

LDE

The Lucid Dream Exchange

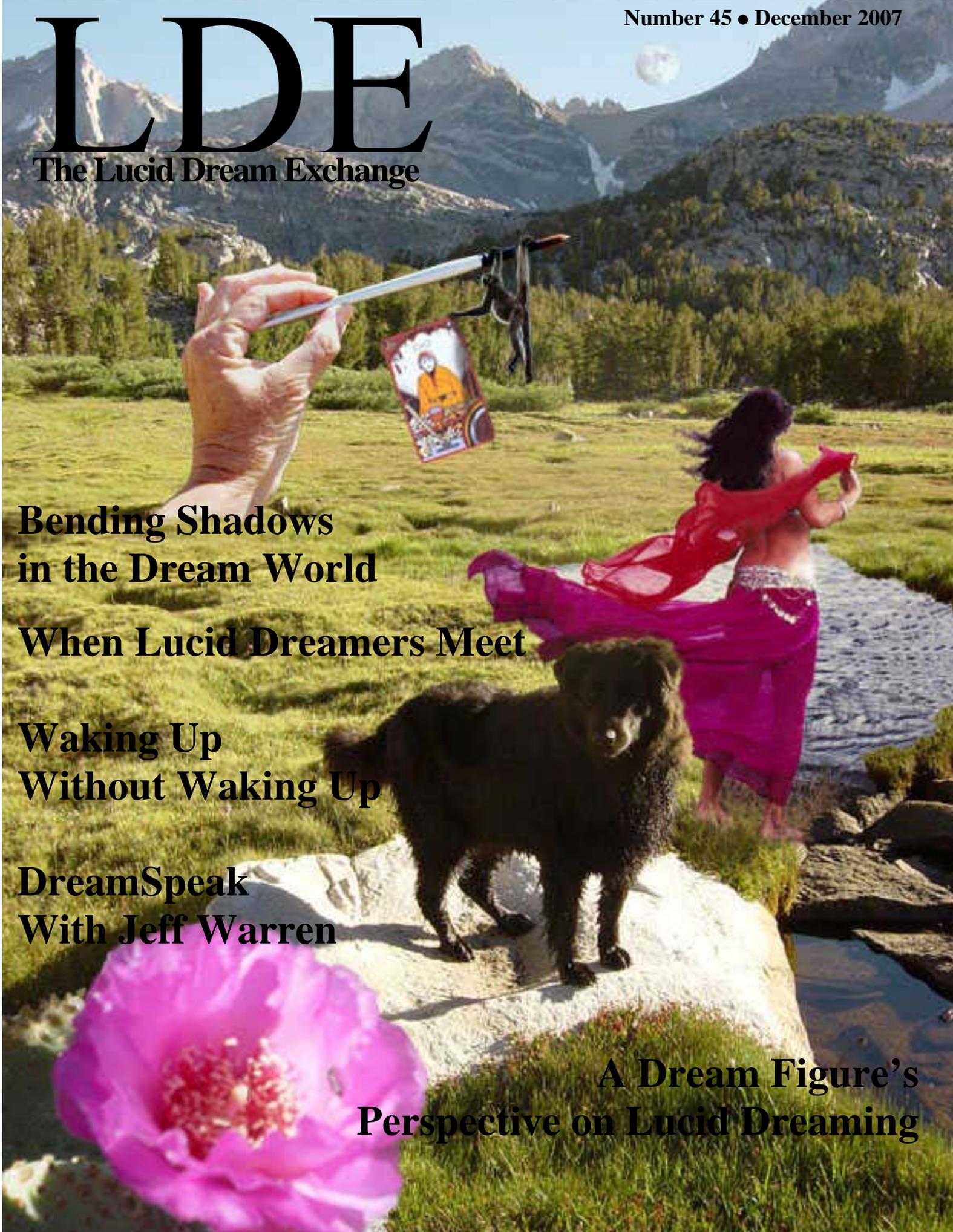
**Bending Shadows
in the Dream World**

When Lucid Dreamers Meet

**Waking Up
Without Waking Up**

**DreamSpeak
With Jeff Warren**

**A Dream Figure's
Perspective on Lucid Dreaming**



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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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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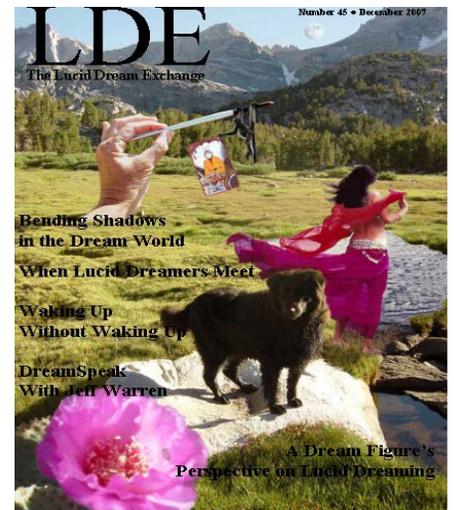
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Dream

Speak

An Interview with a Lucid Dreamer

**By Robert Waggoner
Responses © Jeff Warren**

Jeff Warren, the author of the recent book, [The Head Trip](http://www.headtrip.ca), (Random House, 2007) looks at lucid dreaming and the wider realm of conscious experience in this quarter's DreamSpeak interview. When not completely in his head, Jeff writes and produces radio for the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation and lives in Toronto. Read more about his book at: <http://www.headtrip.ca>

Robert: How did you become interested in lucid dreaming?

When I was a kid I read an *Omni* article about lucid dreaming and spent many fruitless weeks trying to hook up with the *Sports Illustrated* swimsuit models that adorned the walls of my room. It seemed like a particularly thrilling form of play then, a forum for exercising super powers. Of course I never got to exercise any of these powers. I was a terrible lucid dreamer then, and I'm a terrible lucid dreamer now. I usually get beat up in my lucid dreams, or I crash into hedges when I try to fly, or – most often – I just get ignored by indifferent dream characters.

Robert: What do you recall of your first lucid dream(s)? Anything odd, unusual, or unexpected?

My first real lucid dream happened the day my NovaDreamer™ arrived in the mail. I went to sleep all charged with expectations. My girlfriend at the time thought I looked ridiculous. The whole night the NovaDreamer™ kept going off and waking me up, cutting off circulation in the top half of my head and generally creating a total nuisance of itself. I finally woke up near dawn, frustrated, and reached up to take off the mask. As a kind of journalistic precautionary measure I hit the “reality testing button” (is there a more ontologically radical push-button component in the history of technology?). Instead of chirping and flashing, it made a kind of “thunk” noise.

It dawned on me that I wasn't actually awake—I was dreaming. In a perfectly executed model of my bedroom, complete with slumbering girlfriend, warm pillow and my overstuffed laundry hamper off to the side, which I could just make out below the edge of my dream mask. This blew my mind so thoroughly that all I could do for the rest of the dream was lie in my fake bed rolling my fake eyes pondering the ineffable mystery of consciousness. Since then I have had other opportunities to get out and explore.

Robert: What did you make of that?

The mind builds a model of the world whenever it's functioning. Stephen LaBerge told me that and I agree. The crazy thing is not that we move through a model of the world in dreaming; it's that we move through a model of the world in waking as well. Cue the *X-Files* theme.

Robert: At some point, you began to realize that lucid dreams held greater significance. How so?

Lucid dreams are a terrific opportunity to study consciousness. In waking conscious awareness is flooded with sensory input; we are constantly attending to that visual,

auditory and tactile flow. In dreaming the sensory input gate is slammed shut. Our awareness is in theory undiluted—it's just us and our psychological machinery. But we don't really see this—at least not in regular dreams. Instead we run around like witless actors in a production we can't control, weeping and freaking and pleading with giant kiwi fruit or whatever.

