The Lucid Dream Exchange

Founder
Ruth Sacksteder

Co-Editors
Lucy Gillis & Robert Waggoner

Publisher
Lucy Gillis

Contributors
John Galleher, Sam Gan,
Paul Helfrich,
Ed Kellogg, Roger Leonard,
Linda Magallón,
Anne Masterson, Steve Parker,
Charlie Sykie, Craig Sim Webb, C.S.

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

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

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Lucid Dreamer, Paul M. Helfrich has a multidisciplinary background as a former university educator, researcher, composer, and writer. Most recently, Helfrich has presented workshops and lectured nationally on conscious creation, the channeling phenomenon, and integral psychology and spirituality. He's authored a series of online essays on these topics, (viewable at www.newworldview.com) as he prepares for his first book, “Integral Conscious Creation”.

Answers to questions © Paul Helfrich
Robert: When did you first learn about conscious dreaming or lucid dreaming?

I stumbled upon a book on Astral Projection as a teenager. I forget how it came to my bookshelf, and who the author was. But the notion of an astral body and projections sounded like fun, and made intuitive sense to me, though the experiences described didn't match any that I had had up to that time. No silver cords, or scary demons, or the like.

Robert: Can you recall your first lucid dream experience? Please, tell us about that.

When I was about eight or nine years old, I had my first recalled lucid dreams, though I didn't know they were called that at the time. I recall two in particular, the first involved me driving my mother's car, and it was so real that upon awakening I wasn't sure that it was a dream, but knew rationally that I couldn't have driven her car "for real." And yet, the experience was so vivid, so real it confused me for years until I stumbled upon a book on Astral Projection.

The second involved a repeating dreamscape in which I could leap down the stairs from my bedroom to the first floor in a single step! It was so cool! I could also float/fly around the living room downstairs. Again, this was all very vivid, and confused me as a child. I don't recall asking my parents about it, because they made no mention of dreams that I recall. I just assumed that everybody did it, and left it at that.

Robert: What about those early experiences did you find interesting?

Again, the vividness, the clarity of focus was so real, and that I remained confused for years about how to situate it within my larger worldview. There was simply no room for it, so it was suppressed into the closet of unofficial experiences. I can only wonder how often this occurs in the general population?

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

I read a lot of science fiction (Asimov, Clarke, Herbert, Heinlein, Tolkien, etc.) in High School. I was also experimenting with psychedelics, but as a recreational pursuit with no shamanic guidance whatsoever. This lead me to the Castaneda books and his notions of second and third attentions, and many other shamanic concepts that I intuited as valid, though alien to my experience at the time.

Eventually, my older brother introduced me to Seth Speaks, the classic by Jane Roberts in 1976, which led to an intensive study of the Seth material through 1980. It was during those four years, while pursuing undergraduate and graduate studies in music, that I began to consciously lucid dream. I worked through The Seth Material, The Nature of Personal Reality, and The "Unknown" Reality. The latter contains 17 “Practice Elements”, a rudimentary "yoga" to experience the concepts outlined up to that point. So it's beyond the scope of this interview, but these practices led to a series of short awakenings, only 5-10 dream seconds long, but enough to familiarize me with the focus during 1979.

This study was also coupled with keeping a dream journal, as suggested by Seth as a tool to capture, organize, and interpret dream symbols (really a life-long process, as you know). I recall that working through The "Unknown" Reality was grueling, sometimes moving at 1-2 pages per reading, because there were so many new concepts involved. The map of the psyche presented was just beyond anything I was familiar with up to then.

I took a break around November 1979, and read my favorite piece of fiction by Jane Roberts, The Education of Oversoul Seven. All of the concepts Seth talked about were playfully fleshed out therein, from multiple focus personalities within "simultaneous time" (from the perspective of the source self), to "reincarnation" (a nonlinear interpretation), and of course, lucid dreaming and projections.

There's a wonderful Zen saying that comes to mind here: "Gaining enlightenment is an accident. Spiritual practice simply makes us accident prone." It seems that during this break, my rational, analytical mind relaxed enough to open for my first satori in the classical sense. It was a lucid dream and projection experience that lasted for over two and half hours that occurred on December 2, 1979. It lasted from 4:6:30 AM, because I was sleeping at my soon to be grandmother-in-law's house, and she had a cuckoo clock that I was able to follow during the experience.

It was replete with false awakenings, visits to other dimensions, other "essences", the whole nine yards. Luckily, as this was unfolding, because of my training, I was not afraid, and did my best to just "go with the flow." But it went on and on, and was a wild ride! I wasn't as trained at that time to take notes or use Seth's "dream camera" technique to capture as much as I could today. I sure could have used Monroe's rote to capture that whole experience, but again, I was just a newbie to consciously manipulating the dream state at that time.

Later, in the 1990s, I would explore Stephen LaBerge, William Buhlman, Namkai Norbu, and Tenzin Wangyal's dream and dream yoga practices. In 1998, I was able to induce my first projection from the vibrational state directly in bed. I awoke in the vibrational state, and my spine felt like it was plugged into a high powered electrical socket.

Finally, I simply willed myself out, and sat up into the peace and quiet of what Seth calls the first astral form, the
one most closely connected to the physical body. I also experimented with LaBerge's state checking techniques, but those never produced any great results, mostly due to my inability to concentrate, as they are excellent techniques.

Also, the technique of "clarity now" and spinning to maintain focus and prolong the dreams came in handy. But like anything, it's a "use it or lose it" kind of enterprise, and unless I work at it, I sometimes forget to invoke those mental processes. All of this led to connecting with a "guide" or archetype as I conceptualize it in the late 1990s.

Another teacher recently gave me a name for this Aspect, and I am currently exploring mantra meditation to further connect and explore contact. But this is an important Aspect that is also a deeper part of Me that I seem to have "forgotten" during my physical life, but always is so familiar when I connect with that energetic signature.

**Robert:** Interesting! What did you take from this lucid dream experience/s? What did it come to mean to you?

The most profound outcome of that first satori in 1979 was simply a validation of the Seth material and its potential, its baraka, to induce altered states to validate the map of the psyche and Kosmos presented therein.

That is, all good dream-art scientists, another Sethian concept, have a deeply skeptical side about all inner experience. And Jane Roberts shows this characteristic over and over in her three Aspect Psychology books, *Adventures in Consciousness, Psychic Politics,* and *The God of Jane.*

Anyway, any doubt about the unofficial experiences I was exploring evaporated. It completely blew my mind and led to a stretch of ego inflation, as though I now understood the mysteries of the universe for a while. But that was back in the 1980s and I still had a lot of growing to do. I came to realize that Consciousness is indeed an ever-opening flower, and there appear to be infinite layers to peel away, the deeper inward we manage to project or shift our focus of attention to.

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These experiences fueled my desire to further explore my own consciousness, and probe its boundaries, this time without psychedelics as a mainstay, instead focusing on mental practices. It has led me to try and understand just what it might take for our civilization to achieve proficiency with what Seth outlined as dream-art sciences, and kind of high intellect that combines reason and intuition, outer and inner senses. It also relates to what sociologist Jean Gebser called integral aperspectival consciousness, and psychologist Ken Wilber the centaur or integral consciousness.

**Robert:** Have you had any interesting lucid dream encounters with dream characters, who perhaps provided advice or gave you insights?

Sure. One example was during a very painful divorce in 1985, I contacted my soon to be ex-wife's parents, both of which were diseased. I asked her father if my wife "would come back to me," and he simply said, "No." But it was a very clear and deep interaction, and though it was difficult, it was the final straw that allowed me to move on from a very difficult separation and give her the freedom she needed to grow without me. So in hindsight, it was a very therapeutic experience.

**Robert:** Have you ever had a lucid dream encounter where the dream character seemed to have his or her own agenda, and own volition? Did it feel as if you were dealing with an independent agent?

Yes, again this relates to what I simply call my "guide," a teacher Aspect that I've only encountered four times to date. And the first time, I was very, very excited, and s/he gave me some simple advice to simplify my explorations.

In other words, I was making things too complicated and it was actually preventing my progress. This first occurred around 1999, and there have only been three other encounters I've recalled in the seven years since. So this is a metric of my current inner development. I also image these Aspects in the context of Jane Roberts Oversoul Seven books, so I can trace where the belief system that I use to translate the interaction derives from.

In those books, the Oversoul is depicted in various guises, gender neutral, really trans-gendered, including rapidly changing faces of various physical incarnations, points of light, and even formlessness. So it's natural that given my bonding with these books, that I'd translate my inner experiences into physical, or outer symbols accordingly.

All the wisdom traditions do the exact same thing. For instance, one of my favorite depictions of the source self is the Buddhist Avalokiteshvara with all its many heads and arms. Literally One-Made-of-Many, or what Jane Roberts called a source self. So in my encounters with these kinds of subtle energies, I learned to adjust my focus of attention to where they would appear as gently changing faces more in line with the Oversoul books. Only one set of arms and legs, LOL, but the focal point seems to
be the face that changes gender and ethnicity. So my guide appears in various genders and ethnicities, one common one being an African male (who plays a mean cello!).

