

LDE

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The Lucid Dream Exchange

The Missing Link

The Dark Side of Lucid Dreaming

DreamSpeak with Jayne Gackenbach

Does Dream Telepathy Explain Mutual Dreaming?

Thank You!

LDE would like to extend our heart-felt thanks to our readers and contributors.

This month marks our

*10 Year
Anniversary*

*as co-editors of
The Lucid Dream Exchange!*

We sincerely appreciate your support and encouragement, and we hope that LDE will continue to grow and to inspire those with a passion for lucid dreaming.

*Thank You!
Lucy and Robert*

The Lucid Dream Exchange

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Cover Image

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Statement of Purpose

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

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Submissions

Send your submissions through our website or via e-mail to lucylde@yahoo.com. 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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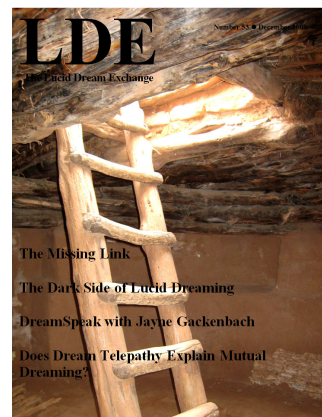
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Dream Speak

An Interview with a Lucid Dreamer

By Robert Waggoner

Responses © Jayne Gackenbach

A professor at Grant MacEwan University in Edmonton, Alberta, Jayne Gackenbach, Ph.D. has a long history and passion for researching lucid dreamers, consciousness and technology. Author of seven books and an early scientist in this field, the LDE sought her out to discuss her past work and current investigations into lucid dreaming and video games.

Welcome to the LDE. We reach a broad audience of lucid dreamers. Some are new to lucid dreaming and have little awareness of the science of lucid dreaming's early history. How did you first hear about lucid dreaming?

I was in graduate school and sick of doing work on feminism. This is in the '70's. I started reading books, like Robert Monroe's *Journeys Out of the Body* and Celia Green's *Lucid Dreams* and Patty Garfield's *Creative Dreaming*, and started having the experiences after being exposed to them. At the same time, the NDE (near death experience) books came out and I had a family member who was very elderly and dying and I had some experiences there. So with the reading and the experiences, it all merged to bring my attention to it

So how was it that you came to hear about it as a scientific process?

I was in Richmond VA and my father had become very enamoured of the Association for Research and Enlightenment (ARE) which is the Edgar Cayce institute in VA Beach, and I looked there and found Scott Sparrow's little pamphlet [note: Scott Sparrow wrote the book, *Lucid Dreaming: Dawning of the Clear Light* and focused on spiritual

aspects of lucid dreaming]. It described some of the experiences I was having and jelled with what I was reading. One thing led to another and I needed to do a dissertation proposal, so I thought this area would be interesting to look at. Didn't seem to be a lot done on it, no dissertations, and most of the work was Patty's and Celia Green. I was a social psychologist in orientation, and so that is the direction I went. I got a grant from the ARE to sponsor my research on their members, who had already participated in a 30 day collection of dream data.

Was it difficult doing a dissertation on lucid dreaming before lucid dreaming had been proven?

It's probably difficult today, still. [laughs] Basically my major professor didn't care too much, as long as I

used social psychological methods – survey stuff, diary, and whatever - the object of inquiry didn't matter so much, since the dissertation is original research. The de facto chair was really Bob Van Castle who was nearby at Charlottesville. He was very influential and helped support me. He felt this research was important to do.

In fact in my department, there was little support. When you finish your PhD, you get it bound and normally give the major professor a copy of the dissertation, *but he said he did not want it!* You could tell the indifference. But, indifference is better than "forget it - there is no way you can do it." Their major concern was that my theoretical conceptualization must be within standard psychology. I could not talk about anything mystical. I framed it within Piaget's conception of dreaming.

Even though your dissertation was a personality

and cognitive style analysis of lucid dreaming, you went ahead and did quite a bit of work on lucid dreaming and personality characteristics and the differences between men and women.

Right, after I got my PhD, I had a very vigorous research program. There were

"What impresses me now is the field independence of lucid dreamers. By that, I mean field independent people are able to separate themselves from distractions so they don't get lost in the forest, they know where they are in space, and so it's not a big leap to think that they know where they are in mental space in a lucid dream. A variety of other spatial skills, like vestibular skills, a sense of balance, enter in – which is integral in knowing where you are in space. All of this research is related and was a very fruitful area of lucid dream research."

two lines of inquiry - one was not just personality, but individual differences. When I got into what you could call cognitive variables, like field independence, spatial skills, then I began to find some differences. My second major line of research was looking at the content of lucid dreams versus non-lucid dreams. And both of these, as Harry Hunt said, set the ground work for the psychological inquiry into lucid dreaming, whereas Stephen LaBerge was much more interested in the physiological aspects of lucid dreaming and how to elicit them. I was never interested in that. I wanted to study them as they emerged naturally.

So tell our readers, who may be unfamiliar with your work, about the individual differences and personality differences of lucid dreamers vs. non-lucid dreamers.

There isn't much difference in personality, except the androgynous leaning towards lucid dreamers – that research was like thirty years ago. What impresses me now is the field independence of lucid dreamers. By that, I mean field independent people are able to separate themselves from distractions so they don't get lost in the forest, they know where they are in space, and so it's not a big leap to think that they know where they are in mental space in a lucid dream. A variety of other spatial skills, like vestibular skills, a sense of balance, enter in – which is integral in knowing where you are in space. All of this research is related and was a very fruitful area of lucid dream research.

Would you talk a bit about men and women as lucid dreamers. I think I recall reading that you found women were naturally better lucid dreamers, right?

I think that was actually more a confound of dream recall. Initially I found a sex difference. But later I went back and found when you controlled for dream recall, it was pretty much a wash. That makes sense. Women remember and report their dreams more ...and therefore we got the sex difference. From then on, I was always looking at lucid dreaming with control for dream recall, since it was a huge confound.

I believe you and possibly Harry Hunt were the first to investigate meditators and lucid dreaming. How did you get interested in that?

Yes, I got involved with the TM meditators at Maharishi International University in Fairfield Iowa about four hours away from my university. There were not many people doing research on consciousness at the time in Iowa. I went back and forth with Skip Alexander. And I provided him with control subjects for their research into consciousness.

We did some work on lucid dreaming and witnessing. They introduced me to the concept of witnessing [note: witnessing refers to becoming lucid, and simply observing the lucid dream – ed.].

But there were always limits working with them. For example, they would not allow me to look at the lucid dream content, which was against their doctrine.

Oh how interesting. I always wondered why there were no lucid dream reports from the meditators. I wanted to read the actual 'witnessed' lucid dream.

In the Lucidity Letter, there was only one lucid dream report from a meditator who stepped outside of the system. In the Transcendental Meditation system, they believed most dreams were largely involved with stress reduction. But there are other experiences of sleep, which they would not call 'dreams.' For most dreams, though, the point was to let it go -- not to the point of 'garbage in - garbage out,' but experiences of the classical dream content type, they tended to shy away from.

In the early days, there was a reluctance to look at phenomenology, waking or sleep, because people inflate their experience. People create spiritual merit badges – like "I am great, look at what I am experiencing!" It became clear it was very unreliable to talk to people about what they were experiencing in terms of objective criteria. So scientists began to put all of their interest on the

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Lynne Mason's dissertation in the journal *Sleep*, involved EEGs of people who practiced witnessing. She took their EEG while sleeping of meditators who claimed to be witnessing half the night or more. That was very concrete, something that you could take to other people and say look at this unique EEG pattern.

So during this period you started up the Lucidity Letter and got that running. At this time it appears the clinicians or psychotherapists, began to voice concerns about lucid dreaming.

I don't think they were concerned about lucid dreaming. It was about control. I was among the naysayers, and the concern was from clinicians and existentialists that the dream is a self contained, very precious unit and you should not fool with it as it is a mode of communication from the deep unconscious. Of course, Stephen objected to that. And he said it was like you shouldn't control your thoughts while awake – but of course, sometimes I think you should and sometimes you shouldn't.

There was this concern about whether there might be negative consequences if there was a lot of control. It became clear over the years that control was orthogonal [or not pertinent – ed.] to lucidity. That is, you can be lucid, but not interested in control – but lucid dreams is the place where it is most easy to be in control. So control became the hot potato.

When I talk with people, I use the analogy from my book that the sailor does not control the sea, and similarly, the lucid dreamer does not control the dream. They direct their focus on the sea, or the dream, but do not control it.

Well it depends – there are people who can command considerable control over something other than the dream ego. But I think you are right – most of it is dream ego stuff.

Right. So about this time you wrote your book, Control Your Dreams?

Yes, I hated that title! The publisher insisted. Well, it was basically a sexy title that could possibly sell books.

Did you have a title that you prefer?

Anything but *Control Your Dreams* [laughs] – I felt I had no choice and basically I put a strong disclaimer very soon in the book.

Then after that you were involved in a few more books – Conscious Mind, Sleeping Brain, and Dream Images: A Call to Mental Arms – tell me about those. I know they are a series of individual papers and you are an editor – but what were lucid dream researchers trying to get at?

There were four books, and two were on lucid dreams. I was in correspondence with a lot of different people, and I'd get invited to compile various chapters and put them in books. Then I got interested in technology and lucid dreaming. Are we going to talk about technology?

Sure, but just one more question about this time period. You and LaBerge had a chapter in the book, The Varieties of Anomalous Experience. What anomalous aspect of lucid dreaming did you investigate?

Oh, no – you got it wrong. Lucid dreaming was considered the anomalous experience, since it involved conscious awareness during sleep, which is paradoxical. That was the focus of the chapter.

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Lucid Dreams!**

**Deadline:
February 15 2010
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Editor's note: In the next edition, we will continue our discussion with one of the early researchers on lucid dreaming, Jayne Gackenbach, Ph.D., and explore her more recent researcher on lucid dreaming and video games.

A Letter from a Simultaneous Dreamer

Hello my Friends,

I was curious as to what information was possibly available on this marvelous machine (the computer/internet) about having multiple dreams at the same exact moment. I entered several different ways of posing this query before finding the correct one and thus your site. Yes, you are the ones I've been looking for. Thank you for opening this avenue of communication.

I classify myself as a multi-dreamer and in my explanation of this term to mean that I have the ability to experience several dreams at exactly the same moment, at the same time, all at once...and be completely aware of each. Each dream was individual and not connected to any of the other dreams happening at the same time. While this is going on I am aware of it. I am aware that I am asleep and dreaming and I am also aware that I am viewing myself doing all of this as though I were awake.

