Dream Characters and Reality Checks
Part Four: Mutual Dreaming

Does the Sailor Control the Sea?
Overcoming Resistance to Lucid Dreaming

A Chat With Dr. Amit Goswami

Lucid Dreaming and Aesthetics
The Lucid Dream Exchange

Founder
Ruth Sacksteder

Co-Editors
Lucy Gillis & Robert Waggoner

Publisher
Lucy Gillis

Contributors

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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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An Interview with a Lucid Dreamer
By Robert Waggoner

Fariba Bogzaran, Ph.D., has been a long time lucid dreamer, explorer, and visionary. As an artist, teacher, and writer, she brings unique insights into lucid dreaming and consciousness. Currently, she serves as the Executive Director of the Lucid Art Foundation.

Visit www.bogzaran.com

Answers to questions © Fariba Bogzaran
Robert: Along with lucid dreaming, you seem to have a deep interest in art and creativity. Does this interest come about as an expressive outgrowth of your experiences in lucid dreaming? Or, did you first have a deep interest in art, and then realize the artistry of the mind in dreams and lucid dreaming?

For a long time I was split between being an artist and a scientist. Art and science were always equal interests and parallel inquiries in my life. I studied medicine for three years. In my country, we had to choose our major at age fifteen! The last three years of high school were equivalent to the first three years of college here. In studying medicine we had to do a daily drawing of all the intricacies of the human body, cells, skeleton, muscles and layers from skin to organs to brain to nervous system. Our tests often included detailed color drawings. Other students spent a very short time on the drawings but I would spend hours illustrating. What I was really interested in was art, but medicine was the way I could practice art! Also my older brother influenced me a great deal as he was very artistic. He also studied medicine and became a microbiologist. We used to do experiments with art and science together and often created art installations related to geometry to decorate our room. During this same period, I was paying very close attention to my dream and lucid dreaming world.

For me, art and dreaming came together in 1981 when I took a course on psychophysiology at the University of Wisconsin and studied the complexity of the brain more in depth. In that class I fell madly in love with the mechanism, image and the shape of the brain! I thought the brain was among the most beautiful and mysterious creations. I loved its undulating lines; the connections of synapses; each small center responsible for the different aspect of our body, emotions and thoughts; and its chemistry, intricacy and intelligence. I still think it is the most marvelous and mysterious aspect of the human body! I became obsessed with not only studying the brain but drawing it! Soon my medical illustrations of the brain took a surrealist turn for me. I began painting my dreams inside the image of the brain.

Robert: Have you ever sought artistic works or artistic solutions in the lucid dream state? What happened?

Yes, the majority of my work in the past 25 years has been informed by my lucid dreams. I no longer try to illustrate dreams but choose the most luminous part of the experience and allow the creative process to take me back to the dream. The act of creation becomes the unfolding of the dream and the creation becomes a new dream. I sometimes work with the energy of the dream rather than the image of the dream. Sometimes I stay with one series and one aspect of a lucid dream for years. The series "Lucidity, Line and Light" came directly from three lucid dreams in which I experienced matter interfacing with inner light. In these experiences I was a witness to the transformation of form into emptiness, dense matter into luminous light. In some of these lucid dreams my dream body disappeared and I moved through the light while trying to experience what the inner light is made out of. Often I ask, "What is the source of the inner light?" It took me years to find a painting medium to explore this topic. Since 1995, I have been creating textured paintings that I call "collograph paintings." It comes from the tradition of "collograph printing," a form of printmaking that I was trained in during the early 1980s. Currently I am experimenting with video, which I love because I can capture the multidimensional experiences with movement, sound and special effects. I also take my unfinished artwork and incubate dreams from them and find the next step or solution for the piece. Often I put my half-finished painting in front of my bed and contemplate the painting as I fall asleep. I try to fall asleep lucidly with the painting in my mind. Frequently the image begins to shift and change. Most often I later incorporate these movements into my artwork.

Robert: When did you first begin working with lucid dreams and art?

My first "dream inspired painting" was in 1981 when I was living in Stevens Point, Wisconsin. It was a dream of seeing the alchemical imagery of "Squaring the Circle," an image which I later found in Carl Jung's book Man and His Symbols.
The dream opened up many other dreams so I began working the imagery into a form of a brain. The painting initially was called "Pons and Medulla in Dream Reality" then later I changed it to the simpler name "Conscious Dreaming." Although "Conscious Dreaming" was painted so long ago and it has been seen and reproduced so many times, it is still mysterious to me. In retrospect, I see this painting as my initiation into painting from within. I had had several lucid dreams of transforming from a woman into a man, a black and white twin merging together and a face morphing into a different shape. The painting became a dreaming process itself. The experience and the painting turned out to be very significant milestones in my life and psyche. At the time, I was an undergraduate student double majoring in art and psychology. My painting style was Photo Realism, Persian miniature paintings and landscapes. Once I had this urge to capture my dreams in painting, I knew I could not paint at the school anymore, because it was too drastic of a change and I was not understood by my painting teacher. The truth was that I did not know what I was doing myself, but I was haunted by something new. I heard of a sympathetic patron of the arts who owned a two-story historical brick building downtown and used the first floor as his shoe store business and the second floor, he rented to independent artists and charged little to just pay for the electricity! It was a wonderful space and for the first time I felt free to create whatever I wished. By then I had so much art schooling and training that all I needed was a space to create from within and not something from outside of me. I found my freedom and it was marvelous! Also once we began studying Surrealism in my art history class, I felt myself coming to life. Like many of the Surrealists, I was totally haunted by Giorgio de Chirico. His paintings awakened something very archetypal inside of me. I did many paintings in his style.

Robert: What was the reaction to your dream paintings?

When I showed my first finished "dream" painting to my painting teacher at the University he criticized it right away. He said I was taking too many psychology courses and that I was going in the wrong direction! But I had a very strong inner conviction that I was on the right track. His comments did not sit well with me so I decided to get a different opinion. I submitted the painting to an annual statewide, juried art competition in Wisconsin. The competition was juried by the Director of the Museum of Contemporary Art in Chicago. The artwork was accepted and I took this acceptance as a sign and a confirmation that my direction in art had to come from within. From then on my art education focused on private mentorship. Ironically before the opening of the exhibition, I had a lucid dream in which I was walking into the exhibition gallery and saw where my painting was hung. On the night of the opening, I had deja vu. I had been in the opening in my lucid dream and the painting was hung exactly where it was in my dream! That entire experience made a very strong impression on my psyche and triggered a host of other art gallery dreams. For a long time after that experience, every time I walked into a gallery in my dream I became lucid. I would often find artwork in these galleries with my name next to it! I developed a technique to wake myself after examining the details of the artwork. Because of these experiences, I became more of an "experimental artist." That is, in my dreams, I was presented with different types of artwork and my challenge in waking was to recreate them. Besides painting and drawing, I explored many different art techniques and mediums, from printmaking techniques to marbling to mask making to sound to theater performance. It has been an absolute adventure. If a dream is impactful for me, I will create a series of works related to that one dream for a number of years.

Robert: A number of painters have been inspired by dreaming and dream imagery. André Breton, the founder of the Surrealist movement, wrote: "I believe in the future resolution of the two states of dreams and reality into a sort of absolute reality or surreal reality." Does lucid dreaming assist in the resolution of these two states, dreams and reality? Or, does lucid dreaming exist as the "state between" dreams and reality - the absolute or surreal state? What implications do those ideas suggest?

I think lucid dreaming does both: assists in the resolution of the state of dreaming and waking reality, since the waking consciousness is present within dreaming consciousness; and lucid dreams could be experienced as a "state between" dreams and waking reality similar to lucid hypnagogia which implies a surreal state. What is the implication? Our complex Mind includes waking, dreaming, and other states of consciousness. To access
the vastness of our Mind and its potential, we need the flexibility to move from one state of consciousness to another that helps to broaden our perception. Lucid dream practices are a creative way of expanding our perception so we can see with much larger vision than our everyday seeing.

The word "Surrealist" was first mentioned by the poet Guillaume Apollinaire in his play Les Mamelles de Tirésias in 1917. He referred to the play as a "Surrealist drama." In some ways being in touch with the dreaming world and becoming awakened in it is a form of Surrealist drama! In homage to Apollinaire, Breton gave the name "Surrealism."

Although Breton did not write much about lucid dreaming he was well aware of lucid dreaming, because he knew of the lucid dream research of Marquis Hervey de Saint-Denys. In his work Communicating Vessels (1933), Breton reflected on Saint-Deny's exploration of lucid dreaming, which caused him to question the nature of reality, explore the possibility of an independent dimension, and wonder about the nature of the unconscious.

Surrealists show us the very first step in the exploration of the unconscious, the state in between conscious and unconscious, the natural evolution of surrealism captures the depths and dimensions of the conscious Mind. I am very grateful to have found two of the Surrealist members Gordon Onslow Ford and Robert Matta. Although they did not explore lucid dreaming in their art, the dimensions they explored were very similar to the hyperspace lucidity.

Robert: You collaborated with Onslow Ford for many years. I believe you met him in 1989. Tell us about that meeting. How did you meet him? What was there in his work that resonated with your experiences in lucid dreaming?

When I moved to the hills of Inverness, California in 1987, I had no idea that I moved ten minutes away from Gordon Onslow Ford's home! Although it took two years before we met, I believe we were in some form of communication in other dimensions.

While working on my research on the spiritual dimensions of lucid dreaming, I was having many lucid dreams similar to the spaces Onslow Ford captured in his paintings. I had never seen his paintings before nor did I know about him. But ironically in my daily walk in the forest, I often would see a house and a studio on a beautiful land in the valley and wondered who lived there. But because I was in a reclusive period of my life focusing on my research and writing, I did not inquire about it.

Even though we lived in a small town, there was no occasion for a chance encounter because he also was a hermit! We finally met but it was through a series of synchronicities in the fall of 1989. The events that led to our meeting somehow related to dreams. At the time, I was writing a chapter for Krippner's book on dream and art and went to the local photographer, Richard Allen, to have my paintings photographed. I saw a small painting on his wall that I recognized as a hyperspace lucidity image. That is the first time I heard about Gordon Onslow Ford. Richard lent me a book by Gordon called Creation. Then he told me that Gordon lived only five minutes away but he told me that he was a recluse and a very private person. I borrowed the book and finished it in a few hours. I loved the book so much I made a complete copy of it. I was totally ecstatic soaking up every page of the book. I recognized many of the images of my lucid dreams in his paintings and that his philosophy was absolutely in line with my discoveries.

Around the same time a friend asked me to hold a dream group in her home in Inverness. I limited the group to only 6 people. It turned out one of the group members was the assistant to Gordon Onslow Ford! I asked her if it was possible to meet him and she said what I had heard before that he was a very private person and did not see too many people. But she agreed to take a letter to him. I was not really attached to actually meeting him personally, but I wanted him to know that his paintings and philosophy were in line with my discoveries.

Soon after the delivery of the letter, I was invited for an afternoon tea. As I parked my car and walked toward his house, I recognized the hill and the ridgeline in front of his house. The top of that ridge was where I took my daily walks and it was his house and studio that I saw for two years! I did not know anything about him personally, his history, his background, his involvement with the Surrealists and, strangely enough, that was not my main concern. All I was curious about was to know whether he painted from his hyperspace lucidity and what his research on hyperspace lucidity. I thought he might be interested to hear about that.

© Fariba Bogzaran

"Vibration in Matter"
experience and his painting process were like. Also I had stopped painting for a year because I could not capture my hyperspace lucid experiences, they were too complex. How did he arrive at these dimensions and how did he capture them in painting? From our first meeting it became very clear that we were deeply connected not only in our interests, visions, and even personal history, but we were also deeply connected in a metaphysical way that remained a mystery for both of us. We discovered so much in common it was uncanny. He always said that we knew each other "since eternity!" And that was true. When he took me to his studio, I felt he took me to a lucid dream. I recognized one painting after another. I had experienced those imagerys in my hyperspace lucidity. When I asked him about lucid dreaming, he did not know about it but because he knew about meditation, metaphysics, and dreams, he understood what I was exploring. It was a marvelous meeting.

After our initial meeting, I saw him a few times and sent him the book by Krippner with the chapter on dream art. He liked my contribution to it and invited me to help him with his upcoming book *Insights*. That was my first collaboration with him in which I read through years of his notebooks, chose writings, and composed them into poetic prose. That summer I spent six weeks in his guesthouse and learned all I could about his art and philosophy. We took daily walks in the woods and conversed about art. I would tell him about lucid dreaming phenomena and he would tell me how he arrived at his paintings that resembled lucid dream spaces. I watched him paint and saw the progression of one painting after another. One painting would lead him to the next dimension just like how we adventure from one space in a lucid dream to the next. In exchange for my helping him with his book, I asked him to give me a critique of my artwork. He was an absolute master in seeing. A year later, after I helped him with his book, he invited me to be his consultant and collaborator. Among several books I worked on with him was *Once Upon a Time*. But our major project, however, was the creation and establishment of the Lucid Art Foundation in 1998. Lucid Art is an evolution from the Surrealist tradition.

Robert: How did Lucid Art come about and how do you define it?