Robert: The appearance of dream character knowledge and volition or seeming independent agency in the lucid state surprises many of us. What possible issues does this raise in your mind?

Simply, that within this subtle field of consciousness, the Self-sense is much, much looser, and the outer egoic Self-sense expands to realize that it is only one Aspect of Many within a much larger gestalt Consciousness.

Robert: Also, many of us lucid dreamers report similar or common experiences; things like "false awakenings" when we assume that the lucid dream state ends, but we realize that we have incorrectly believed that we have awakened. Some have suggested that this means we have "world models" in our brain, while others have wondered about the possibility of alternate or parallel realities. Any thoughts about lucid dreams and false awakenings?

I maintain that it stems from confusing forms of the subtle bodies, as there are at least four that I've experienced, the latter leading into formlessness, the Void or Shunyata. Each body seems to be made from its own "matter" along a vast spectrum of which the physical body is only the thin outer "crust" to use Buhlman's excellent analogy.

So as our dream states ebb and flow, the physical brain is busy translating as best it can within the limits of the physical spectrum. As we "return" toward our physical form, we shift gears and focus into the third, second, or first astral form. And it's so real, and the constructions of the conscious mind are so convincing that we temporarily believe (yes, belief systems are active to some degree in the first, second, and third forms) that we're awake in the physical field. These false awakening have greatly lessened in recent years, as my focus has shifted to include simple Witnessing meditation practices, which I've only recently begun to bring into the lucid state. Rather than actively constructing and participating, I simply try to push inward toward the Witness and rest as that in dream and waking state. It's been very interesting and I look forward to going deeper with those vipassana practices.

Robert: Many of us notice in the lucid dream state that "expectations" are frequently made manifest. If lucid, and we expect something, then that something appears shortly thereafter. Have you noticed this in your lucid dreams? What does this suggest?

Yes, it's like the speed of thought is instantly actualized. If I mentally shout strongly enough, "more light please" or "go away" or "move over there" the results are instant,

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reminding me of a line from an old Moody Blues song - "thinking is the best way to travel."

I believe, again a belief construct, that the subtle bodies simply react to a different, yet related physics, sort of like multiplexed harmonics or musical overtones that are nested within a larger Multidimensional Whole. Physicists like Ervin Laszlo, David Bohm, William Tiller, and Fred Alan Wolf use metaphors like Akashic field, implicate order, or nonlocal fields to try and describe them. And I feel that they are just scratching the first layers of the inner, or subtle field, and will actually keep discovering more and more the further they probe.

But they will have to learn to condition and utilize their conscious minds to go any deeper, and that is currently not the modern paradigm, though we see glimpses in the postmoderns I mentioned above.

Robert: You have written and presented at various conferences, interviewed Ken Wilber, and thought deeply about the nature of consciousness. Where does lucid dreaming intersect with the broad issues of consciousness?

First let me say that the work of Ken Wilber is immensely important. He doesn't pretend to have it all figured out by any stretch, but has presented the first comprehensive, balanced, and inclusive theory of consciousness. So much so that I consider him to be the father of the dream-art sciences that lie down the road. Therefore, lucid dreaming and projections of consciousness are two very important states of consciousness that provide direct experience that we are much more than our physical bodies.

As such, there is indeed a larger purpose, intention, and meaning to life, the universe, and everything! If nothing more, they provide a means to break out of the modern fragmented shell of materialism, scientism, and reductionism. I can say these things because I am no longer beholden to any institutions or funding sources that would still consider my experiences and theories heretical or "junk science."
I worked in a prestigious science museum in Philadelphia for nine and a half years. I was in charge of raising and spending millions of dollars from corporate sponsors (mostly tech companies) and government sources, like the National Science Foundation, National Institutes of Health, and so on. The sad fact is that the funding priorities are nonexistent for lucid dreaming and projections because the modern paradigm of cause and effect still dominates our cultural values. This is not a bad thing per se, just very limited. There are emerging postmodern worldviews springing up from the grass roots every day.

Wilber's work in particular has captured this spirit and provides a foundation for moving forward with a viable theory of consciousness and praxis within a community of adequately trained dream-art scientists down the road. Though this is a promissory science, I believe it to be crucial to help move the species from its adolescence into the early stages of adulthood, one that finally eliminates the scourges of poverty, ecological depletion, mass warfare, lack of education, freedom of expression, and so on.

Robert: What kind of lucid dream experiments could crack open the debate on the nature of consciousness? What would you like to see?

Well, I've mentioned Seth's dream-art sciences as a kind of promissory science of the future, one based upon a viable theory of consciousness and praxis within a community of adequately trained dream-art scientists down the road. Though this is a promissory science, I believe it to be crucial to help move the species from its adolescence into the early stages of adulthood, one that finally eliminates the scourges of poverty, ecological depletion, mass warfare, lack of education, freedom of expression, and so on.

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I have a folder in my file cabinet entitled "Dreams About Me." Inside it are copies of other folks' dreams in which I appear, or in which my name is mentioned. The folder is quite thick, but the amount is small compared to the number of dreams I've had of other people. Why participate in this two-way game of personal attention? It's because I'm interested in the perspectives of both the viewer and the viewed. And because I'm trying to teach myself the difference between projection and perception.

You've heard of projection, right? That's where you see what you want to see. Instead of perceiving a person, you "project" an image or idea onto him. This image-idea is your concept of the other person and, usually, you don't bother to check with him to see if it's correct. You'd rather be wrapped up in your own fantasy of him. Or your own nightmare. Perhaps you've been the target of projection. You come to work in your dungarees and are mistaken for the janitor. You don formal attire and, suddenly, you're a limousine driver. Your external appearance is a costume that other people use to describe you, but it often does a better job of concealing than revealing who you are.

To perceive accurately requires that you find some way to procure information, beyond apparent observation. In terms of co-dreaming, "perception" doesn't mean you have a brightly lit lucid dream with objects and characters in sharp focus. It means that, instead of "projecting" an image that mirrors your ideas of your partner, the image you see carries information that actually originates in your partner. This you will know because whatever you experience in the dreamtime is verified when you wake. Perception requires understanding how much you contribute to dream creation and how important it is to curtail your own augmentation in order to "see" others as clearly as possible.

I Dream of You

The distinction between perception and projection didn't hit home until I met my friend and colleague Fred Olsen. After we had known each other for a short while, I told Fred how much he reminded me of my brother, Gerry. From that point onward, whenever I stated something about Fred and he didn't agree, he'd say, "That's not me, that's Gerry." This would bring me up short, make me question whether I was making assumptions about Fred that had no basis in fact. Accurate feedback required that Fred know himself well, which he usually did. However, we all have our blind spots, so if I thought that I was correct about something that Fred denied, I would go to third parties to find out how they perceived Fred. Of course, these had to be folks with fairly clear view screens, too. Sometimes they agreed with me; sometimes with Fred; a few times they had an altogether different slant on the subject. But, because we listened to one another, rather than stubbornly refuse to hear the other's ideas or reject them out of hand, we learned much about ourselves and the other folks as well.

Fred also gave me permission to dream about him. At first I had spontaneous dreams responding to a daytime event. Later, I deliberately incubated dreams for and with him. My dream perceptions of Fred while lucid weren't necessarily better than when I wasn't lucid. I could "project" in the dream state just as much as in waking reality. Sometimes more so.

It was fairly easy to understand when my projections were picture substitutions. I'd wrap Fred in an alternate image, like I plastered my recurrent dream character, Willie, atop other friends and colleagues. Sometimes the semblance of my brother appeared, but I was actually dreaming about Fred.

Once, I dreamt that "Freddy" was pursuing me, the "Freddy" from the Friday the 13th movie, that is, instead of the Mr. Olsen who I knew. My dreams could create pictures to describe verbal associations and emotional reactions. It was more difficult to determine projection when I dreamt up a literal depiction of Fred. The picture was accurate, but was it really him? Each time, I'd share my dream to solicit Fred's comments. He'd point out what seemed to resonate and what did not.
Occasionally, whole dreams would be about Fred; sometimes it was all "my stuff." Most often, it was a combination of the two. This was true for both lucid and non-lucid dreams. My experience with Fred was invaluable. It served as the cautionary model for interaction with other dreamers.

Fred was willing to respond to my dreams because the practice paralleled his own dreamwork technique. He didn't tell people what their dreams meant, he asked them a series of questions, so that they might draw out the answers from within. The whole point of the exercise was for dreamers to perceive well, to wake up to an understanding of themselves and their dreams. The two were inseparable because dreamers didn't stand outside their dreams to analyze them.

They "re-entered" the dream in imagination and took up the position they had been in the dream. They went back to the perspective of a dreaming self, not a waking persona. They didn't "have" dreams, like objects from afar; they re-lived them from the inside out.

This is 180 degrees from the common practice wherein the interpreter "projects" his ideas onto your dreams. I've seen more faces light up with realization after ten minutes with Fred than in hours with the projective alternatives. When an interpreter projects, you might learn a lot about him (or his favorite system), but very little about yourself and how your own unique dreaming mind works. Projection is antithetical to self-understanding, unless you're trying to see how great a projector you can be!

