

The Lucid Dream Exchange

~Number 20~

This memorial issue was prepared with the assistance of Arthur Gillard.

Compiled by Co-Editors Lucy Gillis and Robert Waggoner. [Views expressed are not necessarily those of the editors.]

How it Works

The Lucid Dream Exchange (LDE) is a quarterly issue of lucid dreams, and lucid dream related articles and poetry submitted by readers who enjoy sharing their lucid experiences and learning from those of others. Sometimes common themes will be evident, and so several dreams may be grouped together, (for example, flying lucid dreams), or certain themes may be suggested for future issues. The themes that are indicated in LDE are not set in stone and may not appear in future issues, so please don't feel that you must send only dreams that "fit" a theme. A variety of lucid dreams are always welcome and encouraged as they demonstrate the vast richness of the lucid dream world and the special uniqueness of each lucid dreamer's personal experience.

Lucid dreams can be submitted from any time in your personal history; you needn't feel you have to send in recent dreams. **(Please indicate at what point you became lucid in your dream, and what triggered your lucidity.)** All contributions remain the copyright of the individual author. You may use your name or a pseudonym if you prefer. It is not necessary to title your dreams, though many dreamers do so.

Comments, questions, etc. are always welcome as are suggestions for lucid dream themes or experiments. If you have lucid dream related information, like websites or general announcements, we would be pleased to publish them as well.

Please send your submissions via e-mail to Lucy: lucy_gillis@hotmail.com or to Robert at: PO Box 11 Ames, IA 50010 **[Submissions are published at the discretion of the editors.]**

Subscription Info

Please let us know in which medium you prefer to receive LDE. E-mail is free, whereas snail mail requires printing and postage costs of \$4.00 per issue.

Next Deadline

Submission deadline for LDE 20 is **November 15 2001**; mailing date is December 1 2001.

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Note to print version subscribers: Due to the time constraints involved in preparing this issue, no notice was sent out to inform our "snail mailers" of the theme of LDE 20. We would like to take this opportunity to invite the submission of lucid dreams of the deceased for LDE 21. Perhaps dream experiences of these kinds will become a regular feature of LDE.

Visit Patricia Garfield's website at:
<http://www.patriciagarfield.com>
where you will find a chapter from her book,

"The Dream Messenger: How Dreams of the Deceased Bring Healing Gifts"

available for free download.

Kalindi and Arthur Dream Together

[Reprinted from LDE Number 13.]

Arthur Gillard
July 1999

A while ago my new friend Kalindi and I experienced possible dream telepathy, this is what happened. She contacted me on ICQ after having seen my bio in the Lucidity Institute Forum. We had a great hours-long conversation on lucid dreams and took an immediate liking to each other. The next morning we were both online again and continued our conversation for a little while, then she left to go have a couple of hours more sleep. Meanwhile I decided to look for cool desktop wallpaper. Over the next hour or two I looked at a lot of different pictures, but two in particular stood out and I spent a long time contemplating each of them. The first depicted a beautiful sky near sunset or sunrise, with gorgeous colors. The second, which I set as my wallpaper, showed a line of crystalline spheres hovering over the sea, the perspective low to the water. I thought about how much I'd like to fly in such environments, especially the scene depicted in the second picture. Later Kalindi sent me a message telling of three lucid dreams she had during that morning nap. She wrote, "#2 was fun, I was flying over the ocean, so low to the water that I was letting my feet drag through it. The sun was disappearing over the horizon, making everything glow orange and pink." This reminded me of the pictures I was looking at while she was dreaming, so I sent her a message telling of the coincidence and providing the URL's so she could have a look. Her response was, "Amazing!!! The first picture (of the sunset) looks just like the sky in my dream, and the second (the one you chose for wallpaper) is the same view I was seeing!!! Although, I have to say, it was much better being there!!!" [I should note, it did not cross my mind while I was looking at those pictures to try to send images to her dreaming mind - rather, my motivation was to find images that might inspire me to fly in dreams. This would seem to be a spontaneous occurrence of dream telepathy...or could it be coincidence? Perhaps I should compromise and call it synchronicity...]