For many years Gordon and I worked on a name for a direction in art that captured the invisible dimensions. Many names arose and dissolved until finally we came upon the term "Lucid Art" that captured all that we were focusing on. What really helped to clarify this concept was an art exhibition I curated linking lucid dreaming, meditation, and inner world painting and called it "Through the Light." It took a few months of going back and forth on the definition until we settled on: "Lucid Art is an expression of the Creative Force of the Universe expressed in the spontaneous work of art that elicits in the viewer aspects of the inner worlds."

Both of us as artists and writers were convinced that there is a creative force in the universe and that the artist is an instrument through which creativity flows. The research I did on the viewer and the inner world paintings became an important aspect of Lucid Art (See "Lucid Art and Hyperspace Lucidity," Dreaming, March 2003). Lucid Art does elicit and impact the viewer. The creation takes one to the space of awe and insights, and it evokes forgotten dreams. Certain creations elicit an immediate call in the viewer to experience the depths, vastness and dimensions of the inner worlds. These creations become wakening lucid experiences. Besides some artistic creations, which can impact the viewer in this way, nature is an immediate and clear example of Lucid Art. We love nature and something happens when we spend time in nature. It feels like coming home. This sense of home takes us to the depths of our spiritual core where creation is in bounty and we are fully lucid and awakened. Some artworks inspire and open us to these dimensions. Lucid Art awakens the unconscious to full consciousness.

Robert: Was he involved in dreaming as a means of artistic expression? How did dreaming affect his art?

When he was with the Surrealists in the 1930s, he paid attention to his dreams and wrote them down, but he soon realized it was impossible to capture dreams in painting. Once he became interested in exploring the fourth dimension he stopped capturing dream symbolism. Although he did not paint from his dreams, he often would say that at night in his sleep he traveled in great dimensions and he captured glimpses of them in the morning. But if you asked him what the dream experience was, he often did not remember his dream. Also he hardly wrote his dreams down. He kept his journal more impersonal and philosophical than about himself, so he did not illustrate dreams in his painting.

Robert: From an article of yours, I find this quote on Onslow Ford's philosophy of painting, called Inner-Realism: "In spontaneous painting the Mind acts directly through the hand of the painter to the painting and never-seen-before images appear. The painter, as a separate individual, becomes an instrument of the Mind Shared by All, the creative spirit of the cosmos.... The principle preoccupation of Inner Realism is to express the nature of an Inner World as directly as possible from the Open Mind." (Onslow Ford, 2001) If one replaces "painter" and "painting" with lucid dreamer and lucid dreaming, does one get a feeling for the connection between your and his views of the experience of lucid dreaming/painting?
Yes, absolutely. The inner world to which he refers is very similar to what we call lucid dreaming, but he takes it to the level of the impersonal and transcendental. He often referred to "Great Spaces of the Mind Shared by All." Experientially one can reach this state through certain dimensions of lucid dreaming where the collective consciousness resides. His paintings captured these dimensions of the mind. He called it "Inner Realism" because the inner reality is as real as the outer reality. Inner Realism is a way to affirm the reality of the inner worlds.

Robert: You have decades of experience in lucid dreaming. What still excites you about lucid dreaming?

What still excites me about lucid dreaming is the exploration of the vast dimensions of the Mind and the potential for a greater Awakening. Through my experiences in lucid dreaming, I am convinced that we are multidimensional beings and there are so many dimensions yet to discover. The exploration is endless and limitless. I have been an explorer of the mind since childhood and from experiences in lucid dreaming I know for a fact that our mind is as vast as the universe. Also lucid dreaming is where I receive my teachings.

Although I have been fortunate to have great teachers in my life but also many of my teachings comes directly from my lucid dreams. For many years I had lucid dreams of a Tibetan Buddhist teacher who appeared in my dreams and taught me many practices. A few years later, in my waking, I saw his picture and recognized him. The first time I met the teacher he looked at me as if he knew me too! When I shook his hand he said "Where have I met you?" I said: "In my dreams. You come and teach me in my dreams." And then he gave me a beautiful smile and nodded his head in agreement and said "Yes, that is where I have met you!"

Many people in my life whom I have deep connections with, I had already met them either in my dreams or lucid dreams. My life is led by dreams.

Robert: When you think of the cutting-edge issues in lucid dreaming, what do you think of? Any personal lucid dreams that bear on these issues?

We are really just beginning. There is so much potential for discovery. Or perhaps we have already done so much but we are not awakened to it! Jayne Gackenbach and her pioneering Lucidity Letter brought many interesting researchers together and we explored many ideas and topics. Each one of those topics is a seed for a much larger exploration. Stephen LaBerge continues with his research and dedication to the field, which is admirable. And we have been lucky that the Tibetan Buddhist teachers are sharing their knowledge with us. They have been doing this practice for thousands of years and they know so much about the mind, which we need to learn from them. After twenty years of teaching, one important topic that keeps coming up in my courses is lucid dreaming and healing. We only have anecdotal reports and a few laboratory studies, but it is important to have solid research done on this topic. I really hope more theses, dissertations, and laboratory work will focus on this area. The inquiry into the mind/body connection is very important, such as the transformation of physical body through lucid dreams.

Naturally, issues related to nightmares are very important, how does lucid dreaming assist nightmare and trauma? Visitation from the deceased is very powerful, and in some ways, is a shamanic practice of connecting with the ancestors. How do these experiences impact the dreamer’s life? Also the issues relating to dream characters and interaction with them is very interesting to me. How is it that we become lucid in our dreams but it is still difficult to convince our dream characters to gain lucidity? If we look at the gestalt perspective that each aspect of the dream is part of ourselves, how come one aspect of our psyche awakens and the others are totally unwilling to wake up?

For me personally I continue my practice and research in exploring the phenomenology of the multidimensional and the spiritual dimensions of the lucid mind. Also the relationship between altered states of consciousness and hyperspace lucidity interest me mainly because of my shamanic practices. I would be very interested to receive others’ dream reports of these experiences.

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

In the first academic course I taught on dreams in 1984 in Canada, I addressed a group of young undergraduates by introducing the topic of lucid dreaming as "lucid dreaming is lucid living." I remember they were not so impressed by this proposition. They wanted dreaming techniques and wanted to have fun in their dreams but not be reminded or bothered with waking reality. That statement is still one of my strongest core beliefs about lucid dreaming. I approach lucid dreaming more as a practice and, as a teacher of it, I have great respect and reverence for its wisdom. Lucid dreaming is to wake up to the ultimate reality of who we are and to discover the depth and the mystery of the Mind.

Thank you for inviting me to participate in this interview.
I am honored to be given the opportunity to share ideas in this forum, ideas that for many years have been, exclusively, a private understanding of the interlacing between lucid dreaming material, its artistic reinterpretation in diverse media, and these having a direct impact on what I refer to as ecopsychological unfolding.

Many practitioners of Transpersonal Psychology are keen on the study and understanding of psyche processes that I will attempt to describe in the context of lucid dreaming and its artistic representation. The interested reader can go to writers in this field for further information if you have not already.

For the time being, let the reader interpret ecopsychological unfolding as a more inclusive process of personality individuation (non anthropocentric and embracing of all nature and its processes), or being actively involved in the discovery and integration of as many personality aspects as possible that are said to be the inclusive of a real "me": dark and light, somber and gay, or evil-tending and good-generating. Thus the full integration of SELF, even if it is an impossible task, requires that these dualities be stitched together into a larger and seamless SELF-quilt. Because this task is extremely demanding and difficult, due in part to the extreme dichotomizing tendencies of individual limited awareness, nationalism, and ideology, a lucid dreamer is, on the other hand, in a position of advantage over the regular dreamer. This is the case since dream content and the manipulation of a dreamscape by lucid dreamers allows for a volitional returning to and controllable dialogue with the depth of the psyche. Dreaming itself embraces ambiguity.

The simpler story is, to relate and reiterate in a few lines, that lucid dreaming can be for many a reliable source of perceptual and cognitive data, a source of novel interpersonal exchanges with imaginary or known dream characters, and a controlled exercise of social and personal "deviance." By deviance it is meant that lucid dreaming allows for cognitive and emotional free-play that could challenge comfortable and even orthodox relational cultural patterns. This inner dreamscape "deviance" can be and is expressed via another "deviant" enterprise, artistic expression, creating a powerful hermeneutic circle, maximizing the potential for SELF-growth.

"These recent pieces are a direct result of lucid dreaming experiences affected by my extreme intimacy and daily contact with raw nature. My artistic pursuits preceded by many years my scientific ones. I have argued that the creative forces driving creative science and other arts are one and the same."

Jorge Conesa-Sevilla

On His Shamanic Art

The Surreal

It is more common to hear about lucid dreaming and its potential aesthetic products being defined in terms of "surrealism" than in any other way. In fact many of the personal accounts that describe lucid dreaming begin, elaborate upon, or end by paying notice to its surreal quality. I would argue that although this description aptly surveys the surface presentation, the fragmented nature, and even the overall quality of lucid dreaming experiences, nevertheless, this predominant surreal classification is less important or useful in my art or in my ecopsychological unfolding.

Surrealism is, as philosopher Paul Shepard aptly described (1996), the antithesis of the fully integrated-natural world and of its ecopsychological ideal: a fully embedded humanity, inescapably, in Nature. That is, surrealism is the reification and the ratification of components "in and of themselves" extracted from a larger original and organic context and elevated to a polished and exclusive category (a form of fetish). The rapidly shifting dreamscape itself makes this reification and ratification possible because, oftentimes, even when we are proficient lucid dreamers, the fascination with a particular and singular element of a dream detracts attention from a larger and more dynamic scenery and meaning-content that the proficient dreamer does not pay attention to or cannot keep up with. When lucid dreamers recollect the vividness of a dream, it is often these surreal highlights that are mentioned.

From a life-size Shaman (5’11’’)

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Lucid Dreaming and Aesthetics

Film has been the artistic medium par excellence that depicts dream life as surreal precisely because of its potential for control of temporal sequencing and image unfolding. Directors can artistically manipulate both temporal sequencing and image unfolding in order to create a close approximation of an original dream experience. I will only cite the work of the famous Czech filmmaker, Jan Svankmajer, who transferred the surreal work of his equally creative wife and artist, Eva Svankmajerová, to film, here, as principal exponents of the surreal artistic approach. (Eva Svankmajerová is well-known for her writing and plastic arts.) But hundreds of other film sequences emphasize the surreal quality of dreams. Even when the focus is not a single object, an entire dream sequence can unfold in exceptionally alluring and brilliant vignettes without an apparent connection between these frames. Surrealism is thus also deviant, intensely so, in my earlier use of that word, since it forces a new interpretation of time and space that can lead to unique and creative insights. Salvador Dalí made an easy juxtaposition of mathematics, time, and his visual rendition of these advances, as he understood them. Dream surrealism has been re-created or re-interpreted in dance, music, poetry, and architecture.

I will not argue here that a focus on the surreal quality of dreams is not important for other forms of artistic expression or even that it cannot contribute to ecopsychological unfolding in its own right. But I am saying that, at least in my case, the more humble aspects of lucid dreaming end up being the more important and pertinent messages that invite further discovery.

More Humble Aspects of Lucid Dreaming

The more "humble" aspects of a lucid dream that I am referring to are content as opposed to surface driven. Their lackluster "humbility" lies in their often hidden and harder-to-arrive-at semiotic aspects, as Freud and Jung discovered. Instead of the surreally enhanced sensorial qualities that are often present in lucid dreaming, these more fundamental elements are of great significance to me. It is their potential semiosis that makes them more important. One word (its meaning), a face (as a mask suggesting my behavior or an ideal), the angle of an object (indicating direction), a text read (in a larger context), music heard (not only notes but what the song means to me or how it makes me feel), and a complete dream story that holds together logically and provides discernable meaning to the individual dreamers--this is the stuff of which my dreams are made.

Particularly since 1994, my lucid dreaming has had a dominant shamanic import, to use that term both generally and technically. Of course this import has coincided with an equal interest during waking reality in attempting to understand global patterns of the human condition in mythical terms. For a given question in waking reality, for example, a dream being was encountered who wore a particular mask. This mask was later carved to achieve maximum approximation to the dreamt object. The dream being was also pantomiming or acting out various dances and manners of walking or flying or swimming. These dream manifestations and their messages were the answers I sought. By carving them afterwards I had the extended opportunity not only to reminisce about the dream and its message, but also to refine and elaborate further this message for maximum clarity and understanding.

See www.ecopsychology.org/journal/ezine/gatherings.html

Often, the depth of meaning inherent in these more lackluster aspects of a lucid dream, echo a genuine interest in and detailed inspection of my natural surroundings. In fact the more slowly and deliberately I walk in my woods, the more detail I see in natural objects that catch my eye-spirit, the more vivid and the greater detail the dream object provides. This is walking meditation at its best with the expected and often reported effect of enhanced lucid dreaming. Thus, control of dream lucidity means more than a technical procedure that can quickly be learned from a CD. It is instead a prescribed and intense attentional state or movement, even a way of life, and perfecting it is the aesthetics of which I am most desirous.
Lucid Dreaming, Artistic Expression and Ecopsychological Unfolding

The complete dynamics that I have been trying to describe makes for a circular, self-feeding and grander aesthetics where no longer is there a distinction between the lucid dream, the dreamer, natural embeddedness, or the artistic product. All are complementary manifestations of a grander semiosis represented simply in this figure:

The concept of art as being separate and thus decontextualized from this circular relationship, itself a form of surrealism, or even as a necessary but incomplete inspection of nature when an original code is lost, is a western invention. This is aesthetics interpreted from a "deficit" model. Interestingly, many so-called primitive languages do not have a concept for art for they experience and express their existential and natural relationship as a grand process or even a cosmology, a process rather than an object.