You Dream of Me

How perceptive were other dreamers of me? I was curious to see if there was any difference between people who knew me well and those who did not. Between day residue and psi. Between spontaneous and deliberate events. Between dream views and waking observation. Between lucid and non-lucid dreams.

Lucid dreams were somewhat more accurate than non-lucid dreams, probably because the non-lucid dreaming mind has a greater tendency to wander, and create fanciful tales as a result of that circuitous journey. But lucidity, in itself, provided no guarantee of good results.

It became obvious that a lucid dreamer could be so wrapped up in himself, he couldn't really "perceive" me even if I seemed to stand right in front of him. If he had the habit of being projective in the waking state, that tendency transferred right into his dreams. If he was quite perceptive when awake, then his dreaming views could parallel that attribute.

It's far easier to accept that a dream is about me when it's neutral or flattering than when it's not! But I kept up the practice of consulting with third parties. My family members, especially, have no compunctions about telling me like it is. Whether I'm placed in good light or poor, I need a willingness to look at myself honestly. Easier said than done, of course, but I try.

Some people with the most outlandish dreams turned out to be well known to other folks in the dream or psi communities. Too many people who consider themselves to be "psychic" or "analytical" by profession think it's their duty to tell you who you are and what your dream means. There is no request for feedback – the pronouncement is supposed to be true on the face of it. And because they don't bother to verify their intuition or rational judgment, you can guess just how accurate their dream perceptions tend to be. In two words: not much.

Those who sharpen their perceptive tools and keep them sharp through continual testing can be of great benefit to fellow dreamers. The others, well, it makes me wonder how much attention they pay to me while we're awake! I'm probably just a character in their waking dream. Not exactly a realization designed to raise my self esteem. And definitely a practice destined to lead to a relationship meltdown. Projection can be fun and informative when you and your partner acknowledge that's what you're doing. Otherwise, it's likely to be ignorant or disrespectful.

Here are some examples from my "Dreams of Me" folder. Are they projective or perceptive? Most are a little of each. In these cases, the other person has been in touch with me in physical reality and has been able to glean information via normative sensory means.

Absent From the Scene

Some folks have dreams in which I'm mentioned in passing, although they don't actually "see" my visual image. It's often in relation to a research experiment or project goal. When lucid, they'll have thoughts like this.

I am sitting on a curb on a street in a crowd watching a parade...Now, I remember the Lucidity Project and Linda M.'s suggestion. I jump up and walk right out into the parade and ask two people, "What happened before I got here?"

I'm happy to report that some people have used me as a
lucidity cue. They'll be having a non-lucid dream, think of me and go lucid. But it's not all good news. Diane Bick was fully lucid, thought of me and promptly lost her lucidity!

I thought, I'm having a lucid dream. I need to talk to those girls and find out what they represent. Oh, and I should do that thing for Linda. Suddenly I was back in bed with a false awakening.

A few dreamers see no image, but do hear my voice. Most often, it's over a dream phone. Since the phone is just a prop imported from the waking state to aid connection, some dreamers may dispense with props altogether. The most intriguing type of absentee dream is what I call a "busy signal." Dreamworker Linda Reneau had this one.

Last night I became lucid and remembered I was supposed to contact you. I repeated your name mentally and a woman with an authoritative voice announced, "She's not here. She had to work late."

So maybe that's why some people can't dream of me. I'm still awake! 😊

**Day Residue**

I find myself walking up a hill on the UCSC campus, through a grove of redwoods, returning from a lunch in Santa Cruz. I'm with Bob Trowbridge and Linda Magallón, and Bob is walking between us with his arms around our waists and we're all deep in conversation.

This hypnogogic flash at the edge of sleep was a literal memory of an event that actually happened. When it comes to lucid dreams, however, the influence of the day is more likely to be symbolic than literal.

The day residue dream occurs most often when the dreamer has just spent time with me, just seen my photo or received a letter, e-mail or phone call from me. My visual image is part of the scene. Most of these dreams are either reactions to the events of the near past or reveries in which the mind eventually wanders to other topics. A sizable number of my husband's lucid dreams fall into this category.

(While flying) I remember that Linda had told me that one way to try and materialize people is to call out their names. I decide I am going to call Linda. So I yell out, "Linda Magallón, where are you?" I suddenly see this woman in a white shirt and white Bermuda shorts crossing the street and entering a crowd. The woman yells out, "I'm over here!" and I realize it's Linda. I land by the crowd and I see Linda walking away from where I landed. I lose her in the crowd and am surprised that she is walking away from me. I think, "Darn, she's ignoring me!" and lose the dream.

Maybe I was ignoring him because I had to work late. 😊

### Assignment of Job Role

And speaking of work, I'm often dreamt in my role as the facilitator of the dream project. I've been dreamt as a judge several times, which is quite apropos. For a dream telepathy experiment, I'll look for psychic "hits" and for a mutual dreaming project, I'll analyze the dreams for signs of interconnection. Especially if they are less than fully lucid, dreamers can feel "judged." They might worry or feel guilty or frustrated about not doing the assigned task. I've been dreamt so angry and judgmental that I even made the dreamer cry!

Linda keeps showing up everywhere wanting to participate in things and to know if she's appearing in my dreams. I keep trying to recall them and repeat them to her, but it's very tiring.

Actually, I think dreams like these are far more connected than dreams that have nothing to do with the goal. Whether the dreamers are perceiving me clearly or dramatizing their emotional reactions to my project role, at least the task is on their minds. I give them kudos for that.

A participant in one of my formal dream projects will sign a permission statement to indicate how confidential I'm to be when I quote from their dreams. This is another concern that can show up in dreams, although usually in some disguised or transferred form. This one, from Robert Waggoner, gave me a chuckle.

A woman comes up to me, who looks very much like Linda Magallón. She's wearing a champagne colored silky coat and pants, and she seems very confident. She takes me to a nice home. I tell her I'm lucid, and I want to know what's going on. She fixes me a drink - a Bailey's cream kind of drink, which I decline. I decide that she could teach me things, so I say, "Teach me things. Teach me how to develop my psychic powers." She looks at me and says that I'll have to sign a Waiver of Psychic Responsibility. I take a sheet of paper and write, "I accept all responsibility and..."
waive my rights." I worry about signing my name and breaking my lucidity, but scribble "R. Waggoner" and hand it to her. She seems unimpressed.

Well, now. I do like Bailey's Irish cream and champagne, but I've never worn a champagne colored suit. In waking reality, that is. But evidently, that's the sort of hue associated with me in the dream state. Here's a dream by another dreamworker in which a similar piece of clothing appears.

Linda Magallón is there, seeming to be a reporter in a bright, honey-brown suit and carrying a clipboard, but she never uses or even looks at it, and her eyes twinkle playfully - no drudgery for her! She runs about in a little circle shouting, "Fly me! Fly me!"

Another synchronicity: although it was on a different occasion, Robert dreamt I was carrying essentially the same thing.

(After flying) I land on the concrete. It's still dark, but there's four or five people around. One person is Linda Magallón, and she's carrying a writing board; in my mind, I know she's taking notes on people's lucid dreaming progress. I see her from the side, and say nothing.

When we were communicating by snail mail, the amount of paper generated by photocopying and redistributing participant dreams was substantial. So it's not surprising that I would be dreamt in relation to notes or sheets of paper.

○ She's busy with her notebook, pen and research notes and keeps her focus on her notes. She doesn't actually say, "Hello," yet there is a friendly sense.

○ Linda Magallón is here and I notice she has shorter curly hair. She is sitting at a desk and picks up her notebook to leave.

○ I take the page up to Linda Magallón. She's sitting in front of the stage at a small table, about two by four feet.

○ Linda M. is sitting at a desk. I'm standing behind her, looking over her shoulder as she picks up a white card and turns it over to look at the picture on the other side.

○ Linda comes in and spreads all the drawings out and starts to judge them. We are discussing the pictures and how well they all did. All the pictures are wonderful.

Yes, pieces of paper with dream reports on them are often dreamt as "pictures." After all, don't dreams "picture" what we write?

I've also been dreamt as a speaker or workshop leader, actual roles I take on when I go to a conference of the International Association for the Study of Dreams. And as a tour guide...to the dream state, I presume. My favorite dreams are when the dreamer sees me fly or in a spirit of play.

There's some sort of game going on among the shared dreamers. We have to find the rest. Linda has to find us, but she says that if she doesn't she expects us to give her her favorite flavor in ice cream.

Since nobody yet has given me my favorite ice cream, in or out of the dream state, I guess I found everybody. But if I didn't find you, it's chocolate.

Missing the Ball

○ Linda is tickled pink with all the state-of-the-art electronic gadgets she's been able to install in her house.

○ Linda and her mom were telling me how mellow the men in their life are, that they don't cause any problems.

○ I explain to her that she feels cut off from nature because she is barren of children.

○ I told him I would have to find out if my friend, Linda Magallón, will also be available because we are to fly together.

