

A photograph of a pond with several green lily pads floating on the water. In the foreground, a turtle with a dark, patterned shell is resting on a large, flat rock. The water is dark and reflects the light. The overall scene is peaceful and natural.

LDE

The Lucid Dream Exchange

Number 46 • March 2008

DreamSpeak with Joy Fatooh

Initiation to the Inner Frontier

**Inserting Lucid Actions into the
Waking World: Strange Dreams**

Now Appearing In Mutual Dreams

The Lucid Dream Exchange

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'Turtle Dreaming in the Sunshine'
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Statement of Purpose

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

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

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Submissions

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

Submissions are printed at the discretion of the LDE editors.

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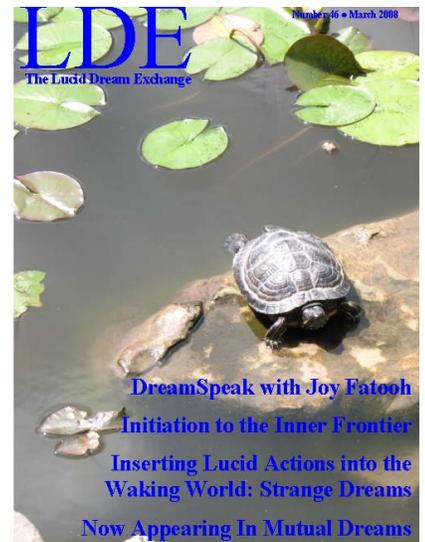
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David L. Kahn



Dream

Speak

An Interview with a Lucid Dreamer

**By Robert Waggoner
Responses © Joy Fatooh**

When she is not bending the laws of physics in her lucid dreams, Joy Fatooh engages the waking world with an equally keen eye as an illustrator and wildlife biologist. Please welcome, Joy.

How did you become interested in lucid dreaming?

I'd always enjoyed occasional spontaneous lucid dreams but never did anything to cultivate them. About seven years ago I met someone who thought I ought to take them more seriously and insisted I read Carlos Castaneda's book *The Art of Dreaming*. I started reading it just before going to sleep, chuckled at poor Carlos' strenuous efforts to achieve lucidity and thought, "I bet I could do it tonight." And I did.

What do you recall of your first intentional lucid dream? Anything odd, unusual, or unexpected?

Yes! First I have to tell you that I had a houseguest that night, an old friend who'd stopped by while he was in the area, and over dinner he'd told me a very funny story about a co-worker who believed in angels and went on to launch into a long rant: "I don't believe in any of that crap! Don't talk to me about angels, don't talk to me about crystals, don't talk to me about ESP, don't talk to me about UFOs, don't tell me you used to be a pharaoh in ancient Egypt...." Well, I just listened and smiled, because I'd had several experiences with telepathy and precognition and mutual dreaming – but they'd all been years ago. It seemed that when I got educated as a biologist, the intuitive part of my mind got swamped by the analytical side.

The dream itself was pretty simple. I don't remember now the moment of becoming lucid, but it was quite clear and I was delighted to have achieved it by my own intent. I was in my bedroom, and I went out into the hall and saw my calico cat sitting in the doorway to the living room. I paused and marveled at how incredibly vivid she appeared, every long hair visible in detail, her golden eyes scintillating. "It seems even more real than ordinary reality," I thought. I walked on into the living room, fascinated by the feeling of moving about within a dream, and found to my surprise that the room was full of people milling around, all dressed up as if it were some kind of fancy party – maybe a wedding reception. In reality I'd never hosted any such event; I live way out in the desert where people are scarce and dressing up means putting on a pair of jeans without too many holes. I wanted to enjoy the feeling of lucidity undistracted, so I went out the door into the front yard and spent a few

moments enjoying the vividness of the natural world, and then I woke.

I was about to leave for work when my friend came out to meet me in the front yard, looking a little dazed. "I had the strangest dream," he said. "It was so vivid. I dreamt that your house was full of people."

"I dreamed that too," I said. "They were all dressed up."

"Yeah, they were all wearing their best clothes! Like for a party or something," he said.

"Like maybe a wedding," I said.

"Yeah, yeah, it could have been a wedding." His face clouded over and he shook his head as if to clear it.

"Huh! Strange."

"I used to have the same dream at the same time as other people sometimes," I told him, "but it's been a long time. Cool! Well, I'd better go. It was great seeing you! Keep in touch, okay?"

And I haven't seen him since!

What did you make of that? What about lucid dreams caught your interest and attention? What made you want to have another lucid dream and pursue it further?

It was a delight to have my first intentional lucid dream be a mutual dream as well, to discover I still had that capacity, and it opened the floodgates for other psi experiences. Castaneda's fear-filled world didn't appeal to me but I went on to read about Tibetan dream yoga, and that captivated me.

Which came first: your interest in lucid dreaming, or the interest in Tibetan Buddhism?

It was in reading about dream yoga that I first learned about Tibetan Buddhism as a science of consciousness. They have a centuries-old tradition of empirical study of the mind's potential, with each generation of teachers passing on what they've learned in order to convey what's possible and what's worth pursuing, but always insisting that the student only believe his or her own experiences.

What are some of the ideas from dream yoga that you find appealing or which you have had an opportunity to use in your own lucid dreaming?

At my paltry level of progress, the main one is simply the wonderful malleability of the dream world. They say you can do anything in a dream, and my experience bears this out. Tenzin Wangyal Rinpoche's book *The Tibetan Yogas of Dream and Sleep* has a list of suggestions including making yourself or anything else bigger or smaller, creating things out of nothing, multiplying objects or making them vanish, traveling across distances, transforming the nature of experience from frightening to loving.... They advocate playing with these ideas until it's perfectly clear that sensory experience in dreams is illusory, and then carrying that knowledge into waking life as well. For me, it inspires calm and confidence. Playing with the fluidity of every situation in dreams seems to be good practice for feeling unstuck in waking life.

But even within a dream, I can't always just think a thought and make it be so. I sometimes have to trick myself past the apparent solidity of the illusion. For instance, once I saw a purple flower in a vase and decided to multiply it. It was stubborn, but I started jumping up and down on the couch like a little kid and seeing another flower appear each time I jumped!

Another dream yoga idea I like to pass on to new lucid dreamers is that of taking a moment on waking to reflect joyfully on whatever your dreaming experience has been – be it full or rudimentary lucidity, just remembering a dream, or simply getting a good night's sleep! Congratulate yourself, and promise yourself encouragingly that tonight you'll continue toward your goal.

When you become lucid, is it the result of a particular induction or incubation technique? Or have you simply trained yourself to notice the unusual when dreaming? What techniques have helped you achieve lucid awareness?

Just noticing strangeness. Last night it was raw hamburger in bed. But strong motivation seems to be my key for frequency. After that first intentional lucid dream I started contributing to a Lucidity Institute research project; they said "The more lucid dreams the better," so I had one a night on average.

External motivations are especially strong for me: generating data for research, trying an experiment someone's proposed, participating in IASD telepathy games, dreaming for someone's healing, or just inspiring other dreamers. If I were more dedicated to dream yoga I'd be constantly seeking lucidity for my own progress and "for the benefit of all sentient beings," as they say, but so far I do best with an assignment. Without one, I tend to get lucid only about once a week.

I think in part it's just because, when I'm dreaming for someone else, I'll take more time to wake and write down dreams. If I'm wide awake in the night for any reason, interleaving waking and sleeping states, I'm more likely to notice when I'm dreaming.