Kalindi Smith
July 30, 1999

I'm in a very large mansion. I am traveling with Arthur, and we have stopped here to spend the night and following day. The somewhat frightening, old Amish lady shows us around the dark and creaking house. It's getting time to go to sleep, so she leads us to our rooms [separate] and we say goodnight. I get into bed and fall asleep. I start to dream - it's very dark and a little frightening. Something scares me in the dream, and at that moment I become lucid. I fly straight up, (it almost felt like I was flying up an elevator shaft) and when I get to what feels like the top, I burst out my energy/consciousness into space. This feels really good, but my lucidity starts to feel unstable --having blown up my body-- so I bring myself back together with a cosmic burst. I begin to fly very quickly through this strange space; it is dark, and somewhat frightening, but very thrilling. I start to feel afraid for a moment, but I then remind myself that the fear is from the high density of constant stimulus, and this is still a dream. I start to do these strange things with my energy. Blowing myself up into individual atoms, then bringing it all back together. I am enjoying making these fantastic explosions while I fly at break-neck speed --Very vivid, and very thrilling! Eventually I wake up, back into the original dream [no longer lucid]. It is morning now, and I meet Arthur in the hallway, and I tell him about my lucid dream. The dream went on non-lucidly from there.

Arthur Gillard
Sat, July 10, 1999 11:17 P.M.,
[Lucid] Spinning with CLG
[CosmicLoveGoddess, i.e. Kalindi]

I'm in bed, drifting off to sleep. I start to feel bodywarp, heaviness and try to relax into it. My mind enters a loose, imaginative stage. [I don't think visuals were very vivid at this point, maybe not present at all.] I'm standing next to CLG. I put my arm around her waist, and put her arm over my shoulder, and start us spinning, with my right foot as the turning point. We start spinning very fast, it feels great! We're having a sort of competition to see who will land on top when we get dizzy and collapse on the bed.

Kalindi Smith
5/23/99
Record Breaking Lucid Dream

I am walking around in this bizarre dreamscape. There is a river, or canal surrounded by sloping sides. Covering one half of the river, there is this plastic-like "mesh". It is strong enough to walk on, but still flexible. I walk down the "mesh" pathway - it's about 10 feet wide - looking down at the water below my feet. Along the path, and suspended over the river in various places is a train track. I become lucid and immediately the mesh starts to move in waves. (At that time I see a clock and note the time.) I am happy to be lucid and I continue walking, almost bouncing along. I come to a cave-like entrance in the side of the sloping hill, and I cross a little bridge over the river to enter the cave. (Still lucid) Once inside the cave, I look down a grand set of stairs to an amphitheater/library below. There is a group of people listening to a guest. I walk down the red carpeted stairs to watch the speaker. On my way down, I see another clock. I recognize the man speaking, and am very happy to see him. After he finishes speaking, I go up and hug him, telling him how happy I am to meet him in a dream again. I talk to him for a little while, (lucidity starting to fade now) and then I go back up the stairs again. I see the clock again and regain my focus, remembering to stay lucid. I leave the cave, returning to the path. I watch a little train go by me, amazed at how it goes along the tracks which are magically suspended over the water. I walk to the beginning of the "mesh" path, where the water comes out from inside a mountain. I look around and see a dirt trail going up a hill, so I follow it to see where it goes. (Begin losing lucidity again.)