But in lucid dreams, of course, we develop agency and a certain amount of self-control. We can rewrite the plot to a certain degree. We can get out and explore—conduct experiments—and in the process learn a lot about both our own habits of mind and the nature of consciousness itself.

Robert: Why does that seem important?

When sensory input is gone, what's left? What is this dream stuff? I think, as most scientists do, that dream stuff is built from memory, but unlike many in the neuro-crowd I don't think it is random and meaningless, far from it. I think the stitching that holds together these memory elements—the plots—are a key to understanding both the waking and the dreaming mind—big ‘M’ Mind in general. Following Stephen LaBerge, I think this stitching speaks to our hidden expectations and assumptions about the world, which are set free in dreaming, so that we witness a kind of grotesque caricature of the self.

Lucid dreaming is obviously a great tool for generating personal insights, but it goes further than that. Since the “neurons that fire together wire together” Hebbian learning mantra is as true in dreaming as it is in waking, lucid dreaming is also an opportunity to practice all new behaviors, and thus make a lasting neural adjustment to that grand project of The Self.

Robert: When you consider the science and research so far on lucid dreaming, what surprises you?

That no one (at least no one I've read) has attempted to lay down a set of laws for dream world phenomenology—the laws of Dream World physics. I have tried to do this in *The Head Trip*—the Law of Extrema, the Law of Self-Fulfilling Expectations, The Law of Narrative Momentum, the Law of Delayed Cause and Effect, the Law of Mechanical Disorder and others. But it's barely a start.

Your readers will have many more to offer. You guys should collect new laws on this website, it's the perfect forum for it. In fact if anyone wants to send me their own laws please do! I'd love to hear them.

My email is jeff (at) headtrip (dot) ca

Robert: Do you feel that science doesn't get it, or science ignores the potentially revolutionary aspects of lucid dreaming, perhaps from a concern about making a mess?

Yes. Western science in general just hasn't been very good about internal experience, it has always been focused on objective externals. It's an old story at this point, one every book written about consciousness in the past 15 years has recounted. The study of consciousness has received short shrift and that means dreams have too. And lucid dreams along with them. But things are changing, a new era of rigorous internal exploration seems to be taking off, from lucid dream investigators to long-term meditators to Francisco Varela's whole neurophenomenology legacy, now championed by philosophers like Evan Thompson.

I think part of the problem is that scientists who haven't experienced real lucid dreams just don't get it. They think 'yeah I know what dreams are like—they're all washed out and sketchy.' But of course that's not what dreams are like, that's what *memories* of dreams are like. Dreams themselves are staggeringly real when you're in them, and—this is key—*really paying attention to them* (the waking corollary of the REM dream is the trance—in trances we don't notice much about our model of the world either). In my experience lucid dreaming is the best way to really pay attention.

If every scientist could experience a real fully-immersive lucid dream (not one of those halfway teaser dreams, but a real wake-up) they'd know what the big deal was. I mean it's CRAZY! We live double lives. Lucid dreamers understand this but everyone else just thinks they've been reading too many Carlos Castaneda books.

Robert: As you have looked deeper into lucid dreaming, what information do you find yourself most curious about? Or what research would you like to see?

As I said above, more research into the laws of the dream world—the laws that guide the appearance of objects, their constancy, the associations between them, the emotions underlying them. I'm really interested in how our expectations are unspooled in dreams, also the idea of dreams as predictions. If any of your readers have thoughts or experiences to that effect I'd be very curious to hear about them.

I'm also interested in the idea of witnessing in slow wave sleep, in reports of pure consciousness from within the dream itself, when all the dream content recedes and only the witnessing "I" remains.

Robert: Your book, *The Head Trip*, investigates some of the peculiarities of consciousness, where the head does some whacky stuff, like going into a trance, sleep walking, and daydreaming. What motivated you to look deeper into this area?

Partly the sense that the processes which govern dreaming don't just suddenly disappear when we wake up; rather, they go underground, and wield their mysterious influence from below. Sleep walking and (sometimes) trance are both examples of dream or sleep processes popping up in waking. But in other ways too the dream is always there. I am very interested in this, I think it's a key to understanding how the mind works. In that sense I completely agree with Freud: the royal road.

Robert: In your book, you devote a section to our psychedelic friend, Hypnagogia. Anything peculiar about those first steps into sleeping? What did you come to conclude about that curious space between wake and sleep?

So much that is peculiar! One thing that fascinates me here is the very specific progression of experiences people seem to have in this state. Most of us don't just leap directly into immersive dreams; there is a kind of halfway house of still images and non sequitor plot twists. I think of the hypnagogic as a state which facilitates reassessment; it plays an essential role in breaking up calcified patterns of waking thought, which is why so many scientists and artists have used it for problem solving.

Robert: Also I see that you have a section on hypnopompic experiences. In my experience, a Voice occasionally tells me something as I shift into wakefulness. For others, they see someone standing by their bed, or floating up in the corner. Any thoughts about that state? What it means? What may be happening?

Some of that is pretty well understood as various components of sleep paralysis, modules of the dream brain staying active too long. I think of the hypnopompic as the trippy middle section of a big Venn diagram, where both dreaming and waking overlap. I've heard that voice too, it seems to whisper messages of enormous import. One time, after a minute or two of struggling through my pons-induced body paralysis, I repeated what the voice said aloud. And since I was at a sleep clinic I got it all on tape. When I finally went back to listen, this is what I heard: "Harry versus Mad Potter." My hypnopompic voice is just another Muggle!

Robert: Final question: The waking state – real or illusory? Unfair follow-up: How do you know?

Depends what you mean by “real.” But I think it’s pretty solid. The philosopher Jerry Fodor has a good quote about this: don’t confuse epistemological questions with metaphysical ones. Yes, the perceiving hardware is forever compromised. But that doesn’t mean there isn’t a shared real out there. At some point you have to appeal

to common sense. None of which means, of course, that consciousness cannot be primary. As an unreformed panpsychist, I’m up for anything.

*Jeff Warren is the author of **The Head Trip: Adventures on the Wheel of Consciousness**, published by Random House. For more information, check out his website at www.headtrip.ca*



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Bending Shadows in the Dream World

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A fellow dreamer once declared me a sort of spoon-bender of the dream world due to my ability to defy the laws of physics thereof. I see it differently, because I don't think the dream world has laws of physics; at least, none that limit us in any way. My experience supports my conviction – and my conviction supports my experience – that anything is possible in dreams.

Ed Kellogg's observation that shadows rarely appear in his dreams, and then "more as a special effect, rather than as an intrinsic part of the dreamscape," led to his posting the LDE Challenge to explore the phenomena of light and shadow in dreams, <http://www.dreaminglucid.com/challenges/ldechallenge6.pdf>. I was intrigued because I'd been impressed by realistic shadows in lucid dreams. I do scientific illustration with meticulous attention to realism including getting the shadows right (<http://fatooh.org/art>), so they're something I'd notice and recognize. Examples:

6/7 November 2001, 0245

I flew straight up into the starry sky with scattered snow clouds. Beautiful! I turned east, leveled off somewhat.... Approaching a tall pine, I could see my moonlight shadow below me, following the contours of the ground and moving up onto the pine. So realistic! ...I considered writing about this in [an online lucidity forum], as seeing one's shadow [in a dream] seemed like an unusual thing, but then I thought, nah, it's probably common; probably people do experiments with it....

