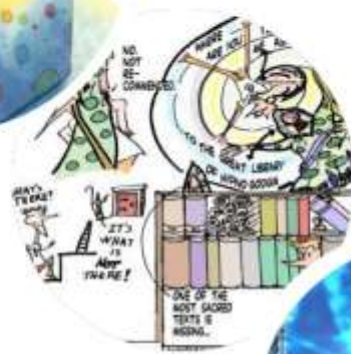


Lucid Dreaming Art & Creativity

Special Issue





Founder

Ruth Sacksteder

Co-Editors

Lucy Gillis and Robert Waggoner

Graphic Artist

Laura Atkinson

Contributors

David Allen Banks, Sarah Bass,
Dawn Baumann Brunke, Lauren Cruvellier,
Kristen Fox, Michael Frank,
Christoph Gassmann, Debbie Hanks,
Christopher Havard, David L. Kahn,
Karen Klein, Paul Laffoley,
Carole Lindberg, Don Middendorf,
Linda Lane Magallón, Breeze Momar,
Al Moniz, Colin Mulholland, Wesley J. Nagel,
Daniel Oldis, Eric Rogers, Jennifer Turnbull,
Jenny, Keelin, Larther, Ole,
pasQuale, DD

Cover Image

Contributors Montage
Created by Laura Atkinson

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.

Disclaimer

All work in The Lucid Dream Exchange is the copyright of the respective contributors unless otherwise indicated. No portion of LDE may be used in any way without the express permission of the individual author. Views and opinions expressed are those of the contributing authors and are not necessarily those of the editors of The Lucid Dream Exchange.

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.

Subscriptions

The print copy of LDE is \$20.00 per year, (\$45.00 for overseas) to cover printing and postage costs. Contact Robert at Dreambob@aol.com if you wish to purchase print copies. Or Subscribe through our website.

To receive LDE for free join our mail list at

www.dreaminglucid.com

Next Deadline

Submission deadline for LDE 57 is
November 15 2010

Publication date is December 2010

LDE Website

www.dreaminglucid.com

In This Issue

DreamSpeak 2

Robert Waggoner interviews Paul Laffoley.

Cloud Houses and Memory Gongs 8

Exploring the mental landscape with Michael Frank.

Hippocampus 11

How Carole Lindberg enhanced her waking creativity through lucid dreaming.

After All, I am a Dreamer 13

Christoph Gassmann shares his passion for using creative means to express what he finds in the dream world.

Lucid Dream Inspired Art 14

Kristen Fox describes some of her artwork in various media inspired by her lucid dreams.

Creativity Begins Before the Dream 17

Linda Lane Magallón discusses how incorporating vivid visual data into her life has provided stimulating building blocks for dream creativity.

Kid Lucid 20

The further adventures of Al Moniz's Kid Lucid.

As Seen in My Dreams 22

How pasQuale used lucid dreams as a source of guidance and inspiration for website design.

Tree of Life 24

A lucid dream that remains today one of David L. Kahn's most profound life experiences.

Dreamscapes 25

A lucid dream inspired diorama by Karen Klein.

Expanding Horizons 26

The meeting of stone and sky, shapeshifting with Dawn Baumann Brunke.

Dream Inspired Stop-Motion Animations 28

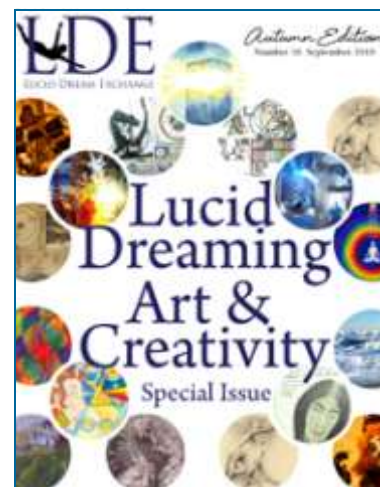
Lauren Cruvellier draws upon her lucid dreaming worlds and characters in creating her stop-motion animations.

10 Things I Like About Inception 30

By Robert Waggoner

In Your Dreams! 31

Readers share their lucid dreams.





dreamspeak

AN INTERVIEW WITH PAUL LAFFOLEY
BY ROBERT WAGGONER

Quick - name a lucid dreamer who received a Guggenheim Memorial Foundation Fellowship in 2009. Need a hint? Then read this DreamSpeak interview with artist, architect, author and lucid dreamer, Paul Laffoley.

In the eighth grade, Paul Laffoley, recalls reading the book, *One, Two, Three....Infinity* by theoretical physicist, George Gamow. Entertained by the author's 120 pen and ink illustrations and mind-expanding ideas, Laffoley writes, "In that book, I first discovered the fourth dimension."

After studying art history, philosophy and the classics at Brown University, he realized, "I was headed toward a lifetime study of dimensionality." Reading Plato in the original Greek, he found a connection between the Fates and dimensions of being, as expressed in the myths of the cave, the line and the Sun. Realizing that "It is humanity's task to free itself from its shackles and move into this upper world of the Sun," Laffoley felt that "The means to obtain such freedom lies in the power of human understanding."

Laffoley cites lucid dreaming as one example of moving higher on the "epistemic ladder" of true understanding. In lucid dreaming, we realize a broader state of consciousness and sometimes interact with "the inhabitants or ontological objects appropriate to these dimensions," which in the case of lucid dreaming can include "mathematical and semi-abstract entities." Beyond lucid dreaming and similar states of consciousness lies the realm of universal forms.

In the work of American architect and theosophist, Claude Fayette Bragdon (1866-1946), Laffoley found inspiration for exploring the fourth dimension. "In his *Primer of Higher Space*," Laffoley recalls, "Bragdon presents the most popular geometric form – the tesseract, the fourth dimensional hyper-cube – of his day in such a manner that all the vertices of the hyper-cube were numbered..." Seeing this form inspired him on numerous levels.

Laffoley saw that many artists of this time were attempting to "express what it is like to actually experience being immersed in a dimension other than one is used to, all in terms of greater richness of experience and the encounter with the authentically new. Even into the nineteen thirties and forties, the surrealists utilizing strange dreamlike atmospheres and unnatural juxtapositions assumed they were following higher dimensional thinking, as did the American abstract expressionists and action painters of the mid-twentieth century."



It Came from Beneath Space, 1993. Oil, acrylic, ink, ad vinyl lettering on canvas
61 1/2 x 98 1/2 in. Image courtesy of Paul Laffoley and the Kent Gallery, New York.

For Laffoley art and dimensional explorations, “Lucid Dreams” became one of his main subgroupings for paintings, along with Psychotronic Devices and Operating Systems. In 1994, his organization, The Boston Visionary Cell, assisted with one of the largest exhibitions of lucid dreaming art at the Federal Reserve Bank Gallery in Boston, MA. “*Lamproneiro: Art and the Lucid Dream*” included fifty artists and twenty lecture presentations.

For the exhibit, Laffoley coined the word, lamproneiro, to engage the viewer’s mind in symbolic thinking and suggest lucid dreaming as the lamp or light of dreams (*oneiro*, the Greek prefix for *dream*). In our conversation, he suggested lucid dreaming’s name should be changed to *non-albedo dreaming*; a clever bow to Plato’s metaphor of the Sun as the source of illumination and the cloudiness of human understanding of regular dreams.

Similarly in his art work, he cleverly mixes visual, ideational, spiritual and dimensional aspects to open the viewer’s mind. Laffoley mentions how Gamow’s book, *One, Two, Three...Infinity* appealed to him “as merely an entertainment for the imagination, which is exactly why I was reading it. At that time, if I thought it had any

‘educational value’ I would have dropped it like a plutonium rod.” Yet, here, Laffoley discovered one secret of artistic success, “But as it often turns out, what entertains bypasses the conscious critical powers of the mind and, in the end, educates almost without effort or realization.”

My thanks to Paul Laffoley for this interview with The Lucid Dream Exchange. Note: Above quotes taken from **Dimensionality: The Manifestation of Fate, 1992 by Paul Laffoley**.

Tell me about your first lucid dream, fifty years ago.

At age twenty, I had a nervous breakdown. So the doctors decided to give me a series of shock treatments. I received eight in a row. Because I had all of these shock treatments, my REM cycles were reduced. I did not dream for two months. Now people say that they dream, but don’t remember it. But those shock treatments kill *your capacity to dream*. So when the dreaming finally rebounds, you get the most vivid dreams. That’s the reason I had it [the lucid dream]. You can’t deny the sense of lucidity in them. You realize that even if you want to stop dreaming, you cannot.

So the dream I had was that I was walking along Newbury Street, a major culture street in Boston with lots of galleries. Along there, I walked past a gallery called "The Alpha Gallery." I kept walking and went past a new gallery called "The Omega Gallery." I said to myself, "Wait a minute." So I walked in there and the gallery was mobbed with people.

I started taking a quick look [at the exhibit] *and it shocked the hell out of me*. I instantly became jealous of these things that I saw. Normally I do not get jealous of other's people work. That was the second clue that *something funny was going on*. So I started to ask other people about these things, and they ignored me like I was not even there.

Then one thing remained for me to do, which was to get close to one of these things and see what the hell they were. They looked like writhing creatures somewhat similar to the description of monsters in H. P. Lovecraft's stories -- *but these were for real*. I actually saw the things that H.R Geiger [Swiss artist and creator of the life forms in ALIEN] would later do. These things were writhing, live, constructions sitting up on the top of pedestals. As I came closer to them, I felt my epistemic model was being inversed. Normally, you think you can see something, and therefore I am active and the knowledge is passive, and I can move onto the next thing. *But here I could not move*, I could not get away from, whatever this thing was. I felt like *the thing was knowing me* and that I was the object and that thing was the subject. I felt that I was being sucked into the thing and that I was going to die. Well, this terrible fear woke me.

So the shock of seeing the Alpha and Omega galleries and then seeing objects that made you jealous, gave you the sense of being lucidly aware – you knew something was up?

Exactly! I did not know the correct nomenclature for it, until later. When I did get to understand the nomenclature, then I realized that I had one -a lucid dream. And it was a big one!

Were there other lucid dreams that had a profound effect on you?

Well, one, [*It Came from Beneath Space*], dealt with the loss of my mother. Later, I recognized that the lucid dream occurred on my father's birthday.

So let's focus on your piece *It Came From Beneath Space: Lucid Dream Number 52* (1991). Can you tell me about that lucid dream?

It turns out that it was about Belmont California and Belmont Massachusetts. The dream was effecting the distance between the City and the Town.

I met somebody who came from Belmont California, which is very near the back portion of San Francisco Bay. And Belmont, Massachusetts used to be part of Cambridge, called Belmont Farms. When my parents moved there and I was a little kid, there were still farms operating, before it turned into a complete suburb.

So this was a dream about my mother. Who in the lucid dream, if I can remember correctly, she was inside the house which was our house in Belmont Massachusetts and she was getting pretty old and fragile. Then she said, "I think I am going to go into Boston," and it did not occur to me what she was saying and so, I reached out a window and saw my arms growing long. I think you can see that in the picture. I was trying to reach her and then I looked out the window, and there was suddenly a new environment. That is when I saw a giant octopus trying to pull down the Golden Gate Bridge. (laughs)

Then I saw different creatures coming out of three holes in what would be the backyard. And my mother went down one of the holes, so my arms extended longer and longer like *Plastic Man*, and pulled her out. There was a whole lot of stuff. I saw a blue rat, and a yellow rabbit and a green flying horse.

And during all this, you lucidly realized that you were dreaming this?

Yes, and the reason I did was because I saw the octopus as active. He was not still. He was actually in an attempt to pull the Golden Gate Bridge down. I was asking some of the people that I saw in the backyard to help me, but they did not know who I was or why my arms were so long.

So then tell me about the painting?

So when I started to paint the thing, I started to add material that had to do with the physics of lucid dreaming. In the upper right hand corner, I have something that could be described as a way of understanding where lucid dreams come from. They are not like separate or

normal dreams. There is a wave front [of consciousness] which occurs that is very similar to the curve of normal distribution, and which is actually useful in describing how to build a perpetual motion machine. You know that a wave front will not stop, so it will go through other forms of waves and not be diminished in its energy. That is what a lucid dream is doing - breaking through consensus barriers.

Then I added Vladmir Tatlin [1885–1953, Russian painter and sculptor, known as the Father of Russian constructivism] and his Ornithopter. I had seen that in New York. They showed Tatlin's work in the Guggenheim and they put the Ornithopter at the top -- very near the low safety wall where people were tempted to reach out and touch it. I did just that, (laughs) and almost fell down the middle opening. So these images migrated into the painting.

So you were connecting Tatlin and his idea that the evolution of the human species might eventually allow for flying? And lucid dreaming might be an evolutionary aspect of human life?

Perhaps so. Because people talk about flying in their lucid dreams, but what it would mean in an evolutionary sense that eventually you would be able to fly, since birds do, and they started out as dinosaurs. So we would have to grow wings like Pegasus, the horse with wings. I think it was that kind of thing, since I pulled my arms back in [in the lucid dream] and I was back in my house in Belmont Massachusetts and now I did not know where my mother was.

As you worked on this painting, it seems more and more thoughts came to you. You have a section with the words, "*The Evocation of the Trigraph of Reality as a Hallucination*," and elsewhere in another section, "*Lucid Dreaming as the Connection between the Waking State and the UR-Traum*."

That is German; it means the primordial dream

So do you think of waking reality as a type of hallucination?

Of course! We have juice going on in us all the time. Everybody does, and that's how you get a consensus reality. So, if you are taking LSD and do it each time in a group, you then get used to that as the new consensus.

Do you ever find lucid dreaming or the implications of lucid dreaming overwhelming?

Or, does the idea that persons can exist in a consensus mental reality of dreaming seem overwhelming?

No.

Today I received an email from the U.S. Psychotronic Association, and that they plan to have a session on lucid dreaming at their conference in Louisville KY. I do not plan to go, but the hook was that they had a story about a guy who goes into a lucid dream and he sees a geezer looking at him with a loving gaze. Then years later, when his mother was dying, he started to tell her about this odd lucid dream, and she says, "Well I have something to tell you. Your father is not your biological father. I had an extramarital affair." She has a photo of this old guy and he sees it and says, "My God, that is the person whom I saw in the lucid dream!"

People think of regular dreams as not a cognitive advancement. But in *consensus dreams*, you can actually have an advancement of knowledge.

In your writing, you bring up the idea of "the theory of lucid dreaming as an aspect of mind physics, which describes the continuity between the subjective and objective consciousness in nature."

That is right.