I disconnect myself from all of this happening and have discovered another viewer-self of myself watching myself watching myself doing all of this. It's really not as complicated as it may read (or sound). I first became aware of this experience about 32 years ago. After the first time...I woke up, sat in bed and smiled. This was one of the most elevating things I had ever experienced in my entire life. I enjoyed it and it made me feel good all over. At that moment I just wanted to sit there and absorb what had happened. I had no desire to get up and do anything else...yes, I wanted to do it again.

There was no call from anywhere within my inner-being that required I go and find someone to express any of this to. That was not important. What was important is the very experience itself. My first question unto me was what I had experienced even remotely connected to any known factors of schizophrenia? It took me a few days to get beyond that...none-the-less, it did leave me with a few other questions which belong in an entirely different discussion.

I should note at this point that my first experience was with three dreams and they were not of this world as we know it. Being an observer of myself sleeping, dreaming and the dream...detached - if you will, was nothing new to me. I knew I could do this from the time I was a kid. But, on this occasion, the first time...three dreams at once. This was great! The next time, my second time was about a month later. I knew what was going on before it actually occurred. What I didn't know is how far I was going to go. This time...five at once. During this I, as the observer, was curious as to how far I could go or how many dreams I could actually have at the same exact moment.

To this date, 32 years later, I have still not gone beyond five...not yet. One of the things I believe is very important in simul or multi dreaming is to understand that we have no control over when they are going to happen, how long they will last or how many will occur at once. The key is to be aware of when they do and then go with them - where ever they take us. I don't know of anyone who has managed to develop a way of calling these multi-dreams up at their will.

On another note, I do not bother myself to the point of waking up when these happen...I know it, I am aware of it and I just let it continue along its course. I have had at least six of these per year. The content I have learned is not the important thing to me, like I stated before, most of these places are not of the world most of us are familiar with and therefore would be difficult to explain such things. What has managed to make its way to the forefront of my attention is the fact that they do happen and not just to me, obviously.

The effect that these have had on me is a keen awareness that my being has become more calm and compassionate with all life. People seem to feel this when I am around them without doing or saying anything...just being there. They talk to me as though they've known me forever and they are comfortable in doing so. Now, one might ask whether or not my dreams are spiritually based, perhaps, but that would depend on who is interpreting them, certainly not I since I don't interpret them. Remember, I just go where they take me...somewhere I've never traveled before. Thing is, none of the 8 have ever repeated. They have never been violent, confusing, threatening, nor a warning of any kind. How can I explain..... something that has its own language and that few, if any, could comprehend?

I do not mean to offend any of those of us who share these same experiences...it's just that you must know what I mean in saying it the only way I can. At least at this point in time...even though it's been 32 years. If you are one who can do this, multi-dream, keep it up. Don't try - just accept it. Don't try to control the process...you can't. There are many who can do this but not as many as you may think.

Our language of communication about these matters is still developing. The Roberts work (Seth) is only one key...good catch. Remember this as well, many dreams take a course from influence. Before going into sleep calm your mind, clear it of the present day you are just completing, open the path this way. I would like to speak more about this with you or others as we are all still searching. Answers are not what we seek...understanding is.

Peace,

Jayron D. Robinson, clannwolf@yahoo.com

A Ball of Light

A Dream about the Nature of Consciousness and Being

By Roger A. "Pete" Peterson

"The Secrets of the universe are hidden in the details of our experience"

Pete

***This is one of the most profound lucid dreams I have ever had.
Its significance and meaning is still unfolding within me.***

As my awareness gathers into focus, I feel like a crew member on the Starship, Enterprise. Small pieces of me are rapidly reassembling as if I am being projected here, particle by particle, through the starship's Transporter. With my body in the final stages of reassembling itself, I can begin to observe my surroundings. I'm standing inside the main entrance of a school that looks like a hybrid combination of my old high school and elementary school. In my present state of being, I can actually *see* the doors behind me without turning my head. Using these same Inner Senses to extend my normal range of perception, I determine the school is empty. Moving to the center of the main corridor and turning to my right, I look down the entire length of the building and out the windows in the double doors at the end. This newest addition to the school is a long single story structure with rooms stretching down both sides of the hallway. The older, two story section of the school, is behind me.

The first room on my right is the school administration office. To my left is the school library. Wanting to know everything about this place, I walk over to the administration office and look in through the door window. The chest-high counter that separates the student area from the principal's office in the rear captures the dark yellow rays of the early morning sun and my attention as well. To me this "gateway" symbolizes the fear and control of public authority. As I study it, a mixture of old memories begins to stir. Some are pleasant but others carry the hard edge of anger mixed with fear and anxiety. Deciding not to relive these disturbing memories now, I back away from the office and turn to look into the library.

As my eyes roam the tall bookshelves lining the left wall, I begin to wonder about censorship and the structuring of authority in our lives. Before these questions fully engage my mind, however, I shift my attention to the large reading tables and low

bookshelves scattered about the room. As I study their arrangement, I quietly drift back to the school library of my past. It is early in my freshman year and I am having an intense physical and emotional reaction while sitting at a large reading table with six or seven other students, all classmates of mine from previous years.

Dee (not her real name) is sitting at the end of the table on my right. She's telling me something funny and punctuates her final remark with laughter. She has severe tooth decay and halitosis, and as the awful smell of her breath fills my nostrils, I stifle an urge to gag as I laugh back at her weakly to acknowledge the humor in her story. In this painful moment I wonder why such a smart, attractive girl like her would let her teeth go so bad. Unlike my front teeth, which were crooked, hers are straight. Adding irony to this question is my knowledge that during the past summer I had my four front upper teeth (the crooked ones) removed and replaced by a partial because they were so badly decayed. I was so angry at my teeth for being crooked, I wouldn't brush them unless my parents made me.

As I think about this, I wonder if my breath smelled as bad as hers before my diseased teeth were removed. Does my breath still smell bad even though I brush my teeth regularly now? What a mortifying thought! In the presence of the other students, this becomes a moment of supreme discomfort for me and a moment of great sympathy for Dee and her circumstance. I know why I stopped taking care of my teeth but I don't know why Dee stopped taking care of hers, unless it's because her teeth are small which leaves lots of gum showing in her smile. I wonder if she knows she has halitosis because I didn't know if I had it or not. As the pain of these thoughts fades away, I return to my present self outside the library window with an involuntary shiver and turn to continue my journey down the hall.

Next to the administration office is the janitor's utility closet. The door is slightly open and the familiar smell of mops and cleaning products fills the air. This brings back the memory of my oldest brother Rudy when, for a short while, he was a school bus driver and janitor at my elementary school. I would ride with him on his bus route after school and help him clean the floors and straighten up the classrooms afterwards. We enjoyed each other's company and this was one way we could spend time together because he was married and had children. Suddenly, the smell of floor wax registers in my mind and I look down. Daylight entering the windows from the other end of the hallway is reflecting off the shiny linoleum floor, highlighting the crisscross patterns left by the buffer.

The student bathrooms are just beyond the janitor's closet. I stop, turn, and stare at the locked doors as I react to their symbolism. In my mind's eye, I watch as boys and girls enter and leave the bathrooms as if it's a regular school day. This reminds me of the time I helped Rudy clean the girl's elementary school bathroom. In one of the stalls a girl had written a sexually explicit rhyme. As I read it, I got all the more excited because I knew a girl had written it. At the time I didn't think girls thought about sex like boys.

This memory excites me now as I stand in front of the girl's high school bathroom. I suspect there's a lot more graffiti written on these bathroom walls but how do I get through the locked door to find out? Suddenly, I remember

I'm in a dream reality. What will happen if I leave my present body and lie flat in the air in a less tangible one? Will I be able to float through the bathroom door? Almost immediately, I find myself in a lighter body lying flat on my stomach in midair. As I slowly float toward the girl's bathroom door, I wonder what it will feel like to move through wood. Suddenly, my direction changes and I zoom through the boy's bathroom door. In surprise I look back at the body I left standing in the hallway. I want answers for what just happened but, to my disappointment, it looks like an empty shell unable to think or act independently. In resignation, I decide to go with the flow of my experience to see

where it will take me. Once the decision is made I understand why I've been drawn into the boy's bathroom and not the girl's. The boy's bathroom contains a much stronger emotional charge for me. Unlike the energy of the girl's bathroom, which stimulates my sexual curiosity, the energy of the boy's bathroom stimulates my fear, my fear of peeing in the presence of other people.

Invisible and floating in the air near the ceiling of the boy's bathroom, I watch as real and imagined high school bathroom experiences spring to life. People materialize and use the bathroom with the full color, sound, and motion of reality. Most use the bathroom and leave while others stick around to talk, tease, and smoke. I even participate in some experiences as they quickly manifest themselves and then seamlessly disappear to be replaced by others. In one scene a teacher enters the bathroom to check for smokers only to find two boys fighting. In another scene a boy makes fun of another boy's habit of going into a stall to pee. It's as if a window into my past bathroom experiences has opened to provide me with a new opportunity to work through old fears, or at least, make peace with them. When the images threaten to spill out beyond the high school bathroom and take me with them, I put on the brakes. Somehow, I know there's something more important for me to do here. Returning to the body in the hallway, I remind myself I can revisit these issues whenever I please.

Staying to the left as I continue down the hallway, I pass a number of empty classrooms and look in through the door window of each one. I see nothing of particular interest in any of them. About halfway down the hall, I begin to feel a growing sense of anticipation as I approach the next classroom on my left. As I reach for the door knob the feeling of anticipation and excitement becomes even greater and I pull the door open. Standing squarely in the middle of the opening, I begin to examine the classroom from left to right. On the left there are maybe eight rows of student desks with chairs attached. On the right a large green chalkboard spans more than half of the front classroom wall. Sitting in the middle of the room, halfway between the chalkboard and the rows of student desks, is a large teacher's desk and chair.

On the outside wall, a narrow band of windows stretches from the back of the classroom to the front. As I study the limited view of the world outside, I remember how confined and claustrophobic I used to feel in my old high school while, simultaneously, a small part of my mind wonders where the teacher and students are. Suddenly, movement at the front of the classroom draws my attention. In amazement, I watch as writing begins to appear on the chalkboard followed by the slowly materializing image of a teacher holding the chalk. Following this, students begin to appear in their seats but before the reality of these images can fully materialize, I cancel them so I can continue to explore the secrets of this classroom in silence and solitude.