Here's a fun example of a motivating assignment: a profoundly insightful dreamworker expressed regret in an IASD Psiberdreaming Conference discussion that she never had any sense of being in a dream body; she saw scenes as if from above, with colors muted and other senses absent. She asked if anyone would "dream with her" to try to change that. I volunteered, improvised, and spent my next lucid dream rapidly, impulsively reveling in whatever sensory experience presented itself to me,

"Another dream yoga idea I like to pass on to new lucid dreamers is that of taking a moment on waking to reflect joyfully on whatever your dreaming experience has been – be it full or rudimentary lucidity, just remembering a dream, or simply getting a good night's sleep! Congratulate yourself, and promise yourself encouragingly that tonight you'll continue toward your goal."

Joy Fatooh

one after another – bright colors, vivid flavors, sensual textures – while intending that she experience these too. She did eventually begin to have dream-body senses and there's no telling if I helped that along, but most delightful to me is that the things I was sampling, which seemed like an odd and random set to me, turned out to be some of her favorites!

I recall at the Sonoma IASD conference, you mentioned some dreams that involved a personal health issue. Would you mind sharing that story?

Happily, and with an update. It's a very common health issue – they say half the women my age have uterine fibroids, nonmalignant tumors that only cause trouble if they grow too big. I first discovered I had them when the source of some pelvic pain was tentatively diagnosed as an infection and, going to sleep that night mistrusting the diagnosis, I dreamed I had a giant pear and a giant grapefruit growing on the same tree. Two women with knives came and cut them and whisked them into their car. I didn't care about the grapefruit but I wanted to keep my pear! – so I demanded it back, and got it, with just a couple bites taken out.

The symbolism was obvious as soon as I woke. Everyone calls the uterus a “pear-shaped organ” and everyone talks about tumors “the size of a grapefruit” or whatever citrus fruit is appropriate, unless they use the sports equipment analogy and say “the size of a softball” instead. So I went right back to the clinic and asked for an ultrasound.

At that point they were only limes (or golf balls) and online research told me most fibroids never get large, so although the first gynecologist I saw – woman with knife – recommended a hysterectomy, I chose to keep my pear.

I wrote to several friends about all this and one wrote back, “The night before getting your email I dreamed you and I were playing catch with a grapefruit. Just as I was wondering ‘Why a grapefruit and not some piece of sports equipment?’ you said, ‘Don't worry, it's not a very good analogy anyway!’” As it turned out, within a year she moved to my town and then developed a life-threatening kind of tumor. I was her main support person through all that, so we really were in this

grapefruit game together.

Meanwhile I developed multiple fibroids, some of which did achieve grapefruit dimensions and added up to a truly giant pear. A couple months ago my current gynecologist – second woman-with-knife – finally said it had to go. Or I could try uterine artery embolization, which sounded awful. But I'd read of a new noninvasive treatment offered at a few places, including the Mayo Clinic, called MR-guided focused ultrasound ablation. What to do?

I dreamed I walked into a rural clinic where two smiling medical women offered to examine me. I said, “Sure, I could use a second opinion,” but as soon as I was on the table one of them wrote a prescription – in all-caps, bold italics, twice:

**GO TO THE MAYO
GO TO THE MAYO**

Then, having handed this to me, she gave the table a shove and next thing I knew it had become a raft drifting on water. Three or four men and boys onboard were playing a silly game of causing fish they'd just caught to squirt water at each other, but I lay placidly with my own bigger fish lying contentedly in a shallow pool of water beside me.

On waking, the water bit was a mystery to me, although my bigger fish seemed like my uterus in contrast with the Freudian aspects of the guys' fish. Then I learned that you get the treatment while lying mildly sedated on a table with your belly in a depression containing a shallow pool of water to help focus the ultrasound beams.

So last week I went to the Mayo. The doctor and nurse looked like the women in the dream and it went very well. The only negative was a preliminary exam with one male doctor who made a lot of jokes and then attempted an unnecessary biopsy and didn't even tell me he failed to get a sample – maybe that accounts for the goofy fish guys.

How do you feel your lucid dream activities affected the health issue? Do lucid dreamers alter the physical body, or do they alter their 'mind' or 'awareness' which in turn alters their physical body?

Those were prodromal, precognitive, but non-lucid dreams. I also tried some direct lucid healing, inspired by Ed Kellogg's workshop at the IASD conference. I transformed a sick, scary little creature into a healthy glowing being which I applied to the region of my uterus. Whether that helped, I don't know – beyond the confidence-building experience of transforming the negative to the positive. In another lucid dream a woman showed me a flower and said I should make tea from it for fibroids. I eventually recognized it as red clover and found out it is recommended for fibroids. So; I drink it; can't hurt.

I like the idea that the body is actually generated by the mind, in a continuous process; and if that's so, then it's very responsive to changes of mind. And I think lucid dreaming can change the mind profoundly, via physical-seeming and emotional experiences that would be hard to find in waking life. The potential for lucid self-healing seems huge.

In my case, the initial non-lucid dream gave me an accurate diagnosis and prognosis and a general course of action – lose the grapefruit, keep the pear. The most recent dream gave me a specific prescription when I needed one, and seems to have been excellent advice. And it foretold enough of the treatment so that when they shoved the table into the MRI machine, my fish-belly in its shallow pool, it was so like the dream that I laughed to myself and went into it very relaxed and happy and confident, which helped me through the painful parts.

In your dream series, the 'fruit' symbolism made it all very memorable. Sometimes, though, I wonder if lucid dreamers don't bother much to look at their lucid dreams in symbolic terms. How do you feel about that?

It's interesting to analyze dreams for symbols but I often catch only the most glaringly obvious, or ponder the weirdest ones. Dreams seem to be no more and no less symbolic than waking life. I tend to think both are potentially symbolic as well as illusory. The dream yoga teachers say not to waste your time searching for meaning in illusions.

I like dream symbolism, though. I like the double

meanings. The dreaming mind is so clever – but not always terribly profound. A few nights ago I dreamed a science teacher told his class, "I'm thinking of a metallic element that starts with B. And while you're trying to think of it, here's another question: What do you do with an old dog that you really love?" Eventually a student came up with the element – barium – and it wasn't until I woke that I realized that's what you eventually do with your old dog too. Now "why" did I dream that? Just so my dreaming mind could make a real groaner of a pun?

As you have looked deeper into lucid dreaming, what information or experiences do you find yourself most curious about?

I'm fascinated by the intersection of lucidity and psi. I would like to know if telepathic and precognitive experiences are more common in a lucid state than non-lucid, or if psi information intentionally sought within a lucid dream is more reliable than, for instance, intending it before going to sleep. It's not clear from my own experiences. I'd love to be in on designing or implementing some experiments.

Have you had any lucid dreams that made you wonder about that point?

Lots. I've had several lucid dreams that happened to be psi, and a few in which I lucidly sought psi information, like the IASD telepathy games – least useful but most interesting are the elements of non-target pictures and other people's dreams that come in along with the target information!

It seems as if the ability to lucidly seek specific information within a dream *ought* to be a good way to take advantage of the psi tendencies of the dream state. I've heard of some promising controlled experiments with lucid remote viewing. But some of the most impressive psi dreaming I know of is Dale Graff's experiment in which he simply intended before going to sleep that his last dream image before waking each morning match the front page photo of that day's newspaper.