Perhaps an imminent discovery, my view of the interplay between lucid dreaming and its artistic representation is, to my surprise and delight, more "primitive" than western. In this sense, I no longer follow or am interested in a western production vector that places an interesting lucid dream on a position "a" followed by production of art piece "b," however hypnotic, well crafted, and commercially viable this art piece may turn out to be.

Instead, the artist, the process of making art, and the art product itself are all fully integrated components of lucid dreamscapes and of the original life-nature-matrix that generates all dreaming. Paul Shepard (1967/1991) describes this existential and ideal cohesion: "The inner world is coextensive with the outer, the natural habitat a middle ground, lacing into each other like fingers of clasped hands."

Bibliography


Jorge Conesa-Sevilla PhD, has a triple degree in Biology, Philosophy and Psychology from Humbolt State University in Arcata, California. He is the author of "Wrestling With Ghosts: A Personal and Scientific Account of Sleep Paralysis". He currently lives with his wife in Switzerland, and works at the Sleep Laboratory at the University Hospital in Bern. Jorge teaches Ecology, Art & Psychology of Aesthetics classes and workshops and offers a wide range of ecological services in Italy, Switzerland, and Spain through his organization Le Feuillou Rediscovered. [http://www.geocities.com/jorgeconesa/Ecopsychologie/newblack.html](http://www.geocities.com/jorgeconesa/Ecopsychologie/newblack.html).

Crow and Serpent and the Children of the Earth Emerging – Haida

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LDE Quarterly Lucid Dreaming Challenge
December, 2005

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

Exploring the Bizarre Physics of Dreamspace
Part 1: "Dreamstuff"

"We are such stuff / As dreams are made on; and our little life / Is rounded with a sleep."

Prospero, in William Shakespeare's (1564 - 1616), The Tempest

Over the years I've found myself increasingly interested in the "bizarre physics of dreamspace." In this first of a series of challenges I invite participants to do basic research in this area.

To begin, let's entertain the question: What makes up "the stuff" of dreams? In our culture many people would say that dreams seem purely imaginary, that they have no substance as such, that "dreamstuff" has no intrinsic properties as such, but only those properties that dreamers impose on them. Oddly enough this point of view does not differ all that much from how some physicists see the physical universe. For example, consider this statement of Nobel prize winner, Max Planck:

"As a man who has devoted his whole life to the most clear-headed science, to the study of matter, I can tell you as the result of my research about the atoms this much:"

"THERE IS NO MATTER AS SUCH!"

"All matter originates and exists only by virtue of a force which brings the particles of an atom to vibration and holds this most minute solar system of the atom together. We must assume behind this force the existence of a conscious and intelligent mind. This mind is the matrix of all matter".

Of course, historically many cultures taught that in dreams we experience another universe, made of "dream matter" just as real as the matter of the physical universe, but far more subtle. In some ways this view seems compatible with M-theory (the latest form of Superstring theory), in which physicists propose that the standard 3 + 1 space-time dimensions just won't do - and that we need 11 dimensions to understand how the physical universe behaves. But if true, this would mean that even our "brains" would consist not only of the (3+1) space-time component taken into account in the modern neurophysiological model, but an additional 7 dimensional component, which this model fails to include in its mechanistic model of consciousness. Perhaps dreams do occur "all in our brains" - but not in our (3+1) space-time brains, but in our eleven dimensional brains! And if we do experience these other dimensional components of self, it makes sense that we might do in our dreams, which often contain bizarre and hard to describe elements.

Also, for theories on the nature of dreaming, the validation of dream-psi (1-2) has made strictly subjective, solipsistic, theories of dreaming outdated and untenable. We need to change how we think about dreams, and to understand that dreaming involves a kind of perception.
For example, one can describe ‘visual perception as process’ as follows:

1. Object/event in the “external world”;
2. Your visual sense abstracts/represents that object/event;
3. You see an abstract pattern of light, shapes, colors, etc.;
4. After a ‘best fit comparison match” with stored templates of previously experienced object/events, functioning intentionality automatically identifies this pattern as X. You perceive X. or:

This process distinguishes between what one sees, and what one perceives. Even if two individuals see “the same” ink blot, they may perceive it quite differently. In dreams, much more so than in waking life, we identify what we experience in terms of those objects and processes familiar to us, even if the match seems very poor. To the dreaming mind, “similar to” often becomes “identical to.” I wrote about this "The Substitution Phenomenon" in 1985 (3) and have developed this concept in subsequent papers (4-8).

If you look under the hood of a "dream car" will you find a "dream engine" that needs "dream gasoline" to run? Does your "dream body" have a "dream heart" that pumps "dream blood"? Do "dream lungs" breathe "dream air"?

When we identify objects in dreams, we typically do so based on a superficial visual resemblance of the dream object to a physical reality object. In ordinary dreams, where we don't realize that we dream, we incorrectly identify experienced objects as physical reality objects, while assuming they have all the characteristics of physical reality objects. But how closely do dream objects correspond to their physical reality counterparts?

If the properties of a dream object depends entirely on our subjective expectations for it, than a closer look at the object should satisfy those expectations - e.g., if I break open the shell of a "dream walnut", I will find a brown "brain-shaped" nutmeat inside. If I eat the nutmeat, I will experience the familiar walnut texture and flavor as I chew on it. If I chop down a “dream tree” with a “dream ax”, I will see a ring of bark on the outside of the trunk, and a series of light and dark rings in the “dream wood”.

On the other hand, if the properties of dream objects do not entirely depend on the dreamer's conscious/unconscious expectations for them, dreamers might experience a variety of surprises when they inspect dream objects more closely, looking at the objects from all sides, looking at their “insides” after breaking them open, etc.

Through observation and experimentation human beings have observed regularities in the behavior of the physical universe that has allowed us to deduce “the laws” of physics, chemistry, and biology, and to apply this knowledge in practical and beneficial ways. I suspect that a program of observation and experimentation by experienced dreamers, and especially lucid dreamers, will reveal that the dream universe also operates under certain laws that will go beyond the merely subjective. Unfortunately, observation and experimentation in the dream universe requires certain still rare skills – in lucid dreaming, and in the ability to critically observe - and to record - ones dreams. To the best of my knowledge, research by a group of experienced lucid dreamers into the basic properties of the dream universe has never before taken place. If you possess the required skills, please contribute to this group research effort – “to boldly go where no one has gone before!”
The Challenge: Exploring the Properties of "Dreamstuff"

When you next become lucid in a dream (where you know that you dream while you dream) look around the dream environment and focus on a specific dream object – an object that you have automatically identified as the dream counterpart to a waking physical reality object.

If you find yourself in an “outside” environment, you might choose a “dream stone”, or a “dream tree”, if “inside”, you might focus on a “dream chair”, a “dream book”, or some kind of “dream food”. Look at the object closely, and from different angles. Touch the object - what kind of texture does it have? Does it feel hard or soft, heavy or light? If you can open the object and look at its “inside” do so. As you do this, notice whether the experienced properties fit the expectations that you would have for a physical object of this kind. Does a “dream rock” have a rough texture? Does it feel heavy and hard? If you drop it, or strike it against another object, does it make a sound? What does it taste like if you chew on a piece of it? Does it have a smell? If the dream object changes as you interact with it, how does it change, and what does it change into? How do its properties compare with the waking physical reality object with which you had earlier identified it?

Record your experiences and interactions with the dream object in your dream journal in as much detail as possible - include colored drawings and diagrams.

Although I've found it rather difficult to bring over reliable scientific instruments into the dream universe, one can perform meaningful experiments using one’s dream body as the instrument and one's lucid dreaming mind as the recording device. Even simple experiments of this kind can yield intriguing and fascinating results.

As always, we invite those of you who accomplish this quarter's challenge to send your dream reports to LDE!

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Wrestling with Ghosts:
A Personal and Scientific Account of Sleep Paralysis

By Jorge Conesa, Ph.D.

Order your copy through Xlibris/randomhouse at: http://www2.xlibris.com/bookstore/bookdisplay.asp?bookid=23899
Emmy van Swaaij

Contacting a Guide

Hey there Lucy!

I was reading your last minute reminder two days ago and also thought, “Let's check out the challenges from Mr. Kellogg. I read them on the website and didn't really give it any more thought, but yesterday morning I did have a lucid dream in which I contacted my guide.

Dream I had on the 2nd of November 2005:

For the "Contacting an Ally, Angel or Guide" task I submit the following conscious dream:

"Yes it works! I'm conscious of dreaming and standing in my bedroom next to my bed. I think “What shall I do now?” and suddenly remember the contacting an ally, angel, or guide task I read about in the reminder from Lucy this morning. I look in the little hallway next to my bedroom and see something appear. Since I somehow feel perfectly fine if the person appearing is already there, but a bit uneasy when someone is still halfway in appearing I ask my guide: “Hey could you do your "here I come trick" downstairs and be there when I go downstairs?” I walk down the stairs and to my utter surprise there is my guide, totally there now, sitting on a big motorcycle! (outside my house). He also brought some friends, also on motorcycles. He smiles at me and I feel a lot of love and acceptance. Then the lucid dream continues in other activities (me trying to visit friends in America etc.)

For many years now I am meeting guides in my dreams and they have such a great sense of humor and are very loving. In one conscious dream I was about to visit a WW2 situation. I was walking on the big square behind my parents' house in Losser (where I lived for years and my parents still live) behind my parents' house at a parking lot. (This is a place I visit often in conscious dreams. I started having conscious dreams when I still lived with my parents. I often would go to the parking lot, and start my adventures from that point.) At the parking lot there are a lot of cars, it's an open parking lot, outside. I'm thinking about driving a car (this was an activity I used to do always when having a conscious dream, it was my way of practicing being focused in a conscious dream, this all in a very playful way. I don't have my driving license and of course was not allowed to drive a car, but in dreams I could drive wherever I wanted to.)

In the dream I decide not to do so. That's an old method I used but now I can do other things also. Then I see guys (age about 15) playing with fireworks. I'm worried that they might hurt themselves. Big bangs. Nobody got hurt. Then I see a guide of mine (not sure if I saw him before in other dreams). I walk towards him and he towards me. We shake hands cheerfully, glad to see each other. He asks me: “What is your name?” I reply: “Atin Khum” in a joyful manner. (I guess this was an important detail in the dream. My guide seemed to check if I was in a state where I was ready for the upcoming adventures. Kris (www.krischronicles.com) made me aware of my Atin Khum

I suddenly get this weird feeling in my stomach, the same kind of sensation of being pulled to a situation. I look my guide in the face and say: “Is my feeling in my stomach correct that we are going to start a bit at recovering my WW2 Trauma?” My guide looks at me and says: “Yes we are going to do that, are you ready for it? Do you feel ready for it now?” I say, “Yes I do.” (This is a very significant part of the dream, in other conscious dreams, I was alone and feeling the same sensation, back then I decided not to go any further, turned (literally) the dream in another direction, I didn't feel ready for it yet, now I did.) Somehow I feel very safe. We are walking further and my guide says: “You can come back from that place any moment you want to, you are not forced to see things you don't want to see, you will see things you can handle at this point. You are safe. You can come back any time you want.”

We are walking in the woods now. I notice I have difficulties concentrating on walking. I tell the guide: “Hey isn't it way faster to just think of the place and be there?” “That is correct,” says my guide, “but at this time it's not a good idea to do this fast, it's better for you to slowly get there instead of overwhelming yourself. You need to be prepared.”

“Ok.”

Then things begin to change. The area where I am begins to change (just like in my time shifting dream; another dream I had where I also visited the WW2 era, also a very fascinating dream where I was at a station and the station was changing, timechanging from modern to old time). I hear the guide say: “Remember, you can come back at any minute! You don't have to stay there!”

Then I'm suddenly standing in a gutter-like place. It's dark and some kind of very nasty liquid substance is falling on me. I (like others present) have to shovel it away. It's poop; we are literally standing in peoples' poop, shoveling it away. It gets thrown over my head. It's very cold, and very disgusting. I'm feeling horrible. Cold, dirty, and the work continues on and on. It's stupid work, there is no end to it. Then I'm in a barrack, together with many others. (We are in the WW2 situation now.) I'm sitting on a bed, feeling very very miserable. I shout to others (man it's crowded in there), “I want a Valerian tablet. Please give me a Valerian tablet!” (I sound very panicked.) Someone (there are only men present there) gives me one (am I a man myself?). The Valerian tablet is very large, and orange colored. My hands shake so badly that it slips out of my hand onto the ground, someone else grabs the tablet and runs away with it. That's how it goes there.

