

LDE

The Lucid Dream Exchange

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**Lucid Dreaming and Parallel Universes:
An Interview with Fred Alan Wolf**

**Dream Characters and Reality Checks Part Three:
Incubation and Fantasy**

Lucid Dreaming Presentations at the IASD Conference

Non-personal Dreams: The Spectator's Awareness

The Lucid Dream Exchange

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Statement of Purpose

The Lucid Dream Exchange is an independently published reader supported quarterly magazine that features lucid dreams and lucid dream-related articles.

Our goal is to educate and inspire lucid dreamers through sharing lucid dreams, exploring lucid dream techniques, and discussing the implications of lucid dream activities.

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

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In
This Issue



DreamSpeak: Part One

Robert Waggoner interviews Fariba Bogzaran 2

Dream Characters and Reality Checks:
Part Three

Linda Lane Magallón explores the reality of dream characters
in part three of this four part series 10

Non-personal Dreams:
The Spectator's Awareness

Edith Gilmore discusses three categories of dreams 17

Lucid Dreaming and Parallel Universes

Lucy Gillis interviews physicist and author Fred Alan Wolf. 18

Quarterly Lucid Dream Challenge

Ed Kellogg hosts quarterly challenges for LDE 24

Lucid Dreaming Presentations

Robert Waggoner reports on lucid dreaming at the IASD
Conference 27

Potpourri

A variety of lucid dreams 28



Dream Speak

An Interview with a Lucid Dreamer

By Robert Waggoner

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

Visit <http://www.lucidart.org>

Answers to questions © Fariba Bogzaran

Robert: Fariba, you have been very active in lucid dreaming as a professor, artist, and lucid dreamer. When did you first learn about conscious dreaming or lucid dreaming?

The first time I had the experience, I believe, I was four years old. I also had numerous lucid dream experiences growing up. I became interested in studying dreams in my teens and became very focused on finding a discipline that led me to this field of study. However, the first time I heard the term "lucid dreaming" was in one of my undergraduate courses on the Psychology of Consciousness at the University of Wisconsin. I was fortunate to have a professor, Daniel Kortenkamp, who taught courses on consciousness studies, parapsychology, and transpersonal psychology at the undergraduate level! I took every class he taught and he became an important mentor to me. I let him know of my interest in dreams. He guided me to several books and would give me any material he would receive on dreams. We received the announcement for the first Dream Network Bulletin in 1981 and the formation of the Association for the Study of Dreams (ASD). So I was connected to the emerging field of dream studies from its inception. At the time, in 1980, there were not many publications on lucid dreaming, but I studied what I could find and I learned more about the topic at the first ASD conference. Naturally there was no discipline for dream studies and I always envisioned a program or a degree on dream studies, not knowing that fifteen years later I would develop a Dream Studies program at JFK University and create a curriculum to include lucid dreaming as a core course and become one of the teachers in the field.

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

My first lucid dream was at the age of four and the dream was a combination of a lucid and precognitive dream. In the dream I am in a photography studio with my mother and there are several benches. I am sitting in the front row with my hands crossed looking straight into the camera. I knew this was a dream, but I kept still and focused on the lens. That is all I remember. The precognitive aspect of it was that my mother actually did take me to this photography studio a few days later. We took a taxi there and when we got out of the taxi in a very busy intersection, I recalled the dream. I told my mother and my mother said "If you know where we are going, why don't you take me there." I remember very vividly holding my mother's hand and leading her to the photography studio. She was pretty impressed when I found the place. When we entered, I realized that the room was identical to my dream. There was a row of benches and the photographer had set up the photo so that I would be sitting in the last row. But I kept running to the front row. He became pretty annoyed with me. He insisted I sit where he

had set up the shot but I started to cry. I really wanted to sit where I had sat in the dream. Finally my mother told him, "If you want a pretty expression, you better let her sit where she wants." He had to relocate his equipment to accommodate me. I still have that photo! I never forgot that experience and for years my mother and I talked about it. Later on in life she told me from that moment on, she knew what I wanted and supported me in my path.

But my most significant lucid dreams happened at around age seven when I was very ill with a high fever for almost six weeks. The doctors did not really know what was wrong with me. During this illness, I had recurrent lucid hypnagogic experiences of falling into the abyss. First I was scared but soon I learned there was nothing to be scared about so I began experimenting. There was always a platform in the dream that I would jump off. I began diving into the darkness of the abyss, hanging in space, yet knowing I was dreaming. I could sustain being in these peaceful and comforting spaces for a long time and then I would end up adventuring into various dreams. I was pretty isolated from other children during that time since the cause of my illness was unclear and the doctors weren't sure if it was contagious. That was my first experience of being totally in touch with my inner world. I also learned the skill of lucid dreaming and how to sustain and surrender to it.

Robert: What was it about that lucid dreaming experience (or those early experiences) that you found interesting? Was your non-lucid dream life as compelling?

Yes, my non-lucid dream life was as interesting. In my early teens, I was dealing with several major dream themes among them were: spiritual experiences in dreams, dreams of death and precognitive dreams. All three themes became important portals to direct me to my life's path.

The theme of death in my dreams forced me to face many existential questions at an early age. During my entire childhood and adolescence, I had dreams of drowning. Using the skill of lucid dreaming, I learned to transform these experiences by waking myself up or even breathing underwater. Nevertheless it was disturbing to me to have so many reoccurring dreams of drowning. Most children don't think symbolically, so I was convinced that I was going to die by drowning. My way of dealing with that was that I made sure I became a good swimmer!! Later on, I asked my mother many times if I had had any childhood traumas. She never revealed anything about any trauma I had insisted. I was 27 years old when she finally told me that something had happened when I was just a baby. The story changed my life. Finally I understood why I was dedicating my life to the study and teaching of dreams. Since she died 7 years ago, I began sharing this experience with others to honor her and her lifesaving dream.

Here is the experience: I am nine months old sleeping in my crib. At the same time, my mother is sleeping in her bed having a dream that someone is trying to suffocate me. She wakes up with great anxiety, goes to my crib and sees the blanket over my head! She is terrified to find me dead underneath the blanket. She grabs the blanket off of me to find me purple and out of breath. She picks me up and keeps shaking me to revive me. Finally, to her great relief, I start crying.

Naturally, this was a traumatic experience for both of us! This experience made a significant impression on my mother and she took her and my dreams (when I learned to talk) very seriously (from then on). I had many insights later about why I had all the drowning dreams at an early age. But the greatest realization was that if it were not for my mother's dream, I would not be alive. I am totally in service to the incredible world of dreaming.

The spiritual experiences in lucid and non-lucid dreams that I had in my teens became an important and central focus in my research and teaching in my life.

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

I began as a spontaneous lucid dreamer. But once I realized I could also intentionally have a lucid dream, then I started working with incubating dreams. I never was interested in just having a lucid dream for the sake of the experience because that happened naturally. However, if I incubated a lucid dream, I always had a particular intention.

In 1984, I began developing techniques for lucidity. Since there was not much literature on the topic in English (the Tibetans had been masters of lucid dreaming for centuries), I began developing my own methodology. I combined and I still use three major practices: meditation practices, sound, and Ta'i Chi. I have been deeply involved with these practices for over 20 years and have found the combination works very well for me. Meditation practice teaches the skill of witnessing, sound or chanting teaches the skill of sustaining altered states, and Ta'i Chi helps the physical and energetic body to open to deep experiences of the mind. But above all, lucid waking practices are the most important - to attend to the present and become awake in the waking state.

Robert: As you had more and more lucid dreams, did any lucid dreams make a deep impression on you? Tell us about them.

My most impactful lucid dreams happened in mid- to late 1980s. They were multidimensional in nature. They revealed different aspects of the mind. In some dreams not only did I witness the dream, I witnessed the witnesser and it kept going on and on into dimensions beyond waking comprehension. I later called these dreams "Hyperspace Lucidity." They no longer felt like dreams, although they did happen when I was asleep. But their nature was an intersection between dreaming and "Mind Awakening." These lucid dreams changed me completely. I am no longer the same person that I was. It might be esoteric to say this, but I believe that those experiences changed me at the cellular level. These experiences happened before and during working on my thesis on *Experiencing the Divine in Lucid Dream State*. I was very lucky to have an opportunity to live a more monastic life in nature for three years while writing my thesis and move deeper and deeper into my practice. I was opening myself to the experience of lucid dreaming with all its complexities and depth.

Robert: In the late 1980s, I recall receiving a letter from you in which you explained your intent to write a graduate/doctoral thesis on lucid dreaming and experiences of the divine. You sought lucid dreamers to become lucid and seek the divine. What brought about your interest in this particular topic and lucid dreaming?

This topic was of a great interest to me and was part of my spiritual quest at an early age. I always thought the ultimate dream experience was to experience God. But the root of this inquiry goes to my spiritual upbringing. I was raised with the spiritual tradition of the Baha'i Faith. An important aspect of this religion is that when children reach age 15 their parents encourage them to read and experience other religions and then choose their own spiritual path. Because elimination of any sort of prejudices is a key idea in the Baha'i Faith, this is a way to have children study and experience other religions so they have an in-depth knowledge, understanding, and compassion for other views. This exploration is called the "Independent Investigation of Truth." Of course, deep down,

"But the greatest realization was that if it were not for my mother's dream, I would not be alive. I am totally in service to the incredible world of dreaming."

Fariba Bogzaran

parents wish that after the investigation their children will follow the Baha'i Faith, but they have to accept whatever their child chooses. To my parent's total shock, I chose Buddhism. I started meditating, following the Buddhist thoughts and became a vegetarian. This was 1973 in Iran where Buddhism was not even a major minority religion. The majority followed Islam and the major minority religions were Christianity, Judaism and Baha'i Faith.

I read as much as possible and learned meditation. It was around this time that my lucid dreaming began to increase in frequency. Naturally I wanted to go to India but my parents objected. They gave me the choice to go to England or the U.S.A., so my quest took a Western twist! I was 18 when I left for England to learn English. Since I had studied pre-med I was destined to study medicine but I began taking art courses instead! In the Iranian educational system students chose their major at age 15 and studied towards it. Although I wanted to study art, my father insisted I study medicine to become a doctor so I did not have much choice when I was back home but to study medicine for three years. In the process I learned medical illustration and loved drawing the brain!

In England, my inquiry into different religious practices began. When one studies and deeply experiences different spiritual traditions, one begins to see the commonalities among all religions. My question then was how do people of different religions experience God? And how does the image of God appear in their dreams? In the Baha'i Faith, there were no images of God. The Divine is like a close friend who resides inside. Also in the Persian language (Farsi) God doesn't have a gender. God is not personalized. The closest to an image of the Divine is in the geometry of sacred architecture. When I traveled to the West, I found that God was referred to as a "he" and was personalized. Also in my studies of comparative religion, I found icons were very important and they represented impressions of a personalized God.

So naturally I was interested to know how these beliefs are reflected in the dreaming experience. I was surprised when I started teaching lucid dreaming in 1984 that mainly people were interested in lucid dreaming for personal adventure and

entertainment. So as part of the curriculum, I decided to include the spiritual aspect of lucid dreaming. Scott Sparrow's and Evan Wentz's books on the topic were my two references. Tibetan texts on Dream Yoga were not accessible unless you practiced Tibetan Buddhism, which was not available where I lived.

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They were multidimensional in nature. They revealed different aspects of the mind. In some dreams not only did I witness the dream, I witnessed the witnesser and it kept going on and on into dimensions beyond waking comprehension. I later called these dreams "Hyperspace Lucidity."

Fariba Bogzaran

It was not a coincidence that I met Stephen LaBerge at the second ASD conference in 1985. I believe our meeting was what the surrealists called a "chance encounter." We were both wandering around the campus at the University of Virginia, Charlottesville looking for the reception party. I knew about Stephen's research and had studied everything I could on the topic. We spent an hour strolling around the campus and talking about lucid dreaming. His book **Lucid Dreaming** had just been published. After he heard of my interest and experience in lucid dreaming he encouraged me to join his research team at the Lucidity Project in California.

At that time, I was a graduate student at the University of Regina, Canada and was on a leave of absence doing research at the University of Wisconsin. I had already done sleep laboratory work in Wisconsin and had worked as a biofeedback technician. I was at a crossroads seeking a sympathetic university with which to do my research. LaBerge suggested the California Institute of Integral Studies (CIIS), one of the institutes where he taught physiology. His encouragement was exactly what I needed.

Soon after I met him, I applied to CIIS and was accepted. Five months later I was in California! I contacted him immediately and started working with him at the Stanford Sleep Laboratory. At the sleep lab I monitored many lucid

dreams. I was very lucky to be an early riser, so my observation of the EEG monitors started around 4:30 am to 8:30 am. I would take over the observation duties from Lynne Levitan, another researcher, around 4:30 am. We had one of the top lucid dreamers, Daryl Hewitt, as our subject and it seemed that every time he was in the lab he would have a lucid dream. Naturally, most lucid dreams happened early in the morning when I was observing. Stephen's Dream Light device was in the early stages of development and he was trying to perfect it.

I believe I witnessed one of the longest lucid dreams ever recorded in the lab. It was 40 to 45 minutes long! Daryl was also interested in the spiritual dimensions of lucid dreaming. So we discussed it and he agreed to incubate being in the presence of the Divine in his lucid dream and participated in my study.

