



Number 44 • September 2007

LDE

The Lucid Dream Exchange

**The Early Days
Awaken Your Pals
Behind the Curtain
Dream Speak with Ian Koslow
Inner View: An Interview with a
Lucid Dream Character**

The Lucid Dream Exchange

Founder

Ruth Sacksteder

Co-Editors

Lucy Gillis & Robert Waggoner

Publisher

Lucy Gillis

Contributors

*Karl Boyken, John Galleher, Shirley Hadley,
David L. Kahn, Ian Koslow
Steve Parker, John Rose,
Chiel Varkevisser, Apurva Varma
Craig Sim Webb, Keelin, Madeleine, Tracey,
C.S., and
“A Lucid Dream Character”*

Cover Photography

“Pink”

© Renata Galic-Duvnjak 2007

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

Submissions are printed at the discretion of the LDE editors.

Subscriptions

The print copy of LDE is \$5.00 per issue to cover printing and postage costs. Contact Robert at Dreambob@aol.com if you wish to purchase print copies. To receive LDE for free (via e-mail) send a blank email to:

TheLucidDreamExchange-subscribe@yahoogroups.com

Next Deadline

Submission deadline for LDE 45 is November 5 2007
Publication date is December 2007

Website

www.dreaminglucid.com

In This Issue



DreamSpeak

Robert Waggoner interviews Ian Koslow2

A Letter to LDE

Shirley Hadley shares her recent OBE and discusses her recurring dream character8

The Early Days

Lucy Gillis compares present dream knowledge to the early days of TV.....9

Awaken Your Pals

David L. Kahn asks, “Is it possible to use active imagination with dream characters as a lucid dream induction technique?” 12

Behind the Curtain: My Favorite Dream Figure

Robert Waggoner shares the story of his favorite dream figure...15

Inner View

Lucy Gillis dreams up an imaginary interview with a lucid dream character17

Potpourri

LDE readers share their lucid dreams20



Dream Speak

An Interview with a Lucid Dreamer

**By Robert Waggoner
Responses © Ian Koslow**

Lucid Dreamer, Ian Koslow, is a student of Journalism at the University of Florida (Go Gators!) with a deep interest in lucid dreaming and consciousness.

Robert: How did you become interested in lucid dreaming?

Well for me, the interest in lucid dreaming really sparked years before I had ever heard of the term. As a child, I had always been fascinated by dreaming. It was this fascination that made me realize the potential in the idea of being able to control a dream. I remember bringing it up to my friends all the time. "Imagine if you could realize when you were dreaming," I would say. I knew if it was attainable, the possibilities would be infinite. For me, the concept was simple, but fulfilling it was another story. I fantasized about creating some sort of machine that would be capable of "waking you up" in a dream, without actually waking you up. I pictured my invention as a sort of virtual reality limited only by the user's imagination; the ultimate experience. I remember thinking that if I could come up with this, I'd be rich.

So I think it was really this desire, coupled with one other thing that was responsible for any success I've had at achieving lucidity. The other thing, was the reality check. For as long as I can remember, any time I've ever been in an awkward situation, or something just didn't seem right, I'd pinch myself. To most people that have never had a lucid dream, this seems silly, but I realized that there was no way of telling the difference between a dream and reality, until I woke up. I knew that I couldn't actually be hurt in a dream, so by pinching myself until I couldn't bear the pain any longer, I could be sure that any dream-like situation was definitely reality. So it was for this reason, that in my freshman year of college, while I was fast asleep in my dorm room, my dream body was at a high school I had never seen before, I decided to pinch myself and it didn't hurt.

Robert: So tell me about this first lucid dream.

At this point in my life, I had heard of the term lucid dreaming, but only because I had seen the movie *Waking Life* in a high school English class. I'm also pretty sure that I had had several occasions where I realized I was dreaming, but I woke up very soon after. But in this particular instance, when I realized I was dreaming, I didn't wake up. Instead, I began to explore the high school, and you could imagine what I was thinking. I was ecstatic, but I didn't want to be too excited, in fear that I might wake up.

I remember as I was walking through the school, noticing all of the details, that I was thinking, "This is it. I've finally done it," and it was amazing. The level of consciousness is what was so incredible. I started talking to a girl, and I wanted her to follow me out of the school. She was worried about getting in trouble, so I had to explain to her that we

were in my dream, so this whole world we were in wasn't real and therefore there was no such thing as trouble.

This had always been one of the things I thought would be coolest about being aware in a dream, the idea of no consequences. She seemed to understand, so she came with me. It was at this point that I wondered whether this girl was a real person. Suddenly I had a great idea. I would ask her name and then look her up on Facebook when I woke up. She told me her name, and I knew it was a normal name, but every time it came out, it seemed like the letters would all come together and the name wouldn't make sense. After several more attempts, I figured that maybe this was a real girl, but under some type of lucid dreaming law, you couldn't share your name with other dreamers. It made sense to me, because I could imagine how freaked out this person might be if I found her the next day.

Robert: That's interesting. Did you notice any other strange things in your first lucid dreams?

I found that there was almost always one common characteristic; while I was lucid, there would always be someone or something that would try to scare me into thinking I wasn't dreaming and therefore I was going to get into trouble. I call these things "distracters." For example, while this girl and I were leaving the school, my very first distracter appeared. It was my mom, and she seemed very concerned that I was leaving school with a girl she had never seen before. I had to pinch myself several times to remind myself that it was still a dream, and then I took great satisfaction in telling her to leave me alone, because this was my dream.

Robert: So what was the next step for you?

After waking up from this dream I was amazed. I think, like most lucid dreamers point out, that the feeling of the dream being more realistic than reality is what got to me. The first thing I did was jump on my computer and research lucid dreaming. I wanted to train myself to become lucid as often as possible from that point on, and I was happy to see so many lucid dreaming web sites with people just as excited as me. I was also interested to see what other people did in their lucid dreams so I could get ideas for my own. I felt extremely satisfied to see that the reality check was a popular technique in the lucid dreaming world. All day I was looking forward to going to sleep that night and becoming lucid again, but I knew that if I woke up without attaining lucidity, I would be miserable. I was extremely nervous that it might be a one-time thing for me, but as I slipped into a deep sleep that night, talking to myself and using the techniques that I had previously read on the web sites, the reality check came.

I was at a house party with all of my friends. Two of my friends began fighting, which caused me to pinch myself. The feeling of knowing that I had achieved lucidity for the second night in a row was awesome. I followed as my friends brought the fight into the backyard. They tackled each other into the pool and they both started drowning. At this point, everyone at the party was outside watching the altercation. They all started to scream and worry about our friends drowning. I got a little bit nervous, but I realized this was a distracter. They were trying to scare me into thinking that my friends were actually going to die, so I gave myself a few extra-hard pinches to make absolutely sure I was dreaming.

In my opinion, one of the more fun things about becoming lucid is confronting your friends in the dream. I like to let them know that they are just guests in my dream, and they usually think I'm crazy, so it's fun to see their faces when I begin to fly, or do something that defies the laws of physics. Well, in this particular dream I had about 30 of my closest friends looking at me like I was insane and wondering why I wasn't worried about my friends drowning in the pool right next to me. Their faces were so convincing, that there was a moment where I thought to myself, "Maybe I've gone crazy and I'm about to be responsible for two of my best friends dying." But refusing to give into the distracter, I announced to the group, "To prove that this is all my dream, I am going to walk on the water." I nervously stepped up to the pool, took a step and balanced myself on the surface of the water. It was a great feeling, and from that moment on there was nothing that could convince me I wasn't dreaming.

Robert: Since this LDE has "dream characters" as a main topic, let me ask about any interesting interactions with dream characters. (I actually prefer the term 'dream figure', since dream characters insinuates that they have no basis except as fictional or imaginary characters). Any interesting conversations?

I love meeting dream figures and find it very intriguing to talk to them and ask them questions about whether or not they are real people. One of my favorite things to do while exploring a lucid world is find people and make conversation. A lot of times they tell me that they are also lucid dreaming. One guy told me his name was Sam Manson and he was from Westin, Florida. I did a Google search the next day but didn't find much.

I learned early on that dream figures could help you in your dreams. In one of my very first lucid dreams I was walking down a street and I remembered reading on a lucid dreaming web site (LD4all, thank you, PasQuale) that one dreamer enjoyed turning cars into Ferraris so he could know what it's like to drive a car he would probably never get a

chance to drive. I decided I'd like to drive a Ferrari, and suddenly there was a man walking toward me. He threw something in the air and a car key landed right in my hand. I asked him how he knew I was dreaming and he replied, "Because you looked famous." I asked him to take me to the car where the key would work and he lead me to a truck. I said, "Do you know the trick to turn cars into Ferraris?" He said he would teach me for a dollar, so I handed him a dollar and he touched the side of the truck as if there were invisible buttons. Suddenly, the truck turned into my very own Ferrari.

Robert: At some point, you began to experiment with lucid dreams. I recall one lucid dream in which you decided to see if you could discover secret information about a friend in the dorm. Tell us about that. What were you after?

I was after what I suppose most lucid dreamers are after; to discover whether dream figures are real and have lives for themselves, or if they are just products of our imagination. One night a friend and I got into this discussion so we decided to do an experiment. She told me that somewhere on her back was a freckle, and she wanted to see if I could find her in a lucid dream and locate the freckle. For some reason, by the way she was acting, I had a feeling that the freckle was somewhere on the side of her back.

A few nights later I became lucid, and the first thing that came to my mind was finding my friend and looking for the freckle. I left my dorm room and began walking toward hers, but as I got closer, it became harder for me to move. It was as if there was some type of force preventing me from moving any further. Then a different friend of mine who also lived on my floor came out of his room to yell and wake me up from the dream. It's interesting to point out that the person who yelled for me to wake up is someone who didn't believe in the concept of lucid dreaming and accused me of making it all up. I was upset about this failed attempt when I had come so close, but a few nights later I became lucid again in my dorm room. I got up to go find my friend, but this time I decided to just have her come through my door. She walked right in and approached me. I told her to turn around and lift up her shirt, and I must say I was pretty excited to see one freckle in the dead center of her back, right above her butt. Although I was happy to find the freckle, I was at the same time a little disappointed because I thought that this certainly wasn't the real spot of the freckle, which for some reason I felt was on her side.

The second I woke up, I ran all the way to her room with a smile on my face. I opened the door and told her that I found it. She knew what I was talking about, and she turned around as I pointed my finger to the dead center of her back, right above her butt. She lifted up the back of her shirt and

my finger was touching the freckle. Of course we were both in shock, but I can't even describe the feeling of amazement I had that it was the right spot. She sort of looked at me in disbelief and I ran out pondering my discovery.

Robert: How do you explain that to yourself? Do you feel that you visited her in the dream state? Or do you feel that you telepathically picked up the information, and then incorporated that into a dream? Or something else?

To be honest, I really don't know, although I have my own theory which I will get into momentarily. I asked her if she had any dreams the night before, but she had none that she could remember. There are certainly a number of possible explanations for what happened. It is quite possible that the event was a coincidence, but I do not think it was. I think a possible explanation, is that without realizing it, I had seen her back before, and although I had no recollection of a freckle being anywhere on her back, this information was stored somewhere on a subconscious level. If in fact this explanation is correct, it could mean a number of significant implications not just about lucid dreaming, but about our minds as well.

Personally, I think this ties into the whole Mind at Large theory, which is discussed in Aldous Huxley's *The Doors of Perception*, and briefly talked about in *The Electric Kool-Aid Acid Test*, my favorite book. The theory, which I have taken a strong interest in, suggests that the function of the brain, nervous system and sense organs is actually eliminative, rather than the common perception, that it is productive. At any given time in any given moment, each person is capable of remembering everything that has ever happened to him, and able to perceive anything that has ever happened anywhere in the entire universe. The purpose of the brain and nervous system is to shelter us from all of the irrelevant knowledge, and let us focus on only what is important for our survival. Basically, we are all potentially Mind at Large, but since we are animals, it is our business to stay alive, and to make survival possible, the true nature of the universe must be funneled through what is called a "reduction valve," which is the function of the brain and nervous system. The only data that makes it through this reduction valve is the information we need to survive. That is why we only use a small part of our brain. This tiny piece of consciousness that we are aware of is miniscule

compared to what we'd be capable of if we could use more of our brain, the result of our reducing valve being more open. Here's where it gets interesting, because some peoples' valves are more open.

