, but this really seems like it could have good tangible results.

So, for these three days in a group, I had changed from a struggling oneironaut to one that was out there flying confidently in virtual territory. Even ordinary dreams for all of us were vivid, detailed, in bright color, and more easy to interpret, less obscure or irrational. Plus, we had initial and varied experiences of mutual dreaming, which I had always assumed was too advanced and way out of my personal reach. Not to mention Ava's first lucid dream, and Terra's meeting twice of the same person on two different nights.

Perhaps, in a small group of like-minded people, there is mutual help in strengthening of intention, and expectation by putting it all out there, verbally; and an excitement generated by friendship as well as the applied skills of each person. Lucid dreaming is often such a solitary art, and I found this experience invigorating and extremely effective.

# Lucid Dreaming: Gateway to the Inner Self

By Robert Waggoner

"In this remarkable book, Robert Waggoner has brought lucid dreaming to a level that is simultaneously higher and deeper than any previous explorer has taken the topic. Both autobiographical and historical, theoretical and practical, psychodynamic and transpersonal, as well as adventurous and cautionary, Lucid Dreaming offers its readers instructions and insights that they will find nowhere else in the literature. They will learn how they can become awake and aware while asleep, and how this talent can change their lives." --**Stanley Krippner, Ph.D.**, Professor of Psychology, Saybrook Graduate School and Research Center, San Francisco, Coauthor of *Extraordinary Dreams and How To Work With Them*

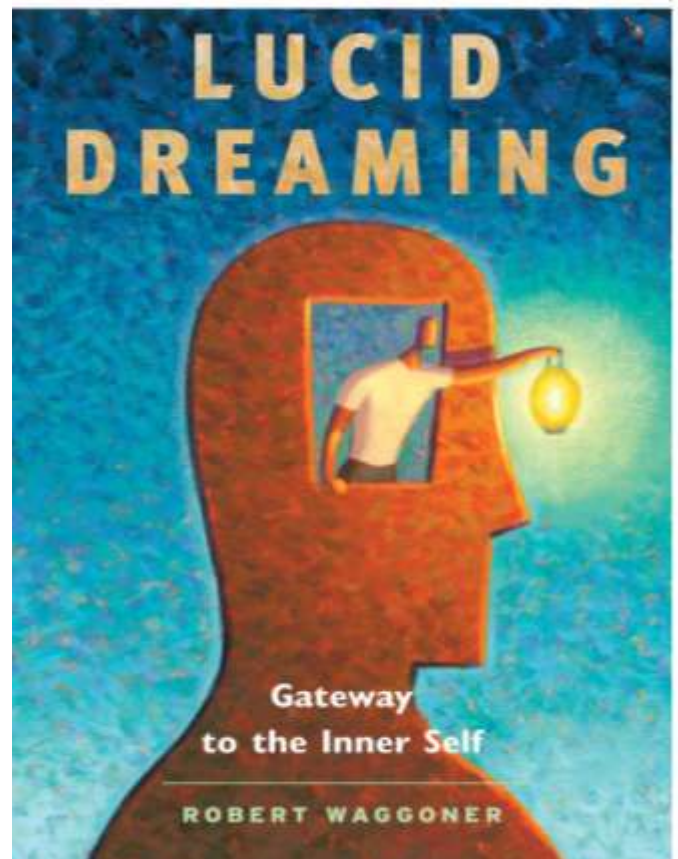
"Lucid Dreaming IS a gateway to the Inner Self. Robert Waggoner's unique storytelling style is **compelling reading - an impressive exploration of the subject**. The work is scholarly, fascinating, and, most of all, practical." -  
-**Christine Lemley**, Executive Producer, DREAMTIME Series, WFYI/PBS-TV Indianapolis

"Robert Waggoner admirably fulfills his aim of bringing lucidity to lucid dreaming. His book is distinguished by its wealth of first-hand experience, and his clear recognition that, instead of seeking to control and manipulate our dreams, we should use the gift of lucidity to navigate a deeper reality and grow into connection with a deeper and wiser self. He offers practical techniques and fascinating travelers tales to encourage us to experiment with interactive and precognitive dreaming and to explore the process of reality creation inside the dream matrix. This is **an invitation to high adventure**." --**Robert Moss**, Author of *Conscious Dreaming* and *The Three ONLY Things: Tapping the Power of Dreams, Coincidence, and Imagination*

"A truly extraordinary, horizon-expanding book!

Robert Waggoner goes further and deeper than any of his predecessors in exploring the implications of lucid dreaming for our synthesized understanding of consciousness, reality, and spirituality." **Robert Van de Castle**, Former President, IASD; Professor Emeritus, University of Virginia Health Sciences Center; Author of *Our Dreaming Mind*

"A must read for anyone with a serious interest in lucid dreams. Robert Waggoner has written a book examining the depth and breadth of the potential of lucid dreaming. His sensitivity to the transpersonal elements of lucidity are especially illuminating." **Jayne Gackenbach, Ph.D.**, Editor of *Psychology and the Internet: Intraper-sonal, Interpersonal, and Transpersonal Implication*



**Order on-line or at your favorite bookstore!**



# Following the Light

(c) 2010 by Robert Waggoner

In lucid dreams, we often notice "light" appearing spontaneously. Without any conscious intention on our part, "light" appears and acts to express some mysterious purpose or communication in its form-lessness. Where have you seen the "light" in your lucid dreams?

In this issue's DreamSpeak interview with Ian Wilson, he mentions falling asleep, projecting from his body and then "light" appearing as he sought to heal himself from a miserable flu. Ian writes, "Almost as if instinctive, I sat down on the floor in a meditative position, and strong waves of white light with blue/green hues poured from my hands and flowed from my hands like a fountain and bent towards my [sleeping] physical body forming a balloon of light around it. My whole focus was to heal my body." He wakes, and then feels a profound reversal of the misery, as all his symptoms follow a successive process of disappearing, leaving him completely well and healthy.

While unexpected by Ian, the healing "light" also appears in many of the cases of lucid dream physical healing. Ed Kellogg has reported healing light, shooting or spraying from his fingers or hands, while intending to heal himself or another person. Others have reported healing light in lucid dreams coming towards them from exterior sources, e.g., geometric figures, other beings, etc. While one can debate whether the "light" carries the healing energy or simply symbolically expresses it, its unexpected presence often surprises the lucid dreamer.

Though the "light" occurs in some lucid dream healings, it also appears in many other instances. In my book, ***Lucid Dreaming: Gateway to the Inner Self***, I write of meditating in a lucid dream (p. 149), noting that as I do so, "Suddenly in the sky, I notice brilliant streaks of white light all over – almost like intense white shooting stars in the daylight with lingering streaks of brilliant white." Visually, it seems like my meditating (or stilling the mind) causes the dream scene fabric to tear, and brilliant white begins seeping through the rips. When lucid dreamers withdraw their energy from the mental projection of the dream by meditating, does the projection begin to shred and let the formless emptiness of light emerge from the dream matrix?

In another case, a complex situation may have prompted seeing things in a new "light." Co-editor, Lucy Gillis, lucidly told a group of dream friends, "This is a dream!" One friend disagreed with Lucy's assessment and demanded, "You mean to tell me we're all dreaming?" When Lucy replies, "No, I am. You are characters created by my mind," a bright white light in a narrow horizontal band with black edges flashes in her eyes and on her hands. Simultaneously, her friend bends Lucy's fingers backwards painfully, as Lucy wonders how she can feel pain while lucidly creating the dream. One wonders if the "bright white light" coincides with a new insight about the nature of dream figures.