At that time lucid dreaming was still a new topic. But I was fortunate to have the support of many wonderful colleagues. LaBerge's book *Lucid Dreaming*, although a classic now, was at the time faced with many critiques from researchers who were not totally convinced of the validity of this phenomena, and those who were convinced, did not like the idea. Thanks to Jayne Gackenbach who pioneered the Lucidity Association and the publication of *Lucidity Letter*, we had yearly conferences and exchanged research, ideas, and encouragement. The Lucidity Association became the educational foundation for understanding this phenomenon. I became part of the Board of this association in 1988 that included LaBerge, Gackenbach, Harry Hunt, and George Gillespie. Together we created groundbreaking conferences and dialogues on the topic.

Robert: Was it hard to approach this as a thesis topic and enlist lucid dreamers? Did your dreams provide any encouragement?

At the time, the research on the experience of the Divine in lucid dreaming was provocative. It was definitely a stretch to pick this topic as a thesis, since most people were just learning what lucid dreaming was and were even questioning its validity. But for me, the most important aspect of lucid dreaming was to explore the nature of the mind and advancing spiritual practices.

I was fortunate to have Ralph Metzner as one of my teachers, who was interested in this topic. He also was the Dean at CIIS. All theses had to be approved by him. Although he was supportive, he wanted me to conduct the research quantitatively! Naturally I wanted to do phenomenology and did not like his suggestion. How could I quantify spiritual experience in lucid dreaming? But later I

understood the wisdom behind his suggestion. To approach esoteric topics in academia sometimes one has to communicate in the language that is familiar to scholars. Qualitative research at that time was still an unfamiliar and questionable methodology. So the combination of an esoteric topic with a questionable methodology would have meant

that no one would have taken the study seriously. Whereas doing the research quantitatively made the research worthy of consideration since no one had done that type of research before.

LaBerge, who supported the study, supervised my research. I met with him almost weekly to design the study. The Lucidity Project had already received thousands of letters from lucid dreamers from all over. I read about 2000 letters to choose 250 lucid dreamers who I thought they really knew what lucid dreaming was and had an in-depth experience. Your lucid dream must have been among those thousands which I chose! Isn't this wonderful. Here we are!

Although I was all ready to do the research, I felt internally conflicted at the beginning. I knew I was contacting a very sensitive and sacred topic. I experienced a strong need to do a vision quest to receive guidance for my work. I also needed to do dream incubation to go deeper into the wisdom of lucid dreaming.

I left San Francisco in the spring of 1987 and moved into a beautiful house in a remote area of West Marin. I began living more of a monastic life: letting go of most of my possessions and devoting my time to deepening my lucid dream practice. My daily practices included meditation at 4:00 am followed by two hours of Ta'i Chi and Chi Qung practice. My graduate study was in East-West Psychology and my focus was on

Taoism. Also I was a serious student of Ta'i Chi Ch'uan and was training to become a teacher. Also I was doing shamanic practices. I took daily walks in the forest and took two naps during the day. In the evenings I used my shamanic drum just before falling asleep. It was a process of emptying the mind, flexing the body, opening the energetic centers, and focusing the intention.

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Fariba Bogzaran

After several life changing lucid dreams in which I had incubated experiences of the Divine, I felt I was ready to begin the research. In one particularly complex and lengthy lucid dream called "Unfolding Universe" (1987) I was reassured and encouraged to explore this topic. I have reported this lucid dream in several publications, but I will share a part of it that might interest you.

After I became lucid and asked if I should be pursuing my thesis on the Divine, the following experience occurred:

Suddenly I see a dot of purple-green color expanding in the sky. It keeps getting bigger, filling the landscape and changing into different rings of colors. It appears to be rings but they are not solid. They are like the circle around the moon. The space is so vast, beyond my visual capacity. As the rings come closer they change into particles of light dots moving extremely fast creating light lines that cover everything. Strong energy starts to move inside me. What seems to be my dreambody transforms into particles of light. Consciousness is very clear, yet no personal consciousness, desire, or will is present. This state is one of absolute serenity. Somehow part of me knows that my consciousness is in everything that I see but yet there is no "I" to see! There is an awareness of vast spaces and purpose. Eventually everything seems to slow down with an inner hum as if time and space are swollen into infinity. Here there is no movement, time, or space but an incredible stillness. I stay in this state for what feels like eternity.... moving back to the Known eventually I become aware of the particles slowly changing into a night sky.... entering into the second hyperspace lucidity the planets change into transparent spheres with light shining from within. Spheres transform into something like halos (hard to describe the imagery) covering infinity. So much is happening at the same time. There is multiple imagery with multiple awarenesses. I now know that I am becoming a witness to different layers of the universe. Suddenly everything turns black. I don't see anything, I don't feel anything. While nothing is happening, everything happens....

I could not write or talk about the experience for almost a year.

Robert: Simply incredible! What did you take from this lucid dream experience? What did it come to mean to you?

I am still "unfolding" its meaning and significance. As you know it is difficult to describe these types of experiences in a regular dream report. For me poetry is the only way to capture the spirit of the experience. The experience was similar to what Sri Aurobindo refers to as involution and evolution. Hyperspace lucidity experiences are moving into the depth of the great dimensions of the mind where wisdom lies; we sip from the Source where all creation comes from and then we return with a gift. Sometimes, the return can be disorienting. Also, the part of this experience that was overwhelming was what happened followed this lucid dream before I woke up:

I fell from this lucid dream to a "false awakening." In this state I reached for my journal and begin writing. Then I hear a noise next door. I get up but I am very dizzy. I open the door and walk on to the deck. I open the next door where I see my friend/housemate Tish is sitting looking at some old beads. Her grandmother is sitting in front of her. I tell Tish that I am having an important lucid dream and that she should not wake me up. I go back to my room and lie down. But soon I wake up and turn to see my journal and it is empty. I realize I had a false awakening following the experience. It took me a while to move out of bed. (This experience happened between 11:00 am and 1:00 pm. I am an early riser and often lie down around 11:00 am and in the afternoon). I finally managed to walk out on to the deck. I saw my friend Tish in the lower balcony. I asked her if she had visitors and that I heard noises. She said no but she said she was upstairs in her office that was located next to my bedroom off the deck.

She had been looking through an old box of beads given to her by her grandmother and that she was thinking about her while looking at the beads! When we cross-examined the timing, I realized that in my false awakening, I had had an Out- of- Body Experience in which I could see her in real time. In that state I was able to read her thoughts as a projected image of her grandmother. That is, in my dream experience her grandmother was sitting in the chair!

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Robert: Tell us more about "the blackness." How did you experience it in the lucid dream? What did it come to mean to you? Is it the blackness of infinite potentiality?

My experience of blackness or the Void is the unity consciousness where all is One and one is all. The Void is the space of perpetual creation. It is not empty or void, it is a space of the mind that connects us to all dimensions, sometimes simultaneously or in an instant. It is like connecting to the source of prayer. It is the oneness with our totality of being, the essence and the source of creation. It sounds like a cliché but it is true! It has been said for thousands of years but I feel we are in a time where we can experience these dimensions ourselves through practice. Spirituality no longer needs to be projected outside of ourselves, but we all can experience its depth. To me the seat of wisdom lies in the Void. Void is creation. If we hold the space with right intention, we receive great wisdom and understanding. The evolution of consciousness deepens upon experiencing the far reaching depths of these dimensions. The great sages and prophets have touched upon these experiences and shared their great wisdom.

Robert: How does it feel to lose the sense of one's (ego) self? Obviously, some aspect continues to perceive - a fact that calls in its own set of questions. But what do you make of this disappearance of the ego self? What does it say about the nature of the self? (Is it very common in your lucid dreams?)

This is a very good question. We are complex and multidimensional beings with multidimensional selves. Which self is experiencing, which self is dreaming, which self is lucid and who is the dream ego? The question of "Who am I?" has been a major philosophical discourse. In transcendent experiences the duality of all different selves integrates into the unity of all Selves; in that moment there is a sense of unity with all existence. The disappearance of the "dream body" is part of this evolution and integration. I think one of the major misunderstandings of the Eastern spiritual traditions is the assumption that one has to annihilate the self. Actually one has to have a strong and grounded sense of self to approach these types of practices otherwise it is very disorienting and confusing. One can mix realities and become delusional in the waking state.

In my experiences of various lucid dimensions, in particular when the dream is not bounded to the familiar narrative of perceived reality, my dream body disappears. This often happens in transition from one dimension to the next. The dream body transforms suddenly or gradually, but the sense of self remains. One can lose the dream body but still be in duality. The identified personality might still be present but in a very insignificant way. Then there are experiences of unity of self. There is a sense of surrender and trust with no particular emotions attached to it. There is no "self" or "I" but there is a presence, a knowing, that all is well and that

whatever happens is part of the unfolding of creation. Sometimes there is no image to hold on to, thoughts to grab on to, or emotions to feel but a sense of suspending yet evolving consciousness is present. It is as if we are plugged into a line that connects the universe with various dimensions of our being and depending on our receptivity, we can receive incredible information or wisdom from this mysterious source of our Greater Mind.

Lucid dreaming is an important practice to experience the fullness and complexity of the self and discover the nature of the self and reality.

Robert: From your subsequent work on lucid dreams and the divine, what did you find and learn about lucid dreamers who sought an experience of the divine in their lucid dreaming?

The most important part of the study revealed that our belief system has a direct and powerful impact on our experience. This was a great learning and teaching. How do we acquire our beliefs about spirituality? What assumptions do we carry with us and how do those assumptions shape our experiences and reality? The study showed that our core spiritual beliefs affect our dreaming experience. Also the way we formulate our intention and incubation has a direct effect on our dreams. These are the two major findings.

In general the exploration of divine in lucid dreaming has been very positive and in some cases extremely life changing for the participants, also for many people I work with in my classes and retreats. Sometimes fear arises and we work with the core assumptions which is very important. The study also brought more questions to ponder and study.

Robert: What advice would you give our lucid dreaming readers if they decide to seek an experience of the divine in the lucid state?

The very first question I asked the participants in the study was what was their concept of the Divine? I still think this is a good place to start. This question helps to clarify core beliefs and assumptions. Then I would ask, "Are you really ready to call in this incubation?!" These types of incubations and intentions are existential and life changing. It is important to know that you are ready to face any challenge because you might be confronted with your deep core beliefs.

I highly recommend doing mediation practices and also energetic psycho-spiritual practices such as yoga, Ta'i Chi, Chi Qung or any other system that deals with the body and energy. (Having a good teacher is important.) Through these practices your body and mind are open to receive and sustain experiences that are otherwise difficult to maintain.

For me, lucid dreaming is a spiritual practice, and in order to incubate a lucid dream of this nature, I prepare myself for a

while by doing practices that can open my psyche, spirit, and body. I have found that these practices help the quality, frequency, and integration of these experiences into daily life.

Also clarifying your intention is important. Formulate the incubation phrase or question and then examine it to see if the incubation allows openness to new experience or is it just leading you to what you already know. The most important part of this type of incubation is humility. We all come from different spiritual backgrounds and to respect other's beliefs and experiences is very important. Many years ago, in a book on lucid dreaming, I was misquoted by saying, "people who have impersonalized experience of divine had a deeper experience than the personal experience of the divine." This

was not really true and who am I to judge anyone's depth of experience? Unfortunately, throughout years, I have witnessed people trying to put themselves above others because they have had incredible spiritual experiences in their lucid dreams. The question is: What is spiritual? And what makes certain dreams more spiritual than others? It is wonderful to have highly impactful dream experiences but it is essential that the experience be integrated and be a source for growth of consciousness, not only personal but for the good of all beings. I truly believe, with practice, we all have an incredible capacity to experience the depth and mysterious dimensions of the Great Mind.

(See December's issue of LDE for Part Two.)

DREAMING AND AWAKENING RETREAT

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Dream Characters and Reality Checks Part Three:

Incubation and Fantasy

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Reluctant Willie

Lucid, I yell, "Willie, Willie!" remembering how many times this has not worked to bring Willie to me and I feel my emotions move into despair. This time, I halt them and affirm my desire instead. "I've got to believe I can," I think to myself.

Around the corner of a light green house, a slender, but not thin, Black woman strolls towards me, dressed in slacks and a shirt. Is this Willie? I feel myself start to doubt and stop myself, as if holding my breath. As the woman comes my way, something like a banner of dark long hair furls out between us to hide her face. I hope that she really is Willie and note that she is sporting an Afro. Will I never see her face? I wonder. Then I affirm that I will hold onto the dream until I do.

She comes around the obstruction and takes me by the left hand with a "come with me, I want to show you something" attitude. (She may actually say this, but the exact conversation is unremembered.) Her hair metamorphs a couple of times from the Afro to several versions of less kinky hairstyle, although all are mid-length. The last has convoluted curls on top and a fairly straight bouffant. She is slightly taller than I and younger than I expected. I think, "I've never seen her so close, so long." We walk along the sides of what seem to be shop fronts. Finally I stop her and ask, frowning, "What's taking you so long?" meaning to meet me in waking life. When she starts to answer I realize I need to ask an even more specific question. "Are you going to come into my reality?"