Miss, miss, miss, miss. I don't even know how to set the time on electronic equipment; I wear an analog watch. Symbolically, I divorced myself from my parents because of the problems they created. I have two children and tend to dream myself pregnant when I'm starting large projects. Whether I take them literally or symbolically, I consider these dreams to be out in left field, not home runs. Instead they are often clues to how the dreamer thinks and feels. It's also a projection for dreamers to consider me "my friend" when they are not. A bit of wish fulfillment, perhaps, but not an accurate assessment of our relationship.

It takes a very lucid dreamer to recognize when their dream of me is most probably a projection.

"When's the party?" I ask. "Not till later in the day," replies Linda crisply. She is here fairly short and stocky, with short blond hair, wearing a metallic blue or green pants suit – quite unlike I remember her description. "I want to talk to you about discussing using your dreams as romantic fantasies and daydreams," the woman goes on. "It makes lucid dreaming too popular." Realizing I've not likely connected with Linda at all, but with one of my recent batch of critical characters, I ask as we head for the basement, "Why shouldn't lucid dreaming be popular?" She only grunts. The visuals fade, but I call, "Linda? What do you think of using lucid dreaming for psychic growth or personal integration?" A delay, then the answer, "Minimal." Boldly, "So what do you think they should be used for?"

Another delay, then the answer, "30 days." I laugh at that.

I smiled, too. My first lucid dream was induced by fantasy; I've used dreams for psychic growth and personal integration; and I wish lucid dreaming was more popular.

So this dream was 180 degrees from what I'd be likely to
say, in or out of the dream state.

However, one of my favorite pieces of clothing at the time was a shiny blue-green pantsuit and I've since gone through a short period when weight and hair color were as described. I also suspect that "30 days" refers to a book I'd been reading by Keith Harary and Pamela Weintraub, *Lucid Dreams in 30 Days*. My reaction to the book was that in 30 days one might get a taste of lucid dreaming, but not develop an enduring skill. Similarly, true psychic growth and personal integration take a lot longer than 30 days, so the impact of those benefits would, indeed, be "minimal."

Synchronicity? ESP? Wish fulfillment? Conscious or subconscious clues? In any case, we're back to my original contention: most dreams are a combination of projection and perception. The task is to learn to tell the difference. As we will see, this goal can become quite challenging when sensory is exchanged for extrasensory perception.

Next - The Hidden Assumptions of Shared Dreaming

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**To Perceive a Fellow Dreamer**

1. Clear perception of a co-dreamer is a developmental skill involving multiple reality checks and practice, practice, practice.

2. It's impossible to develop the subtle skill of identifying a fellow dreamer unless you ask for input from the person you dream of. Alternately or additionally, ask third parties who know the dreamer well.

3. Healthy self-knowledge requires continued assessment, feedback from others and 20-20 hindsight to see if any prejudgments or quick appraisals were validated in the long run.

4. None of these are fool-proof yardsticks: being in an altered state, using untested foresight or "just knowing." Investigate all assumptions; there are no short-cuts to accurate dream perception.

5. Use more than one type of evaluation tool, such as logic plus gut reaction or intuition plus sensation. These are abilities to be refined, not in contradiction, but in conjunction with the others.
Exploring the Bizarre Physics of Dreamspace
Part 2: "Dreamlight"

"Light seeking light, doth light of light beguile; So ere you find where light in darkness lies,
Your light grows dark by losing of your eyes."

William Shakespeare (1564 - 1616) (in Loves Labour's Lost)

Do the laws of optics for light composed of electromagnetic waves/particles in the physical universe also apply to the light we experience in dreams as well? When we look at an image in a dream mirror, does the angle of incidence equal the angle of reflection? Do dream mirrors actually reflect, or do they simply serve as an appropriate symbolic medium for what the dreaming mind projects? Or might they do something entirely different? Does dreamlight travel at $3 \times 10^8$ dream meters per dream second?

Mainstream scientific theory promotes the idea that dreams seem a kind of virtual reality, and that what we experience in dreams has no material basis as such. Historically however, most cultures believed that the dream world seems just as real as the physical world, and that the matter that makes it up simply seems much more subtle. Interestingly, cutting edge theories in physics, such as superstring theory, introduces the idea that our universe may have many more dimensions than the usual four. This opens up the possibility that dreams could take place, in a material way, in higher dimensional space-time.

In dreams we see and experience 'light', but in my experience 'dreamlight' differs in a number of ways from waking physical reality light, and I doubt very much that it belongs anywhere on the accepted electromagnetic spectrum. How does dreamlight differ? Well, in lucid dreams I've noticed that most of the time neither I, nor the dream objects that I see, have shadows. And as best I can recall, this also holds true in my ordinary dreams. Now according to one widely accepted "scientific" theory of dreaming, the world we see in dreams derives from visual imagery, etc. stored in memory. According to this theory, some memories can emerge in dreams relatively intact, but most usually show up in distorted forms, transmuted and combined with other memories. I personally do not subscribe to this theory, as I have noticed many discrepancies between what this theory predicts, and what I actually experience in my own dreams. (For my own theory, see "Psi-Perception in Dreams: Next Stop - the Twilight Zone." - a 2003 PsiberDreaming Conference Presentation - at http://www.asdreams.org/telepathy/kellogg_pdc2003_001.htm ) For example, although my waking physical reality experiences include the phenomena of light and shadow as an almost omnipresent way, in my dreams shadows show up more as a special effect, rather than as an intrinsic part of the dreamscape.

My experiences have led me to propose the theory that dream objects do not reflect, but instead emanate, dreamlight, and that 'dreamlight' and 'physical reality light' have rather different properties. And essentially linked to the phenomenon of dreamlight, we also need to consider the phenomenon of 'dreamsight'.
Physical sight depends on the absorption properties of specific chemical pigments in the rods and cones of the retina to visible light, on the geometry of the physical eye, the shape of the lens, and so on. Could we possibly have dream eyes, made up of dream matter, that do something similar, on the ‘as above so below’ principle, or does dreamsight work in an entirely different way? Can we do anything to find out?

If I hold my dream hands over my dream eyes, my vision becomes dark - similarly if I close my dream eyelids. If I put on a pair of dream glasses my vision becomes sharper - when I take them off, my vision may blur. Of course dreamsight may work on entirely different principles and each of these effects may happen simply because I unconsciously and habitually expect them to. However, I also unconsciously and habitually expect to see light and shadow effects - yet these rarely occur despite similar expectations. Through careful observation and considered experimentation, lucid dreamers can learn something about how they see in dreams, and what they see in dreams. And perhaps by comparing notes, and taking note of unexpected commonalities and differences in the results of such experiments, we can begin to lay the groundwork for an understanding of dream reality based on first hand evidence, rather than on theories and opinions of armchair philosophers and scientists.

**The Challenge: Exploring the Properties of "Dreamlight"

When you next become lucid in a dream (where you know that you dream while you dream) pay attention to the manifestations of light in your dream environment. Look for "a source of dreamlight" - a dream sun, a dream moon, a dream lamp, even a dream fire (does it feel hot?) . . . If you can find a source of "dreamlight", do you find dreamshadows behind objects that it illuminates? If you pick an object up that has a dreamshadow and move it about, does the dreamshadow behave similarly, or differently, to the way a shadow of a physical object would?

If you can find a dream lamp, try turning it on, and off. Does it go on immediately, or after a delay? (I've experienced both). When you turn it on, carefully observe what happens to the dream objects nearby. Do they become brighter? Do they cast shadows? Do the shadows disappear when you turn the dream lamp off?

If you can not find any obvious dreamlight source, simply pay attention to objects in the dream environment. Does light appear to come from within dream objects, or does the object appear illuminated from the outside? Does one side of the object have more light than another? Do you see any dreamshadows? If so, what kind of properties do they have?

Record your experiences and interactions with dreamlight sources, dreamshadows and dream objects in your dream journal in as much detail as possible - include colored drawings and diagrams.

**Bonus Challenge: Exploring the Properties of "Dreamsight"

Although I've found it rather difficult to bring 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. For example, I came up with some experiments in regard to the mechanism of seeing in dreams, to determine whether I do in fact 'see' in three dimensions using binocular vision. In physical reality a dry run of the experiment works like this:

**Part 1.** With both eyes open look in the distance. Move the palm of your left hand towards your open left eye. As it moves closer it will begin to block the view. When it comes fairly close (but does not yet cover the eye tightly) the view to the far left will disappear - however the right half of the hand will appear transparent, as for this area the visual fields from the right and left eye overlap, usually giving complementary - but in this case providing competing - images. When you hold the hand closely covering the eye, blocking all light, you will see only the visual field of the right eye. Repeat this procedure for the other eye.
**Part 2.** Now with both eyes open, hold your right index finger - pointing up - a few inches in front of your nose at eye level, in the middle of your visual field. When you focus on the finger with both eyes you should see only one finger. However, if you look in the distance (not at the finger), you will see "two" fingers, an apparent doubling due to binocular vision. Close one eye, continuing to look in the distance, and you will now see only one finger. Open that eye, and you will see two fingers. Close the other eye instead, and you again only see one finger, but it will appear to have moved slightly depending on through which eye you view it, as each sees the finger from a slightly different perspective.