I recall when I lucidly met a dream figure who told me, "I am a discarded aspect of yourself." I decide to accept it completely, whereupon the dream figure evaporates into a wisp of light that enters my chest. Another lucid dreamer told me of confronting a nightmarish figure, asking its purpose and then accepting it on an emotional level, when it too suddenly became a wisp of light that entered the lucid dreamer's body. I have heard others repeat similar stories in which the mental projection of the dream figure becomes emotionally accepted by the lucid dreamer and then becomes "light" that re-integrates with the lucid dreamer.

If we understood the true nature of this "light," then we would have a better understanding of the nature of dream figures – what they mean, how they come to be created, how they relate to us. Similarly, we might devise new ways of mentally healing the body, mind and spirit.

By noting the occurrence of "light" in lucid dreams, we may begin to see connections with the oft reported light in near death experiences (NDEs). Moreover, similarities may appear with "light" in meditative states and mystical practices, such that lucid dreaming could assist in showing the interlaced aspects of consciousness.

Decades ago on a sleep deprived trans-continental flight, I fell into a deep sleep and dreamt of a simple but pure woman who appeared and announced, "I am the true light that lights men's hearts!" Through lucid dreaming, each of us has a path to search for that "true light" and discover what lights the hearts of all.

Where have you seen the "light" in your lucid dreams?

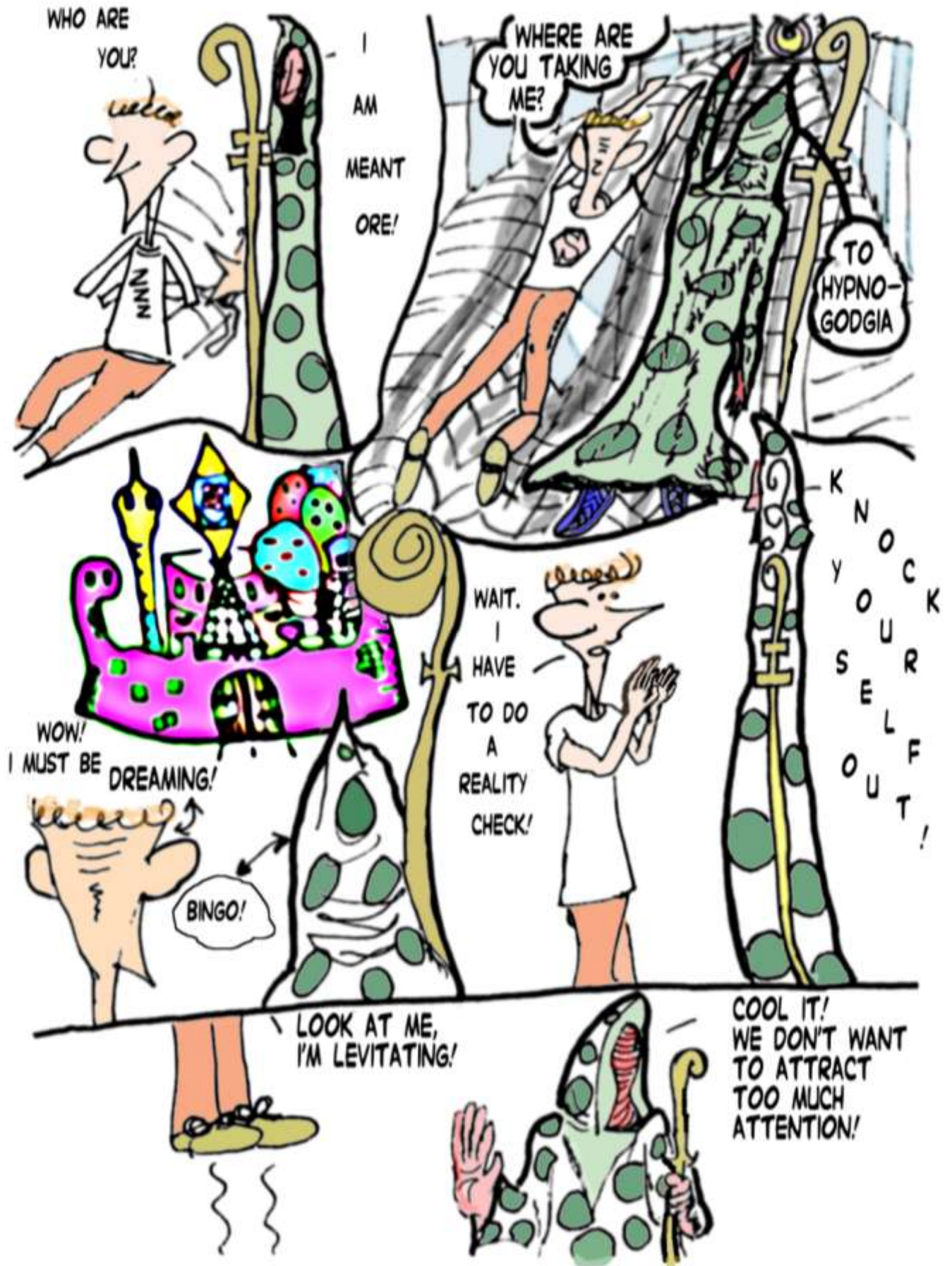
Sources:

"Lucid Dream Healing Experiences: Firsthand Accounts," Presented at the ASD Conference in Santa Cruz July 6-10, 1999 by E. W. Kellogg III, Ph.D. ©1998

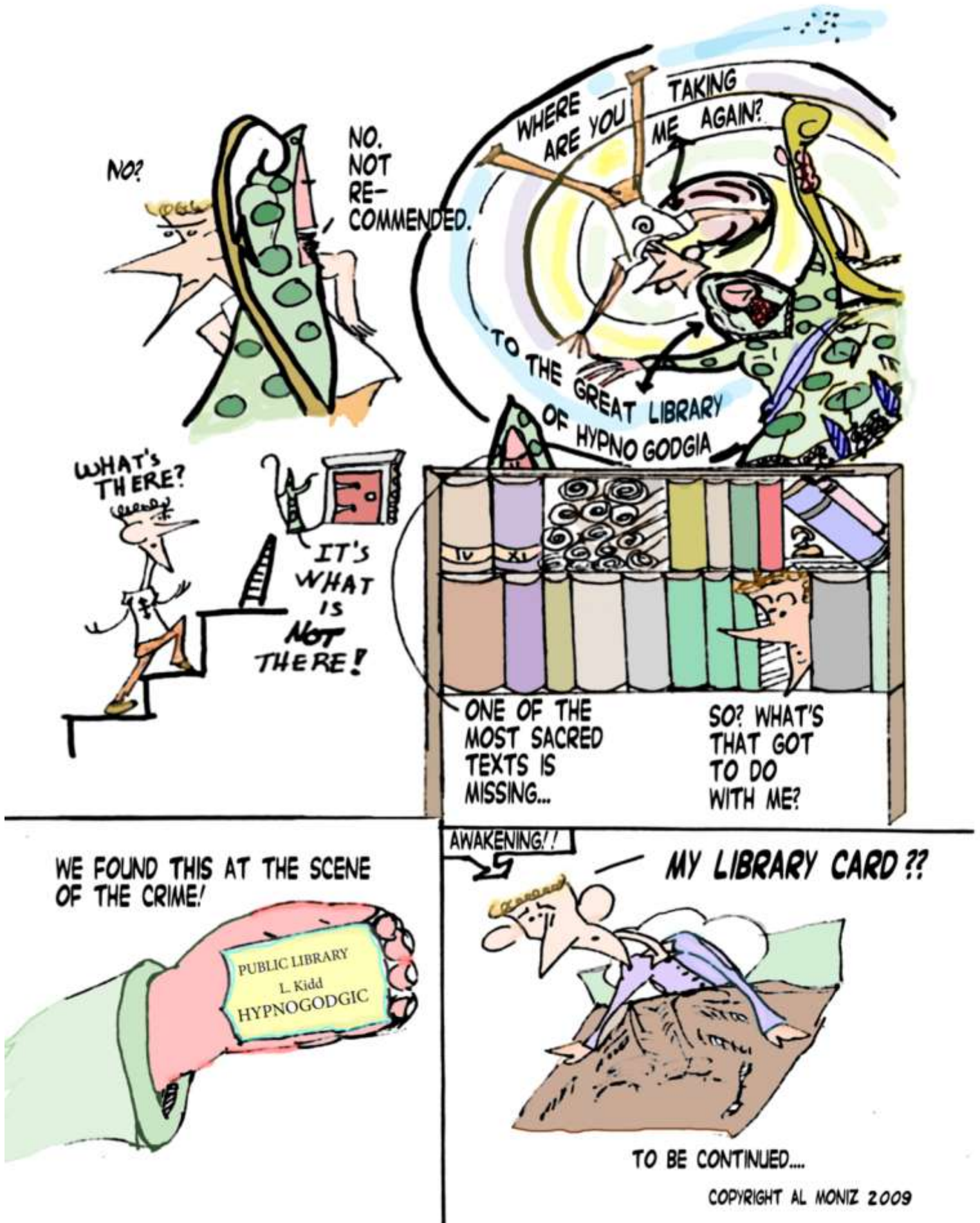
Robert Waggoner, *Lucid Dreaming: Gateway to the Inner Self*, (Moment Point Press: 2009)