Further movement draws my attention back to the student desk area. Two thirds of the way across the room the desks have silently rearranged themselves to form a circle, and glowing brightly in the middle of that circle is a large ball of light about seven or eight feet in diameter. Despite my surprise I feel a profound attraction to this mysterious object. In spontaneous excitement, I step out of my main body in a less tangible one. Partly walking, sometimes bouncing, and sometimes floating, I move past the rows of student desks while the glowing ball of light moves forward to meet me.

Silently, and magically, the student desks arrange and rearrange themselves to accommodate the globe as it moves forward. The nearer I come to it, the less glowing and opaque it is, until finally, as if looking through clouds, I begin to see bits of color and form. Halfway across the room my growing suspicion turns into certainty that what I am looking at is a miniature version of the earth. Standing close to it, there is no denying it is a perfect replica of Earth in every way. Even the clouds are real, and when I put my face close to the ocean's edge, I can see tiny waves curling against the beach!

Pulling my face back, I wonder how the water on this small world can stay in place within my dream

world's larger field of gravity. Suddenly, I notice tiny pins or pylons sticking out from the surface all the way around the globe. One minute they're not there and the next minute they are! Looking closer, I can also see an almost invisible network of tiny wires connecting each pylon. As I stand there

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amazed by the magical appearance of this complex network of pins and wires, colorful pulses of light begin to move from one pylon to the next as if they are sending messages. Picking up speed, the individual pulses of colored light begin to flash back and forth around the globe faster and faster until I can no

longer track them. Before long, this world within a world is a blur of flashing colored lights. Awed by the seeming intelligence of this fantastic light show, I wonder if the globe is a living, sentient being.

Prompted by a new impulse, I move to the right around the globe. My destination is the view outside the school. Sitting on the shelf below the narrow band of windows, I put my face close to the glass to get a larger view of the world outside. This act seems to be in direct response to the loss of freedom I felt as a student when I was forced to sit in class day after day, year after year, against my will. When I was in school, the small view of the world outside seemed to mock my yearning to be free, free to determine my own fate and course in life. Even the expanded view of the world I can see now with my face pressed against the window doesn't seem large enough to satisfy my desire to see and know more. Turning my head from side to side to get an even better view of the world outside only feeds my frustration. The limitations imposed by these windows, this building, and my own body are no longer tolerable. As my frustration level rises to a sharp peak, I explode out of my body in a state of pure consciousness and energy!

With a rush of power and joy I fly through the window to a point high in the air above the school. In this new state of being I know I can act and move without the use or concern of a physical body. I also know I am less tangible than the atoms and

molecules comprising the air around me and I revel in my newfound freedom. Seeing without eyes, feeling without skin, and hearing without ears, I fly higher and begin to tumble and roll through the atmosphere with great speed, zipping from here to there without concern for pain or injury. In a moment of great exuberance, I fly down into the earth through rock and soil as if I'm flying through the air, something I vaguely remember doing before in other dreams.

Despite my great confidence and joy, there is a moment of fear as I enter the Earth's surface. I remember its great density and, for a moment, I worry about becoming dense myself and getting stuck in it. Before this earthbound thought can become real, however, a new thought replaces it. This one reassures me that resistance will come only if I refuse to accept the reality of my present state of being as pure consciousness and energy. Once again my confidence is restored and I relax and fly through the soil with the greatest of ease, wrapped in the knowledge that my experience is always a matter of focus and balance. In other words, we get what we concentrate on. With great confidence I decide to test this belief by making my Energy Body dense enough to feel the texture of the soil and rock around me. It feels great, almost like scratching an itch. When my curiosity is satisfied, I return to a state of pure consciousness and energy (awareness and action). In this state, I know I am because "**I Am**" with no limits to my creative choices!

Next, I decide to fly over the center of town. It is early morning and quiet. The only movement I see is a pretty young woman pushing a baby stroller down the town's main street. Attracted to her, I settle into a position about fifteen feet above her head. Soon she's joined by another young woman

pushing a stroller and the two quickly get lost in conversation about life, family, and friends. Feeling strangely related to both women, I use my intuitive abilities to explore our connection. To my surprise, find that each of us shares a similar mental and emotional makeup, a connection that feels more like family than shared genes. (Is there such a thing as "family" regarding types of consciousness?) Of the two women, my connection with the first one seems stronger. Not only do I find her more physically attractive, her personality has a richness and complexity that intrigues me. She's bright, caring, and wants to know everything, characteristics I greatly admire, while the other woman is a bit lazy and self-centered in her thinking.

From my invisible point in the air, I wonder what it would be like to live within this woman's psyche, to be there when she makes love to her husband, plays with her child, or thinks an exciting thought. Can I occupy a small, unused portion of her mind and pay my way by helping her during times of crisis or need? If I observe appropriate rules of privacy and noninvolvement would she even be aware of my presence in her mind? And if I help her find solutions to a problem or two, would she welcome me as an important part of her psyche? Being bodiless and safely ensconced within this woman's psyche sounds appealing to me. This way I can devote full time to my pet projects free of material encumbrances and responsibilities.

Further pondering life in this woman's psyche, I begin to see myself as a gentleman boarder at a country inn. Leaving my room in top hat and tails for a trip into town, I encounter my "landlady" as she busily cultivates the soil in the flower garden surrounding the inn. She observes my approach and I tip my hat to her in passing.

It's been some time since I've taken up residence in her psyche and she's become quite comfortable with my quiet presence, although she suspects I've helped resolve several issues she's had to face since my arrival. Her husband is working on farm equipment in the yard and casting mild looks of suspicion in my direction, while the children play happily nearby.

In a sudden departure, I wonder what it would be like to live within the consciousness of a large redwood tree. Instantly, it becomes so. At first the quiet and solitude of living in the forest seems delightful, it is so relaxing! Soon, however, other thoughts begin to creep in, thoughts like "boring" and "limiting".

Suddenly, I have an overwhelming desire to be back in my own body, in my own world. Even the desire to live in the woman's psyche has lost its appeal as I think about the constant mental tiptoeing, the suppression of my own natural impulses, and the loss of my present body and family. With these thoughts, I leave the two women behind and fly back to my dream body sitting on the shelf under the window.

On the flight back, I wonder about my two dream bodies. Are they still there? What were they doing while I was gone? Were they just waiting for me to return? My questions are soon answered as I fly through the window and reenter the body sitting on the ledge below the windows. It's as if I haven't been gone at all, as if no time has passed for my body.

Standing up, I walk past the globe on the left and notice a door hanging open on the far side away from the windows. Curious, I walk around it to look inside. Wow, what a surprise! Illuminated by a soft white light that seems to come from the walls themselves, the interior looks like a futuristic computer control room. Except for a small flat area at the bottom of the globe, the shiny metal wall is

filled with rows and panels of blinking colored lights. A plush, white leather arm chair fills the flat area on the bottom of the globe. Above it is a large white helmet suspended from the ceiling and connected to the globe by two large electrical cables that coil down to the floor before disappearing into the wall several feet up from the floor. It looks like a football helmet minus the ear holes, although it's much larger and thicker. Its design and position above the chair clearly suggest its purpose.



With nervous anticipation I enter the globe and sit in the chair. It is very comfortable! Using both hands to pull the helmet down over my head, I wonder what I have done to deserve such great good fortune.

As the helmet makes contact with my head, I suddenly jump to another world in a different body and a different life. My final thought before the helmet makes contact serves as the central theme of this alternate lifetime. Born into a primitive farming culture as a woman, I get married and have children. During this lifetime, I constantly question whether or not I'm worthy of my good fortune. Quickly bored by the limited conceptualization of this lifetime, I skim its highpoints and leave.

Taking a minute to collect my wits, I decide to conduct another experiment. I want to see how well I can control the machine. Will it let me select my parents, my sex, my environment, and the major concepts I want to explore during the course of a lifetime? Holding my breath, I decide to be a white female growing up on a late twentieth century farm with lots of animals, a fruit orchard, and wonderful, loving parents. Because it seems to complete the picture, I make us Protestants.

With no clear sense of transition, I enter this lifetime and become a young girl with a collie for a friend. We love to walk around the farm and play, and on warm summer nights we climb out the

window of my upstairs bedroom to sit on the roof and look at the stars. While sitting there I ponder life, what is all about? As this young girl, I go to church and school because that's what everyone expects of me but my mind is full of unanswered questions. Separating myself from her life to examine her most probable future, I see the sadness of unfulfilled dreams. As a middle aged woman she smiles happily outwardly but, inwardly, she feels as though her life has been un-lived. To keep others happy, she shaped her life in accordance with their wishes and expectations, not her own. The questions she once asked go unanswered and dreams she once had go unfulfilled. Disturbed by this vision of her future self, I return to her present self long enough to insert new ideas and insights in her mind. Like seeds, they will grow and enrich her sense of wonder and possibility. As I return to my seat in the computer, I am confident she will experience greater joy and richness in her life.

As I bring this experiment to a close, I realize each lifetime is an opportunity to learn how thoughts in the forms of belief, attitude, value, and expectation work (interact) to create our reality. In other words, each moment, each day, and each lifetime provides us with the opportunity to create a better version of who we are.

In a great burst of enthusiasm, I create many lives as both male and female. Each one is placed in a different time and setting so I can study the values each life is exploring in my search for eternal truth. When I encounter another personality that piques my interest, I slow down to examine his life more closely. He is a young black man living in a jungle village. He's married with two children, and is highly respected by the tribe for his mystical abilities. Much to my surprise, as I quietly peer into

his life and mind, he becomes aware of my presence. Sensing my role in the creation of his being, he's overjoyed with my presence. Quickly, I pull back to hide in the darkness of a large black abyss. No matter, he walks to the edge of the jungle as if he knows exactly where I am and asks to come away with me. Although I'm greatly moved by the depth of his spiritual knowledge and sincerity, I cannot forget his family and tribe. They need him! When I remind him of this he is saddened but turns and walks back to the village, knowing in his heart it is the right thing for him to do.

As I bring this experiment to a close, I realize each lifetime is an opportunity to learn how thoughts in the forms of belief, attitude, value, and expectation work (interact) to create our reality. In other words, each moment, each day, and each lifetime provides us with the opportunity to create a better version of who we are. It makes no difference whether that reality is physically expressed or not. Wherever we are and whatever we're doing, it's **all** reality. With this realization, I remove the headgear and stand up to leave the globe. Walking up to the body I left standing in the classroom doorway, I turn and settle back into it. Backing up and turning again, I close the classroom door and walk back down the hall the way I had come. With no further need for the school it fades into blackness. Then I wake up to record the details of this dream in my Dream Journal before, it too, fades away.