8/9 January 2002, 0630

What next? It seemed like a very vivid lucid dream and I figured I could do anything; I had no plan. Going up on the porch I enjoyed the visual vividness. Sunlight coming through narrow slats cast a realistic pattern of striped shadows on the ground, irregularities following the contours and all; I passed my hand through it and watched the shadow stripes ripple across the surface of my palm....

I sent these to Ed Kellogg last month and he urged me to try the LDE Challenge experiments. I set out with intent to observe both realistic shadows and ones that would be impossible in WPR. Results, with less-relevant parts edited out:

24/25 October 2007

Recalled on waking at 0545

[Following some non-lucid dreaming, while in an old store I observed:] Naked in public, invisible children... hmmm... could be I'm dreaming! Yes! "Excuse me, I have some flying to do!" I gleefully told the proprietor. [After various aerial adventures] I remembered I had an assignment that ought to be fun: Ed Kellogg's light and shadow experiments for the LDE. At that moment I was in mid-air facing a big mirror on an east wall of a side room. I saw that the mirror appeared to be acting as light source, casting my shadow behind me at an appropriate short length for the close angle, and deep and sharp as for a strong single light source. I turned around to face the west wall to see if I could experiment with multiple shadows from multiple light sources. I waved my hands and saw each one casting three overlapping shadows, the nearest shadows sharpest and the farthest from the hands most faint – very realistic. I

turned around again to find the light sources, and sure enough, there were lamps – one, two, and a ceiling light for the third shadow.

Great! I'd succeeded in seeing realistic shadows from single and multiple light sources, and I had a good long fun lucid dream story to tell too. I wondered if I'd recall it all. But I was still having too much fun to wake up [until after more flying]. I began to feel the legs of my physical body moving and this moved me toward waking, and I decided to get serious and wake up and write up the light-and-shadow results for Ed. I woke up feeling wonderfully elated.

Recalled on waking at 0730

After waking [at 0545] I still felt sleepy and too headachy to write and also realized that I hadn't completed all of the experiments that Ed had suggested. So I memorized the dream and went back to sleep.

Inside a quonset hut shaped building – a train station, I think, where I was talking with an enthusiastic blonde woman who was waiting there – I looked up at the high, curved, reddish-colored walls and thought, “This would be a fun place to fly. Too bad I'm not dreaming. Hey – who says I'm not!” and I took off flying. Immediately I remembered I had more experiments to do. First I waved my hands and located their shadows on the wall, and this time I found I was seeing five overlapping shadows per hand! This again was very realistic-looking with the sharpest, darkest shadows closest to the hands and the fainter ones farthest, as would be the case with closer and farther light sources. I didn't look for the light sources this time; it just seemed normal that the train station would have several lights along the ceiling.

Then I remembered to try binocular vision. I landed, and looked at my finger held close in front of my eyes, and first saw the single image then crossed my eyes a bit to double the image, then focused again to make a single image. Then I diverged my pupils, not by focusing on something more distant but simply by intending to, which I got some practice with back when “Magic Eye” images were popular – I noticed it was easier in the dream – I easily got a double image of my finger again.

Then, gleefully, mischievously, I went for “trinocular vision” and made a triple image of my finger! Good, I thought, as what I really wanted to demonstrate was that anything you intend can be seen in a dream! With that, I woke.

On waking, I still felt sleepy and I remembered that I'd really like to demonstrate that just as it's possible to see realistic shadows in a dream, it's also possible to see unrealistic shadows if that's what you intend. I went to sleep one more time (without looking at the clock between).

Dreaming non-lucidly at first, [eventually while flying outdoors] I realized, “If flying, then dreaming!”

I promptly remembered what I still wanted to do – see unrealistic shadows. I looked for the shadows of my hands, and there they were, although there wasn't anything but air to cast a shadow on. The shadows this time were pale with a darker outline, which occurs sometimes in real shadows but not as markedly. I moved my hands and saw the shadows move a little differently, not following the movement of my hands. I decided that causing shadows to disconnect from the objects casting them would be a good way to demonstrate the ability of shadows to respond to the dreamer's intentions and expectations. So I looked at the shadow of my entire forearm (also with the outlined appearance), and without moving my arm, watched its shadow – from elbow to fingertips – “hinge” at the elbow, where it stayed connected to the arm, while moving over 45 degrees to wave the shadow-hand!

I sent these to Ed Kellogg and he made some comments to which I'll add my replies. He wondered if “perhaps the three fingers just shows that you manifested an image of three fingers, rather than that you looked at your dream

finger through three dream eyes.” That’s right; I was intending an image of three fingers, not intending to have three eyes. Calling it “trinocular vision” was a joke in the dream. I don’t think seeing two fingers necessarily shows I had two eyes, either!

He asked if, when I called disconnecting shadows from objects “a good way to demonstrate the ability of shadows to respond to the dreamer’s intentions and expectations,” it might be “an over-generalization... as the degree of mindful intent that lucid dreamers can bring to bear will vary from person to person.” It is indeed a generalization and I hope it’s not overly so. I like to think that everyone who has an interest can develop their potential.

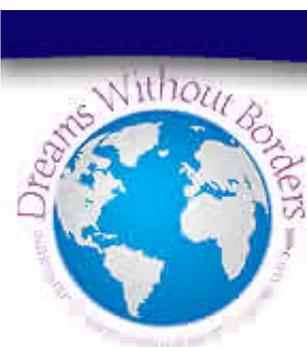
There were also comments prompting an exchange of e-mails which clarified that we both agree that things entirely unexpected can happen in a dream, and that an expectation that something *cannot* happen can create limitations.

Lastly he suggested I submit my results to the LDE with commentary, to which he might add comments of his own. Ed’s comments are always thought-provoking and often challenge me to explain my ideas more clearly. I’d welcome comments from others as well.

As for whether dreams take place in a dream world with a subtle form of matter as many cultures have believed, it’s an intriguing and in some ways appealing possibility. I’d hypothesize that if so, we’ll find that world to be widely variable and infinitely malleable. I’m personally drawn to the assertions of one ancient cultural tradition that’s studied dreaming intensively and transmitted its findings orally and in writing through centuries: Tibetan dream yoga, in which lucid dreaming is part of training to experience “the true nature of mind.”

Here’s an excerpt from *Meditation, Transformation and Dream Yoga* by Gyatrul Rinpoche (pages 112-113): “At this time, since you have apprehended that the appearances of the dream have no true inherent existence, you begin to reflect on the practice of moving things back and forth, shifting and changing them, transforming them at will. The gross and subtle aspects of the imagination or of phenomena are easily transformed in the dream state, and you can even exchange sentient beings for inanimate objects. Basically, whatever you want to do, you’ll have the ability to do because it’s all lacking true or inherent existence anyway. In other words, since it is a dream, it can be changed and it will be changed. You must proceed with confidence and try it out.”

I’m no master of dream yoga but my experiences so far are consistent with what they describe. As the same tradition says WPR is ultimately an illusion too, an illusory dream world could also have its own provisional laws of physics; but its laws are easily broken, with positive consequences. Recognizing that some phenomena can only be studied empirically, the Tibetan masters say: Don’t believe me. Try it yourself!



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A Comment on "Bending Shadows in the Dream World" by Ed Kellogg

First, let me thank Joy Fatooh very much for following up on the "Dreamlight" LDE challenge, and congratulate her on both her creativity and on her extraordinary lucid dreaming skills. At the very least she has demonstrated the profound effect that intent and expectations can have on what one experiences in lucid dreams.