I've succeeded in performing this experiment on more than one occasion while fully lucid. In one dream I went out into a forested area, which certainly looked as three dimensional to me as a physical reality counterpart, and I performed the procedure outlined above. For example, looking in the distance with both eyes, I saw my dream finger doubled - when I blocked the vision from one of my dream eyes I only saw one dream finger.

Although the results of this experiment seemed almost the same when performed in a dream as when done physically, it did have one difference - in the middle of my repeating this experiment my finger turned into a twig of about the same size with buds! However, with the same results - when seen through both eyes looking in the distance I saw two finger-twigs, with one eye I perceived only one finger-twig. (Incidentally, I did intentionally change the twig back into a finger for the last trial run.)

Now this experiment does not prove beyond doubt that I see through ‘dream eyes’ with ‘binocular vision’, but it certainly offers evidence that supports this theory. I encourage any lucid dreamer who wants to try this experiment to do so and report on their findings. Simple experiments of this kind can yield intriguing and fascinating results. Do you have binocular vision in your dreams? Monocular? Triocular? Omniocular?

As always, we invite those of you who accomplish this quarter's challenge(s) to send your dream reports either to Ed Kellogg, at alef1@msn.com, or to LDE!

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**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!
Meeting the Challenge
Exploring the Properties of Dreamstuff

By Steve Parker
January 22 2006

I am dreaming I am trying to sleep. I look out my bedroom window and notice a white stuffed animal suspended in the air at my neighbor's house. "This can't be real, I must be dreaming". I become fully lucid. I start floating in the air, rising higher and higher. I find myself floating outside. I am rooftop level looking down at the ocean. I swoop down flying fast over the water. I then decide to land. I am now standing in a large library. It is one floor with bookshelves along the walls, and tables scattered throughout. It is very bright and clear in here. There are people looking at books and a woman librarian sitting at a desk. She is helping a young person. The librarian stands up, looks at me, and keeps walking. My thinking is crystal clear as if I am awake. I enjoy my surroundings but would like to see if I can change them. I think of a Victorian setting. Nothing happens. I notice a door at the far end of the library. Since I am lucid I decide to walk through the wall instead of the door. The wall is very solid and I can't get through. It is at this point a crystal clear thought jumps into my mind.

Ed Kellogg's name comes in crystal clear. I remember the experiment. This is the first time I have remembered to try this. I look around the library for something I can pick up and handle easily. I then spot an egg shaped piece of wood on a table. I walk over to it and pick it up. It is light brown in colour and has some weight to it. It is the shape of an egg and the size of my hand. Upon closer inspection it is a carving of what appears to be an elephant seal. It appears to be a native carving. The carving is completely etched in. The head is at one end. Deep etched lines branch out from the head. I can trace the lines with my fingernail. It feels very real and solid. I roll the carving around in my hands studying it from different perspectives. The shape and carving stays consistent. I rap my knuckles on it and it feels and sounds like real wood. I can't tell the difference between this lucid carving and a real one. I do not know where this image of the carving came from. As I return the wood to the table, the carving slides off the wood. The carving is now a hollow shell. In my left hand is a solid piece of wood and in my right hand is a shell with a carving. The solid wood is now ready for another carving. I now walk out the library door and find myself in a large factory warehouse. A lot of my co-workers are working here. I walk up to them and ask them if they realize this is a lucid dream. I get no response from them. I then walk up to a female co-worker and ask her if she is lucid. She gives a hesitant nod yes. Then Lucy’s name comes to me. I decide to visit Lucy Gillis. I repeat this thought over and over. Nothing appears to happen so I continue walking to the exit of the warehouse.

I am now thinking of the time spent being lucid. It seems like a very long time and I’m wondering if my wife is trying to wake me up. (I was in no danger of waking up and staying lucid was very easy.) I step outside into a typical suburban environment. I then say "clarity up and audio up". This appears to work. Everything is already sharp and well defined. I find myself with Rosa and a stranger. It is daytime and a storm is brewing up. The clouds become dark and a tornado is forming. I tell the storm to go away. The storm does hold off. The three of us continue walking through the neighborhood until we find ourselves standing on top of a high green hill. At this moment the sun comes out. I can feel the sunlight on me. It is warm and feels great. Below us is a Mediterranean house. Below the house is a green valley. We are on top of a mountain. I walk down to the side of the house. It is a very long way down to the valley. I walk up to the edge of the mountain and jump off. I fly through the air, swooping and diving and coming close to the house. Rosa tells me to be careful. I have nothing to worry about. I was enjoying the beautiful scenery. I then think to myself, "So this is what life after death is like". I then open my eyes and find myself back on my real bed. It was a great and long lucid experience. I felt really good after this lucid dream and the rest of the day went very well.

Wrestling with Ghosts:
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The Lucid Dream Exchange ● March 2006
Lucid Dreaming as Spiritual Adventure

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Last night I fell asleep, while reminding myself that I needed to write an article for this Lucid Dream Exchange. As sometimes happens when we fall asleep thinking of lucid dreams, I had the following lucid dream on February 11-12, 2006, which I call, "Dreams - God's Forgotten Language":

I talk to a friend at IASD (International Association for the Study of Dreams), and ask him about being busy and their various projects. He responds about the amount of work and correspondence.

I walk away through a cafeteria-type setting, and a man dressed in regal clothing (as if from another century) comes from my left, and asks, what book do I carry? I sense that I have a book, and pull it up to look at the title. I tell him, "It's Dreams: God's Forgotten Language, by John Sanford." With that, I know I own the book but have never read it. Suddenly I become aware that I dream!

I fly off, feeling ecstatic, and shout (something like), "I send out one hundred pieces of love to others!" I wake at 6:19 am.

Within the hour, I went to my bookshelf and pulled out my copy of Dreams: God's Forgotten Language.

Written by an Episcopal priest and Jungian analyst (and presumably a non-lucid dreamer), the author suggests utilizing dreams to help us enter into a relationship with our larger Self. Using examples of dream-work in his pastoral counseling, Sanford shows the creative power of dreaming as it points out resolutions to conflicts, suggests areas of individual growth and freedom, and provides information beyond normal space and time. Repeatedly he shows the inspired and directive aspect of dreaming, and wonders (as we lucid dreamers often do) at the power and intent of the dreaming's source.

Of particular interest to dreamers involves Sanford's reflection on dreaming's ability to show us our totality as humans - not only the brightest but also the darkest aspects of our being. He comments on our personal and cultural inclination to focus exclusively on the bright and good and positive, while refusing to acknowledge darker and troubling portions of our own experience. Dreams, however, encourage us to acknowledge all aspects of our being, and come into greater awareness of the seeming dark and light. As a minister, he feels that dreams could en-liven the religious experience and help "reroot this Christian tree in the living substance of our inner being." (pg 154)

In his final chapter, "The God Within," Sanford concludes, "But ultimately our dreams are in the service of wholeness and of the psychic center of the personality. When understood and acted upon, our dreams help us establish a conscious relationship to this inner image of God." (pg 179)

The beauty and value of lucid dreams, as a spiritual activity, occurs when we use our conscious awareness within the dream state to explore and develop that "conscious relationship to this inner image of God," as Sanford puts it. Lucid, we can consciously seek it out. Lucid, we can consciously interact with it. Lucid, we can consciously question it. Lucid, we can consciously begin to understand "it" a bit better - this inner It, this inner image, this portion of the Source - to the limits of our abilities, or our understanding.

I like the phrase, "this inner image of God," because it seems a bit too much to suggest that a dreamer or lucid dreamer experiences the awesome totality and vitality of what we collectively consider God to be. However, experiencing an inner image, a reflection, a piece of God-ness in one's dreams or lucid dreams - that, I can accept.

In my own journey into lucid dreaming, as I sought to find something intrinsically real and beyond symbolism or reflection, I found that the lucid dreamer has to overcome or resolve his own metaphysical quandaries along the path. As I went deeper and deeper into lucid dreaming, I knew that I had to resolve (for myself, personally) the issue of good and evil. Did evil exist? Was it out there? Waiting for people like me, who dared go too deep? Thankfully, as if in response to my personal query, I had a profound lucid dream that settled the question for me, and in so doing, allowed me to continue my journey of increasing spiritual depth.

The beauty of dreams and lucid dreaming as a spiritual path involves that "inner-ness" knowing you, your issues, your fears, your hopes, your memories, your "you." With this knowledge, your "inner-ness" begins where you are, with your situation, with your abilities and limitations. With this knowledge, your "inner-ness" can show you in the dream state, what needs attention, what needs resolution, what needs healing. And in so doing, a relationship begins - and you realize the inherent wisdom and right-ness of this inner guidance. You discover the hidden depth to your self.

For whatever reason, my inner-ness called to my attention a book that had languished on my bookshelf, Dreams: God's Forgotten Language. I enjoyed it. It made me think. If nothing else, I recommend it to you, as a book that might make you think, as well.
Potpourri
~A Variety of Lucid Dreams~

Lucy Gillis  December 10 2005
Get Out of My Head!