Basically, it all comes down to awareness, and I think most lucid dreamers would agree, that there is a direct correlation

between awareness and lucid dreaming. Essentially, that's what lucid dreaming is. The theory says that there are means to opening the valve, and that is through spiritual exercises, hypnosis and mind altering substances to name a few. It is my belief that lucid dreaming is the result of an open valve. And that is why I was able to find her freckle. Because, like I said before, we are all capable of perceiving anything in the universe, we just need to find the capability to tap into it, and that is why I think lucid dreaming is so important. And there's one more thing I'd like to point out. In *The Electric Kool-Aid Acid Test*, Ken Kesey and his gang tap into this awareness through the use of drugs, mainly LSD, which is one of the ways Huxley said you can tap into it.

Now, I think that any oneironaut will tell you that lucid dreaming is the

ultimate high. Millions of people are taking these drugs to open their valve, but they don't know that they can achieve this naturally through their own mind. With drugs, you can certainly get to altered states of consciousness, but you cannot control it. In lucid dreaming, you enter a world where the only laws are governed by your own imagination. Like I said before, it is the ultimate high, the ultimate trip, the ultimate experience. That is why I believe it is so important for the mainstream to understand the art of lucid dreaming. I believe that if everybody could lucid dream, there would be no more reason to do drugs. I guess I didn't realize as a kid when I came up with a hypothetical machine to "wake you up" in a dream that I'd be coming up with a way to potentially end the use of drugs in the world.

Robert: I found it interesting that in the middle of this lucid dream, you felt surprised and perhaps a bit disconcerted, since the odd freckle appeared in the center of the lower back, and not on the side as you supposed. Often in lucid dreams, we get what we "expect". In this case, the answer was not what you expected. Did that worry you in the morning when you woke up?

So, my question is, assuming that it is true that when we die, our minds go into a dream state for the rest of eternity, what if we could become lucid? Sounds like heaven to me.

Ian Koslow

Of course I was worried. I was extremely excited just by the fact that I had another lucid dream, but being able to control it, and then finding in it what I was looking for made it even more satisfying, however, I didn't want to be wrong about the location of the freckle, which I certainly thought I was. I feared that being wrong would sort of shoot down all of our ideas and insights from the conversation which prompted the experiment. You know the feeling; you always want to believe in something that you feel very passionate about. The fact that I knew exactly where the freckle was doesn't necessarily prove anything, but if I had been wrong about the location of the freckle, it would have proven at least to me, that dream figures are just a figment of our own imagination... Clearly something I did not want to acknowledge, based on the fact that I believe lucid dreaming serves as something far more significant than just our imagination.

Robert: As you've gone deeper into lucid dreaming, what have you found?

As I explored further into lucid dreaming, I quickly began to see the significance of it and began to wonder about the potential of it. Since I noticed the whole awareness aspect of it, I began to look at people in history who I felt were more aware, and wondered whether they were lucid dreamers.

What I began to find matched up with my theory. I started to notice that things associated with dreaming were all around me. In books, in writing, in songs, in art, it was everywhere, and although I was looking at the same things as before, it didn't jump out at me until now. I wondered if perhaps, the great artists and writers and philosophers, who could see things and understand things that others could not were using their dreams as a way to tap into other levels of consciousness. What if, perhaps the great thinkers of our society could meet in their lucid dreams and share a sort of marketplace of ideas? You see paintings all the time where you wonder, "How could he or she possibly come up with this picture?" What if perhaps the artist saw this vision in a lucid dream, or the same for a writer or musician? (I noticed in a previous DreamSpeak interview that PasQuale gets inspirations for her paintings from her lucid dreams)

The possibilities are endless. And there is plenty of reason to believe that the great minds of human existence were lucid dreamers just by looking at their quotes and their work. This is what I mean when I said I started to notice dream related things all around me. Quotes like "Our truest life is when we are in dreams awake," by Henry David Thoreau suddenly made perfect sense to me! I believe that these thinkers and innovators knew perfectly well the significance of the dream world, and that is why they were

and still are able to come up with things that people could never comprehend in this reduced form of reality.

One day, while I was listening to a song which I have heard a million times, a line stood out that I had never really heard before. The song was "Strawberry Fields," written by John Lennon, possibly my favorite person of all time. I was driving in my car when suddenly I heard John sing, "but you know I know when it's a dream," and my heart stopped. Well by definition, knowing when it's a dream is a lucid dream. And suddenly it hit me. What if Strawberry Fields was a place that John went in his lucid dreams? At a closer glance of the lyrics, I got that numb feeling throughout my body when you think you're on to discovering something amazing. "Let me take you down cause I'm going to Strawberry Fields. Nothing is real, and nothing to get hung about." Sounds like the characteristics of a lucid dream to me.

Then another thought hit me. I remembered a lucid dream in which I was at a park and I met a girl who was using a sort of pile driver to dig up the ground. I asked her what she was doing, and she told me in a British accent that she was just doing her job. I noticed that she was collecting frozen strawberries from the fields, which was filled with loads of giant frozen strawberries below the ground. Her job was to send the strawberries back to England she told me. This memory hit me like lightning. What if I had been down to Strawberry Fields and not even realized it?

Robert: What else interests you about lucid dreaming and what do you hope to find?

With the knowledge that anything is possible in a lucid dream, I realized I could talk to loved ones who had passed away. This is something I am fascinated with, because just like with the other dream figures, I wonder whether they are real or not. In lucid dreams I have tried to find my grandpa after he died, but have only been successful a couple of times.

The more memorable time, I became lucid when my family was in a restaurant with my grandpa. I knew I was dreaming when I remembered that he was not alive so he could not be there in reality. I took him outside and was happy to see that he could walk perfectly fine, something he had not been able to do before his death. (I noticed in Keelin's interview that her experiences with her father in lucid dreams were similar.) I asked him if it hurt to die and he said no. I asked him what it was like and he said that "Every body was there." He told me that he didn't understand why my grandma didn't come with him when he died. He was disappointed because he was expecting her to follow him. It was a pretty moving dream as you could imagine. I would love to know whether I was actually talking to him, and that

is why I am so fascinated by talking to people in dreams, especially people who have passed away.

There is a rather interesting theory talked about in the movie *Waking Life*. If I remember correctly, it says that dream time and reality time are not proportionate. The example they use is by posing the question, "Have you ever woken up at 7 a.m., fallen back asleep and had a dream that seems like it lasted hours or even days, but when you wake back up it's only 7:02?" The idea is that when you die, the neurotransmitters in your brain are still active for a short period of time in which you are in an unconscious state similar to that of REM sleep, which is when most dreams occur. Although it may be a very short interval of time in reality, in dream time it could be an infinite amount of dreams.

So, they propose that when we die we go into this dream state for the rest of eternity. Perhaps the dead become dream figures for other people's dreams. I've met plenty of people that put off sleep and dream time with the justification that "sleep is just preparation for death." Well, if that's the case, I think I'd like to be well prepared. And if you can control your dreams, I don't know how much more prepared you can be. So, my question is, assuming that it is true that when we die, our minds go into a dream state for the rest of eternity, what if we could become lucid? Sounds like heaven to me.

Robert: When you talk to college friends and acquaintances about lucid dreams, do they seem familiar with the subject? Sometimes, I have a feeling that some people view 'lucid' dreams, as dreams which seem extra vivid – they don't seem to understand that it involves a shift in awareness. Any advice or parting words?

People don't seem to know anything about it. A lot of my friends think I am crazy, and others think that they've had lucid dreams when their dreams have been very vivid and memorable, but you're right, they don't understand it involves a shift in awareness. I'll be the first to admit that it's very difficult, perhaps impossible to understand what a lucid dream is unless you've had one. And if you have had one, you'd know.

I can only hope that people continue to research the mysteries behind lucid dreaming and are able to discover the relevance of it. Hopefully, when the potential of its power is realized and recognized by scientists all over the world, it will be taught in schools. I think the world would be a better place if everyone could lucid dream, and the thing about it is that everyone has the potential. Just knowing it exists increases your chances of doing it greatly. For now, the only thing I can do is share my experiences, ideas and impact it's had on me. You know it's funny, because I am very reluctant to bring it up when I meet new people in fear that they will think I'm crazy, but I always have a certain feeling of when I should introduce someone to lucid dreaming, and so far, the people that I have shared it with have told me firsthand that I have changed their life.

I want to thank you Robert, for giving me the opportunity to share some of my experiences, ideas and insights. You are doing your part by creating a place to exchange ideas on lucid dreaming and that is fantastic. It is an honor for me just to be on the same list as some of these names below me. I guess my parting advice for those that have read this is to open your valve, one way or another. Oh, and pinch yourself. Because it is quite possible that this entire interview was just a figment of your imagination.

"-._.,-."-._.,-.*"-._.,-.*"-._.,-

DREAM NETWORK

A Journal Exploring Dreams & Mythology "Evolving a Dream Cherishing Culture" Since 1982

H. Roberta Ossana, Publisher
1337 Powerhouse Lane
Suite 22/PO Box 102
Moab UT 84532

Web <http://DreamNetwork.net/>

Email mail to:
publisher@DreamNetwork.net

Advertise <http://DreamNetwork.net/AdRates.html>

Subscribe <http://DreamNetwork.net/subinfo.html>

Phone/FAX: 435/259-5936

"-._.,-."-._.,-.*"-._.,-.*"-._.,-

A Letter to LDE

Hello!

I just recently had an OOBE and would like to share. Also a few comments on the recurring dream characters. I have had that one lately also. I have had many OOB's from my waking reality, but this one I had from my dream body, which is the first for me. Here is the dream:

I am sitting reading a book when suddenly I feel myself shifting and the next thing I know I am out of my dream body. I feel myself as this incredible resonating, vibrating energy, consciousness. I realize I have no mouth so I can't speak, but I feel so aware as I am vibrating energy.

Then I hear this music begin, it is the flute and a whole symphony playing for me. So beautiful, it just fills up the space with such awesome emotions. I see my ex-husband in the room, but I know he doesn't see me and I try to talk to him, but can't speak. So I just give up and enjoy the music.

Then I feel myself coming back into my body and upon opening my eyes, the coolest thing happens. One single tear comes rolling out my eye and down my nose onto my lips. Wow! Don't think I have ever woken up with that experience before.

Now the recurring dream character. His name is George. I am not sure why I have chosen the name George...but immediately upon waking the other day...these were my thoughts. I have never given a name to my inner self. I know many people do that, like Seth, Elias, Abraham, Rose, etc. But I know that my IS is nameless, timeless. So I just call it my IS, but when George kept popping up in my dreams, I began to play with the name.

Ha! I thought isn't that fun to call my IS, George. I do wonder about some of the characters in our dreams. Some of them I know I create just to express some sort of lesson I am teaching myself and other's are actual parts of my soul.



I also truly believe that we all communicate with each other in our dreams. I am a member of the on-line Seth groups and recently I had these series of dreams about them and the Seth material. So I go on-line and there everybody is talking about their dreams lately. Ha! Then a lady tells a dream about some blue monkeys appearing in her dreams and they were throwing things at her. Well, just that day in my waking life I had been playing a video game I have where there were these blue monkeys and they were throwing bananas at me. Wow!

So I see that we are being shown the evidence of how connected we all are and also showing ourselves how F2 and F1 are definitely connected. At least that is my understanding of it. Those feelings of synchronicity to me are just that, the proof of connection to each other and dreams and our physical lives.

Isn't it all so lovely and special! Thanks for the opportunity to share!

Shirley Hadley, Summer 2007

Treesongs, © Shirley Hadley, 2007

The Early Days

© Lucy Gillis 2007

I can remember laughing when I first heard the story of an old man, in the early part of the twentieth century, who used to get dressed in his Sunday-best outfit to sit and watch television, convinced that the characters on the screen could see into his living room.

Sounds silly doesn't it? With today's technology so commonplace to most people, we don't even give a thought to the reality of the characters we see on TV. Sure, some programs are made using "real people", in real time, but the images themselves, the images that flash on the screen as we channel surf, are simply that - images. Unlike our sharp-dressed viewer of the first TV transmissions, we understand that the characters we see are not "real", but are projections of something else.