So do you believe that underlying all of this exists some type of collective unconscious or reservoir of knowledge which we all have access to, especially in a lucid dream?

That is why I put that big diagram in the upper right hand corner of the painting.

Consciousness is like a sphere around a central motive. The central motive, then, makes random movements at right angles to a centroid, where it then disturbs the surface. When it appears to be completely smooth, and like a ball in the middle of it, that is a sense of what death is. But when this thing hits and pushes the surface out -- like in regular combinatorial topology where you take a one foot square rubber sheet and take a point and pull it out to infinity -- you are going to learn a lot more things if that is a surface consciousness, as opposed to sitting there with no movement.

Essentially, there is only one Knower in that which is known in a mutually interdependent relationship. I think I wrote that somewhere on the painting.

So we are all actually one entity only. Because consciousness operates at 700 mph, it is less, way less, than the speed of light [and we fail to see the one-ness]. As this entity operates, it is occupying all the radii of this sphere. There is an infinite number of radii in a sphere, so it is not exhaust-able by any number of sentient beings, and as you go up the scale of difficulty of knowledge, you pass by or go along with another time, when someone is doing that. That someone is doing *that* means the central core is pushing its way out, and since it recedes at a low velocity, then when it starts out, you get the effect that you are seeing or knowing other people. But in reality you are knowing yourself.

In this particular painting, each of these red spokes that are shooting out, you have marked as “Ego” – are you attempting to state that the various ego points are incarnation selves of one being?

No, I think there is only One Thing. By the way It operates, It gives Itself the impression that It *is knowing* other creatures.

Thanks Paul for this fascinating interview. See Paul Laffoley’s work at <http://paulaffoley.net/> and at http://www.kentgallery.com/artists/laffoley_key_01.html

PAUL LAFFOLEY (b. 1940, Cambridge, Massachusetts)

It Came from Beneath Space

1993

Oil, acrylic, ink, ad vinyl lettering on canvas

61 1/2 x 98 1/2 in.

Subject: Belmont, Massachusetts Transposed to Belmont, California

Symbol Evocation: The Inverse of the Miracle

Exhibitions:

Paul Laffoley: Building the Bauharoque. Kent Gallery, New York, 1998

Architectonic Thought-Forms: A Survey of the Art of Paul Laffoley. Austin Museum of Art, TX, 1999

Literature:

Architectonic Thought-Forms: Gedankenexperimente in Zombie

Aesthetics. A Survey of the Visionary Art

of Paul Laffoley Spanning Four Decades, 1967–1999, to the

Brink of the Bauharoque. Austin: Austin

Museum of Art, 1999, pp. 72-73, ill. p. 73, cat. no. 17 (color).

Comments: This depicts my 52nd lucid dream. The painting is in the form of a Golden Rectangle, which is then subdivided into eight squares that diminish logarithmically (the so-called whirling squares of Phi). Phi is the general concept that unites such elements as (1) the Golden Rectangle, (2) the Golden Proportions .382.../.618..., (3) the logarithmic spiral observed in nature, and (4) the Fibonacci

number series: 0, 1, 1, 2, 3, 5, 8, 13, 21, 34, 55,...etc, also observed in nature. Phi is the principle of continuity of life and death in nature.

The largest square to the left is the actual subject matter of my lucid dream (lucid dreaming means being aware of the fact that you are dreaming *while* you are dreaming). The subject is about my mother and our family home in Belmont, Massachusetts, eight (the 7th Fibonacci number) miles west of Boston, that has been transposed to Belmont, California, twenty-one (the 9th Fibonacci number) miles southeast of San Francisco. The transposing agent was a single out-take I once saw from the science-fiction horror movie, *It Came from beneath the Sea* (1955) in which an enraged mutant octopus is so large that it believes it can pull down the Golden Gate Bridge. Even though this dream is ostensibly about my mother, the date of the dream is December 20th - my father's birthday.

The remaining seven squares to the right are concerned with the theory of lucid dreaming as an aspect of mind-physics (which describes the continuity between the subjective and the objective-consciousness and mass in nature). Ontologically lucid dreaming is the inverse of the concept of the miracle. In lucid dreaming the will so strengthens the ego, that the ego is able to violate the natural order (the waking state) and draw some contents of the subconscious into manifestation (a tulpa) or a degree of embodiment. In contrast, a miracle (such as the spontaneous healing of the body) is defined as the will so weakening the ego, that the ego is able to violate the natural order (the waking state) by withdrawing into the subconscious as a timeless state of pure revelation.

I recently have begun to read *The Enneads* of the New-Platonic philosopher/mystic Plotinus (204- 270 AD) and realized that the second largest square in the painting which I have entitled *The Totality of Existence is Absolute* is a diagrammatic cognate of Plotinus' system of divinity seen as a graded triad: (1) *The One*, or the first existent, (2) *The Divine Mind*, or the Nous or Logos, and repository of the Platonic forms, and (3) *The All-Soul*, or the first and only principle of life. My diagram was an attempt to place lucid dreaming within the largest context possible, subsuming what I believed to be the systems of Plato, Shankara, Sogaku Marada, Freud and Jung (all seminal philosophers of the mind) and I fell right into the open hands of Plotinus.

Nietzsche was also a lucid dreamer; from
The Birth of Tragedy:

"And perhaps several people remember, like me, amid the dangers and terrors of a dream, successfully cheering themselves up by shouting: 'It is a dream! I want to dream it some more!'"

Submitted by Daniel Oldis

THE 28TH ANNUAL CONFERENCE OF THE INTERNATIONAL ASSOCIATION FOR THE STUDY OF DREAMS DREAMS AND CULTURAL DIVERSITY



Rolduc Conference Center
Kerkrade, The Netherlands

JUNE 24-28, 2011



Call For Presentations

The Venue: The conference will be held at the former monastery of Rolduc, Kerkrade, near the boundary of the Netherlands, Germany and Belgium. It may be accessed by the airports of Düsseldorf (Germany), Amsterdam and Eindhoven (the Netherlands) or Brussels (Belgium) as well as highway networks and railway infrastructure from all three countries.

Submission Themes: High quality proposals are invited, particularly those that explore the conference theme, **Dreams and Cultural Diversity**. We request that submissions fall into one of the following tracks: Research & Theory; Arts & Humanities; Culture, Anthropology & History; Education; Religion, Spirituality & Philosophy; Clinical Approaches; Dreamwork Practices; Extraordinary, PSI and Lucid Dreams; and Conference Theme.

While the conference is in the Netherlands there are two special themes within the conference theme track: one of them specifically Dutch and the other specifically European. A special session is dedicated to the famous Dutch psychiatrist, poet, lucid dreamer, and author on dreams Frederik van Eeden. A second theme emphasizes the visions on dreams in the philosophical tradition of Europe.

Submission Categories include: Paper Presentations; Symposia; Panels; Workshops; Special Events or Major Presentations; Morning Dream Groups; Hot-off-the-Press and Poster Papers



*Rolduc Conference Center
Kerkrade, The Netherlands*

Deadline for submissions is 30 November 2010

(except for Hot off the Press and Poster Sessions which is 1 March 2011)

All Submissions Must be Made Online.

For Instructions and the Online Form go to www.asdreams.org/2011
For all questions regarding submissions write to submissions2011@asdreams.org

The International Association for the Study of Dreams
1672 University Avenue, Berkeley CA 94703
1-209-724-0889
office@asdreams.org



IASD is approved by the APA to sponsor
continuing education for psychologists.
IASD maintains responsibility for the program

Cloud Houses and Memory Gongs

Exploring the mental landscape with Michael Frank



Gold Echo Everything I see around me is made of gold, or gold light. I feel a rushing wave within me, and somehow "hear" water, wind and waves. I struggle to remember my physical body and realize a brief dual awareness of myself, sleeping somewhere.



Bright Apparition Sometimes as I gain lucidity a great blinding light appears, startling me. There is a strong intent within it, containing a vast amount of compressed knowledge. Lucidity is usually cut off abruptly, my heart racing as I awaken. My body tingles as if having been briefly electrocuted.



Black Shell Museum The space around me materializes into a sort of museum, and I'm aware of objects and thoughts, somehow preserved. Ancient buildings are made of even older fossils. I have a hard time remembering they once were alive. Everything around me is static, and yet, I seem to move very freely and swiftly here.

AS AN ARTIST, I'VE ALWAYS BEEN DRAWN TO MY RECOLLECTED DREAM EXPERIENCE AS A SOURCE OF INSPIRATION; I WAS DRAWN TO THESE "PLACES," ALBEIT MENTAL ONES, THAT I GRADUALLY LEARNED TO NAVIGATE AND EXPLORE. EVERY DREAMER IS A PIONEER IN HIS OWN WORLD, DISCOVERING NEW TERRITORY AND MAPPING THE INTERIOR OF DARK CONTINENTS, BRIGHT DIMENSIONS AND "HOME STATIONS" THAT WERE FAMILIAR LONG BEFORE BIRTH. WITH MY ART I AIM TO ILLUSTRATE SOME OF MY "GEOGRAPHY." MANY OF MY IMAGES ARE TRULY SNAPSHOTS FROM DREAMS WHILE OTHERS SUGGEST FURTHER DEVELOPMENTS BEYOND THE EXPERIENCE.



Artificial Landscape I see the land around me as if it were a half-constructed set, with transparent layers and "manufactured" plant life. I realize that I've been here many times before... It's quite a familiar place to me.



Cloud House I turn and gain lucidity, gradually becoming aware of the surroundings amid dim greyish light. An old familiar dream symbol: a transparent temple which, as a child, I used to call my "cloud house." It crops up constantly in my dream memory, sometimes so thin and transparent that it nearly disappears. It's a very comforting place.

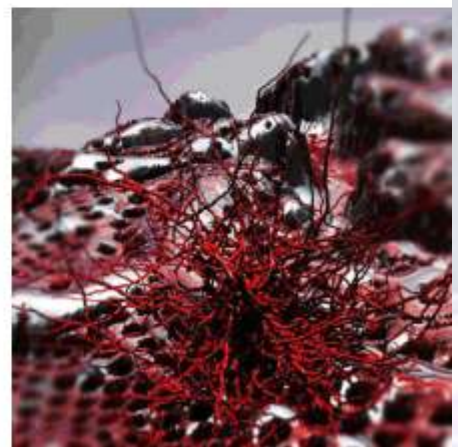
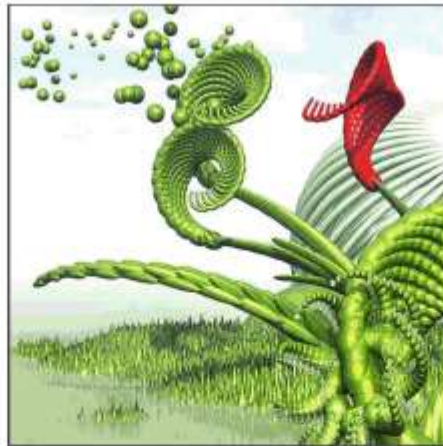


Ancient Landscape I "awaken" and find myself considering the landscape below and around me. The air is water, or vice versa, and I sense strongly that this place is separated from my reality by a vast distance of time. I imagine that I'm looking at an old photograph, and yet the scene is quite immediate and real.



Waterdream I dream that my body is the world itself, and as I become lucid, a portion of my consciousness flies far above, looking down at my "body." The slightest thoughts create ripples across water and cloud. My "body," the world, is deep in sleep as I continue to watch over it.





Hippocampus

By Carole Lindberg

I decided to create a drawing with the idea of using part of the drawing process in waking reality as I normally would, then inducing lucid dreams to add into or change the imagery. This is what happened, and this is my drawing, in a 95% state of completion. (Now, going over my notes, I realize that I forgot to put in thistle imagery on the lower right hand side.) I am also thinking about removing the woman in the drawing, as I created her entirely in waking reality and was never able to access dream imagery about her as a permanent image.

On June 23rd, I set out on the beach with the idea to randomly find materials that would guide the subject of my new drawing. I created a seahorse-unicorn out of driftwood and shells, and beach glass shards.

27 June, begin drawing in graphite, naturally altering the seahorse to an anthropomorphic being.

I name the drawing Hippocampus, Latin name for seahorse, later looking up the hippocampus as the seat or holding area of short-term memory before they are sent out to other regions of the brain - the same that affects the memory of lucid dreams which is crucial to any conscious experience of this alternate state of consciousness, and which is often lost before it can be even categorized as a memory - hence, we don't remember our dreams.

28 June - ordinary dream. I am in a jeep, designed and painted like a puzzle. In the center of each piece is a number. I add this imagery to my drawing. Later in reading about the hippocampus, and neurogenesis, could these numbered puzzle pieces be metaphors for neurons, perhaps quantities of new neurons generated by focusing and accessing parts of our brains in the lucid dream experience??

3 July - induce lucid dream about this drawing with the idea to step back and see it verified in the lucid dream state and to develop the imagery. I see the drawing, parts in stable photographic focus, other elements not totally clear-not yet in existence! The drawing is wider than it actually exists in waking reality. On

the left side is graphically drawn-in thistle, in a dark bluish color. Also bits of thistle on the right hand side. The seahorses are reddish black in color. I am concerned in the dream how to achieve these colors, and decide during this lucid dream to tone up my finished drawing in Photoshop to create a computer print as the final product instead of the drawing itself as the final original product--- which has been my usual way of working for the last couple of years.



6 July - have an ordinary dream in which I am collaging in new panels on both the left and right side so that I can add in the aforementioned lucid dream imagery and correct the proportions.

Those were the only dreams that I could access for this drawing, and it took me another month to finish drawing it out, without dreaming it. (It kept getting larger and larger.) I feel quite pleased at the result so far. The new imagery that I accessed in the lucid dream was highly specific and detailed. The experiment was to not question what I would find, but to obediently report back and include it in, co-create the drawing between my waking self and the deeper dream self. Also, by lucid dreaming "permission" to "finish" my drawing as a computer piece, instead of as a traditional draftsmanly original, I have changed the format in which I present my images professionally in their final form. I am quite excited to continue to make this leap and see enormous possibilities here for my work. So, as the drawing is in its final process, now I have to photograph it, work out the dictated dream color tones on Photoshop, and then make a high quality digital print out of it for its final form. The drawing that I include with this article is a close sample of how it will ultimately look.