Now as I have written before, in contrast to what Joy has reported here, in my dreams shadows usually show up more as a special effect. I've noticed this in fully lucid dreams, where I mindfully paid attention to such details, and have had other lucid dreamers informally report back to me that they had also noticed a lack of shadows - when looking for them in dreams while lucid. Joy's experiences provide a strong exception to this "rule". Which brings us back to the role of expectations and intent.

When I visualize something, I do not usually include shadows, any more than most computer graphic programs do, which only add shadow effects afterwards. On the other hand, in Joy's case, she professionally does "scientific illustration with meticulous attention to realism including getting the shadows right." Perhaps this explains the differences in our dream experiences with light and shadow. I certainly agree with Joy that what one intends, consciously or unconsciously, can profoundly impact what one experiences in dreams. However, to my mind this still leaves open the question as to whether an underlying "objective" dreamscape structure exists, influenced by, but at its root independent of, what the dreamer intends, consciously or unconsciously.

My current preferred theory of how dream reality works, excerpted from my **PDC05** presentation, "*Enter the Matrix: Exploring the Source Code of Dreams*":

"Some theorists believe that we actually live in an information universe, that at the deepest level, we input the universe primarily as code, as information pattern, as a code that we learn to habitually translate and then experience in terms of sight, sound, touch, etc. Your computer does this in a simple way when it translates a stream of binary code information - a pattern of 0 and 1's - into an animated visual display on your computer screen. We as humans do something very similar when we read an engaging story, where the text presents us with an arrangement of arbitrary shapes (letters and numbers) arranged in a meaningful pattern that we ignore as such while reading, instead experiencing people, places and situations. The movie **The Matrix** illustrates this idea in an entertaining way, where the characters live in a virtual reality experienced and only perceived as physical, but which at its root consists of a mathematical code . . ."

If so, perhaps this information matrix seems common to all dreamers, and the subtle structure of that matrix shows up in dream reality in various ways. What we experience might well depend on how well we can read the matrix (the capabilities of our "software"), whether we make changes to the code (automatically, intentionally, specifically, or generically), and on how well we can display the results (the quality of our "monitors" and "speakers", etc.) After all, even in waking physical reality no one reads the same book - what the reader experiences depends very much on what they bring as a reader to the book, their education and experience, how well they can visualize, etc., and not just on the pattern of black characters on white pages.

I very much hope that more lucid dreamers will weigh in on this issue, trying out this and other **LDE** challenges and reporting on their experiences!

Waking Up Without Waking Up

© David L. Kahn

The ending of lucidity may or may not mark the end of the dream. In general you would find that lucidity ends in one of the following ways;

1. The dreamer remains lucid until the end of the dream.
2. The dreamer loses lucidity during the dream.
3. The dreamer has a false awakening.

In the first category, the dreamer accurately senses moving from the dream world into waking reality.

These dreams have the potential to have lengthy lucid periods, depending on when lucidity is realized within the dream.

In the second category, the dreamer forgets that it is a dream somewhere along the line. The non-lucid part of the dream can go on for as long as several minutes after lucidity is lost. The lucid portion of the dream may not be remembered until the dreamer wakes, if they remember it at all.

In the third category, the dreamer incorrectly believes they are moving from the dream world to waking reality. In these cases the dreamer frequently will remember the lucid part of the dream while still asleep, often in very good detail, believing that they have now awakened from it. They may even tell other dream characters about the lucid dream that they just "woke up" from.

The biggest problem I see in categorizing dreams of false awakening is the term itself. The word false implies that there is something fake, incorrect, or unintentional. I have come to believe that these kinds of dreams/awakenings are quite real, natural, and by design. All parts of the dream have a role to play, and the feeling of waking up - whether or not we actually do - is serving that role and has something to teach us.

Upon the "awakening," you may find yourself having a conversation with other dream characters about the dream, or you may find yourself "waking up" someplace other than in your bedroom. Is that an accident, or does the creator of the dream want you to consider the dream from the perspective in which you then find yourself? How would the teenage version of you, whose body you "awaken" into, view the lucid dream that you just had? If you "wake up" on Mt. Everest, would this perspective create a different view of the lucid dream than if you woke up in your bed in the suburbs of Chicago?

Let's examine the following lucid dream with false awakening.

October 1, 2007
Swinging through the trees on my bike

... I am now on foot walking on a narrow dirt path up a hill. As I walk, on a sidewalk maybe, I question if this is a dream. I then realize that it is a dream and I become quite lucid. I am now on a bike and I see a street coming up in front of me and slightly to my left. The road has a slight decline. I decide that I'll ride to the road, but not go down as the road declines. I'll remain in the air instead. I'm a bit nervous as I do this, but also confident. I ride over the hill and as the road declines I remain in the air and fly on my bike. I see a tree in golden light, as though the sun is setting, though the leaves themselves also look golden. I have some trouble going too high, but I have no trouble keeping myself at this level. I begin to swing back and forth, though there is nothing suspending me. As I swing back and forth, I go in and out of trees. Some have golden leaves and others have green leaves. I then have a false awakening. As I believe I wake up, I am in my teenage bed. I want to write this dream down. I get up and go to my desk, which is the desk I

“False awakenings at their core beg the question, "Who is doing the dreaming anyway?"”

David L. Kahn

had as a teenager in the room I had at the time. I bring a pad and paper back to bed and begin to write down the dream, including the part about swinging through the trees. I then hear a local radio sportscaster talking about the dream as though it had been made into a film. I see it as he's talking about it. He describes how they had ropes between the trees to swing the bike between them. A camera was on the bike to capture this scene. I see people building a large wheel made of mesh on the outside, large enough for people to stand in. They are putting stuff over the mesh, like some sort of plaster or concrete. From inside this suspended wheel, they did additional filming.

If I had awakened (by the generally accepted definition) after the flying bike scene, I would have found myself lying down in my bed as an adult with my wife next to me. Instead, I found myself in my teenage room listening to a sportscaster do the play-by-play of my lucid dream. All the while I am able to see the "making of the dream" by characters behind the scene. This "false awakening" created perspectives of viewing the lucid dream in ways that would not otherwise have likely occurred naturally. For one, I am viewing the dream from the perspective of my mind as it was as a teenager. This could give me a hint that the true meaning of this dream has roots that go back many years. Or, perhaps a more youthful aspect of me needs help waking up. If you want to delve into even more mystical possibilities, perhaps the teenage version of me is still alive and actively living his life and this dream was his to begin with.

A similar anomaly to false awakenings is mistimed awakenings, for lack of a better term. I am referring

here to a dream in which you awaken at a seemingly bad time, such as just before you find out how the story ends. This, too, I believe is also often done by design. During this past month I had a dream in which a wise older woman came up to me and wanted me to tell her how she could use her dreams to get answers to her questions. I knew that there were two ways, dream incubation and lucid dreams. I wanted to explain dream incubation before I moved on to lucid dreams. Just as I was finishing discussing dream incubation and was about to begin talking about lucid dreams, my alarm went off.

It may seem as though the alarm was nothing more than bad luck. However, just a few days prior I had a dream in which I stepped into an elevator and saw the number 630. I didn't want to push that button, so instead I pushed the 6, then 3, and then 0 buttons. Just as I hit zero my alarm went off - precisely at 6:30. I was amazed at just how accurate my internal clock was. Having had that dream so recently, I felt as though my internal clock was working just as well when the alarm went off just as I was about to discuss lucid dreams. Although I was disappointed that I seemingly lost a good opportunity to potentially have a lucid dream, it again felt by design. As it turns out, the following night I did have a lucid dream. Maybe that was also by design.

My recommendation is not to be frustrated with false awakenings, but instead to use them constructively to find further meaning in the overall dream. If you accept that false awakenings have a purpose, then it could be that lucidity (or the ending of) also has a purpose. False awakenings at their core beg the question, "Who is doing the dreaming anyway?"