# KID LUCID'S ID-VENTURES BY A.D. MONIZ







# IT'S BEAUTIFUL!

(c) Lucy Gillis 2010

In April, I took a trip to visit with friends for a weekend get-together. At some point a few of us were discussing the Seth Material, (by Jane Roberts). I mentioned that I had recently started re-reading all of the “Early Sessions” and was really enjoying Seth’s ideas on energy, the creation of matter, dimensions of existence, dreaming, and consciousness and how it all fit together. We had all been reading the material for many years, and soon the conversation got around to the topic of various experiences we had had when we first began reading the Seth books. I brought up an interesting event that happened to me in the late ‘80s:

It was shortly after I had graduated from university. I was at home, with my roommate. We were both sitting up and reading. I was reading a Seth book (most likely one from the “Unknown Reality” series, as it was the late 80’s when I purchased those particular volumes.)

Suddenly, as I was reading, a deep violet light emerged from thin air just centimetres above the book. It moved slowly, blooming outward, twisting, and unfolding, then it folded back upon itself, and contracted back to a point of nothingness. “That’s beautiful!” I thought to myself.

I wasn’t alarmed at all, and actually just kept on reading. The event hadn’t startled me because for all of my life I have seen small points of light appear at various times, in various places. However, those points of light are usually silver, but occasionally I’ll see a sapphire-coloured point of light wink into and then out of existence. But I did recognize that this “violet light bloom” was not quite the same thing, and was much bigger than a point of light (at its greatest point of expansion, it was about the size of my hand).

A few days after I returned from my trip, I had the following dream.

I am in a darkened room, with one or two other people, but I can't see them. They may be standing behind me or off to the sides just out of my peripheral vision. I hold out my left hand, palm up and focus my attention just above my hand. Somehow I don't focus with my eyes, though I am looking at the space above my palm. I seem to somehow be able to focus from the middle of my forehead – I can feel a slight pulling and “warm” sensation there. A few moments later, a perfectly formed, deep violet sphere appears in the air above my palm. It is translucent, and seems to be made entirely of light. It doesn’t move. I am thrilled that I've been able to do this, and I exclaim happily to the others in the room. It seems we have been trying, or at least I have been trying, experiments with light and form.

Then, the sphere is no longer visible. Focusing on the area above my palm, (with that way from the forehead and not just my eyes), I blow air where the sphere had previously appeared. The process is very hard to describe, as it seems that the movement that would be associated with blowing on the sphere, also seems to emanate from my forehead. It is like the intent (primary) comes from my forehead, the breath or wind (secondary) from my mouth.

When I do this, long thin, rectangular-shaped, multicoloured particles of light erupt upward in a vertical spray and disappear after a height of about half a metre. Each particle looks like a mini light spectrum; the top portion being the violet end, the bottom portion the red end. It's beautiful! When I stop blowing the lights disappear. I'm surprised and elated, and I exclaim this as well to the others in the room. I do this once or twice more.

When I woke, I knew instantly and without doubt that the violet light sphere and the violet light bloom I saw over 20 years ago were connected in some way. My thoughts on the matter kept tumbling through my mind while I went about my day.

One of the main points that Seth speaks of is the non-existence of time; that time only appears to exist in the physical dimension, that really everything is simultaneous, there is no linear time, no past first, future later, everything is happening right now, in the "spacious present." He also stated that some events in the dreaming "universe" are actualized, or became manifest in physical reality. (Anyone who has experienced precognitive dreams has seen this.)

Regarding my 'bloom/sphere' experience I could easily see how removing the time factor could make these two seemingly separate events be manifestations of one single event. What if, I thought to myself, my dream experience of doing experiments with light and form in the dream state was momentarily perceived by my waking self, but my waking self, unaware of the true nature of the event, was only able to perceive movement and sudden existence of light but without specific geometric form? Or, had I, while reading, perceived an earlier "failed" attempt at constructing/creating a sphere in the dream state? Had I managed to evoke light, but not been able to direct it into form?

Seth goes into great detail in the Early Sessions, with regard to reality creation, energy, and dreams to name only a few topics. On page 168 of Book 1, Seth summarized and radically simplified the process of matter creation when he said:

"Energy is received by the mind through the inner senses, transformed by use of mental enzymes into camouflage patterns."

By "camouflage patterns," Seth refers (in this case) to physical matter. Seth describes a mental enzyme as a catalyst, a "spark" that initiates a transformation. Seth also said that there are many types of mental enzymes;

and that light is a mental enzyme. He also spoke of mental genes as being "psychic" blueprints for physical matter. In other words, (and in a very, very simplified manner) what he is saying is that our world is created through the use of light.

Recalling all of this, I wondered if my violet bloom/sphere experience was symbolic of this process. About a month later, on May 14, 2010 the following took place:

Before sleeping, I took a shower, as I usually do. At one point, I turned towards the back of the shower. Suddenly, about 30 cm to the right of the showerhead a sphere appeared out of thin air for a moment or two then vanished. It was a bit bigger than a ping-pong ball. It was a deep indigo-blue, with a black sheen on the top left. I was a bit surprised -- not to see a sphere of light -- but was surprised by the colour and size. As with the violet light bloom, I was not alarmed. In fact I thought it was pretty cool and had no doubt it had something to do with my recent ideas about the seemingly two events of the bloom and the sphere.



About an hour or so later I went to sleep. Then at about 4:00 a.m. I woke up, for seemingly no reason. The same thing had happened the morning before, and like the morning before, I couldn't get back to sleep. Around 5:30 I got up to get a drink of a breakfast shake as I was getting quite hungry. I thought to myself, "Well yesterday when this happened, I had a lucid dream when I finally got back to sleep. Maybe I'll have another lucid this time too." I went back to bed, still had difficulty falling asleep, then what seemed like about an hour later, got up again (not immediately realizing I had gotten up out-of-body):

I notice that it is still fairly dark, darker than it should be for that hour, but I know it must soon be time to get up for work. I walk out into the hall and turn towards



the kitchen, stopping suddenly when I see that bright pink blossoms are growing among thick lush green leaves that hang down either side of the door-less kitchen entrance. With happy surprise, I say out loud, "My plants are flowering!"