We once had a little group called the Psi Angels, coordinated by Harry Bosma; we'd go on dream missions for people in exchange for a little donation to

IASD. Our first mission was to find Jean Campbell's lost ring. I had a really striking lucid dream in which I asked for and got some very specific information which to my disappointment didn't help find Jean's ring, but three years later I discovered it perfectly matched a part about a magic soul-stone ring in a novel about lucid dreaming that Ken Shapley was beginning to write at the time, *When We All Dream Together*. I knew nothing of Ken or his book until he joined Jean's online World Dreams Peace Bridge group. It seems we all do dream together, and it complicates the psi! But I love it. The glory of psi dreaming is the direct experience of our ultimate connectedness.

As someone with artistic abilities, what intrigues you most about lucid dreaming in an artistic sense? (Any lucid examples?)

The level of realistic detail in dream images astonishes me. I don't summon that level via mental imagery when I'm awake; I know this because I need to be looking at a specimen or photograph to produce a good scientific illustration. But somehow my dreaming mind is fully able to come up with a realistic image in all its perfection. When I'm lucid I can examine all aspects of an image critically and I'm often very impressed.

I often experiment with the other senses as well. Once when I'd been wondering if dream smells were just as realistic and vivid as sights, sounds, textures and flavors, I found myself flying over an open dumpster bin. I swooped down to have a whiff. Phew! Ripe!

And what about kinesthetic and proprioceptive senses? How do we know what it feels like to fly?

Do you ever wonder that if our senses can be so heightened in a lucid dream, is it inherently possible

to achieve that same sensory experience upon waking? Sometimes I think we have 'dumbed-down' our sensory abilities in physical reality, and lucid dreaming shows the discrepancy between the possible and the normally experienced.

I really enjoy going about waking life pretending it's a lucid dream and revelling in the amazing vividness of all the sights and sounds and textures and flavors and smells! When I attend to physical reality with the same appreciation as I apply to a lucid dream, I find that it *is* just as real as a dream!

"I like the idea that the body is actually generated by the mind, in a continuous process; and if that's so, then it's very responsive to changes of mind. And I think lucid dreaming can change the mind profoundly, via physical-seeming and emotional experiences that would be hard to find in waking life. The potential for lucid self-healing seems huge."

Joy Fatooh

I recall reading recently that the Sanskrit word, maya, which we normally translate as 'illusion,' has a deeper meaning perhaps. The root meaning of 'ma' suggests the ability 'to form' or 'to create.' So maya, or illusion, also intimates that the perceiver assists in the creation or forming of the perception.

My limited studies suggest that here we have the intersection of all the world's great mystical traditions with modern physics.

As you make shadows in your scientific illustrations and bend shadows in the lucid dreaming realm, do you ever feel that lucid dreamers are discovering the hidden illusion of both waking and dreaming?

This is what those Tibetan dream yogis have been saying for a few hundred years. I think they're onto something.

Any thoughts on how lucid dreamers can get beyond the illusion of the lucid dream? Or is being aware of the illusion the endpoint?

Am I supposed to be wise enough to answer that? The yogis say that beyond the illusion is the clear light experience: nothing but pure awareness. I'm not there yet.

Any final comments, challenges, lucid dreams to ponder?

When people wonder if it's okay to do anything we want when we know it's just a dream, I find myself among those who think we're all connected; the connectivity

seems especially accessible in the dream state; and so it behooves us to behave. I try to be the kind of person I want to be in dreams – and I find out what kind of person I am. Last night I gave my blanket to a shivering man, and then I was really disappointed that he didn't compliment my aerobatics as I flew away!

Thanks so much for your time and interest.

You're welcome. It's so flattering to my ego to be interviewed, it's probably very bad for me.



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Initiation to the Inner Frontier

© David L. Kahn

December 20, 2007

This morning my son woke up as usual from whatever animal sound was most recently set on his alarm clock. He got dressed, had breakfast, and went through his normal morning ritual. But despite the outward appearance of routine, this was not a typical morning. On this morning he had his first lucid dream.

Jacob will turn eleven years old in a couple of weeks, near the age I was when I had my first lucid dream. Like the father of an up-and-coming little league star who gets his first homerun, I was proud. Not only did he have a lucid dream, but he induced it by using a reality check. He has begun to learn a skill that will take him to places beyond his wildest imagination. And, best of all, he enjoyed the experience so much that he has proclaimed his goal to have more lucid dreams.

As Jacob told me...

I was in the parking lot of Wal-Mart. I looked at a sign and read it. I don't remember what it said. I looked again and saw the Nick (Nickelodeon) symbol. The change in the sign caused me to realize that I was dreaming. A bunch of my friends were with me. I made a broom appear to fly on it. At first I had trouble getting it to work. Then I was able to fly. I flew with my friends to Mom's house. There was a stranger in the house. The stranger was in a cloak and I didn't know who this person was, or what they looked like because of the cloak. I kicked the cloaked person out of the house (literally kicked) through a window. I made a better broomstick appear, one from Harry Potter. I continued to fly around the neighborhood with my friends.

The full impact of a first lucid dream is something that I believe only other lucid dreamers can understand. Having that first lucid dream is like tasting chocolate for the first time. You don't try it just once. You want more. A barrier has been broken down, the one in which you wonder what lucid dreaming is like or whether or not you will ever be able to achieve one. You now move into thinking about induction techniques so that you may have more, and you consider what you might want to do the next time that the entire universe is at your disposal.

Further down the line, you start to stray from the inner playground and begin to wonder what psychological or spiritual lessons you can learn in lucid dreams. You start talking to characters with the realization that they are an aspect of your own personality, and you begin to question the very nature of consciousness.

When you are initiated into the world of lucid dreaming, you join a small fraternity of people that you learn have strikingly similar personalities. Those people come from different times, places and cultures, and outwardly may have little obvious connections. It is a fraternity of people whose bodies live in the same physical world as everyone else, but whose minds look at that world just a little differently.

It is in those early lucid dreams that you begin to discover how colors become richer, to feel the sensation of flying, and to experience what it is like to just do something that the evening before you had thought impossible. This affect goes far beyond the landscape of the dream world. In subtle ways, your waking reality has altered as well. A bridge has now been built that spans the river between consciousness and unconsciousness. Things will never be quite the same again, and that is good.

So many of my best and most profound life experiences have occurred within lucid dreams, and though I have a strong reverence for all dreams, there is no doubt that lucid dreams are special. Jacob is now a member of the Lucid Dreamer's Club, where people talk with more inspiration about a dream they had twenty years ago than most people do about the dream they had the night before.

Today my son began his day in much the same way that I did one morning thirty or so years ago, flying with his friends. Jacob inherited my poor eyesight, but maybe he also inherited my way of seeing the world. Having now experienced a lucid dream, any doubt about his ability to achieve one is now gone, and along with it any question that he indeed can be the director and producer of his dreams.

Welcome to my world, Son.

Now Appearing In Mutual Dreams

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Drawings By Suzanna Hart

In a shared dreaming project, a group of dreamers attempt to meet one another while they sleep. After I became lucid one night, I went searching for my fellow dreamers. There were plenty of dream characters about, but no one I could identify. However, I did seem to be vaguely familiar to them.

One man looks at me hard, as if trying to remember me. Suddenly I suspect that my appearance might be the problem. "Can I see a mirror?" I ask. Mirrors appear on the cupboard behind him and he moves aside so I may get a clear view of my reflection. "Oh, my god!" I gasp.