Send in Your Lucid Dreams!

Deadline: February 5 2008

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When Lucid Dreamers Meet

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To serve as a little background, I routinely have three levels of dreams. The first is comprised of dreams that are very realistic and normally deal with real life related events, whether they happened or are imaginary. They are usually almost like plays and are often filled with characters that I know (friends, family, colleagues, etc). The second level is much more exotic. Space and time are flexible and events are never really linear although they can be for short periods. This level is inhabited by characters which I refer to as “beings”, although they could just as well be called souls or spirits. The beings are almost never people I know, although rarely they can be. I don’t even think that they are all human souls. They are not physically rigid or coherent and often change during the course of the dream. Physical interactions with them are more like mergings than real contact. For instance a simple kiss can become remarkably erotic in this level. This is the level in which all of my lucid dreams occur. The final level of dreaming I have, but rarely, is a totally chaotic level, with literally no dimensions or time. It is inhabited by what seem to be pure energy forms. It can be quite scary or remarkably blissful, but there is no control, although I can “wrench” myself out of this level when I perceive it as dangerous.

In my lucid dreams, I am more-or-less in control of events (as flexible as they are). To varying extents, I can go where I want to, create or modify the venue, decide to go into a building, decide to go into a room, talk to or interact otherwise with individual beings, etc. Once in a while, I meet another lucid dreamer within this 2nd level of dreaming. Normally, we both acknowledge one another and pass on doing our own things, drifting apart into separate environments. On a few occasions, I have met with another lucid dreamer that I inadvertently tried to control or that tried to control me (as a part of our mutual dreams) and a conflict arises. These can be very mild or result in quite a power fight. These dreams are not the topic of my short writing for today.

Shared (Mutual) Dreams

I often have what I have interpreted as *shared* (mutual) dreams with other lucid dreamers. Most of these dreams are quite brief and involve a simple, but very warm give and take...you take turns (without really thinking of it) controlling elements of the dream, bringing in new characters or altering events, etc. Usually these dreams are with individual beings that I do not know. However, I have had several mutual dreams with a person that I do know closely in real life. Below is an accounting of one of these dreams, in which we were able to confirm or validate some aspects of the shared dream. The dream in question occurred on Saturday April 21, 2007 and I refer to it as the Corning Dream. A little background is needed to understand some of the elements of the dream. I am a Professor at Ohio State University. My Ph.D. is in Biochemistry and I specialize in plant natural product chemistry. “Amy” (not her real name for privacy reasons) is a colleague, working with me on a project that involves sampling native plants to explore their potential as sources of novel pharmaceutical activities.

The Corning dream was experienced at about 8:00 AM. It took place at my parents’ home in Corning, New York. I was in the backyard and I was “expecting” Amy to come by, seemingly for a plant collection trip. It was at this point that I realized consciously that I was in a dream and I decided to purposely walk around the left side of the house to the front to see if she was there. There was another, younger man, in the side yard and since I now had control of the dream, I decided to approach him and ask what he was doing in our yard. He didn’t seem to see me, didn’t answer and simply walked away towards the neighbor’s yard. It was then that I saw Amy sitting in the grass along the border of the yards, feet tucked under her, as she often sits in the lab. Upon seeing her, I said with excitement, “There she is!” She saw me, smiled warmly and said, “I think we ought to look at this plant, Sxxx” (she used the scientific name of some plant she was looking at and running her hands through it in the lawn). I sat down on the lawn above her on a slight hill, and to have fun, I purposely rolled down the hill to end up near her, but ended up slightly below her.

Then the same young man who had not responded to me earlier showed up lying down on the lawn slightly uphill from her...he still did not seem to know that I was there. He was younger than either me or Amy, thin, well built, somewhat taller than me and with short dark hair. I had many minutes of time to observe him carefully. Amy apparently knew him well and turned to him when he appeared and said, "I think we should move in here." She put her elbows on his chest, head held up in her hands so as to look into his face, and began talking further to this other man. Clearly she knew him very closely. I started to formulate questions for Amy and the other man, but woke up.

A few days later, I asked Amy if she had had such a dream. She acknowledged that she was asleep at that time, but didn't remember her dreams that night. I described the dream to her and she said that the other man was probably her younger brother, whom she was very close to. I had never met her brother, nor seen any pictures of him. Since Amy and her father have red hair, I assumed her brother did as well, but she said, "No, he has short dark hair". She suggested that I look at several pictures of him. It was clearly the young man in the dream. The pictures were essentially super-imposable with my memory of the man in the dream.

My interpretation of this dream is that it was a merging of ongoing dreams that both Amy and I were having (though Amy did not recall upon waking). I believe we were both in one another's dreams and both of us had interactions in both dreams. I feel that while I was an active character in her dream, she was an active character in mine, and her brother (a character in her dream) could be seen by me and even approached by me, but could apparently not detect my presence. Although Amy did not remember having the dream, she is obviously the only one who could "populate" my dream with her brother given the fact that I had no idea of what he looked like. It is for this reason (and several other shorter dream experiences with Amy in which we had a warm give and take for control of some elements) that I believe she is capable of lucid dreaming even though she does not often remember her dreams. This particular dream, I felt, was the most interesting since we could verify that the stranger in my dream was her brother.

Long Term Shared Dreaming Experiences

While most of my shared dreams have been brief encounters, on two occasions over the last five years, I've had dreams that start out with this same playful give and take, but then develop into a night long exchange. These two dreams lasted about 4-5 hours each, but seemed to last a lifetime. In both dreams, I actually woke in and out of the dream many times, but the relationship continued seamlessly, as if the interruptions were buffered or smoothed over by the very intensity of our contact and shared control. These dreams were truly astonishing and probably the ***most profound things I have ever experienced***. Things are shared at all levels...just sitting around chatting, sharing philosophy or ideals, sharing favorite or created natural scenery, creating artwork, and even having the most erotic and fulfilling sex imaginable. There is an ***absolute trust involved and a complete merging of two souls, with everything essentially experienced as a single being and yet co-created by the two***. It embodies the deepest form of love imaginable. Unfortunately, all dreams must end and with great terror you find yourself waking up. It is a heart wrenching experience, like losing the closest friend or lover you have even known. For weeks after having these dreams, I have desperately tried to reconnect, but it's like two grains of sand...even if they are on the same beach, the likelihood of meeting again is infinitesimal. Since having these dreams, I have literally modeled much of my interactions with others after these ideal relationships.

This brings me to ask if anyone else out there has had such dreams. I would really be interested in the experiences of others. I have often toyed with the idea of trying to set up such an experimental dream with another lucid dreamer, where you would "meet" at a designated landmark, for instance the Arch in St. Louis, and wear red clothing to allow you to recognize one another, etc. Unfortunately, my lucid dreams are not that predictable and I doubt if the flexibility of time and space in the dreamscape allows for such simplicity. Besides, who knows how the contact would truly go when you actually meet!!

A Dream Figure's Perspective on Lucid Dreaming

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Today, I ran into another one of those damned lucid dreamers. I was headed to class, minding my own business, and then I saw this totally ungraceful, knucklehead coming my way. 'Oh god,' I thought, 'here it comes.'

Just like I expected, this kid comes up to me and says, "Hey, I'm dreaming! I'm dreaming this! You're in my dream." He had such a goofy appearance, and seemed so proud of himself. Well, what does he expect me to say, 'Thanks for letting me share your dream space?' I just looked at him.

Then he came at it again, "Look, I can fly!" I watched him go about 10' and stare down at me, like he was expecting applause. Jeez, come on. I decided to just keep heading to my class.