I intend to go to the fridge, but kind of hesitate, realizing, vaguely, that something is not quite right regarding the location of the plants. (In waking reality, there are plants on the other side of the kitchen. However these are not flowering plants, they are ivies.)

I take a step back and look into the living room at a wooden bookcase in the corner. I check the top of it to see that the large ivy that grows there, is in fact still there. It is. I feel reassured to see things there look "normal," but I do seem to be in a bit of a daze.

I'm about to go into the kitchen again, presumably to get another sip of the breakfast shake, when to my left appears a purplish image rising out of a dark mass, or perhaps out of the dark leaves of the plants. It is a domed building, hanging in the air, at shoulder level, about the size of a dinner plate. It is translucent, made of violet light. The edges of the structure are a deeper violet, the body of the building, a pale lilac. All along the spines of the dome are yellowish-white circular lights, moving upward, meeting at the top, perhaps to rise up a spire. (I know there is more to this scene, but it was forgotten when I woke.)

I think it is pretty too, (like the pink blooms) and move past it, through the kitchen to the dining area. As I do so, I feel liquid in my mouth. I swallow a few times perhaps, but don't notice that it is strange that I still have liquid in my mouth. I have a notion that I'm dreaming, but I don't articulate it as such. However, I notice the liquid has almost the consistency of pop. I try to make it taste like pop. (Pepsi®.) The taste changes a bit but lacks the fizziness and sharp tang. I try then to make it taste like a no-name cola, which usually has a sharp tang, but is not as fizzy as brand-name pop. It doesn't work. I either swallow it for good this time, or it simply vanishes. I then step over to the window intending to look out at the cityscape at night below me.

Out loud I say "Oh, it's beautiful!" as I am startled to see, towering above the city, a gargantuan lighthouse,

made entirely of blue light, it's base minimally obscured by the trees and buildings of the city below. The outline of the structure is a deep blue, the body a lighter blue, but the blue light is moving. Its colour changes shade of blue as it swirls and dances within the confines of the form, and in places, for a moment at a time, I can see the vertical grains in the "wooden" clap board structure appear. In those instances, the light takes the form of a translucent clap board, then retreats to a swirling mass again within the framework of the light house.

As I gaze at it, I seem to be thinking of too many things at once: how I know that I am dreaming, how I know that this has something to do with the violet bloom and sphere, how Seth described vital energy creating form from a "blueprint" idea so to speak, how somehow, on some level of reality I am learning about these things in ways I can't quite understand from a waking point of view, but what I see is likely just a conscious translation of a much larger event.....

There are just too many avenues of thought to pursue. Then I tell myself, or a part of me tells myself, to stop analysing the image, and just enjoy the incredible beauty. I do so, in total awe of what I am seeing right before me. For a few more moments I watch the blue light swirling throughout the lighthouse "blueprint." I then awaken, *delighted*. Please forgive the pun ☺



# In Your Dreams!

**Karl Boyken, May 13, 2010**  
**Opening**

I'm at a hotel or retreat center, maybe attending some kind of residential program. My friends M. and B. have a room down the hall. I walk along the hall toward my room. Everything has a golden glow to it. When I notice the glow, I realize I'm dreaming.

I enter my room. I say out loud, "Okay, come on out. You can't hurt me--I know I'm dreaming." All the doors in the room open. I don't see anyone, but I feel the invisible presence in the room. I'm not scared. Something about the presence feels like a mischievous young girl, not evil. I sense that the presence is feeling disappointed and a little lost.

Comment: Since childhood, I've occasionally had dreams of an invisible presence that felt like pure evil. As a boy, I would feel personally threatened. Later in life, I'd feel safe, but would feel that my loved ones were in danger. So, for me, this is a great dream, an amazing dream.

**John Vertin, May 3, 2010**  
**Simply Amazing Flight**

I never knew there was a term for what I have experienced many times in my life: Lucid Dreaming (thanks, world wide web). The first time I gained control in a dream was something I will never forget because upon waking up I felt an energy in me that I have never felt and just had a huge smile like I had just done something amazing.

I often had falling dreams as a child but this one experience was different. I "woke up" in the dream and realized I was falling and I imagined a rope . . . a rope tied to something, anything. I grabbed a hold and swung like Tarzan to what seemed to be safety. Moments later I was awake . . . not terrified at all . . . it felt Godlike.

I have had other dreams since then in the basic genre of falling or flying but last night's was what prompted me to explore the web for a definition. I found myself "wake up" in a dream and realized I was in my old home town of Seal Beach. Excited, I ran to my old best friend's house . . . but I found myself running like an animal . . . a dog or cat, but huge . . . a beast on all fours taking huge powerful strides through glass windows over cars and down the street.

What was strange is that I found myself hiding from moving vehicles, as if they were out to get me. But I was excited to be chased. Finally I found myself testing how high/far I could jump and I ended up flying!!! Just simply amazing flight . . . the town below getting smaller and smaller . . . the sky bright red and blue. I again felt Godlike . . . just unbounded happiness and excitement . . . especially since I'm terrified of heights.

I can remember fighting the urge to wake from this dream, never wanting it to end. Sadly I think that nagging thought broke me from my flight and I awoke . . . smiling ear to ear . . . fantastic, brilliant!

I hope some of the techniques I've read about today can get me to prolong my experiences and hope to share them with all of you again . . . keep flying, John.

**Mark Lane, February 2010**  
**Free Your Mind**

I'm in a regular non-lucid dream. I enter a prison block of which I'm an inmate. As I walk through a corridor of one of the upper floors I'm struck at how the green hue of the walls looks odd. It is very like in the film

**The Matrix** with the trademark green tinge. As I reach the end of the corridor I suddenly realise I'm dreaming.

I touch the door in front of me to increase lucidity and delightedly decide to slowly fly back up the way I'd come. As I turn a corner I see a woman prison warden. I ask her what she represents but she ignores my request. I'm not bothered by her response and spontaneously choose to attempt flying through a glass window about 10 feet away behind me. I've never attempted this before and when I fly fast at it I just bang my head into it quite hard but without pain. On my second attempt I almost make it through the window but end up stuck half way through. I realise that I need to remember that the window is a dream window. And so on my third go I decide just before flying at it that it will be like passing easily through cling film/wrap.



It happens easily and as I get through I stop just outside the window hovering in space. I look down to see sea water lapping at the base of the building. I must have been about 100 feet up. I suddenly decide to nose-dive down to the water but just as I reach it (with great velocity) I say, "Freeze frame!" I stop instantly with my dream heart pounding with excitement!

Hovering there just above the water's surface I gently tap my bare feet on the cool water. I'm thrilled by the feel of it and move across the surface as if walking on water. It is a kind of half floating and half walking movement. I see a hawk dive down to my right and a duck or

two floating on the water. I remember my goal to shout out a question to the dream itself and look for a piece of dry land to stand on. I reach a marshland area but lose lucidity before I shout out my request. I put this down to the build up of emotional excitement, which I neglected to temper, from my previous maneuvers.

What is particularly interesting to me is that I didn't intend to do the window, nose-dive, foot tapping etc. before the dream. These things spontaneously came to mind as desires in the dream. When I reflected on this it made me think that possibly an intuitive part of me is guiding me through some very important developmental stages. I'm being shown how to change and control my focus in the dream and un-learn the physical beliefs from waking life, bit by bit. All very encouraging and inspiring stuff. I really like the way the green tinge got my attention too, as if my Inner Self is presenting me with clues that I'm in a dream - very clever.

This has been a common theme in my last 5 or so lucid dreams since I've become more focused on developing and prolonging my lucidity to deeper levels. More help and reminders are being offered. An obvious case of, "When the student is ready, the teacher appears."