The image is me, all right, but my curly permanent waves are frazzling out in all directions. I look just like I do when I get up in the morning: bloodshot eyes, puffy features, face lined with wrinkles. No wonder everybody has trouble recognizing me. I look like the Bride of Frankenstein after 12 Miles of Bad Road!

Physical Appearance

Can you imagine if my literal appearance were displayed in your nighttime dream? If you could actually view my material body as it looks to the naked eye, I would be under a pile of blankets in bed, with my hair askew and my face distorted from being pressed against a pillow. With bedroom lights unlit, I'd probably be hard to see. Since I'd be unconscious, communication would be as difficult as if you had paid a waking visit to my bedside. A perfect conception of my physical condition in the early morning hours wouldn't be very practical for shared dreaming. In fact, it might be downright scary.

Would you rather see my body as it is clothed and coifed during the day? If we live in the same time zone, direct clairvoyance would work only if you are day sleeping. Yesterday, depending on the hour, I was wearing dirty garden clothes, wrapped in a towel as I stepped out of the shower or struggling into flannel pajamas. Not exactly the attire for a formal portrait. Besides, when I'm awake, I'm unlikely to be aware of you. Although you might make an accurate dreampsi observation, we couldn't consciously "meet" under those circumstances.

In the middle of the night, to truly "see" a daytime version

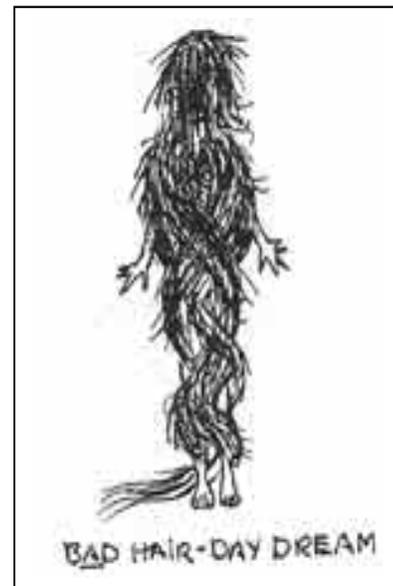
of my physical body can require precognition or retrocognition on your part. You would have to factor in *time slip*. If so, there's no way to constrain time slip to recent history or the close future. You might perceive me as a child or a cantankerous old lady. Even if you restrict my appearance to an external body image, the possibilities beyond a real-time rendition are endless.

To avoid multiple choices, I might take a photo of myself and put it into a sealed envelope. If I gave it to you, you could place it under your pillow as you sleep. After you record your dream the next morning, you would open the envelope so the revealed picture could be compared with my image as it appeared in your dream. An alternate approach involves posting the photo on the Internet after the dream date. But even though the photo is real-time when it was taken, it's not real-time during slumber. To be clairvoyant of the picture, you'd have to ignore my dreaming consciousness, which may be "wearing" some other costume as I sleep. Keep in mind that a dream image is a product of the mind. It's actually my self-image that serves as the real-time target for your dreampsi perception, not my physical body or a photograph.

Habitual Self-Image

The self-image is usually a habit, not a conscious choice. We often create a self-image simply by looking at ourselves each day in a mirror. Please note this is a *reverse* image. You can be correct if you ID me with my hair parted on the "wrong" side. Here are some mirror features that bear noticing on your dream characters:

hair color (tinted or bleached), hairstyle (ponytail or spiked), facial hair (heavy beard or mustache), headgear (curlers or earphones), height and weight (6' tall or portly)



and clothing of unusual shape (aviator suit) or shade (phosphorescent blue-green). The common structures underlying these cues are *color* and *form*. Visual clues can also show up in attitude, mood or behavior (stubbornness, sadness or smoking a cigarette).

A man's self-image tends to be more fixed and literal than a woman's. A woman's mirror image changes with each shift in clothing, hairstyle and make-up or, more profoundly, as a result of pregnancy. So, if you want to see a self-image that's frozen like a snapshot, I wouldn't make a very good target. My self-image is too mutable, due to ongoing physical changes as well as a very active imagination.

Imaginary Personification

Your self-image might not resemble an inverted physical clone if you have a well-developed fantasy life or maintain an ideal picture of yourself, in the prime of health. Or, perhaps, a less-than-ideal inner picture reflecting a low opinion of yourself. The habitual self-image can shift when there is an essential alteration in life style (like a career or name change). Or it may be temporarily exchanged by strong visualization, when you deliberately picture yourself as someone else. Identifying with a book, video game or TV character (putting on their "skin") can result in being seen as that character. The visual intensity may not have dissipated by the time you dream.

Imagination is also involved when you plan shifting your physical appearance: to change hair length, to purchase clothing or to create a costume (like a lion mane's for a dream ball). Even if you never get around to completing the plan in the waking state, this temporary self-image shift can be literal wish fulfillment as you sleep.

You must be very self-aware to confirm your partner's psychic view of your self-image, especially if it's not a near-physical version. This can be difficult to do. However, either the habitual or newly created self-image may be revealed if you pay attention to the media you see, the books you read, your reveries or your dreams.

Dream Depiction

If it's *dream* appearance that you're looking for, then the most obvious place to look for correlations is in another dream. First, consider your former dreams. I wasn't

surprised when a dream partner dreamt me as Lily Thomlin, because I've dreamt myself as her, too. Then, look at the dreams of other dream partners. I've appeared in the dreams of a dozen or so dreamers as a dark-haired young man.

Finally, look in your dream of the night. When you're lucid, do you pay attention to how you appear? Sometimes it's possible to "see" yourself as if you are situated at a distance looking back at your dream body, rather than from within the confines of that body. Ask your dream characters how they see you. And check out those mirrors.

While I was still a brunette, Jill Gregory had a lucid dream of me as a blonde. That same night I had a nonlucid dream in which I looked into a mirror and discovered that my hair was blonde. On another occasion, I went looking for Ed Kellogg while I was lucid and came upon a short man seated in a Buddha position. The same night Ed was having a lucid dream in which he looked into a mirror and saw himself as a "short jolly fat man" (in waking life, Ed was tall and had plenty of dark hair).

It's convenient when an alternate appearance is confirmed dream-to-dream, but it's a rarity. More likely, you'll either be oblivious to how you look or perceive yourself as a physical clone, out of habit. However, if a perceptive partner is utilizing "x-ray vision," she can psychically "see" any of the selves you wear. Larger/smaller, younger/older, with different hair or skin, ethnicity or gender. Wearing clothes or none at all. Wearing a body or none at all.

The alternatives can be analogous to a literal feature or event from waking life. You might see a partner as a dwarf, when she's actually confined to a wheelchair and, thus, is not the expected height. You could see me as a Latina, because that's the ethnicity I "wear" when I use my married name. You might be seen with hair braided atop your head, if you have a Swiss heritage. Or as a soap opera star or one of your partner's relatives because you share some "family" resemblance to that person. You might also be a science fiction, fantasy or comic character like a diminutive pixie, robotic superhero or two-dimensional cartoon. Your dream appearance isn't restricted to humanoid form.

Animal Form



I have dreamt my husband as an elephant and gorilla, a close relative as a dragon and a fellow dreamworker as an anteater – all analogous descriptions of the emotions, attitudes and activities that I had observed in the waking state. These are all *my projections* – the people involved

don't confirm my characterizations. But what if another person dreams up the same representation? When I dreamt Fred Olsen as a little bald dog, I simply thought it was my humorous description of his growing pattern baldness. Then Jill Gregory informed me she had also dreamt of Fred as a little bald dog. I call this *social agreement*: we'd both seen Fred first-hand and used the same analogy to typify a feature obvious to waking eyes. But later on another lucid dreamer, who didn't know what Fred looked like and had never observed his behavior, dreamt that "a little dog with a bald spot on its head comes to be petted." Sounds like Fred to me.