One guy sitting on the ground looks at me, with a firm look. He looks very tough, but is nice to me. He puts his thumb up and says: “Hold on.” This gives me unspeakable comfort. It was the most

Meeting the Challenge

Three lucid dreamers attempt Ed Kellogg's LDE Challenges
precious gift at that moment - him saying those simple words meant the world to me.

Then suddenly I get (Emmy that is, while being in that situation) very scared. I sense something is coming up (remember it somehow). “Oh no.” I think. “Nonononooooo. I don't want to see those people again.” I hear harsh German voices outside. (At this moment in the dream I realized what would come next, nothing that terrible really, just having to stand outside for a while, but knowing I had to face the people who hurt me so badly back then, that are so rough. I just couldn't handle seeing them yet, facing them. (Just like I stopped the former dreams’ experiences from that fear.)

I want to leave. I remember the sentence of my guide: “You can always get back.” This is the moment I want to get back. I run inside the barrack searching for a door to get back to my guide. I think I found it when I suddenly realize it is not the case. I see through a window a lightning of shots from a machine gun and hear women screaming outside. People are running. I'm in utter panic. I want out of this situation now!!! I run towards another door, very scared about not being away from that situation yet. Then big relief.

Suddenly I am standing in this big living room. There are three people (it's a modern nowadays living room) sitting there beside a table. They have this HUGE bag filled with candy and are eating it. I ask them (they look at me as if I just came from my bedroom, as though not aware of the nasty situation I was in), “Where is my guide?”, “Oh,” replies one of the guys, “he is in the room next to this one.” Then I walk to that other room and yes, there he is. He looks me in the eye, and says: “That candy is for you, to calm down a bit, to recover a bit from the shock.” Then I wake up.

These kinds of gestures are very common with my guides, this kind of attitude, helpfulness. Really great experiences. By the way, they have this HUGE bag filled with candy and are eating it. (Just like I stopped the former dreams’ experiences from that fear.)

I am in an adventure playground, kneeling down on the ground and examining the woven bamboo edging of a hammock. When I stand up, I glance down and see that there's thick black mud all over my bare knees. I try to flick it off with my fingers but it doesn't work and suddenly I realise that it's quite repulsive mud, all mixed up with bits of chopped-up worms! I try to get it off again but it just sticks to my fingers in clumps, how disgusting.

I stand there feeling dismayed, but then I remember someone mentioning that the scourgify spell is used to clean up messes in the Harry Potter books. I feel I would try anything to get this wormy mess off my knees, so I shout "Scourgify!" at them rather irritably. Nothing happens. ‘Why isn't it working? I wonder. 'This has to work and I know it works because it's been done before.' I realise that it might be better to chant it or make up a rhyme rather than just yell it. So I sit down with my knees drawn up. I chant twice, very slowly and deliberately, "Scourg-gi-fy!"

Saying the word really focuses me, I can feel my will amplified in my chest and head. I focus my eyes on my knees and fully expect the mess to just vanish. But instead, to my surprise, a fizzling white bubbly substance covers my kneecaps. I scoop some of it off and note that the mud underneath it has completely disappeared, leaving my skin pale and gleaming. The white stuff is exactly like bubble bath, light and foamy, the bubbles dissolving with a faint crackling sound on my hand. 'Now that's interesting,' I think. 'I wasn't expecting that at all, so it's not like I made it happen just by thinking about it. I should tell the others about this when I wake up.' I get up and continue to explore the playground. My knees feel exceptionally clean and shiny...

NB: I didn't use any hand gestures to direct the spell, I just focused my intent with my eyes.
A Chat with Dr. Amit Goswami
By Lucy Gillis
(Responses © Amit Goswami)

Amit Goswami, Ph.D. earned his doctorate degree in theoretical nuclear physics from Calcutta University in 1964. Author of numerous books including The Self Aware Universe: How Consciousness Creates the Material World, The Physics of the Soul, The Visionary Window: A Quantum Physicist’s Guide to Enlightenment, and Quantum Doctor, he has also appeared in the sleeper hit “What the Bleep Do We Know?”. For a while he was the resident quantum physicist at the Institute of Noetic Sciences.

I was fortunate to meet Dr. Goswami at the “What the Bleep” conference held in Vancouver, BC this past August. During our conversation I discovered that he is no stranger to lucid dreaming. He graciously agreed to do an interview for The Lucid Dream Exchange, and has also proposed an experiment for LDE readers that he describes at the end of our chat.

Lucy: Hello, Dr. Goswami and thank you for taking the time for this interview. During our conversation at the “What the Bleep” conference in Vancouver, you mentioned that you had your first lucid dream around a time when you were struggling with a particular equation. Would you describe the dream? What made you realize that you were dreaming? Did you intend to have a dream (lucid or otherwise) to help with solving the equation or did it occur spontaneously?

Dr. Goswami: This was a long time ago in the nineteen sixties but the memory is still quite vivid. It was about mathematical equations, so the subject is a bit technical. You probably know about superconductivity. I was trying to find a way of applying some aspects of superconductivity to solve problems of the structure of atomic nuclei.

In the dream, I found myself thinking equations, writing them down on what seemed to be a blackboard. But then I realized I was dreaming, something about the board was not quite right. Whatever I was thinking, whatever change in the equation I was making in my mind, it was simultaneously appearing on the board. It was a delightful way of thinking of equations because I could see them without actually having to make notes. Upon properly waking, it took me only a few minutes work to recapture the equation.

Lucy: I have read that your book The Physics of the Soul, was inspired by dream. Would you describe this dream and the circumstances leading up to it? Was it a lucid dream? Do you think you would have written this book eventually anyway, without the impulse from the dream?

Dr. Goswami: I don't know if it was a lucid dream proper because I woke up as the dream was becoming lucid. I recall that I was hearing a voice, and the voice was more and more becoming like an admonition. Then I heard it clearly, "Tibetan Book of the Dead is correct, it is your job to prove it," as I woke up.

I don't know if I would have taken the subject of soul and reincarnation seriously enough without this dream. The truth is, in SAU (The Self Aware Universe), I had the correct picture of the relationship of consciousness and matter, but I still did not understand the relationship of mind and brain. I was holding on to the illusion that mind is brain. The dream inspired me to find the truth - that mind is a different beast altogether, that mind processed meaning, and the brain made representations of mental meaning.

Lucy: You have been described as a proponent of “monistic idealism” and it’s interpretation regarding quantum physics. Could you briefly explain this and explain how dreaming (and in particular lucid dreaming) fits into this model?

Dr. Goswami: Monistic idealism holds that consciousness is the ground of all being. To a quantum physicist, this means that matter, mind, etc. all must be quantum possibilities of consciousness. They become actual events of our experience only when consciousness makes a choice by recognizing one of the possibilities.

When we dream, the physical stimuli are the brain noise much like Rorschach (ink blots); the mind makes a meaningful picture out of the Rorschach. So the meaning of all the symbols we see in the dream is the meaning I attribute to it. Therefore, in some real sense, all the characters are me. So the mental ego is quite distributed, and has little control in shaping the dream.

This changes in a lucid dream in which we are aware that we are dreaming within the dream. So the dream ego is boosted by the waking ego in some sense enabling us to guide our dream in certain intended
directions. So using this vehicle of the lucid dream we can study the equipotency of our waking and dream lives. Now who but Australian aborigines would believe that our dream life is as potent as our waking life?

Lucy: There are many lucid dreamers who are interested in healing via the lucid dream state and several claim to have observed positive results from their efforts. In your recent book, Quantum Doctor, you discuss how the mind can cause and cure health issues. You mention the “bliss body” and “creative sleep”. Would you explain that for us? Does “creative sleep” involve lucid dreaming? Or is it something else?

Dr. Goswami: I think that lucid dreams have great potency for precipitating creativity; therefore, certainly, they can be used for creative healing. The bliss body is our undivided consciousness, consciousness is one with its possibilities, no separation, no experience. So the bliss body is beyond both waking and dreaming. In deep sleep, we are in the bliss body; yet when we awake we remain the same, showing that the ego-conditioning is still controlling what possibilities we process while we are in blissful inseparateness with our whole being. So creative sleep is sleep in which our ego-control gives way and quantum-consciousness, you can call it God, can process new possibilities, possibilities of which creative experiences are made of. When we have such sleep, we wake up highly creative, bubbling with creativity.

This is quite different from lucid dreaming, but maybe we can call it "lucid sleep".

“\nWhen we dream, the physical stimuli are the brain noise much like Rorschach (ink blots); the mind makes a meaningful picture out of the Rorschach. 
So the meaning of all the symbols we see in the dream is the meaning I attribute to it.

Therefore, in some real sense, all the characters are me. So the mental ego is quite distributed, and has little control in shaping the dream.

This changes in a lucid dream in which we are aware that we are dreaming within the dream. So the dream ego is boosted by the waking ego in some sense enabling us to guide our dream in certain intended directions.”

Amit Goswami

Dr. Goswami: Quantum healing consists of quantum leaping and healing the diseased structure of the mind. This healing, then, heals the vital energy blocks, which finally, heals the physiology of organs. It is anybody's guess if the creative shift of mental perspective does or does not percolate to the body physiology during a lucid dream. It is certainly possible, theoretically speaking. We need data. Very good question.

Lucy: Have you had a particular lucid dream that stands out from the others? Perhaps one that made an impact on you?

Dr. Goswami: Yes, and this is where I could use some of your participants' getting involved. The theory we have says that all the symbols in my dream really represent "me". They are me. In my dream, I knew this because I was privy to the inside experience of my characters, not only what they were saying to me, the image with which I explicitly identified in the dream. And I was aware that I was dreaming, so it was a lucid dream. It was very much like the mystical realization in waking awareness that we are all one.

So I invite all of you out there to try to guide your next lucid dreams to experience your identity with all of your dream characters. Happy dreaming! Thanks.

Lucy: Thank you for talking with us at LDE!
I become lucid while trying to open a fold-out chair in my bedroom. It flops open and becomes a small red mattress. I stare at it for a moment, knowing that a deck chair can't turn into a mattress. Suddenly I realize I'm dreaming!

I want to go outside, hopefully into a sunny scene. Instead of attempting to fly through the walls of the house, as I usually do, I decide to just go through the door in the “ordinary” way - perhaps it will keep the dream more stable. I sing about what I want to do, also in an attempt to maintain a stable scene. I go outside onto the front lawn. I notice that there are several people around - strange, as usually I’m alone when I find myself lucid in "this place" (the front lawn is a frequent lucid dream scene).

Nearby, there are two men in black facing each other. They look greasy, dirty, and I assume they are criminals. Beyond them is a couple that were "my parents" from the previous non-lucid part of the dream. A small white dog, Terrier mix, comes scampering up to me, and as I stroke it's back, it complains to me that it doesn't like living with the two men, they are not nice to him. I pet the dog once more and then tell it to go to the couple ("my parents") "just over there", and that they will look after him well. The dog scampers happily away to the couple.

I then continue walking across the lawn, when I suddenly stop and think to myself "I have a task to do!" I try to recall some of the tasks I wanted to perform when lucid, then I remember I wanted to see if I could hear the thoughts of other dream characters, as Amit Goswami had suggested.

Instantly all I see is darkness, and I feel like I’m looking at the back of my eyelids. No longer on the lawn, I feel myself in bed, open my eyes, and fumble around for the button on my clock to press, so it will light up and I can see the time. It isn't working, or maybe my eyes are just blurry. I reach for a pen and sheet of paper and begin to write down the dream, feeling a bit disappointed that it ended before I could attempt Goswami’s suggestion.

As I begin to write, I suddenly stop short - realizing that I DID hear the thoughts of a character. The little dog didn't SPEAK, I could hear it's thoughts! Then I wake for real, knowing that the previous fumbling with the clock and writing the dream was a false awakening, but feeling pleased that I had my “Eureka!” moment while still asleep.

The Thoughts of Your Dream Characters

Dr. Amit Goswami, quantum physicist, author, and “What the Bleep Do We Know?” celebrity has a question/experiment for readers of The Lucid Dream Exchange:

Have any of you, while in a lucid dream, found that you knew all the thoughts of your dream characters, “from the inside”? In other words, have you ever, in a lucid dream, been able to “hear” or “just know” what other characters in your dream are thinking?

If you haven’t, why not give it a try in one of your next lucid dreams? Program yourself (using whatever dream incubation method works best for you) to be able to “hear” your dream character’s thoughts, or somehow get inside his/her head and know what he/she is thinking.

What thoughts did you hear? Were they coherent? Did they sound like your own? Did they sound/feel very “not-your-own”?

If you already have an experience of this sort, or when you try the experiment, please send a description to LDE and we will pass it on to Dr. Goswami.

Good Luck!
"What you see is what you get!" said Geraldine Jones. On most every episode of The Flip Wilson Show, she would strut around and show herself off. "What I see is what I get!" think lucid dreamers when they spy a dream character. Literal identification is a hard habit to break.

The audience of The Flip Wilson Show television program had an edge over dreamers. They'd spent plenty of time looking at TV, comparing it with physical life. Over time, through conscious observation, they'd been able to teach themselves the subtle differences between a fictional drama, a fanciful commercial and a factual documentary – between what is "real" and "unreal." When Geraldine made her proclamation, it was time for a chuckle. For "Geraldine" was actually comedian Flip Wilson in drag. His falsetto voice and women's clothes didn't fool the audience one bit. They could readily see past his disguise.