**Natasha Sapershteyn, March 2010**  
**Anacturas**

Not sure what triggered it, but at some point I realize that I'm dreaming. I'm at a restaurant, up on a second floor balcony that wraps around the perimeter of the room in a circle. There are people sitting at tables along the whole length of the balcony. It's dimly lit. I encounter an older, short and stocky woman. She knows something important. I ask her: "Why am I here and what is it that I need to know?" She evades answering and starts walking away. I insist on getting an answer and keep following her around the balcony in an almost comical fashion. After a few rounds around the room and my persistent demands, with resignation she gives me a clue: "Anacturas." I feverishly try to remember this word by repeating it over and over until I wake up.

**Melanie Zarth, March 2010**  
**Escape From Wedding...Owl Talk**

This next dream is seriously one of the most entertaining I remember. It started out like a real nightmare. The setting was mostly in Janesville, (Wisconsin) and at my mom's. It was the day before I was to marry A. my ex bro-in-law. (Oh no!! As if the idea of marriage isn't bad enough.) The whole thing seemed like an arranged marriage. Everyone was gathering to get ready for the rehearsal.





I put on the wedding dress, and that was very nice. It was like a white traditional dress, slim corset in the middle and full and poufy skirt. It had another layer that was to be worn over the white part that was royal blue, with white details. I had my hair done up and had on very shiny silver or diamond earrings. My mother and sisters were present, as well as my ex-father in law, for sure. I knew there were more people too. My mom even made a comment about me being lucky that my husband-to-be had a nice physique. I thought to myself, I haven't even seen him in ages, what am I doing getting married?? I felt like I didn't know where I've been in the months leading up to this "joyous" occasion. Nobody even seemed concerned.

C. (my ex husband and the groom's brother) wasn't there. The only thing I was looking forward to in the night was a good steak at dinner. (In waking life it has been a very long time since I have had one.) I was uncomfortable. Then people started saying that A. was on his way in. When he arrived and stepped into the kitchen, people greeted him, and I thought to myself, "Well, I 'spose I should get up and hug him or something, because people would expect me to." He was disgusting, and didn't look like him too much. He was about 5'2", very thuggish, and smelled like smoke. He was like "Hey babe, what up?" Ugh. I went down the hall quickly to get away to my mom's bedroom, and start to change for the rehearsal dinner.

I took off the earrings, and saw the back of the dress. It had a small train, and some words where my rear end would be that said something about 'movin' those hips,' or some reference to a real train. (Also sort of white-trashy, or thuggish.) As I was unbuttoning part of the dress, it was a very detailed moment. I recall look-

ing at a button going through the hole as I was undressing. I thought to myself, "How can I resume life exactly the way I live now, after getting married, will that be possible?" I knew I was very happy in my life the way it is now. "I don't want anything to do with him or marriage." I was desperate to figure out how I could get out of this. Do I wait until after the dinner? What about all the money and deposits? I was really freaking out.

Finally I thought to myself there is only one hope for my escape, and that is MAYBE there is a possibility that I am in a dream. I really didn't think so . . . this nightmare was so convincing! Thank God I thought of that. I pinched my nose and COULD BREATHE! YAY!! I was surprised and so thankful!! I had a lot of energy. I knew I wanted to try to fly, since I was supposed to try in my first dream of the night.

I went outside via a door that doesn't exist, that is approximately where mom's bathroom window is. It was dark and starry outside. I went out the back, and to the right to where a swing used to be. I moved a bit to get away from the trees as I focused on a star in the sky, with a clear shot to it. I bent down a little to get some momentum and jumped up with some power. I shot up straight into the air like 30 feet - it was a bit hard to stay balanced - and floated back down. I tried one more time, focusing on a star, this time wondering if I could make it to Heaven. I said out loud, "Michael!" (Jackson, of course . . . I have been trying to be with him - I knew I wouldn't be able to see him, but at most I thought there would be some spiritual presence.) I made it a bit higher, but hovered near some trees.

Then, an owl saw me and flew by me fast. He cut my left hand on purpose with his beak as he went by. It did hurt a little, and I saw the gash as it started to bleed and welt up. I said to him, "What in the Hell did you do that for?" I said that I was sorry for being in his way, but I just found out I didn't have to get married to my ex brother in law. I wiped it and it started to heal right away.

The owl then morphed into a human man who was dressed like a construction worker. He was nice, 'cause he knew I was a fellow Oneironaut, and said something like he was just testing me to see if I was "one of them." There were more construction guys on some large scaffolding and cherry pickers. It reminded me of the road crews that work at night. Some of them were testing others to see if they were "okay to fly home." (lol!) I saw one man in his pyjamas carrying a white Styrofoam cup, in the middle of his "sobriety" test.

**Sarah Horsley, April 24, 2010**  
**Flying**

I woke in the middle of the night then got water, etc., and settled back down to sleep. I have had flying dreams as far back as I can remember - certainly in my teens - and I am pushing 60. I usually avoid the difficulty of being unable to leave the ground easily by launching myself off mountain tops, off high buildings or through open windows. Last night I simply flew through the glass, like breaking water into a beautiful coloured landscape.

I have discovered in previous flying dreams that walls are no impediment. For instance once, when I was stuck flying in a mall and felt trapped. For awhile I flew with my daughter talking to her about the experience (which was new, usually I fly solo).

I can often choose the type of scenery I fly over: pink chateau or tropical islands, across mountainous regions, or whoosh upwards at mind-blowing speed out into deep space. I have also found myself flying in cities in the dark, very Gothic, complete with gargoyles on the high building I soon perched on.

Once I found myself flying around our local city park in the dark and was bored because I couldn't see the bright colours I enjoy so much. I decided to see if I could change location and time zone by focusing on a friend and found myself, after letting my brain swirl backwards into a spiral vortex, with my friend in daylight in Scotland.

I performed one neat trick once while lucid where I wanted a drink of orange juice but only water was available so I decided to turn the water into OJ by thinking 'orange flavour.' It worked only too well except I produced Tang instead of Tropicana because my orange thought was too vague. I wish I had thought about Grand Marnier but perhaps one shouldn't drink and fly!

I have the usual whooshing noises/sensations which are sometimes alarming and sometimes not. This morning was different and scary enough for me to decide to stop the flying dream and focus on breathing. Earlier I

had been very lucid. At this point I was aware of what was happening but I wasn't choosing it so much as I was experiencing events but not directing them. I felt very disconnected from my actual body and my dream body felt powerful, invincible and when I looked down I had superwoman-like, clearly defined, very muscular legs which was rather freaky since I usually have my own body (if somewhat more agile) in dreams.

I was rushing along, flying in a sitting position with my legs straight out in front of me as if on an invisible magic carpet and going to war. I have no idea who we were or what the battle was going to be about or where we were going. I had no weapons or armour but felt super-powered - like if I struck at you with my naked arm, watch out!

The dream was sufficiently weird that I wondered if my actual body heart was racing or if I would die in my sleep so I decided to focus on breathing my actual body and come out of it. I had no desire to fight anyone anyway although the sense of super-charged energy was exhilarating. I came to, feeling almost paralysed and lying flat on my back which is routine for when I have flying/ lucid dreams.

**Robert Waggoner,**  
**March 5-6, 2010**  
**Limestone Steps**

Wendy and I seem to be in the downtown of a small city in Ohio. As we follow a guy to some place in our car, we encounter snow. At that moment, I look around at the swirling white and think, "This is weird!" Then I realize that we are dreaming.

I tell Wendy, "It's only dream snow. Nothing to worry about." We arrive at a formidable, older building, which has large, limestone steps that lead underground. Something seems familiar about these steps, like I have dreamt this all before. I tell Wendy my suspicions and make the first step down to see what waits below.