As she smiles and looks off to my right, I notice her slender facial structure and cocoa complexion. "I'm waiting, too," she responds. "Next week sometime," she says turning back to look at me with a wink.

"Next week! Ohh!" I exclaim in astonishment and gratitude. As I awake, I am aware we are still holding hands.

Unfortunately, Willie never did show up that next week. Not in the waking state, not in the dream. I was disappointed, discouraged, disenchanted.

I don't recall where I got the notion, but I do remember it was born of desperation. I'd been searching for a new career without success. The suggestion was that, to reveal my vocational heart's desire, I should analyze my daydreams. There was one fantasy in particular that had started when I was a kid, then grew and changed as I did. As an adult, I was too embarrassed to admit that I still enjoyed it. Its genesis had been superhero TV shows and comic books.

Not surprising, really. My maiden name was Linda Lane, but when people first met me, they'd call me Lois. Lois Lane was the comic character whose prime function was to be rescued by Superman. It didn't seem fair that he'd then fly off and have all the fun. This inequality definitely called for a change in the story line. So one day, in imagination, I took to the sky. No more Lois. I became Casey Lane.

When I began analyzing my now grown-up version of the fantasy, I discovered that some of the scenarios were much too vague. So I gave complete names to the characters and retrofitted them with histories, personalities, vocations, and avocations, all in an attempt to fill out my ideal working environment. One of the characters was an Afro-American woman I'd been calling Willie. I augmented her biography and expanded her name to Willette Nicholson. I was very much aware that I was creating this character. Willful fantasy was under my control, whereas dreams were totally out of control.

March the 8th International Women's Day. At approximately 4:30 in the morning, for the first time in my life, I awoke to the fact that I was dreaming. It began as a nightmare, as usual. Then I was rescued from suffocation, not by Superman, but by a mysterious black-clothed woman who flung me over her back and took me soaring through the sky. The dream continued:

We fly over the plaza and down the street through a city of skyscrapers. The woman makes a right turn, then stops. While hovering, she rolls me over onto my back so that she is holding me in an embrace.

"Hello, Casey," she says softly, smiling. Her features are indistinguishable but dark in color. She is

projecting a blast of emotion toward me. I am receiving an intense feeling of kindness and loving concern. She knows me as Casey - my super self!

"Will-it!" I exclaim in utter astonishment as I recognize her. This mutual recognition has brought me to lucidity. Willette lifts me to an upright position. Still embracing my body with one arm, she stands to my left. We are both suspended in the air.

I can't believe my eyes. Here is the subject of my creation: a character who I made up in fantasy. But now I know she's an actual person, a completely mature, independent adult, standing right next to me, holding me, talking to me! And she can really fly! I can hardly comprehend it all.

"Why?" I ask. Why is she here, saving me, showing so much concern for me? Looking me straight in the eye, she says with utmost gravity, "You were once my mother."

The loving concern I felt emanating from Willie was so intense, I carried it with me the entire next day. I was convinced, both in the dream and after I awoke, that I was encountering a real person.

Here was the dichotomy expressed more vividly than I could have imagined. On the one hand, there was this character that I had created, then enhanced during the most intense period of visualization in my life. On the other hand, there was this emancipating entity, freely speaking and acting on her own. It was as if I'd incubated a new being in my imagination, who then crossed over and was born into my dreams. If a statue had come to life in my own front room, the psychological impact couldn't have been more powerful.

Fantasy Incubation

There was absolutely nothing within my experience to encompass what had happened. I began a dream journal and read every dream book I could get my hands on. I also continued to run excerpts from the fantasy in my mind just before sleep. Maybe that would provide more substance to the dream. Maybe, if there was enough substance, Willie could make a second crossing - into the waking state. Maybe I could become more Casey-like in dreams or waking life.

I am walking with Willie through the courtyard of an old apartment building to a "gathering of the clan." Two friends come walking towards us; they turn a

I am in a meeting room filled with people seated at rectangular tables. Willie is seated across from me. I lean forward urgently, asking if she is now living in this world and get an affirmative answer. I may also ask about doing a project together. Then I stand to see her smiling but leaning slightly away from the table with an aura of self-confidence (like she knows she can join me but doesn't have to commit herself).

This connection has been intense, almost to the point of lucidity. I go into the next room and gain some additional self-awareness when I wonder what name Willie would have in this life. As if in my imagination, I get the impression of two names, the second ending with an "sey" like in "Morresey". The room is a bar filled with people. Gazing at a row of women seated at the bar, I finally gain full lucidity.

I suddenly realize that I have seen Willie in an earlier part of this dream. "Willie! Willie!" I bellow, facing the women, who look at me askance. I'm ready to bolt for the next room, but stop to offer an apology for my behavior. "Excuse me, I'm lucid," I say and leave. I quickly walk to the meeting room, which is still filled with people, sitting and standing about. "Willie!" I call again. When no one responds and I don't see her, I hurry on to the next room. This one is a huge auditorium with descending seats to a stage on the right-hand side of the room. It, too, is filled with people. I call out Willie's name again, my eyes sweeping the room.

Someone with mid-length curly light brown hair steps directly in front of me and the two of us sit down on the steps. "What do you know about her?" s/he asks, referring to Willie. I try to remember our conversation at the table. "Only that she was born in this world, which says mountains," I reply. I recall that I had been wondering if Willie would remain a discarnate throughout this life.

"Do you know anything about her family?" "First I thought she was alone," I reply, thinking hard and picking up more imagery, "Then I got an impression of a lot of problems, so I don't know."

Those lucid dreams, in which I remembered to or wanted to look for Willie, were so infrequent that I pursued the elusive will-o'-the-wisp for many years. This dream was the turning point.

I'm in a large room filled with women. "Willie! Willie!" I yell. In response some of the women in the first row seated facing me change color from white to black. But it's a "fake" change, like overlaying one transparency over another and I'm amused/irritated to see that their features haven't changed from Caucasian either. "Do you know how long I've been looking for that woman?" I ask the group rhetorically.

"How long?" responds a woman's voice to my right. I turn and discover I'm seated on top of a counter along with a whole row of women. "Since 1982," I reply. "March 8th, 1982, as a matter of fact."

A woman rushes past me down the aisle. Another woman perched on the opposite side stops her with, "The woman (meaning me) wants to talk to you about the mesh."

Is the woman in the aisle Willie? I look at her back and notice her bouffant black hair, trying to decide if she's Black or White. She hesitates, then continues on. I watch her, tempted to jump down and follow. But I stop by telling myself, there ain't no way I'm going to run after her if she doesn't want to see me.

Return to the Breakthrough Dream

I am journeying down a single-lane dirt road through a hot, flat desert on my way to a distant city. Then I decide I don't like to travel that way and rerun the scenario, this time in a hot-air balloon. My friend Jan is with me. Problem is, the winds could carry us anywhere in the desert, where we might die of thirst. So Jan checks out the water supply, in tanks that look like scuba gear.

Finally, I decide I don't want to go that direction at all and turn around, back the way I've come. I gaze up at the distant mountains that parallel the right side of the road. They seem to come together at a single peak which I know is the "north pole." Then I realize that it looks that way because I can see the curvature of the planet. Wow, this must be a small planet for me to be able to see its curvature so well! The scene makes me slightly giddy. I realize I'm not on Earth.

corner and go up a couple of steps and inside a screen door. As Willie and I follow them, I ponder on the fact that this married pair are the models for two of the people in my fantasy. Thinking this way brings me to a low level of lucidity.

Inside the apartment I recall their fantasy names and compare them with the waking ones. "It's Sandy and Nancy Tully, not Torrey," I remember aloud. Then I turn to the man and call him by his waking name. "Walter!" I exclaim. "Who's that?" he responds. "The guy I patterned you after," I tell him.

Off to the right are the rest of the group. I take a big breath and proclaim loudly to them, "You're all figments of my imagination!" Astonished, they all collapse and sit down on the floor.

As I wake, I hear a voice saying, "I wonder what she I be?"

Of course, many Willie dreams were directly influenced by the fantasy. This was especially true when I slipped from hypnogogia into a dream. A few times the scenery of my reveries would show up in my dreams, but rarely was the story line reproduced. For the most part, the dream would head off in directions I'd never imagined.

After a while, in some non-lucid dreams, I simply "knew" that I was Casey. My waking persona had been replaced by my fantasy one. This turned out to be immensely helpful. As Casey, I knew I could fly away from danger or stand up to threats. Thus, nightmares could be transformed within the dream, before I ever woke up. My dreaming self, who had been the unwitting victim of almost 40 years of hellish existence, was being remade as a super self.

Doctrinal Compliance Again

For Willie, just the opposite seemed to be happening. She played roles I'd never visualized. A social worker (she was a scientist). A spy (she was a human rights activist). An elementary school teacher (she taught college as a grad student). A trumpet player (yes, she was a musician, but she played the flute). In the fantasy, she had a strong personality; in the dream she could act like a wimp.

Dream Willie was extremely elastic. Something besides deliberate pre-sleep intent was forming her character. When I read Jungian literature, she'd act like a Jungian archetype. If I were studying Freud, I'd

dream something with sexual content. Depending on what I read, talked about, or saw on TV, she'd be Christ Consciousness or the Wicked Witch of the West. She was also The Thinker, a Primal Screamer, a food server, a fund-raiser, a dress model, a printing shop clerk and The Lone Ranger! The most pervasive influence was the Seth material. I dreamt of her in Jane Roberts' imaginal Library, as an oversoul and as a channeled entity. I dreamt she told me that Jane Roberts was part of our "family." Whereas other folks in the Seth community interpreted that to mean I was part of Jane Roberts' extended family, the Sumari, I assumed that Willie was referring to my fantasy clan. In any case, I accepted neither possibility out of hand. I knew only too well that Doctrinal Compliance was swaying my subconscious. Dream conformity to what I experienced in waking life was preprogramming Willie's dream persona. It was responsible for both the foundation and maintenance of most dream settings as well as the ongoing narrative. A lucid dream wasn't free of this background influence, either.

Lucid Creation and Comparisons

Within lucid dreams, I could deliberately conjure up Willie's image, but it would be quite vague or readily collapse. Once, her dream body turned into an egg! Maybe I was once her mother, but this retro-birth was ridiculous. I was more successful when I simply called for her. True, she didn't show up very often, but then is a real person always available at our beck and call?

At the edge of hypnogogia, I tried to picture her in new surroundings to see how much control I had over the pre-dream stage. A lot, it turned out. However, once the dream began, the scenario was likely to morph. I learned that, in-dream, create your own character was not an easy task. Most definitely, I couldn't do everything I wanted to do. In fact, the more I attempted the deliberate do-it-yourself approach to dreaming, the more I realized how unyielding the dreamworld could be.

Reality checks I did, by keeping records and comparing methods of retrieval. I came to understand that the sort of Willie I encountered depended on the method of encounter. The non-lucid dream Willie was not like the fantasy Willie. Less sure of herself. The automatic writing Willie was more like the channeled Willie. Very authoritarian. The Willie of poetry was not like the day vision Willie. Abstract and conceptual rather than visual and objective. Lucid dream Willie

As I bring my gaze down, I find myself standing at the edge of a semi-circular cliff. Beyond, white clouds swirl, obscuring the view below, but I know that they mask a bottomless abyss. In fact, it seems that if I could look through the clouds beneath my feet, I'd see more blue sky and finally the blackness of starry space, as if the cliff is suspended like one of those "cities in the sky." In front of me in the distance are the multi-forms of layered clouds and the shadow of a building nestled into the cliff. Above this panorama is the limitless expanse of the blue heavens.

Knowing full well I might fall, I decide to step off the cliff. What a thrill to realize that I don't drop! Not even a little bit! Instead I skate forward across the top of the puffy whiteness. I have conquered my fear and with what wonderful results! I can feel the wind stream past my face and the sun's warmth on my shoulders. The feeling of wonder surges up from inside, straining to meet the expansiveness of the outer scene. I fling my arms wide as the feeling inside my body fulfills itself in ecstasy. This rush of energy brings me to lucidity.

I land at the building across the cliff and enter via the door. There are a few people about in this elevator foyer, but one man in particular steps forward to greet me. He speaks some phrases in an unfamiliar language. "I'm awake...on earth," I exclaim, alerting him to my degree of consciousness. "Earth" is a lower case word, very, very far away. His eyebrows go up and his eyes sparkle as he realizes that I am lucid.

"What is this place?" I ask curiously. "Phobe," he replies emphatically, rhyming the word with "robe." I remember him using that word when he first addressed me. "Phobe?" I ask excitedly, "You mean one of Jupiter's moons?" "No," he replies, furrowing his brow in concentration. I get the impression of a spot in the far distance of a horizontal plane.

"What is your name?" I inquire. He tells me. "Da'caug," I repeat slowly, carefully. It sounds like "Da-cawg."

Da'caug takes my hand in his. He feels so familiar, like family. I realize that while he's serving as my guide, he is also according me great respect, as if I were a colleague. We tour the back side of the building, ending up at the far side of the cliff. This time I force myself to look down into the white clouds and see far below me, the edge of a cosmic ocean. Hands firmly clasped, we both push off from the cliff and once again I experience the ecstasy of flying while standing up.