I did not feel that working this way made it any more easier to induce a lucid dream. (I had erroneously assumed that the hours of optic focus on my drawing during the day would enhance my abilities to lucid dream at night). I realize that there is always the same common denominator for me, which is that early morning awakening, and purposeful induction, and the mindfulness to remember to achieve in the dream the purpose that I previously set up in waking reality. Also, there were other lucid dreams, and trials and ordinary dreams during this time on different issues - I was trying to cure my dying cat, which in the end was hopeless, but at the time urgent and I mention this only in that my emotional motivations were split during that time about the subject of my dream inductions.

I am considering continuing working this way. I had set out only to find new imagery and meaning but discovered a possible new way of working, if I should so decide. This, in turn, could expand further personal methods and genres. The bottom line is that I feel I created the drawing not only with my present accessible waking self but with a deeper self of the Psyche that has its own ideas of how I can create my work. Could this be a valid way to get past personal limitations in the creation of our art?



"I am a Dream and So are You"

By Carole Lindberg

In 1982 I was living in the Oriente jungle, quite far removed from the life I had been used to in previous years. One day I read a small article about the practice of lucid dreaming written about or by Stephen LaBerge. I didn't think much about it except as a curious thing to do. A couple of nights later I had my first lucid dream:

I awaken to find myself very vividly being carried on the back of a giant. In surprise and shock I ask him, "What is going on?" He answers, "I am a dream, and so are you." End of dream.

The next day I immediately made a drawing of this phenomena, so great was the impression that it made on me.

Advertise in the Lucid Dream Exchange!

Full Page
Half Page
Quarter Page

For price rates contact us at:
info@dreaminglucid.com

Products and services advertised are not necessarily endorsed by the publisher or editors of LDE.

AFTER ALL, I AM A DREAMER

© 2010 By Christoph Gassmann

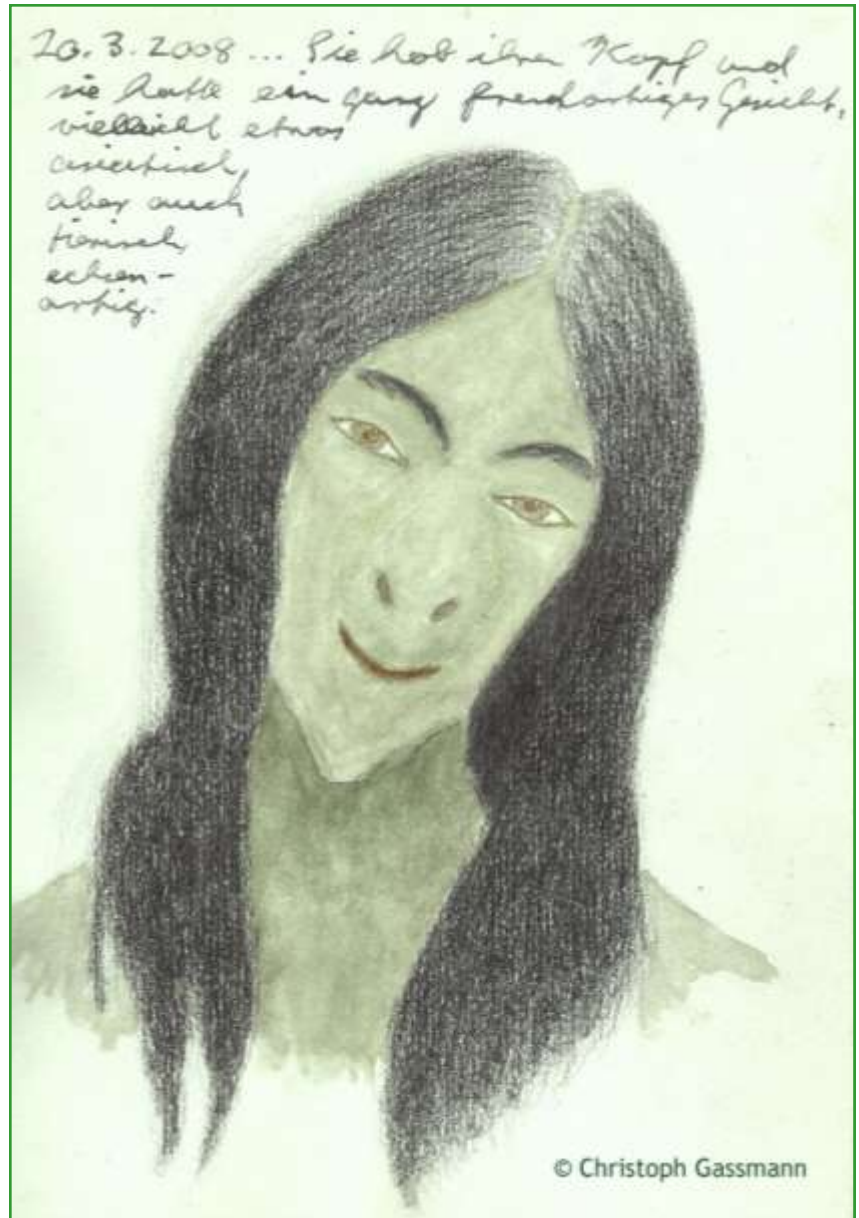
Professionally, I am a psychologist but I am interested in the creative expressions of dreams. One of my aims in the area of dreams is to interest people for that topic. Therefore I wrote more than 10 years ago a German guide, how to work with dreams and created a website for the same purpose. (<http://traumring.info>). Then I tried to improve my skills in drawing, painting and writing in the last decade to reach other people.

My first intention was to illustrate my dreams because realistic illustrations convey more of the real nature of dream experiences than written accounts, which usually have a fictional quality. Additionally dream paintings convey a different approach to dreams than the notorious dream interpretation. Unfortunately my illustrating ability does not reach professional quality, but it is good enough to use it on my website (<http://traumring.info/galerie1.html>).

As an example, here is a picture of an alien woman I met in a long lucid dream. In that dream I entered an alien culture after I passed through a very long dark and narrow tunnel. From the beginning I was fully conscious of my state, but did not intend to change anything because I was very curious about what I would find and explore in this alien world. First I walked in that generally calm lucid dream through a marvellous city with a huge building similar to the Vatican, but the whole town was in one building. There I met that woman, who looked partly Asian and partly saurian or lizard like. She was very kind, but we could not communicate. I did not understand her language at all. Later I walked in the countryside and to my surprise I discovered, that I myself was a turtle-like inhabitant of that planet with a shell on my back. Like in the movie *Avatar* my consciousness was obviously projected into an inhabitant of that world, but without any machines. That projection was very stable. I could remember my life in our shared world but could not return to it deliberately. I was not frightened because the dream was very peaceful and quiet. Later the dream faded slowly away and I was back in my bed.

My current attempt is to write short stories, which are based on dreams. I intend to publish a German book. It will contain normal and lucid dreams. With this book I want to reach people who have no direct approach to psychology or dreams and who are more interested in literature. I want to convey to them the literary quality of some dreams.

So, I do not know if I am a professional in the realm of creativity, yes and no. But I am a professional psychologist who uses creative means to express what he finds in the huge world of dreams. After all, I am a dreamer :-)



Lucid Dream Inspired Art

By Kristen Fox

My art runs the gamut from hand-drawn Celtic knotwork and spiral art, and illustration, to acrylic and watercolor painting, as well as photography. I often get inspired by individual elements in remembered dreams, but one work of art in particular was pulled directly from a brief lucid dream I had early one morning.

At the time of the dream, in waking life I was working on a number of awareness projects, you might call them, one of which was about allowing myself to be able to "receive gifts from the universe" easily, without struggle or internal conflict blocking the way. In the dream, I was wandering around in a school, as I often seem to do



Birthday Box

when I am trying to learn something. I walked into an empty classroom, glanced briefly out the open windows and had the impression that someone had just been there, but exited out the window quickly and silently. I'm not sure what triggered the realization that I was dreaming, maybe the dreamy quality of the whole scene, but suddenly I knew I was dreaming. Luckily, I didn't try to take control of the dream or go off flying, so the dream was allowed to continue. I turned around and saw a brightly wrapped gift box on one of the student desks that I hadn't noticed before. I bent over the box, feeling a sense of nervous apprehension, but not because the box seemed threatening or anything. I pulled the top slowly off the package. As I did, a wonderfully bright light burst forth out of the box. It was so overwhelming that I became even more lucid and then completely woke up out of the dream before I

got the lid fully off!

From the dream I realized that I still had fears around receiving so much light and energy, and that I had to focus on becoming more comfortable with the whole idea.

The next day, I really wanted to capture the feel of the moment: the brightness of the light, the festive appearance of the package, etc., so I pulled out my watercolor paper and created "Birthday Box."

A number of other works of art I've done have contained elements from various remembered dreams, and expansive concepts entertained in dreams, although none as direct as the 'Birthday Box.'

For instance, my 'Creation Myth' watercolor combines an ancient Mother archetype with DNA, pyramids, prisms refracting light, birth of planets, etc. I love the



Creation Myth

idea of energy beaming from the woman's eyes, hitting the prism-pyramid, and separating into individual creations, like energy going from a wave into numerous particles.

In the 'Dream Tracks' acrylic painting, I tried to express the feeling of fluidity and movement within dreams and the insights we can receive during flashes of awareness or lucidity, as symbolized by the window.

The 'Worlds within Worlds' work is a colored pencil piece that, when I felt it was done as much as it could be with just colored pencil, I scanned into the computer and blended with a second copy of the original piece that was flipped horizontally over the original. I wanted to portray the idea of limitless probabilities, something that's easier to experience the immensity of in dreams than our waking minds may be used to.

In general, I really enjoy creating abstract or expressionistic pieces. There's a lot of creative freedom that, although it's grounded in colors and shapes, lets me expand beyond focusing in too 'concrete' a way. Creating this kind of art in my waking reality seems to bring me closer to being able to understand or at least experience the wider dream reality more consciously. The process itself is interesting enough, definitely using more right-brain focus and trying NOT to 'think' too linearly about which color to choose, brushstrokes, etc. In the end, I think it's a fun and challenging balancing act that produces some great things to hang on my wall, as well as helps to develop my inner eye.

Kristen Fox

<http://gallery.artoffoxvox.com>



Dream Tracks



Worlds within Worlds

Lucid Dreaming: Gateway to the Inner Self

By Robert Waggoner

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

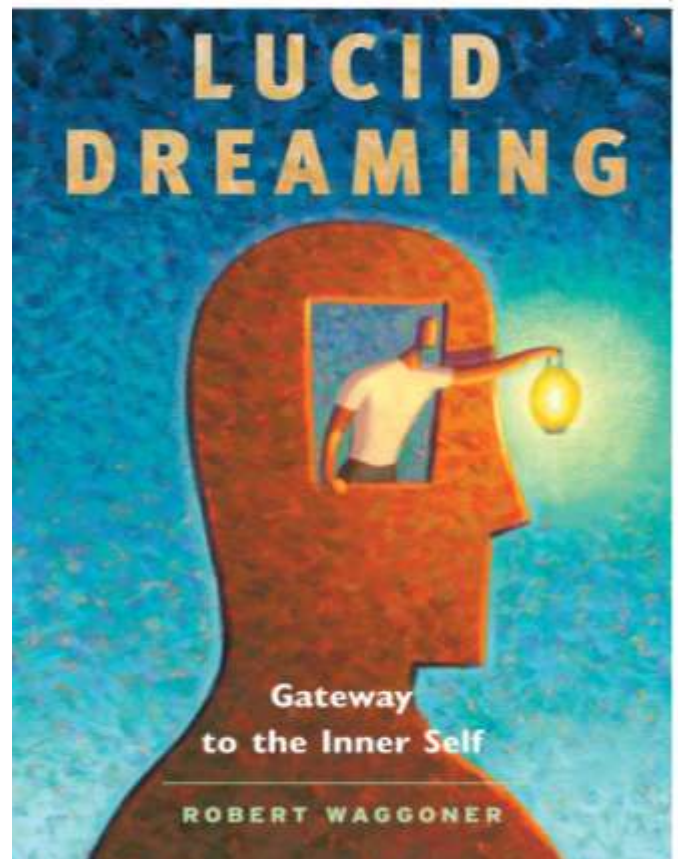
"Lucid Dreaming IS a gateway to the Inner Self. Robert Waggoner's unique storytelling style is **compelling reading - an impressive exploration of the subject**. The work is scholarly, fascinating, and, most of all, practical." -
-**Christine Lemley**, Executive Producer, DREAMTIME Series, WFYI/PBS-TV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

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

"A truly extraordinary, horizon-expanding book!

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

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



Order on-line or at your favorite bookstore!

Creativity Begins Before The Dream

© 2010 Linda Lane Magallón

Once in a dream group, a woman was telling us the story of her struggle to wake up in her dreams. Finally, after many attempts, she was successful. Aware she was dreaming, she looked around the dreamscape. But there was nothing of interest to see. So she let go her fragile hold on lucidity and fell back into non-lucid dreaming. This was the first and last time, she informed us, that she had ever tried to become a lucid dreamer. After all, why bother?

I was so shocked, I was speechless. "Wow," I thought, "No imagination."

Dream creativity is usually a one-way street. A dreamer takes a pre-produced dream, then makes a creative product from it. It's the dream that's supposed to be a wonderland of wild scenery, curious props, exciting action and entertaining characters. It's the dream that's supposed to be chock full of marvels and magic, horror and hope, anxiety and wisdom. If you are fortunate to have interesting dreams from the start, it may never occur to you that the dreaming mind can be a blank slate or a reservoir of boredom.

On the other hand, you may be a person for whom simple and unspectacular dreams are commonplace, due to life style and mental habits. Or, such dreams may happen to you on a temporary basis. If you deliberately engage in a proactive program to minimize nightmares or take up the practice of mind-less meditation, dramatic and traumatic day residue will decrease significantly. De-stressing yourself is a very healthy endeavor.

However, the full treatment for well-being does not just entail a reduction of the negative. You also have to enhance the positive. Obviously, it had never occurred to the woman that she might have to bring her creativity with her. The great bulk of visual material furnished for dream formation resides in memories imported from the waking state. To assure that an imaginative background is present once lucid dreaming begins may involve some preplanning.

I really appreciate it when my dreaming mind creates a multi-colored masterpiece. But I'm most likely to get it when I provide the appropriate building blocks. I've found that the best way to accumulate an assortment of interesting visual data is to get into the habit of viewing new and intriguing electronic media. For instance, my husband and I now have a weekly date night at the movies. If nothing there appeals to us, we can locate plenty of alternatives: DVD purchases, CD rentals, Internet downloads and video games. Besides those animated options, sometimes a good picture book or photographic magazine can offer vivid snapshot views.