**David L. Kahn, May 7, 2010**  
**Flying Deeper Into Myself**

My dream memory begins with becoming lucid. I immediately take off and fly from a room that I am in. The room is dark and it is about the size of a bedroom. There is a window in front of me. I fly through it, knowing that the window is an illusion. I continue my flight in a downward angle. Other "obstacles" appear in front of me, all parts of a building structure such as wooden beams. I fly through all of them too with ease, knowing these are also illusions.

It is either night or I am flying through something like space, because outside of these building structure objects, everything is dark. I continue on flying at this angle for a short time, and then I flip onto my back. At this point I am no longer flying forward. I begin to gently fall down as if to lie on my back on a bed. It is relaxing and I begin to think that I am waking up. The feeling is that of being in both places at once, both inside the dream and lying on my bed. This results in a false awakening and a shift to a new dream scene.

In the new scene I am coming out of a structure that is made much of stone, like a combination of something natural and man-made. It reminds me of something Indiana Jones might have gone searching for treasure in. I walk up some steps made of stone. There is a platform that turns so that the next level up goes in the opposite direction. I find climbing these steps somewhat difficult. It takes a reasonable amount of energy to do it, but I am able to do so. Once I'm at the top I don't feel that way anymore.

I don't quite go to the top, because over the last stairs I see a group of 5 people, though they may be creatures. I am uncertain if they are friendly. I hold something in my right hand and a small dragon in my left. The dragon is made of plastic and can shine light. I switch it to my right hand. The dragon gives me power. Anything I shine the light on is obliterated. Off in the distance I see my friend Mike. He looks angry, and I know that he has powers too. He's off by himself and I know he can't harm anyone over there. I feel it is best to just leave him be, knowing that he will be fine soon enough. My dragon has a limited amount of energy, like batteries that need to be recharged or replaced on occasion. Or

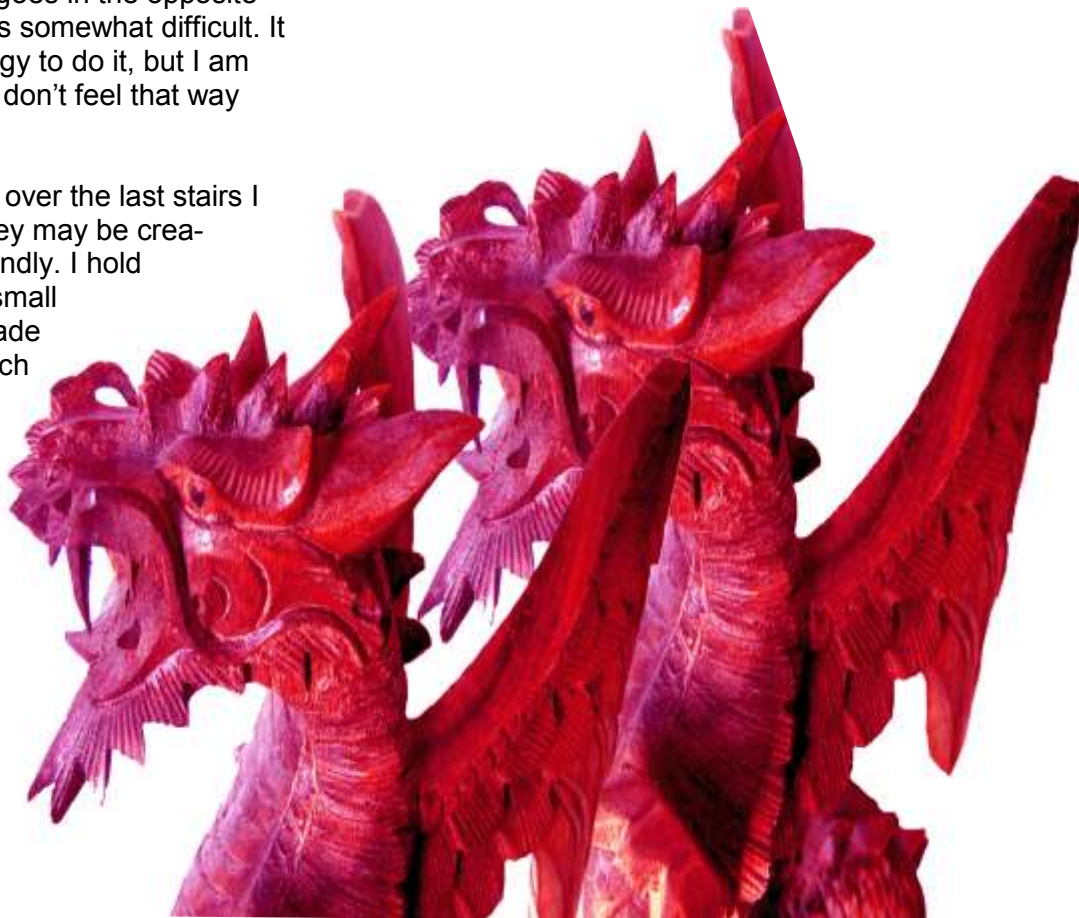
maybe once it runs out of energy, that's it. But I also know that it has a lot of energy, so although I don't want to use it constantly, I also don't feel as though I have to be too cautious either.

**Robert Waggoner, March 19-20, 2010**  
**Dragon Stairway**

A woman rings the door and a little girl and I step into the entry chamber and open it. The woman says that she is the past owner of the home, and would like to see the place now. I invite her in. She seems to have made a fortune by producing or selling teddy bears.

As she looks around, I begin to notice the beautiful furniture, ornate rugs and fantastic design (it seems that the main room has the shape of a mandala). Then I notice something really striking! Two red dragon heads act as the staircase entry to the upstairs bedroom (the west gate of the mandala, I believe); their bodies wind up and function as the railing. It's a beautiful, detailed carving. I say to the woman, "I wonder if this is a dream. This seems so incredible." It takes a moment, but I conclude, "This is a lucid dream!"

I decide to make an affirmation, and shout out to the awareness behind the dream, "I wish to achieve the realization of this house, its beauty and wealth!" I feel good about making this intent while lucid.





**Tony, April 2010**  
**Trying to Go Back**

This does not concern a lucid dream, but a dream from at least ten years ago whose primary image has become one that is the focus of many of my lucid dreams.

I'm on the shore of a quiet, sparkling bay. The beach is white sand, but I'm standing in the water where the grains of sand are bigger, almost like multi-colored pebbles beneath my feet. Next to me is a simple wooden boat. I look down the beach and see three people approaching me, perhaps in their late twenties - the same age as me in the dream. In the front is a woman. She is beautiful with dark long hair, dark eyes, and is wearing a white robe trimmed in a dark pattern. The robe has a hood. The two men with her, with dark curly hair, are much more simply dressed in casual tunics. I know these three to be intimate acquaintances and very dear friends. We get into the boat and head for our destination, a small island not too far out in the bay. What faces us is a very high, sheer cliff of exposed rock. The rock has been painted so that its entire face bears an icon much like "Christ Pantocrator." (A Google search will show you what it looks like.) I stare in amazement, wondering who undertook this painting. I want to cry it is so beautiful. The sea is calm. This is where my recall of the dream ends, although I believe we DID get there. I have the sense that this scene took place centuries ago and that we are probably somewhere in the Mediterranean.

I want to visit this island again and be with these three friends who I feel knew me better than I know myself. I want to talk with them, ask them questions, and walk on the island with them again.