We return to the building and enter another door into a room busy with the atmosphere of commerce. There are people in check-out lines, as if purchasing items in a gift store at a lodge. The whole area now has the feeling of a national park. A woman walks by, one I recognize from the first room.

"Hilda?" I ask Da'caug if that's her name.

"No, Ada," he replies. "She doesn't have a ____."

I don't catch the word but it seems like "soul," though I know that's not it. Da'caug seems genuinely perplexed, like he can't figure out what she is. I get the impression that she is more solid and doesn't have the same kind of spiritual emanations that the other people in the scene do. I look at them, concentrating, trying to see their auras myself, but all I see is a shimmer as their forms temporarily dissolve and then refocus into sharp outline.

"Auras," I say, "How can you tell?"

"There used to be a brochure," says Da'caug, looking around for one. Am I supposed to buy it? No, Da'caug is going to give it to me, but is unable to locate one. Instead, he starts telling me how to see auras. His words resolve into a couple of lines of print in a book. I get the impression that "seeing" auras is equivalent to seeing an additional layer of information overlaid on the printed words.

(NOTE: Phobos, who in mythology was an attendant of Ares, is actually the largest of the two moons of Mars. Its root is "-phobe" which is Latin for "fear." But after the initial trepidation, I certainly experienced none of that! Actually, the scenario was the antithesis of fear, perhaps where the "other side" of our fearful selves dwell.

I had been incubating to "go home;" to find Willie so she would take me "half-way" to god, as in the breakthrough dream. In a later dream of the night, I became lucid in a room, paused to gather my energies, and called out "Where are you Willie?" But the effort cost me the dream.)

was hard to find. Hypnogogic Willie was often an imp. This sort of reality check yielded the conclusion that each type of retrieval system actually formed a different kind of Willie.

Me as Willie

Occasionally, in non-lucid dreams, I actually became Willie - knew myself as Willie, looked out from her point of view. I assumed this was an expansion of the fantasy. There, the characters had the communal capacity to become aware of one another's thoughts and feelings. Tele-empathy. Also, when I ran the fantasy in my mind, I usually took on the role of each character, especially when they had speaking parts. Temporarily, I could play Willie. But I never thought of her as a "part of me," like an essential limb or organ. Rather, she was a cloak I could create and wear, then take off and put away.

I experimented with this concept in waking life. My hair was given a permanent of tight curls. I wore her colors (red and black) all winter long. Perhaps because of that period of pretending, I spoke up with more confidence and began to identify myself as a researcher. Act as if, and it rubs off on you.

Other Dreamer's Willie

When I began talking about Willie to colleagues and friends, several other people dreamt about her. But with the exception of Melinda Nelson's hypnogogic example, their variations weren't much like my waking or dreaming versions. True, other people could dream of Willie singing or dancing, but not to the rock and roll beat of the music tapes I played when I imagined her. She was the parent of many children as well as a daughter in one of my past lives (dream reactions to "Once you were my mother"). One dreamer's version of Willie was a little child; another's was a high priestess. Personal projection was the driving force, while tele-empathic perception took a back seat. Willie could show up in other people's dreams as an exalted divinity, an opera singer's attendant or a camera projectionist (speaking of projection!).

Willie was also the inspiration for communal creativity after we woke. Besides Melinda's drawing, friends created a plaster face mask for Willie (using my face), a Tarot reading and a horoscope (based on the date and time of the breakthrough dream). But none of them really rang true.

Waking Life: The 10% Manifestation



Willie

I was running errands one day and musing that if I ever met Willie in waking life, she'd probably not have that name. After all, I was Casey only in the fantasy. So what name would she have, I wondered. "Diana" came to me. Two days later I walked into a new job and met the woman I was replacing. She was of Anglo descent, not Afro-American, but that didn't stop me from chuckling at her name. It was Diane Wills. I had imagined that Willie's childhood home would be in

Carson City, Nevada. That's where Diane and her husband were going to retire.

Because the horoscope based on the date of the breakthrough dream didn't feel right, I decided that, if I were to guess Willie's astrological sign, she would be a Leo. Then I had a dream that Willie and I would meet in Mexico. By this time, I didn't take it very seriously. Nevertheless, when my husband and I journeyed there, a black woman was part of our tour group. I mentioned dreams; she was interested in New Age phenomena. After talking with her, I discovered that she was the mother of a single son, like Willie. She was a vegetarian, like Willie. And she was a Leo.

Every once in a while, I'd have synchronicities like these. Bits and pieces of the fantasy Willie would come true, but never the whole package. At first, I was frustrated, then disappointed, then resigned. I tried my best to create my own reality in the waking state, but it proved to be a far more difficult task than influencing

dream with imagination. How much actually came to be? "About 10%," Willie had suggested in a lucid dream. That may be an overstatement.

The Letdown

Through all my seeking of her asleep, I learned a lot about the lucid dreamworld. The exploration was fascinating, whether I looked for Willie or not. With increasing frequency, I did other things. Willie was so elusive that she was becoming an in-dream jokester and I was not enjoying the joke. I felt rejected, ignored, conned, let down. Funny thing, the breakthrough dream had prefigured this. When Willie told me, "You were once my mother," I tried to understand.

"You mean in another existence?" I ask.

Willette does not respond verbally, but half turns and looks off toward the clouds. The clouds are white and billowing as if in anticipation. They form a corridor through which a patch of blue sky can be seen. The sky brightens, taking on the silhouette of a robed Christ-like figure. As I watch the figure approach, I become more and more hesitant, fearful of being misled spiritually. I'm convinced Willette's comment means that she believes in reincarnation. Willette gestures with her arm to indicate that this god-like figure is coming halfway to meet us. "You mean Jesus?" I ask doubtfully.

Willette gives no answer. I worry that the figure might not be the "true" divinity sanctioned by the Church. "Why am I hesitating?" I ask her, though I know the answer. There must be some way out of this dilemma. I mentally flail around, searching for a reason not to go. (Where was I going anyway? To my death? Would I ever come back?)

Ah-ha! I find an excuse; Willette's answer has given me the key. I remember - I am wife and mother to my own two children. They need me. I can't go yet. In fact, as I remember, superimposed on the scene is a mental impression of my bedroom just outside the closet doors. I seem to be in two places at once. Standing in my bedroom. And standing in the dream. "My children!" I proclaim.

Willette looks at me seriously. "There is something unresolved here," she says as she releases me. I fall backwards and down out of the sky. I wake with a jerk, as though I have just crash landed on my bed.



Casey

The elation of meeting Willie was tempered by the spiritual conflict I'd had to endure. And then, when I didn't do what was expected, I was dropped like a hot potato. Some friend. I ignored this part of the dream. It made me feel too uneasy. I was trying to think positively about dream Willie. Repression, big time.

The issue of whether the god-like figure was really Christ became moot when I left Catholicism soon thereafter. I never thought the Christian god would respect me enough to meet me half-way. To indicate that I was remaining neutral as to its identity, I called the figure "The Cloud Walker." Six years later, I finally got up the courage to incubate a return to the breakthrough dream. I didn't encounter Willie, although Jan accompanied me for a time. It turned out that there were two Cloud Walkers. One of them was a kindly gentleman named Da'caug. The other one was me! You can

read the dream and make of it what you will. I thought it was amazing, euphoric and, at its conclusion, a bit humorous. What a delightful change from the sensations I'd experienced at the end of my breakthrough dream. I felt quite resolved, thank you very much. About the Cloud Walker, that is, not about Willie.

The energy to have Willie dreams seemed to be winding down. Perhaps the reserves I had accumulated during 30 years of fantasy were being depleted? I sought her less and less in lucid dreams. I saw her with diminishing frequency in non-lucid dreams. Elation and anticipation were replaced by disappointment. I was angry, at her sometimes, but mostly with myself. Willie was a trickster and I was a fool, or so it seemed. Cynical, I became, about the whole affair.

Grounded Once More

After speculating in the stratosphere, it took years to get grounded again. Thank goodness, I had a ground to fall back on. I had built its foundation with my research into telepathic and mutual dreaming.

After everything is said and done, who is the only creature who can serve as a reality check on dream characters? What sort of character can give you feedback as to whether or not your assumptions are accurate? There's only one. A cooperative, fully alive, physical human being.

Last in the series - Back to Verification: Mutual Dreaming

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Non-personal Dreams: The Spectator's Awareness

© Edith Gilmore

Over many years of recording my dreams, I note that I've been tending to divide them into three categories, the third of which I've not seen described in the literature.

Most of the dreams are the "normal" kind, with typical traits; long, short, fragmentary, bizarre, prosaic and so on. Some tend to fall somewhere in the semi-lucid spectrum.

Type two, and sadly few, are the totally lucid experiences, which conform pretty much to the descriptions; the incongruous detail that triggers the lucidity, the emotional high, the colors that seem to glow from within. Some of my lucid dreams feature settings or other images that are extremely 3-D and detailed (very solid buildings, for instance) that yet have a curiously theatrical and unreal aura.

Thirdly are what I label "sequel dreams," which typically have a well-defined plot or narrative structure, though it may be a simple one. Unlike the first two types, these don't seem really to "belong" to me. When recording sequel dreams I began to notice that I had few immediate associations to them, and that I could not track down many waking stimuli. I do play a role in these, but often temporarily. I slip into a character for a time, and then resume my status as a spectator. Even when I am taking

part in the action, I have some spectator "feel," nor do I seem to have much emotional involvement in the happenings; it is more like watching a film. Here is an example:

"I am a girl child of about twelve in a Hispanic-American family in an urban setting. The family is hard up, but its members seem warm and affectionate. I think of myself, however, as perhaps the only adopted child. Some of us children, and mama, go to a desolate, industry-ruined wasteland. I carelessly slip down a rubble-strewn slope instead of descending it safely by an outdoor stairway. Or does one of the children do this?

We are in an office. A clerk congratulates us when he discovers (at mama's insistence) a paper that was lying under a stack of folders. It proves the innocence of daddy, who has been wrongfully accused of some bad deed. A little dinner feast at home celebrates the event. The food is better than usual. Everyone has donned modest finery (except me, I look sloppy in my ordinary clothes, and I think, "But I live here. I can go to the bedroom and put on something nice"). But I don't do it.

In spite of lacking strong feeling, these dreams do, in a way, come closer to lucidity than "ordinary"

dreams do. Perhaps it is the spectator aspect? Do we in full lucidity always have, to some extent, an awareness of the special nature of the situation?

Or is it that there is some degree of critical faculty at work? In the dream above, am I not making attempts to explain rationally the not-belonging aspects? I am adopted. I am aware that the rest of the family knew in advance about the plan to help daddy. I don't seem to know that the dinner party was planned, or to believe that I really do have a bedroom.

I have sometimes wondered if this kind of experience is a tapping into some other life or lives? Dream life, presumably, since there are such odd elements as the rubble slide. Or is that episode my "contamination" of someone's waking experience?

Accusation of daddy; quest to establish his innocence, success, celebration feast. Perhaps this coherent and emotionally satisfying type of structure might make its "transmission" to another consciousness easier? In any case, it's pleasant to reflect that, however far out, wild, and wrong they may be, such speculations about dream country are always at least entertaining for those of us who cherish that extraordinary territory.

Lucid Dreaming and Parallel Universes

An Interview with Fred Alan Wolf

By Lucy Gillis

Responses © Fred Alan Wolf, 2005

Physicist, lecturer, author, and “What the Bleep” celebrity, Fred Alan Wolf is also a long time lucid dreamer. He kindly agreed to speak with me in July 2005 about his lucid dreams and his theories about lucid dreaming and parallel universes:

“It happens from time to time, usually when I'm not expecting it, often after a sleepless period of tossing and turning. The first time it happened was in the fall of 1973. I was a visiting professor at Birkbeck College at the University of London. I had retired about 10:00 p.m. after returning from my office at Birkbeck. At 2:00 a.m. I was awake, my mind was filled with physics equations -- something to do with parallel universes, other worlds nearly exactly like our own, but somehow different.

“Quantum mechanics opens the door to such ideas, and I had been fortunate enough to be at Birkbeck where John Hasted and David Bohm were cochairing the physics department. Hasted was beginning to investigate parallel universe theory to explain some weird paranormal effects that he'd observed in his lab. Bohm had been working since the early fifties at the roots of quantum physics, like a patient gardener. Both men must have had their influence on me that night.

“I went to the dining table in my apartment so that I wouldn't disturb my sleeping housemate, Nancy. After feverishly writing down a series of seemingly indecipherable hieroglyphics on my paper pad I felt a deep sense of satisfaction and grew drowsy. I went immediately to bed and fell asleep.

“Now when I say I “fell asleep,” I mean more than you may think. I felt myself falling down a deep and dark well or tunnel. Yet every so often I would stop falling and find myself involved in a scene, as if I were an actor suddenly appearing on a stage. These scenes just appeared and I was enmeshed in them. I was not just an observer I was actually “there.” Quickly the scene would change and I would find myself in yet another scene, entirely different from the one I had just left. These scene changes happen so rapidly that I felt I was descending from one layer of the universe to another, slipping through time and space just as a small pebble slips through the woven mesh of a fabric. As I descended I became more and more aware that I was dreaming. It was dawning on me that I was both snuggled cozily in bed and slipping through space-time in a dream of uncanny proportions. It was as if my awareness were split in two. To my great surprise I was conscious that I was

asleep. What a contradiction! How can you be asleep and conscious at the same time?