The same can't be said for dreamers. We haven't spent an equal amount of time noticing and interacting with dream characters in a conscious manner. The dream screen isn't nearly so handy as the TV screen; there's always a time lag before we can contrast the visuals of the dream with the sights of waking life. I was just as prone to the Flip Wilson Syndrome as everyone else: accepting dream characters as they appear without questioning my assumptions. I didn't realize that the dream is a jokester. It can clothe itself in all sorts of special effects, and I'm not just talking about the scenery.

Spirit guides, deceased relatives, probable selves, gods, fairies and beasts: these are just a few of the identities attributed to dream characters. Which of them, among the often bewildering variety, actually fits the dream you had last night? In order to comprehend dream characters in general, I suggest we start with live human beings. Maybe we can learn to see through the Geraldine-façade to the actual person underneath.

### Why Pay Attention to Human Beings?

#### 1. Agreement About Reality
Most humans act as if the material world is real. They also think they're real and are willing to give you the benefit of the doubt. So the first reason for using live humans is a practical one: mutual agreement that real beings coexist in a shared physical universe. Since the vote of the majority isn't always correct, consensus is no proof. But this common ground is a good place to start our discussion, whether we end here or not.

#### 2. Relative Stability of the Physical Counterpart
The physical world is more fixed than the worlds of dream, altered states and psi. It doesn't morph as much as they do, nor slip and slide in time. This consistency makes the more stable waking versions of its inhabitants a useful standard for comparison, when contrasted with their dreaming counterparts.

#### 3. Shared Perceptual Apparatus
No matter who or what a dream character actually is, we still have to use human perceptual apparatus to perceive it. Our inner vision is dependent on our outer vision (people blind from birth don't have visual dreams). Our outer vision perceives the physical world only partially (not like a microscope, telescope or x-ray machine). Whatever we do "see" must have something that our human hardware can latch onto or we will remain oblivious to it. In addition, our human software, such as intuition, reason, judgment, culture, language and reporting skills, combine to produce the final perceptual product. Seen together, we can realize group disadvantages (we don't have ultraviolet, magnetic or heat vision like some animals do). We can discover species-wide quirks (we have anthropomorphic tendencies: we are apt to assign human characteristics to animals, aliens and angels). What's actually in front of us may be quite different from what we think we see.

#### 4. Assessment of Hardware and Software
We are less likely to ignore or gloss over our specific talents...and handicaps...if they are seen against a backdrop of multiple events. We are less likely to consider our dream vision to be perfect and our capacity to identify dream characters to be unflawed when we compare perceptual skills with fellow humans.

#### 5. Feedback
A live human being is the only entity in this shared universe who can give us feedback about private presumptions. Whereas we can observe from afar the obvious surface appearance and behavior of any visual element, only a verbal human can tell us about what is hidden from sight, such as thoughts, feelings, emotions and subtle senses. These are the very components likely to participate in and influence the construction of our dreams.

### Reality Checks Linking Humans and Dream Characters
On an informal basis, we can look and listen to one another, sharing notes about what we see whether awake or asleep. But if we're serious about doing reality checks on human dream characters, the two main avenues of study involve a comparison of our dreams with another person's waking life and a comparison of our dreams with another person's dreams.

#### 1. Lab Experimentation
The most stringent reality check involving dreams or psi is experimentation in a laboratory using the scientific method. There have been lab experiments in dream telepathy and waking psi, as well as nonpsi phenomena like subliminal perception. Valuable information comes from lab reports, scientific journal articles, lectures and books written by the scientists. Perhaps the most revealing option is to communicate directly with lab subjects and scientists to discover what wasn't in the published reports. For example, there have been no official lab projects involving two or more people dreaming together, although I have heard the results of unofficial studies.
Whether awake or asleep, your vision is only as good as your mind, whether you are awake or asleep, whether your eyes are open or closed. Thus, an inner picture you'd identify as Aunt Annie would be a visual snapshot of her façade, her picture, her mask. As if your mind were a camera, you project an image of Aunt Annie built from whatever visual memory data has been collected and stored. Your memories, but you also have common memories of component parts like movement, speech, color and form that will help animate the Aunt Annie dream.

Three Aspects of Dream Characters

As a result of my research, I became aware that we needed to rethink the elements involved in dream identification, since they weren't quite the same as waking life. I decided to focus on three aspects. First, let's consider the case when all 3 aspects refer back to you, when the dream is totally "your stuff.'"

1. The Source of the Image-As-Perceived (the Picture)

Your own personal hardware and software produces the imagery in your mind, whether you are awake or asleep, whether your eyes are open or closed. Thus, an inner picture you'd identify as Aunt Annie would be your snapshot, your painting. As if your mind were a camera, you project an image of Aunt Annie built from whatever visual memory data has been collected and stored. Your dreams need not be an exact copy of waking life; your creative mind is quite capable of mixing, matching and expanding upon whatever is seen with physical eyes. You have whole Aunt Annie memories, but you also have common memories of component parts like movement, speech, color and form that will help animate the Aunt Annie dream.

2. The Source of the Information That Produces the Image

In the waking state and lucid dreams, you might deliberately think about the elements involved in dream identification, since they aren't quite the same as waking life. I decided to focus on three aspects. First, let's consider the case when all 3 aspects refer back to you, when the dream is totally "your stuff.'"

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Gradually, I came to recognize parallels with physical existence. For instance, the day after I met a female psychic at a New Age bookstore, I dreamt of Willie as a psychic. In waking life I introduced a working colleague named Leona to another woman; during the night I dreamt that I introduced Leona to Willie. After I'd traveled to Jill Gregory's Dream Library and Archive to help her organize the books and shelves, I dreamt Willie and I were heroically lifting a library floor.

Once, I dreamt that Willie was being introduced in public, along with Superman. Incongruously, Superman was wearing a flat top hat. At the time, Kent Smith, Ilona Marshall and I were co-creating the Dream Definition Dialogue interpretation technique to present in public. Kent often wore a flat top hat. If Superman was my version of Kent, then Willie would be...Ilona. Although the waking versions of such events involved several women, the dream versions contained only one costume.

Another time, I visited a dream group and talked animatedly about lucid dreaming with a fellow dreamer named Brad. Whereas I supported Brad's enthusiasm about lucid dreams, the leader of the group castigated us by inferring that, since Brad enjoyed manipulating the scenery so much, passive non-lucid dreams (and the people who dreamt them) were more spiritual than lucid ones. I talked with Brad afterwards, reaffirming his active behavior. That night I dreamt I was flying with Willie when she was struck by lightning and fell out of the sky. I had to dive down and rescue her before she hit the ground. For a long time, I didn't see the connection between being shut down in the dream group and being shocked out of the sky. That's because I was expecting Willie's waking counterpart to be a woman, not a man. Evidently, I could plaster Willie's image atop anyone, no matter what the gender.

Instances like these gave me the sense that I was leading parallel lives: a mundane variety in waking life and a magical version in the dream state. In waking life, I was Linda interacting with friends and colleagues; in dreaming life I was Casey the flyer who could levitate objects, teleport through walls and rescue people by flying away with them. Quite frankly, I preferred the dreaming version! However, in each of these cases, I felt that I was dreaming about Ilona, Brad and the rest. There was no reason to suspect influence other than day residue and no way to check in the dreamstate, since these were all non-lucid dreams.

After I began co-dreaming with dreaming partners, I discovered that Willie could be a flag for mutual dreams. If she appeared in either of our dreams, it was highly probable that they would contain psi correspondences. These correlations could be similar symbols (a deep hole in the floor), similar scenery (a resort hotel) or similar events (a bus trip in San Francisco).

One of the most vivid examples of dream/waking connection was a precognitive-telepathic dream. Several months before mutual dream researcher Jean Campbell took a trip to Europe, I dreamt of meeting Willie there. The correspondences between Jean's upcoming trip and my long, lucid dream were very striking. This dream occurred before Jean and I had ever met in the physical, although we had been penpals for a short time.

The most consistent recipient of the Willie costume was my husband, Manny. I'd dreamt Willie gave me a gold chain after Manny gave me a gold necklace for my birthday. Definitely day residue. I already knew that Manny had a harem fantasy when I had a harem dream with Willie; however, that same night he had a lucid dream in which he tried to "will" a woman to do his bidding. Synchronicity. I dreamt Willie picking up pieces of a DOS computer (unusual for me, since I own a Mac). After I woke, Manny told me an incident from the previous day: he was trying to fix a DOS computer at work when he dropped some of the pieces on the ground. Quite likely a case of psi.

The dream world had provided me with multiple examples of Willie's picture atop another human, but I was so caught up in the need for Willie to be a real, independent being that I ignored the clues. The dream had to become more specific. I dreamt of meeting Willie. Immediately afterwards, the dream repeated itself, and I dreamt of meeting Jean Campbell. The dream was trying its best to tell me something, but I wasn't listening. When that didn't get my attention, it became even more literal. I dreamt of making love to Willie, who morphed into Manny. Several times I closely observed this morphing process as it occurred in lucid dreams. In each case, the Willie picture melted into Manny's image, not the other way around.

Despite having to use the clothing I provided, a Willie dream could reveal information about other people. Beyond sensory stimuli, there was extrasensory perception in operation. But were any of the people behind the mask coming to visit?
**Dream Presence**

Waking psi experiments, like remote viewing, reveal that it's possible to perceive at a distance, yet remain seated in the here and now. So the perception of accurate dream psi information about Aunt Annie doesn't necessarily mean that she is present in your dream. She could be the broadcasting source of information that your sleeping mind recognizes as having Aunt Annie qualities, and in response, attaches an Aunt Annie image to it.

On the other hand, full-blown presence presumes that your consciousness travels to another dreamer or that he comes to you. Sometimes this happens in physical terms. Once, before completely returning to the waking state, I had the sense of Willie hovering over me, smiling, although there wasn't much of a picture to accompany this feeling. Soon thereafter, my daughter Teresa actually came into my bedroom and hovered over me. When I opened my eyes, she said, "Look at my face." "You're a clown," I responded. As part of a costume for Halloween, Teresa had "smiling" makeup painted on her face. Talk about a living mask!

My definition of "presence" has little to do with whether my partner's astral body appears in my dream. To me, presence involves the emergence of energy as contrasted with information. The full equation for psi is extrasensory perception plus psychokinesis. In dreaming terms, this means that the tactile senses come into play: gesture, motion, speed, rhythm being among them. It means, for instance, that if you touch your partner in your dream, she dreams of being touched. Is this somatic experience simply a case of information received, then converted by the dreamer's mind into sensation? Or is it direct tactile influence? This is one of those areas that still requires a lot of reality checks, but my preliminary investigation leads me to conclude that another person's energy can be present in a dream. When this happens, the dream character feels real because it is real. You are sensing the real energy of another human being behind the mask. The mask need not look like that particular human being, though.

The other person doesn't have to be conscious of sending information or energy your way for the transfer to occur. This makes it difficult to discover correlations with dreamers who aren't very self-aware. Just because you're lucid in a dream doesn't mean the other person is. A successfully shared lucid dream would require information plus energy plus conscious awareness. Ironically, it does not have to require the same picture! There doesn't even need to be a picture for psi connection to occur. It could be an audio or tactile experience, instead.

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**Summary**

This adventure with Willie was far more complex than I've had the time to tell. It was also a journey into altered states other than the dream. It was an eye-opener about how much we project rather than perceive, and how much Western culture encourages projection, while concurrently rejecting even the possibility of extrasensory perception.

To summarize, these are the most important things I learned from doing reality checks with human beings.

*Picture, presence and parallel information* are three different aspects of dream characters, each to be considered separately when trying to make an identification. Just because Annie appears in your dream doesn't mean it really is Annie. Just because an angel appears in your dream doesn't mean it really is an angel. Or an alien. Or an animated cartoon. The picture might be a mask for your own information and energy. It could be a costume for another human being. Or there can be any combination or permutation of these aspects.

Can our dream pictures be costumes for real entities other than humans? To my own satisfaction, I've concluded that animals needn't look like they do in waking life. A family pet with four legs can appear without them, as an eel, worm or a puff of fur (I suspect this is picture shorthand for its bubble-shaped aura).

In this immensely large universe, I would never suppose that humans are the only sentient inhabitants. However, I think an alien or alternate essence would have a real problem trying to communicate with humanity. Humans are so prone to plastering their presumptions that the presentation of such "significant others" would likely be warped beyond recognition. Personally, I think humans have a lot of homework ahead of them before they'll be invited to join any planetary or astral alliance.

But these last remarks are opinions. They've not been reality checked.

Determining the difference between another's presence and our own reflections is not an easy task, but by using humans as our standard, I believe we can develop the identification process into an art and science: an art of subtle sensing backed by a science of verification. If we don't know the difference, we'll never understand or even realize the existence of the greater mysteries of the universe. And, for sure, we'll never get the cosmic joke.
"Does the Sailor Control the Sea?"