What about the images we see when we dream? Are dream characters any different? Much like TV images, they appear out of seeming nothingness, and when we change dream scenes, (change channels) or wake up (turn off the TV), they disappear in an instant.

When we wake up and are "not watching" the screens of our dreaming psyches anymore, do they continue to live on, independent of our attention to them?

With TV, questions about a character's reality are easy to answer. We know that some images are not real, (i.e. cartoons), some are made from real people, but the "real people" (actors) are not the characters they portray, though in some cases the real people, are in fact portraying themselves, (yet remember, no matter their origin, we are seeing only images of them).

We can certainly distinguish between a live TV news broadcast and a cartoon - we know the cartoon is not real in the sense that its characters don't have lives of their own once the TV program has ended.

With dream characters it is not always so easy to discern their individual "realities". The entities we encounter in our dreams can come from a variety of sources. But whether we can learn to distinguish which are "real", (in that they have a reality separate from our dreaming minds), which are projections from real sources, which are nothing more than dream manifestations that will dissolve when we wake, which are coming to us from a greater part of our own being, or whether some are something else entirely, is another matter.

With dream lucidity we have a bit of an edge, when it comes to questions like those above. We don't have to wait to wake up to examine the ("completed") dream, we can interact, with some degree of conscious awareness, with the dream and its characters while the dream is still in play.

Am I Dreaming? Are You?

© Lucy Gillis

How will the scientists and dreamers of the future interact with other "entities" via the dream state?

Thanks to Keith Hearne's and Stephen LaBerge's breakthrough experiments in the 70s, lucid dreamers (under certain conditions) are able to "prove" to the waking world when they are lucid dreaming. But how do you prove to the dream world that you are dreaming - that you are a visitor "there"? How do you prove to a dream character that although you are standing there before them, you have left your "real" body in another dimension? For that matter, who is the "real" dreamer?

For now, the debate continues....

April 24 1999

... I am on roller blades, skating through an upper level of a dim and cluttered warehouse-like building. In one area there are many people, and the atmosphere is like that of a smoky, noisy bar. I keep checking clocks and asking people for the correct time. I can't get straight answers. Vaguely I wonder if I could be dreaming, but I continue for a while in a more non-lucid attitude.

Then, skating through the cluttered rooms, I see so many odd things that I let it sink in that I am dreaming. I knew I was dreaming earlier, but I wouldn't let it sink in then. "We're dreaming!" I say. I want the others to realize it too.

A train is about to go through the building. The people have left, because it is going to be very noisy. They don't think I'll be able to bear it. I stubbornly stay and clap my hands over my ears. I continue to skate around while the train screams through on a level of the building just below me. It is very loud and does hurt my ears a bit, but I can take it!

I skate around triumphantly once the train has gone, and when I don't hear applause for my endeavour, I skate back into the bar room until I do. Near the bar I talk with a young woman. We don't like each other very much. We debate whether my dream is her reality or her dream is my reality. I ask her "Is my dream and your reality the same thing? I hope not! Does that imply that your dream and my reality are the same?"

I want to wake myself to write all this down. She wants me to write it there. I tell her it won't be there (in my waking reality) for me when I awaken. I know I need to wake to write this down, but I walk around looking for a pencil, lucidity obviously fading...

October 10 1994

. . . I am outside a workplace building in a parking lot. I try to find my parking space. I am going to push my bed into it. I see V near the parking spaces. Something doesn't feel right about this. Then the scene switches again and I am at the foot of some very wide stairs that lead up to a large old office in a government or academic building. I am there returning some big flat black square object.

I'm thinking of Sue Watkins' book *Dreaming Myself Dreaming a Town*. It is at this point that I realize I am dreaming. I watch people going into the building and I think about following them. But then I decide to turn around and go in the other direction instead. I see other people there. I sing that I'm dreaming in several different phrases.

I find a middle-aged couple. I want to take them flying with me. They seem eager. We are outside a structure of sorts that is near a cliff edge. I run back and forth along the edge of the cliff. For some reason, I feel that doing this will help them to get used to the idea of flying before we take off.

There is glistening dark blue water far below. I think about running off of the cliff and plunging head-long into the water. It would be such a rush! Instead, though, I run and fly out over the water, mildly surprised that I haven't fallen into the water due to my wish to dive in. I turn and hover over the water so the couple can see me. I tell them I am going to do a somersault.

As I do so I close my eyes. I then feel that I am waking. I pause in midair a little disappointed. I think they ask me what's wrong. I still feel that I may be waking. (I am in a grey space for a moment.) I want to stay in the dream or at least get back into it if I wake, so I imagine talking to the couple and almost instantly I am back on the cliff walking up to them.

I apologize to them, saying that I am waking up, and that soon I will disappear. We then discuss who is real; me or them. I tell them they are dream characters (therefore "not real"). Then I say something like, "But maybe I am not real, maybe I will disappear from here and you are real (in this reality). I hug them briefly and say something like, "Well you're breathing," as though that is some vague indication of being real.

We are all smiling and happy but each of us thinks the other is a non-real dream character.

Then I feel I am back in bed. I keep my eyes closed to see if I can get back into the dream. I do so very quickly, but it is not the same dream as before. I continue, lucid, in the new dream scene to have a different adventure. . . .

From that point of awareness we can ask many questions. But in doing so, we need to be aware of our own intents and expectations. If we make the blanket assumption that all dream characters are nothing more than mental imagery created by our own minds, and then make a request like "prove to me that you are real", our results will be dubious, since we are likely to get what we expect/believe.

If we try to maintain, with honesty, an open mind, when asking our questions, we may get more reliable results. We must be aware of the power of our own intent, the power of suggestion, the power of expectation, and allow ourselves to be as open as possible for surprises.

In an earlier issue of LDE, I talked about "willing dream hallucinations away" as one method of cutting through your own mental projections to see what (or who) remains. But if you want to try this technique, remember to be strong in your intent. If you doubt the validity of willing away your hallucinations you will sabotage your own experiments. If your attempt to banish dream characters is half-hearted your results will be questionable.

Another idea for an experiment is to try to meet one (or more) of your own probable selves. According to several theories of quantum physics, there are an infinite amount of universes, and therefore an infinite number of "yous" living on an infinite number of earths. If *consciousness* is what connects us all (again, another aspect of quantum physics) then it seems reasonable that lucid consciousness in the dream state may be a good place to experiment with contacting other selves.

Afterall, if you have the idea and the strong desire to do it, chances are great that at least one other you, in her own universe, has the same desire. Before sleeping, intend to meet her, be open to meeting her, and again, be sure about your beliefs and expectations in this endeavour.

These are just a few suggestions, only scratching the surface of personal experimentation with lucid consciousness in the dream state. Certainly, as dream, quantum physics, and consciousness research evolves, we will broaden our ideas of individuality and selfhood, and begin to realize, that on a deeper level, we really are much more than we have ever imagined.

Like the first TV watchers in the early part of the 20th century, when video technology was just starting to take off, mankind is in the early stages of learning what consciousness is, as the exploration of quantum physics and consciousness research is just starting to take off.

So I have to wonder, will dream or consciousness scientists of the distant future laugh as they read our dream books and journals? Will they giggle when they see how we currently perceive our dream characters, when for them it will be so easy to distinguish between "what is real, and what is projected"? Will they sit us beside that well-dressed old man in the early days of TV?

THE LUCIDITY INSTITUTE
PRESENTS

DREAMING & AWAKENING

Lucid Dreaming, Consciousness, and Dream Yoga

9-1/2 DAYS OF AWARENESS ENHANCEMENT
WITH **STEPHEN LABERGE**

OCTOBER 1-10, 2007 ♦ KALANI OCEANSIDE RETREAT ♦ HAWAII

LUCID DREAMING means *knowing that you are dreaming while you are dreaming*.

What are lucid dreams good for?

If you consider that **once you know you are dreaming**, you are restricted only by your imagination, and not by laws of physics or society, then the answer is either extremely simple (anything!) or extraordinarily complex (everything!), including:

Adventure and Fantasy
Overcoming Nightmares
Rehearsal for Living
Creativity and Problem Solving
Healing and Self-Integration
Transcendence and the Development of Compassion

Using the most effective techniques and technology, derived from Tibetan dream yoga and Western science, instruction will be given on methods for developing the mental skills that foster lucid dreaming and directing consciousness within the dream state towards fulfillment of personal goals. Optional participation in ongoing research on a natural substance that has been shown to stimulate lucidity and mindfulness will also be offered.

STEPHEN LABERGE, Ph.D. world-renowned expert on lucid dreaming, has pioneered the scientific study of the topic. His ground-breaking research at Stanford University proved the reality of lucid dreaming to the scientific world, and his workshops, lectures, and best-selling books *Lucid Dreaming* and *Exploring the World of Lucid Dreaming* have introduced many to the experience.



Fee includes program, room and board

Alumni rate: \$2000

Early registration (by June 30): \$2200

Standard registration: \$2400

Inquire about group discounts and scholarship opportunities

Further Information:

www.lucidity.com

email: daa@lucidity.com

Phone: 707.254.7829 (ask for Keelin)

Awaken your PALS

Personality Awareness Lucidity Stimulus

(c) 2007 David L. Kahn

Some months ago I began experimenting with a dream interpretation method after having a series of dreams in which characters would appear as some sort of helper. These helpers included a bathroom attendant, a schedule administrator, and someone passing out information on a political candidate, to name a few. In each dream these particular characters would not approach me, but they would be available to answer my questions or to assist me in some way if I approached them.

Most of the dreams in this series were non-lucid, and in each of these non-lucid cases I did not think to speak to the character during the dream. In one lucid example I had trouble running while wearing a backpack full of books. I asked a woman standing behind a table what I should do about it, and she suggested that I imagine the backpack to have a helium balloon in it instead of books. I followed her advice, felt the backpack lighten up, and still found myself having difficulty running.

Although I did not receive the result I would have expected in my lucid dream, I began to question who these characters were and what purpose they served. The interpretation method I began working with was to get myself into a relaxed state and imagine myself back in the dream. I would then go up to one of these characters and ask them the questions that I may have thought to ask had I been lucid at the time. I asked the bathroom attendant, for example, what he was doing there in the bathroom. The response that came into my mind from him was, "This isn't a bathroom. This is a restroom."

I had one of those light bulb moments where it clicked with me what this guy represented. I had been spending most days multi-tasking and the lack of personal time was catching up to me. The schedule coordinator's purpose also became obvious and this method was affective in helping me make sense of other dream characters as well, including those that were not part of the "dream helper" group.

Due to time constraints of the day, I found myself most often using this method as I turned in for the night. I would reflect back on the previous night's dreams and see what answers came up as I drifted off. Two nights prior to my writing this

paragraph, I was contemplating the handful of people that I had seen each sitting alone in a school cafeteria during a dream from the night before. As I was about to mentally approach them to see what they could tell me about themselves, a thought came to mind that perhaps these characters could become lucid. What would happen if the characters in a dream were aware that it was a dream? Would they tell me? Could I induce lucid dreams this way? Is it possible for dream characters to be lucid even if the "me" in the dream is not?

In my mental exercise I went up to several characters and this time I imagined each of them telling me, in one form or another, that this was a dream. The responses I heard included, "I'm here because you put me in this dream", "I'm eating this bowl of soup because there's no other food in this dream"¹ and "I'm the quarterback. Therefore I'm the leader of this dream team."

I continued to "visit" with these dream characters as I drifted off, curious if I could essentially train my dream characters to help notify me that I'm dreaming while the dream was still occurring. The following notes are the results of my experiment.

Night 1

A young lady, perhaps a teenager, was in several of my dream scenes during the night. At one point we discussed my lucid dream character experiment, but I did not become lucid.

Night 2

I recalled several dreams. An early morning dream included an elderly couple. I was viewing them as dream characters that could advise me of this being a dream. I still did not realize that I was dreaming, but rather my thoughts towards them were similar to the active imagination technique I had been using prior to falling asleep. The couple was uninterested in my experiment and was instead focused on their lives coming near the end. I also had a "person behind the counter" dream, in this case a convenience store clerk.