I am happy to be lucid. (I don’t recall what triggered lucidity. Lucidity is not of a high degree, though I am aware I am in a dream.) I’m trying to get a dream character to remember three words when she awakens from this dream. It seems we are trying a mutual dreaming experiment. I get her to repeat the three words and to also repeat that she knows she’s dreaming. She realizes she’s distracted when she has to ask me to remind her what the words were. I think what a good idea it would be to repeat or chant a code word while you were waking up – surely that would help you remember the word easily if it is still on your lips as you wake.

I then go into a false awakening in which I try to write down the dream. B and two other people are now with me and are trying to “help”. I remember two of the “code” words; “uprooting” and “uplifting”. B is saying random words, trying to guess the third word, thinking that this is helping me. I get mildly annoyed and tell her it was my dream, and to stop trying to guess the third word, stop trying to get into my head. But she doesn’t listen, she continues to guess a few more words. Exasperated, I say “Get out of my head!” Ironically, I don’t realize I’m still dreaming and in a way, she is in my head!

Robert Waggoner  November 23-24 2005
Affirming A Goal

I seem to be walking on a sidewalk, which has two sides. One side seems flat and smooth, while the other side seems crumpled and broken. This strikes me as odd. The sidewalk comes to a place where it splits off to the left and right. I go left and look around. This "seems odder” and suddenly, I become lucidly aware.

I wonder about the buildings for just a moment, as I begin to fly through some trees. It reminds me of the university campus near my home, but as I turn up and start to fly higher, I see a more medieval scene below me of a cobble-stoned plaza with orange colored brick buildings on all four sides about 3 stories high. It looks quite European, actually, as I notice the brickwork and other details. I’ve never seen bricks with this deep orange color, and wonder if this is northern Europe.

As I float in the sky about 500 feet above this plaza, I feel very energetic and good. I think about what to do, and decide to affirm a goal of mine to my greater dreaming-Self. I shout out, ‘I desire the energy and power to...(complete my goal)!!’ I feel very intent-ful and positive about my goal. I look to my left, and in the creamy colored clouds, I see a pattern developing, like the enhanced drawing of the beginning letter in a Medieval book. I think, ‘Wow, a cloud etching,’ and try to make out the pattern more precisely.

I decide to float down to the plaza below, and gently do so. I begin to think about songs and how every song seems ‘probable’ until the final selection of the exact wording by the artist. I notice the tall thin buildings and become intrigued by the orange-colored bricks, and various details. I wonder if this is in Poland or the Netherlands? As I get close to the gray-white cobblestones, I feel my right heel touch the stone. Now, I see a woman whom I assume is Lucy, and a couple of men. I tell them of my affirmation and my positive feelings. They seem happy for me.
Anne Masterson  November 2006

Longitude and Latitude

I am walking along a wide cobblestone street. I am aware this is a dreamscape. I feel a slight fluid motion beneath my feet, and feel movement of the stones. I then see blue-white longitude lines amongst the stone pattern, quickly followed by latitude lines, as though they are qi meridians. The lines fluidly and softly shift, and start to merge at the top. (Now I am even more lucid, since longitude/latitude can't do that in physical reality). I feel like the entire scene is moving fluidly, and about to shift into something else, but I am not sure what to do in the dream, so I let it unfold and immerse myself in the sensation of the fluid feeling movement.

I wake up "knowing" the scene is a creative process underlying change. This dream occurred in November, and months later, I still feel affected by this dream, as though it has more significance than other, more ordinary dreams.

John Galleher  January 2006

"The Goddess is going to appear!"

My “Wizard of Oz” dream theme reached a new level last night. As I prepared for dreaming, I wrote "Goddess" and the shape of a heart in my dream journal.

In my dream I was with my wife at a park. There was a lake and I decided to catch a fish for our dinner. My wife sat by the lake with her sketchpad and drew a picture of the scene. (We have done this many times in WL (waking life).

I caught a fish but was having trouble getting the hook out of its mouth. Every time I looked, the fish changed shape and size. The situation was so ridiculous that I realized that I was dreaming. I looked at my hands and they were normal except there were no lines on my palms, no fingerprints, completely smooth. I asked my wife to look at her hands and she seemed slightly surprised but did it. "We're in a lucid dream", I told her. She still seemed a little unsure.

I looked down at the fish on the line and said to my wife, "Here's how you get a fish off of the hook in a lucid dream". I swung the line in a circular motion and the fish disappeared.

I looked around and there were lots of people in the park. I announced in a loud voice to everyone "The Goddess is going to appear!"

There was a murmur and excitement as people began looking around for Her. At this point I felt a little anxious because I had made this big announcement and really hoped She would show up.

A young girl then yelled and pointed, "There She is!" I looked over at the far edge of the park and there She was. She was so magnificent that words can hardly describe her. She was wearing a kind of modern white outfit but it was glowing. There was this light around Her that filled everyone with love.

We all ran over to see Her and as I got there she had transformed into a Munchkin Goddess. She was handing out these little packets of prizes. The Prizes were just little toys that you might find in a crackerjack box.

As She handed me one, I said "I love you" and She smiled at me. I took the packet back to where my wife and some friends were seated in a circle on the ground. I recognized two women, R. and C. from WL.

I opened the packet and inside there was a small, spherical green and gold toy. It had a rod running through the center of it. I spun the inner circle of the sphere and then found it hard to tilt the toy. One of the men in the circle said "It's a gyroscope, they're designed to keep you balanced and on course."

At this point the dream shifted and I was back in the town where I live. I walked into a bar that I used to frequent. I saw a young man with red hair, seated at the bar. He is a guy I play basketball with on the weekends in WL. (I had red hair when I was younger).

I called out to him and said "Hey Red, you missed it, the Goddess just made an appearance". He turned and looked at me with a sour expression and said "Well she didn't come in here". I looked at him and said "Yeah, and you can eat out of a garbage can if you want to".

Then I said "I've got to get out of here and write down this dream". I walked out of the bar and as I walked out the door I woke up in my bed.

As I was writing down the dream in WL this morning, the phone rang and it was R., one of the women in my dream, inviting my wife and I to her birthday party. I then got up and drove my wife to her yoga class and as we drove we passed Red from my dream. I can't tell you how much I felt like Dorothy waking up from her experience with The Wizard of Oz.

All issues of Lucidity Letter are now archived on Dr. Jayne Gackenbach’s website: H[www.spiritwatch.ca](http://www.spiritwatch.ca)
Lucy Gillis   January 24 2006

**Dissolving Hands & Hovering Upside Down**

I wake at 3:00 am and find it very hard to get back to sleep. About two hours later, after getting up (twice) to go to the bathroom, and then to have a snack, I lie on the couch and finally start to fall asleep. I begin to feel a tingling sensation throughout my body. Then I feel hands on my shoulders as though from someone who is behind me. I know I'm not awake anymore and I am now in the sleep paralysis stage of the sleep cycle. I am not nervous, I know the feeling of hands on my shoulders are dream-related. I think of what I tell others to do (those who write to me with questions about sleep paralysis). I relax, almost ignoring the sensation. The feeling of hands on my shoulders dissolves.

I possibly wake for a moment, I’m not sure, or maybe I’m still in sleep paralysis. In the next instant I’m in a dream scene, fully lucid and aware that moments ago I had been lying on the couch in sleep paralysis. I am in a space that resembles a stairwell or fire escape area. I stand by a railing, and then suddenly, but gently, float up into the air, one hand on the railing as I tip slowly upside down, hovering in mid air. I look up at my feet above me.

I wonder what I should do next, when I suddenly wake again, (or possibly false awake, I didn’t reality check). I have one or two more brief dream scenes in which I am lucid. Though I recall the lucidity, I don’t recall the details of the dream scenes.

Steve Parker   September 20 2005

**Free Fall**

I am having a vivid dream of being in the cockpit of a blimp. I am looking at the blue sky and talking to other people. I then find myself underneath the blimp hanging onto a helicopter skid. I am attached to a bungy cord and am supposed to leap into the air. I am probably a thousand feet high but I leap into the now night sky. The sensation of falling is very real. My stomach goes funny and I’m falling fast. Down below I see fields approaching. I then realize I am dreaming. I become lucid. Still my environment does not change. I am free falling to the rapidly approaching fields. The sensation of free falling is so extreme I cannot hold onto lucidity. I then wake up.

Roger “Raj” Leonard

I'm in the neighborhood in which I grew up in Chicago, and am walking down the street. I look over my shoulder and see an elevated train platform - the North/Damen and Milwaukee Avenue stop . . . only the platforms are on several levels and they're painted a beautiful shade of baby blue as opposed to the usual nondescript dark brown, rusty iron look. That clues me that I'm dreaming, and I decide to explore the area. I come across a restaurant with a sidewalk cafe, and the restaurant is called "Veggie Singles". I walk in, and a waitress seats me at a table in a corner. I feel self-conscious being at "a table for one", and ask to be moved to a table in the center of things, so I can interact with people. My request is ignored, and my feelings are hurt . . . but I realize that it's a dream and I certainly can exercise control over my feelings and at least have some fun. Why would I want to KNOW I'm dreaming, and then step into a victim role?