Overcoming Resistance to Lucid Dreaming

By Robert G. Waggoner
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At a recent dream conference, psycho-therapists kept stopping me and saying, "Oh, you're the person that I want to talk to about lucid dreams!" It seems that another psychologist had mentioned hearing me speak on lucid dreaming in Copenhagen - a talk where I interweaved my lucid dream experiences with comments by Jung and Freud to suggest that lucid dreaming may be a means to explore and acquaint ourselves with the Self, or director of the dreaming. After my talk, the psychologist reconsidered her negative predisposition to lucid dreaming and instead, realized the potential value in lucid dreaming as a means of psychological exploration and integration.

So now, I began to meet the assorted - and yet-to-be convinced - colleagues. Most began by telling me that their academic training had taught them to consider "dreaming" as a message from the deepest part of our selves. To control the dream, as they assured me that lucid dreamers do, destroys or pollutes the pure message from this deep part of our selves. Though they didn't say it, the suggestion remained that only a narcissistic fool would do such a thing.

After a few hallway encounters, I hit upon an analogy that seemed to bring some lucidity into the conversation. I said, "No sailor controls the sea. Only a foolish sailor would say such a thing." Then I continued, "Similarly, no lucid dreamer controls the dream. Like a sailor on the sea, we lucid dreamers direct our perceptual awareness within the larger state of dreaming."

Wow, the power of an analogy!

Suddenly, I saw in their eyes the realization that my lucid dreaming experiences were simply attempts to understand the depths of dreaming, and by extension, my Self. Suddenly, we were on the same "team" - dreamers trying to understand the beauty and magnitude of dreaming. Suddenly, lucid dreaming had potential for increased awareness, instead of narcissistic flight!

Thankfully too, I had a recent lucid dream (see "Re-connecting with a Discarded Aspect of Myself" in the June 2005 LDE) to share with them. In it, I become lucidly aware and ask a young black woman, shadowing behind me, "Who are you?" She responds, "I am a discarded aspect of your self." And then, I felt the truth of that statement and the energy of this woman come into me. As Jung might suggest, this lucid dream shows conscious integration with parts of our self - forgotten, ignored, abused, misunderstood, but now consciously integrated into our awareness.

So if you happen to meet someone who has a negative opinion of lucid dreamers because they "control" the dream, ask them, "Does the Sailor control the Sea?" - and have a more enlightened conversation about lucid dreams. The following prose piece, I wrote for a talk that I gave in Alexandria, VA.
Anne Masterson September 2005
Speaking of Whether Adam Has Lucid Dreams...

I had a lucid healing dream recently. Finally!!! I saw a ball of light that spontaneously moved from one part of my body to another location seemingly at random. At this stage, I knew I was dreaming.

I thought of Adam, and also qi gong Grandmaster Feng (the teacher I met in real life in Beijing). In the dream I thought this must be what Adam means by an amorphous light he sends when he is healing, as described in his book. (Editor’s Note: See www.dreamhealer.com) I also thought the ball of light looked like a pearl of qi as described by my qi gong teacher. Then, I decided that since I was lucid, I could deliberately send the pearl of qi (or ball of light) to any area in my body. I deliberately thought, “Go to the liver, now go to the heart, go to the head,” etc., and the pearl would go wherever I wanted.

Then I decided to experiment by just visualizing the body areas without formulating the directions in words. The pearl instantly moved. I continued to effortlessly orchestrate the movement of the pearl of qi, slowing or speeding up the movement or direction, and hovering or spinning the pearl over an area, as though treating the area with qi gong. I was pleased with the effect and began looking at "where" the pearl was located. I then saw I was viewing my own energy system as though from above and outside myself, while still moving the pearl. I saw the pearl was moving inside the energetic or medicine body, not actually in the physical body. I continued to experiment and explore for a very lengthy dream.

When I woke up I felt really energized and excited at what I had accomplished in my lucid dream. Thank you Grandmaster Feng and Adam! And Lucy! We had talked about Adam and how he actually does his healing.

Lucy Gillis September 7 2005
“Adam” Dream

(Continuing from the “Spell Hound” dream on page 15)... the dog is now gone, and in its place is a young boy. He is sometimes lonely, and wants my email address. I give him my address and intend to be available if he needs someone to talk to. Each time I turn from him, and then look back again, he has grown older... He is 19 years old now, and is “Adam”. Though my lucidity is low, I am aware that he is a dream symbol and does not represent the actual Adam.

I notice that we are in the waiting room of a doctor’s office. It is a narrow crowded space full of ill people. We hear sirens and then I watch as Adam goes into a kind of trance and begins to heal people. He goes to each of them, one at a time. What I observe looks like cartoonish people, but I remind myself that I am looking at symbols. I see three older women demanding his attention. I feel sorry for him, they seem to have no regard for him, just what they can get from him. I wonder if they even consider what he goes through to heal others. I wonder if they even consider what he goes through to heal others. I soon wake.

Robert Waggoner February 1983
Backward Somersaults

I’m driving with W and P on a highway headed to Harvard. We wipe the windows as we head along, until suddenly the car disappears and the road becomes a riverbed with a small stream in it. We walk and run down the riverbed, hopping over puddles. I become concerned as I try to jump over one large puddle, but then realize that I float over it. At that point I realize that I am dreaming! I begin to fly straight up to about 150 ft and then look down. I see W and P looking up at me; it seems an amazing perspective! I feel exhilarated, and to show it, I decide to do a back flip in the air. I do it easily, and begin to float down. Now, I feel I’m losing control of the dream, and wake.
**A Dreamer October 29-30 2005**

**Healing River (WILD)**

My cats woke me up and I am trying to get back to sleep. As I try to fall asleep, I imagine a healing pool to immerse myself in. Then, behind this sort of veil, I can see a river, an outdoor place of healing. Other people are in the water. Finally I go through the “veil” into the dream scene. I quickly yank off my clothes and enter the water. It is warm and pleasant. I lie down in the water.

Nearby on the bank is a tall tree, perhaps a young sequoia, or that’s what I think in the dream. It is a pretty scene. The river isn’t very wide, but it’s an attractive river. The water is shallow but soon a current seems to move me along the river. As I lie naked in the river I can feel the smoothness of my skin. It feels very realistic. I’m finding it hard to believe how I am really in pajamas under warm covers. Finally I and the others get up out of the river. We go to this little place where there are rocks and sit down. I sit with these people I don’t know in real life. A woman with a sweet but untrained voice plays a guitar and sings a sort of folk song. There is a ’60’s quality, but I think of myself as my current age sitting with all these young attractive people.

Then one young woman comes over to her boyfriend who is next to me. She has a cigarillo in her mouth and gives it to the guy. I don’t smell the smoke yet, but the unpleasantness of the possibility, plus the incongruity of my being naked amongst all these young attractive people jolts me into greater lucidity. I feel it’s time to stop going along with the flow.

I get up and look around. I see a piece of the river but it has been channeled and co-opted by industry. It is full of scum and slag, I realize, just as I was ready to go back in. So I go the other way. I see another piece of the river — also polluted. I want to get out of the building I now seem to be in.

I see a couple of people go out this door. I move in their direction, but as they shut it, the door becomes part of the wall. I think I could go through it but that might wake me up. But that thought already seems to be waking me up. In a moment I am awake.

(*WILD = Wake Initiated Lucid Dream)

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(*WILD = Wake Initiated Lucid Dream)
Multiple Lucid Dreams

(I had a difficult time staying asleep - waking up many times...my mind was very alert.) I was walking down a hallway and decided to lie down and fly. I was lying very close to the floor on my back, feet first, moving forward. I immediately knew I was dreaming, since the action couldn't occur in waking life. I told others they were dreaming and could also fly. I thought I woke up. Then, I was with my mother looking at a man wearing transparent clothing. He was very muscular with body hairs and a very large penis. Then, I was in bed calling, "Donald, Donald!" but the sound would not come out. I couldn't get out of bed. A force held me down. I wanted my husband Donald to help me. I forced myself out of bed. I felt very heavy and moved with great difficulty. My feet were not touching the ground so I knew I was dreaming.

I continued into the other room. Donald wanted me to meet his girlfriend. All I could see was some weird square boxes on the wall. I told him to forget it - this was a dream. Besides, I wanted sex. He was willing but held back since people were in the room. I told him to ignore them - they were just dream characters. I took off my panties but kept on my top. He said he wouldn't participate unless I removed my top. I removed it. I could feel his penis penetrate and moving appropriately. I was sexually excited and close to orgasm when I awoke.

I was being held down again. This time, I felt a force on my forehead. I yelled again for Donald to help me. I could hear my voice clear and loud. Suddenly I was sitting in a kitchen with my Aunt Millie. I was drinking something. She was at the stove or sink. I said to her, "Are you dreaming?" She said "Yes". I thought as long as I am dreaming I don't want to be in this boring dream scene. So, I got up and walked through the door. I thought there are so many wonderful things I can do and see. Should I fly to the stars? Should I be inside or outside? Should I just let the dream unfold? I started to lose the scene, so I spun down a steep, spiral stairway. I decided to create a handsome man for sex. He would be walking toward me, and we would romantically embrace. A man did approach. We were now in a room. I could feel his penis moving inside my vagina. I was sexually aroused and moving towards orgasm. The scene was getting black. (I know from past experience that I must continue the visual in order to enjoy the tactile part of the dream.) So, I created people around me, talking, etc. Strangely the man was gone, and I was in a peculiar position that I could not logically explain. However, I never interrupted the sexual movements which maintained a rhythm that brought me into a fantastic feeling of orgasm. I awoke this time for real. And looked at the clock; it was 3:36 am.

I fell asleep again into the following dream. I was walking outside in a beautiful scene. I was filled with joy!! I knew I could create anything I wanted. I could go into my past memories and create a boyfriend. I could dance and sing and recapture old feelings. I'm ageless and free. I looked down from a cliff at a wondrous scene of our marvelous earth.

I decided to create a past boyfriend. Names went through my head, but I couldn't decide which one I wanted right now. So, I allowed my subconscious mind to present him. He was standing a few feet away from me. I went up to him and looked. It was Steve - just like him! Immediately he started to change - getting shorter and looking completely different. I remembered exactly the way he was when I went with him. Knowing dream characters usually won't keep constant, I did not study him anymore. I asked him if he wanted to go swimming with me or if we should dance. I asked him what type of dancing he would prefer and he said, "line dancing." (We never line danced.) Then we went down the stairs to an area below the cliff. As I walked down the stairs, they kept increasing so as to never end. As soon as I thought that I didn't want to do that, we were standing next to a table where corn on the cob was sold. Steve was buying the corn, and I walked below. A salesgirl made a derogatory remark about me to the effect that I stepped away so that I wouldn't have to pay. I went back up to the table area. I didn't want any corn. Steve was eating one that didn't look very good - lots of kernels missing. I started to lose the scene and felt the transition to wake up.

Note: These were extraordinarily, vivid, real-like dreams. The wakefulness and state of mind might possibly be instigated by homeopathic remedies I'm taking at this time. I'm exquisitely hypersensitive.

Craig Sim Webb December 15 2004

Surfing The Wake-Sleep Border

Resting quietly at the wake sleep border, I surf back into a vision dream and feel energy begin to flow into my body. I feel a very close kinship with my soul and many inspirations pour in about life and the universe.

I mentally ask for guidance on my life path and it feels like that request is heard and goes into the works. I ask about knowing the nature of myself. My vision fills with a slightly metallic blue scintillating field - extremely lovely! I remember my very powerful "ocean of grace" self-knowledge vision dream of many years ago. Shortly, a flood of oranges come piling in from the side edges of my visual field. Among other things, I figure it's guidance to eat oranges this morning, and set my intent to do so when I awake. I play quite some time (5-10 minutes) with my attention focus in order to keep at the wake sleep border, and I do pretty well. Eventually my attention shifts to my breath and I slowly come into waking state...and softly awaken.

Keelin

It wasn't until the scene began to fade, the water greying and evaporating right in front of my eyes, that I realized I was waking from a dream. I knew that even slightly stirring in bed would dramatically lessen my chances of returning to the pool of dolphins, so I lay perfectly still and vividly imagined the sensation of my arms moving through water again. There's also a learned expectation that I can easily have a lucid dream after a bit of insomnia (which I'd had prior to the dream), and that may also have played a part in my quick return to the scene -- but this time with awareness of dreaming.

Back in the pool, a baby dolphin joined the pod, and the water, which had been calm and slightly murky, became fantastically...
brilliant splashes of liquid sunlight. We moved with the smoothest speed, back and forth, back and forth, traveling the full length of the pool. Who would ever think that dolphins would be content to do laps? But so it seemed. And my swimming, awkward at best in waking life, became more like theirs -- effortless, graceful, pure sleek motion.

At times such as this, when I've no specific goal that might only be pursued within a lucid dream, I feel no desire to do more with my awareness than to simply appreciate *being* within the extraordinary world of the dream as it naturally unfolds. And really, what more could I wish for?