¹ The dream character eating the bowl of soup was my father. The day following this dream, I was in my father's presence when he made a phone call to my mother. He called to tell her that he was just beginning to feel like he was getting a cold, and that he planned to stop to pick up some soup on the way home. He wanted only soup for dinner, nothing else. Simultaneous to working on this paper for The Lucid Dream Exchange, I was also working on a precognitive dreaming paper for the IASD Psiber Conference. I had been looking for lucid dream results on this particular night, but ended up having precognitive results.

Night 3

I dreamt of being at a sporting event sitting next to a girl I went to high school with. She wasn't someone I knew very well and we never hung out together. She acknowledged our lack of knowing each other in the past and figured now that we're grown up it might be nice to get to know each other. I asked her if she had any tattoos. She had one on her leg and one square-shaped one on her shoulder. I mentioned having two on my shoulder blade, along with plans to get another on my right arm. I told her that the new one will be of a tree, which is a symbol that came from a dream. Again, I failed at finding lucidity.

Night 4

Among my dreams was one in which Robert Waggoner won some kind of raffle prize. I associate Robert with lucid dreaming, but otherwise did not feel close to lucid this night.

Night 5

Recalling the dream from the previous night, I used Robert as my dream character to focus on while falling asleep. I did have a lucid dream during the night, which is recorded as follows.

July 24, 2007

White Tiger II

The dream is lucid. It did not occur just prior to waking, so part of it is missing and I do not recall how I became lucid. I have a faint memory of being inside of a castle-type building with other people. I may have flown out of there after becoming lucid. My memory of the dream is as follows.

I have taken a leap, realizing this is a dream. Other people are there, but I do not see them right now. I float in the air, perhaps flying just a bit. I think about becoming floating consciousness. It partially works. My body is invisible and it does not feel like a full body. I feel a shape to me that is more horizontal. I am a few feet wide or so and I am not perfectly straight. I believe the left side is a bit higher than the right. I may have a head too, or at least I'm seeing as though through normal eyes. I feel unseen arms lift me. Recalling my previous lucid dream of unseen arms lifting

me, I am less afraid of falling this time. As in that previous dream, I say, "Show me what I need to see." I go over some trees that have an open circle or oval area in the middle. There is long light-brown grass and some small hills in this area. I see two white tigers² and note this mentally. I keep floating and initially I see what I think are some elephants, but then see that they are rats in a group. I go further and see two more white tigers. I have a thought beyond "Show me what I need to see." I say something like "I am love" or "I am peace"³. The dream continues past lucidity. I am walking on a busy street and cross it at an intersection. I know a man there. I think it is Robert Waggoner initially but he either changes to someone else or he becomes someone in addition to Robert. This other man is a fairly young man, I'd say in his twenties. I try to tell Robert/the-other-man about my lucid dream. I feel within this dream that the lucid part was very powerful. I want him/them to hear it but they are walking fast and I have little opportunity to tell my dream. I don't think I ever get through telling all of it. The dream continues to another scene, where my memory of it fades.

A few weeks after completing my dream experiment, I had a spontaneous lucid dream in which a dream character did in fact make the confirmation to me that I was dreaming. This was my third in a series of "Show me what I need to see" lucid dreams.

August 17, 2007

The Spyglass / Clock Tower / Light House

I am in what looks like the inside of a light house, but it is made of wood almost as if it is a very large model. I refer to it mentally as a tower. There are different levels that I reach by climbing up wooden ladders. There are other people going with me but I don't see them. There are Chinese military here with berets and I know their uniforms have some orange in them. I am in the front of the group and we are going to be executed. Oddly the military is acting nice and seem to want us comfortable. As I climb, one level has a wooden structure above me that I have to push out of the way to make room for me and the others to climb through to this level of the tower.

² Two days prior I had picked up a deck of Feng Shui tarot cards, having found some interest after attending the Dreams & Tarot workshop at the IASD conference at Sonoma State University a few weeks prior. The White Tiger II is a card in this deck. In the evening following this lucid dream, I unexpectedly ended up at a pharmacy that I would not normally go to as one closer to my home did not have the product I was looking for in stock. As I walked into the pharmacy, someone was walking out carrying a very large stuffed white tiger.

³ I had just finished a book the night before. A line near the ending of the book was, "Love just is." I felt a connection between that line and my statement of "I am love" or "I am peace" in my lucid dream. While about halfway through the book, I had a dream in which a friend gave me a half-read book as a gift. The real-life friend and the main character in the book have the same name, which is not a very common name. I did not meet this friend until after I had purchased the book. I awoke from that dream with the feeling that the gift to me was something in the remaining pages of the book.

I know that I can't try to make a break for it. These are military people and I'd never get away, and then my death would be far worse. I get to the top level, which has plywood floors and is like a room under construction. There is a horizontal ladder about waist high in which approximately the second half of it hangs over an open area. I, and I assume the others after me, are to climb onto this ladder and go over the edge falling to our deaths. I think about this, how I will get the nerve to actually go over, what it will feel like when I fall, and I assume that death will be instant as I hit the bottom. I'm not rushed to do this. I think to myself that they should have some medication to give people to calm them, but then I figure I'd rather have a clear mind.

Standing by the ladder is a large white man that looks like C. that I met at the Sonoma conference. He is just standing there as though he is doing his job. I run up to push him and he does not budge, nor does he seem bothered by this. He just continues to stand there. There is a hallway that reminds me of the hallway in the basement of my childhood home, except this is wooden as well. I stand at the front of this hallway thinking about my situation. I think that the only way I can get out of this would be if this is a dream. I think about that and everything seems so real, but I still question it.

A woman of perhaps 30 with blonde wavy hair comes around the corner to the other side of the hallway. I ask her if this is a dream. She shakes her head affirmatively. I then feel like it is a dream and I test by flying down the hallway and back. Indeed I can fly, and I now know it to be a dream. Even though none of this is real, I still feel that I need to conclude this dream. I go to the man that looks like C. and this time I can pick him up easily. There is now a kitchen sink in this wooden room and I put him upside down into the sink, where he becomes much smaller and I put him down the disposal. There is another man behind me who is facing away from me so I don't see his face. I pick him up and turn him upside down into the sink as well. He also shrinks and I put him down the disposal. I don't see any military there anymore and the place now looks clean. I jump through a window. There is no glass shatter; I just go through the window. I feel myself fall and as I'm on my way down I realize that I just did this without worry prior to the jump. I felt it but I knew I would be fine and I landed softly on my feet. On the way down this tower now looked like a city tower and I land on a sidewalk. I look at my surroundings. I see trees, or mainly the branches of trees. Through them a distance away up high I see a window. I think of this as

being the neighbors and sort of brush it off, but then I take note of it briefly. The window is arched at the top and has some decor. The bottom rectangular part of the window has 3 vertical sections. It is an attractive window and I see a green glow through it. I take off and fly. I am exhilarated, both because I am lucid and also because just a few minutes ago I thought I was going to die and here I am now so totally alive. I quickly say, "Show me what I need to see. Show me what I need to see God."

I fly seeing just the sky briefly and then am falling face down towards the ground with my vision going to gray. I feel as though I am awakening and I feel the transition. I fall slowly towards a bed with my eyes closed and I feel like I land softly into the bed and then continue to sink somewhat into it.

I have a feeling in my chest of transition between asleep and awake. As I settle into the bed I believe I wake up, but it is a false awakening. I am in a hotel room with Chris and it is early in the morning, perhaps 4:00 a.m. I tell Chris that I just had the most amazing lucid dream. I begin to tell her about it. As I'm telling her about it I refer to the tower as a spyglass or a clock tower⁴. I know this isn't quite the right terminology but I'm having trouble remembering the word lighthouse. Eventually I do, telling her rather accurately a description of it including all the wood and the wooden structure which I had to move in order to get to the next level. The exception to my accuracy is that I describe it as a lighthouse so that she'd get the idea that it has a spiral staircase. Chris uses another word to describe it. I can't remember what and it isn't totally accurate, but it is close enough that I know she has a good visual image.

The phone rings and it is CVS pharmacy calling her. This interrupts my telling of the dream and Chris talks for a minute. I'm tired too and would like to get back to sleep. It seems awfully early for the pharmacy to call. She talks for a minute and then abruptly ends the call. I now hear what seems like arguing outside of our room in the hallway. This is a big room and the bed now faces a different direction. I think there is a large quilt on the bed. We are now house guests staying in a guest room at M. and B.'s house. I realize now that they aren't arguing. The dogs have to go outside and B. is trying to get them to go.

Continued on page 16

⁴ In my first "Show me what I need to see" dream, I was shown a silhouette of a tree in a sunset which looked like the wallpaper I had used for months on my computer screen. After the dream I noticed something very small on the image that I'd never seen before and I zoomed in on it. It was a grave stone next to the tree. Some days after this third "Show me what I need to see" dream, I was looking at photos from my trip to Sonoma State University for the IASD conference. Among those photos was one of the clock tower on campus. I zoomed in on it using the computer magnifying glass (spyglass?) tool. I noticed that the image of the clock had a very odd reflection in the window. The window had similarity to the window in my dream, except that it wasn't curved. However, the image shows a part of the clock that is curved in the reflection, but not on the actual clock. I'm still not sure how the image came out that way.

Behind the Curtain: My Favorite Dream Figure

© Robert Waggoner 2007

In the *Wizard of Oz*, Dorothy and her troupe finally make it to the Emerald City after battling numerous natural and supernatural challenges, as well as their own native or self-adopted limitations. As they enter the Emerald City to seek the Wizard's assistance, they seem confronted by a towering image of a giant head with a fierce voice, the Wizard they presume. With an authoritative tone flanked by flames, the Wizard fiercely questions their arrival. Trembling, but determined, Dorothy responds to the giant head as best she can. Simultaneously, little Toto with an animal's instincts oblivious to the frightful conversation notices something odd and runs up to a flapping curtain. Pulling at the curtain, Toto reveals something almost too incredible - the real Wizard of Oz exists not as a giant with a booming voice commanding flames all around, but a normal size man with a microphone.

As the real Wizard shouts, "Pay no attention to that man behind the curtain!", everyone realizes that the apparent Wizard (the giant head) only appears frightful and domineering. In actuality, the Wizard, when pulled out from behind the curtain and properly introduced, seems quite friendly and helpful. Experienced as a projection and unknown, he looks overwhelming indeed. Lucid dreamers occupy a type of Land of Oz, when lucid dreaming. A realm of incredible potential and amazing scenes, yet also a land that challenges the lucid dreamer, and exposes his or her limitations, whether native or self-adopted. A realm which confronts each lucid dreamer with his or her level of fearlessness or fearfulness; a land that engages each of us to grow and trust, or turn back in fright.

In lucid dreaming, we may experience our own 'Good witches' or 'Bad witches' and along the way our own flying monkeys, lollipop guild or dark forests, but once in a while in a lucid dream, we thoughtfully realize our opportunity to go beyond symbols of apparent good and bad, and with penetrating insight, make our way to the heart of things, the Emerald City of Lucid Dreaming, where someone or some thing more powerful lies. I first stumbled upon the 'wizard' of lucid dreaming as I sought to lucidly meet my goal to "Determine what the figures in your dream represent" (one month's goal during the three year existence of The Lucidity Project in the mid 1980's). Lucidly aware, I experienced this unexpected event on March 14, 1985:

Going into an office building, I put my hand out to open the door, and realize, "My hands! I'm dreaming!" I open the door and thought, "Now what am I suppose to do?" Then I remembered that I was to find out what the people in my dream represent.

I walk down the hallway, feeling energetic, because I have recalled my lucid dream task, and I go into the office setting. There are four people there; some young woman that I didn't pay attention to, a fashionably dressed young woman, a receptionist behind the counter and an older gentleman in a three piece suit.

I ultimately decided to talk to the gentleman (though a part of me wanted to talk to the fashionable woman). I think he was looking at a picture on the wall, when I approached him and asked, "What do you represent?" Suddenly, this odd voice spoke out of the air around him - a very energetic voice.

It boomed, "The acquired characteristics!"

I thought about that strange response for a moment. Then I questioned, "The acquired characteristics of what?" It hesitated for a moment and then it boomed out again, "The acquired characteristics of the Happy Giver!" I repeated that to myself and then I wondered if I should stay in the dream or come out. I worried that I'd forget it if I didn't come out, so I told myself to wake up.

Then I had the odd experience of being in the dream and in the bed at the same time - it seemed to last a few seconds.