I get up and look into a mirror, and see myself . . . only the faces keep on changing! I think that this may be a series of snapshots from other lifetimes. The dream fades and I awaken, but the inner feeling of taking charge of my life and not feeling that the universe is out to "get me" persists throughout the day.

One thing I have noticed about lucid dreams is that when they're had night after night, the endorphins(?) that are apparently released tend to stay in my system and start to build up, meaning that I'm able to have a happier, more productive waking experience, plain and simple. Truly I think that lucid dreaming is the "New LSD", with the added perk of being more user-friendly and safer on all three planes: physical, mental, and spiritual.

We started driving down this city road at high speed. I decide to jump out of the car and I start running on the road as fast as the car, and my legs stretch out really long. I'm taking these huge strides and can feel the wind as I go by.

I start to feel myself wake up, so I practice the spinning technique I learned. I stay dreaming and now am flying pretty fast over the road, maybe 20 feet in the air. I can still see people and details, though. I see this girl I work with, she waves to me; I start to wake up again. I tried to spin again, but I couldn't hang on to it and woke up. I was alarmed when I did wake up because I hallucinated a bit and everything in my room seemed wavy and right in front of my face.

C.S.   January 11 2006

**Interrupted Sex**

I didn't seem to fall asleep, when I heard someone crying in the corner of my bedroom. I knew no one was there....No matter how hard I tried to get out of bed, I could only lift myself a short distance. At that point I realized I was dreaming. I wanted to fly so I continued trying to get up.

Then, I saw a man, dressed in a dark suit standing over me. I decided it would be easier to have a sex dream. There was some dialogue about his looks. I could see him very clearly.
He was not very attractive, about 45 years old with black, straight hair. I couldn't care less about his looks as long as he could perform.

I was standing up, looking at another man. This man was about the same age and height. He was blonde with curly hair, wearing a grey suit, tie and vest. His demeanor was more pleasant. We talked about his previous desire to make love with me as I started to undress him. Immediately I felt his penis in me as we had intercourse. It was quite enjoyable as I was progressing toward an orgasm. Unfortunately my mother and father walked in. Knowing I was dreaming, I was concerned that I would be moving my body in a sexually active manner that they could observe. I knew my sex partner was a dream character. I thought while asleep and dreaming, I might be moving my physical body, reflecting my dream experience. I thought my mother and father were real. Then, I remembered that I did not live with my parents. At that point, my husband walked in. Just as I was about to reach an orgasm, I thought I woke up; however, I went into a non-lucid dream.

**Sam Gan  December 26 2005**

**Superheroes**

I was in a car full of some unrecognizable superheroes. Some kid comes up to the car and shows me this gold ring he has on his hand. It has the same symbol as the Captain Planet (cartoon) logo. Except, he doesn't call it Captain Planet, he says something like "Association of Super People." This triggers awareness and I say, "I'm dreaming." I make the inside light in the car turn on which is strange, because all the research I have read said that dreams are unable to process changes in light level. Well, I supposed it was because it was daytime and the effect of the light being on was more like a color change behind the plastic bit instead of actual light emission.

**Craig Simon Webb  December 1 2005**

**Telekenesis Mastery & Fun at Large House**

I arrive in a large meeting-house at the same time as, and seemingly a little in competition with, some other guy. We climb some structure there, but I decide to fly up and around instead of climb since I begin to recognize that it's a dream. I forget some details, but I am fooling with telekenesis quite a bit and doing very well with it. At the end, I 'will' two batteries to whip around in the air in front of these friends at a table (using telekenesis). I am being a little funny since I am not letting them know it's me doing it for a little while, but then I tell them since they are quite intrigued. I seem to have a pretty good mastery of the skill and even surprise myself a bit too. Fun!
Pulling the Energy of the Dream
December 24-25 2005

(Besides being Christmas Eve, this night seemed unusual for having three or four lucid dreams while I suffered with a horrible sinus congestion in a hotel. Oddly too, in the first recalled dream of the night, I give a talk on dreams and consciousness to a group of university students, and then listen to two professors doubt the existence of lucid dreaming.)

I seem to be out on a sunny day and drive into or somehow land upon a giant pile of blue-ish powder or sand. I think or know that this is titanium dioxide. I stand up and walk upon a conveyor belt of this stuff. As I gingerly step on it, I realize how odd this seems and say, "I am dreaming."

Now lucid, feeling energetic, I stand up and look over a blue lake towards the setting sun. I shout, "I take the energy of this dream, and draw it back into me." (I had the idea that the mental energy needed to create the dream could be drawn back into me for my use.) I say this a few more times with emphasis, and reach out with my hands, drawing the dream's energy back towards me.

Note: After this lucid dream, I have two or three more lucid dreams. However, I don't wake after them, so my memory seems fuzzy, as I try to recall the titanium dioxide lucid and then these others. In one, I seem to be at a stove trying to melt butter, which doesn't melt properly -- this prompts my lucidity. In another, I see two horses in a corral, bumping and nudging each other, which makes me become lucid.

Skate Boarding
December 25-26 2005

(With a horrible cold, I have another night of lucid dreaming)

I seem to be in a large city of brick streets and shops. A young woman comes by me and somehow seems to be skateboarding down the streets at a very rapid pace. I follow her, and realize, "I can do this! This is a dream!"

I zoom down the streets behind her, magically, with my lucid awareness. We come to a series of arches, which I manage to snake through.

I seem to enter a new scene now, and notice two small children, whom I talk to. Lucid, I talk to them about Santa Claus and the magic of belief.

Postscript: About a month later, I have another lucid dream. That night, I dream of a new type of skateboard with a design that I have never seen before. Only when I wrote this Dec. 25th dream, did I make the "skate board" connection to my Jan. 31st night of dreams.

Meeting Former Slaves
January 31-February 1 2006

(Before going to sleep at a hotel in Milwaukee, I requested a "True Dream from the Gates of Horn" - an ancient Egyptian dream incubation request.)

I become lucidly aware, when I seem to re-enter a restaurant for the second time. A whole group of mostly young people stand around me. Most are black men and women.

Lucid, I ask them, "Who are you?" They begin to tell me that they are "former slaves." This shocks me, and I notice their familiar faces.

I wonder if they are referring to family history before the civil war, when my ancestors had slaves. I notice one black man holds something, which he calls a "millet broom." It seems to have a dark stalk handle, and a wrap of grass or branches at the bottom. We talk.

Finally, I decide to ask the group for their forgiveness. Then I "thank" them for their service and sacrifice. One black man becomes emotional and turns to me and says, "That is only the second time, that you have ever thanked me." He says it in such a way, that I wonder if I was a slave-owner in a past life, and thanked him once in a past life.

A black woman wants to show me some precious things that she has kept from that "time". She opens up her hands, and I see an odd collection of silver jewelry, some colored stones (amethyst?), etc.

Then another black woman comes up to me and asks, "Do you recognize this?" She has a telescope looking object. I peer through it, and see that it functions like a kaleidoscope, creating geometric patterns, similar to ones that I have seen in past lucid dreams.

A few people begin to talk and disagree with each other. I listen to the conversation and wake.

(After this dream, I dreamt of a new skateboard design.)

Send in Your Lucid Dreams!
Deadline: May 5 2006

The Lucid Dream Exchange
www.dreaminglucid.com
**Steve Parker   December 4 2005**

**The Boardwalk**

I am walking through a brick tunnel. It is a half circle tunnel. It is gradually sloping downwards. There is enough light to see where I am going. There are brick arches within the tunnel. One is just above head height. I can feel it overhead as I pass underneath. This triggers my lucid dream. I then say, "I am dreaming". I am now fully lucid.

I am still in the same tunnel completely immersed and lucid in my environment. I reach the end of the tunnel and exit. I turn right and start walking down a wide wooded boardwalk. It is nighttime, the sky is clear and no one else is around. To my left is a steel fence about waist high. Beyond the fence is a wide river about fifty feet below. The river is used for shipping. On the other bank is a crane and some industrial buildings. The boardwalk stretches on and there is a wooden structure attached to it further on.

It is a beautiful night, calm and peaceful. There are no street lamps but the lighting is good. I continue walking and remain very lucid. I decide to fly at this moment. I soar up into the sky. I can feel the air rushing past me. Down below I can still see the boardwalk. I decide to dive straight down into the water as an experiment. I never reach the water and I can still see the boardwalk. I decide to dive straight down into the water as an experiment. I never reach the water and I can still see the boardwalk.

**Lucy Gillis   January 27 2006**

**Magnificent City**

I wake in bed. (I don’t notice that I have awakened in my childhood bedroom.) I’m disappointed that I can’t recall my recent dream or any dream from the night. I am disappointed because I had a specific question in mind and was keen on getting a clear answer.

I try to see the time, but I can’t make out the figures on the clock on the nightstand. I pick up the clock and press the button to light it. It still doesn’t work. I try again, and it still isn’t working. Hopeful now, that I may be dreaming, I do a further reality check and try the lamp. I push the button to switch it on and see a brief pale flash of light move down along the “stem” of the lamp and go out. I’m thrilled! I know I’m dreaming!