LDE 54

In the next issue of LDE we will explore the theme of

Spiritual and Transcendent Lucid Dreams

Send in your articles, lucid dreams, and/or poetry through the submissions section on our website:

The Lucid Dream Exchange
www.dreaminglucid.com

Carolina Dream Gathering

Bringing Dreams and Community Together

Sunday, June 27th through Thursday, July 1st, 2010

Crowne Plaza Resort
Asheville, North Carolina

27th Annual Conference of the International Association for the Study of Dreams

NEW VENUE IASD is proud to announce that our conference will now be held in a new location the luxurious Crowne Plaza Resort located in the same beautiful mountains of North Carolina but closer to the airport, and in the town of Asheville which is one of the most attractive vacation destinations on the US East Coast. We have been offered a block of deeply discounted rooms, free parking and availability of airport shuttles to make your stay and travels comfortable and convenient without the typical expense of such a high end resort.



NEW DATE The conference will now open on Sunday evening, June 27, and conclude with the Dream Ball on Thursday night, July 1, 2010. We are sorry for any inconvenience this change may have caused but it was unfortunately due to a situation beyond our control.

NEW SUBMISSION DEADLINE Due to changes in date and venue, the Call for Presentations deadline has now been extended to 15 December 2009. For instructions and on-line submission go to the conference web site below and click on the CALL FOR PRESENTATIONS link.
<http://asdreams.org/2010/presentation.htm>

CALL FOR VOLUNTEERS IASD is looking for dedicated volunteers before and during the conference to help with numerous conference-related tasks. Volunteers who work on-site for a dedicated number of hours may be eligible for a deeply reduced \$50 conference admission. Go to the conference website (below) and click on the VOLUNTEER link for information on available positions and to complete the Volunteer Application. <http://asdreams.org/2010/volunteer.htm>

PARTNERSHIP DISCOUNT WITH HADEN INSTITUTE This year IASD is partnering with the Haden Institute, headquartered in the Asheville/Henderson area. IASD is offering special discounts to those attending the 2010 Haden summer conference, to make it easier to also attend the IASD International Conference. Go to the conference website and click on the REGISTRATION link for details.

More information on the conference, including the registration form and procedures for submitting presentation proposals, can be found on the conference website: www.asdreams.org/2010 . Register early for conference discounts and to ensure your stay in the limited block of discounted rooms available.

Watch the conference web site for updates on Keynote presentations and program.
We hope you will join us in the mountains for Carolina Dreaming

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The Dark Side of Lucid Dreams

David Kahn © 2009

Lucid dreaming provides the ultimate opportunity to release one's inhibitions. Whether it is jumping off a cliff or having sex with a stranger, we feel safe in doing what we might only daydream about in the waking world. Of course when one is free of their inhibitions that also leaves open the freedom to act in ways that we might otherwise find disturbing, such as killing a dream character. Dreams of murder, disturbing though they might be, are not in and of themselves unusual. Recently a friend approached me concerned about a dream in which she killed at least fifteen people. She was quite disturbed by it, though seemed more at peace with the dream after matching up some waking life issues. In fact within a few days after the dream she made a major life change and has since told me that she's been feeling much better than she had previously. From my outside perspective I saw her choice to kill in the dream as being an almost last-ditch effort to bring about change that she was otherwise resistant to. But if one chooses to kill in a lucid dream, being fully or mostly aware of their choice to do so, does this mean that lucid dreams have a dark side?

I recall a lucid dream from a couple of years ago in which I killed after I became lucid. In this dream I became lucid just as I was about to be executed.

Even though none of this is real, I still feel that I need to conclude this dream. I go to the man that looks like C_____ and this time I can pick him up easily. There is now a kitchen sink in this wooden room and I put him upside down into the sink, where he becomes much smaller and I put him down the disposal. There is another man behind me who is facing away from me so I don't see his face. I pick him up and turn him upside down into the sink as well. He also shrinks and I put him down the disposal.

Had I not become lucid and truly believed I was about to be killed, it would make some sense that I might kill those people who would otherwise take my life. Since, however, I knew that I was no longer in any real danger of death or any other physical harm, why then did I kill two characters? I believe at least part of the answer lies in the characters themselves.

When we kill a dream character, we should consider what exactly we are killing. It may look like a human and it may act like a human, but is it truly a complete human being? It may be that the character represents some aspect of oneself. If you believe in mutual dreams then you may go so far as to believe that it could be the dream body representation of someone else, but you are still aware that the person's "real" body is still safely asleep in bed. In some cases the person may be simply part of the scenery, or a symbol that brings about a certain emotion or memory. So, when I killed in my lucid dream what exactly was I killing? In this case my feeling is that I killed some aspect of myself that was no longer needed. After becoming lucid, both of these characters lost the intimidation factor they'd had prior to lucidity. Both characters also became almost like statues. They no longer were animated. It felt like I was simply discarding them, and in fact put them down a garbage disposal. If I had disposed of any other object in the dream, would the results to my psyche have really been so different? After all the dream characters and any other object in the dream, and maybe even the very fabric of the dream itself, are all made of the same stuff.

Another aspect of lucid killing is determining to what degree you did in fact actually choose the scene. In my example I did not intentionally think up these two particular characters to kill. They just happened to be there. Even in my friend's non-lucid dream, the characters were not people she actually knew in waking life. Had I thought to myself, "I want _____ to be here so that I can kill him/her," then that would be a very different scenario than killing whoever happened to already be part of the scene. In other words, the dream chose these particular characters and placed them in a specific place and time, conveniently close to a sink that had a garbage disposal.

I didn't think to myself, "Let there be a garbage disposal there so I can put these people into it." I chose the garbage disposal because I looked around the scene and that is what I saw. As we so often keep finding in lucid dreams, even these dark lucid dreams often feel orchestrated by something that already had plans for us.

THE FURTHER ADVENTURES OF KID LUCID:

INTRIGUED BY THE ALLURE OF DREAMS AND THEIR HIDDEN PROMISE OF "SUPER-POWERS", THE KID'S QUEST IS SIDETRACKED BY AN ENCOUNTER WITH HIS SOMETIMES ARCH-NEMESIS: MOM LUCID!



WHY DO YOU SPEND SO MUCH TIME WRITING DOWN YOUR DREAMS?
TALKING ABOUT YOUR DREAMS? DREAMS! DREAMS!
DREAMS! WHAT IS IT WITH YOU? WHAT



DO YOU
HOPE TO
ACCOMPLISH?



BETWEEN DREAMS AND THOSE
COMIC BOOKS OF YOURS,
YOU'RE IN A COMPLETE
FANTASY WORLD!



WHAT'S SO BAD ABOUT
REALITY THAT YOU ARE
TRYING TO ESCAPE IT ALL
THE TIME?
WHAT GOOD IS IT DOING YOU,
THIS OBSESSION WITH DREAMS?
WHAT ARE YOU RUNNING FROM?
DO YOU WANT TO BE
A LOSER?
IF YOU SPENT HALF AS MUCH TIME
IN THE REAL WORLD
AS YOU DO IN LA LA LAND, WHY...



WHAT'S SO BAD ABOUT THE REAL WORLD ANYWAY? I FEED YOU. I DO YOUR LAUNDRY. YOU GOT IT PRETTY DARN GOOD MISTER!

WHAT GOOD IS IT DOING YOU? WHAT GOOD IS IT DOING THE WORLD? IS MAKING YOU A BETTER PERSON? A MORE SUCCESSFUL PERSON? IT'S JUST TOTAL SELF-INDULGENCE!



THE KID PAUSES TO THINK

ABOUT WHAT HE HAS SEEN IN DREAMS ...



THE ONLY WORLD "THEY" SAY THERE IS.

ALL THE "WORLDS" THE KID HAS ACTUALLY SEEN!

LATER...



(IN REVERIE)

YOU JUST WOULDN'T UNDERSTAND, MA.



NO I'M SURE I WOULDN'T.

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Does Dream Telepathy Explain Mutual Lucid Dreaming?

Robert Waggoner © 2009

On the popular lucid dreaming forum Lucidipedia.com, one of the hosts wrote a blog about the lack of evidence for mutual lucid dreaming. He doubted its existence, because the internet accounts seemed very sketchy and furthermore, he saw no reasonable explanation for the 'mechanism' to explain a mutual dream or a mutual lucid dream.

This bothered me. In my book, *Lucid Dreaming: Gateway to the Inner Self*, I have a chapter titled, 'Mutual Lucid Dreaming' and provide many examples of apparent mutual lucid dreams with fascinating interconnections and shared knowledge from a variety of sources with considerable detail. Also, a friend of mine in 1997, Linda Lane Magallon, wrote the book, *Mutual Dreaming*, and provided numerous examples of mutual dreams.

So on the Advanced section of the Lucidipedia forum, I posted a new topic, entitled, "Mutual Dreams. Any Evidence? I Think So..." In the post, I note that many authors have provided detailed mutual dream and mutual lucid dream reports. Also, I suggest dream telepathy as one possible mechanism to explain mutual dreams. Dream telepathy has been scientifically studied by internationally known researchers Montague Ullman, M.D. and Stanley Krippner, Ph.D., who have provided considerable experimental evidence for the phenomenon. In fact, they received a National Institute of Health (NIH) grant for their research in the late 1960's and early '70's.

Unfortunately, some researchers who sought to replicate their studies had various levels of success and failure. Tragically, at least one of these researchers later admitted to creating difficult or inhospitable lab conditions in order to (in his mind) defend science. Yes, I know that logic seems totally twisted, and just as that researcher desired, his experiment on dream telepathy showed less than stellar results. Years later, Dean Radin in *The Conscious Universe*, evaluated all the dream telepathy experiments and concluded that collectively they showed results beyond chance.

To demonstrate my belief in the validity of dream telepathy, I proposed an experiment on the forum. I would agree to be the telepathic receiver, if the

forum would find a coordinator (to select a group of target images) and a telepathic sender to randomly select an image and send it on the night of the experiment. After a month, a coordinator emerged who found a young woman to be the telepathic sender. Oddly, I did not even know the full name of the sender; I just knew some scattered bits of information about her, and that she lived in the Netherlands.