As I recalled the dream, the old man was medium height, a little overweight, kind of balding, but a very avuncular, happy serene person with a gold pocket watch chain. I think he smiled when I turned towards him. Later in the day, I realized that the 'Happy Giver' had to do with an event from the day before, where I interacted with the head of a philanthropic organization that seemed so unhappy with those who gave to her organization. Like some 'big' dreams, this lucid dream shook me on many levels. I noticed that in other lucid dreams, when I talked to a dream figure, they either spoke to me or shrugged and turned away. In this lucid dream, no 'figure' spoke - but yet, the 'dream' responded!!

I noticed too that the response seemed unexpectedly hesitant, or a bit delayed. Moreover, I had to question it, asking for clarification, "The acquired characteristics of what?" How could that be? If the lucid dream represents me, responds to my expectations, and simply 'mirrors' my mind, then why do I need to question a response of my apparent own making? Why do I

not simply receive a reasonable response and be done with it?

For the first time in my lucid dreaming, I felt something or someone exists 'behind the curtain.' Though the dream figures may be nothing but symbolic imaginings or thought-forms, this unexpected response booming out from above suggested something or someone observed my awareness and responded to my query.

My favorite dream figure lies behind the lucid dreaming. In later years, this experience of something or someone 'behind the curtain' of lucid dreaming changed many of my dream actions. With that awareness, it opened up new opportunities - for if someone or something was there behind the lucid dream, and was responsive, then 'why' deal with dream figures or dream symbols and other intermediaries? Why not go to the source? Why not ask the Wizard of lucid dreaming?

Lucid, I began to ignore the dream figures and ignore the dream

activity and simply shout, "Hey show me... (whatever came to mind)!" or "Hey, I want to hear...." Or if lucidly looking at the night sky, "Hey! Pull me up stars!" and await the response. Incredibly, "Hey" always responded, sometimes in mind-blowing, perspective altering ways.

Others have discovered the same thing. When they address the dreaming, they receive from the dreaming.

Though any of you lucid dreamers can do the same, and shout out, "Hey I want to go to the next level" or "Hey show me something that I should see!", you too will be left to wonder, "Who responds?" Who creates that next, completely unexpected portion of the dream? Who whips a new realm into being that relates to your query in ways beyond your own knowing? If not you, then who? My favorite dream figure lies behind the dreaming, behind the curtain of appearances.

My favorite dream figure - whether it be considered the creative system

of dreaming or an actual Creator or Dreamer of the Dream - shows itself in its response.

From its responding, I know that behind the good witches, bad witches, flying monkeys, lollipop kids, behind my squeaky joints, weak heart and lack of stuffing - behind all these appearances lies unfathomable creativity and potentiality responding to me, caring for me.

When you experience the 'man behind the curtain' of lucid dreams, you may finally discover something more real, more complete, and seemingly unassailable than any ephemera of dreaming. Though you may leave the Emerald City of lucid dreams and return waking to Kansas and Auntie Em, you will finally sense that behind the curtain of waking appearances, and behind the curtain of dream and imaginings lies something more.

Time to pay attention to the 'man behind the curtain.'

Awaken Your PALS, continued from page 14.

The door opens and M. comes in wearing pink pajamas like the ones Amanda sometimes wears, but adult sized. There is a mattress on the floor and I know there is another in the house. A dog comes in. It is their dog but looks like my dog Sadie. I hear B. but he and the other dog, who I think of as looking like my dog Jenna, don't come into the room. This is all keeping me awake. I then actually do wake up and I wonder why I hadn't written down this dream, realizing after a few moments that I had been sleeping this whole time.

Conclusions

The two basic questions I had asked myself are;

1. Is it possible to use active imagination with dream characters as a lucid dream induction technique?
2. How affective is this method compared to other induction techniques?

To answer question 1, within the limited scope of this personal study, I certainly believe that the answer is yes. Active imagination with dream characters can work as a successful

means of achieving lucidity. As for question 2, I believe it would require a lengthier period of time and perhaps more specific experiment parameters to determine the effectiveness compared to other methods. It is possible that my lucid dream was the result of simply trying a new method, and that any new method could have been as successful - essentially a placebo. Of course there is nothing wrong with a placebo if it is affective, and one could argue that any lucid dream induction technique is essentially a placebo of one form or another. Narrowing this down to my personal belief, I feel that this can be a fairly affective method of increasing lucid dream frequency. By paying more attention to the purpose of your dream characters while awake, sooner or later you may begin to question their purpose while still asleep. This method is also a way of keeping your dream active after you wake up, looking at possible other alternatives for your own actions in the dream, and keeping the topic of lucid dreaming on your mind as you drift off to sleep. There are many good tools out there to induce lucid dreaming. This one may be worth keeping in your toolbox alongside your others.

INNER VIEW

An Interview with a Lucid Dream Character
© Lucy Gillis

Hello and welcome to the Lucid Dream Exchange.

Thanks, Lucy. I'm happy to be here, especially after starring (anonymously) in so many dreams that have appeared in these pages. It's nice to have a chance to speak about dreams in the waking world.

What kind of dreams do you like to visit?

Those of the inquisitive mind. Those of the dreamers who are seeking, exploring, who hunger for knowledge. Their dreams are like a beacon, you might say, that beckons certain "dream characters" (as you call us), like myself.

Being a resident of the dream world, can you tell us what you see when a dreamer dreams?

Much of what I perceive would not make sense to you, since you are physical beings, and as such, tend to recall of your dreams those aspects that make sense or fit in with your physical reality. Though you are physical beings, you also exist in multiple dimensions of reality. When unconscious and in your dreaming, you revisit these states. Your most so-called bizarre dreams only appear bizarre to your waking consciousness because they are poor translations of inner, nonphysical experience.

Take water for example. It has more than one state of existence. Liquid (water), solid (ice), gas (steam). And some interesting in between states (water/ice, water/steam) too.

Your multidimensional identity, is similar. Basically you are different in different environments, and your experience

is different in different environments, but at the core, you are always you.

In a similar way that water takes on a different shape under different environments, you take on different "shapes" or "bodies" in differing dimensions. Your dream body is much different than your physical body, for instance. Yet, again, at the core, you are you.

Water and steam can flow into places (dimensions) that an ice cube cannot. So too, can you go to different places, in different states of consciousness that you can't get to from the physical.

You do not take your physical body into your dreaming any more than the ice cube can remain in its cubic shape when in hot water - it melts, becomes part of the liquid water. It changes the water - adds to it, cools it, as the water changes the ice cube. Dreaming is similar, you become part of the dreamscape that you experience.

However, in general terms, I can say that, some dreamers, those very attached to their physical, waking lives, wear their physical images throughout their dreaming, and rarely remember going to deeper dimensions of their own consciousness. They do of course go "there", as all dreamers do, they just have no recollection of their journeys upon waking, as it does not fit in with their waking worldview.

With lucid dreamers it is a bit different.

How is it different?

It is a joy to see lucidity dawn in dreamers – the whole atmosphere around them becomes lighter and brighter. Some psychic burdens are lifted, their sense of self and well-being expands in a perceivable way. Some no longer wear their physical images, though they don't even realize it, creating a body in the instant they feel they need one, and not realizing that the moment before, they had no body at all.

I delight in watching those lucid dreamers who have an adventurous spirit. They effortlessly slip out of their physical images and flow freely as points of light, like stars lighting up the night sky. Their sense of freedom and adventure and their desire for learning is palpable - it fills the "air", (the dream environment), and it is a joy to observe or participate in their learning.

How do you participate in another's dream, and when you do, do you always appear the same or do you take on different guises?

That is totally dependent upon the dreamer. Sometimes I appear (to the dreamer) as a person, or an animal, or a favourite toy. Sometimes I'm a cool breeze, warm sunshine, or peaceful moonlight - anything of the dreamer's "psychic blueprints" that I want to conform to.

Since I love to educate, most dreamers with whom I visit will subconsciously pick up on this and will cast me in a learning environment, school, or campus etc. in their dreams. I can be a person or a blackboard, or a computer - anything symbolic of learning.

The dreamer perceives and creates imagery and experience through the filters of his or her personal beliefs and expectations. More astute dreamers, with practice, will begin to (more consciously) perceive me as more of who I truly am. They learn to perceive me in a different way, using nonphysical inner senses. They will recognize me by their feeling or sensing of my essence, so to speak.

Some lucid dreamers begin to realize that "dream characters" can offer guidance and they turn to us with their questions.

Questions from the novice lucid dreamer are always fun. Though sometimes we can give a straight answer but upon waking the dreamer believes that we didn't. The/she remember gibberish. It is the same for the lucid dreamer who doesn't put much faith in our credibility in the first place. We'll provide answers, to the best of our ability, but it is still the dreamer's responsibility to be clear and open to receiving information. In the immediate environment of the lucid dream, the dreamer can still hear gibberish or distort the message, even though he/she is aware he/she's dreaming. It's always all about expectation and belief.

What do you gain by observing or participating?

We grow as you grow. Your dreaming expands your existence, enriches your experiences, it creates worlds, universes. We continue to become more than who we are, and at the same time, you become more of who you are.

Have you ever forcefully intruded into or intervened in someone's dream, even to save them from a nightmare?

No. It's impossible to intrude into another's dream, even if I wanted to. You create your own experience in whatever reality you find yourself. No one can force their way into your dreams unless you invite them through your thoughts, or beliefs. In other words, if you believe that someone can enter your dreams, you give them the power to do so.

If, however, someone is in difficulty in a dream and they cry out for help, of course I offer whatever help the dreamer will accept. But if the dreamer's fear makes them see everyone as a threat, my assistance may not be recognized or welcomed. Again, it is all dependent upon the individual dreamer and his or her beliefs and thoughts.

Do you dream?

In the sense that I can project a part of my consciousness to other dimensions of reality, yes, yes I do.

Do you dream lucidly?

Most of my dreams are lucid, but I do have some that are not lucid, in the way that you define lucid. In those dreams a part of me reaches into dimensions that the "I" that is "here" can't yet understand, so my dreaming psyche does its best to translate my experience there with something as close as it can. These dreams are highly symbolic, usually very abstract, and consist more of something close to sensing and feeling varying "thicknesses of sound", or experiencing the essence and flow of particular mathematical equations.

Are all independent dream characters like you?

Are all physical beings like you <g!>?

How do dreamers create or go to particular dream worlds?

As mentioned, the dreamer's beliefs, thoughts, intent and life experience is the driving force behind his or her dreams.

For an example, take healing dreams. Some of my associates like to help dreamers in their healing process. Because their intent is to help with healing, and the dreamer is seeking healing, when we come into "proximity" of the dreamers dreaming psyche, we can be drawn into the dream scenario where the dreamer will perceive us as doctor, shaman, etc., whatever guise "fits" at that time - whatever the dreamer needs to feel secure and help them have a sense of faith.

But ultimately it is the dreamer him/herself who effects the healing. All healing is ultimately self healing. We merely provide support and a point of focus where the dreamer can focus his or her intent in order to facilitate the healing process.

So, though we can project a mental image, of what we want to express, ultimately, it is the dreamer's perception of our intent that clothes us in their experience, from their point of view. If the dreamer is clear, meaning there are not many hindering beliefs or expectations, they may perceive a "clearer" image of us, but it doesn't always happen that way.

By "clear" do you mean lucid, in the way that we currently define the term when talking about lucid dreams?

Not necessarily. Again, it is always dependant upon the dreamer. Some very accomplished lucid dreamers hold quite tightly to their waking-ego beliefs, even in the dreamstate, and they still create/perceive experience

through those filters to some degree. These dreamers tend to be those who don't believe that their dreams are any more than mental imaginings.

On the other hand, there are some non-lucid dreamers who have less limiting beliefs, are more free in their dream-creating and actually have "clearer" interactions with their "dream characters", though they never achieve lucidity in the way that you define it.

Interesting! Thanks for sharing with LDE about what it's like to be a lucid dream character.

My pleasure. But remember Lucy, though I've given you some general responses, I am *your* dream character. You'll perceive me and my answers through your filters, and your readers will perceive their dream characters through theirs.

Sweet dreams!

I'll see you there!

From *The Moon is Drowning While I Sleep* in *Dreams Underfoot*

© Charles de Lint

"I've been having the strangest dreams," Sophie Etoile said, more as an observation than a conversational opener."