Getting up out of bed I then ask my “specific question” out loud as I walk down the hallway to the kitchen. M is in the kitchen. I open the curtains (mini blinds are there in waking reality) to look at the lake. The water is a bit choppy and I see tiny black specks in the water. Curious, I look more closely and see the “specks” get bigger and bigger. They are whale fins! “WOW!” I say and I start to call out to M to look out at the whales, but I stop when I remind myself that this is a dream, and not the real lake I see before me. I don’t bother to say anything more to M, but I continue to watch, fascinated, as the whales move in the water. One jumps above the surface of the lake, and flies low and horizontally over the waves for a moment or two before diving back in. It is shaped strangely, more like a giant centipede or caterpillar, with fat, bulbous, segmented body parts.

Then I see a small island in the lake, off to the west of where I am looking, closer to our shore than to the other side. I’m surprised and intrigued by the sight of it. There are some trees on it, and some small structures; one of which looks like a lighthouse and seems to be in the centre. But towards the far side of the island is a remarkable dome-shaped building that draws my attention. I want to get a closer look. From the window all I can see is an orang-ish colour and “seams” or “spines” - about six of them - running from the top centre to the edges, darker in colour then the dome itself, red perhaps. It resembles a giant sea urchin shell (minus the spikes), but looks to be more smooth.

Leaving the kitchen I go out the front door, onto the lawn. There are many people out there, milling about, but I pretty much ignore them, as I want to get closer to the dome-shaped building, though I do enjoy surprising a few of the people by leaping up into the air and flying. One woman in particular, small, and in a reddish coat looks up at me in awe as I fly over her. I don’t stay airborne for very long, and am briefly miffed by that, but I know it is my expectation that caused it, so I run across the rest of the lawn and leap up into the air, determined to fly easily, and so I do.

I swoop out over the lake making long slow circles. I see the blowhole of a large whale below me, only a bit of his head above the surface, just enough to breathe. There are no more whales around. I don’t see the island anymore, but then a second later I see it is now in a different location than it was before. It now is closer to shore, but farther west.

I am stunned, and I know my mouth hangs open as I fly toward the domed building. Now, from this perspective, the island is huge, and the dome is the hub of some great city.

But no city like I’ve ever seen. It is magnificent! It looks like it belongs in a science fiction movie, it’s quite
futuristic-looking. There are “red lines” that are streets (I guess) stemming from the dome. It looks almost like a great, well-organized spider web, or wheel. Many buildings are all over the island, and it seems as though it is thousands of metres below me, even though I only flew a few metres over the lake when I first got airborne.

I fly low and then decide to walk on water. I know I can do it, as I’ve done it before. When I step barefoot onto the water, I can feel something “granular” under my right foot, but as I continue to walk closer to the island, I feel only water, as I make it splash when I walk on it. In only a few steps, I’m on the island. The island is not a large city anymore. It is more like a store display. The “ground” is a wooden floor. I repeat my “specific question”. I fly round to the “side” and land there, as I start to hunt for a symbol that will answer my question. There are lobster traps, and pineapples and a display case that holds several items behind glass (on shelves), one of which looks like a dark orange pineapple, or perhaps a slightly misshapen pomegranate. I also see toy monkeys as well as numerous other toys or ornaments. It is like a storefront Christmas Village.

I move one of the lobster traps and it falls into the water. I think I should probably pick it up and put it back (it floats). But then I think, “Why bother? It’s a dream.” I search around, looking for a symbol that may answer my question, but I don’t find any that stand out. My (waking life) nose is stuffed, and trouble with breathing wakes me. I’m a bit miffed at waking before getting a clear answer to my question, but hope that as I go over my dream later, it will become apparent. (It did!)

Charlie Sykie   January 2006

Becoming aware of gorgeous violin music triggered my lucidity (I love music). I was wandering around the back, or roof parts, of some institutional buildings looking for the source of the music. I found a ladder-entrance from which it seemed to be emanating, but it was blocked with many videotapes, which I was reluctant to disturb and so turned to leave, then changed my mind and dived into them, melting through as if they weren't there.

I found myself in the corridor of an institutional type building, following the sound of the music along another corridor, at the end of which I see two people sitting, talking in front of a computer. The corridor, room, and everything in it is about two-thirds normal size and effects me with a horrible claustrophobic feeling. I enquire as to whether they are the cause of the music - they deny doing anything, but I feel they are withholding something from me.

I continue along the normal sized corridor I have been standing in with a great feeling of relief that I am not being squashed...Round a corner I come to a door, open it, and there are two girls - one playing a violin (who abruptly stops on my entry), and another playing a zither. Around the room, decked out like a school communal living area, are around 20 other old-ish kids sitting around, or quietly working on something at the side.

Designs on the zither type instrument catch my eye. I pick it up and see about 20-30 separate beautiful little carvings, and next to them a similar number of groups of writing. I make a point of reading some of them, as a friend of mine said one can't read in a lucid dream. They were phrases like 'yell snell snoo' 'wina well olaanoo' - it didn't make sense to me intellectually. I wake in earth reality.

C.S.   April 27 1995

Seeing Bob & Myself in the Mirror

I decided to just watch my thoughts so I could doze off. I began hearing various sounds. Then a little girl was talking to me behind my head to the right....I knew I was going lucid, since hearing strange sounds, people talking, or strange movements, vibrations, etc., are all signs that I am going lucid.

I was standing in my bedroom and saw Bob, a boyfriend from my early 30's. I ran to meet him with great joy. I told him how happy I was to see him and how much he meant to me - "para siempre" our favorite saying. He looked exactly the way I remember. He started changing and I said "No". I can keep him realistic. He continued to look a lot like himself. I touched him and he was very hot. His face changed to exhibit sadness and pain. He looked very ill. I wondered if he were really ill in waking life or maybe dying. I wondered if I should check up on him when I woke up. I then, woke up in bed.

Immediately I experienced strange sensations - bed moving, sounds and a sensation of spinning and sinking and going crazy with weird visions. I knew they were signs of a forthcoming lucid dream.

I got out of bed and was standing in my room. It looked completely different so, naturally, I knew I was dreaming. I looked it over. It was so bright and clear with all kinds of beautiful furniture and a window showing a lovely outdoor scene. Then, I looked down at myself and noticed I was completely naked. I choose a large mirror on the north wall. The reflection in the mirror looked exactly like me - only younger. I was wearing clothes. I watched myself intellectually. I woke in earth reality.
Aloha, Oneironauts!

As we all know, becoming adept at lucid dreaming requires focused attention and practice that is difficult to maintain during our busy lives. This is an ideal opportunity to devote time to cultivating your lucid dreaming ability and enhancing your mindfulness in everyday life.

Using the most effective techniques and technology, derived from Western science and Tibetan Dream Yoga, Stephen LaBerge, Ph.D. and Alan Wallace, Ph.D. will co-present instructions on methods of developing the mental skills that foster lucidity and on directing consciousness within both dreaming and waking states towards fulfillment of personal goals.

Participants in our past retreats have had great success with achieving lucidity, with most having had one or more lucid dreams during the program. For sample evaluations, please see Hhttp://lucidity.com/daa/testimonials.htmlH.

Be sure to read the witty and wildly humorous article by Bucky Mcmahon describing his lucid dreams during a previous retreat at: Hhttp://lucidity.com/BuckyMcMahonKalani02.pdfH

We look forward to meeting and dreaming with those of you who can join us in creating yet another memorable adventure in exploring the wondrous realm of lucid dreaming!

Details and online registration are available at: Hhttp://lucidity.com/hawaiiH

If you have any questions about this program, please don't hesitate to contact Hkeelin@lucidity.comH
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Bridgewater State College,
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Join dreamers, clinicians, researchers, educators and artists from all over the world for four days of workshops, lectures, exhibits, and events examining dreaming and dreamwork as presented through traditional and innovative theories and therapies, personal study, scientific research, cultural tradition and the arts. Over 100 workshops and events on all aspects of dreaming are planned, with topics and events of interest to the general public as well as professionals. Special events include an Opening Reception, a Dream Arts Exhibition and reception, a solstice visit to a Native American archaeoastronomical site, a Dream Telepathy Contest, various other social events and the ever popular closing costume "Dream Ball". CE (Continuing Education) and Professional Development (PDP) credits will be offered for selected sessions. The provider is the IASD Dream Studies Continuing Education (CE) Program, and the American Psychological Association.

For further information go to

www.asdreams.org
LUCID LINKS

The Lucid Dream Exchange
www.dreaminglucid.com

The First PhD. Thesis on Lucid Dreaming
A site featuring Dr. Keith Hearne's PhD thesis as well as other lucid dreaming firsts.
www.european-college.co.uk/thesis.htm

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 Magallón'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

the5aint’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

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

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

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

Christoph Gassmann
Information about lucid dreaming and lucid dream pioneer and gestalt psychology professor, Paul Tholey.
www.home.sunrise.ch/cgassman/tholey2.html

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