Our first experimental trial was an incredible success! I sent in five dreams – all of which mentioned food, cafés, picnic tables and people (it seems rare to have five successive dreams that mention the same basic subject). Then the coordinator revealed the image; a drawing of a café with patrons being served by a young waitress. In my dream reports, I even commented on one woman dream figure, seated at a table with food, who wore a yellow gold dress – in the image, the most prominent customer is a woman seated at a table wearing a yellow gold dress.

You can read my dreams and see the telepathically sent Target Image at <http://lucidipedia.com/forum/index.php?section=viwtopic&t=1610>

Because of the existing scientific evidence, dream telepathy offers the simplest explanation of one mechanism for both procuring unknown information and creating a consensual dream experience. The mental intent to send and to receive information apparently acts to allow the communication. Moreover, dream telepathy likely explains most instances of mutual dreams; two dreamers share a correspondence of thought, which becomes expressed as similar dream environments, actions and information.

Feel free to follow the action on the Lucidipedia forum as we continue with more dream telepathy tests. However, do yourself a favor. Find a friend, and try dream telepathy yourself. You do not need to become lucid when doing dream telepathy; it can be done in a normal dream state. By trying it yourself, you will learn deep lessons and develop your own dream telepathy abilities and understanding.

The Missing Link

A Strange Case of Lucid Mutual Dreaming

Lucy Gillis © 2009

In October of this year, I was asked if I would like to be the Target Dreamer in a Mutual Dreaming Contest hosted by the IASD's annual on-line PsiberDreaming Conference. Having participated in and enjoyed various psi dream experiments in the past (mutual, telepathic, clairvoyant, precognitive) I was honoured to be offered a place in this experiment and happily accepted.

The goal of the contest was that I would invite dreamers of good intent to share or tune into my dreams of a designated night. Participants from all over the world would intend to share a mutual dream with me. (Dreams did not have to be lucid, but they could be.)

The results were great. So many dreamers made so many hits, and not just with my dreams of that night. Many people picked up on my day's events, thoughts, and activities. It was difficult to keep the winners list short!

But beside the remarkable hits of the winning dreams, an intriguing event developed between two lucid dreamers, pasQuale and Jessica (neither of whom I've met in person).

Once lucid, each of them stated their intent to meet me. However, in an interesting twist, they seemed to have had a mutual dream with each other! Not only did they seem to share a dream scene, but they also picked up on elements of my day and my pre-sleep activities.

On the designated evening, I watched some TV – a program I had recorded some days ago – as I often do to wind down after a busy day. An ad was running through the program, one that I had seen several times in the week previous. It was a commercial for a national (Canada) TV show. It kind of stood out for me as it showed an upcoming segment that was filmed in an area north of where I live. It is in the mountains and to get there you have to travel a scenic route called 'The Sea to Sky Highway.' In the ad, the show's host and a wheelchair athlete are about to bungee jump together (one rope) in a densely wooded valley, high above a river or lake. A

separate scene shows the athlete jumping alone, diving towards the water. After watching my program (fast-forwarding through the ads), I began to get ready for the contest.

In preparing for any dream experiment, I like to shower before sleeping, to not only feel clean and fresh, but to also make the symbolic gesture of washing away the "day-residue" and clearing my mind for the night's dreams.

As I was stepping into the shower, I thought about meeting the dreamers and I had a momentary silly idea of dreamers "seeing me" through the showerhead, (as though their psi perception was travelling along the plumbing, within the water droplets). The idea was humorous and I actually smiled and without realizing what I was doing, I reached up and covered the showerhead with my hand, momentarily collecting water in the palm of my hand, then I let it fall as I stepped under the water.

Later, as I was drifting off to sleep, I welcomed those dreamers of good intent into my dreams as either participants or observers.

Following are Jessica and pasQuale's dreams:

Jessica Van Wynsberge

Location: Malta

Dream Title: Swim the Ocean and Fly the Sky!

Hypnagogic Images before becoming lucid:

I see a tall woman with long blond hair standing somewhere alone in an open space, outside in the nature, she's looking up and taking her clothes off, like she's going for a swim or maybe take a dive. She's still looking up at something and the sun shines on her face, giving her a golden glow. She's very gracious and beautiful to look at.

(Even before her dream, Jessica's hypnagogic imagery seemed to be lining up with my activities: female, clothes off, swim or dive, looking up at something - a very close hit with my looking up at

the showerhead, clothes off, about to get under the water. Swim or dive jives with water imagery, and the word “dive” can be said to connect with bungee jumping (see below).

Lucid Dream:

I see a woman dressed in a red blouse, she looks like she's going to a party or a meeting. I realize I'm in the dream now and ask: 'Lucy?'

The woman in red doesn't reply and turns around. Her red blouse has little yellow flowers on it. I can only see the blouse, not her face but I imagine her with curly brown hair. I feel this woman is not Lucy because she seems older.

I still ask her: 'I'm sorry, are you Lucy? I'm looking for her. I need to find out what she's dreaming.'

The woman disappears. I'm inside, walking through a hallway. The main color is light brown. I think there is a wooden floor. A lot of light enters the room, it's very bright in here.

Then I pick up the image of an older woman sitting in a chair or sofa. This room is dark. I can only see the right side of her head. She has half-long grey hair and wears glasses.

'Do you know where Lucy is?' I need to find out what she's dreaming.' I repeat. She doesn't react.

Then an old man takes my hand and leads me back to a brighter room. He's almost bald except for a few grey hairs left, he must be at least 70 years old; he has a very friendly face. I feel very excited and I'm wondering whether he's going to take me to Lucy directly or only to her dreams. We're walking through a bright enlightened hallway. I think he's wearing a blue bathrobe or pyjamas. I get the feeling I might be in an old people's home. Then everything turns dark for a moment. I realize the old man might be showing me Lucy's dream right now!

The whole dream setting changes.

I'm standing outside now. It's daylight. The sun is shining. The sky is blue. I believe I'm in a valley in the mountains. I see lots of green. Someone is standing ready to bungee jump. There's a forest behind the bungee jumper. The view is outstanding.

The bungee jumper jumps. I'm standing on the ground watching him/her jump (I can't see if it's a male or female but my intuition says male). The jump is very high and the jumper moves very gracefully. He wears a black suit. It's like he dives into the air, his arms spread wide open.

When the jumper comes down, he doesn't touch the ground but dives into a pool of water. The main color becomes blue now. We're swimming. Then I feel a female's presence, I believe it is Lucy.

I'm also under water now and I see a face in the water, it's definitely a woman, I swim to her and I reach out my hand to her, she reaches out hers. We're almost touching. I can't see her face because of a bright light that shines into the water.

The bungee jumper reaches the surface and gasps for breath. My point of view moves with him.

'Are you Lucy's dream?' I ask.

Male voice: 'I'm bipolar, I can swim the ocean and fly the sky!'

I don't know what he meant with 'bipolar' but the answer makes me feel excited and I decide to wake up.

I don't need to list all the hits with the bungee jumping scene and the TV commercial I had seen. They are clearly obvious. Jessica even dreamed of a reference to ocean and sky – remarkably close to “Sea to Sky”! And a woman underwater, reaching out her hand....recall that prior to sleep I was reaching out my hand to the showerhead, thinking of the dreamers who would be looking for me, then I stepped under the water.

pasQuale:

Location: Netherlands

Dream Title: Holding Hands with Lucy

Well, what do you know, I had a lucid dream and remembered the contest - so of course I went looking for Lucy!

Lucid Dream:

Unexpected lucid, I remember the shared dream contest and go look for Lucy.

Flying through a dark space, and I feel myself as loose dots of light, expanding, and contracting. Then, I'm "there." It's like I'm under water and Lucy is above it. Everything is "watery." I have to "break through the surface." I call her name.

Somehow I have been pulled out and I'm now on the same "level" that Lucy is. We hold hands and rotate through this light space. Blue hues everywhere, very light, but also abstract.

It is also like we are both white with darker outlines. No colours or facial features, just "human shaped" "essence."

We rotate while holding hands, our arms are extended and bodies horizontal, (imagine sky divers holding hands while skydiving, it was a bit like that, but very tranquil)

Lucy says something along the lines of: "Wow, you are the first; that is early!" I make a comment about European time zones and sleeping early. We talk some more but I can't remember what about.

Then she says it's time for me to go, so there is room for others. I agree, and let go of her hands - and then

....

I'm somehow back in the dream I started before I went to go looking for her. End of Dream

pasQuale also picked up on my shower activity – one could say that her experience of feeling “as loose dots of light, expanding, and contracting” could parallel the shower flow, in that the “loose dots” were droplets of water, expanding away from

each other as they emerged from the showerhead, and contracting back again to pool in the palm of my hand, and then again on the floor of the tub, in which case, they (the “droplets”) would be under the surface of the water, and I would be above it – as pasQuale mentions. Perhaps the action of me “dropping my handful of water” is what pasQuale experienced or translated as “somehow being pulled to the surface” no longer being under the water (in the palm pool).

pasQuale mentions sky diving, which is a close hit with bungee jumping, (even the imagery of two people together, like my TV commercial scene...).

Also, pasQuale has “hands” imagery in her dream. Besides my “hand to the showerhead” connection, her imagery begins to resemble Jessica’s dream of seeing a woman underwater and reaching out her hands to her.

In a comical sense I can almost picture the three of us, me in the middle, Jessica and pasQuale to either side of me, like three links in a dream chain. I reach out to them both, they recognize the gesture and reach back - but end up missing me and connecting with each other!

In this delightful *chain* of events, I, Lucy, am the Missed Link!*

*Ok, for those who don't know, in 1974, 3.2 million year-old female skeletal remains of an australopithecus afarensis specimen were discovered. She was given the name “Lucy” and was believed by many to be the “missing link” in the human evolutionary chain.

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In Your Dreams!

Ripples from the Future

A Link Between the Real World and the Lucid Dream World?

By Xenon

During my undergraduate years at a University of California school, I learned about lucid dreaming from a psychology class titled "Altered States of Consciousness" taught by Charlie Tart. I was subscribing at the time to "the Lucidity Letter" where readers share experiences and experimental results and I'd read several books on the topic. I tried various techniques to become lucid, with Dr. Stephen LaBerge's MILD being the most effective.

One night I realized I was dreaming when I found myself lying on my side but floating two feet above the grass in a specific location on campus. I decided to try an experiment. I knew my best friend "K" kept a dream journal, so I decided in my lucid dream to find her and see if I could influence her writing.

I got this idea because Professor Tart had told us of experiments with astral projection under hypnosis where people would try to read something written on top of a file cabinet that would be visible only to someone floating near the ceiling. I very much wanted to test for a connection between the real world and my lucid dream world.