The two most common characterizations that people have of me are: as a cat and as a bird (parrot, goose and peacock). The bird analogy is no reach of the imagination if you know that I have a website featuring flying dreams. In a non-lucid dream, I've dreamt myself as a butterfly, while in a lucid dream, my arms turned into wings. To dream of me as a cat isn't a great stretch, either. In one nonlucid dream, I declared, "I am a feline!" There's an interesting variance between physical life and dream however. Here, I like black panthers and all our family cats are black and white. In dreams, I'm more likely to be perceived as some shade of orange: lion, tiger or domestic shorthair. Well, at one time I did tint my hair with a reddish tone.

I've never deliberately dreamt myself as an animal in a lucid dream, but another dream partner did. First is Nora's lucid dream, then the dream of the partner she was targeting (Jill) and, finally, another member of the group who seemed to participate in the same event, but in her own way (Barbara).

Nora: I have awakened but struggle back to the dream. I can sense Jill. She is trying to "catch me". But I feel her strangling me in the dream. I make a decision and change myself to a cute brown teddy bear. Immediately there is a visual scene of a street. It is a small town. I am on the edge of the vision. Across the street is a cluster of non-descript buildings. I realize that Jill has recognized that she has hold of a bear and holds it tenderly. I have seen a car going each way on the street. I ask her, "Which way are the cars going?"

Jill: I am standing in a circular meadow with buildings along the perimeter. A tiny kitten whose eyes have just opened is clinging to the top of my head with its tiny claws. Its eyes are squinting and its face is scrunched up. I take the kitten off from my head and hold it in front of my face, looking at it. It seems insecure. Then I watch in fascination and admiration as a half-grown cat does super-hero tricks: jumping to the top of buildings, hanging by one foot from a high railing, stopping instantly on the edge of roofing after running swiftly, etc.

Barbara: I slip into dream and find myself, to my surprise, on top of the Eiffel Tower. I seem to be hanging on quite securely to the outer struts and looking at Paris below me. I see low buildings (and) a circular plaza with cars going round the Tower as part of a traffic pattern.

Nora willfully created her alternate persona as a teddy bear, but Jill did not quite perceive her that way. For Jill, a kitten was a more comfortable image to hold than a bear, although it was still small and furry. Influenced by Nora to see humans as animals, Jill used the same analogy to perceive Barbara as "a half-grown cat." Notice that both the teddy bear and the kitten are the same, very unusual, size. Yes, it's possible to perceive another human at great disparity with her waking physique and height, especially if that's how she projects herself to you.

Every image that Jill saw was created by her own body/brain and the same was true for Nora. The final cut of Nora's dream movie did not get through to Jill, but some of the raw footage of her appearance did: size,



shape, texture and tactile pressure on Jill's dream body. It was if Nora handed herself to Jill as a blob of clay with these structures intact, but said, okay, Jill, the finishing details are up to you.

When you think of it, these are truly *shared* dreams because both dreamers are providing parts of the final productions. By giving herself over to Jill, Nora perceives bits and pieces of Jill's dream. Not the whole scene, since she's only on the "edge" of it. Her own dream is as unique a mix of contributions as is Jill's.

Underneath the Mask

Given that a partner may be appearing in another guise, how can you know who she is? The answer is, you probably can't, either because that possibility has never occurred to you or because you haven't trained yourself to sense beneath the surface of the dream. There are, however, some things you can do that will increase your chances of meeting and recognition.

1. Expect your partner to be there when you begin your dream.

Initially, you may expect to meet your dreaming partner at a particular place, and concentrate on that location. But if you get to the place, there may not be anyone there. The natural tendency is to go looking for your partner, like opening a door and expecting to see him behind it. I've had poor luck with that tactic, although my chances become slightly better if I spin with the intent to go where he is. In either case, it's all too easy to get distracted by whatever else is in the scene. Another commonly used technique is to stand your ground and call for your partner. Several times I heard my partner's voice reply, "I'm coming" but he never showed up! The main problem with this method is that you spend your precious lucid dream time in the search, leaving little time to interact. Avoid this delay by incubating to be where your partner is, however the scenery may look.

2. Assume that you connect, no matter what you see.

When you are concentrating on finding a literal image of your partner, it's all too easy to ignore the characters who do appear, and thus miss clues to connection. I find a more productive approach is to act-as-if. Talk to whomever you meet as if he were your dream partner. He might be, in

costume. But even if he is not, you are intending to communicate and he may become alert to that intent in his own dream. Although you may not achieve a mutual dream, you can still try for a telepathic one. Treat the character in front of you as a messenger.

3. Note details of the dream for later comparison.

Whether your partner assumes a recognizable form or not, you will still have to confirm the dream connection when you wake. This is the time to put your observation skills to the test. Once you memorize a dream character's appearance, take a look at the surrounding scenery. Your partner may have brought some of his dream with him. Props can appear in both your dreams (goldfish, picnic table, bicycle). Or they may reflect ongoing interests and events of the previous day (playing piano or preparing a meal). Perhaps the most intriguing supporting element is your dream partner's companions. Who does he hang around with or who has had a major impact on his life: grandmother, friend or spouse? Once, my partner and his former guru showed up in my lucid dream.

Finally, the most important thing to notice is how the character feels to you. Give yourself the opportunity to develop the accuracy of your subtle senses as an adjunct to identification by visual image.

Are there any constraints on how you can appear? Probably just the limits of imagination. You can train yourself to stretch it, literally. Next lucid dream, experiment with your own dream body. Pull on your hair or fingers. Stick your hand into your arm or torso. Change your expectations by first hand experience. Your lucid dream body is far more mutable than you might expect.



Inserting Lucid Actions into the Waking World: Strange Dreams

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Ten years ago, I had one of the strangest lucid dreams ever, at least for me.

The lucid dream itself was not that strange. Become lucid, see a friend, try to get her to become lucid. Pretty basic stuff.

The strange thing occurred afterwards – in physical reality -- when the lucid dream blossomed in the waking world. Yes, a lucid dream action appeared to affect the waking world actions of both another person and myself. Take a look at this lucid dream:

Nov. 23-24, 98 “Giving Moe a Sign to Become Lucid”

“Wendy and I are driving a pickup or SUV. The roads are dark, and suddenly I see a blue truck come into our lane, passing another truck. I pull over and it passes us. I feel relieved we were not hurt. We pull up to a restaurant or bar, and I realize, “This is a dream!”

I’m inside enjoying a feeling of lucid euphoria, when I see Moe come inside. She’s wearing a white t shirt and black pants. I ask her if she realizes this is a dream? She seems just a little bit alert – so I walk her around a bit. Then I decide to hold her and levitate trying to convince her we dream. I keep saying, “See, we’re floating! This is a dream.”

Then I decide to do something else, and make a peace sign with my fingers. Putting them in front of her face, I say, “Look Moe, do you see this peace sign? Every time you see it, it can make you become lucid – you’ll know you are dreaming.” Again, I put my peace sign right in front of her face.

I walk down some stairs, holding her.”