“Next I found myself awakening, but I was shocked to discover that I had not actually awakened at all: I was dreaming that I was awakening and I knew it! No sooner had I realized that I was still dreaming than I would awaken once more from the dream to dream that I was awakening once again. It was like ascending through a set of Chinese boxes: as soon as I was out of one box I found that I was inside another, still larger box. I soon realized that I was in control of my dream. I could awaken for real or I could descend to any universe layer I wished and experience my dream consciously. I then decided to explore and instantly found myself in the strangest room that I had ever been in.

“The room was shaped like a large cylinder and appeared to have a dirt floor. When I looked up, I saw a clear blue sky shining through what seemed to be an open roof. I found myself standing next to the room's outer wall and began to feel its texture. I was amazed to notice that I could feel the wall and that it felt neither cold nor warm to my touch but instead had a somewhat rough texture, like coarse woven fabric or basket weave. Then something quite strange happened to me.

“I noticed that I was rising or floating upward in the room and immediately felt a sense of panic. This anxiety halted my rise and I descended to the floor once more. I “remembered” myself sleeping comfortably back in my earthly abode and breathed a sigh of relief. With my relaxing I immediately began to rise again toward the open roof. Again I felt fear and began to descend. With this new knowledge I experimented with rising and sinking and noticed that all I had to do to descend was feel fear. To rise all I had to do was relax. I was just getting used to my new environment and had ascended fairly close to the blue skylight when I sensed the presence of another person in the room.

“Looking down I saw below me the “caretaker,” a kindly but blurry-looking old fellow. My vision, I discovered, was as nearsighted as it was normally on earth. The “caretaker” announced himself to me and jovially said,

“Hello. You must be new here. Come on down and I’ll show you around.”

“Now, when I say he announced himself to me, I don’t mean that he spoke. I just heard him in my mind. I couldn’t describe his voice. I wasn’t even sure if he was a “he.” It was a kind of instant thought communication. I thought and he heard my thought. He thought and I heard his communication. I heard no sound, but I sensed his words as clearly as if he had actually spoken. And he sensed my words in the same apparent manner.

“Next we walked side by side out of the room through a nondescript doorway. I found myself walking with him silently and had the feeling that I was in a quiet, beautiful countryside of rolling hills. This is how the surrounding scenery appeared to me. I say I “felt” this was the case because my feelings and my visual sensing of the surroundings were somehow the same. What I felt matched what I saw and vice versa. This is difficult to describe in words.

“We continue to walk around and I sensed a great relaxation and peace. The sky was blue and cloudless. There was no sun anywhere. The grass was greener than any grass I had ever seen. I soon noticed that there was a low brick wall, perhaps three feet high, weaving through the hills and greenery. Soon I “heard” voices and saw a large group of people just ahead of us. I realized that the silent “caretaker” was leading me to the people who were sitting comfortably on the low wall and the grassy areas it enclosed.

“My entrance into the group stirred no response. I was just another person there. I felt as if I had come to a picnic and yet I noticed that there was no food in sight. And still no one was paying me the slightest bit of attention.

“I then began to look around at the faces of my new associates. I must point out how unusual all this was to me, because at any moment I could “remember” myself sleeping in bed at home in Shepherd’s Bush, London W.6. “I” was where “I” was and “I” was home at the same time. This experience of remembering was exactly the same as when you think back to a past experience, the only difference being that in waking consciousness you can’t “return” to your memory. In my altered, or lucid, dream state I not only remembered my sleeping self, I knew I could return anytime I wished to.

“The reason I was thinking about going home was the bizarre physiognomy I was suddenly gifted with. I merely had to look at the face, any face, and I “saw.” More than seeing, I knew. The facts of the personality were an open book to me. I merely looked at a face and it would undergo a series of transformations, each change revealing a new fact. I couldn’t look too closely because, frankly, I was frightened by what I saw. On every face was great sadness and pain. The faces were normal when looked at quickly, but when examined for any length of time they became grotesque masks with great striations of contorted pain lines, hideous peelings of unfolding skin layers, and throbbing nerve threads all pulsating on raw skin.

“Suddenly I realized where I was and announced to myself, i.e., thought to myself, I was on the astral plane of suicides. These people had committed suicide on earth and were waiting to reincarnate - to return to earth and be reborn. But there was a slight problem. In order for them to return they had to be acceptable to all the “normal” nonsuicidal souls they will share a body with. That is why they were here: to await humanity’s decision.

“Each of us is a universe of souls, not just a single soul journeying from here to Timbuktu. As the Buddha taught, we are all questions of compromise. Each of us is a universe of past lives, and some of us living now owe a debt of gratitude to the

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others for allowing us to live again. These suicides were the astral-level component, the parallel-universe level of reality, of past failures in life. We all have in us the lives of past failures, murderers, rapists, saints and sinners.

“This realization appeared to me as a thought, but I had made a mistake. I had thought to myself, not realizing that my thoughts were open books to my fellow “travelers.” And even worse, what in all hell was I doing there in the first place?

“Just then I noticed “her.” She was sitting on the wall facing me and, gulp, she was looking directly at me and smiling. I heard her reply, “Oh, you know where you are? Who are you? Where do you come from?” She approached me in an overly friendly manner. I boasted, “Yes, I know where I am and I can return home any time I want to.”

““You can, can you?” She asked with great interest as she came close to me. I was getting frightened. This was my first trip and I didn’t know what danger I might be in by my just being there. Then I looked at her eyes. I don’t quite know how to describe what I saw, but her eyes began to spin. They appeared to me as rotating pinwheels of spiraling colors. She was now too close for comfort. I knew then that I had to leave and I exercised the “leaving ritual,” the only one I knew would get me out of there fast. I yelled bloody murder.

“I awoke in bed next to Nancy, and this time for real. It must have been past four in the morning and Nancy wasn’t too happy to have me just pop up in bed talking a blue streak. I not only was wide awake, I was fully conscious and quite lucid and gregarious. Loudly I said to her, “Nancy, wake up. I must describe this dream to you now before I forget it.” Nancy, hardly believing her eyes or ears, was rudely being shaken from a deep sleep of her own. And dazed but understanding, she listened to the story of my voyage.

“It is very important to realize that this “dream” was not just an ordinary dream. I was fully conscious not only during it but in the transition from the astral plane to my bed. My yelling was soundless in the astral realm but gradually became real sound in the physical plane of the bedroom. There was no need for coffee. There was no sleepiness, nor did the dream fade from memory as I became more awake (as most ordinary dreams do). It was simply a matter of recalling actual events in the same manner as you would recall events of the morning over afternoon lunch.

“I hadn’t been asleep and I wasn’t simply lying in bed and daydreaming.”

© Fred Alan Wolf, *Starwave*, 1984

Lucy: Before we start I want to thank for doing this interview today. I know you’re very busy and in much demand.

Dr. Wolf: You’re very welcome.

Lucy: Let’s begin with some lucid dreaming questions and then we’ll move on to more theoretical topics. I know that you’ve had many lucid dreams. Do you actively try to induce lucid dreams, or do you just allow them to occur spontaneously?

Dr. Wolf: I just allow them to happen whenever they happen.

Lucy: Do they occur often or is there a pattern to their occurrence?

Dr. Wolf: There is a pattern. They seem to happen usually at a time after I’ve slept a little while and then have woken up because of something that I’ve needed to think about and then went back to sleep. I’m kind of refreshed enough to do what I think requires a little more effort of mind, and I think that’s what’s required in lucidity.

Lucy: Being a scientist, do you like to perform experiments in your lucid dreams?

Dr. Wolf: I try to. But I find that there is a strange kind of complementarity principle that seems to be involved in the kinds of data-taking that you can do. When I attempt to find numbers or specifics – for example, I was in one dream and I wanted to know where I was. I didn’t have any indication. I thought well, let me find out where I am, what country I’m in, what date it is, what time it is...I couldn’t do any of those. The answers I was getting back in the dream were very ambiguous. For example, when I tried to read a newspaper in the dream, the letters were blurry.

Lucy: Do you have a particular favorite lucid dream?

Dr. Wolf: I’ve had many, so it’s hard for me to pick out what’s my favorite. Each one has been significant from one point or another, so I don’t have any particular favorite. They all are different. Some are very emotional, some are very sad, some are very enlightening, some are mind boggling.

Lucy: In your book *The Dreaming Universe* you have a chapter entitled “**Lucid Dreams: The Borderland Between Parallel Realities**”. Would you talk a bit about your theories of lucid dreaming and how they relate to parallel universes?

Dr. Wolf: The question that I was working on at the time – and this was some years ago, it is more than ten years ago; my thoughts may have changed by now -- was how can we grasp how a person feels or reaches a feeling – an experience - which says “I am I”, “I am me”, “I am this”, “I am myself” and has that experience of what they refer to as “I”? That was the question that was the seed from which *The Dreaming Universe* book really grew.

Because that was the question, the whole development of the book was finding ways of looking at the answer and what I was getting to, was in the lucid dream state - if I remember correctly - was the notion that our brains are able to act like receiving instruments and are able to pick up and perceive not only just the reality that we think we’re in - so called “this world” - but other alternative realities at the same time. In other words, in a kind of schizophrenic state.

So the idea was “What’s the difference between my experience of the “out there world” and the so-called lucid dream?” Now, the outstanding experience of a lucid dream is that I am aware that I have an I. Whereas, in an ordinary dream I have no such awareness. As the dream unfolds I don’t seem to have any control over how it unfolds and I certainly don’t have any recognition of myself as experiencing myself as in a dream. But in a lucid dream I know I’m dreaming, I KNOW I’m in a dream, and I KNOW the world is a world which is a parallel reality to the world that I normally experience when I’m awake. So, the notion of parallel realities just sort of appeared kind of naturally.

And then I began to work on a model of how the self or “the I” arises. I was working on an idea that was originally put out by another physicist, David Albert, who is a professor at Columbia University right now - very brilliant guy - and he had written a paper on what is called “Quantum Automata”, little machines that are capable of, in a way, recognizing themselves and of having experiences as a result of recognizing themselves that are different from their experiences if

they **weren’t** recognizing themselves. That process is truly based on the existence of alternate realities in which the self can reflect, so to speak, on itself from another point of view, from another reality. So that idea kind of said, “Well maybe lucid dreams are like that.”

So then I went even further and asked “What other idea fits together with that?” Well, the theory of holograms is another idea which comes into the picture. There is something called “Holographic Reality” and the notion here is that a hologram is made up of overlaps of alternate realities, much like a regular hologram is made up from overlaps of different wave motions; light waves; in the case of an optical hologram or sound waves if it is a sonar hologram by which radar works and that sort of thing.

So I came to the questions: What would make the hologram? How would the observer relate in that hologram? And what are the different ways that could happen?

One thought that occurred to me was that in a hologram - an optical hologram - there are two kinds of images that form. One of them is called a real image and the other is called a virtual image. A virtual image is what you see when you hold up a magnifying glass (like Sherlock Holmes) and look at a small splinter in your finger, for example. It’s not a real image, because the light is not really coming from the image. You see the magnified finger in a certain position through the lens but if you go and put your hand around where that magnified finger appears there is nothing there so it is called a imaginary image.

On the other hand, there are so-called “*real*” images, and real images are images from light that comes to a focus, like for example when you watch a motion picture the lens of the projector focuses the light streaming through the film strip and it hits upon a screen and makes a real image on the screen. The image is actually there on the screen, it’s not anywhere else, so it is a real image. So I thought, well, maybe in a regular dream, the images that arise are more like virtual images. And in a lucid dream they’re more like real images, and that’s why they have a feeling of reality much as we see the “out there” world. It’s only a metaphor, and an analogy, but I thought that it might be applicable.

Lucy: Have you had any lucid dreams in which you felt you had made contact with a parallel universe or with a parallel self?

Dr. Wolf: That's a good question. Certainly in one of those, the one where I went to this world where I believed I was seeing people who had committed suicide, that certainly was a parallel world, it wasn't the world I was in right now.

But as far as others, I can't tell. I've had dreams where I have actually awakened in a body that wasn't my own. And that was very strange, and I knew that I was "hitching a ride" so to speak. I don't know if you've ever had that kind of experience, but I've had that one, and I couldn't tell if this was a purely imaginal, or parallel world, or whether I was in some other part of the world. I just don't know.

Lucy: This body that you found yourself in, were you able to manipulate it or were you just being carried along with it?

Dr. Wolf: I believe I was manipulating it, that I had taken it over, because I was having an experience, and just like you have an experience right now, for example when you get up to do something, you rarely ever think to yourself "Am I doing this to my body?" You don't think like that. So because you don't carry that thought with you, you just go on and do stuff, you don't even bring into question, "Is this my will acting or am I being a zombie?" – you don't think like that, you just do it. And the same thing happened in the lucid dream when I was in somebody else's body. I realized it wasn't my body, because there were certain differences that I could experience, but I didn't have the feeling that I was being carried along by another being subject to his will or that I was any different than I would normally be in my own body, it just appeared to me to be a different body.