... "Well, they're sort of serial," Sophie said. "You know, where you keep dreaming about the same place, the same people, the same events, except each night you're a little further along in the story." Jilly gave her an envious look. I've always wanted to have that kind of dream. Christy's had them. I think he told me that it's called lucid dreaming."

"They're anything but lucid," Sophie said. "If you ask me, they're downright strange."

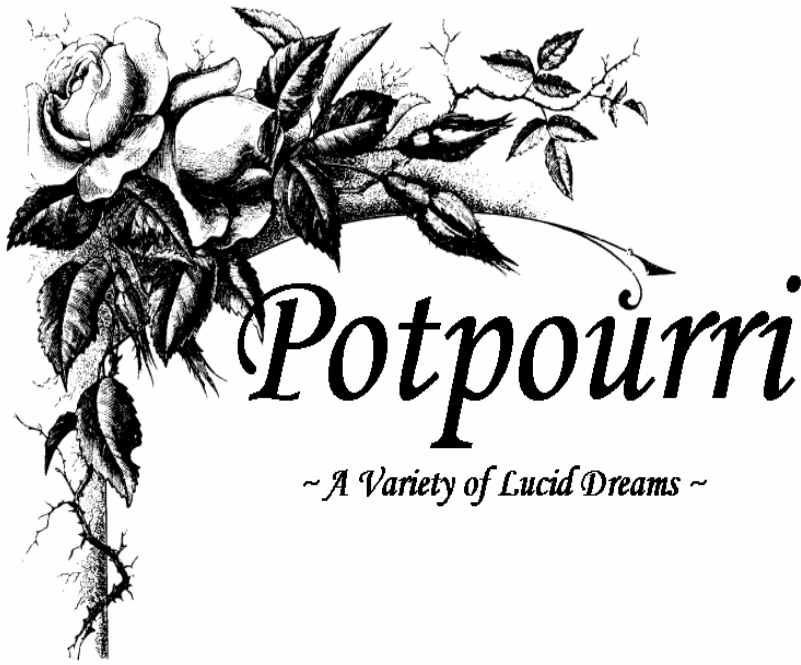
"No, no. It just means that you know you're dreaming, *when* you're dreaming, and have some kind of control over what happens in the dream."

Sophie laughed. "I wish."

For many more stories and novels featuring dreams and dreaming, check out the works by best-selling urban fantasy author, Charles de Lint.

<http://www.sfsite.com/charlesdelint/>

His writing will take you places you never dreamed of...but wish you had.



Karl Boyken, October 23, 2000

Gratitude

I'm living alone in an apartment. I go into the living room. I try to turn on the lights, but the place remains dark. Then I know I'm dreaming.

Suddenly, I'm in the basement at Mom and Dad's, still lucid. But instead of my waking-life parents, the dark-haired woman is my mother, and my father is a guy with salt-and-pepper beard and wavy hair, in his late 30s or early 40s. "Mom" is wearing a blue denim work shirt. She scolds me about some little thing, but I can sense the love beneath her words. I hug her and kiss her on the cheek and tell her she's great. I thank her for all the help she's given me over the years. She giggles. "Dad" is fussing with an odd thing, like a two-wheeled cart for a golf bag. He's a carpenter, and the thing is related to his job. It has a torch on one end, lit. Bob, his helper, comes by. The torch scorches Bob's blue jeans. We all laugh.

Comments about this dream: The dark-haired woman is one of my recurring dream figures. She's been in my dreams since I was a child. We had a very close relationship until I was about 30. She was always nurturing and caring, providing me with an emotional reward, a sense of pure love and well-being, whenever I'd done something well. Then, when I was about 30, I had a dream in which she told me our relationship was changing, she'd no longer be as close to me. I felt rejected and abandoned, but in time, I saw that this was a healthy development. I still see her in my dreams occasionally, but now we're more like old friends.

This particular dream is unusual, in that it's the only time I've been lucid when I've encountered her, and also because the unstated mother-son relationship from my childhood is explicit. I am very happy I had the chance to tell her, lucidly, that I appreciate all she's done for me. I'll probably never be sure whether she is a piece of myself or whether she has some kind of independent existence, or whether the distinction is even meaningful. I'm just very glad she's been a part of my dreams.

John Rose, 2006 Winter

Learning a Piece of Music in the Dreamstate

In my dream, I am at the piano, and I suddenly begin playing some of the music from the French movie "Amelie." I have never tried to play this in real life, nor spent much time thinking about this particular piece. As I dream, my focus heightens and I do my best to remember every note that I am playing to test it out when I awake. I was delighted to find upon awakening that not only did I remember every single note from the dream, but that it was 100% correct, and even in the same key as the original.

C.S. July 12 2007

Healing Waters & The Unexpected Touch

After lying with my eyes closed for a short time, I visualize many colorful flowers. I decide to count them as a method to fall asleep. Sometime after falling asleep, I had a non-lucid dream in which my brother let a number of strangers into my house against my wishes. I was very angry and pushed the people out of the door.

However, the door looked like cardboard and fell down. I thought I might be dreaming since the scene became more un-real. I picked up a long wooden board and hit the people sideways, cutting them in half. The board went right through them so I knew they were just dream characters.

I started to fly to experiment all methods that would come to my mind. I started to walk and run on air. Then, I flew upside down. Finally, I sat down on the air and moved forward. I passed by two mentally challenged boys. They were all white and very round, not wearing any clothes. I figure they were very young and inexperienced with naked women. So I decided to let one of them come close to me so he could feel my breasts. While I was lying down, he came over and touched my breasts. I felt nothing. I was surprised that I couldn't feel his touching me. The other boy came near me so I told him that he could touch my vaginal area. As soon as he did this, I went into an orgasm that wouldn't quit. I thought I woke up and was still feeling it.

However, it was a false awakening. I went into another dream....and realized I was dreaming. Since I didn't want to go shopping with these women, I set out to find the Healing Room. I was in a shopping center so I look at the signs over the stores to find the Healing Room. Suddenly, I remembered that I had programmed to seek the Healing Pool, not the healing room. I wanted to immerse myself in magical water. So I decided to ask the people if they knew where I could find the Healing Pool. They all agreed that there were healing waters somewhere in one of the buildings. However, it was too late and the buildings were closed. I kept looking around, and dream characters just kept telling me to go in different directions.

I went into a room where two dream characters were sitting. They looked like cutout dolls, and I knew that they were just dream characters and would not help me. So I decided to stop paying attention to them. I started to look for the Healing Pool, and it occurred to me that I don't want the Healing Pool, I really prefer healing waters.

As soon as I thought that, I was standing in front of an ocean that was special for healing. A tall, well-built man picked me up and carried me towards the ocean. He was stepping into very deep mud. I was concerned that I was too heavy for him. He said he constantly carries (?) all the time, and it was easy for him to carry me. I was sitting on his shoulders, and felt as though I was flying through the air. I had never felt so safe and secure. I feel as though I lost lucidity here because I wanted to believe the scene was real. It felt so good. As we got closer to the ocean, I woke up fast. The feeling of joy and security stayed with me.

Chiel Varkevisser November 30 2006

The Statues

I am in a park where many pitiful people are standing like statues. I walk over to one person who looks very unhappy. He is missing a hand and his face is deformed. I try to cheer him up by giving him a hand and making some kind of joke. His hand feels very cold and clammy, but I manage to get a faint smile on his face.

Lucy Gillis June 23 1995

I'm Sorry if I Startled You

... Even though everything seems so real and ordinary, I wonder if I could be dreaming. I walk into the living room and try to rise into the air. I jump up and rise slowly and take a longer time than usual to land back down. I'm a bit surprised, but delighted to find out that this is a dream.

... I start out for the balcony with the idea that it doesn't have to be a balcony out there, I can find other rooms and other

people beyond. But before I get too far out on the balcony, I see a woman in front of me. All about her is a dull grey/white colour, there is no other scenery beyond or around her. I think of her as nothing more than a dream character.

I back up into the living room and invite her to come in. She looks like LM, who I have not met in person, but have seen photos. She is wearing a long grey trench coat and is clutching a purse close to her body. She looks concerned, nervous. She also looks a bit upset that, except for my socks and a long oversized t-shirt, I am wearing nothing else. I am not bothered by this at all as I view her as a character in my dream and I feel quite in control.

There is then a brown kitchen chair in the middle of the living room. I get her to sit down. I ask for her name. She says "Brenda Varsiss" as she sits down ("Varsiss" may not be quite right, but it's close). I know we have met before (not in real life, I don't know where that "knowing" came from) and I say so, asking if she remembers. I mention that we talked about lucid dreaming. As I move confidently about the room, I ask her if she remembers what a lucid dream is.

As she nods I remind her by saying something like "It's a dream in which you know you are dreaming." Then I stand in front of her, bending slightly forward, my hands braced on my thighs, I ask her "What were you doing just before you came here?" She looks at me blankly. Smiling, I point a finger at her and say, "You were in bed sleeping!" With a gasp and a look of shock, she VANISHES!

Still standing slightly bent with hands on thighs, I stare at the suddenly empty chair before me. I straighten up and, a little surprised and amused, I call out, "I'm sorry if I startled you!" In a few moments I feel myself in my body in bed. I wake.

Craig Sim Webb

Mom and Dad Turn Out To Be M. and Someone Else

With D. and another couple that I assume are Mom and Dad. I forget many details, but I begin to realize that the "Mom and Dad" couple doesn't look like they should, and so I try to get a closer look at their face to see if I'm dreaming. The man looks like M. and so I say hi, using his name. Then I look at my hands to make sure I'm dreaming and the fingers are going wild and all wiggly. I conclude that I would not normally do this motion during a reality check and so that I must be dreaming (awkward logic, but effective). I feel happy to be lucid, and decide to continue along with the scene simply being more present.

John Galleher March 14 2007

I dreamed that my wife and I were at a fairgrounds. As I looked at a large cloud on the horizon it transformed into the shape of a huge toad-frog. The frog had red jewels embedded in its skin. It looked royal and magnificent.

Following the frog was a dinosaur, a long necked brontosaurus. (Was this a message that frogs are going the way of the dinosaurs?). Then came a stegosaurus, but it seemed to come closer to us and became a float in a parade around the fairgrounds.

My wife and I continued our walk around the fair and we were approached by a dwarf wearing a bowler hat. He asked my wife if she could lift him up to the top of a nearby wall. My wife looked over at me as if it would be better for me to lift him.

I bent down and put my hands together to boost the dwarf. Instead of putting his foot in my joined hands he jumped up and did a swan dive and landed in a handstand with each of his hands grabbing one of mine. I staggered a bit trying to get my balance and then lifted him to the top of the wall. He looked down at me and said in a wise guy voice "You're not much of a lifter are you?" I looked up at him and said, "I may not be much of a lifter but I'm a great dreamer!" As I said this I realized I was dreaming.

I decided to go with the fairground setting and see what might happen. I walked over to my wife and together we approached an attraction called The Haunted House. I saw a ticket booth and walked over to buy our tickets. "Two tickets please". I asked the woman at the booth. She said "That will be \$4.19". I thought that it was an odd price and that it may mean something would happen on 4/19. I gave her \$5.00 and told her to keep the change.

Then I asked her if she knew who I was. (My intent for lucidity was to ask, 'Who am I?' to my dream guide, the Goddess, and I thought perhaps this woman was a priestess of the Goddess).

The woman leaned toward me as if to get a better look but instead she started to kiss me. I pulled back and saw my wife standing there with her hands on her hips looking at me in a stern manner.

I walked over to her and said, "Let's go inside The Haunted House". We walked in and it was very dark. There were ladders leading up to platforms in the darkness so we climbed up a ladder and sat down. I began laughing to myself because I realized that the purpose of the situation was for the customers to scare the crap out of the next customers that came in and climbed the ladder.

I decided that even in a dream I didn't want to scare anybody, so we climbed back down. We heard a new group of people entering the exhibit and we walked over to see who they were.

It was a man and woman and their daughter. They had found a small light and turned it on. Their daughter was standing in front of a microphone. The man said, "There is a talent contest here at the fair and our daughter is going to sing and win first prize".