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Dear Lucy,

I started conscious/lucid dreaming while reading the Seth books...and also had several lucid dreams containing sound (I read your interview this morning in one of the former issues of The Lucid Dream Exchange). I think this whole exchange thing is amazing...and would love to share some experiences...and also love to read the experiences of others. Let me share with you a lucid dream I had, I think, one year ago...it's about giving yourself a signal to wake up on time...this one was pretty fascinating in that regard:

I am awake and think I woke up for real at first. I am enthusiastic when I realize that I must be dreaming. I try to concentrate, but it is difficult, I'm afraid to wake up. I walk a little in the living room and go outside for a second. Then I wake up again, but this time again not for real. I take a look at my alarm clock. The time doesn't match the actual time. This makes me doubt if I'm dreaming. I walk to the stairs to the living room and hear a voice right next to me that says: "Look for what is different" (in English while I'm Dutch...fascinating detail, male voice).

I look at the microwave and see that it is turned on (while I'm the only one in the house) and that there are old African statues in it. I am so surprised that I scream...(I didn't expect such a thing, you know, haha!). Then the world seems to move around me...or I'm moving myself...a weird feeling like I'm sucked into something. And then I am suddenly standing outside, in a town/city that I don't know in the waking state. I walk around a bit. It's an old fashioned Dutch town like Deventer, but it isn't Deventer. It has modern shops.

I try to orient myself, but really have no clue what town it is. I walk around for a bit and see a shop sign; it says Strik. I talk to a man walking next to me, and say, “In Deventer we have also a lot of shops in the street where I live that are owned by the family Strik. I bet it is family.” I also ask the man the name of the town. He is pointing to a town sign (with the name of the town). I forgot what it said when I woke up, sadly enough.

I am exactly the same way as I am when awake. Even my thinking. I am super enthusiastic in this dream, because I did it...I created a conscious dream...and I continue walking through this city. Then I see a bus coming. I am thinking of taking that bus to see where it heads to.

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I am woken up from my sleep by noise from outside. It is day light and I can see my neighbours playing in their backyard. They are being quite loud. My wife calls to me and tells me it is time to let our dog out into the backyard. I get out of bed. I am convinced I am wide-awake. I continue looking out the window and suddenly find myself walking down a country road.

I am convinced I am awake. This is too realistic to be a dream. There are rolling green hills on my right. People are scattered here and there. Some are alone others are in couples. The sun is out and it is a very beautiful day. I know I am not dreaming but I will say it anyways. "I am dreaming".

There is no detachment or any other changes. I then realize I am dreaming. This is a lucid dream so realistic it appears to be reality. The lucid dream is very stable and I do not fear waking up. I arrive at my house and enter it. In front of me is a steep staircase leading up to the top floor. I take a few steps and then say "Why not float up?" since this is a lucid dream. I start floating. It is a struggle to advance even one step. The visuals start losing colour and I worry about losing lucidity.

I stop trying and just float there. I then contort my body and appear to be looking right through my body. I now decide to walk the rest of the way. Visuals come back immediately. I arrive at the top of the staircase. This house does not look anything like my actual house. In front of me is my bedroom. My bed is in front with the same side window that I was looking out to begin this lucid dream. I still know I am to let the dog out.

First I want to enjoy my lucid surroundings. To my right is a male sitting on another bed. There also appears to be two other females standing in the room. They are having a conversation amongst themselves. Since I am lucid I want them to realize they are in my lucid dream. I talk to them, yell at them, but get no response. I give up and look out the window. I am thinking what it would be like to let a lucid dog outside.

The dream characters then say it is time to go and let my dog out. I get up and follow them out of the room. I then wake up for real this time. I am amazed at how realistic this lucid dream was. How solid the furniture was, the people, and being lucid in a daylight environment.
Karl B.

Opening to Evil

I'm on the stairs at the alternative healing school where I've taken a couple of classes. As I climb the stairs, I'm thinking about comic-book superheroes. I sense that all of them are safe, except for the Green Lantern, who is in danger because of a disembodied evil presence.

As I continue up the stairs, I begin to sense this evil presence. I recognize it from other dreams, and I realize I'm dreaming. I reach the large, open classroom at the top of the stairs. Unlike waking life, the room is empty and bare, except for a young man who is standing at the far end of the room. He is wearing white boxers, nothing else. I sense the evil in him now, and I feel fear begin to grow within me. I concentrate on staying open, not letting the fear overwhelm me.

As I start walking toward the man, I repeat in my mind, "I love you," and I open my heart toward him, willing to accept whatever happens. When I reach him, he places his hands on either side of my head. I reflexively grab his forearms. Then he leans toward me and kisses me on the forehead. The sense of evil evaporates, and I feel a great sense of liberation.

I suddenly am awake, in bed, lying next to my sleeping wife, with my hands holding her forearms. I sheepishly let go. I'm amazed I didn't wake her up.

And then I really do wake up, with my hands to myself this time. As I think about the dream, I wonder who the young man was. What pops into my head is a boy who was in my class in high school; the man in the dream resembled him somewhat.

The boy was from a profoundly poor family, and was therefore shunned by nearly everyone else in my class, including me. It comes to me that the man in the dream was an impoverished part of myself. Then I think about the false awakening, and I recall that my wife also came from a very poor family.

Somehow, this all fits together in some nonverbal way - the young man in the dream, the boy from my high school, my wife, and me.

Matt Stevenson

I've had lucid dreams before but never really understood what was happening until I did a research assignment on dreaming in a psychology class. After this assignment I was having lucid dreams around once a week. In the dream I had the night after I submitted my assignment, I remember being at a slightly distorted version of my old house (I have recently moved, which I'm not happy about, and I often dream of my old house.)

Me and a group of people were being chased and attacked by this group of people who kept driving past my house. They would drive and stop to hunt us down... I remember the chases being overly scary, I was more scared than I'd ever been in waking life, which always seems to happen in my dreams. The group of people I was with (I knew them, can't remember exactly who) soon got smaller and smaller until it was just me running away from these killers around my old neighbourhood. This is when I became lucid... since I had never really explored any dreams before, I didn't really have any control and was too scared of these killers to do anything about it. I just remember thinking, "Ok, I'm dreaming, but I really don't want to be here," and I figured the fastest way to elude the killers was to wake up, so I bit my forearm as hard as I could, which managed to wake me up.

Lucy Gillis October 24 2005

The Face on the Wall

My cousin has just returned from a trip and has brought back some paintings and other decorative things. One looks like a very large doll's head, lots of long brown hair. My cousin holds it up to a wall and says it would look good there. As she does that, the head becomes attached to the wall, the hair getting even longer and fanning out like metal feathers. She lets go of the head, which stays in place on the wall.

Then the head speaks to us! We both freeze. I suppress a kneejerk reaction to give in to fear. My curiosity is stronger than my fear. My cousin, who now has become my sister, looks away from the face, as though ignoring it will make it stop speaking.

I look the face square in the eye and say "This must be a dream, this HAS to be a dream!" Encouragingly the head nods and smiles, and says "Yes, it is!"

I grab a nearby newspaper and show my sister how the titles change with each re-reading, trying to prove to her that this is a dream. Unfortunately, I wake before I can wrangle any wisdom out of the face in the wall.

Matt Stevenson November 3 2005

My latest lucid dream was a few nights ago (3/11/05) and it was faaar more interesting than the previous one (of being chased and hunted). This time I was being chased by dinosaurs; I figure because I had been watching “Jurassic Park” before I fell asleep. I remember a building had been destroyed by a T-rex, much like in the movie. Me and a friend were hiding behind all this rubble while the T-rex was eating or trying to eat something just above us. This is when I became lucid.

I remember thinking "I have to do something worthwhile in this dream that I’m conscious of,” and I wanted to explore my dream further. I wandered off and left my friend and the T-rex. I walked for awhile till I came to a tree. I climbed the tree, which was very big and overlooked an open meadowy field-like space which spanned as far as I could see.

I then saw an old man, pretty sure he was black, with an old brimmed hat and cloak-like coat. He was either standing on the bank which was level with the treetop, or was in the same tree as me, or in the one next to me (it was quite a forested area I was in). He took a gun-type object and took aim. He managed to hit the branch I was holding onto just by my hand, which caused me to fall. Still holding the branch I swung to grab another and another and descended until I was able to swing to the ground. The branches became more flexible as I used them and my swinging had an ease to it that almost seemed like gliding or floating.

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The Lucid Dream Exchange ● December 2005
When I reached the ground the old man was there. We then talked for a while. He said something to the effect of "Bet you didn’t know you could do that." I can’t remember the rest of what he said but it wasn’t a long conversation. Then I woke up. I thought about the dream and figured I probably start writing these down, just in case I see my friendly old black guide again. :)

**Emmy van Swaaij August 14 2005**

On August 14th of this year I had a very intense conscious dream where a woman guided me to another focus of mine (I’ve had more dreams in this regard - all different focuses - sometimes the same) in which I experienced a very intense WW2 drama I was involved in as that focus. I’ve had many dreams in that area and I will spare you that particular detail of that dream. Because it was very harsh and I’ve had many conscious dreams, most of them are much fun, this one wasn’t but this one WAS very important. It involved me dying in a gas chamber...not much fun. But after that particular part the dream continued in the following manner:

Then all of a sudden, I’m standing in the hallway at my parents’ house again. I’m just as conscious as I was before, and am only focused on myself again (not also the other focus at the same time). I look in the bedroom and see Gert-Jan (my boyfriend) standing next to the bed. I think he sees me and I walk toward him. When I stand next to him I realize he is not talking to me but to a WAKING STATE version of me who stands next to me and who gives him a glass of water.

I’m totally utterly fascinated by what I see. I see myself and Gert-Jan then I think “Oh I should go to the other room” when Gert-Jan starts walking. I touch him accidentally because I couldn’t walk away because I myself (my waking self) was standing in the way. He feels me touching him and is surprised but does not say anything about it to my waking state self.

Then I’m in the hallway again and almost get pulled to another situation. But a woman grabs my arm and walks with me to a bedroom and tucks me into a bed, just in the same similar loving way as my mom would do when I was small (and as her father did with her when she was small). She also tucks Snoopy (my Snoopy stuffed animal I always slept with when I was small, and that I still have) in with me. Then she says very clearly: “And NOW IT’S OVER (the experience). YOU’VE HAD ENOUGH! She is a very loving individual. At the moment she says it, I wake up in the physical.

**G.G. September 26 2005**

**Anniversary of Mother’s Passing**

(It was exactly one year today since my mother died. Thoughts of her pervaded my mind all day. I looked at pictures of her when she was young. Of course, I missed her and was depressed. When I went to bed, I asked, "What do I need to feel better?")

I had a long, non-lucid dream where I was working in an office. Then, I saw mother walking towards me. I remembered that she was dead, so I must be dreaming. Suddenly the dream became more colorful and vivid. Mother looked about thirty years old and was very beautiful. She was so wonderfully clear that I could see her huckleberry blue eyes. Her dress was white with many different, bright colored designs and ruffles. It was very much like a dress she wore in a picture I observed yesterday.

I said, "Mother, oh Mother" as we hugged each other ever so tightly. I could actually feel her close to me and started to say, "Mommy, oh mommy" (I never called her mommy, as a child. However, after she died last year, I would wake up calling her mommy in my mind. I'm 70 years old.)

I had her sit down in front of me as I just stared at her in amazement. As a dream character, she did not change. She looked the same - young and beautiful and the image of my mother. I was overwhelmed with emotion. I asked her how she was doing. She said she was going to work and was very happy. (Work was all she did in her lifetime, and it made her happy. I wanted so much more for her.) Being aware that she was a dream character, I asked her if I could hold her hand while we talked. I didn't want her to disappear. I wanted to hold on to her forever. As I held her hand (which I could feel), she started to disappear. I felt the slow transition to wakefulness. My heart was full of love and acceptance, but tears were in my eyes from the realization that I had to let her go. I was at peace again.

**Robert Waggoner May 1982**

**Following My Inner Direction**

(Likely my first lucid dream in which I surrender to my inner self). I walk into another room to watch TV. Looking out the window into the night, I see a woman in the house next door. Feeling embarrassed, I decide to fly out of the room. With that, I realize that I am dreaming and lucid. I easily fly through the night sky, wondering what to do. I say to myself, “Well, I’ll just follow my inner direction, and go where it takes me”.

I feel like I’ve suddenly covered a good distance in an instant. I begin to descend in a standing position. Looking below me, I see that I have come to a restaurant with tables all around. Interestingly, every table has a figure on it; kind of a blobby, vaguely human thing (like wax covering a bottle). I land there, next to a family of 7 Mexicans.

Since I knew I was having a lucid dream, I asked them questions. I said, “What are your names?” They said that they couldn’t tell me, and I said that I knew that. Then I asked, “What day is this?” I don’t recall their response. We sat down at a large table and waiters began to bring dishes of food. The young woman across from me said, “I only eat every 10 days.” I began to ask her what she meant then I awoke.

**Lucy Gillis November 30 2005**

**The Oracle**

I get out of bed in the middle of the night and discover that there are mice in the house. I stand on a chair and look at them moving about on the floor. I count seven of them, all white. I go upstairs, but it becomes like my childhood house’s livingroom. All along the north-facing wall the skirting board is warped, as though water damaged. This must be how the mice have
I was having a long non-lucid dream taking place in Bob's farm house...I said, "Bob, please don't be angry with me in this dream." Suddenly the scene became more vivid. I knew I was dreaming.