Lucy: As a scientist on the cutting edge of quantum theory and consciousness research, do you foresee a merging of these two fields in any practical way in the near future? In other words, do you think it possible that scientists will one day abandon their particle accelerators and instead use consciousness (perhaps through lucid dreaming or other altered states) to explore reality at the quantum level?

Dr. Wolf: They're already exploring consciousness – it's a whole new field and it's become respectable, mainly because of the efforts of some very classic

scientists – people like Christof Koch and the discoverer of DNA, Francis Crick. Crick and Koch have been investigating what might be called the question of how science should deal with such questions as dreams and consciousness. They take a very materialist point of view, but it's very necessary that at least some scientific activity is going on in the field, because it's been totally ignored up until very recently.

I think it leads to some very interesting questions and it leads to some possible solutions that can be replicated in the laboratory, and that's always difficult, but I don't think it's going to be the end of the particle accelerators.

Lucy: In *Parallel Universes* you wrote:

"... the possibility exists that parallel universes may be extremely close to us, perhaps only atomic dimensions away but perhaps in a higher dimension of space - an extension into what physicists call superspace."

Do you think this idea is compatible with string theory? Do you think there could be a connection between the lucid dream state and one or more of the 10 dimensions of space predicted by string theory?

Dr. Wolf: It's compatible with an extension of string theory called M-Theory or membrane theory or brane theory. It's compatible with that picture. The latest developments - I haven't been keeping up on that, so I'm only speaking from like a couple of years ago - these branes (membranes) are parallel realities that are smaller than atomic dimensions away, and so the idea that there are alternate realities in string theory, I think, is a very realistic attempt to try to make relativity and quantum physics more compatible with each other, which they're not at the moment – there has been some work to make them compatible, but they've not reached what I would call a level of complete compatibility - so there is certainly that effort.

In a book I wrote in 1984 called *Parallel Universes*, I had actually pointed out that parallel universes might be less than atomic dimensions away and might be the place to begin to conceive of how quantum physics and relativity, in particular Einstein's General Theory of relativity, which means the effects of gravity, might be brought into a consistent picture. Now it's almost 20 years since I wrote that and maybe now it's starting to take place.

Lucy: Do you think that within the lucid dream state it would be possible to conduct any kind of experiment to determine the existence of parallel realities? Or is that a little bit too much like science fiction?

Dr. Wolf: No, it's not science fiction. The people that I would tend to ask these question of, or the people who I think could lead us into some approach to this would be people like Stephen LaBerge, who is like the father figure of lucid dreaming, or Jayne Gackenbach, who's also written extensively about lucid dreaming.

These are some of the leaders of the field who I think would be the ones who could lead us into maybe some kind of experimental verification. It really is a difficult subject, to look at what lucidity is telling us about reality. It's very difficult. If one could induce lucidity to such an extent that two people could be in the same dream, kind of like the movie *Dreamscape* where you could enter into another person's dream in a lucid way, while that may seem like science fiction, it's possible, I think, to at least entertain some speculative thoughts as to how to go about doing that.

You would probably need to have two people who are fairly adept at following I guess what LaBerge had originally proposed – Oneironaut training programs. You would need some oneironauts training programs, so maybe two people who were trained oneironauts could see if they could link up.

There have been studies made, very interesting studies made by Stanley Krippner and a couple of other of his associates, Montague Ullman, and Alan Vaughan. They had begun doing research about telepathic communication in the dreamstate, and they had shown, I think rather conclusively, that there was a telepathic communication "channel" that existed and it could be

opened between a dreamer and somebody who is not dreaming. So, if you can open any kind of communication between separate minds via this kind of channel, it doesn't seem too far of a stretch to think about opening up a channel between lucid dreamers.

And if a channel could be opened, why can't a very full lucid communication take place? Much the same way that if we can open up a channel and we can see three-dimensional images on a virtual reality simulator – a computer screen, or whatever – and that can be communicated why can't we do that between brains? Now whether that is really possible or not I have no idea, but it seems possible - an area that somebody could begin thinking about and maybe even get some financial support to do.

Lucy: You've just described my dream job! (If you'll pardon the pun.) I see we're almost out of time. Any last thoughts you'd like to add?

Dr. Wolf: No, I haven't really been thinking about dreaming very much lately, I've been into this whole question of dealing with consciousness per se, but not consciousness pertinent to the dreamstate. But I'm **always** interested, and if there is any research that comes out in the next year or so that you know of, please keep me informed.

Lucy: Absolutely! Thanks for taking the time to talk with us at LDE. I'm looking forward to seeing you at the "What the Bleep" conference in Vancouver, BC next month.

Dr. Wolf: Well thank you for calling, I appreciate it.

For more on Fred Alan Wolf, his books, and speaking events, go to www.fredalanwolf.com

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LDE Quarterly Lucid Dreaming Challenge

September, 2005

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

"Harry Potter and the *Lucid Dream Exchange* Challenge"

Trying out Spells from the Hogwarts Universe.

This issue's task honors the book series of J. K. Rowling, because it promotes a positive point of view about "magic" and about "psi," and has had an incredible world wide impact among the people who really matter - the children and young adults who will make up future generations.

J. K. Rowling's series of books (and the derivative movies) promote the following "heretical ideas" in children at the most impressionable ages, setting up a magical view of the world at deep levels:

1. Muggles (read "skeptics" and "debunkers") do not believe in magic either because they can not do it, or because they hate and fear it.
2. Wizards and witches (read "psychics" and "lucid dreamers" <g>) can do magic, but try not to do it or talk about it in front of muggles, to spare their feelings and to avoid societal upset.
3. Even muggle parents can have wizards and witches as children, although of course, as muggles, they will not understand magic, and will explain away any evidence of magic when it occurs, out of ignorance and prejudice.
4. In general, wizards and witches feel sorry for muggles, and find their disbelief in magic amusing. They do not take the viewpoints of muggles seriously.
5. Muggles and wizards do not live in some other world, or in some fairytale, they live in today's contemporary society.

I find it hard to imagine a better set of underlying defensive beliefs for a developing child with psychic abilities. Granted, this set of beliefs may not last, but they can give many children an extra year or two of magical childhood before societal pressures mold them into at least a semblance of muggles. But underneath it all, even in the most repressed, in the depths of the unconscious, "Harry Potter" will live on. And that, to paraphrase Robert Frost, may make all the difference.

The Challenge

When you next gain full lucidity in a dream, try doing one of the following HP ("Harry Potter") spells:

1. **Wingardium Leviosah!** (pronounced: win-GAR-dee-um lev-ee-OH-sah) In the books this spell levitates the object you point at while saying it.
2. **Lumos!** (pronounced: LOO-mos) This spell causes a light to appear.
3. **Scourgify!** (pronounced: SKUR-ji-fy) This cleaning spell makes messes disappear. And finally –
4. **Expecto Patronum!** (pronounced: ex-PEK-toh pah-TRO-num) This advanced spell causes a guardian animal spirit to appear.

Clearly intone each syllable of the spell you've chosen, using the pronunciation provided above. (I suggest that you practice chanting the spell during the day before going to sleep.) Stay centered in the dream and focus your intent on tapping into and channeling your creative power. Repeat as necessary, deepening your intent and trying variations in your wand gestures as necessary.

Now if by some mischance you find yourself in a lucid dream without a wand handy, in my experience you can use your hand instead with good results. For this task, to minimize uncontrolled variables, I suggest that you use the hand gesture known as "sword fingers" in *qigong*. I spontaneously found myself using this gesture for focusing intent or for directing energy in many lucid dreams. Once I discovered the *qigong* connection, I often used this gesture intentionally. It has proven reliable for directing lucid dream healing and

psychokinetic effects. (With regard to HP spells, for example I've tried "Wingardium Leviosah" for levitation in lucid dreams, using this hand gesture in place of wand waving, and it worked quite well.)

To make the sword fingers gesture, point with your dominant hand by extending the index and middle fingers. Curl the ring and pinky fingers against the palm, and place the thumb on top of them. Aside from pointing, you can use your hand to simulate wand movements (*"Swish and flick, remember, swish and flick. And saying the magic words properly is very important too"* -- Professor Flitwick in **Harry Potter and the Philosopher's Stone**) To get the feel of using this hand gesture, listen to classical music and do some imaginary conducting. <g>

After your dream, record your experiences, and describe in detail what you did (especially if it differs from what I've described above), and the context - the environment and situation - in which you tried a spell out. If the spell results in phenomena of some sort, describe what happened in your dream journal in as much detail as possible - color, shape, movement, texture, etc. Use illustrations if appropriate. Also, if you aimed the spell at a particular target (for example, a feather for levitation, or an infected cut for healing), describe the target's condition before, and after the spell. If you get a chance to try a spell more than once, note down both similarities and differences. And of course, should you succeed at trying out any HP spells (regardless of whether or not the spells "work!"), I'd very much appreciate it if you would send your dream(s) to me (alef1@msn.com), or better yet, to the **Lucid Dream Exchange!**

(Interested in trying out more spells from the Hogwarts Universe? Visit **The Harry Potter Lexicon** online and go to their "The Encyclopedia of Spells" section at: <http://www.hp-lexicon.org/magic/spells/spells.html>)

Why should "Harry Potter" spells work in lucid dreams?

I believe that "magical words" derive their power from at least two different sources.

First, the personal level, where magical words have effects through their subjective associations for the user. Effective Associations: 1. On the **Thinking/Focus Level** - clear meaning, with no contradictory or mundane associations (why many magical spells use words from dead or foreign languages.) 2. On the **Emotional/Intent Level** - positive affect associations, for example words intrinsically embedded in an emotionally positive context, for example mantras/godnames, found in religious texts, or taught in spiritual or magical traditions respected by the user. And alternatively, for those who love the books, spells taken from Tolkiens's *Lord of the Rings* or from the J. K. Rowling's 'Harry Potter' books might work as well or better than those taken from religious tracts or grimoires, as these words have a powerful emotional appeal. Finally, "secret", or little known, "magical words" can have an added power for the individual who uses them.

Second, the impersonal, archetypal, level. Some words may have an intrinsic power, that does not come from the user as such, but that the user only taps into. Magical words or phrases that resonate/effect the release of archetypal energies, or of energies stored in the collective unconscious. Two possible examples. First, mantras/godnames known and chanted with purposeful intent by generations of monks, nuns, yogis, and other mystics. Second, the Harry Potter spells - known and uncritically believed in by millions of children.

This quarter's **LDE** challenge seems a kind of dream experiment, to look at the effects of Harry Potter spells when tried by different lucid dreamers from different backgrounds. Will the spells used in dreams generate effects with the kind of commonalties one might expect in a consensual reality, or will spells generate strictly subjective and different effects dependent on the idiosyncrasies of the individual who uses them? Does it matter if the person has read the Harry Potter books or if they haven't? Help us find out!

An example:

Early in July of 2005, I unintentionally stepped on a cat and it bit me. Despite the usual treatment, after a day the bite began to look infected, so when I came across the "Scourgify!" spell (used for cleaning up messes) when rereading **The Order of the Phoenix** (in preparation for the next book in the series coming out a week later), I decided to incubate a lucid dream that night, to see what effect the spell might have when directed at the wound. The relevant excerpt of my lucid dream account follows:

***EWK 7/14/05** "In a corridor, I become fully lucid and remember my task. I take off my left sock, and point my right hand, using my index and middle fingers, at the bite and emphatically say "SCOURGIFY!" A yellow-mustard colored mist comes out of my extended fingers, spraying the bite and surrounding area with a clear yellowish liquid. It thoroughly covers my ankle and foot, but does not stop spraying. . . . Finally, I say "CANCEL!" out loud while looking at my fingers and the spraying stops. I see a drop or two of yellow liquid on my fingertips. (the dream continues) . . ."*

Next morning the wound looked much better - two thirds of the redness surrounding the bite area had disappeared. "Scourgify" not only had an effect in my dream, but perhaps in waking physical reality as well.

Lucid Dreaming Presentations at the IASD Conference

© Robert Waggoner

A number of presentations on lucid dreaming were sprinkled throughout the five day International Association for the Study of Dreams conference in Berkeley, CA., June 24-28, 2005.

LDE co-editors, Lucy Gillis and Robert Waggoner, joined Ed Kellogg and Beverly D'Urso for a two hour panel discussion entitled "Extreme Dreaming: First-Hand Reports from Lucid X-Dreamers," which focused on interesting and thought-provoking lucid dreams. Ed Kellogg spoke on lucid dreams at two additional presentations: "Exploring the Tree of Life Through Lucid Dreaming" and "The Matrix of Mathematics: Source Code of the Dreamtime?" Beverly D'Urso gave an additional presentation on "The Ethics of Dream Sex".

Other lucid dream speakers included Clare Johnson discussing "The Role of Lucid Dreaming in the Creative Process," David Pleasants on "Self Consciousness and the Sense of Agency Within Lucid Nightmares" and Evelyn Doll on "Dreaming, Lucid Dreaming and Personality." Brigitte Holzinger was unable to attend and present a paper on "Lucid Dreaming as a Cure for Nightmares?"