Lately, my dreaming mind has been in hibernation, recovering from an onslaught of tumultuous living. But despite the turbulence, I've managed to continue a steady supply of visual media. So when the daytime commotion quieted down, and my dreams finally peeked from under the covers, there was plenty of recent memory additions to pick from. My sleeping mind was so energized by the new visual material, I even went lucid.

In parts of the dream, I took on a passive witnessing attitude that was provided by the TV programs I'd been passively viewing the previous day (an episode of *Dr. Who*, a preview of *Clash of the Titans*, a brief view of RuPaul in an outrageous wig and a prerecorded hotrod segment that I watched with my husband in the darkened family room). But I was most aware and active in the dream as the result of willful waking manipulation of computer graphics (playing an online puzzle game and modifying pictures with Photoshop software). Using Photoshop, I really can create my own reality, "to some extent."

Heavens and Hells (a media-influenced dream), 4/4/10

The first part of the dream was mostly unremembered, but I was lucid, walking and talking with a pleasant group of people. Suddenly there came a warning: some flying critters were on their way to attack us. We scrambled for shelter underneath an overhang, next to a large boxy object. Its near side looked like a wire mesh fence. So the critters'

claws couldn't reach us through the mesh, a woman covered it with an odd triangular piece of white plywood. Inside the box, I could see through the far window to a huge white building in the distance. It was dozens of stories high, slightly pyramidal in shape, but having a flat roof. The critters were approaching through the sky from the left. With a jerk, the box began to rise and fly us quickly towards the building and safety.

Since I knew I was dreaming, I wondered why we had to escape from these critters. Couldn't I/we just change the plot or delete the critters from the scene? I asked the dark haired young man beside me, "Can you create your own reality?" "To some extent," he replied. The flying beasts seemed to fade away.

We reached the building and began rising next to its walls. Somehow I knew that there were progressively more advanced and mature inhabitants with each successive story. I hoped that my awareness wouldn't produce doubts that would keep us from rising to the highest level. The dark haired young man seemed to know my concerns and quickly waylaid them. He looked upward and yelled out, "Have you seen our driver?"

I followed his line of sight and realized that the box was topless. I could see that we were being pulled upwards by one of the most advanced inhabitants. Though she had a towrope of sorts, it seemed to be more symbolic than practical; she was actually levitating all of us via mind power. She was dressed in voluptuous, flowing, colorful material (I remember purple, white, blue and something shiny). Her hairstyle was extreme: mounds of wavy hair suspended sideways, contrary to any laws of gravity. She was facing towards the building, so I saw her in silhouette. It was astonishing to me that the more advanced you got, the more wild your appearance would become: an outer manifestation of individual talent and personality.

The young man and I were dropped off a story or two from the top, but on a neighboring building with a half-roof (partially flat, partially another story). At this point my male companion felt like my husband, Manny. We went inside and down several hallways until we came to an auditorium, where a group of men were practicing their mechanical skills. Although the rest of the auditorium was dark, there was a smaller open room within the room with a very large pile of shiny chrome metal pieces. The men were quickly and expertly assembling them, as a team. When their task was complete, their leader said, "Okay, let's do it again," and they began the process once more. Evidently they were trying to get it just perfect. I wondered how long it would take, if all the men enjoyed doing it and if they knew they could stop.

"Different heavens and hells?" I asked my companion and he nodded yes. I had remembered that the afterlife was believed to include people with such obsessive behavior that they continued to do things automatically, without stop. I wasn't sure if this habitual behavior was an artifact of the living or the dead, but decided it didn't matter. We create our own heavens and hells while we are alive. As the young man and I turned and approached the door to the auditorium again, I thought, "Wow, this is the longest/strongest lucidity I've had for...perhaps ever." I immediately remembered that thinking such thoughts usually resulted in losing the dream. So I tried to keep myself emotionally neutral and not dwell on them.

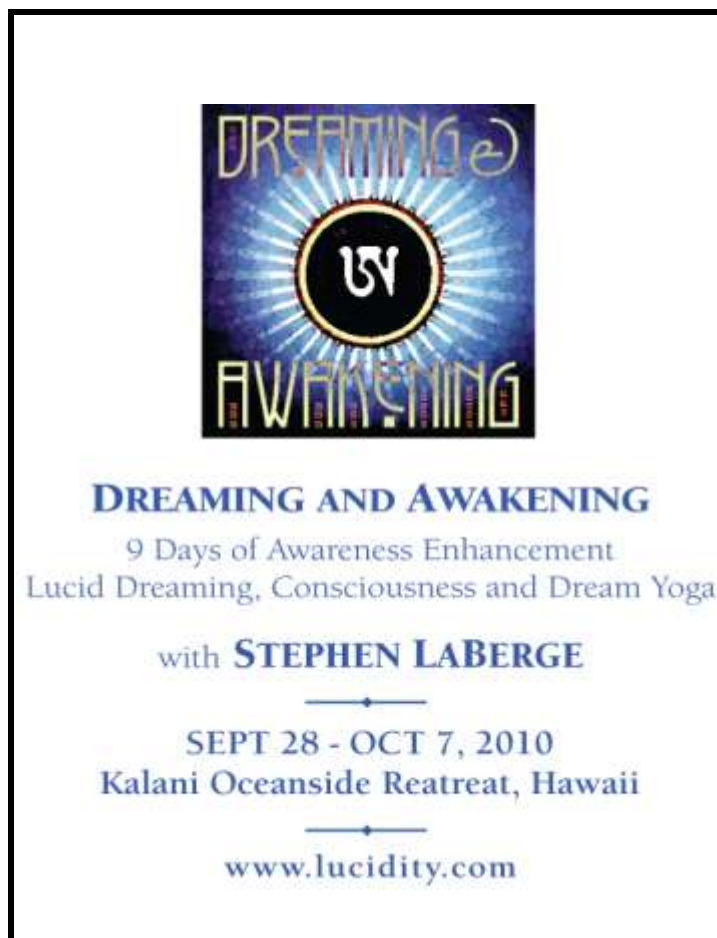
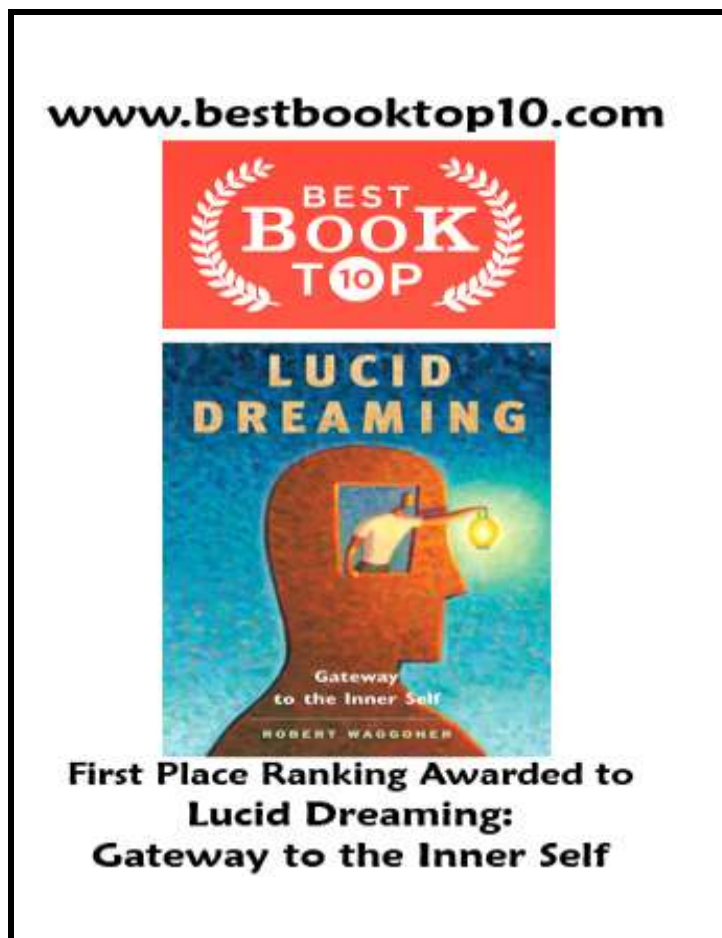
My companion didn't accompany me outside. I stood alone on the edge of the roof, looking down at the countryside. The building seemed to be situated atop a sheer cliff, with the valley floor far below containing dry grass dotted with trees. I jumped off the roof to plunge to the bottom of the valley, not knowing if I could stop my fall. I sort of imagined myself coming to a halt, spread eagle, facing downward, about a foot off the ground. When I did, the air beneath me rippled to indicate that the depth perception was an illusion. The bottom was much closer than I realized.

Falling through the layer of rippling atmosphere, I found myself sinking into and suspended in a lake of clear, turquoise water. Directly ahead of me was a subterranean passageway to another body of water. When I approached it, a steel door came down and blocked my path. I lifted my head above water to see another passageway, like a water-filled tunnel. But when I came nearer, I saw that it was blocked by a concrete wall. I rose completely out of the water to stand on a small levee separating the two bodies of water. I was able to walk to the other side by passing through yet another rippling force field, this one vertical instead of horizontal.

Stopping halfway, I turned and looked directly perpendicular to the force field wall. On this side I could view the dry landscape illuminated by a sunny day. But on the other side, water immediately abutted the force field. The lighting was much dimmer, featuring dark blues and blacks. Instead of a placid lake, the water was more like a stormy sea. In front of me, on the far side of the waterway, was a multi-story apartment house. As I watched, the house suddenly distorted, narrowed, twisted around to the left in an inverted "S" shape and twirled away to nothingness. It was quickly replaced by an old-fashioned 3-masted sailing ship that soon went through the same metamorphosis.

My attention was drawn to the right where the water faded into dry ground. A group of people were moving about oddly. I realized that their erratic thoughts were producing their jerky behavior. One of them was a woman dressed in bright, almost electric blue, who was slightly taller than the rest. It was her thoughts that had been creating the house and boat images, but she didn't have enough control to keep them steady. Could I help her without being drawn into her mild madness? I decided it was worth a try.

Extending my arms, I said, "Here, take my hands. I'll stabilize you." At this, the woman suddenly realized my presence. "She's a ship! She's a ship!" she yelled to her companions. She seemed to mean that, like a ship approaching castaways on a desert island, I was coming to rescue her/them. As I took her hands in mine, I was relieved to discover that I wasn't being affected adversely by her energy. I took a deep breath to relax and calm us both down, but lost the tension or movement that I'd been using to sustain my lucidity. As the dream faded, I realized that either extreme emotion or complete tranquility was counterproductive to maintaining a lucid dream.



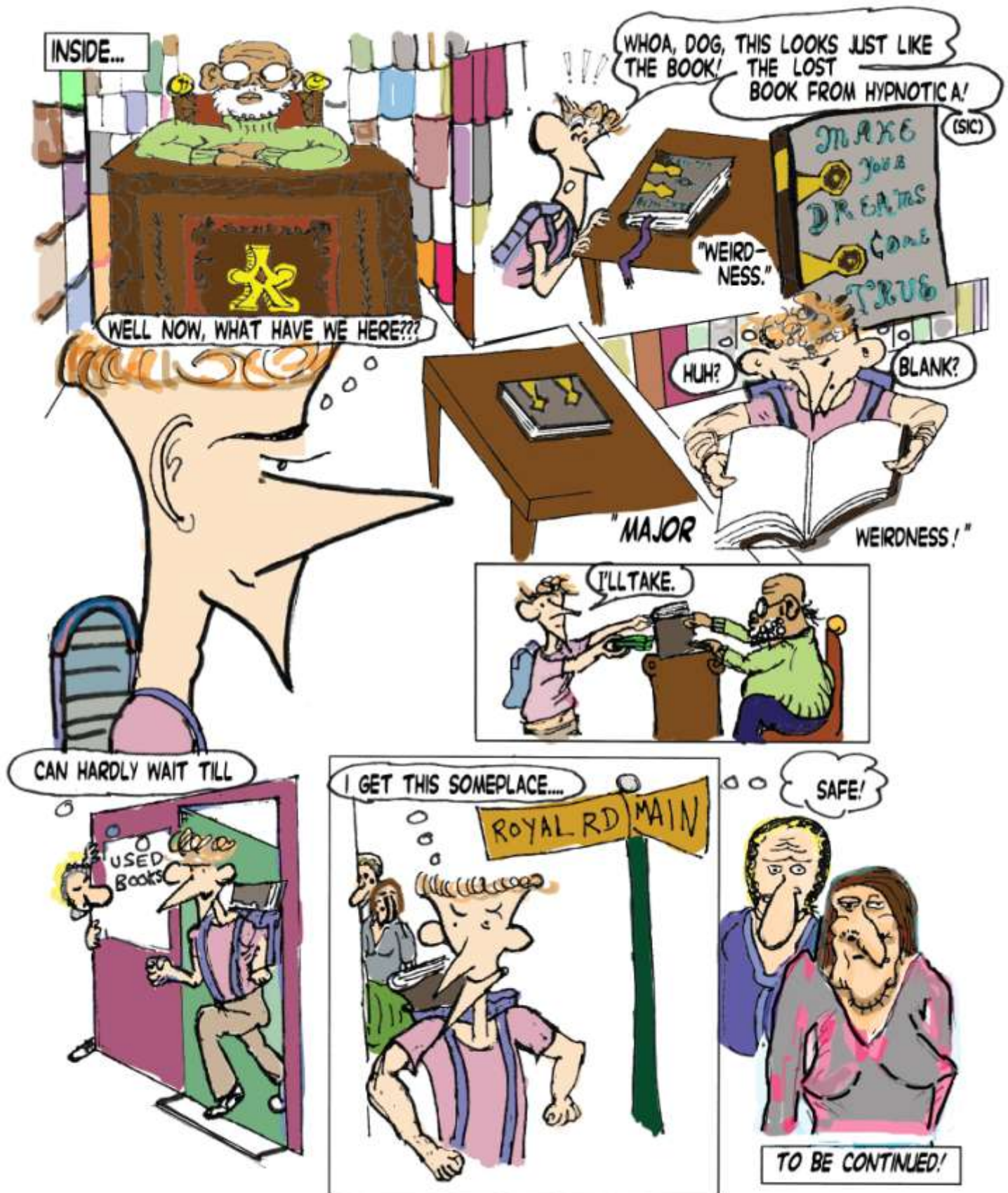
THE ODD VENTURES OF KID LUCID BY A D MONIZ



GOOD THING, THOUGH... REMINDED ME I'VE GOT TO RENEW MY CARD ... TODAY! ...