But no, he couldn't leave it alone. He had to insult me. "I'm dreaming you!" he shouted. That did it. I had reached my limit of stupidity. I recalled the prime directive for educating visitors from physical dimensions, and considered my options.

Turning, I asked, "How do you know I am not dreaming you?" He looked at me like a hurt puppy. Then he piped up, "This is my lucid dream. Look I can fly." And he flew another 10 feet. I responded, "Guess what, I can fly

too." And I gracefully moved to his level. He looked dumbfounded.

"Well," he stuttered, "I can make things disappear!" And then a nearby tree went into 'no-form' for a few seconds. I gave him enough time to look triumphant, then I willed the tree form back into being. "Oh," I dryly observed, "your tree came back." He looked stunned. He made it disappear again into no-form, but I brought it back seconds later, now with bright blossoms.

Then he pushed it a bit too far. "I can make you disappear," he announced with certainty. "All thought forms must now disappear!" He concentrated in my direction.

I decided, 'what the heck.' Instead of disappearing, I made two more versions of myself, and set one to my right side, and one to my left. That took the cockiness out of him. Then I had the one on the left walk closer to him and say, "You see, mate, you need to learn, it's not all about you." Then the one on the right approached him and said, "He has a point you know. You enter dreaming. You don't create it."

He looked like he might be getting something, like a hint or a clue. I don't know.

Then I stepped forward, and tried to look him in the eye for just a moment, before saying, "Learn the

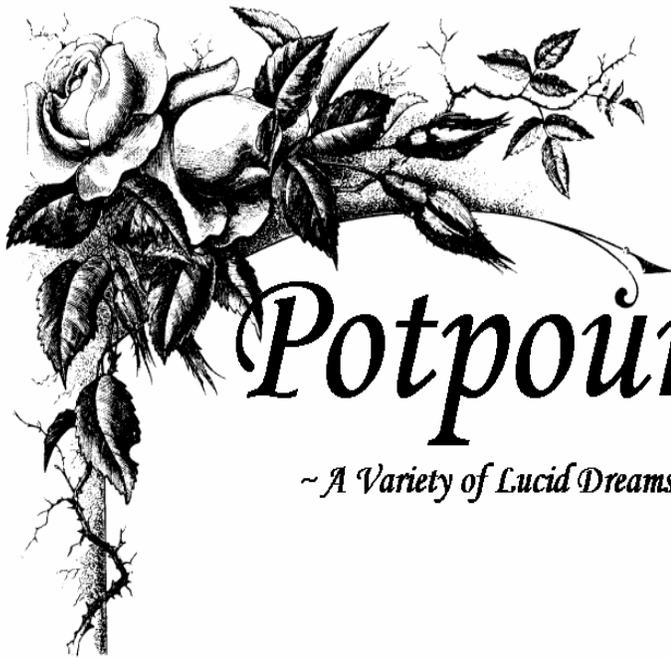
system." I reached out and grabbed his wrist. Suddenly his eyes bugged out, and he looked like beezelbub had touched him. "Whoa!" he started wailing, "Let go!"

I squeezed his form just for a few seconds - just long enough to help him get the message that I knew a bit about the so-called physical senses - at least enough to make a point.

Releasing him, he suddenly took off like a flare. I thought about following him, but knew that he only had a few seconds of awareness left. Touching had drained me a bit, and my two alternates collapsed into no-form. Plus he had projected some sort of emotional overlay of fear onto my energy reflection, so who knows what he was creating.

I watched him fly away and wondered what he would take away from this encounter. Was it all just a dream gone bad? A powerless moment in his moment of power? Or had he learned that a system exists beyond his arrival and departure? A system with other aware beings?

Anyway, I stayed within the educational prime directive. But next time I see this 'dreamer,' he and I might take a little flight, if he still doesn't get it. I know a couple of dimensions he might find very educational.



Potpourri

~ A Variety of Lucid Dreams ~

Lucy Gillis March 24 2006
A Dream Guide for a Night

. . . I am at some wedding in L.A., feeling the buzz of the L.A. night life and enjoying myself. At some point I am under covers (blankets), just luxuriating in the feeling of being in a lush, wealthy atmosphere, when I look about me and feel a dawning realization that I'm in a dream. I'm so happy! I get up and bounce again, ("again" since bouncing was a customary thing to do at these sorts of weddings and we have just recently done that – it made sense at the time) this time singing and turning. . . .

I want to pull positive energy from the dream to take or channel into my waking life. I make motions of pulling energy to me. The room around me begins to shrink. I go into another room that is even smaller. I look outside. It was daylight earlier, now it is pitch black.

I turn to go somewhere else, then notice that a blonde woman is standing behind me. For some reason, I know she is wealthy and powerful. I ask her if she is my guide, my dream guide. She hesitates to answer, until I amend with the word "tonight". She says yes, (it is as though she doesn't want me to think of her as a "permanent" dream guide) and also asks me if I can "tell the difference" (between guides and not-guides, or, I assume, between "real" characters and non-real characters). I say, "Sometimes." She says, "Good" then puts her arm around me and leads me out of the room. I'm about to tell her that I want to go to a sunny, daytime scene, when I hear a bird chirp outside my bedroom window. I know it is a "real" bird, in the waking world. I then feel I'm inside my body on the bed. I try to hold on, to go back into the dream, but I wake too much, listening to morning birdsong.

Ann Naylor November 2007
A Dream Guide on My Right

I had been reading Jane Roberts book "*The Unknown Reality*", *Volume* ; there is a chapter that explained how to awaken yourself in the dream state. I went to sleep that night with that idea in mind. After falling asleep I was immediately swooshed into this very colorful tunnel. Not the tunnel of out of the body experiences, but a very geometrical tunnel with colorful oval dots all around it.

At the end of this tunnel I jumped onto what appeared to be clouds. Though they were not clouds, and a guide appeared to my right side and was explaining that these slivery membranes, that looked like the top of bubbles all bunched together, were worlds. I could open the membranes and look inside and see if one of those worlds would be a place I would like to visit.

The next vision was myself and an old man setting on a cloud or something and we where looking down at Earth. Earth was a magnificent cluster of Diamonds. I had to laugh, because I've always thought of myself as a Crow and collect anything that shines. When I thought this I awoke or believed that I awoke and I was talking the man next to me, and he was explaining that of course the Earth is one large cluster of Diamonds because we are all carbon based, then I drifted back into sleep.

I was aware that I was dreaming right off from the beginning, though, once on top of the bubbles I got lost in the experience and did not re-awaken or thought that I awakened until I was talking to the man about Earth being a Diamond. I realized that I was dreaming, but it felt as if I was awake.

C. S. September 9 2007
Seeing Mommy

I had a very long, vivid non-lucid dream. Toward the end, I was with my mother entertaining the family and her friends in a beautiful, large, elegant house. Remembering that she was dead, I knew I was dreaming.

I wanted to see her and hold her in this dream, so I ran into the kitchen to find her. She was clearly so beautiful: the way she looked between 30 and 40 years old. My heart was breaking as I called out, "Mommy! Mommy!" Tears rushed from my eyes. She looked at me as if she was wondering what in the world was wrong with me. I could not hug her since my hands went through her ethereal body. She became hollow and stiff. Her eyes stared blankly. This happens to my dream characters, as I recognize them as being my creation and not real.

Note: I woke up fast with tears rolling down my face. My mother was born and died in September, three years ago.... For some reason, the dream brought out feelings too painful to handle previously. During the day, I started to remember and cry freely without control. It was an amazing catharsis, bringing a sense of peace at the end.... This is a very short, simple lucid dream, but it gave a great deal to me.