Now here is the strange thing. Four months later, I am on a business trip in California where Moe lives. Seeing that I have some extra free time in my schedule, I call her up and invite her to lunch the following day. We agree to meet at a restaurant down the street from her workplace.

Arriving a bit early, I close my eyes and enjoy the sunshine outside the café. Hearing footsteps, I notice Moe walking up the sidewalk. Very deliberately, she comes up to me and puts a big, vigorous ‘peace sign’ right in front of my face!! Inches from my face, she mimics my behavior in the lucid dream from four months earlier!! I couldn’t believe it – she was shoving the peace sign right into my face, like I had done to her in the lucid dream.

Then she stopped.

In shock, I asked, “Why did you do that?” She just looked at me and said, “I don’t know; I just felt like it.”

Suddenly the boundary between lucid dreams and physical reality became fuzzy.

A lucid dream action performed four months earlier in front of a ‘dream figure,’ now came back to haunt me! Was the dream figure for real? Did real information exchange when I made the comment in the lucid dream?

But how? How did she know to do it?

Dreamers know that sometimes the dream realm and the waking realm seem to mesh. We have a dream about someone telling us something, and they call us the next day with the same basic message. Or we dream about a world event, and a few days later, we see it on TV. We chalk it up as another precognitive or telepathic dream.

Yet how do you explain a lucid dream action that gets shoved in your face in the waking world? How do you explain another person apparently being influenced by a lucid dream action?

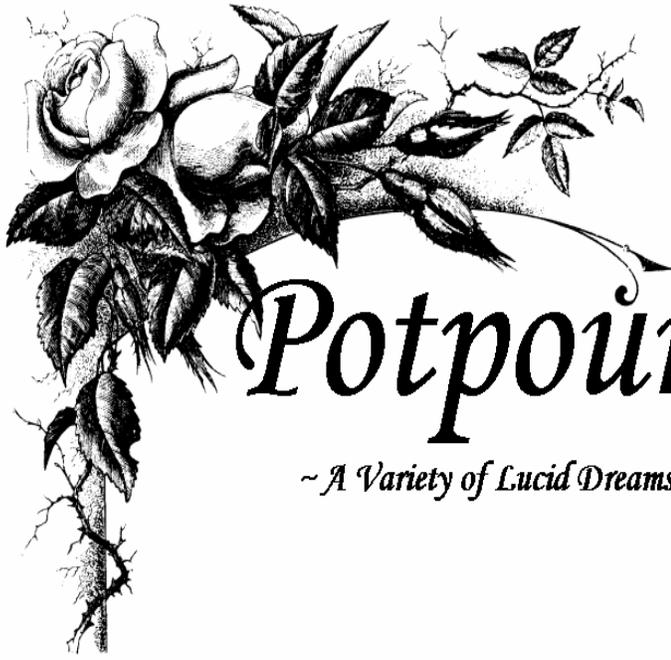
In the year after this lucid dream, I recall reading a lucid dreamer's website in which he claimed to have acted in lucid dreams to alter physical reality. In fact, he had signed affidavits from friends who experienced or witnessed the physical reality change. Reading it, I wondered how he did it – what did he do in his lucid dream? Did he simply intend it? And how did he explain it to himself?

As lucid dreamers we often assume that lucid dream actions occur in the realm of lucid dreaming and stay there. Oh, we may make an occasional exception, when we try to heal our physical body in the lucid dream state, and find upon waking that we feel much better. Or we may request some information or idea in the lucid dream state to appear, which we can use (or not) upon waking. But rarely do lucid dreamers 'intend' to change the waking world when lucid. Why? We simply assume it is not possible.

But is it possible? Can a lucid dreamer affect the physical realm? Can they affect only their personal experience, or another's? Can they influence an inanimate object from the lucid state?

I feel curious about this and wonder if other lucid dreamers have experience with this, or have heard about lucid dreams that wandered out of the realm of dreaming and into the waking. If so, write us a note. We would love to hear more about the fuzzy boundaries between lucid dreaming and waking. Perhaps lucid dreamers have another trick in their repertoire.





Potpourri

~ A Variety of Lucid Dreams ~

Steve Parker December 26 2007
Water Skimmer

It is 6:30 a.m. I am awake. I am lying in bed relaxed. I decide to try to induce a lucid dream. I keep repeating over and over "I am dreaming."

Images start appearing. I can see my feet moving through dark shadows. I concentrate on each step. Then I find myself walking along a hallway. I do not like the feel of this and open my eyes. I feel confident now I can induce a W.I.L.D. I close my eyes and keep repeating "I am dreaming: I want to be on a hot sandy beach on the ocean." The W.I.L.D. is working. I become fully lucid.

I am walking along a concrete path towards a beach. I look down at myself. I am only wearing my swimming trunks. It is daytime and very warm. I now step onto the sand and walk over to my own private spot. It is beautiful. I look out across the ocean watching the small waves roll in. I am very lucid at this point and am enjoying this. Two men step onto the sand and decide to walk over to my spot. I am annoyed. They have so much beach why not go sit somewhere else. As they come over to sit down in my space I decide to leave.

Since I am lucid and in control of myself I decide to float away. I lie on my back and start floating up. I am only inches above the sand. I start floating down the beach backwards. I am moving along at a nice speed. I notice the sky is blue, dotted with white puffy clouds. I find myself moving out into the water. I am skimming along the water. At one point I surf a wave while still on my back. I enjoy this. The water now becomes more choppy.

I am starting to feel uncomfortable. A big wave is about to break over top of me. I make myself fly up high just in time to avoid being crushed.

I am still lucid. I am having trouble controlling the dream. A large wave picks me up and hurtles me up into the air. I come back down and find myself submerged underwater. Well this is enough and I decide to wake up. I open my eyes.

I really enjoyed being lucid. Being on the beach felt great. I would have liked to have controlled the last few seconds of the dream better, but it got away from me. I am sure I could have stayed lucid longer but being submerged underwater was a little too much.

Remember, being lucid is very realistic and experiencing fear can be enough to wake one up. Hope to let the fear go next time.

Lucy Gillis October 25 2007
Hovering in Colour

... The VCR display is blank. There is no time being displayed. I wonder if it is broken, as other clocks are displaying time correctly. I am with several British and Irish actors in an episode of some show. (They are a cross between characters on "Torchwood" and "Ballykissangel" - shows that I watched before sleeping.)
... Later we are dropped off at some residence.

I am amazed to find that in my room almost all of my things are gone. The room is huge, totally changed; new

carpet, new furniture. I'm a bit upset, yet I like the change, but I soon reason that I have to be dreaming.

To reality check, I run down a large wide hallway and jump in the air. I glide like Superman, a metre or so off the ground. Now I KNOW I'm dreaming! I fly a lot, inside the now-huge building (similar to my workplace).

I seem to talk a bit about my flying to a woman who came to the residence with me. I want us to penetrate through a wall. I try, by focusing on some red object I can just make out, outside a thick glassed-in part of the wall. But I hit the glass and part of the surrounding brickwork and don't get through it. I lose interest in going through the wall.

At some point I am outside and I rise and fly up in the air over beautiful sea-blue water. I hover over the water and look down at a rural scene by the water's edge.

Then all of a sudden and without any warning, the entire scene goes purple. All visuals are gone and I am hovering in purple. No objects or contours, just me. In an instant a city scene flashes into existence below me. It startles me, and before I can do anything, it too suddenly vanishes and I am left hovering in orange. This 'scene and colour flashing' happens several times with different colours; teal, some pinks, etc.