* SEE PAST EPISODES AT KIDLUCID.COM/



COPYRIGHT A D MONIZ 2010

As Seen In My Dreams

How I used my lucid dreams as a source of guidance and inspiration for the design of a website about lucid dreaming

(c) pasQuale 2010

I'm the founder of LD4all.com, a website and community about lucid dreaming. Since the beginning, now 14 years ago, I have always used my lucid dreams as guidance and inspiration for the look of the website. In this article I want to share with you two of the lucid dreams I have had which have profoundly influenced the graphics and layout of the website.

Uncovering a new creative flow

In the early beginnings (the year 1994), LD4all wasn't called LD4all yet. It was called: "Through the Mirror - Beyond Dreaming" and it was my graduation project for Art School. In those days, Internet was something new - so as a student in New Media I naturally felt drawn to the new medium. I decided to make a website about lucid dreaming. At that time, I had just discovered lucid dreaming myself, from reading the book *Creative Dreaming* by Patricia Garfield. I was so excited about it, that I wanted to share this amazing ability with the world. And what better way to do it than with a website.



I started building the website, but I wasn't satisfied with how it turned out. I had created the layout you see above, and from then on, the only thing that needed to be done was to basically fill in all the pages with textual content. The site was boring. I got stuck. I didn't want to continue like that, but I also didn't know how to break out of my "designer's block." I decided to become lucid in a dream and search for the design of my project. I hoped to see something in my dream that would inspire me. That night, I became lucid.

I'm lucid and I'm standing in a hallway with doors on both sides. I remember wanting to dream of my project. So I say to myself: "Behind this door I will see what my project will look like." I open the door, step inside and there on a table sits a computer. I look at the screen and there I see what my project looks like.

When I woke up, I immediately sketched what I remembered. I had seen, very clearly, the screen divided into two equal parts, with on one part images, and the other part text. Also, thick black lines bordering the text. It was as if that lucid dream had uncorked a bottle of new inspiration. I now suddenly knew how to go forward with the website. It meant a drastic turn from the way it had been looking before that. This is a screenshot of one of the pages of the final design:

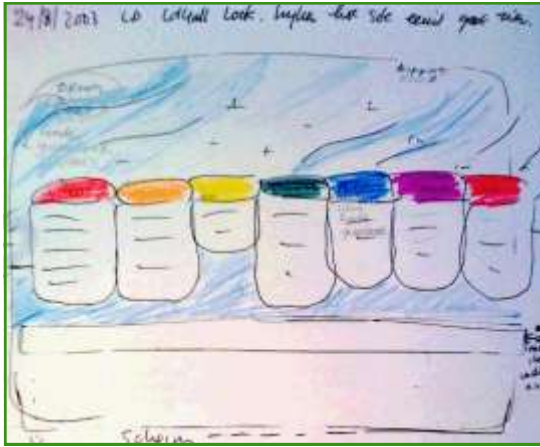


Recognize the elements from the lucid dream: The black outlines, the borders surrounding the text, and the division of the screen in two even parts, with text to the left and illustrations to the right. I also adapted the colorscheme to what I saw in the dream, a gradient of pastel colors. So the dream certainly made the design go another way!

Lucid design guidance

After I graduated, “Through the Mirror” stayed online, and grew. After a few years, I wanted my own domain name. “throughthemirror.com” or something similar didn’t have a ring to it so I had decided on a new name: LD4all.com. I really wanted a new look for my newly named website. Once again, I decided to incubate a lucid dream to look for the design of the new LD4all.

When I became lucid, I asked the dream to show me the new design for LD4all. The dream immediately responded. At first, I saw a huge golden logo, rotating in a starry sky. After the logo was shown, I saw an image of the layout of the website. When I woke up, I sketched all I could remember. This is the sketch of the layout.



The layout showed an aurora in the top, colored drop down menu items, and a light blue-ish color. The drop down menu items were an element I had already pondered on in waking life. A new element brought by the dream was the “aurora” in the starry background sky. These elements I still remembered when waking up, but it was very difficult to recreate a website layout that matched it. The final design you see below.



So, in this example, the inspiration from the dream wasn’t a complete turnaround from the way I had already been designing in waking life. The dream did give me some nice new ideas, like the aurora.

The story of the LD4all logo is different. Before my lucid dream, I had already been working on the design of the logo, but no sketch I had made up to then really “hit the mark” so to speak. Yet, I didn’t really think of specifically looking for a logo in my dream, I just wanted to see “the design.” My lucid dream had presented me with the perfect logo. This was beyond any guidelines for design I had previously experienced in a lucid dream. The image of the huge golden logo, rotating in the starry sky stayed there for what seemed a long time, so I could really take in all details of it.

But even though I knew exactly how it had to look, it was quite an effort to get it right. I had remembered the important elements: the way the “beams” had to go over the surrounding border and the way the “eye” was connected to the borders.



Above shows the sketch of the logo I made right after the dream. Next to it is the first official version of the logo, and the last image is the logo currently in use on LD4all.com

Lucid dreams for inspiration

You have seen how I have used my lucid dreams as guidance for the design of my website. When I use my lucid dreams for inspiration, I am always surprised what the dream shows me. Even when I have sketched and drawn and thought about the design, the dream still comes up with something entirely different than I already have thought of when awake.

So if you ever have something you need inspiration for, why not use your lucid dreams for it? Call forth your project in your lucid dream and take a good look at it. Your dream could take you in new directions!

pasQuale

If you are curious, the first website is still accessible through here: <http://www.ld4all.com/antiek> it’s password protected; use name: lucid, password: dreamer to enter.

This design (to the left) is still online, and is now called the “guide”. (<http://www.ld4all.com/guide.html>).

TREE OF LIFE

© David L. Kahn

**Flora of life
On boughs of divine
Essence of color
Resplendently shine**

**Vista of night
My lucid reverie
Thy brilliant light
‘Tis I whilst ‘tis thee**

I wrote this poem approximately 20 years after a dream that I consider as one of my most profound life experiences. At the time of the dream I was about 17 years old and had recently discovered Stephen LaBerge. Experimenting within lucid dreams became something I looked forward to, and with it my frequency of lucid dreams increased to a few per week. My experiments in lucid dreaming ranged from flying to sex to creating music that filled the air. The dream that brought this poem came out of seemingly nowhere.

I am standing in a rather bare room. The floor is hardwood and there is a window across the room from where I am standing. Sunlight is coming in through the window. I realize that I am dreaming. The scene becomes crisper and the colors become more vivid. I walk across the room to the window and look out. I see a big open meadow. There is one tree on a small hill a distance out into the meadow. I look at it and now I can see it as though it is much closer. I see the entire tree, but at the same time I am seeing individual leaves. The leaves are bright green and they are glowing. I can see an aura of this bright green light around each leaf. I realize that the entire tree is alive, but so too is each individual leaf.

This dream had a profound effect on me, one that lasts to this day. I felt the metaphor of us all being connected through energy, like leaves that occupy the same tree. I felt the energy of life, and how pointless it would be for one leaf to feel that another is less important or has less right to be on that tree.

One of the ways that the dream has stuck with me is that I’ve had an affinity for trees ever since that I can only describe as a friendship of sorts. When I hear the sound of leaves blowing in the wind it has a calming effect on me, much like ocean waves when taking a solitary walk on the beach.

I consider this dream to be among my few most spiritual life moments. It was one of those rare moments when I just “got it.” Why did this happen to me as a teenager? My memory is that I often didn’t “get it” as a teenager. I was too interested in things like heavy metal music, girls, and skipping class. Did my subconscious have something to tell me that I specifically needed to hear at that time, or did this dream come from somewhere outside of my own consciousness? Could it be that the creator of the dream, whoever that might be, knew that it would last me a lifetime and help to set me on the course I still find myself on today?

In addition to the poem, I have felt for years that I’d eventually get a tattoo of the tree. I’ve had a few drawings done up, but haven’t found the right one yet. Somehow I believe it will find me, when the time is right. I can still see the tree from my lucid dream. It still speaks to me.

Dreamscapes

By Karen Klein

In the bottom right hand quadrant, you will see a string of human skulls in the mountains. This dream had been an assignment from a former spiritual teacher, Melanie. She had instructed me to invoke my fears in a lucid dream. I was dreaming and when the lucidity hit me, I reached for a friend, Carolyn, who appeared and I asked her what her middle name was. She sounded a high squeaky voice with the long "E" sound. We then were in the mountains of Tibet. I looked up at the night sky and held out my arms to the sky, asking to see my fears. A string of skulls descended from the heavens. After the dream, I asked my friend what her middle name was. She said "Eve." She remembered parts of my dream. I learned about the necklaces of skulls in Tibet soon after the dream.

In the quadrant above this one, you will see a head and shoulders of an ancient Egyptian sculpture. In this dream, I find myself lucid in the middle of Times Square in NYC. I look at the neon signs and see messages to me in puns. One says "I M NY" in a square. (I realize later it is saying "I am in NY!") I then look at the palm of my hand and ask a question which I often do in lucid dreams. I ask to see one of my reincarnations and I see the statue's head and shoulders, appearing on my hand. I had seen a photograph of this statue in many of my Egyptian books. I looked it up later and found out that he was a scribe, which is what I am in "this real life!" I work with Normandi Ellis (*Awakening Osiris*) as her scribe as we teach in the USA and Egypt. I had seen that photograph and never realized that he was a scribe until I saw one of the entire sculpture, showing his hands. On the back wall, is a portrait that I did of another teacher, Ron, who was an inspiration to my lucid dreaming as is my current teacher, Barbara.



There are many dream images in these landscapes and the large square on the left is composed of many of my dream icons, especially symbolizing the connection from womb to tomb. The large square has Isis with her baby on her back. The baby is not really a papoose (Native American version of a baby carried on a back of course) but the baby is a sarcophagus. Behind her, in the middle circle, you will see images of myself floating around in the astral from a baby picture to that of an old woman who may be my future self. That section of the art is my self portrait.

In the bottom section, you will find a woman riding horseback, climbing down a step pyramid. That dream and many others have had me driving a car or riding one of my horses up and down impossible angles, possibly entering alternate realities or membranes in layers of consciousness. Native Americans are in my dreams and meditations a lot and many more dream snippets are scattered in this diorama, "Dreamscapes."

EXPANDING HORIZONS: THE MEETING OF STONE AND SKY

(c) Dawn Baumann Brunke

Several years ago I had a dream of being in an old, empty, red-brick building. It was, perhaps, a warehouse, immensely long and narrow. I noticed I was on the top floor and there was no roof. An intense, blue-black evening sky loomed above. However, even without a roof, I felt safely enclosed for there were large red-bricked walls on either side of me. The walls were quite high and were punctuated by long, narrow windows. I could easily see out of the windows as they were placed closely together yet, owing to the size of the walls, I felt small within the room.

In the odd way of dreams, I was trying to get to one end of the room - but what a far way to go! I began to run and then thought of leaping. It was at that moment I woke up in the dream. Realizing I was dreaming, but taking care not to wake myself, I had the idea that instead of leaping to the end of the room, I could fly. As I sometimes did in lucid dreams, I moved my hands together in front of me, arms outstretched, as if launching myself upward. Very easily, I jumped up and 'into' another level of space. Suddenly I was flying, completely horizontal and comfortable - flying through the room. As a smile came over my entire being, I cautioned myself to keep the flow of consciousness light - lucid, yet not too hard-edged or rational - so that I could maintain this state within the dream. It was great fun and I loved the feeling of flying through the building, under the cool, dark, wide open sky.

Upon waking, I began to write down the dream. At the time, I was working with the notion of shapeshifting and had been recording examples of differing perspectives of the world as seen through the eyes of different animals. As I wrote the details of the dream in my notebook, I thought of how dreaming likewise brings us exceptionally vivid examples of shifting bodily perspectives.

"Dreaming is often a form of shapeshifting; that much is obvious from the start." I heard the words clearly in my mind, yet wasn't sure who was speaking. As I closed my eyes, to better hone in on this unexpected conversation, I saw the image of a large gray rock which simultaneously 'held' the shape of a human. As I watched, I saw the human figure dissolve through the rock to reveal a brilliant nightscape of stars against a dark blue sky.

"This image reveals another facet of the nature of shifting forms - a visual example of how so much is interrelated beneath appearance," continued the voice. "When you think about dreaming and shapeshifting, yes, of course there is a connection. This is a broad and general observation. But rather than compartmentalize, we feel it is best to experience each moment as a link to other realities. That is our view on shapeshifting."

"Who are you?" I asked.

"We are the beings who regulate the interconnections between stone and sky - one feature of the many links between earth and heaven. The picture [of the human in the rock who becomes the stars] is ours. We show it as an illustration of melding realities - that is, not simply a 'shift' from one view to another, but an example of being in which you are aware of both realities (and, as you become more adept, of many realities) in simultaneity. The highest 'enlightenment' teaching we carry is a stance wherein all interconnections are held at a conscious (though this does not correspond exactly to your notion of consciousness) level. In other words, one is fully aware of all aspects of one's being.

"When you tune into your dream, you may see the aspects of stone (brick walls) and sky (through the window). Between the two, you fly - though note how you fly: still within the confines of the building."

It became obvious to me then, though I hadn't noticed it before: even though the sky was wide open above me in the dream, I flew only within the confines of the walls.

"As you become more aware, you open to greater possibility and may choose to fly beyond your walls, above your walls, into the open air. And, after many such adventures, perhaps you will be willing to work on holding both stone and sky, keeping a perspective of each. Your dream would change then, of course."

I had the distinct impression the beings were smiling.

"We seek to educate those who are interested and open to knowing more about the interface between open space and closed space. By that we mean, the seemingly open space of air and the seemingly closed space of solid objects, such as rocks, stones, walls.

"There is a phrase you have - 'running into a brick wall'. It means you are held by limitations. These limitations are of your own making, of course. Some choose to go beyond their limitations while others turn in defeat. We work with the ones who choose to go beyond the wall, to learn how to move beyond the limits of held belief.

"Our nature is not only of stone and sky, but also about outer and inner, visible and invisible, and other so-called dichotomies. We work primarily with merging these though shifting realities.