Besides a lot of individual discussions among lucid dreamers, a 12 minute video, "Lucid Dreams" by Richard Hilton was shown each day.

DREAM TELEPATHY CONTEST: Once again, the IASD Dream Telepathy Contest was won by two talented lucid dreamers, and occasional contributors to the LDE. Beverly D'Urso took first place and Clare Johnson took second place in the telepathy contest.

In the contest, four individually wrapped pictures are sent to the conference. Then on a special night, the "telepathic sender" selects one of the wrapped pictures to take to their room, unwraps it and telepathically sends out the picture's imagery to all

participants. In the morning, all four pictures are unwrapped and displayed on a table; however the "target picture" remains secret. Dreamers are then instructed to write down their dream or dreams that seem to relate to one of the four pictures. By pure chance, a person would have only a one in four chance of selecting the proper target picture. After a few hours, each picture and the accompanying dreams are taken away and judged by three judges.

The Inner Arts Center

Explore Dreams & Dreaming

Lucid Dreaming Workshop

Sunday, October 2, 2005
Old Town Alexandria, VA

Learn the unique art of conscious dreaming.

Robert Waggoner, co-editor of the *Lucid Dream Exchange* ([Hwww.dreaminglucid.comH](http://www.dreaminglucid.com)) will be your teacher at this all-day workshop. He has experienced more than 1000 lucid dreams and he shows beginner, intermediate, and advanced dreamers how to enter this exciting world.

What is Lucid Dreaming?
Awake and aware in dream; a special type of dreaming.

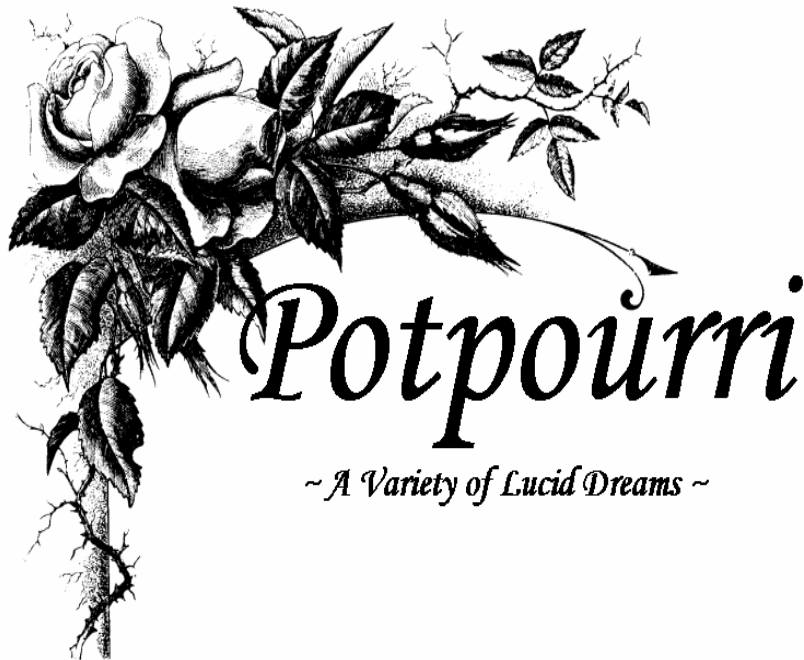
\$45 for all-day workshop

Seating is limited so go immediately to:
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Lucidity Letter On-line!

All issues of *Lucidity Letter*
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[Hwww.spiritwatch.ca](http://www.spiritwatch.ca)



P.O. February 27 1995

The Definition of Pain: Insurance

After reading lucid techniques in LaBerge's *Exploring the World of Lucid Dreams*, I decide to ask a dream character the definition of "pain". Then I visualize a pink lotus with a flame in the center....

I found myself walking in an underground tunnel with cement walls. I said, "I'm dreaming!" I was very delighted that I finally did it! I made a reality check by flying on my back. I could see my feet. I caressed my left forearm with my right hand. I could barely feel the touch so I did it again. Then I squeezed my thumb knuckle. I definitely felt that....

I looked around and I was still in a tunnel. However, I was very cold and shivering. I thought I might not have covers on me in bed, so I better pull them up. I was still cold so I decided to find some clothes to put on in the dream. I saw some long underwear hanging up. I was putting on the underwear while people around me were laughing. I didn't care....

I flew over an office. I could see women below. I yelled down, "Does anyone know the definition of "pain"? I got a lot of gibberish. Discouraged, I flew on.

I was in an area with green foliage. I noticed the philodendron plants were as large as trees. I flew under them.

Then I decided to touch myself again, so I caressed my left forearm. This time, I could feel short, thick hairs. I was surprised since I can't feel any in waking life.

I asked the men, "What does insurance mean?" I thought that was a good word for attorneys. One man started defining it. I needed to write it down to remember it. However all of the pieces of paper were irregularly cut and

small or covered with scribbles. I started to write, but my pencil broke....I studied carefully for feelings of pleasure and pain and decided I had neither....I squeezed my thumb knuckle, and it felt the same as my first squeeze.

I decided to let the dream take me where it will. I was in a hallway with Cousin Carol. I decided attorneys (or doctors) worked there. Carol and I entered one of the offices. Two men sat behind the desk. There were no chairs around, so Carol sat on a box of files. I sat on an open box, but since it was soft, it fell in as I fell over. I sat there laughing, along with the others.

The attorney was saying something very logical, but did not complete the sentence....I was determined to get an answer for the definition of "insurance"....Then the guy said, "Insurance is for everyone. Insurance cares for people." I woke up immediately with these words. I repeated them and wrote them down.

Note: I have no idea why I chose the word, "insurance". It wasn't on my mind. However, I was an insurance examiner many years ago and do associate attorneys and insurance. It would have made more sense to make the offices belong to doctors, so I could ask about "pain" as I had programmed.

Tom Summer 2005

This was first my intentional lucid dream ever. I had woken up very early and couldn't sleep so started reading *Lucid Dreaming*, a book I ordered off the internet. I tried the "fire lotus" technique and it seemed as soon as I drifted off to sleep I fell into a lucid dream. I found myself in my living room in the house that I grew up in and practically immediately I realized that I was dreaming and became lucid.

I had already had plans for my first lucid dream because of all of the reading I had done about it. I decided the first thing I was going to do was fly. So I looked up at the ceiling and decided, "I'm gonna fly outside." I attempted to fly through the ceiling and into the world outside but I found that as I went through the ceiling I came off of the floor of my living room, I continued this cycle about three times before I decided to try the door. So, as I was floating up toward the ceiling I threw my hands up and stopped myself on the ceiling, pushed myself back down to the floor, and walked out the door.

As I walked outside, a feeling of complete bliss and joy came over me as I felt the cool breeze on my face and could smell the country air. It was the most vivid dream that I had ever had, in some ways more real than waking life. I saw

people from my old community all around me with smiling faces. I decided to lift up and fly down the street but just as I did I caught something out of the corner of my eye and immediately the bliss left me.

For some reason, the person that I saw took all of the joy out of me, they made me feel lost and alone and depressed. I was so overwhelmed by this shift in emotion that I forced myself to wake up, first into a false awakening but finally, completely. I later realized that the person I saw was actually my "shadow figure," part of myself that I refused to accept. Now with the knowledge I have I can go back and find peace with this "shadow figure." I plan to do that in my next lucid dream.

Robert Waggoner July 13-14 2005

On the Geometric Path

I walk along a path, following Wendy and Lucy. Oddly, the path seems composed of various geometric shapes. We have to go at a certain, measured pace. As I walk along in this odd gait, I begin to realize how unusual this seems, and I announce, "This is a dream!"

Lucid, I see other paths, and notice they have geometric shapes, also. I skip ahead and enter them. I laugh as I cross various paths; knowing that I ignore the rules of this place, and have broken the pattern, etc. I have fun with it.

Steve Spring 2005

Hello Lucy: I have been reading your LDE publications everyday. They are very informative and interesting. I enjoy the articles on lucid dreams, techniques and tips. The interviews also contain a lot of important information.

In my latest lucid dream which occurred the morning of May 8th there was a definite lucid dream trigger and I was able to incorporate two techniques which I have read about in your articles. The trigger took place in a vivid dream I was having while eating in a restaurant. I looked down at the menu and one paragraph that I read had the phrase "To all obe dreamers or lucid, next time in your lucid dream ask what your name is."

Immediately after reading this I found myself in a lucid dream. The visuals were poor at first and I was afraid of waking up. Then I remembered the spinning technique. After the spinning technique I found myself in a different location. My spinning was quite slow and I appeared to spin in a clockwise direction as images were passing to my left. It did work. In my new location, which now had very good visuals, I said the well-known phrase "clarity up". The visuals became very clear and realistic. I also found myself floating very high when I said "clarity up".

I also invented a dream character which I tried to converse with. The character was unable to speak but just followed

me. It was a very stable lucid dream - extremely realistic and quite satisfying in the few minutes that it lasted. Also my detachment from my physical body was calm and smooth. The whole experience was calm, stable, and lucid.

P.O. July 16 2005

Looking for the Healing Room

I couldn't sleep, so got out of bed for about one and one-half hours. I thought the timing was good for a lucid dream so programmed to have a dream about healing. I kept repeating to myself -- "I'm dreaming. I'm dreaming."

I was standing up, looking down at a colorful box, about six inches in size. As I stared at it, I said, "I'm dreaming." I remembered that I wanted to go to the Healing Room to get some help to feel better. Inasmuch as I felt the box held some secret message about healing, I picked it up to read the writing that was on the outside. I kept turning the box in an attempt to understand the valuable information it must contain. The writing always remained upside down.

I heard voices coming from outside, so I went to the window to check the disturbance. I noticed the window was entirely different from the window in my house. Also, the curtains were made of a heavy black material. I pushed the curtain aside and saw a young man out there. I told him that he was a dream character and to get lost. Then, I wondered if I should have sex with him. When I thought that, he said, "I'm ready to service." I remembered I wanted to have a healing dream. I went outside to find the Healing Room. Cousin Tom was sitting in a lounging chair. I asked him if he knew where I could find the Healing Room. He started to talk about subjects that didn't interest me.

I went back to the room. My brother walked into the room looking for some kind of recipe to make cornish hen. I started talking with him about cooking and completely lost lucidity.

Mike Summer 2005

I do not have a specific example to submit as I do not remember any one dream. What I do remember is on many occasions I have dreamed about similar scenarios where I am being chased by someone or something or where something life-threatening is about to take place. It is at this point in my dream where I will become aware of the fact I am dreaming. For some reason I still feel the same amount of fear as if I was still unaware of myself dreaming. My natural reaction to my fear is to wake myself up which I do with great difficulty but seem to manage every time.

Therefore I believe that in these dreams I have not achieved what is commonly known as lucidity but possibly a partial form, although very rarely have I achieved lucidity in my dreams. I believe that the dreams where I wake myself up happen often because the majority of my dreams are in

actual fact Nightmares. Despite the fact that I have experienced these dreams I do not believe that I have yet experienced total lucidity. I have never managed to achieve lucidity by choice/my own efforts, every lucid dream I have had has come about by chance, by a fluke that I realised I was dreaming, some sort of subconscious trigger perhaps.

Edith

My First Lucid Dream: Twenty-odd (some very odd) years ago

I am strolling, lucid, towards a modest railway station -- just an outdoor platform -- not surprised by the fact that I feel as if I were a resident in this town, which has no resemblance to any waking life location. My mood seems to be cheerful, relaxed, mildly curious. I am slightly astonished to see a big handsome horse, with no apparent owner, no harness either; he's just kind of hanging out by the platform. I decide to take a train; I seem to know from what direction it will come, heading northwards. But I remind myself that I have no ticket. I decide to tell the conductor that I "left it on my bedroom dresser". However I then think shrewdly, "This is a dream train. I don't need a ticket." Along comes the train. I board it happily, and off it goes.

The only other passenger I recall is a woman I knew years ago and with whom I've long since lost touch. I instruct her, "Now you look out of the windows on your side, while I look out of the windows on mine; that way, we'll see if the scenery is the same." Something goes wrong at this point; perhaps some kind of nervous feel about holding the whole scene together, or having it under some kind of control? In any case the train takes on a wild burst of speed, very frightening, and I wake.

Comment: Perhaps this was a kind of initiation dream -- a trip into new territory, which has its fascinating but also its dangerous aspects; issues of reality and illusion, control and flow, psychic health and illness. That horse, I think, might represent a more primitive level of simple, organic life, a slower means of work and transport than a train, but with its own animal power and beauty. The woman in the train was, in fact, a journalist specializing in in-depth interviews for classy publications; so I take it I "summoned" her as a reliable witness to my windows experiment. As to the train's direction -- ever since reading Anderson's *Snow Queen* when I was a child, I've loved the concept of some remote and icy magical land, but I haven't found it yet.

P.O. June 26 2005

I woke up at 1:30 am and couldn't fall back asleep until 3:00 am. I was watching two mice feeding two green and yellow parakeets. Then, I noticed beautifully colored birds, taking a bath in a shallow pond. My dream got more detailed and vivid as I watched the pond change in various ways.