The changes happen so quickly that I have no time to explore them. I can only observe as the scenes flash and disappear and reappear around me.

I later mention this phenomenon to the woman who accompanied me earlier, and she (Or I? Don't recall now.) say something jokingly about "beige" - like "it was good that everything didn't go beige", as though it was not a very "chic" colour for a dream to be. . . .

Lucidity fades as I again interact with the actors from before. . . .

Katy Miller January 23 2008

I had an interesting experience recently in which my dream utterly rejected my attempt to control it.

I was in a taxi going somewhere, and the driver kept going the wrong way. I was already late and becoming very stressed, and the cab was going further and further away from the destination, at which point I realised I must have been in a dream.

Once I realised that I was dreaming I thought well, there's no need to worry about being late, so I'll just explore the dream. In waking life I don't drive, so I thought it might be interesting to pop into the driver's seat and take over the controls. I was absolutely sure this would work, because after all it was a dream and the driver wasn't really there.

I was quite surprised when, as I moved over, I bumped hard and firmly into the shoulder of the driver! Basically, 'no way' - even though I was very lucid.

Shirley Hadley January 6 2008 A Reminder From My Inner Self ... You are Always Dreaming!

I had a lucid dream - first one in a long time! In the dream I was sitting in the living room of my old house in Vista, CA; the one I shared with R. J and M (my sons) were there with me as the adults they are now. Weird stuff started to happen. Kitties began to appear out of thin air. It was so cool to watch.

We were having a grand ole time playing with the kitties when in the door comes R (my ex) with a whole bunch of packages in his hands. He loudly proclaims that these are presents for me. What? I was so surprised! I get up and go over to the table in the dining room. He hands me these papers, like some sort of documents. Everything was very hard to read, but as I squinted to read, I suddenly had the thought that indeed this was a dream.

So I spoke my thoughts out loud. I looked over at RH and said, "You are not R are you? And this is a dream isn't it?" The face of the man began to change and morph into other faces and I knew it was my IS. Then he said to me in a very wonderful deep voice, "Don't you know Shirley that you are always dreaming?" I smiled to myself and thought "Oh, yes that's right I am!" Then I woke up! So cool for my IS to play these roles for me. I needed the reminder!

This dream was especially important for me right now. During some waking conversations with my IS, I was reminded how I was taught years ago that if I was having a nightmare, like a monster chasing me. . . . all I had to do was stop, turn around and tell the monster to go away. Because it was just a thoughtform of mine! In my waking life I had just had the experience of a nightmare. . . . and I acted wonderfully and told the monster that I had created to go away! Of course the monster was really a person. I

knew that the person represented old beliefs of mine and I no longer wanted those beliefs in my life. Simple as that! Good training! It was an affirmation from my IS to me that I had learned well!

Erin Fillingame January 5 2008 Car Crash

I have had many lucid dreams, but up until now, I haven't paid much attention to them. The other night I had a very vivid one that I'll never forget. I was at my childhood home, where my mom currently lives now. For some reason, I let someone drive my new Jeep (that I really did just buy). They parked it in the neighbor's garage and when the garage door started to shut, it crunched the top of my Jeep in and I started to panic. The Jeep changed into a different model and color, but I knew it was mine.

At that point I began to question whether or not it was a dream because I was so worried about my Jeep. I was in the front yard next to the only tree my mom has at her house and was surrounded by many friends. They seemed to be in small groups, not really paying attention to me or the Jeep - just there. I think they were all friends. I didn't talk to all of them, but they seemed familiar to me. There were about 30 people mingling about in my front yard. I went up to one person, face unrecognizable, and asked if this were a dream. They answered, "No". I then went to another person and told them that this was a dream and to wake me up. They again told me it was not a dream.

I became frustrated because I was certain that I was dreaming. I asked about five more people to wake me up or to promise on our friendship that it wasn't a dream. They all replied that it wasn't a dream. Then I heard my cell phone ring. I told the person I was talking to that it HAD to be a dream because I could hear my phone (which was sitting on my desk next to my bed in real life). My cell phone in my dream was inside my purse on the front passenger side of my Jeep, which I was far from. I explained to my friends that I wouldn't be able to hear my phone from the yard, so I MUST be hearing my cell phone in my room!!! Nobody understood. I felt so relieved that my new Jeep wasn't crashed but I still wanted to wake up for some reason, rather than control the dream.

So, I woke up and realized my phone had indeed gone off while I was sleeping. I fell back asleep and continued the dream. I was in a car with my dad back home, in the same neighborhood. I began to tell my dad about the lucid dream I had "the other day" and that none of my

friends would wake me up out of it. I was telling my dad about a lucid dream inside of a dream! He ended up rearing the car in front of him and so I woke up, pretty stressed.

Robert Waggoner Jan 27-28 2008 (50th Birthday) Apparent Power, Real Power

I seem to be in a large room with many powerful people, seated around at tables and booths. They appear to be very important politicians, philosophers, businessmen, etc. I go up to a specific booth, where I feel obliged to sit by a powerful, older woman. She has me sit there, across from a couple of others.

I thank her and talk to her a bit about her skills, intellect, etc. Then three men come from my left, and I rise, and help prepare a place opposite for one to sit. To my surprise, a distinguished looking older black man sits down.

As the conversation goes on, I intuitively realize the loneliness of the older woman to my right, and put my arm around her. I begin to caress her, while also beginning to think how 'dreamy' this seems. This emboldens me, and I touch her more, and then she turns to me, and her body transforms into a carved stone statue (something you would see in India or Thailand). At this, I realize fully that this is a lucid dream, and I hoist her onto my shoulders.

I get up from the table and walk around the room with this statue on my shoulder. Noticing some abnormally large mirrors (10' by 8') with gold trim, I walk up to one, and feel surprised that the statue on my shoulder cannot be seen in the mirror. I look like a healthy version of myself, and the mirror shows my stance and arms correctly. I go to another mirror, and it too, does not show the statue on my shoulders, even though I feel her weight and can see her.

I go to a red settee, and lean over to dislodge the statue of the woman from my shoulder, recognizing that her image represents something which is not contained in the statue. I then announce to the dream that I "accept" what she represents, saying, "I accept wisdom, I accept truth, I accept compassion, I accept....(justice).

Later that night, I became briefly lucid again.

Jaanus Kiipli January 20 2008

I'm 30 and started to experience this phenomenon some one year ago and lately more often.

Sometimes they start as WILD-s where I'm lying in my bed and can't get to sleep, until I somehow feel that my body is now actually a dream-body, not the real one. So the reality of lying in bed almost unnoticeably transforms into a dream where I am still lying in my bed.

The WILD does not result in a refreshing rest; it's rather unrefreshing with head feeling heavy after awakening. Most of the times when the lucid dream sets on, it starts with a buzz in my ears and pulsating senses in my head (especially the occipital region). Sometimes the buzz and pulsation becomes quite intense (not loud just intense), but when the dream starts it will give way a bit.

I have read from Internet sites and come to a speculative conclusion that the buzz in head may have something to do with dopamine levels and also with something called PGO-waves as a sleep onset mechanism. Also there are some speculations I have come across that dreams may have something to do with naturally occurring DMT in the human brain.

It is notable that DMT-takers often report a strange violent buzz sound before take-off. I have not experimented with the drug, so I cannot comment if it feels the same.