In my dream, I next floated up to a standing position, then found someone who then morphed into my friend "K."

I said excitedly, "K, I'm dreaming!"

She looked sceptical. I said, "If I can walk through that tree, will you believe I am dreaming?"

She said, "Sure."

I walked straight inside a large oak tree. Since my expectation was that trees are dark inside, it got dark. I then woke up.

Unfortunately, when I called her in the morning, "K" did not recall her dreams that night and did not write in her dream journal. The dream was very powerful for me, nevertheless.

About six years after the tree dream, I got a job on the same campus. Guess what? Right through that very tree, in the direction I walked in my lucid dream, was my new office!

It gets better. After a few years of working there, I went on vacation.

When I returned, a workman was finishing the job of cutting down my tree. He said it had to be cut down to save the other nearby large trees because it had a disease.

Here's the kicker: Every day, for years since, I have walked "through" where that tree was as I bring my lunch back to my office. The missing tree, my office, and the dining commons where I get my food each day are in a straight line. For years before they cut the tree down, I walked around it every day at lunch time.

Logic flaws such as "interpretation after the fact" of simple coincidences and mistaken memories are usually my explanation when I hear other people's "prophetic" dreams. In this case, however, I wrote down my dream right

when I woke up. The odds of a coincidence are too great. I had no idea, when I had the dream where I would end up working after I graduated from college. In fact, I worked at several jobs off campus before returning. I had no idea, either, that that particular tree would be singled out and cut down years later.

My prophetic tree dream is my personal best evidence that there is a deeper world than we currently know. As a very concrete scientific thinker, my best explanation is that I somehow experienced a ripple of information from the future. If we discover that our brains communicate with light as well as known electrochemical processes, then the fact that anything moving at the speed of light has stepped "out of time" may allow light to bring information from the future back into the present. I can think of no simpler plausible explanation for my experience.

Jeffery Cooper, 1992 My Lucid Dream

In 1992 I was a sophomore in high school, 15 I think, when I had my first lucid dream. As the dream began, I was walking into my own bedroom when I noticed there was no furniture, and at that same time the door slammed shut behind me and the lights went out. I started to feel panic, but at the same time recognition, this had happened before.

I had this same dream when I was 8, and maybe other times as well. I kept a lid on the panic, and predicted the door would be locked when I tried it, it was, and now that the light switch wouldn't work, it didn't, and finally that ghosts and scary things would come out of the walls to get me, and that's what started to happen. This time instead of pounding frantically on the door, I told myself, "This is my all inside my mind, nothing can harm me here without my permission," and I walked into the middle of the dark and hostile room.

I sat down Indian style on the floor and repeated this to myself as claws, razors, knives, and an entire array of miscellaneous sharp and threatening shapes surrounded and enclosed me. This image tested my resolve by manifesting as a pinpoint growing directly towards the pupil of my eye, and I knew that if I flinched backwards it would lunge forward, plunging itself in, but I still repeated, "This is my mind, nothing can harm me here without my permission," and I held my ground, keeping fear and panic in check.

That's when they all disappeared, and I found myself sitting in a beam of sunlight pouring in through the bedroom window, and the room was bright and empty. I breathed a sigh of relief and said, "Now I want to be in a forest" and found myself in a recliner in the woods, with warm sunlight through a canopy of trees. Fade to white.

Carlos Martín, Somewhere between 1995-2000 The Accident.

There was a car accident at the beginning of this dream and it seemed to have been a very bad one. I had a feeling of sorrow as the ambulance left the scene. I was involved, and felt at fault. I told myself this couldn't really be happening and pinched my arm to make sure this was not a dream.

A police officer handed me a piece of paper and I drove off with my girlfriend who was also very sad. I took her home and her mother verbally attacked me and accused me of endangering the life of her daughter, and her father just looked at me and shook his head in disgust. We went inside their home and the three of them started talking amongst themselves in the living room. I sat down in a chair in the dining room.

Things started to get strange, I didn't have a memory of the accident itself only what came afterwards. Then I looked closely at my girlfriend and her parents, then realized I didn't know who these people were. So I got up and walked over to them and said "This is a dream." They looked at me with the strangest facial expressions but did not say a word. Then the dream faded away.

A. Dreamer, April 21, 2009 In the Water/Story Idea

I'm fantasizing as I lie in bed about a magical kingdom, trying to get there via my imagination. Then I find myself in some shallow water, with a muddy, sandy bottom. I briefly think I'm imagining this but then realize I'm dreaming. I become lucid and turn my attention to the wetness of the water and the feel of the waters' bottom. I feel some little rocks. I walk out further, but the water is never more than waist deep. I try to swim but can't seem to kick very much. Someone is giving swimming instructions. I move further out in the water but come up against a huge rock.

I get out of the water and now, more semi-lucid, and thinking about the Hidden Kingdom. There is a question I want to ask my "spiritual advisor." I can't recall what it was. I go into this building imagining I have a room in it. I am by a bathroom, trying to imagine the person I see next will be my "spiritual advisor." The woman I see looks quite ordinary. She asks me in the voice of a not very likable nurse, "Have you taken your meds yet?" I say I don't take any medication. I realize now I am in a place which resembles a mental institution and I may be hallucinating the "Hidden Kingdom." Which reality is true? But also I'm aware I am dreaming this whole story. I reiterate that I take no medicine. The nurse talks to someone else and ignores me. I see some "patient charts" and peek. One chart says that I and a few others can enter into some kind of "spiritual perception" at times. Then I get an idea to create a story or novel (when I wake up) about a woman who is both in a mental institution and also dwelling in a hidden, spiritual Kingdom. I think that's a wonderful idea and get very excited. It is only when I wake up that I realize a number of novels have already been written using that idea.

Robert Waggoner, October 2009

Trying to Say a Mantra

I see a large red vehicle, pull up into a parking area by a very large house. It is so large that I look at the name plate, and it is an odd name, like Subaru. Two people seem to sit inside the car, but as I look at them, one person suddenly disappears.

I think, 'How odd that he disappeared' and then I realize, 'This is a lucid dream!' I immediately begin to fly upwards and move through the thick floors of the house. For some reason, this seems more difficult than normal. I feel blocked and start to push my way through the floor, when I begin to wonder what I really want to do in this lucid dream. I recall that I wanted to say a mantra, while lucidly aware. I begin to recall a very long mantra, when suddenly I can feel energy beginning to build. It keeps growing, and I know that I am losing my lucid awareness. I wake, feeling very energetic.

Brendan, September 2009

I Met God

I was waking up and falling back to sleep, several times, in and out of lucid dreams. In the first lucid dream I ran outside and decided to fly upward into the clouds wanting to meet space. As I did, I chanted,

"To infinity and beyond," and instantly shot upward into the sky. (Another good way to start flying is to simply say and or chant "up" over and over.)

I was uncontrollably shot upward and over the clouds into some geometric space/cloud formation with tiny geometric energy cubes of blue and pink spread across the clouds. I decided to grab the cubes and feel their intense energies that felt like a tingling sensation moving through my hands and up my arms. As I let go, they would reform to their original state.

At this time, I looked up to see two suns, and remembered I wanted to find Isis, so I asked, "Who is Isis, and where can I find her?" I was simply answered echoingly coming from the space in front of me, "My answer is no." When the word no clashed with my left ear I awoke.

With high hopes I rushed back to sleep and into another lucid dream, where I instantly asked again, "Who is Isis?" This time I realized why I was answered no in the first place. I felt stuck in mid-air and my vision was "incomprehensible." I could see the side of my nose and what looked like the inner part of a pyramid inside of a body. I quickly woke up to get out of the stuck feeling and out of the dream.

Once again I fell right back to sleep and into yet another lucid dream. I immediately remembered from Robert Waggoner's *Gateway To The Inner Self* him asking to see God. So I decided to try, and asked, "Who is God?" They answered slowly "Are you sure?" and at this point I quickly said, "Show me God."

I then heard a loud voice telling me to lay down into the air, and as I did a force of power I almost couldn't bear lifted me into the air pulling me upwards, hovering above everything. As I did this, I saw writing appear in front of my eyes and it read "No person has ever went through with this," and at this point space broke into trillions of energies that formed into a colourful face. As the intensities of the energy and experience grew, at this point I let go and let the energy take me over, feeling strong emotions and energies rush through and around me.

At this point I felt like I broke into a hyperspace of colour and visions; what I saw was a brilliant bright blue background painting on a frame, and in the middle was a black X with an eye bouncing and dribbling itself along the painting. In the background were a few balls of color, the colors were exotic and strange, not like a regular color blue or red. When I came out of the visions I was sitting in a new town with a piece of paper in my hands, feeling strong

emotions of love encompassing me that I could only relate to God. On the paper was a dog bouncing across the paper which looked like an old scripture. On the paper it read "Love."

I asked my dream right away, "Was that God?" and it replied, "Why don't you ask him yourself?" and so I did, looking at the paper that somehow reached my hands asking, "Was that God?" (directed towards God) and the paper suddenly changed to an old man sitting opposite of himself on a mirror like paper, and on either side it read once again "Love." God is in fact love, the intense emotions and energies I felt through my experience could only relate to unconditional love, and God. I like to call it the purity.

Darren Reeves, November 2009 First and Weird Lucid Dream

When my dream began I was running away from this orange car. We ended up jumping fences but were trapped in one back yard. Strangely this white truck passes us and in the direction it left the orange care pulled in. I figured it was the government but the identity of these people were unknown. The guy pulls down the window and says are you kids possessing anything illegal today? We all said, "No sir." Then in a flash the scene changes from a 3rd person view. I see this death coaster with a saw at the top. In the cart I see my body - alive or dead I don't know. The cart passes the saw and my dream goes black.

At this point I believe is when I became lucid. I rewind the last scene but for some reason I let it play again and let my dream go black once again. Still lucid, I wake up in this dream world with my best friend K. Around me I notice everything. There was golden sand as far as the eye could see. There was an unfinished brick building to my right and dirt bikes in the distance to my left. K told me to throw a rock at the building so I did. I threw it three times and each time it bounced on the ground right back into my hand. I was amazed by this and wanted to see what else I could do. So, I put the rock down and tried walking but I couldn't. So Instead I imagined myself running and I started running. I ran to the bikes and got on and started riding. Now in real life I don't know how to start a dirt bike so that may be why it was already on when I got on. I rode around the building a few times and got bored. I started freaking out because I could feel my dream fading. I remembered a technique of spinning, so I did. My dream became as full as before but the worst I feared had happened. My dream scene changed and I was in

a jungle. Freaking out because of my surroundings I spun again.