When I have a lucid dream (frequency depends on how much I'm working at having them) I generally state my wish to go back. On one occasion, I started to fly and, wondering where I should go shouted, "Back to the island!" The sky exploded in dazzling white and I woke up. Another time, I was flying over the ocean trying to decide where to go when I said, "Take me back to the island." I found myself suspended in the air, unable to move left, right, forward, back, up, or down. Suddenly, I started to rise as the air around me got brighter and brighter. You guessed it . . . I woke up.

I'm trying to go back. I believe this island has a special message/lesson for me. I believe the friends from the original dream hold an important key to revealing that message. Even if they don't, I'd just like to be with them again.

**Editor's Note to Our Readers: Has anyone else ever tried to go back to a "location" from a previous dream while lucid? Did it work? Had the environment changed?**



**Nicole De Angelis, March 2010**  
**Longest Lucid Dream**

I thought I was dreaming but everything was dark. This has happened to me a few times but usually nothing comes of it because I can't make it light. I did the breathing through the nose RC (reality check) and it worked but still it was like I had no body and everything was dark. Like a blank canvas (in the dark, lol!). Then I thought, "Ok maybe my eyes are closed." So I tried to open my eyes and I remember them feeling very heavy and I was afraid I was going to wake up but I did it anyway and I was lying in my bed.

At first I couldn't move but I did the hold the nose and breathe (HNB) RC again and it worked so I realized I was still dreaming. I decided to get out of bed, still afraid this wasn't really a dream and I was going to wake up. I kept doing the HNB and it was working to my surprise every time.

I pried myself out of bed. I felt so heavy, almost the same feeling when you're really tired and have to get up in the middle of the night to pee. I walked into the kitchen and E. (my husband) was there. He doesn't really take my LDing (lucid dreaming) very seriously and when I saw him I wasn't totally convinced that I was still LDing so I went into the spare bedroom and tried to go through the mirror but it didn't work. So I thought I must not be dreaming. *-jump-*

I walked through the house and I saw E. and did another RC. This time I did the HNB. It worked so I walked up to him, and with a big smile on my face said, "Hey guess what? You're in my lucid dream." He laughed, replying, "Oh really," but he didn't really believe me. I was talking to him, walking through the house, then I realized he wasn't going to believe me till he had one himself. So I left and started looking for someone else to talk to. *-jump-*

I tried to go through a mirror again with no success. (That is something I have not been successful at yet, in any of my LDs.) I wanted to change the scenery. It was still semi-dark in the house so I walked into another room and suddenly all the lights popped on all at once. I did another HNB: still LDing. This room was not a room in my house, I was somewhere else. There were 3 or 4 ceiling fans and white walls with windows and long flowing curtains. I tried to go through a window but that did not work either. (Going through things just does not seem to work for me in my dreams I really want to figure that out.)

So then I went outside and decided to fly. So I started a small jog down a cobble stone path alongside the multi-story beach-front building I just came out of. YES, I was at the beach! There were a few DCs (dream characters) walking along the path. I took flight right before hitting the sand. A female DC pointed at me as I ascended into the sky. I was totally enjoying the flight, doing flips and swooping down and almost hitting the water.

Then I thought I've never gone underwater in my dreams. This water was the murky green color of the Maryland, Delaware east cost ocean. So I dove down out of the sky and almost made it a few times but only my arms would touch the water. So I kept trying and finally I made it. Just as I was about to go under, I saw something swimming in the water - a dark angler-looking fish perhaps. So when I got beneath that water I spread my arms in search of the creature. I couldn't see a thing. I was not afraid because I was aware it was a dream. I realized I was holding my breath, so I decided to breathe. I must admit I was a little nervous to breathe the first time, but then I was exhilarated by the fact that I was breathing underwater! Then I think I might have had a False Awakening.

Then I was in a building; not sure where. I did a RC HNB, it worked - I was LDing. I walked around. As I looked around it seemed to be some kind of religious building, but HUGE and beautiful with mulit-dome ceilings with detailed paintings. I tried to remember what else I wanted to do while LDing and realized, "Wait! I wanted to talk to J (my fiancé who died in a car accident nine years ago). So I kept thinking that maybe I would see him around the next corner but it wasn't working. I decided to ask some DCs if they knew a JD. I asked this young male DC standing next to me if he knew of a J and he said no. So I asked another DC if they knew of him and they said, "J, JD, yeah we know him." I was in shock and asked if they could take me to him. They said, "Sure no problem."

We walked outside of the building we were now in, into an alley where cars pulled up to drop people off. They told me that he was in there, in a building connected to the building we just came out of. There was a female DC who appeared to be a police officer or a security guard. I went to ask her if she could take me to J. She said that he was in there but we needed to wait.

I remember looking around at all the people and the detail and thinking how WOW!, these people are all made up in my head, this is amazing! I saw a baby boy and I looked him over holding him and trying to put every detail of him in my memory, from his tiny fingernails to the little scratch on his chest. I sat down and started talking to the police officer lady and I believe it was the other two gentlemen that sat down with us in a circle sitting Indian style on the floor. I told her that this was all happening in my LD. I asked her for her phone number. She said, "It's different than your phone numbers it has 4 numbers." I said, "Oh I know, we all have an extra number now attached to our original phone numbers IRL (in real life), a 2 or an 8 depending on if it is cellular or land-line." So I looked for a pen, then realized I couldn't take it (a written number) with me. All I remember is 6 but there was only 4 numbers to the whole phone number.

Then I remembered J. I asked if I could see him now. They said yes but to be prepared as he didn't look anything like he did before the accident. IRL he wasn't disfigured in the accident, he just looked like he was sleeping. They showed me a picture but it wasn't very clear. He looked shorter and his face was all disfigured. So I went into the room and saw him sitting there, but it looked nothing like him. I started to cry - all these emotions bubbling up inside of me. It wasn't the way he looked I couldn't have cared less about that. It was that we were finally in the same room together again. I have missed him SO much and to just be in the same room was more than enough. The emotion felt SO Real and although I was crying, it was from joy. *Then I woke up. This was my longest lucid dream.*

**Michelle, April 2010**  
**Unpleasant Experience**

Like most people I suppose I have had numerous episodes of lucid dreaming. My first was when I was living in a Buddhist centre in Adelaide and I dreamed I was gliding down a staircase at which point I became aware that I was dreaming and that I could control the dream and then I experienced the most amazing feeling of flying. I remember it still vividly although it was in 1988. At other times my lucid dreams are highly sexual. On one such occasion I remember becoming aware of an impending feeling of orgasm that I used to propel me into a myriad of amazing colours and sensations. Also sometimes I feel like I am moving really fast in a car and this propels me into lucidity.

There are however two episodes that have not been all that pleasant. The first was in 1982. Yes there were substances involved. Highly emotional after a relationship breakdown, I had drunk a considerable amount of scotch and taken some stimulating tablets (ones truckies used to call horse tablets I believe to keep them awake) lying in bed asleep I became aware of a heavy sensation on my chest and navel area, like a spiralling vortex that gave me a crawling sensation. I was unable to move. In my small flat I had left the radio on and I distinctly heard it do a full revolution of stations, one by one. I was scared shitless and unable to move and moved out of the flat soon after with the belief I had ghosts.

My next encounter also involved a rather hefty amount of alcohol. It was in 2004 on Hamilton Island. I was there for a conference and had consumed way too much vino. I distinctly remember waking from alcohol-induced sleep to complete and utter paralysis. No matter what I did I could not move a muscle, not even open my eyes or move a finger and I became highly distressed. Then a brown ghoul-like apparition appeared to me and came towards my chest trying to enter my body. I remember feeling like I had been violated. It was not a pleasant experience but it was also not a dream as I felt fully awake, just unable to move.