David L. Kahn October 21 2007
Finding My Way

Lengthy and elaborate dream prior to lucidity...I realize that I am dreaming. I know that this dream has already been lengthy and that I may not remain in the dream much longer. Still, I am happy to be lucid and figure I'll enjoy whatever time I've got left of this dream.

I walk across the busy street, oblivious to the cars and people around me. There is a small pond that is next to the intersecting roads. The pond is very calm. I see no ripples at all, though I can't see past the surface. I feel the wind on my skin. I say, "Show me what I need to see. Tell me what I need to hear. Teach me what I need to learn, God."

As I say this, I lean backwards and turn my wrists up towards the sky. I slowly float up and I surrender my thoughts looking only to observe what I see. I then notice a very large pine tree on the opposite side of the pond. It reaches to the sky. I notice the top 1/3 of the tree begins to spin rapidly. It now looks converged like a tornado, with the bottom of the tornado meeting at a focal point with the rest of the tree about 1/3 of the way down. As I'm watching this, the sun above me is very bright. It is almost blindingly bright, but I'm aware that it can't harm my eyes within a dream. I believe that I start to wake up.

I see eyelids in front of me open about 1/3 of the way. On the top 2/3 of the eyelids I see the dream scene. The bottom 1/3 is what I believe to be light from the outside waking world. I look to hold on to the dream believing I am waking up.

As I lose lucidity with the false awakening, I am in or on the pond but somehow not wet. I hear the voice of a woman that offered me a credit card as though I'm on a phone call, though there is no phone. I tell her no thank you. I don't get a response, so I ask, "Did you hear me?" I then hear the woman reply, "Yes." I walk down a road, believing I am awake. The dream continues from where I was prior to lucidity.

Robert Waggoner July 21-22 2007
Transcendent Lucid Dreaming?

I woke up in the morning for about 20 minutes and told myself to dream lucidly: Earlier in the night, I had dreamt that I was part of a large group using 'forms' and 'dreams' to learn and grow. In a dream, I become lucid. I begin to communicate with the dreaming; or perhaps, I assume the mind of the Inner Dreamer. It seemed I simply become 'aware' at another level. Almost as if my lucid awareness was the normal awareness of the Inner Dreamer. At this level, the dreaming seems to have a completely different relationship to the viewer; the dreaming seems more like a fictional show, happening to a friend.

I feel this same experience had happened once or twice in the week before, but it seemed so unusual, I hardly knew how to describe it. This night, as I dreamt, I became lucidly aware, then my 'perception' seemed to ascend to a higher viewing of the lucid dream. Now I saw the lucid dream in its entirety, instead of being 'in' it. Also, I adopted a different mindset about it; as if the lucid dreaming seemed the 'norm' at this level. In some odd way, my awareness here seemed unusually spacious and broad.

C. S. July 14 1995
Seeking a Psychic

I was sitting in bed looking at the scene. Suddenly I knew I was dreaming, since the scene was not my bedroom. Everything got more vivid. I studied the room, and nothing was accurate, so I was sure I was dreaming.... I noticed the window so I concentrated on the outside scene with a desire to go through the window. I thought if I continued visualizing and holding onto the scene with a goal in mind, I could prolong the dream.

I recalled my goal to get information that I didn't know about my illness. I thought about creating a doctor, but

figured doctors were not any help. Then, I got the idea to see a psychic.

Some women were in front of me behind desks. I decided one was the psychic. I pushed my way in. One woman was upset because I didn't have an appointment. I didn't care. I sat next to two women. One was interviewing the other for a job. I listened for a while to their conversation.... Another girl was being interviewed. I must have lost lucidity when I became too interested in the interview. I seem to forget my goal.

Scottwade October 28 2007

I had a lucid dream last night as I did 2 nights before. I became aware I was dreaming when I was on an old American suburb road and it was autumn. I had lucid dreams before and have always found them to be so real that I was often scared to do anything in them in case it was real life. But this time I was sure that I was dreaming and decided to test my courage by allowing myself to be hit by a sports car in the dream and go over the bonnet. It was shocking but I felt no pain. It was something of a test I set myself, so I have more control for future lucid dreams.

Lucy Gillis September 29 2007 I Take a Little Girl Flying

I am at a place that resembles my aunt's home, but there seems to be a room under the stairs, where there is none in waking life. It's nighttime and as I walk down the hallway to go out the side door, my cousin steps out of the room under the stairs. I walk past, ignoring him and go "outside". "Outside" is really a huge room, the size of a large warehouse. It is decorated, seems lived-in. I see a small Santa Claus figurine on a table, which seems odd, and soon after, I realize I am dreaming.

My first "lucid instinct" is to fly. I rise up into the air and fly about the room. I fly higher and higher. (I don't seem to notice that the "room" has no ceiling, the walls just go on and on.) I begin to fly straight upwards in short bursts, hovering in mid air for a few moments after each flight segment. There are no other objects around me, just an off-white space that seems to go on forever. Each time when I decide to fly up again, I do so by moving or "activating" some part of my brain in the area at the base of the brain/top of the spinal cord. I can feel a sensation of movement there that corresponds to my movement upwards in flight.

Soon I notice that there is a little girl, perhaps 10 years old, with long dark hair, and wearing glasses, floating just below me in the white space. I suddenly realise that she has been following me in my ascending flight. I think that since I am

dreaming I could just ignore her and go about my business, but to my surprise I find myself automatically reaching down and pulling her up to my level, with each successive burst of flight that I make.

I again have the thought that I could just ignore her and go do my own thing, since it is a dream, but then suddenly I think that maybe she represents some aspect of myself that may want integration or healing or help of some sort. Or perhaps she is a past self, visiting her future self – me. Regardless of her origin or purpose, I won't abandon her. So I reach down once more, but this time I scoop her up in my arms and I carry her with me as I continue to fly straight upwards, literally and figuratively embracing her presence. .

C.S. October 6 1995 Dream Dancing

I was on my back, flying feet first, about 4 feet from the ground. As soon as I realized I was flying, I said, 'I'm dreaming.' I looked around the room. I seem to be in a hospital with lots of women in white gowns, lying in bed or walking around....

Someone said, "Why don't you get a shot?" It occurred to me that this was the healing dream I had wanted. So I asked, "What is it for?" She said, "It's for your nerves." I was supposed to stand in line next to the door. I flew, lying down, to the door. A woman was ahead of me. I asked how long we had to wait. She said, "Until tomorrow." I didn't want to wait. It was my dream, so I could change it any way I wanted.

I felt that I'd rather have fun. So, I flew, standing up, to the ceiling. I sang a happy song and danced in the air. I never heard the song previously – it was fast and gay. I was amazed that the words rhymed. I knew I was creating a new song and wanted to remember the words, didn't want to wake up from too much concentration.

So I kept singing. At times, I could see the printed words. I flew into the hallway. There were mirrors all along the left wall. I could see myself in all of them as I flew by. I wore very colorful clothes. In the first mirror, two other people appeared. I looked young and attractive in all mirrors. My heart filled with joy as I thought, "I will always look like this or it is who I am...."

David L. Kahn November 3 2007 I Am So Alive in This Moment

I am in the living room of my house near the dining room. Jacob is in the dining room. I feel as though this is a dream. I decide to test it by jumping into the air, figuring that if I

stay in the air longer than I should that it must be a dream. I jump and come down quickly and hard. Still I believe it is a dream. I see a clock on the end table. I look at the clock, cover my eyes, and then look again. The time has changed. I see the clock numbers spinning and changing. I mention to Jacob that this is a dream. He acts as though it isn't. I realize that he is a dream character, but I believe that his sleeping body is downstairs in his bed as though we could go down there and see it. I decide not to and instead go into my room.