Bob looked exactly as I last saw him in the 1960's when we were lovers. However, he appeared to be very angry and was turning away from me. I pleaded, "Bob, please, please don't be angry. Please, forgive me." His head was turned to the left. My face was very close to his. He turned his head to the right and kissed me. I could feel it as real as if he were in the room with me. We stopped kissing. He said, "Para siempre." He kissed me again, and I felt the slow change in consciousness as I kept saying, "Don't go, don't go." I woke up. I continued to keep my eyes closed as I reflected upon the experience, and the wonderful feeling of being crazy, madly in love.

(Note: For a long time, I had non-lucid dreams taking place in Bob's house wherein he would not see me, he walked out, he was angry with me, etc. In reality, we did not part on unpleasant terms, so I don't know why my subconscious mind gave me these dreams. However, I didn't feel good when I awakened, so I would keep my eyes closed and program for a dream in which we were more loving. I have been working with my dreams since the 1970's and never let a remembered negative dream go, without exploring its meaning and changing the outcome. This has been a considerable asset to my well-being....By the way, Bob and I studied Spanish in college together. I gave him two champagne glasses engraved "Para Siempre" (for always - forever).

**Lucid Del Sol Season 1999**

I experienced this lucid dream during the fall of my sophomore year in college, at the University of California in Santa Cruz, in 1999, I was 19 years old: I remember walking from my dorm to my Intro to Computers class. I arrived there and saw people cramming and going over their notes before the exam was given. (I actually did have an exam in that class coming up). I sat down and the exam was handed out. I looked at the exam and right away noticed something odd. The questions had nothing to do with computers, and some of the questions were about my personal life. I looked up and saw people with their books open and cheating on the test, only it seemed like everyone was doing it. I then realized that it was a dream.

(During that same quarter/semester I was taking a course called Psychology and Religion, and we talked about lucid dreaming.) So, I raised my hands in front of my face and could feel energy course through my body and knew that I could then take control of my dream. I jumped into the air and flew across the classroom (stadium seating) and outside into the air. I flew up high and enjoyed the feeling for a while. After a few moments I looked down to the building where my class was and saw students leaving. I saw my professor. In the dream I remember what we had been discussing in my Psychology and Religion class about lucid dreaming and about one psychologist that would walk up to people his dream and touch them and talk to them. So, I decided to fly down and try just that. I walked up to my professor and pushed him with my two outstretched palms. He looked down at me and with a scary look and voice said, "Yeah, I'm just messing around with my dreams too!" Scared, I flew right back up into the sky. I just kept going up and looked down as the ground became smaller and smaller.

It took me a moment to realize that I had woken up, and that the "ground" that I thought I was looking at was actually my dorm room wall. That the features of the "land" were actually the imperfections in the texture of the wall. I didn't really know where the dream ended and where my waking life began.
This whole situation is disturbingly peculiar and I decide it may be wise to do a reality check. Looking around, I notice all the street and storefront signs are designed in very fancy script letters that are hard to read. Don't panic, I think, just read part of something.

I find a number 8 that convincingly turns into a 7 on second glance, and I am relieved and delighted to recognize once again that I'm dreaming. “So this, too, is a dream!” I exclaim, now fully recalling the previous situation. A woman dream character is standing beside me and I ask if she'd like to go flying with me, but then I recall a promise made just yesterday to a friend who does not know how to enjoy his own dreams. I told J quite genuinely that the next time I had a lucid dream, I would attempt to take him flying with me and that perhaps this would somehow influence his own dream world for the better. I propose to my dream companion that we try to locate J. Instead of trying to make him suddenly materialize, I suggest that he may be just around the corner, but when we get there we find no one. At the end of the street is a cafe and I think perhaps J is waiting for us there.

We enter the cozy, little neighborhood cafe but J is not here either and I wander over to the window to see if perhaps I will see him approaching. The weather is drizzly and the lighting is that of late afternoon. I am calling out mentally to J wondering if perhaps this attempt at connection will affect his dreams (if he is currently dreaming).

After waiting awhile, I look around the cafe, and since J has still not yet arrived, I decide to enjoy exploring the possibilities of "creating" him. I see a young man with dark hair like J’s and wonder just how much I can possibly manipulate his appearance to match that of my friend. Thinking this could be an interesting experiment, I approach him shyly and ask, “Would you mind being part of an experiment?” He rather good-naturedly agrees without question.

Dancing my fingers lightly across his head turns his straight hair into soft, dark curls, and a short beard is conjured by placing my hands gently on his cheeks. His body weight is much heavier than J's and I have a difficult time altering it. Although this dream character is quite congenial and most obliging, his new appearance is completely unstable. His hair goes flat and I have to curl it again. Finally, I abandon my efforts with a sigh and a giggle, give the unstable fellow a warm hug, and tell him he is actually quite handsome all on his own! A woman bartender, who has been watching our interaction, asks if I would give her a perm. I think this is a very funny request and turn her long straight hair instantly into fabulous curls with my magic fingers.
In the Company of Conjurors

After a brief mid-night awakening, I slide back into dreaming with full awareness and the intention of trying some "Dream Magic" as inspired by two waking life friends who are avid lucid dreamers.

Standing alone in a parking lot, I set my mind to conjure a dream character who will appear behind me. I wait a few seconds and turn around, but see no one and feel I'm beginning to wake again. Rubbing my dream hands, I decide to try something that seems "easier" -- like changing the angle of the parking lot lines (!?). Instant success.

Looking around, I notice that the scene is oddly lacking in color. My desire to change this manifests only a crescent moon and the sense of twilight, but this seems more a justification of what was already present. Now I want my dream friends to appear. This time there is instant success! This both startles and delights me as I've often had difficulty conjuring the images of specific people while dreaming. Both of them wear big, mischievous grins as if they're proud to have made it into this dream scene. We exchange warm, exuberant hugs.

Looking up at a nearby clock tower, I want it to be 6:00. I'm not sure if it was different before, but see that it does read as intended. And although it's a bit early, I think it would be fun to go to dinner now. Wonder of wonders, right there across the street is an attractive Italian restaurant. "Dinner's on me!", I announce to my companions, knowing there will never be a real bill to pay. :) I'm so happy to be with these friends and pleased with how this dream is unfolding. And though I know this is my dream and that these friends are truly dream characters, still it will be fun to describe the scenario to them later -- especially since one has recently mentioned how he enjoys tasting food in his own dreams.

We only begin to walk across the street when suddenly we are nestling into a cozy corner booth in the restaurant. The atmosphere is warm and colorful with great ambient lighting. A waiter instantly appears to take our orders, and both of my companions request "spaghetti & meatballs". Somehow this waiter instantly appears to take our orders, and both of my friends seem to recognize each other. A couple of the child observationsประทุศ and watch as each person steps over the threshold.

Looking at a nearby clock tower, I want it to be 6:00. I'm not sure if it was different before, but see that it does read as intended. And although it's a bit early, I think it would be fun to go to dinner now. Wonder of wonders, right there across the street is an attractive Italian restaurant. "Dinner's on me!", I announce to my companions, knowing there will never be a real bill to pay. :) I'm so happy to be with these friends and pleased with how this dream is unfolding. And though I know this is my dream and that these friends are truly dream characters, still it will be fun to describe the scenario to them later -- especially since one has recently mentioned how he enjoys tasting food in his own dreams.

We only begin to walk across the street when suddenly we are nestling into a cozy corner booth in the restaurant. The atmosphere is warm and colorful with great ambient lighting. A waiter instantly appears to take our orders, and both of my companions request "spaghetti & meatballs". Somehow this seems hilarious to me. As I sit holding hands with two of my favorite dream magicians, I suggest that we do this kind of handholding as a ritual whenever we appear in each other's dreams. Wiggling my fingers, I remark that this version of the usual technique is a particularly enjoyable way to prolong the dream.

This dream feels remarkably stable and I'm quite taken with how vivid and real it all appears. There is now some visual discrepancy, however, in the faces of my friends as compared with how they look in waking reality, but I choose not to focus on this. Instead, I ask if they'd like to do something together (meaning all three of us). They react as if they think they've gleaned my unspoken desire and look at each other with exaggerated expressions of shock and surprise, as if to say, "Oh no!" Now I think I know what they're thinking and tease them back saying, "Well, how about two at a time?" They look at each other, kiss in an impish fashion, and I wake with a little giggle.

Episode

My Job at the Cafe -- A Psychopompic Episode

In an underground room with many people, I am with four friends (unknown to me in waking reality). It is a cafe atmosphere filled with small tables and chairs and there is much conversation happening among the patrons. I have joined my companions at the bar and begin offering advice on what to do "when the time comes". There is an unspoken common awareness that some dramatic event is about to occur.

I speak with an unusual tone of authority as if I've been through this before and suggest that when "it" happens, one thing they can do is jump into the air. As I demonstrate this, I find myself hovering briefly near the ceiling. By the time I have completed a slow descent, I am lucid and realize the theme of this dream scenario: All of these people are about to die. They seem expectant, almost eager, as they await the experience. One of my friends comments that she suddenly recalls being a man in a past life, and there is now a pervasive feeling within the room that whatever is about to take place will bring everyone into a new sense of "total reality".

The time has come. Everyone moves silently towards the door that now stands open, revealing a long passageway. Though dimly lit, it appears brighter at the far end. I take my place at the entrance and watch as each person steps over the threshold.

Lining both sides of the passageway are the ‘Greeters’. Their arrangement creates the impression of a celebratory reception line. The dying children cross over first and are welcomed by children from the other side. Their encounters appear joyous and a number of them seem to recognize each other. A couple of the child greeters write notes on pieces of paper for some of the other newly dead children.

There is a quiet sense of joyous awe as each person enters and is escorted toward the light. I am the last to enter, carrying an infant who is too young to walk. Partway down the hall, I am greeted by a graceful woman in a long, flowing gown. We exchange a warm smile of acknowledgement as I lay the child gently in her arms. I return to the empty café and close the door with a calm and familiar feeling.

This dream was particularly moving for me as I had just incubated a question regarding alternative careers. Also amusing were the lyrics from an old classic song that I found myself singing as I woke the next morning: "It's nice work if you can get it, and you can get it if you try".

Afternote: A few days later, a coworker related a dream in which I had informed her and her companion that a friend of theirs had died, that I had just seen him, and that he was fine. Naturally, I felt compelled to tell her my recent dream. She told me that in waking reality, she and her companion had actually been concerned about this particular friend as he had been ill and emotionally unstable and they'd not seen him in a long time. Unable to contact him, the question of dream synchronicity remains unanswered.
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Ralf's "Maui DreamCamp Picture Show"
http://home.t-online.de/home/Ralf.Penderak/index.htm

Richard Hilton’s Lucid Dream Documentary
http://www.BulbMedia.net/lucid_dream_documentary

The Dream Explorer
Linda Lane Magallon's website featuring lucid, OBE, telepathic, mutual and flying dreams. Some dreams and articles have appeared in LDE.
http://members.aol.com/psiflyer/dream/explorer.html

Linda Magallón's Flying Dreams website
www.members.aol.com/caseyflyer/flying/dreams.html

Experience Festival
Several articles on lucid dream-related topics
http://www.experiencefestival.com/lucid_dreaming

Lucid Dream Newsgroups
alt.dreams.lucid and alt.out-of-body

Sleep Paralysis and Lucid Dreaming Research
www.geocities.com/jorgeconesa/Paralysis/sleepnew.html

David F. Melbourne
Author and lucid dream researcher.
http://ourworld.compuserve.com/homepages/dreamthemes

theSaint's website
www.angelfire.com/ca/auricles/lucid4.html

Lucid Dreaming Links
http://www.greatdreams.com/lucid.htm

The D.R.E.A.M.S. Foundation
www.dreams.ca

Lucidity Institute Forum
A thought-provoking, inspiring place to participate in ongoing discussions about the very stuff that lucid dreams are made of.
www.lucidity.com/forum

The International Association for the Study of Dreams
www.asdreams.org

Reve, Conscience, Eveil
A French site (with English translations) about lucid dreaming, obe, and consciousness.
http://florence.ghibellini.free.fr/

Werner Zurfluh
"Over the Fence"
www.oobe.ch/index_e.htm

Beverly D’Urso - Lucid Dream Papers
www.durso.org/beverly

The Conscious Dreamer
Sirley Marques Bonham
www.theconsciousdreamer.org

Fariba Bogzaran
www.bogzaran.com

Robert Moss
www.mossdreams.com

Electric Dreams
www.dreamgate.com

The Lucidity Institute
www.lucidity.com

Jayne Gackenbach
Past editor of Lucidity Letter. All issues of Lucidity Letter now available on her website.
www.spiritwatch.ca

The Lucid Art Foundation
www.lucidart.org

Matt Jones’s Lucid Dreaming and OBE Forum
www.saltcube.com

Dreams and Lucidity
http://www.spiritonline.com

Janice’s Website
With links to lucid dreaming and out of body sites.
http://www.hopkinsfan.net

Oniris - Le Forum des Rêves
A French site dedicated to lucid dreaming.
http://reveslucides.free.fr/index.php

DreamTokens
www.dream-tokens.com

Send in Your Lucid Dreams!
Deadline: February 5 2006
www.dreaminglucid.com