This is when I feel I had a false awakening. My next dream scene was outside of my house. I was with two people and I don't remember who they were and I was walking toward my house. As if I was becoming lucid again I checked my hands and asked myself if I was awake. And before I could finish my sentence I started laughing like crazy because when I looked at my hands I realized I had 18 fingers. This laughter caused me to wake up.

This was my first lucid dream and what a weird one it was. I can't wait for the new experiences to come!

Gareth, October 2009 A Puzzling Response

I had a rather lengthy lucid dream the other night. I have forgotten many of the details, however, in one portion of the dream I met two interesting dream characters. In this part of a dream I was at a well-attended party. Upon realising that I was dreaming I sought to speak to some of these characters. The first person I spoke to was a woman. I introduced myself and asked her "What do you represent?" She replied, "I am the part of you that wants to speak the truth." She was then jostled away by two male dream characters. I wandered through the crowd for a little longer until I came across a middle-aged, healthy-looking man with an enigmatic look on his face. I asked him, "What do you represent?" He replied, smiling, "You represent me."

The first encounter could mean several different things in the context of my life; the second still puzzles me.

John Pritchard, August 27, 2008 The Impossible Dream

I was having a dream and speaking to an old childhood friend who I hadn't seen since I lived in Argentina between the ages of 8-12. I was 47 at the time of the dream and suddenly realized that it was impossible for me to be talking with my friend because he was all grown up and I said to him, "This is unreal. I haven't seen you since 1972. This must be a dream." No sooner had I said that when I felt this tremendous joy and freedom. "I am awake in my dream. I can do anything!" I said to myself.

Then to my amazement, in the blink of an eye, my friend and the room were immediately replaced by a beautiful field in the mountains on a clear, warm sunny day. I felt super alert and aware. I intuitively knew I could finally fly, so I simply willed myself to levitate up off the ground about 60 feet, as easy as walking down the street. I then got in a superman position and proceeded to actually fly over the beautiful valley.

The cool thing is, I can vividly remember the feeling of the wind rushing by me, the temperature, my blood rushing through my body, and the huge excitement of truly flying in my dream. The strange thing was however, I could not for the life of me fly faster than about 50 mph and go any higher than 100 feet. I think I flew for maybe a minute or so and then that was it. I woke up with a smile in my actual bed and looked over at the clock and saw it was 3:00 a.m.

I felt so much gratitude for that dream. It was like winning a million dollars. The impossible dream was possible. It changed my life. I have had many vivid dreams in my life, but never woke up within one and tried to fly! Since I am a filmmaker, I was totally inspired to use that lucid dream experience as a catalyst to make my newest movie, REAWAKEN, which I have been working on over the past year. It will be coming out this Thanksgiving. The film features a number of interviews with a wide spectrum of people speaking about higher consciousness, dreams, intuition, and creativity. Anything truly is possible. Especially harmony and love for ourselves and the crazy world we live in today!

Michlyn McLeod, June 2009
Dragons

My first lucid dream started out with me very high in the air. I was just hanging there and had a sense of being a long way from the ground. I looked around and down to try and see if I could see anything, but there were a lot of clouds or smoke everywhere. The sun had that kind of washed-out look that it gets when it shines through smoke.

There was no sound at first, but then I felt/heard something very big fly very close by me. It came from below so I looked up to see if I would see it. At first I could not tell what it was. It was completely black and hard to see clearly. It did not have a sheen or shininess to it, just a flat bottomless black that somehow seemed to absorb the light. As it levelled out above me I could then see that it was a dragon. I

watched it fly around me. Sometimes it got really close, but I knew it could not hurt me.

It was disturbing to watch though, because it was a blackness that I have never seen before, totally void. Then, out in the distance, I could see another one flying in and out of the clouds/smoke, moving in my direction. I watched both of them for awhile wondering where they came from and how in the world was I going to get down from here without them following me when I suddenly realized, "Gasp!", "OMG!", "I'm dreaming!". Then I was instantly awake. It was a very abrupt awakening and I was shocked that I had realized I was dreaming as I was dreaming! I had never done that before.

Angela Viera, October 2009
Dream Ingredients

When I become lucid in a dream, I usually feel a huge sense of relief. I feel free, as though I suddenly broke out of imprisonment and escaped. I know that sounds so harsh, but I really have this strong feeling that I've shed my skin, myself, and let go of a huge burden. I'm so happy and excited by this unexpected freedom that I immediately want to move and enjoy it. This usually means flying. I will either take a running jump into the air, or jump off a building or a cliff—any way to get into the air and soar.

On this particular night, before I became lucid, I was walking along a dirt road, in a beautiful, peaceful countryside. The only trigger for lucidity that I can recall was seeing a white wooden railing that was along the steep hillside. I thought, "Oh, I'm dreaming. I'm lucid. This means I can fly! Yes!" I knew that jumping over the white railing would be the quickest way to get airborne. I sometimes hesitate before jumping, doing a quick double-check to make sure that I am indeed dreaming. In a past lucid dream, a young male dream figure was standing near the cliff's edge that I was about to jump off and laughingly asked me, "Are you sure you want to jump?" In that dream, I stopped and had to make sure it was OK to jump, realizing that the dream figure was teasing me. In this dream, I barely paused at all for a check, and I quickly jumped over the railing.

I flew horizontally, face down over fields and hills at a very fast speed. I could feel the wind on my face and in my hair. The landscape colors were muted browns, a common color scheme in my recent lucid dreams. I flew over a lake and slowed to a vertical position. I began to do flying pirouettes, letting my

toes touch the water every so often. I danced and danced over the lake for what seemed a long time.

Then I wondered if anyone was “out there.” I stopped dancing and looked out over the horizon. I was refreshed, and I decided to explore. At this point, I was surprised that I was still lucid. I flew over more fields and hills and came to a small community of buildings. It looked like a university of some sort. I flew down and entered a door of what I thought was an institutional kitchen for a cafeteria or restaurant.

I passed by a blonde waiter, or busboy, dressed in black pants, a white buttoned shirt and a black, short apron. He looked in his 20s and was carrying an empty tray. He was about to rush into a kitchen area through a swinging door when I decided not to ignore him and to stop to talk to him. We exchanged hellos, and I asked him his name. He seemed surprised by my question, like he didn't have a name; he couldn't answer me quickly. He looked around and seemed to realize that he was in a kitchen and that he worked with food. He stammered slightly and then said, “Uh...Campbells?” I was surprised and laughed at his response. I decided to let it be and to leave him alone.

The exchange reminded me of the movie *The Truman Show*. It was like he was an extra in a scene that he played every day, when suddenly the main actor, me, became aware of his presence and engaged him in an unrehearsed scene. He didn't understand his new role and apparently wasn't very good at improv.

The kitchen areas had a unique feeling about them. I knew there was a lot of activity, but other than the blonde young man, I don't remember actually seeing anyone else, or any other evidence of this activity. It was a sense, not unlike knowing information in a dream without being told. It was an ingredient in the scene, but it was so well mixed, I couldn't see it. What made it odd was the fact that the dream had created a complete kitchen, a building, an institution, an elaborate scene, but had not bothered to create more beings to interact with. As I write this, I'm wondering if that's just the way I often prefer things, or if beings are just so much more complex that there needs to be a good reason to create them.

When I left the young man, I exited the building and decided to resume flying. I couldn't believe I was still lucid. This must have been the longest lucid dream experience I'd ever had. I flew over fields and hills again and saw a tiny village far below me. And I mean tiny. I had to concentrate on shrinking myself, my perspective, in order to become small enough to

fit into one of the cottages. I went inside and saw two or three elfin-looking people, wearing dark and heavy, but rather fancy, clothes, shoes and hats. I wanted to talk to them and find out who they were, but I was too tired by then. Staying lucid became an effort, and I decided to let myself fall asleep.

After thinking about this lucid dream, I realize how my dreams are shaped by what I already know and believe. When I caught the dream figure off guard, he quickly searched for a response. Even though the name Campbells did not fully make sense in context, it was still a name, and to me it shows there was a search for something I would understand as a name.

I don't think I've ever seen or experienced anything completely new in a lucid dream. The ingredients that shape, or provide the foundation for, my dreams, always come from objects and definitions that I've personally experienced, whether I've come in contact with them directly or through something I've read, heard or seen. But while the ingredients may be familiar, the recipe can be new, by helping me to gain a new perspective about my non-dreaming life.

A. Dreamer, July 19, 2009

Active Imagination in a dream

After a time awake I drift into a dream. At first I am tacitly lucid, but at a point I become truly aware I am dreaming. I am in this greyish place which resembles a courtyard. It seems I am both inside and outside. The ceiling is open to the sky. Ahead of me is a small square door in the wall. It is very low. I think of going through it. I consider how I'm definitely dreaming and this feels like "active imagination" -- (done in Jungian therapy when a person is awake). I go to the door and see a second square window above it. It also is closed. I open it, but it is boarded up.

I bend down to the low, square door and feel the texture of the wood. It feels solid and kind of rough and splintery. I wonder -- could I get dream splinters? I push open some lock and open the door. The top part is boarded up like the window. I bend down and crawl under. I find myself in a small school -- a little like a private school I student-taught in years ago. It must be recess. I go along a partly open hall to get outside.

Once out, I seem to be in the Midwest somewhere. I see these partly mown fields. I walk into one toward a wooded area beyond it. There are leaf piles in the middle of the field. I pass one, then hear someone saying something about intruders. I am hit from

behind by a little rock, and see some kind of "leaf spirit" -- a roughly human shape made of leaves -- rise up out of the pile ahead. The scene quickly changes. I can't recall to what once awake. I am only briefly in the new scene before awakening.

Comment: I may have lost lucidity in that final scene which I can't recall.

Joseph Reicherts, October 2009

The Red Couch

Here is my first fully lucid dream.

I am in Jennifer's old apartment. Someone comes to the door. I look through the peep hole. I think he is covering it, but I know him and have to let him in. A cat is sitting on my lap, but this is a special cat. It looks strange. It doesn't like to be petted. Eventually, I get up from the couch, and while talking to the guy, I am noticing an abstract painting, but the colors seem to be not in the correct order. Then I notice our antique red Victorian couch is here. I realize that this cannot be, as we only have one of these couches, and it is in our house (that was my trigger). I start to realize that this is a dream, and quickly look for a way to prove it by doing a reality check. Ignoring the guy who is still speaking, I rush to the light switch for the dining room lights to try to turn them on and off, but then they start to flicker off and on before I can try it. The switch doesn't seem to work, and I know I'm in a dream, I get really excited, and then lose it, and wake up.