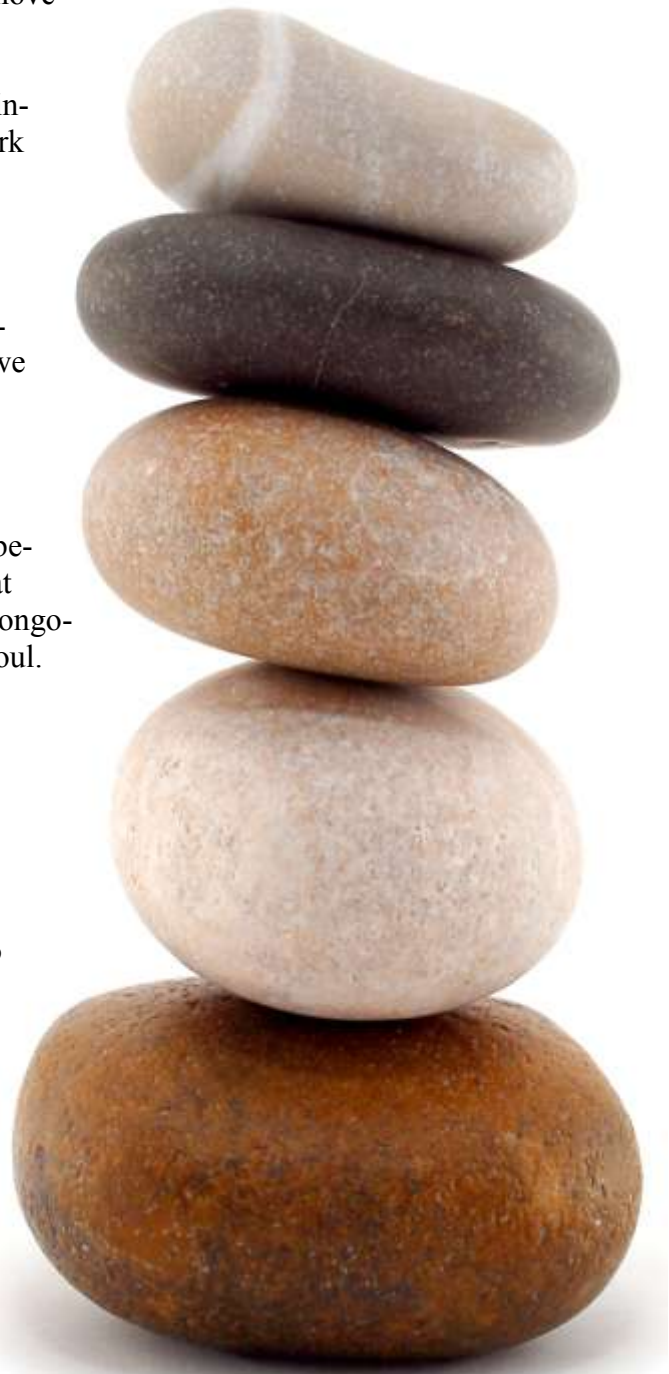
"In a purer form of nature, we are about mountains and pure air. When you see mountains shrouded by mist or clouds, we are at work. Our being is a misty sort of presence, one that blurs boundaries, encourages climbers and wall pushers to go beyond. In fact, we work often with climbers and explorers. In a sense, we are the underlying spirit of adventure when it comes to doing what has not been attempted before."

Although I had not even come close to fully digesting what these beings of stone and sky were saying, I was struck with the notion that what they were speaking of was a truly immense journey, an ever ongoing movement beyond the confines of what we know as self and soul. And perhaps beyond that as well.

"There is always more," they patiently agreed. "Always."

It took some time for the dream images of stone and sky to work their magic, for the division between the two to soften within me, gradually revealing a more personal experience of human stone merging with the stuff of stars. What I have come to see is this: no matter where we are in our own journey of discovery - exploring shadowy basements of consciousness or seeking distant vistas of awakening - we are in a process of knowing ourselves ever more deeply. On the ever-expanding adventure of enlightenment, we are always more.

Excerpted from *Shapeshifting with Our Animal Companions: Connecting with the Spiritual Awareness of All Life*
by Dawn Baumann Brunke
published by Inner Traditions/Bear & Company, 2008.



Dream Inspired Stop-Motion Animations

By Lauren Cruvellier

I am one of those apparently rare people that have lucid dreams on a regular basis. And by regular basis I mean every night, unless I'm extremely stressed. I am always aware that it is a lucid dream, and so I can control it how I want, but I usually like to let it flow and be surprised myself by what happens. They are always very long and action-packed, exciting, and fun, but I especially love the places that I can visit in them, sometimes in a few dreams that are spaced up to years apart.



I am an art student. I make stop-motion animations that definitely go hand-in-hand with the worlds and characters I encounter in my sleep. Lucid dreaming is not a new thing for me, though, since I have been doing it consistently since I was around five years old. I forced myself to control my dreams since I got nightmares every night, and since then it has been an adventure to whimsical lands and exciting people every time.

As for the artwork, it's hard to say what is influenced by my lucid dreams...It's probably easier to say what isn't influenced by my lucid dreams. I have recently become aware that the way I view life is radically different from others, because my daily life goes hand in hand with a form of day-dreaming that is comparable to my lucid dreams at night. The artwork that I make is usually formed from my subconscious, since I feel as though the worlds already exist, and that all that is needed is for me to complete them in real life.



That is why I chose to do stop-motion animations, since I can create worlds and stories that only I, previously, was able to see. It is also why I hope in the future to become a designer of video games, so I can create detailed dreamscapes where other people can feel free to make their own adventures. Incidentally, I heard that playing video games has an encouraging effect for lucid dreams, which may be another reason why they are so frequent for me, although I only started to play games in high school. In any case, the artwork that I do is not very easy to publish in a magazine, but here is a link for one of my animations that I have finished.

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=0TTXbEDocVQ>



My animations all deal with elements of time in distorted realities that put one in mind of a dream. I blurred some of the scenes in this animation for that very reason, since the mind's eye in dreams is not always focused for me. I made this animation while I spent the semester abroad in Rome, which is why it is in Italian. The title means "wings of stone," and it deals with the deadened sense of an old city combined with the fickleness of time in the mind.



The next animation that I have been doing is also directly influenced by my dreams, and in this one a particular dream. The story is not the same as in my dream, but the environment is taken from it. It was originally a dream whereupon I was an outcast from society for being too powerful magically, and having rebellious ideas (yes, I have a high opinion of myself in dreams). I went around the corrupt world in that dream finding misfits and asking if they wanted to join my band of followers and friends. All of them agreed. The part where this atmosphere comes in is when in the dream I

come across an abandoned circus, which has disbanded and moved away due to my small army's wanderings in the area. There are circus tents in ruins, and broken cages, and one young man sitting in the middle of the wreckage. He has white hair, and no feet. I walk up to him and ask him why he has no feet, and he says he was born like that, and that he had worked as a freak in the circus. The circus had finally abandoned him in order to hurry away, thinking that he would slow them down. This young man wasn't afraid of our party of misfits, and in fact he looked somewhat interested. I asked him if he wanted to join, but he declined, thinking that he wouldn't be of much use to anybody now that nobody could laugh at him in the circus.

My dream self smiled and drew on the dream-power that I have to control my dreams, which is often manifested as magical abilities in my dream self. I twisted the reality, and all of a sudden there was a flash of light, and the young man was standing on two ghostly white and perfect bare feet. He was astonished, but very happy, and I was even happier that he hadn't run away. I invited him again to join my band, and this time he agreed enthusiastically, not out of any idea of debt, but in eagerness to participate in a life he had been missing.

He had no name, so my friends and I dubbed him Formerly Footless. He became the most cheerful in my group of followers, and was my most faithful friend until I woke. Even now I still have a very clear impression of him since he is one of my favourite dream-people I have ever met, although I have met quite a few worthy ones.

The story in my animation, "Where the Crossroads Go" has the set based on the scene in which I found the man, but after that, the story differs. It has no main character, instead two characters who seem to be lost in a world where borders meet and overlap. They are from different worlds, but can still meet while waiting to be sent back to their respective worlds. It is meant to be a little sad, but also uplifting in an inevitable way. I was inspired to write this story after one of my friends passed away in January, and I met with him in a dream. I made this in his memory, hoping that someday I will get to meet him again. You can see "Where the Crossroads Go" at:

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=3DLKnFuQXSI>

"Receiving the Sacrament of God"

Jennifer Turnbull

www.inspiringcreation.com

In my dream I was talking with a friend and then I asked her if I was dreaming. I realized that I was and decided to move into different realms, or dimensions of reality. My body hovered in outer space and I moved upwards through a floor that covered the entire universe. Above it was a human-like male figure who I sensed was like us, but knew more information than humans do. Without interacting with him I moved back through the floor and down through other floors to view other worlds. The dream doesn't end here, but this is all I can remember of it.

I decided to write about this dream because it reminds me of one of my recent paintings

"Receiving the Sacrament of God."



Ten Things I Like about *Inception*

by Robert Waggoner © 2010

Recently, ABC News asked me to comment on Christopher Nolan's new movie *Inception*, since it involves lucid dreamers who "extract" information from other dreamers. Because it's impossible to do the movie justice in a fifteen-second sound bite, here's my list of ten things I like about *Inception*.

- 1) "Dreams, they feel real while we're in them," *Inception*'s main character, Cobb, says. It's a simple point, but an important one. As *Inception* newest student, Ariadne, learns, the assumed reality of our experience, waking or dreaming, seems to us compellingly real. It's only when the street disintegrates that we question reality. Just a few nights ago a dream figure asked me, "How do you know you're not sleeping right now?" I blew him off for asking such a sophomoric question—and woke up in my bed.
- 2) *Inception* illustrates the way in which expectations operate in the dream state. Cut your finger in a lucid dream and you'll feel pain—unless you *actively expect* otherwise. Even in lucid dreams we carry with us the idea of physical senses. Yet there is an escape clause: the mind's expectation about what it experiences. To feel pain in a lucid dream, you must mentally *believe* in it. No belief, no pain.
- 3) The brilliant creativity accessible to lucid dreamers shines through *Inception* like the sun—and is equally taken for granted. Many lucid-dreaming painters, novelists, song writers, programmers, and engineers access their Muse while consciously aware in the dream state, and marvel at its beauty and creativity. When you lucidly knock on the door of your subconscious, Creativity opens it.
- 4) *Inception* offers a cautionary tale. Lucid-dreamer Cobb fails to resolve major personal issues and they prove to be his undoing. Dream-architect Ariadne repeatedly begs Cobb to deal constructively with his guilt and grief; instead, he both avoids and befriends his guilt and grief, and it accompanies him in each layer of the mind. Cobb fails to learn the fundamental psychological lesson of lucid dreaming: *No matter where you go, there you are*.
- 6) *Inception* shows us how the subconscious becomes distorted in the hands of a psychologically wounded lucid dreamer who accumulates increasingly complex karmic wounds. Whatever else you may think, lucid dreaming remains, fundamentally, a spiritual journey. Until you clear away the emotional and psychic debris and misperceptions, they distort your view, your understanding, and the lucid landscape. Only then do you see that lucid dreaming follows a spiritual path of extraordinary beauty, complexity, and depth.
- 7) *Inception* illustrates what most experienced lucid dreamers know: layers of lucid awareness exist. While *Inception* relies on the "dream within a dream within a dream..." metaphor, some lucid dreamers have moved to other levels of consciousness. How? Well, they didn't use *Inception*'s fantasy device, PASIV; rather, they did it the old fashioned way: they used the power of the mind. Next time you're lucid dreaming, shout out, "I want to go to the next level!" and see what happens.
- 8) *Inception* hints at, but never asks, "How would society respond if technology offered a drug and device that would place you with others in a stable lucid dream?" What would you give for a few hours in a shared *Holodeck*, lucidly aware with friends? I can only speculate, but a chemical compound that creates stable lucid dreams may be discovered in our lifetime. Science fiction seems headed toward science fact.
- 9) *Inception* presents us with something lucid dreamers grind their metaphysical teeth on: another type of reality. Sure, physical reality has physical pleasures: peaches, watermelons, Lady Gaga. But physical reality also has death, taxes, and lute-fisk. Lucid dreaming offers so much more in a mental reality; except we often think of it as unreal. Or is it? If you wander outside of Plato's physical cave and stumble into Plato's lucid dream cave, what then? Where does reality exist?
- 10) I like *Inception* for bringing up these reality-checking ideas, these "How do I know that I know" questions that push thousands of lucid dreamers like myself to go deeper and deeper, to play lucid dreaming reality off of so-called physical reality, and to experience, behind it all, the unseen Architect, the "awareness behind the dream" that I discuss in my book.

So these are the ten reasons I like *Inception*. Hey, wait a minute. There are only nine reasons here. My software arbitrarily removed #5—no kidding. I guess that's the final reason I like *Inception*: the minor details and anomalies our awareness floats over and fills in reminds us of the mentally "created" aspect of our reality. Who knows, maybe we're dreaming, right now, but our assumptions blind us to the anomalies that would set us free.

In Your Dreams!



Dreamer
© Breeze Momar

Debbie Hanks, August 20, 2010 Looking for God

I was at my home and my husband had just had an affair with a woman who had lied to him and convinced him that I had cheated on him. I finally convinced my husband that I was telling the truth and then the other woman pulled out a gun and tried to shoot me. I ran down the hallway of our home in a *Matrix*-like scene dodging bullets and watching them fly by when I realized that I was dreaming. So I turned around and destroyed her, then went to speak to my husband but realized that our relationship was over.

I suddenly found myself in a different house where it was very dark and a sense of fear filled me. I started to leave but the floor boards of the house sucked the tie string on my pants to the floor and held on to me. I realized I was dreaming again and confidently snapped my fingers to disappear the house and take myself to the happiest place I could imagine - Rainbow Land - and I created myself to be a beautiful cupcake with long arms and legs in order to do one of my favorite things in a (lucid dream) LD - gymnastics.

I was in a rolling hill landscape that looked much like a cartoon, doing cartwheels and flips when I realized I can do many other things. I became my human self and started to fly and then I remembered that in my last LD I had I flew instead of looking for God and that dream had ended before I got a chance to find him. So determined not to make that mistake again I started flying to where I thought God was.

I flew straight upward into the heavens but instead of finding God I noticed that all the sky and the clouds were

losing their color and turning greyish and cold so I decided that God was not up there and went back down closer to earth. I said to myself that I instinctively knew where God was and suddenly I was at a large building that seemed like a meeting hall/resort. I went in and there were lots of people but I saw no children or animals.

I asked a man where God was and he told me 'downstairs.' I descended two flights of stairs and entered into a great meeting room that was shaped like a half circle with an altar at the center and seating all around in tiers, like cathedral seating. The seats were full of people who wished to speak to people at the altar. Some of the people had things in their arms as to give an example of what they were bringing before the men at the altar. Some people were there to observe and listen and others were raising their hands and waiting to be called on by the main guy at the altar.