I see Chris and tell her that this is a dream. She also acts as though it isn't and I look to prove it. I have her look at the clock by her side of the bed. I cover her eyes and see the clock numbers spinning and changing as I do this. I uncover her eyes so that she can see that the numbers have changed. She says, "That's just electronics." I open the window and I plan to jump out and fly. As I'm about to jump, I believe I am still dreaming but realize the possibility that there is something wrong with the electronics. I decide to check again by reading something out of a book. I grab a hardcover book off the shelf and open it. I look at the first sentence of a paragraph and try to read it several times. I can't read it because the words keep changing. I remember the words "happy birthday" and "government" during my attempts. I am certain this is a dream and I go back to the window.

I ask Chris if she'd like to come with me. She says, "Should I change?" She is wearing her pajamas. I tell her that she doesn't need to change since this is a dream. I go ahead and jump out the window and land on the ground, which has a large paved area about the size of a small basketball court. It now looks like outside my childhood home that I lived at between the ages of 6 and 12. I run and take off flying. I fly well and it is fun. I come to the ground and now Chris is there. She is wearing blue jean overalls with her right strap unbuckled and a long-sleeve red striped shirt. I tell her, "See, you didn't need to change. It happened on its own."

I grab her right hand with my left and take off flying with her. We fly down the street. There is a nice sunset and trees in my view. It feels so real and I enjoy this very much. I yell out, "I am so alive in this moment!" I know that it won't last long, but I want to enjoy this while it lasts. I then think that I should ask to see something. I say, "Show us what we need to see," and then, "Show me what I need to see."

Our flight path goes slightly up, then slightly down and then up again. I tell Chris that this means we are supposed to have some ups and downs. We land by a tree. I see some small clay objects in the tree. One looks like some broken pieces of something. One I think of as a bird, but it looks like a ball about the size of a large marble with a thin cone

projecting out of the side. The other is an elephant. The elephant clay object is flat like a cookie with the elephant design carved into it. All of the objects are the same medium brown color. I think of these objects as dream residue.

We continue on and we are now in San Francisco in a bar that is right on the ocean. I know that I've been here before. I like this place, though it looks a bit older and more tattered than how I had remembered it. There are tables throughout and on the far side is a ledge. Where there would be windows is open air to the ocean. I walk along that ledge. I then walk across on some tables. I hear some country music playing and I begin to dance on top of a table. I only do this because I know that I am dreaming. In the dream I can dance much better than in waking life and I figure this is good practice. I feel myself begin to wake.

John Galleher October 2, 2007 **Spinning Flight**

I dreamed I was at a dream retreat center. I was sitting in a lawn chair by a lake which bordered the center. I was writing "lucid dream" in my dream journal, when the director of the center approached me.

"Having any dreams?", he asked me. "No, but I'm going to have a lucid dream", I answered.

"Why don't you take a walk around the lake and get to know your surroundings", he said.

I got up and began walking and my wife joined me. We walked around the lake until we came to a place where the lake flowed into a river. There was a bridge across the river but it was made of fabric, like a long sheet stretched across the water. I hesitated because this sure looked like an "iffy" proposition, but then I decided that I could swim if I fell in so I crossed over. It was a balancing act, but I made it. My wife saw that I did it, so she joined me. We continued walking and came to a wooden house along the lakeside. On the porch sat a waking life friend of mine. He was relaxing but in waking life he's a real workaholic and it was this inconsistency that made me lucid.

"We're in a dream, look at your hands", I said to him. He looked at me rather doubtfully, so I said, "Watch this".

I began levitating, but as I pushed off I gave myself a twist in a kind of theatrical way, like "up, up and away". This twist started me spinning as I went up and got faster and faster as I rose. It became more and more ecstatic until finally I lost the dream. I woke up feeling great.

Lucy Gillis October 4 2007 **A Dream Character Warps My World**

I don't recall what triggered lucidity, but I know I'm dreaming. I'm in a huge room that resembles an almost empty warehouse. I begin to fly around the room. Below me I see a blonde dream character. He is going to help me with some flying technique, or a technique for something that involves flying. I know his name is Alan. We don't exchange any words, not even mentally or telepathically. Communication is just an effortless, instantaneous knowing between us.

I swoop low toward him, and as I do so he makes a motion with his arms as though he is flipping something over in the air. As he does this, I flip over in a mid-air somersault, at about his eye-level, not totally by my own accord, but somehow by the motions that he makes.

While somersaulting, I feel an acceleration, and get disoriented. Beyond Alan, I see the fabric of the dream, which is 3-dimensional, smear into a colourful 2-dimensional "surface". It is not just a visual distortion due to spinning over in the air - the walls of the room, and any furniture I can see all blend into one surface. Hard to explain. Alan, however, remains the same (3-D), and I assume I do too, as I don't feel any different in my body.

We practice this over and over, and each time I feel the same acceleration and disorientation, as each time the 3-D world around us smears and coalesces into a 2-D surface, snapping back to 3-D, with objects and furniture intact, when I am upright and not flipping over.

Jo Cartwright December 2007

I do not remember the beginning of the dream - I remember from a point where I was standing high up and there was a sheer drop in front of me. I don't like heights in real life and I didn't here. I was in a large open space but it was enclosed like a huge building with no floors.

I was talking to someone but don't know who - maybe even myself and they were kind of asking me, "Well what will you do now, stuck up there no way to get down?" At this point I realised I was dreaming and I said, "Aha! Well, I can fly," and I did then spend some time flying around the space.

I knew it was a lucid dream, as I'd read about it in a magazine, and I wondered if I was astral travelling and if I'd be able to get out of the building. I flew to the top where the

roof is a mesh roof and put my hand up to it wondering if I'd pass straight through like a ghost. I didn't and not long after, I just woke up.

C. S. September 3 2007 **Searching for Dad**

I was lying in bed feeling very frightened. I cried out, "Daddy, Daddy" over and over. However, no sound came out of my mouth. I remembered that this can happen when I am not awake. So, I got out of bed to see if I could fly. Since my feet could not touch the ground, I knew I was dreaming. The room was dark except for a light shining under the door. I flew to the door and opened it.

Suddenly, my vision was vivid. The room was well lit. All the walls and doors were made of varnished wood. I opened another door to a similar room with the door to the right. I opened that door to a similar room with the door to the left. Then I opened that door to a similar room with lots of doors! At that point I gave up, and decided the scenario wasn't working.

Ian March 2005

This happened around March 2005 but I will never forget it. I had dozed off on an uncomfortable cane 2-seater chair and I think it was the discomfort that contributed to the lucidity.

I could hear a brass band playing, and assumed that I had left the television on as it was mid-afternoon. As I became more sleepy I was convinced that it was a real brass band, playing less than a mile away and getting closer. . . In order to prove whether the band was coming from the television or being dreamt (now right outside my door) I decided to change the notes they were playing, this worked. . . the band played what I directed them to.

I was still not 100% convinced that this music was of my creation, it could surely still be the television so I told it to stop and asked myself the question, "What music would I like to hear the most, if I could hear any new style that would blow my mind?" and it started, the best I have ever heard! It sounded crystal clear, ultra modern, had an underwater quality to it, basses, strings, this is unimportant but it was very personal to me. When I woke up the TV was off and I tried in vain to return to my dream state, I could not remember the music (I am an avid musician and would have loved to record a basic outline of it) but what I experienced that day was bliss!!

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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

www.dream-tokens.com

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