At other times I enter the exact same state of lying in my bed in lucid dream state as a result of emerging from a regular dream state. In this case it is very often linked to claustrophobic dream where I find myself indoors with doors leading to other rooms unable to get out of the building. So from experience I know trying to escape the building does not bear any fruit, so I give it up and wake up to the lucid dream state feeling my dream body lying in my bed.

I am not going to talk much about what I do if I'm lucid, sometimes I get out of my bed, sometimes I have transparent hands (capable of touching my face for example, quite bizarre), sometimes my hands are solid, but the covering carpet seems to be transparent, light switch does not work, etc. But lately I'm more interested just in the sensation of the state not in getting out of bed into action as I am not interested in the fake fantasy produced by my brain to fool my consciousness.

Robert Waggoner January 9-10 2008 Another Forward Looking Lucid Dream

I become lucid as I give a can of sparkling water to my mom. Then I float down the aisles and hallways of a crowded space. I spontaneously announce to the dream that, 'I want to hear from someone important!' – meaning someone important in the upcoming day. From somewhere, a phone rings, in response. I realize this is the answer. A voice says verbally that I will get 'an order' – which I intuitively understand means a business order.

(Note: Later that day at 1 pm, a woman calls to tell me that she intends to place an order with me. I would give the odds of this occurring at around 1 in 10; though the odds of it occurring after having a lucid dream predicting its occurrence should be higher.)

Rachel January 27 2008 The Stone Room

I have had several lucid flying dreams, but this one is the most recent. In it my husband and I were standing together in a large room with a high ceiling waiting for something. The walls around us were made of large square stones, which started to slide out toward us forming steps as we approached them. I automatically started to climb, while my husband seemed to motionlessly watch. I only took about three steps when lucidity kicked in and I decided it was time to fly.

As in other dreams, I sort-of held my breath and willed myself free of the spot my feet were temporarily planted on. Then I felt elated by it, and tried to get my husband to join me, but he seemed transfixed and not communicating at all as I floated around him and above him.

To me it felt like he was actually in this dream with me in some way, and I even asked him if he had a similar dream at all, after I woke up. But he said "nope."

Frank February 2008

Dream started out with me flying in white space horizontally like Superman. The white space turned out to be a cloud I was exiting. Upon exiting the cloud, I found myself flying closer to a very green mountain area. Early morning is the time of day it appeared to be, maybe 6 a.m.-ish. The sun was just coming up and it seemed like it was either Spring or Summer.

I fly between two mountains and see a huge lake. The water is very still and crystal clear. I fly over the lake and look down at the water and then wake up. I wasn't flying very fast, just kind of gliding along. It was very peaceful. I had no control of the dream, but I knew I was dreaming.

Lucy Gillis May 29 1992 Experimenting

I'm in a bed in X's apartment when I start to realize that I'm dreaming. I get up. The apartment looks different. There is a pink brick fireplace in a huge living room. I am bustling about. I float and fly around. I'm not sure what to do. Everything seems so real, but I know the furniture is all wrong.

X is there. I show him that it's a dream by running through some furniture. Then I ask him if I can run through him. He stands still, amused and ready. When I try to run through him, I end up sliding off him, off to one side. Then he is crouching and has two blocks in his hands; one red one green. We run at each other in order to try and pass through each other, but at the last minute he playfully veers off to one side.

Then I am moving about and I go into his arms and I ask him if he wants to dance. There is no music but we move and dance anyway. I call out "Music please!" at a pink neon glow off in another room, knowing that the music will be produced from there. I listen carefully and sure enough I hear lovely dancing music. I say, "Thank youuuuuuuuu" - the "u" I sing along with the tune, knowing that I don't sound this good in waking life. . .

Mary Brown February 2008 Dreaming a Dream

I was dreaming about something that I do not recall and woke up into another dream. I recall in the dream that I awoke into that I sat up in my bed and looked around the room -- it was just as though I were actually awake. I moved my body around and sat on the side of the bed.

It is when I sat on the side of the bed that I realized my body hadn't moved and was still dreaming. So I thought to myself, I'd better lay back down and wake myself up. So, in my dream I laid back down and tried to wake myself up. It was difficult to wake up; I began to panic because I felt trapped in the dream. I began to reason with myself to just open my eyes. My eyes were extremely heavy and it was very difficult to open my eyes. After several attempts my eyes began to lift heavily

and I awoke. I sat up on the side of the bed and began to touch things just to be sure I was no longer dreaming.

Robert Waggoner January 5-6 2008 Searching for Jesus

Jimmy and I are in a parking lot from where a bike race will begin. He gets on his bike and takes off with the twenty other bicyclists. I run alongside on the sidewalk. I begin to notice that my stride seems quite long, and I easily keep up with the bicyclists.

I start jumping over wide gaps, and get a sense that I am nearly floating – strange! Now I determine to jump over about 10' of items, and as I do so, I realize I'm dreaming.

Spontaneously, I fly up and grab an ancient looking book that is resting on a building's ledge. I fly around the corner of the building and wonder what to do, when I decide to go search for Jesus (I don't know how this came into my mind – perhaps being a Sunday morning influenced me).

I begin flying upwards easily, when I see something quite odd on my right. There on this big urban street with various office and apartment buildings stand two giant stone faces looking towards the brilliant gold light, like that of a setting sun, going behind a building, illuminating the whole horizon.

The faces remind me of Buddha face carvings, though, as if done in ancient limestone. The brilliant light now seems to shine through the glass windows of the main building on my left. It casts a profoundly serene light on everything.

Frank February 2008

This is the second flying dream that I remember having. I was flying over a mountain area in early morning. The sun was coming up. Seemed like fall. The trees were kind of orang-ish. I'm not sure if that's because the sun was coming up or if they were actually orange from the changing seasons.

I knew I was dreaming so I landed in an open area. I was in disbelief that I knew I was dreaming and knew that I could do what ever I wanted. So I just leaped into the air and started flying again enjoying the view. Very strange because I'm afraid of heights. I would land at the top of a mountain look around, then fly to another mountain. Very fun. Again peaceful.

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LUCID LINKS

The Lucid Dream Exchange

www.dreaminglucid.com

The First PhD. Thesis on Lucid Dreaming

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

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

Lucidity Institute

www.lucidity.com

The International Association for the Study of Dreams

www.asdreams.org

Linda Magallón's Dream Flights

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

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

Experience Festival

Several articles on lucid dream-related topics

http://www.experiencefestival.com/lucid_dreaming

Lucid Dream Newsgroups

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

Sleep Paralysis and Lucid Dreaming Research

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

David F. Melbourne

Author and lucid dream researcher.

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

Lucid Dreaming Links

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

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

www.dreams.ca

Richard Hilton's Lucid Dream Documentary

http://www.BulbMedia.net/lucid_dream_documentary

Reve, Conscience, Eveil

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

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

Christoph Gassmann

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

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

Werner Zurfluh

"Over the Fence"

www.oobe.ch/index_e.htm

Beverly D'Urso - Lucid Dream Papers

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

The Conscious Dreamer

Sirley Marques Bonham

www.theconsciousdreamer.org

Fariba Bogzaran

www.bogzaran.com

Robert Moss

www.mossdreams.com

Electric Dreams

www.dreamgate.com

Jayne Gackenbach

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

www.spiritwatch.ca

The Lucid Art Foundation

www.lucidart.org

Matt Jones's Lucid Dreaming and OBE Forum

www.saltcube.com

Janice's Website

With links to lucid dreaming and out of body sites.

<http://www.hopkinsfan.net>

DreamTokens

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