There were three men at the altar and the one in the center was calling on the people who had their hands raised. I sat next to a young man in his early 30's and asked him if the man in the center of the altar was God and he said, "No those are his Wise Council. We come here to bring issues and requests and they consider them and give us a decision and their decision is the final answer." I told him that I was a human on earth and that I was lying in my bed that very moment sleeping while I was here with him. He said, "Wow not many earth people can do that, most all of us here have never been to earth before." He told me that his job was to Create and Oversee Banks and Banking Systems on earth. We spoke more but I don't remember what about and I don't remember his name. I believe we spoke about going somewhere and doing something fun.

There were a few Golden Beings throughout the room passing out small pieces of paper and other Golden Beings collecting them back in a bowl. When one approached me she said, "Would you like to offer up a song of praise to our Lord?" I said yes and took a piece of paper as did the guy sitting next to me. I noticed others who took the paper would instantly in that moment start singing a beautiful song. So I looked at my paper to sing the song that was on it and instead of music I saw a torn piece of paper with part of a crossword puzzle on it so I decided to make up my own song and I sang it up in praise and then put the paper in the bowl of the Golden Being. The bowl had oil in it and when people put their paper in it, it would soak up the oil. Then I decided to raise my hand and ask a question but the session had come to an end and the Wise Council of three men left.

Shortly after, a new Wise Council of Three Men came in and as they passed by us I turned my head to follow them and my head in my physical body on earth turned also and everything became dark and I could feel my body laying in bed and I reluctantly opened my eyes - grateful for the experience but sad for having it be over.

Robert Waggoner, August 6-7, 2010 **The Man with the Crystal in His Head**

I walk back through a city, and look to my left, expecting to see something. But it now looks different. This makes me wonder why, then I realize I must be dreaming!

Lucid, I look around me and see the brick buildings. Forty feet in front of me, there stands a building with an odd circular sign on it. I focus on it and float to the front door easily. I then decide that I will go inside and ask for the most interesting place to visit. I go inside.

About three men on my left seem totally engrossed in some information on a table. I go up and ask, "Where am I?" They say, "Drage" (my spelling). This makes me wonder if the word related to dragon, and so I ask some more about Drage. They hand me some brochures. I begin to read them, and gather that at Drage, there are two distinct types of individuals. One group seems like ordinary human beings, while the other group has extraordinary spiritual and psychic abilities. The brochures contain various photos and images.

Suddenly a man of the "second type" comes through the door. He wears a robe and exudes a robust energy. From the crown of his head, comes a blue-ish crystal about a foot long (like a quartz crystal) which has a ninety degree angle, midway. It sparkles. I feel a bit stunned and stare at this amazing crystal formation coming from the matrix of his head.

I ask if these people are from another dimension, or am I from another dimension? They say that yes, I come from another dimension. I ask, "How do you know?" They tell me that my image and age seem to fluctuate too much (so obviously I do not seem stable and from their dimension).

Eric Rogers, August 15, 2010 **I Ask My Entity For Healing**

I was reading Jane Roberts' *The Early Class Sessions Book 2* last night. There was a part where Seth says basi-

cally that your entity can heal you immediately, that it has the power to do so. I don't recall the dream events prior but suddenly found myself in the middle of the country somewhere. No signs of civilization. Just open country.

Standing there just looking about, I became lucid and remembering what I had read said out loud, "I ask my entity for healing." I was a little nervous about doing so as I felt like I was directly talking to someone rather out of my league. Many of my suggestions from the lucid state over the last couple of years seemed to result in nothing. Not this time. Whoosh! I was sucked into the air from behind and was travelling across country at a fairly high rate of speed and only about twenty feet off the ground. I was pretty relaxed though and fascinated to see where I would end up.

Soon I was over a large horse farm in the open countryside. There were many corrals though I don't recall seeing any people and maybe only a few horses. I slowed as I passed over the farm and got a really good look at it, at the fences, but then still in the air, I proceeded just past it to a very small canyon. There was a large rock overhang, maybe forty feet high or so and under it was a pool of

water about thirty feet across. It was absolutely black, not dirty, just black. I could not see into it at all. I was a little nervous about that but let it go.

Still being "carried" I was then gently slid right into it and under the surface I went. Lucid, I remembered that I could breathe under water and started doing so. I could see around pretty good under the surface but didn't see anything distinct and could not see the bottom. I felt great and after a few moments swam or floated to the top and climbed out. I woke shortly after.

(Wow, this was a wild experience. I felt really good. Safe. While reading the book passage I was thinking of healing in the physical sense, of a pulled muscle in my ankle, shoulder issues when I workout, etc, but I suspect this healing was also some type of emotional and "thought" healing as well.)

Sarah Bass, July, 2010 Dead Girl in My Jacuzzi

I was swimming in my pool and it was dark outside. But not exactly night - as I was unaware of time and I was unaware of the sky (it just didn't exist). The water felt



WILD Sea

Well, you know how much this dreamer loves the Sea in any of its moods. So it's no surprise that some of my favorite WILDs begin with imagining the sound of surf ~~~, vague imagery emerges, wave takes on form, then finally appears as real and wet, salty and sensational as the very Sea itself! Lucidity enhances my utter amazement at the vividness of such an illusion.

Keelin

nice and free-ing, but at the same time I had a lot of tension because I was afraid of the darkness. The pool's edges and bottom bled into a dark nothingness that I could not look at without breaking the integrity of my dream.

I was aware that others were swimming in the pool but could not see them, I also did not hear their voices but was engaged in some sort of mental conversation with them. Then suddenly I noticed that the dead girl from *The Ring* was in my jacuzzi. Thick straight hair covered her face and she arose out of the water without moving it, she stared at me, eyeless. I realized I was dreaming at this point, especially because my mind could not accept the possibility of death.

She remained there and my vision narrowed into the small space surrounding me and her. I felt drawn to her, and with lucid curiosity decided I wanted to feel the inside of her eye-sockets to see if the fear would break my dream completely and wake me up. I was very close to her face and steadily moved my hand towards her face using all of my mind to focus on remaining calm and rational (I created a feeling of domination and fearlessness to objectify the scary object into something helpless and under my control). She did not grab, bite or jump at me (as I feared) and instead remained still as I poked my finger through the black hair and into her

face. It was realistically squishy, but I was so close to her that all I could see was her covered face and I could not pull back because the space of my dream was extremely narrow.

With no escape from the tiny space of moving area, my dream then fizzled into nothingness and I ended up in the pool again. But again the space was narrow and nothing existed except the small area between the "Ring" girl and I. Remaining calm, I then again subjected the dream person to my will and used my finger to feel the inside of her mouth. Little teeth, somehow pearly white although I could not see them, (I only felt them) and they were smooth and rounded. With no space to leave and no desire to stay I woke myself up.

DD, July 2010 Lights in Their Eyes

I just read the article, "Following the Light" in which the author asks, "Where Do You See Light in Your Lucid Dreams?" [By Robert Waggoner: <http://www.dreaminglucid.com/articles/lightarticle55.pdf>]

In one of my lucid dreams I saw light in the eyes of other lucid dreamers in my dream. I had my husband with me but he did not have any light in his eyes because he was not lucid but I was in a cafe like place and it was crowded and there were many people around with lights in their eyes. And I knew in my dream that these people with lights in their eyes were other lucid dreamers.

Christopher Havard, July 21, 2010 The Book of Io

I'm in outer space on a large ship with a large crew. My partner, a man who looks a lot like Atrus from *Myst*, and I are infiltrating an enemy ship for some unknown reason. He leads me through. On the enemy ship is a landscape that looks like the surface of Io recreated in cool copper and red stone. The landscape swirls into a stand where a book is laying protected by a glass bubble. The book is made from red metal, inside strips of gold colored metal make what seems to be an aerial view of waves in the ocean.

Atrus rushes us out of the enemy ship and into our own; for some reason I know I'm in

trouble. On our own ship some officials ask us what we've been doing. Of course I have no clue, I just follow Atrus; he tells them about a book he found and pulls out the red book. The officials ask me what is in it.

"There are some waves," I say. They give me a long look, and then start leafing through the tome. I tell Atrus to run while he can, and he runs to a cramped elevator. Soon after I start running up a nearby flight of stairs; after the first flight I see Atrus is trapped between levels. I don't stop to help him, I just keep running. As I near the top level I jump through the open door and get a quick glance of my feet. I'm wearing some awesome space shoes with a blue section facing the outside, a fine chain mail over the toes, and slightly larger mail over the rest. They work well with the great shiny pants I'm wearing.

The top floor of the space ship is storage space. It looks like a small industrial freezer. To my right is a door on the other side of the room. As I make for it I see a man in the back of the room sitting at a table trying to say something to me, but I don't pay attention. He looks like Drebbin from *Metal Gear Solid 4*. I go into the other room where there is even less space, all of it crammed with brown boxes. Immediately to my right is a dark elevator with three small figures dangling from the ceiling handles. They wear necklaces, each with a miniature abstracted woman wearing a dress. I take them down and Drebbin rushes in. Somehow I figure out that Drebbin is a serial killer, and two of these women have been killed already. I just saved one of them.

That doesn't matter at all to me. I am going to kill myself by opening the airlock and flying out. I put on a brown box and open the air lock. I feel myself expanding and realize that I'm not breathing. It takes too long and I remember someone's signature, "Do you think that's air you're breathing?" (thanks, KauaiDreamer). I take a deep breath and realize I'm lucid. Then the dream starts to fall apart. I see my bedroom and the stars at once and fight to stay in the dream. I rub my hands and ask my spirit guide to keep me in the dream. Soon enough I am pushed into the starry side and land back on the ship; no one is chasing me. Now I can get down to business.

The first thing I want to do is find my symbol. I decided yesterday to look in a book because I have a strong connection with books (thus Atrus as DC). I look for one that will have my symbol. The storage room has changed somewhat now, there is a confusing bookshelf beside the exit, and behind me is a desk with lots of technology and note books on it. That looks a bit like a

room in my house. I pick up one notebook and can't make out what's on the page, so I move on to the next task.

I say "Dream, take me back to see my former self in another dream." I know the dream I want to visit. I close my eyes and don't feel the space ship anymore. I keep rubbing my hands to stay lucid (I've lost lucidity far too many times this way). I open my eyes and see the black, iron gate and sunlight on the closed mall. This is a dream I had as a child where I was trapped on the back stairs of a mall. I never went down the foreboding stairs because Beetlejuice was there. He always scared me in my dreams for as long as I can remember, but ever since I've been dreaming lucid, my goal is to finally meet him. Unfortunately whenever I spot him the dream shuts down.

My younger self is huddled on the cold blue steps wearing a blue fleece jacket I always used to wear. I get his attention and say, "There ain't nothing to be afraid of." I reach out my hand and he climbs into my arms. I say, "Come on, there's a friend I need to meet downstairs." I think I'm floating down the stairs. I turn to my younger self and say "I'm 20 now; soon we'll meet an even older version of us."

On the very bottom floor there are so many strange monsters it looks like a church pie social. Lydia takes us around the back of the crowd to see Beetlejuice. As we manoeuvre past sharp edged beasts I see myself on a grainy video display. The voice of a woman is filled with venom, complaining about how she can't hit me. Back in my body, we reach a long line of tables with white cloth draped over them. Behind one is Beetlejuice wearing a white shirt with what looks like a plastic butcher's apron. He looks a tad like my dad who I haven't seen in many years. It doesn't cross my mind. I talk to him about having this dream before and now being 20. My younger self isn't paying attention; I think about telling him he is dreaming, but I think that would shake him awake. I say to Beetlejuice, "Every time I try to talk to you the dream shuts off..." at that instant he snaps his fingers without breaking eye contact. I start touching the table to stay in the dream while I finish my sentence. He says, "I'm just playing." We laugh.

I clap his shoulder and say bye. I look at my younger self and say, "To the future." I turn to my left and see the hordes of monsters; I wonder whether I should use a magic carpet to the future, or the 2001 Star Gate. Then I wake up, as if my eyes were already open.

Colin Mulholland, August 2010

The Video Trick

I have had a scattered history of lucid dreams throughout my life, but have never experienced something quite like what happened to me the other night. I was having a series of lucid dreams - one after the other - and would occasionally wake up and then fall back into another lucid dream.

During my second or third episode of the night, I was in control of a dream and unfortunately experienced the type of logical disconnect from my surroundings that usually results in me becoming fully awake back in reality. However, this time something unusual happened. Instead of rising back to reality, I woke up into another lucid dream. I instantly knew that I was still dreaming, but also became instantly aware of how I had entered this "sub-dream." I had watched a video on YouTube earlier in the lucid dream and become immersed in that environment! I began dreaming inside of the video I was imagining, but deep down retained the understanding that this sub-dream was only temporary (quite like a video).

Similar to the movie *Inception*, where they would manifest a new dream-suitcase to go a level deeper, I had manifested a video which allowed me to easily step into a new area. The video acted as an "excuse" for my mind to visualize a new place, and made the jump seamless. Usually when you are in a lucid dream, the tendency is to concentrate on your own movements rather than construct entirely new areas - and that is why this "YouTube trick" is so effective. All you need to do is imagine watching a video and that video can become your new reality.

Once I realized how I had accomplished this sub-dream, I tried it again. I wound up in front of a computer, looked at another video and became immersed in that new vision again. I didn't have the presence of mind to manifest the exact type of video that I would have liked to enter, but that will be something to explore in the future.

This lucid episode is clearly inspired by my love for *Inception*, but it doesn't negate the fact that sub-dreaming is actually possible quite like in the movie. As for a third dream level, that might be a bit difficult to accomplish.

So there you have it: The Video Trick. It forces you to visualize a new environment and once you've done that, you are already there.

Robert Waggoner, August 15, 2010

Lucid Dream Within a Dream

While on vacation, I had an *Inception*-like lucid dream within another dream from which I then woke up (three layers, if you count waking as another state of awareness). Because of moving through layers, it felt hard to recall the lucid dream in detail.

Lucid, I see two balls floating in the air at about my eye level. I look at them closely, and wonder if they are balls of light, or actually composed of something else. I wonder if they 'model' some idea or concept or energy. I begin to think of moving them through mental commands. Then I wake.

Awake, I seek out a woman professor, who I want to discuss this lucid dream with. I find her, and share this lucid dream of the two floating balls. I notice the wall behind her contains many books. My lucid dream seems to answer some question that we both have about the nature of space. Then I begin to wonder, "Does she know how to contact me?" - as I seem to semi-lucidly understand that the conversation occurs in the mental realm of dreaming.

I believe the scene disappears, but I manage to return to a rough approximation of the scene. I decide to search for a book that may explain "space" since it seems a mentally created concept. I feel the need to understand the mental dimensions of space.