**Editor's Note: The paralysed feeling that some people experience is a natural part of the sleep cycle. When in REM sleep (the stage where most remembered dreams occur) the body is paralysed, except for the eyes (and organs, like the lungs, etc.). Some researchers believe it is so we won't try to act out our dreams in our sleep. Some people "wake up" during this stage and find they can't move. In essence, their mind is awake, but the body is still asleep.**

**Most common sensations that accompany the paralysis are feelings like a presence in the room, or**

**like someone is pushing down on your chest, as well as many other sensations. It feels so vivid that the dreamer is certain that they are awake. For more information, see recent LDE article by Ryan Hurd at <http://www.dreaminglucid.com/articles/spiralsleepparalysisarticle54.pdf>**

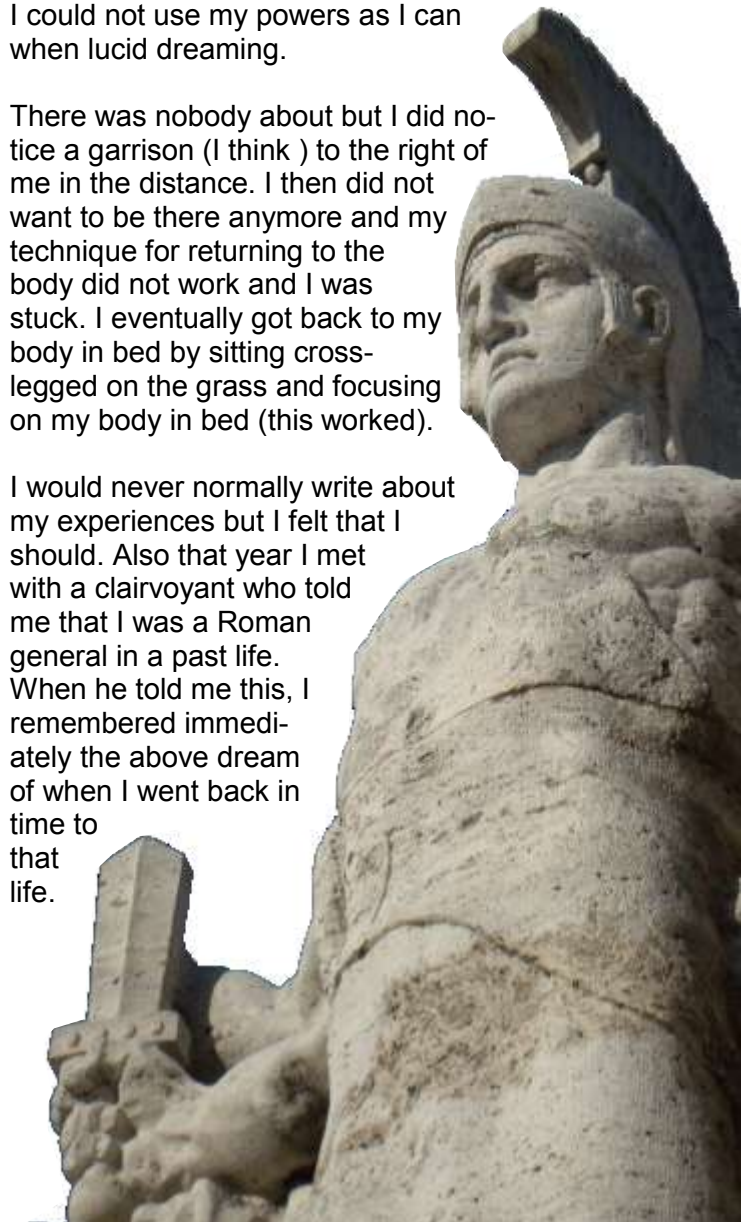
**Michael Ellis, March 2010**  
**Roman General**

I am awake in the dream state often and over so many years of this am able to move objects, change shape, fly, meet my father sometimes, etc. But sometimes I end up back in the past. In one particular experience I was walking over a field and it was hot, under a clear blue sky.

I noticed I was wearing a Roman uniform. I was shocked and could not believe it. I was checking the leather strapped skirt I was wearing, and I could see my legs were big and muscular; the colour of my skin was tanned. I walked around for a little while and I found that I could not use my powers as I can when lucid dreaming.

There was nobody about but I did notice a garrison (I think ) to the right of me in the distance. I then did not want to be there anymore and my technique for returning to the body did not work and I was stuck. I eventually got back to my body in bed by sitting cross-legged on the grass and focusing on my body in bed (this worked).

I would never normally write about my experiences but I felt that I should. Also that year I met with a clairvoyant who told me that I was a Roman general in a past life. When he told me this, I remembered immediately the above dream of when I went back in time to that life.







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

**Michael Frank**

<https://sites.google.com/site/michaelfrankphotographs/>

**Robert's Book Website**

<http://www.lucidadvice.com>

**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)

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

**The International Association for the Study of Dreams**

[www.asdreams.org](http://www.asdreams.org)

**Linda Magallón's dreamflyer.net**

Flying dreams and much more. Several articles from LDE appear, especially in the section entitled, "The Dream Explorer."

[www.dreamflyer.net](http://www.dreamflyer.net)

**Experience Festival**

Several articles on lucid dream-related topics

[http://www.experiencefestival.com/lucid\\_dreaming](http://www.experiencefestival.com/lucid_dreaming)

**Lucid Dream Newsgroups**

[alt.dreams.lucid](http://alt.dreams.lucid) and [alt.out-of-body](http://alt.out-of-body)

**Sleep Paralysis and Lucid Dreaming Research**

[www.geocities.com/jorgeconesa/Paralysis/sleepnew.html](http://www.geocities.com/jorgeconesa/Paralysis/sleepnew.html)

**David F. Melbourne**

Author and lucid dream researcher.

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

**Lucid Dreaming Links**

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

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

[www.dreams.ca](http://www.dreams.ca)

**Explorers of the Lucid Dream World Documentary**

<http://www.LucidDreamExplorers.com>

**Reve, Conscience, Eveil**

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

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

**Lucidipedia** [www.lucidipedia.com](http://www.lucidipedia.com)

**Christoph Gassmann**

Information about lucid dreaming and lucid dream pioneer and gestalt psychology professor, Paul Tholey.

<http://schrift-und-traum.ch/ring/tholey2.html>

**Werner Zurfluh**

"Over the Fence"

[www.oobe.ch/index\\_e.htm](http://www.oobe.ch/index_e.htm)

**Beverly D'Urso - Lucid Dream Papers**

<http://durso.org/beverly>

**The Conscious Dreamer**

Sirley Marques Bonham

[www.theconsciousdreamer.org](http://www.theconsciousdreamer.org)

**Fariba Bogzaran** [www.bogzaran.com](http://www.bogzaran.com)

**Robert Moss** [www.mossdreams.com](http://www.mossdreams.com)

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

**Jayne Gackenbach**

Past editor of Lucidity Letter. All issues of Lucidity Letter now available on her website.

[www.spiritwatch.ca](http://www.spiritwatch.ca)

**The Lucid Art Foundation**

[www.lucidart.org](http://www.lucidart.org)

**Matt Jones's Lucid Dreaming and OBE Forum**

[www.saltcube.com](http://www.saltcube.com)

**Janice's Website**

With links to lucid dreaming and out of body sites.

<http://www.hopkinsfan.net>

**DreamTokens**

[www.dream-tokens.com](http://www.dream-tokens.com)

**David L. Kahn**

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

**Rebecca's Website**

[www.World-of-Lucid-Dreaming.com](http://www.World-of-Lucid-Dreaming.com)

**Roger "Pete" Peterson**

<http://realtalklibrary.com>

**Lucid Dreaming Documentary**

Wake Up! Exploring the Potential of Lucid Dreaming

<http://luciddreamingdocumentary.com>.