I said to the man "I'm thinking of entering the contest myself". I said, "Watch this". I took four small strips of metal out of my pocket and dropped them one at a time. As I dropped the last strip I floated up in the air. The man looked up at me and sputtered, "Well my daughter gets to be you assistant."

We all began laughing and I laughed so hard I woke up.

Chiel Varkevisser February 17 2007

The Unknown City

I am leaving my dream by crossing my arms over my chest and falling backwards into a ravine. The view I have changes into a rectangle which becomes smaller and smaller.

Suddenly I am in a new scenery: around me are people cleaning huge wooden kettles. I ask one of them where I am but I do not get a clear answer. I go outside and enter a house where a man and woman are present. I get the impression that they have much better communication skills than the average dream character. I ask the man if he knows in which town we are. After asking this for the second time I get the slightly irritated answer that he does not know.

Then I tell the woman that I entered their environment by falling backwards from another dream. She is very interested and responds very enthusiastic, but she disapproves of the method I used. I tell her that I am very excited and then I wake up.

Comment: My lucidity was very high and I get the feeling that the place where I was, was not a 'regular' dream scene. Also the irritation of the man gave me the idea that he found that he should have known the name of his city, so this man had emotions. Maybe he was not a self created dream character.

Lucy Gillis January 30 1993

A (Morphing) Dream Character Asks Me About My Other Probable Selves

... I exclaim, "I'm dreaming! I'm dreaming!" I go over to a window, up a sloped incline, and put my finger against the glass. I meet with resistance so I melt the glass by my will. My finger forms a tube in the glass that protrudes outside. I feel the pressure on my finger. I say to Ma, "Come here, put your finger in here." She does so, but doesn't seem too impressed. She lifts me down off the slope and into the hallway. She asks me, as we walk along, what my other selves are like. I tell her "I haven't met many but the other self of you I know in my world is nice and I'm sure you would like each other." I decide not to tell her that my mother "in my waking world" is dead.

I look at her and think about the fact that I am talking to this dream character instead of rushing around trying to do something or get somewhere before I wake (as I would usually do once lucid). I look at her eyes. They are brown and

shaped like a flower, rimmed in gold. (Lucidity wavers) I think how good it is to dream of her because I had forgotten how her eyes looked when she was alive - dreams can help us remember things, I think to myself.

But then I notice her eyes changing. I step back, thinking how unstable images can be in dreams. Before my eyes she becomes a small TV-like box on the floor. There is a circular tube on the front of it superimposed over moving images. There is an eye image in the circle. I throw a flashlight at it and say, "You are not my mother any more."

I don't want to lose the lucidity. I look down the hall and see a darkness behind windows that are set in two doors. I don't want to go down there. I look into the room ("mine, in the T house") in front of me and see the tops of trees through a large window. The leaves are yellowish green. It is a beautiful sunny day out there. I rush at the window, reminding myself that I am dreaming and that I will not feel the glass or any resistance as I pass through the window; I don't have to be uneasy about crashing through the window. I want to fly.

I plunge through the window, feeling nothing but a thrill in my chest and stomach as I soar out over the trees. I feel a rising sensation as I wake. (I think I must have held my breath when I jumped through the window because I woke almost gasping for air. I felt very exhilarated.)

Steve Parker July 11 2007

In my dream I walk down a hallway and stop at a motel door. I open this door and enter my small motel room. There is a single bed on the right and a dresser-drawer on the left. I walk into the dimly lit room. There is a window there with a shutter. I open the shutter. The view outside is beautiful. There is a steep cliff covered in green vegetation and rock.

At this moment I realize I am dreaming. I say, "I am dreaming". Nothing changes. I am still in the motel room and lucid. I walk around the room but I want to change my surroundings. I keep saying, "I am dreaming". Still I remain here.

Since I am dreaming I could fall backwards and float around the room. I let myself fall backwards. I immediately start floating up to the ceiling. I am now floating in my bedroom. I am facing the floor. My arms and legs hanging down like a jellyfish. I float around for a while. It is a great feeling. I now wake up and look at the clock. It is 3:30am.

It was so realistic that even though I knew I was dreaming, it seemed to be reality and was hard to convince myself otherwise until I did my old faithful experiment. If I can make myself fly then I know for sure I am dreaming.

Chiel Varkevisser March 1 2007

Changing Faces

I am at a party and dancing with my sister in law. I feel the urge to leave the party and I ask her if she wants to enter a new dream. While holding her tight I let myself fall backwards. While looking at her face I see it changes into several different faces of unknown women. The last face is of my mother and then her image disappears into my chest. Then I wake up.

Tracey Spring 2007

Well, it wasn't really a lucid dream, but was the beginning of my understanding of sleep paralysis, and that it is not the frightening thing I had believed it was since I was a teenager (I am 43 now).

About 2 years ago I took a nap in the afternoon, lying on my back with my dog cuddled up next to me. I was in my bed in my bedroom, and was quite comfortable! The next thing I remember was that I heard the front door open and shut, but I knew it was too early for anyone to be home.

In all the years I have had sleep paralysis, I had never heard anything like that, although I do remember many many times of feeling that someone was in the room, or on top of me, trying to smother me. For awhile, I thought it was a demon trying to possess me, so I would chant, in my head, as I couldn't move or open my eyes or mouth..... "In the name of Jesus Christ, leave me!" eventually it worked, although now I know if I give a bit of time, I don't have to do that.... just don't panic, and wait.

This time was different, however. After I heard the front door open, then footsteps on the stairs, I felt a tremendous vibrating within me! So much that my teeth rattled, although it didn't hurt. I thought it was the bed, at first, and maybe an earthquake (I was in the Seattle earthquake, that was 8.2.....and it scared the hell out of me, was my first one), I tried to reach to my dog to make sure she was okay but I couldn't move.....after a few seconds of concentration I could and realized that she was sleeping soundly as ever.....and I was completely energized!

I wasn't scared, I was feeling better than I had in years, and I just wanted to know what happened! I immediately went on the Internet and started searching, and found out that I was probably on the verge of going lucid, which other than the song, "silent lucidity", I had never heard of going lucid.

I have very few opportunities to take naps now, but 2 yrs ago I did have more opportunities, and I actually think I came very close one day, (after the vibrating bed, I found time to take naps to practice, looking at the clock, and all that) I remember it clearly.....I took my nap intending to try going lucid.....and I woke, looked at the clock, then a few seconds later I looked again, and the time was way different than it should have been. I made myself get out of bed, and saw some newspapers on the floor at the end of my bed, (wish I had paid some attention, now to what they might have said) then I saw a cigarette fall from the ashtray onto the papers, and stomped out the sparks. All of this was in color, but kinda faded, like slightly sepia or something.

I think I need to work on the controlling part of it though.

also a few weeks ago, I got really tired during my day off, and I rarely take naps now cause, I have to go to bed early in the evening, and that messes up my sleep, but I was so tired. so I tried sleeping on the couch, the vibrating started.....and I really just wanted sleep.....so I gathered up my pillow and blankie, came up to my room.....just got to sleep, and the vibrating started again.....so I rolled onto my side (never had it happen unless I was on my back).....and the vibrating started again! lol! I wasn't scared, just annoyed cause I was soooooo tired! lol!

The thing is, that after learning about sleep paralysis, and after 25 yrs of dealing with it.....learning about lucidity took every bit of the fear away.....and I plan on scheduling naps on days off.....even if I'm not really tired. Because, I have seen Sir Paul McCartney in concert.....but now I want to see ALL the Beatles in concert!!!!!! ;)

C.S. November 28 2006

Wonderful Feelings

I visualized a beautiful, vivid, colorful garden. I decided to go into it and have a lucid dream. All the space was covered with the most exquisite colored flowers, green plants and trees. I decided that the plants would have healing qualities. I spread pink rose petals over my head and ate some green leaves, declaring that I will wake up feeling fine in every way.....

I fell into another lengthy non-lucid dream. At one point, I met a handsome young man. We flirted with each other and our hands touched. I could really feel his hand. His touch responded to mine, so I knew he liked me. Then, I suddenly remember that I was an old lady. He, immediately, let go of my hand and walked away from me. I thought, "Why did I do that! This is my dream and I can be young. I can experience romance again." looked into the mirror and saw my face as young, attractive woman wearing make-up. I wanted to bring that man back, but I woke up. I had a wonderful feeling of well-being.

Apurva Varma

For those who have not heard of this before, an Out of Body Experience (OBE) is just that - an experience of going out of one's body. This is not as uncommon as it may seem. It is said that one in ten people have this experience at some point in their lives. The phenomenon is often experienced in conjunction with Lucid Dreaming or Near Death Experiences (NDE).

I had an OBE when I was about 14. I am going to try & recollect it and describe it as correctly as I can. My intention is not to explain it - that is beyond my competence! I have read about such experiences but am nowhere close to explaining them. I shall just narrate what happened. I remember it quite clearly although it was very brief.

Our family of four used to live in a small room then. It was like a living room, bedroom, kitchen, dressing room, bathroom and a loft - all packed into a space of about 150 sq. ft. No kidding. On this particular day, I was sleeping on the bed. I think it was an exceptionally good sleep that I had. Towards the end of the sleep, I slipped into a Lucid Dream. Simply put, a lucid dream is one in which you are aware that you are dreaming. I read that some people are even able to control the content of the dream. I cannot put a number to it, but I have experienced some lucid dreams. There was one whose content I don't remember, but in that particular lucid dream I was dreaming another lucid dream within that lucid dream. That is, after I slipped into a dream and became aware that I was dreaming, I slipped into another dream within that dream and became aware of that too as a dream. Unfortunately, I do not remember the content of any of these dreams. There is something very special and unexplained about sleep and dreams as anybody who has pondered about these would know. Also, is it not peculiar that although we dream everyday, we are not able to remember the content of these dreams? We remember the content of just a handful of exceptional dreams we may have had, or the 'themes' of some dreams, such as flying which is a fairly recurring occurrence in some of my dreams.

Anyways, let me get back. So, I was in a lucid dream. I don't remember whether it was a very pleasant dream, but it was certainly an interesting one, perhaps because it might have been my first lucid dream. I cannot be sure of that though since one generally has a poor recollection of one's dreams. It was early morning. My mother was busy cooking lunch - all of us used to carry a tiffin to school/office. Just a while after the lucid dream had started, I heard my mother's voice saying, "Apurva, wake up! Do you know what time it is?" I was disturbed by this. Here I was, quite aware, conscious and experiencing an interesting dream, and my mother not only wanted me to wake up but was also asking me what the time was. There was a kind of insistence in her voice - she was obviously not going to have her as well as the others schedules thrown out of order because of my oversleeping. I thought, maybe if I told her what the time was then she would not bother me. So, I went out of my body to have a look at the clock. It was not a 'choice' that I made to go out of my body - it just happened. I am sure it was not a dream or a hallucination - I would not have been able to look at the clock while I was dreaming. My eyelids were shut. Also, the position in which I was sleeping was such that my head was close to the wall on which the clock hung. The bed was located below the loft, and my head was close to the wall and approximately below the entrance to the loft above. The clock hung on the section of the wall close to the entrance of the loft. Even if my eyes were open, there was no way I could have had a look at the clock without sitting upright in bed and turning my head upwards towards the wall.

I went out of my body and had a look at the clock. Then, I had a quick look at my mother who was busy cooking. Then, I saw my own body below, about 4-5 feet away, on the bed. My purpose of getting out of my body was complete; I had seen what the time was. I went back into my body again. I said to my mother, with my eyes still shut and still dreaming lucidly, "It is 6.05." My mom said, "How do you know what the time is?" I did not answer that. I continued dreaming - still quite aware of the fact that I was dreaming. I do not exactly remember what happened after that; particularly, whether I completed the dream or whether I was woken up by my mother pushing me by the knee. What I do remember is that after I woke and sat upright on the bed, I looked at the clock and it was just a few minutes past 6.05 AM. Slowly, I got a recollection that I had been dreaming and had gone out of my body to look at the clock and answer my mom's question.

Although I may have felt it to be longer, I don't think I must have been out of my body for more than 1.5 - 2 seconds. 3 at the most. Also, as I stated earlier, it was not a volitional act. It was just something that happened. I think I recollect being a bit surprised at seeing my own body from outside. However, I was eager to resume the dream that had been interrupted by this, so I had quickly re-entered. I do not recall feeling scared while being out of my body.