Carlos Martín, October 2009

Powerless

This dream was reoccurring from 1988-1992.

This dream starts with me having a feeling of being carried off somewhere while still being in bed. I could even feel the wind blowing in my face and on my arms. My body was completely locked, I couldn't move. I often thought I was neither awake nor asleep just trapped somewhere.

Something is in the room taunting me in my helpless state, (usually making awful grunting sounds) this often made me very angry. It felt like some force was holding me down as if the gravity in my room was vastly increased. On one occasion I managed to just barely move my hand but this caused me to be exhausted. I couldn't even force myself awake, it usually ended with me drifting off into a regular

dream, but when I awoke I would barely remember the regular dream.

I was afraid to sleep for a period of time, not knowing when this dream would reoccur. In 1992 I decided to confront this thing. I asked myself, "How do you know something is in the room, you've never seen it." One thing I had not tried was opening my eyes, the dream happened a couple of more times before I remembered to try this.

One night I was back in that place where I couldn't move and that thing was back in my face taunting me and this time I remembered to try and open my eyes. It was not difficult at all. I opened my eyes and there was nothing to see and my body unlocked. This dream happened a couple of more times but my attitude had changed and I had more control. I was locked again with whatever this thing was in my face and I laughed at it. The reoccurring dream stopped.

Michlyn McLeod, July 2009

Learning to Fly

In my second lucid dream, I had a little more control. I was standing in a field/yard that was carpeted with leaves. It was at night, in the winter time and all the leaves had fallen from the trees. Across the field/yard was a tall wooden fence so I started walking toward it. When I reached the fence I climbed up and looked over the top. On the other side was a yard with a pool and a very big tree. At this point I knew that I was dreaming. I was really excited and wanted to try flying.

I did not know where to even begin so I just thought about flying. That did not work so I thought about just getting over the fence. That worked, but not quite like I wanted it to. It was like I just floated over the fence. Once I was over the fence, I could not seem to get back to the ground! Like a lost balloon I floated all over that yard until I ended up tangled in the top of that big old tree, laughing my head off!

I managed to pull myself down the tree and as soon as I touched the ground I stayed down. I tried it again with a little more control, but still ended up in the tree. At least it was not the pool. For a minute or two I thought I would end up in the pool. Thankfully my frantic whisper of, "Not the pool, not the pool, not the pool!" seemed to do the trick or maybe it was the wind-milling arms, who knows.

When I was trying to get out of the tree the dream seemed to change on me. I ended up at the bottom of

the tree on a river bank. There was a boat on the river. It looked like a HUGE blow-up boat with a smoke stack! It was red, blue and white and looked like something a kid would play with in the bathtub. The kicker though is that Jesus was steering the boat with a plastic blow up steering wheel!

I wanted to get on the boat, but did not want to try and fly over to it, so I'm trying to figure out a way to get to the boat when all of a sudden I'm just on the boat. I found myself standing on the boat looking at the river bank. Then I turned and walk to the front of the boat where Jesus was and we just start talking.

To my frustration the dream starts to fade at this point and I can't remember the conversation we had. The dream fades in and out but I can only remember bits and pieces of it - like snap shots.

Tracy Niesent, November 2009
A Joining of Spirit

In this dream, I was a young girl and most of my dream activities centered around sleeping. I was dreaming while in the dream that I was performing various activities while sleepwalking. I wasn't fully lucid at this time but I felt the same sensations that I would in a fully lucid dream. There was no color and everything was in black and white. Other things happened that I don't remember but it was as if I were being shown scenes by an unseen dream guide.

In one scene I remember watching a group of teenage boys swinging across a lake on a rope swing. I was older this time and was a young woman rather than a young girl. I asked the boy closest to me what his name was and I started asking him questions about the boy who was swinging on the rope. I can't remember what I asked exactly but it had to do with me being worried about the boy. Another boy appeared beside the boy I was talking to. This boy looked somewhat sinister and appeared to be up to no good. I don't remember much else about this scene. I then found myself back in the building where I was a young girl having the sleep experiences.

Usually I fly around under my own power but I was being pulled around by an unseen dream force. This is when I became fully lucid. I surrendered to the force and let it take me where ever it wanted. I remember flying upside down, down through floors until I came into this apartment like setting. Usually my journey is up not down. This apartment was brightly lit and had furnishings. There was this young man there whom I did not recognize. He appeared to

be in his 20's and had a glow or sparkle about him as if he were made of light. He was standing across the room from me. We looked each other in the eyes and I said "You live down here all by yourself?" He then said, "Yes."

At that moment I felt the strongest connection, sensation of love, pure ecstasy, non-sexual, purest love for anyone or anything in my life. In fact I don't think it is possible to love someone on earth with the love I felt in this dream. Words cannot do this experience justice. I am making a feeble attempt to describe the unexplainable. I ran over to him and we fully embraced. I broke down in tears of joy immediately upon entering his presence. It wasn't just a few tears it was full out sobbing. We were both glowing and I could feel the energy exchange between us. It was electric, strong, and vibrating. It was as if we became one. I told the guy that I loved him so much and I didn't even know his name. He said his name was Al and that I could call him Al. We continued to embrace and connect.

My physical body was also feeling the tingling and vibrating sensations even when I awoke. There was a strong aching sensation in the area of my solar plexus chakra. I was literally tingling from head to toe. There was no sexual arousal just pure connection and pure love. It had to be what spiritual love feels like between two spirits. It was as if I knew him on some level.

Imagine the strongest sensation of love you have ever felt for anyone or anything and magnify it by 1000 and you would get close to what I felt. If it lasted much longer I felt like it would overload my nervous system. Every nerve, every fiber was affected and I felt like I would combust. I think that's why the connection ended so abruptly. It was absolutely wonderful. Nothing in my dream life has ever been able to come close to eliciting this level of emotion. This is by far the most powerful LD I've ever had. I'm at a loss for words.

Erin Langley's Lucid Dreams for the Earth
October 30, 2009
Cleaning Up

I am walking through a cookie-cutter subdivision. I see a truck coming by, and I put my hand up, motion for it to pull over. I see there's dreamcatcher on the rear view mirror. Three guys hop out of the truck. I see trash in this neighborhood. I tell them we should pick it up. When they ask why, I say, "Because this is the dreamworld, and everything originates from the

dreamworld. So, if we clean it up here, we'll be cleaning up the other world, too." They agree, and together we collect a big bag of trash.

When I "woke up" from the dream, I immediately thought of a particularly trashed area in my neighborhood, and I knew I needed to clean it up that day, to integrate this dream into the waking world. So, I did.

October 29, 2009

Bringing Back the Buffalo

I'm walking down the steps of my house, which is on a cliff. I jump off the balcony and hover down to the canyon below. I want to pray this prayer while standing on the ground. I begin praying for the buffalo, the salmon, the wolves, and the bears to come back. I acknowledge that I am just one tiny person, but that my prayer is sincere. Then I start to speak to the spirits of these animals themselves, asking them to please come back.

October 28, 2009

It'll Take Some Rain

I'm in a subdivision with very manicured lawns, where everything looks the same, and nothing seems wild. I'm lucid, looking for someone to interact with. I see two people walking by. One is walking a dappled goose. One is walking three polar bears. I

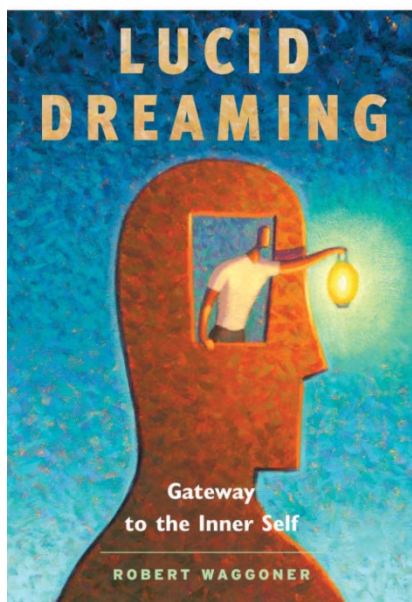
say, "How do we bring back wildlife (to areas such as these)?" The woman walking the polar bear says, "It'll take some rain." I get the sense that she means a Noah-caliber rain. We are all on a corner where there is a big puddle or small pond. The animals are swimming in it.

November 2, 2009

"Doing It for the Tule Elk and Buffalo"

I am talking about Brian MacGregor, a visual artist who paints brilliantly from his dreams, to a group of people. I say his paintings are wonderful, and his logic is not very sound. Then I am lucid. I take a cute, random dream person by the hand and go to another room to sleep with him. Now I remember that I am supposed to be working on habitat restoration. I say we can continue lovemaking, but we've got to direct it at bringing back the buffalo and tule elk. I take him to where the hills meet the beach. There are grassy spots where I picture the elk grazing. Sea oats sway in the breeze. It is good here. I repeat that we are doing this for the elk and the buffalo to come back.

Later, I am talking about my lucid dream in front of another group of people. I explain about the sexual part of my dream, and how it helped to have a plan in place so that I could redirect the focus back toward conservation. One of my friends says that it's good if I talk about the stumbling blocks I encounter in lucid dreaming because it will help people.



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Lucid Links

The Lucid Dream Exchange

www.dreaminglucid.com

Robert's Book Website

<http://www.lucidadvice.com>

The First PhD. Thesis on Lucid Dreaming

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

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

Lucidity Institute

www.lucidity.com

The International Association for the Study of Dreams

www.asdreams.org

Linda Magallón's dreamflyer.net

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

www.dreamflyer.net

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>

Lucid Dreaming Links

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

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

www.dreams.ca

Explorers of the Lucid Dream World Documentary

<http://www.LucidDreamExplorers.com>

Reve, Conscience, Eveil

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

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

Lucidipedia

www.lucidipedia.com

Christoph Gassmann

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

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

Werner Zurfluh

"Over the Fence"

www.oobe.ch/index_e.htm

Beverly D'Urso - Lucid Dream Papers

<http://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

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

Janice's Website

With links to lucid dreaming and out of body sites.

<http://www.hopkinsfan.net>

DreamTokens

www.dream-tokens.com

David L. Kahn

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

Rebecca's Website

www.World-of-Lucid-Dreaming.com

Roger "Pete" Peterson

<http://realtalklibrary.com>