Suddenly, I was on top of a rock about to step down. I went down so slowly that I wondered if I were dreaming. If the distance were greater, I would think I was flying. I decided to do a reality test by flying. My feet were about two feet off the ground as I flew down a street. To my left, I could see houses that looked like a slum area. The same was to my right. I didn't like the scene, so I asked myself what I wanted to do in my next lucid dream. No answer. However, a good looking young man was coming towards me so I decided to have sex with him. He said he had his car, and we can have sex there. I rejected that idea since it would be uncomfortable. I told him we will go into the alley and have sex standing up. With this thought, I could feel his penis in me. He had an immediate orgasm...however, since I felt no pleasure at all, I was annoyed with the young man. I decided to create William Holden the actor. With that thought, an advertising billboard appeared with the picture of a handsome, distinguished older man with grey hair and glasses. He wasn't William Holden, but he'll do. His eyes became real and winked at me. However, I could not make him into a dream character.

Suddenly I realized I was lying on my back on the couch in the parlor in my home in Scranton, PA, where I lived as a teenager. I was having a lucid dream about sex, and my lower body was moving accordingly. I pulled the sheet over me when I saw my mother and father coming into the room. I was so embarrassed that I woke up. (I was really lying on my back.)

Robert Waggoner July 13-14 2005

Animating a Portrait with My Cane

I find myself in a hotel room, where Wendy and I and another woman seem to be waiting for a flight. Apparently, we plan to go home on some strange airline (Finnish Air?). I realize this seems odd, and become lucid. Walking into the hallway, I see a portrait of a distinguished gentleman in a red robe hanging on the wall. I have a cane in my hand, and decide that I can make the portrait become alive by tapping on it. I do so.

Now, the gentleman becomes three-dimensional and leans out of the frame! I ask him a question, and he begins to answer in response. Strangely, he gets into a bit of a rift about "alcohol", and I start to wonder, "Where is this coming from?" I take my cane, and touch the man (or the frame) and he returns to being a portrait. Still lucid, it occurs to me that we need to make the flight. I begin to pack up while Wendy calls the front desk. It seems we are missing the flight, so we leave, and I enjoy floating down the long stairway in long leaps. We pass some young women in toga type outfits. I get to the front desk and demand assistance. Someone says go to floor 2, while Wendy says go to floor 7.

Lucy Gillis August 6 2005

Clusters of Probable Selves Hanging in the Sky

Outdoors, I become lucid and decide that I want to try something different. I then think that I would like to go to parallel realities to contact probable selves. Spontaneously, I sit on the ground and attempt to meditate, as a means to clear my mind and focus my intent, and hopefully to propel myself "there."

I am almost immediately joined by a few others, but there are two men there who are more interested in flirting with me than in meditating. They make silly comments about probable realities, and then ask what we should do next. I tell them to do whatever they want. One guy puts his arm around me, but I ignore him and try to concentrate. People in the group are getting chatty and playful and not at all interested in meditating. I get up and walk away from them, saying I want to be alone – I don't want to be distracted from my goal.

I walk around a corner of a building and then run and jump up into the air. I fly easily. I notice people below me, some in groups or pairs, others alone, and - curiously - some in the air flying around. I don't recall ever dreaming of flying with other people in the sky, I'm always alone unless I am bringing someone with me. I sing about what I see and rhyme words like "sky" and "fly". My flight is easy, not very high. I swoop and dip a lot, but I don't lose altitude.

I begin to notice that the sky is getting crowded. I see more and more people flying around and then see clusters of people very close together, just hovering in the sky. They look like giant human beehives. Immediately I am reminded of a dream I had several years ago in which my probable selves stepped out of mirrors and formed groups. I know that this is representative of the same thing. In the sky all around me, above and below, far and wide, I see these "clusters of selves" suspended in the air. Lucidity begins to fade as I start to feel my physical body on my bed. I'm disappointed, as I feel I was getting close to my goal. I false awake and then continue to dream non-lucidly.

A. Dreamer July 4-5 2005

Local Lucid in My NEW Apartment

The beginning of the dream is very vague. I only recall I was in a situation I didn't like. It occurs to me then that this is unreal, that I'm actually dreaming. At first I try to go along with things realizing it doesn't matter. I soon become more fully lucid and become more aware I don't have to go along with things - I can create my own scenario.

I find myself on this roof-like place. I lift off to fly over the surrounding fence but can't get high enough to get over it. I

counsel myself I can do this if I want. Then I lift off and soar. I fly for a while. When I come down I find myself in my new apartment. I vaguely sense someone in the apartment with me but I ignore him or her, rushing at the door with the intention to go through it. I have no success - the glass and screen won't melt so I tediously pull the sliding glass door and screen back and go out the ordinary way.

I am out on my deck. Though it is night in the dream, I find I can see outside as if it were dusk. Somehow I climb down into the yard and walk around, enjoying the view at night. I try to remember any plans I had for a local lucid here. The only thing I can recall is to visit the small in-law cottage. I wonder if the people from previous fantasies might inhabit it. Alas, the cottage is nowhere to be seen in the dream version of my yard, nor are any of the surrounding houses visible.

I go back up towards the deck. I see lots of furniture in the area near the small greenhouse - comfortable chairs and a table suitable for outdoor gatherings and dream picnics. Then I go up further. The stone steps are now made of wood and there are considerably fewer of them. I go up the steps or most of them and come to a smallish bed outside with only a sheet to cover it. For fun I lie down. As I lie there, I see a beautiful panorama of scenery, which is very unlike the shady, riparian environment of my place. What I see is green rolling fields, patches of flowers, daytime skies, a moving panorama. I watch it but know it doesn't belong to my true environment. Eventually I get off the outdoor bed, climb over a bunch of things to get back on the deck, and go inside.

Once inside I marvel I can still see so clearly. I discover my place is much larger with extra rooms and furniture, including a couch across the south wall. I look around the augmented apartment but don't seriously explore. I think I have been in the dream awhile and consider maybe I should wake up so I don't forget the dream. With that thought I find I am gradually waking up. Slowly I become aware of my real bedroom.

Robert Waggoner May 22-23 2005

Pulled at the Base of My Neck

I seem to be driving down a road in a semi at night. Listening to the radio, it says something about the weather in "Idaho Falls." That seems odd. Suddenly I realize, "This is a dream!" I decide to "fly" off the road with the entire semi and truckload behind me. Laughingly, I begin to ascend with the entire load in tow - we sail through the night sky!

Strangely, I feel at the base of my neck (at the back of my head) that my "cord" seems to be pulled up or pushed up and along. I wonder about this feeling.

Margaret August 2005

Semi-lucid

I was driving down the road when I realized I was dreaming. But for some reason, I thought that I had to stop and park the car in order to have a lucid dream. Unfortunately I woke up too quickly.

Steve Spring 2005

I was in the Azores for two weeks with my wife. Being surrounded by the Atlantic ocean which was our back yard I never had so many vivid dreams. I also had two lucid dreams and came close to having others. I have found out that dreaming of a huge wave coming towards me almost always initiates a lucid dream. My last three lucid dreams as well as my very first (hang-glider) began with a wave. Last night I dreamed I was on a beach and the water suddenly receded. Off in the horizon a huge wave approached but I woke up. While in the Azores I dreamed of a huge wave crashing before me. I said to myself "Here comes my lucid dream." Then the wave picked me up and I rose high into the air. At this point I found myself floating upside down in a room. Visuals were grey and I soon woke up.

The morning of June 6th during a lightening storm I had another lucid dream. It occurred at 12:00 midnight. The earliest lucid dream ever. I believe this was a result of jet-lag. The Azores are four hours ahead of us; this would have made it 4:00 am. I was dreaming I was swimming in the ocean. Debris littered the water. The wind picked up and the waves grew huge. Then in front of me a monster wave approached. It broke and crashed about a hundred yards ahead of me. As the wall of water engulfed me I dove under it and was lifted high up. I then found myself in a dimly lit room. I could not get anywhere with my lucid dream. I then woke up.

I was disappointed and started walking towards a window. I then realized I was still in a lucid dream. This was my first false awakening. Then a female voice called out my name from another part of the house. I tried to answer with my own physical voice. What came out was a horrible slow deep response. I said, "What is it?" It startled me so much I woke up. Also the detachment from my physical body was accompanied by a very loud bang. When I realized I was having a false awakening it hit me again. The loud bang in my head was not very pleasant. I wonder if the electrical storm was influencing my lucidity in any way.

Robert Waggoner May 22-23 2005

Pre-written Lucid Dream

I travel along a road and see a roadside art stand with various paintings hanging there. I drive away, and begin to

think how "unreal" a roadside art stand would be. At that, I become lucid, and begin to fly in the night sky. I enjoy the beauty of flying and the rich darkness of night. Suddenly, I seem to have awoken. I look for my dream journal. I see that I have already written this lucid dream, very artistically, in blue ink and writing like Moe's. This seems odd. I jot down a few extra notes.

Margaret August 19 2005

Is This What It's Like To Die?

I became lucid when I found myself rising up to the ceiling above the bed. I remember vividly seeing the small round dots in the ceiling tiles. I kept rising upwards until I was outside in the night sky, flying toward a bright star. I thought of near death experiences and wondered if this is what it is like to die. Then I could see another star and I veered off (not by my own will) toward it. I only saw the two stars in the sky. I woke up.

Lucy Gillis July 26 2005

Out the Window, Along the Poles, and Into a New Dream Scene

I am in the kitchen standing on a ladder or chair by the window at the sink. M is standing by the table. Suddenly I know that I'm dreaming. I say "I'm dreaming. We're dreaming." I want to prove it to her, so I say "Watch this." I then press the fingers of my left hand onto the window glass. It feels cool at first, then warms as the glass melts from my touch and I pull it like Taffy. I then seem to forget about M and want to get outside.

I push and propel myself with some effort through the window glass, "outside" where it is neither day nor night. It is not dark, but it doesn't feel or look like outdoor light either. I'm hovering in the air in front of the house.

To my right are large, fat poles with cross bars that look like telephone poles, or poles supporting power lines, stretching off into the distance. I swim/fly from one pole to the next, but it seems to require some effort, as I fly, weaving my way under and over crossbeams in a sinusoidal pattern, sometimes pausing on a crossbeam before continuing.

Then I suddenly find myself in a new dream scene. I'm running up a flight of concrete stairs in a narrow outdoor stairwell. I run into a young soldier coming down the steps. Still aware I'm dreaming, I say, "Don't Ask!" when he looks at me with an astonished and questioning look.

My lucidity rapidly fades away as I see more soldiers, and realize I am in some wooded training area. Soon lucidity is totally gone, as I become caught up in the dream plot of being involved with a dark haired soldier.

Announcing:
IASD's Third Online *PsiberDreaming* Conference
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**Online Participation Costs for both weeks
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LUCID LINKS

The Lucid Dream Exchange

www.dreaminglucid.com

The International Association for the Study of Dreams

www.asdreams.org

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

The Lucidity Institute

www.lucidity.com

Lucidity Institute Forum

A thought-provoking, inspiring place to participate in on-going discussions about the very stuff that lucid dreams are made of.

www.lucidity.com/forum

The Dream Explorer

Linda Lane Magallon's website featuring lucid, OBE, telepathic, mutual and flying dreams. Some dreams and articles have appeared in LDE.

<http://members.aol.com/psiflyer/dream/explorer.html>

Linda Magallón's Flying Dreams website

www.members.aol.com/caseyflyer/flying/dreams.html

Electric Dreams

www.dreamgate.com

Lucid Dream Newsgroups

[alt.dreams.lucid](#) and [alt.out-of-body](#)

Janice's Website

With links to lucid dreaming and out of body sites.

<http://www.hopkinsfan.net>

the5aint's website

www.angelfire.com/ca/auricles/lucid4.html

Dreams and Lucidity

<http://www.spiritonline.com>

Lucid Dreaming Links

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

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

www.dreams.ca

Sleep Paralysis and Lucid Dreaming Research

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

Ralf's "Maui DreamCamp Picture Show"

<http://home.t-online.de/home/Ralf.Penderak/index.htm>

Reve, Conscience, Eveil

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

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

Werner Zurfluh

"Over the Fence"

www.oobe.ch/index_e.htm

Beverly D'Urso - Lucid Dream Papers

www.durso.org/beverly

The Conscious Dreamer

Sirley Marques Bonham

www.theconsciousdreamer.org

Robert Moss

Numerous articles including such topics as active and shamanic dreaming, plus upcoming workshops and more.

www.mossdreams.com

Jayne Gackenbach

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

www.spiritwatch.ca

Richard Hilton's Lucid Dream Documentary

http://www.BulbMedia.net/lucid_dream_documentary

The Lucid Art Foundation

www.lucidart.org

Experience Festival

Several articles on lucid dreaming, false awakenings, etc.

http://www.experiencefestival.com/lucid_dreaming

David F. Melbourne

Author and lucid dream researcher.

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

Matt Jones's Lucid Dreaming and OBE Forum

www.saltcube.com

Oniris - Le Forum des Rêves

A French site dedicated to lucid dreaming.

<http://reveslucides.free.fr/index.php>

DreamTokens

www.dream-tokens.com

Send in Your Lucid Dreams!

Deadline: November 5 2005

www.dreaminglucid.com