A valid question that may be asked is, how could I see the clock when my eyes, the organs of sight, were in my body, and my eyelids were shut too? Frankly, I do not know. It is beyond my capacity to explain this unusual phenomenon.

Also, who was this 'I' that went out of my body? Again, I do not know for sure. I can only guess based on limited knowledge and what I have read about such phenomena. It is impossible that it was just my physical body that was lying below without a consciousness. I would not generalize and say that it was my 'mind' or 'soul' that went out of the body. Those terms are too vague! One's entire being is very complex and is composed of a multiplicity of beings and sub-beings, each with a life of its own, and interactions/relationships between these beings. This is what I am gradually realizing after reading the works of The Mother and Sri Aurobindo. They are a bit difficult to read and understand and cannot be approached easily, especially because of the unique language and vocabulary that they used. I read that The Mother said it is the Vital Being that is usually the one which goes out of the body. I am yet to come to a fuller understanding of what the vital being means, and so will not comment further.

It was the reading of a very brief introduction to the parts of our being that made me recollect this experience. Such an experience, I presume, would fall into the realm of occult experiences. However, considering how widely it is reported by people, it has become the subject of scientific studies as well along with other phenomena such as NDE, Lucid Dreaming et cetera. Personally, I think that unless a person is able to volitionally go out of his/her body, such a phenomenon would not have an occult significance in that person's life. Besides, I don't see any spiritual significance in such occult phenomena at all. Some people may have occult abilities such as being able to read another person's thoughts, see auras, recollect past lives (if reincarnation is not just a theory), move objects remotely, et cetera. However, I can't see how any of these would aid in inner progress. On the contrary, they would become hindrances to and distractions from inner progress for most people. I think it is fortunate that ordinary persons like me don't have any occult abilities. Any occult experiences that do occur in one's life however can be taken as interesting episodes and their origin pondered upon to whatever extent possible. It is the inner spiritual progress and evolution to a higher plane of being that one must not lose sight of.

Chiel Varkevisser May 15 2007

The Message

I am standing near a wall with my brother in law. In front of him is a beautiful girl standing and I get the impression that he is protecting her. I ask her what she represents in my dream, but she tells me she is just another person. Later on I walk with a man in a corridor and I ask him the same question. Now he changes into a completely different person (Indonesian type) and he tells me that it is important for me to speak up in certain situations in my life. While he is telling me this I get the goose bumps running over my dream body. I have the strong impression that this is not a regular dream but one with a special message for me.

Robert Waggoner September 18-19 2007

Flying Rights Denied

(Second night in a row of lucid dreams) I seem to be in a place that feels like Turkey or Lebanon, as I walk along a beige stone wall on a dusty dirt or stone street. To my left, I see some simple workers doing things, but then come to a young woman, about 25 years with brown hair wearing white and green, and she has a simple stall with items.

I happen to notice an odd thing: a bluish purple whale, like a small carving or a ceramic – then, I notice another bluish purple whale. How odd? Then it occurred to me, “This is a dream.” I begin to fly up and stop after fifty feet, since I noticed a new ‘feeling’.

Oddly, I can now feel dream energy – it seems that I can feel attraction and repulsion of dream energy from various dream forms. Strange. I put out my hand, and can sense things. I decide to allow myself to fall, to see how the ground will feel. I continue towards the pavement, but when I hit, it seems spongy, like two inches of foam. I can't tell if I simply expected that, or the forms naturally have a spongy feel. I get up and consider ‘what to do?’ I decide to go visit, DS (fake initials), and think, “See DS.” I begin to fly, calling out, “DS! I'm coming to see you!” As I fly higher and higher, I notice in front of me a dark mass, like a giant cloud of blackness. At this point, the dream suddenly collapses.

I woke up surprised at the sudden collapse of the dream, but gratified to have had another lucid dream, and to have felt ‘energy’ from the various dream objects there. When I called DS and said that I tried to come visit but saw a cloud like blackness as I journeyed that way, DS said, that he was involved in a dream experiment that night and had completely committed to it, mentally stating his non-involvement in other dreaming. That made me feel perhaps the black cloud and sudden collapse of the dream represented symbolically DS's unavailability.

Madeleine May 30 2007

I had lucid dream on May 30 2007. I thought that my mother was coming to visit me and I had to go pick her up at the Raleigh Durham airport at 6 o'clock. I was excited because I miss her and I have not seen her for a year. But I was kind of anxious at the same time because I had class the following morning and would not be able to make it. I did not want to miss my class. And I was stressed in my sleep but suddenly I realized that I was dreaming but I was still sleeping. Then I finally calmed down.

Lucy Gillis February 24 1995

Humour In the Dream State

... I "wake" and find myself in my childhood home. It is still night time. I get up to find a piece of paper and a pen to write down the lucid dream that I just had. I "know" that Ma and Dad, and possibly others, are sleeping here. I wonder if I could still be dreaming. I think perhaps I am, and so I skip/dance down the hallway singing some nonsense sounds quite loudly. In a moment I hear Ma hollering from one of the bedrooms, "Will you be QUIET out there!"

I stop suddenly, ashamed that I might actually be awake and am embarrassing myself. Then I think I really might be dreaming after all because I "remember" a light switch didn't work for me earlier (a common dream sign). Dad gets up and comes to me, and taking me by the shoulders, he steers me into a room at the end of the hall (in place of the waking life kitchen).

He shows me a clock. It reads a quarter to nine. I think it is awfully early for all of us to have been in bed. It doesn't seem right. He says it's "ten something". I tell him that I thought I was dreaming before. He is in a joking mood and to "*wake me up*" he steps into a lit closet, closes the sliding louvred door, then, reopening the doors, jumps out with a flourish pretending to have a very long sneeze; "Achooooooooooooo. . . !"

Amused, I walk away. I try two light switches. One works, another doesn't. I look again for some paper to write on, then I wake for real.

Keelin 22 July 2007

Rehearsal for Farewell

Walking down the hallway in what appears to be a vacant apartment, my attention is momentarily drawn to the single, crisp white shirt hanging from a rod suspended in a doorway. It's as if it were waiting for someone to claim it. I wonder to whom it might belong.

There is the feeling of twilight here, and the dim natural light gives a subtle graininess to this place that is noticeably devoid of color. As I enter an otherwise completely empty room, I recognize my mother from the back, sitting in a wheelchair.

I'm about to greet her when a young man wearing a white shirt approaches and tells me, "All the power has gone out." I ask if he would report this to the manager for me as I'm wanting at this moment to engage with a very special person. I bend to meet my mother's gaze. The young man leaves, and as I look into my mother's eyes, I realize* this is a dream.

Then a man of great stature quietly enters the room. He is dressed completely in black, wearing a very elegant suit. The dark eyes in his dark face hold a compassionate light and he acknowledges me with a gentle smile. "Oh", I say to him, "it's time then." He nods softly in agreement.

I gather my mother into my arms and begin to sing a spontaneous song of gratitude to her, thanking her for the gift of Life she has given me and for "e v e r y t h i n g". And somewhat magically, that word seems to encompass ALL. I notice a feeling of nervousness as I aim for higher notes, until I remember that in lucid dreams, my voice is always amazingly perfect. And indeed my dream voice holds true to form.

Off to the side now, draped in black, cowed robes, a line of shadowy figures catches my eye. Amused, by this dream theme elaboration, I quiz them telepathically, "Where did they get you guys?! Central casting?" They heed me no mind, these silent witnesses, as I prepare to release my mother, who has become light as air, into the welcoming arms of benevolent Death.

* Lucidity, in this case, is a quiet realization without the typical vibrations at onset. In fact, there is a certain stillness about it, and I choose to allow the dream to unfold in its own way without any directorial intervention.

Chiel Varkevisser May 15 2007

Falling Together

I am driving in my car on a fly-over with my wife Ria. She is blaming me about something and I stop the car. Later on we are in a house and she lights a cigarette. I tell her it is a pity she started smoking again. I want to leave this dream and I cross my arms over my chest and let myself fall backwards. At the same moment Ria comes into the room and while I am falling she jumps on me while laughing and puts the cigarette in my mouth. Together we fall down and the dream ends.

Craig Sim Webb

Flying Fear Test

Floating in the darkness, I begin to realize I'm dreaming or nearby a dream. Actually, I think I'm in one dream thinking I'm awake but then going lucid in a deeper embedded dream. Interesting. I sort of "lean" into the energy of the dream and am spontaneously raised high above the horizon to look down at the earth below. My eyes sort of open. Not physically, I don't think, but rather in the upper level dream and it pulls me out of the embedded one a little, but I try to close them and return, and manage to do so.

Then the dream "drops" me, and I begin hurtling towards the ground head first, though reasonably lucid now, so I let it go full throttle trying to ignore a growing fear of impact. I wince a little as I come close to hitting but then re-adjust mentally away from the fear and allow the dream to take me fully again. With that shift, I'm lifted a little away from the ground to a stable position.

C.S. May 5 2007

Tasting Cream Cakes

I was deeply involved in a very interesting non-lucid dream when I found myself outside, standing on a ledge with my aunt. The ground looked about 2 feet away. My aunt jumped down. As I followed her, the distance kept getting larger. I noticed that I wasn't falling, but was floating in the air. Immediately I realized that I was dreaming. With that thought, I was in a room, looking at a large, square brown muffin on a tall table. I bit into it, and it tasted like a health food muffin. I was amazed that I could feel the dry, grittiness in my mouth.

I decided that it wasn't necessary for me to eat healthy foods in a dream. So I thought about a really scrumptious dessert with old-fashioned cream in the center with the texture of a Twinkie. Wow! Did that hit the spot! It tasted just like a vanilla cream cake I ate when I was a child. Each thought changed my sense experience.

Then, a man walked into the room. I wanted him to be TW. (Before I fell asleep, I blessed him and wished him well.) The man looked nothing like TW. I made it my quest to see him in this dream. That thought put me in a strange scenario. It was twilight. Everything was frozen with snow and ice. The walkway was narrow and small. Steep, pointed hills were everywhere I looked. I knew TW was right around the corner so I started to walk. The path became circular, like a spiral. Surely, TW was in back of the next turn. No TW. Many people surrounded me in a clearing with many rooms, closets and clothes. I lost lucidity as I got very involved in an adventure.



LUCID LINKS

The Lucid Dream Exchange

www.dreaminglucid.com

The First PhD. Thesis on Lucid Dreaming

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

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

Lucidity Institute

www.lucidity.com

The International Association for the Study of Dreams

www.asdreams.org

Linda Magallón's Dream Flights

The premier site for flying dreams. Several articles from LDE appear, especially in the new section entitled "Lucid Dreaming"

<http://members.aol.com/caseyflyer/flying/dreams.html>

Experience Festival

Several articles on lucid dream-related topics

http://www.experiencefestival.com/lucid_dreaming

Lucid Dream Newsgroups

alt.dreams.lucid and alt.out-of-body

Sleep Paralysis and Lucid Dreaming Research

www.geocities.com/jorgeconesa/Paralysis/sleepnew.html

David F. Melbourne

Author and lucid dream researcher.

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

Lucid Dreaming Links

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

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

www.dreams.ca

Richard Hilton's Lucid Dream Documentary

http://www.BulbMedia.net/lucid_dream_documentary

Reve, Conscience, Eveil

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

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

Christoph Gassmann

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

<http://homepage.sunrise.ch/homepage/cgassman/tholey2.html>

Werner Zurfluh

"Over the Fence"

www.oobe.ch/index_e.htm

Beverly D'Urso - Lucid Dream Papers

<http://beverly.durso.org/>

The Conscious Dreamer

Sirley Marques Bonham

www.theconsciousdreamer.org

Fariba Bogzaran

www.bogzaran.com

Robert Moss

www.mossdreams.com

Electric Dreams

www.dreamgate.com

Jayne Gackenbach

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

www.spiritwatch.ca

The Lucid Art Foundation

www.lucidart.org

Matt Jones's Lucid Dreaming and OBE Forum

www.saltcube.com

Janice's Website

With links to lucid dreaming and out of body sites.

<http://www.hopkinsfan.net>

DreamTokens

www.dream-tokens.com

David L. Kahn

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

Send in Your Lucid Dreams!

Deadline: November 5 2007

www.dreaminglucid.com