Larther, Spring, 2010

The Twin Positions Technique

The following dream is actually taken from my dream journal from several months ago. At the time I was using my lucidity to experiment with some of the concepts from Carlos Castaneda's books. This particular experience deals with the "Twin Positions" technique which Castaneda relates in his book, *The Fire From Within*. The technique is basically to remember the position your physical body is in when you fall asleep, and then, once lucid in the dream state, you get into the same position with your dream body, and go to sleep/dream again. The second dream you experience, or the "Dream within a dream," should be much more stable; your consciousness should be well ensconced in it. The Twin Positions is basically a stabilizing technique. Here is the experience I had:

A few days ago, I became lucid in a dream, and tried the "Twin Positions" technique for the first time.

When I became lucid, I found myself in a building. I got the feeling it was some kind of dormitory or something. I walked in to a room with lots of empty beds, and I tried to remember what I wanted to do once I was lucid. I did not remember that I wanted to "see energy," but the beds made me remember the "Twin Positions" technique that Castaneda got from the "The Tenant." I immediately decided to try this. I walked over to a bed in front of me, and got into



the same position I had fallen asleep in. After moment, a voice began speaking in my mind. It was speaking English, and I heard what it was saying, but it seemed peripheral, so I did not really try to understand what it was saying. In the next instant, my entire dream body felt the sensation that one gets when the astral body "slams" instantly back into the physical body due to a powerful repercussion. The only difference was that I did not end up back in my physical body. I was still dreaming, lying in bed! Only now, there was a small group of people around me that seemed to know what was going on. I sat up and asked one of them (an Asian woman) if I had done it [meaning successfully used the technique]. They indicated that I had. The woman and her companions were giving me their very careful attention. In the next moment, they helped me out of the bed I was in then put me in another bed next to it that had a bright red covering, and it seemed they wanted me to lay down again. I did, and in the next few moments the dream ended, and I "woke up" in my own physical bed.

This was a very interesting first experience with the "Twin Positions" technique. I believe the sensation of repercussion (which was not painful at all) was related to my consciousness locking into the dreaming position. I experienced a similar sensation (though less powerful) once when I was experimenting with another Castaneda technique that involved using your hands as a "point of departure," and exploring the dream aspects. Both of these techniques are meant to stabilize the dreaming position, or as Carlos Castaneda would say "fix the assemblage point on a particular dreaming position."

I think the voice that I was hearing may have been what Castaneda calls the "voice of seeing" or "the dreaming emissary."

For some reason, I think the people in the second dream wanted me to wake up, or return to normal dreaming. I believe that if I had gotten out of the bed and walked around in that dream, I would have had full cohesion -- my assemblage point would have remained fixed with very little conscious effort on my part.

I would be interested in hearing about any experiences other people have had with the "Twin Positions" technique. Please email me at: anthony_griffin@live.com

Jenny, August 2010 **Waking Up in the Dream**

It was really short, my first lucid dream. At the present time, I was sleeping in bed at my boyfriend's parent's beach cabin. We had just gotten there that night, so the only part of the trip we had experienced was the drive, and getting food from the grocery store.

In my dreams I always watch from third person, so I was watching myself telling my mom about our trip to the beach, but then I realized that I hadn't finished the trip yet and I should still be in bed at the cabin. When I finished realizing that I was dreaming, everything switched to first person. I looked around and everything became hyper real but I knew I was dreaming so I knew

nothing could hurt. Very excitedly, I told my mom that I was having a lucid dream.

With a big smile, she said, "That is so neat!" Then as if I had informed her that it was a dream, so she could do whatever she wanted, she started floating. This reminded me that I could do whatever I wanted too. So I tried to float. I got up a few inches but started tipping forward so that the floor was very close to my face. It was like I was a seesaw - I could stop myself from fully tipping over, but I couldn't upright myself. I tried three times, then I woke up.

Don Middendorf, July 6, 2009 "No Bubbles" ... or ... TRY it!

I've noticed that every time I start a new dream notebook (about 4 times per year), I have several "cool" dreams – often lucid dreams.

The following two dreams [2nd dream on pg. 40] occurred within the first day of starting a new dream notebook. Has anyone else noticed this "new notebook" kickstart for lucid dreams?

I'm at class and my chemist colleague is teaching. My students turn in their lab notebooks. I see one student who may be ill and can't stay awake. I talk with a physicist colleague who has a sheet stating that people turn over in bed each night between 15 and 40 times. I point to the 40 and say, "That's me." I say, "That's why I'm thin," and he argues with my logic and about where the energy comes from (a friendly discussion).

After many missed lucidity cues, I finally become lucid – but gradually ...

I decide to hurry back to my class because the break is over and I decide that flying is the fastest way. I'm barely lucid. I try to fly through the glass wall and it forms a bubble and bends around me. I know this often happens and I mutter "no bubbles" – gaining lucidity. I pass through. Now I become quite lucid. I get to the building for my class and I raise my hand to point the way to fly up to the third floor. I fly slowly at first – so slowly that two guys run up the stairs faster than I can fly. We repeat this two times. When we're all on the roof, I say to them "Go ahead and **TRY** it" – i.e. try flying just a few steps higher. I know I do this as a teacher. [When I awoke, I had to laugh that I thought I was trying to teach them to fly yet they could "get there" faster by simply running up the steps – i.e. doing what they already knew what to do.]

Ole, July 29, 2010

My First Lucid Dream, and How it Occurred

I'm 26 years old, and have always been good at remembering dreams. I can still remember many dreams from when I was a little child (flying dreams, walking-through-walls-dreams, nightmares etc.), some in very great detail. I know that at least two of these childhood dreams were (lucid dreams) LD, and that I incurred them by will ("tonight I want to dream ..." this and that). Back then, I didn't know that LD was a scientific phenomenon. Perhaps 15-20 years passed without me being able, or even trying, to incur LD.

Last weekend, I watched the movie *Inception* at the cinema. As many movies do, this movie left a great impression on me. Just for fun, I Googled the theme/plot of the movie, and discovered *The Lucid Dream Exchange*. I read some articles, and became more and more curious about LD, mostly because it seemed to be based on real scientific evidence.

Last night I had my first LD as an adult. Here's how it happened: I read some random LD-literature on my iPhone (perhaps for 5-10 mins), after going to bed. I became tired and closed my eyes, silently repeating to myself "I'm dreaming."

Suddenly I found myself in front of my bathroom mirror, wearing one of my white dress shirts (probably the one I ironed before going to bed). Everything seemed normal, even my mirror image. The mirror image was however somewhat distorted ("fuzzy"), as if I was really, really drunk. I suspected that maybe I was dreaming, so I remembered to look at my hands. They were very, very distorted. I understood that I was dreaming, and got a huge adrenaline rush. Still in my dream world, I cried out, "I'm dreaming, I'm dreaming!" and my girlfriend woke me up. She said that I was making loud sounds, as I usually do only when I have nightmares.

The dream lasted for about 15-30 seconds (dream time), but it was one of the most exciting dreams I've had!

**Wesley J. Nagel,
April 13, 2010
Peaceful Vista**

I am standing outside in the driveway of my house. After a few minutes, I remember to do a reality check, and I look at my hands. I see that a few of my fingers are abnormally large, and I become lucid.

I quickly reach for something, like a rock, that I can roll around in my hand (to try to help stabilize the lucid dream), but I can't find one. I look back up, and begin to think of something to try. I decide to try and see how vivid I can make the dream, so I look to the horizon (which is filled with a huge snowy mountain range miles from my neighbourhood) and concentrate on increasing the clarity.

It gets clearer and clearer, and the colours even begin to saturate. It is amazing and almost overwhelming; I can see for miles and miles in perfect detail. I can even look up and see the tip of a mountain far away with the detail as if it were only a few feet away. I then sit down on a nearby bench and peacefully admire the world that my mind is creating. The weather is perfect, and the wind creates beautiful music around my ears.

**David Allen Banks, August 17 2010
Gliding By Thought**

The first memory I have of the dream was of me and my wife sitting on some sort of glider flying over various environments. When I realized that there wasn't a pilot flying the craft, I realized it was being directed by my thoughts.

At that moment the dream became lucid and I began to direct the craft over beautiful landscapes and objects which shifted my dream into some sort of game where more and more objects would appear with each passing environment. At times these environments would be populated with beings that I can only describe as ducks, who were conversing and playing amongst themselves, pretty unphased by our presence.

After repeating this sequence over and over I decided it was time to go straight up. The craft rose fast above this



world until the sky became darker. I started to become fearful that I was entering space. I even told my wife that we should turn back before we escape gravity's pull. We headed back towards earth and the dream ended.

I have experienced ego death before on several occasions and there is always that "point of no return fear." I hope to eventually reach the point where I'm ready to just let go!

**Lucy Gillis, August 20, 2010
Three Lucids in a Murphy Bed**

[I'm on vacation with a friend. We're sharing a suite in Victoria, BC for a few days. I'm sleeping in a Murphy bed, she is sleeping in a bed perpendicular to mine. I have three lucid dreams, one after the other.]

Lying on my side in bed in the early morning, I feel what seems like a small animal (like a fox or small dog) jump up onto the foot of the bed and rush past me. I feel its little paws press the mattress downward as it runs past my head. I don't even flinch. I know it is "dream stuff," as the sensation and the "atmosphere" of the scene feels like a sleep paralysis situation. I'm too comfy and cozy, snuggled among the blankets, to bother trying to move. I know I'm dreaming, and I assume I'm in a sleep paralysis state, and that the "animal" is not "real" in the waking world. I fall back to non-dreaming sleep. Then:

I'm lying on my back, eyes closed. I realize that the bed is moving, back and forth, in a slow lazy manner. It is a nice feeling. Since this can't really be happening, I

know I'm dreaming. Feeling sleepy and relaxed, I assume the bed will eventually stop moving due to the laws of motion. I begin to think about momentum and friction, and of the equations for the conservation of energy. I enjoy the sensation of moving back and forth, when I notice that each forward motion takes longer than the last - the bed seems to go farther and farther into the room.

Then I note that the bed is not slowing, as expected, it is expanding its range. On the next forward movement, I crack my (dream) eyes open and see that the bed is all the way across the room and almost touching the furniture against the far wall. I'm startled to find myself (and the bed) so far across the room, so that when it moves back, I put my arm out to graze the wall and slow the motion. As the bed slows to a stop, I either fall back into non-lucid dreaming, or no dreaming at all. Then later:

I get up out of the Murphy bed. It is very dark - I can barely see anything in the room. I assume it's due to the heavy curtains pulled over the two large picture windows in the suite. I think it must be daylight by now. I go over to the window closest to my bed and hold open the curtains. I'm surprised to see a snow-covered forest scene outside. It reminds me of the Rocky Mountains, the scene very similar to that outside a resort I used to stay at in Colorado. But I am in Victoria, in summer. There is no snow here! And the scene outside should not be of mountains, but of a colourful flowering green park. This isn't right! I know I'm dreaming again!

I step back from the window. The curtains must fall back into place as the room gets very dark again. I decide to float in the darkness. I jump up, kicking my feet high into the air, well over my head, so that I am tipped backwards as I hang in the air. I drift slowly back down to the floor, my feet automatically tipping forward at the last minute so that I land on them gently. The slow easy descent confirms that I am dreaming, (as if I had any doubt). The feeling of 'kicking up my heels' (so to speak) and floating/drifting back down is so enjoyable that I do it several times more, just for the fun of it. I soon wake.

[An interesting note: My friend who was sleeping perpendicular to me also had dreamt of motion in the early hours of the morning - she felt herself rocking from side to side in her bed, around the same time that I had felt I was moving back and forth in mine. From our relative sleeping positions it would almost seem like waves had passed through the room and rocked us in our dreams - if such a thing was possible J]

Don Middendorf, July 6, 2009 Does That Lion-faced Dog Represent My Inner Self?

I'm worried that water from my land has gone onto my neighbors' properties. Without thinking about it, I float out over the land to inspect it and immediately become lucid. I know that I'm napping in waking reality [true]. I see a dog with a lion's face in the yard below me as I fly and I wonder if that could be a symbol for my inner self. I call to it. I try to remember what I wanted to ask my inner self about and half-remember that it was something about my purposes in this life and recall some of my question, but not all of it.

After a few minutes, I end up in the kitchen looking down into a pot of water and I realize that I'm waking up because I can see light and the vague outline of the other non-dream-reality objects in the kitchen. I think "Drat! I'm waking up!" I have a false awakening and seem to be sleeping over the kettle, but then I agree that it's time to wake up.

Excerpt from Nietzsche's The Birth of Tragedy:

"According to the ideas of Lucretius, the marvelous divine shapes first appeared to the mind of man in a dream. It was in a dream that the great artist saw the delightful anatomy of superhuman existence, and the Hellenic poet, questioned about the secrets of poetic creativity, would have recalled his dreams and given an explanation exactly similar to the one Hans Sachs provides in Die Meistersinger.

*My friend, that is precisely the poet's work --
To figure out his dreams, mark them down.
Believe me, the truest illusion of mankind
Is revealed to him in dreams:
All poetic art and poeticizing
Is nothing but interpreting true dreams.*

The beautiful appearance of the world of dreams, in whose creation each man is a complete artist, is the condition of all plastic art, indeed, as we shall see, an important half of poetry. We enjoy the form with an immediate understanding, all shapes speak to us, nothing is indifferent and unnecessary. "

Submitted by Daniel Oldis



The Lucid Dream Exchange www.dreaminglucid.com

Michael Frank

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

Robert's Book Website

<http://www.lucidadvice.com>

The First PhD. Thesis on Lucid Dreaming

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

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

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

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/>

Rebecca's Website www.World-of-Lucid-Dreaming.com

Lucid Dreaming Documentary

Wake Up! Exploring the Potential of Lucid Dreaming

<http://luciddreamingdocumentary.com>

Christoph Gassmann

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

<http://www.traumring.info/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

Al Moniz

<http://kidlucid.com>

The Adventures of Kid Lucid

The Lucid Dreamers Community – by pasQuale

<http://www.ld4all.com>

Fariba Bogzaran

www.bogzaran.com

Robert Moss

www.mossdreams.com

Electric Dreams

www.dreamgate.com

The Lucid Art Foundation www.lucidart.org

Roger "Pete" Peterson <http://realtalklibrary.com>

DreamTokens

www.dream-tokens.com

David L. Kahn

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

Lucidipedia

www.lucidipedia.com

Jayne Gackenbach

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

www.spiritwatch.ca

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>