Suddenly I regain focus again. I fly up in the air, very happy to still be lucid. I fly over the path. I get to the top of the hill and look down to see where I am. It looks like a lumber yard and there are many cars parked around it. I fly lower and recognize another acquaintance. I'm not so happy to see him my dreams again, so I fly off towards the river. Back on the path now, I walk down the mesh. I bounce up and down on it like a trampoline. It starts to roll in waves beneath my feet. The waves are getting huge now - 10 or 12 feet tall - I'm beginning to get scared. I remember that it's only a dream, and I begin to enjoy it. I ride it as though I was surfing, then slide down as the wave recedes. Another train goes by me over the river, whose water is calm. I come to the end of the path now. I get distracted by a little pet shop in the side of the hill. There are all sorts of little animals in cages. I talk to the owner of the store about lizards. (Lucidity beginning to blur.) I am walking down the isles of the store now, and I glance at another clock between the cages. Wow! I think. (Highly lucid again.) I tell the storeowner what an unbelievably long lucid dream this has been. Amazing!!! I fly out of the store with a rush, flying over the scenery of the river. I see the clock again and it says that it has been two hours since I looked the first time!!! [Not possible probably, but it certainly felt like it!!] I dance around yelling with joy at how long this lucid dream has been. "This is going to break some kind of record!" I think with amazement. I begin to think that maybe I should wake up soon, because I might go crazy if I stay lucid for TOO long! "One more thing," I think to myself. With that, I plummet towards the mesh path, slamming into it with great force and bouncing high into the air. Then I wake up.

Kalindi Smith
October 3, 1999
Dream Yogi

First semi-lucid: I'm in this strange room with a happy, Buddha-like yogi. It's all wood, the floors and the walls. It almost seems like the inside of a boat or ship. Half of it is filled with pools of water. I'm talking with the yogi, (we're in the water resting against the edge of the pool) he tells me something which I think is profound [can't remember what he said] and then he tells me I'm supposed to do a test to train my consciousness. I do what he tells me, doing strange yoga-type movements in the water. I think that I may be dreaming, but I can't "get lucid"--can't "make it click". I'm frustrated, and I tell him this. He tells me to keep doing it. He says not to give up, that it'll just take some concentration.

Then lucid: Then I go into another dream where I'm walking on a street up a hill. I think I'm looking for the yogi. I finally get to the street I'm looking for and I suddenly become lucid. I think about what the yogi said and realize that he's right. I start to levitate, doing strange geometric movements with my dream body. I'm happy to be lucid; it feels so free. I feel it starting to fade, I realize that I just need to keep working on it, and eventually I'll get back into it.

Bricks, Tiles, Mandalas

Lucy
August 17 2001
Beautiful Blue Tiles

I am in the bedroom when I look around and notice that the room doesn't look right. "I'm dreaming!" I think happily to myself. I try to turn on a light, a decorative lamp on a nightstand or small table, and note that it doesn't work: another sign that I am dreaming. I decide to look for C., who had been in a (non-lucid) dream earlier that morning. I assume that if I go out into the hallway of the apartment and check the doors that he will have "manifested" behind one, in another room. When I open the door to the main hallway I notice that there is another hallway off to the right, but there must be construction down there as I see a huge piece of plastic hanging over the entrance. As I start to turn left, a deep indigo splash of colour catches my eye. I look at the white wall and see a large square, about 1 metre on each side, made up of smaller tiles of a beautiful indigo (perhaps lapis lazuli?) and gold marble-like pattern. I then look down the length of the hallway and see these squares placed at waist height about a metre apart all along the walls. There must be at least a dozen of them. Underneath the squares seems to be dark brown wainscoting that matches well with the black and red carpet. I rise into the air and begin to fly down the hallway, to the dark room at the end, but wake before I reach the end or try to find C.

Editor's Note: Several hours after I woke I received the following "coincidental" note for LDE:

Edith G.
Aug. 11, 01

Is there a connection between lucidity and the image of "regular" material such as brick and tiles? This seems to be so in my experience. Years ago I began to notice that in lucid or semi-lucid dreams I often find myself walking -- once, roller skating -- on a brick path, or driving over very regular cobble stones, or I enter a room with a tiled floor.

This has made me alert to such images in the lucid dreams of others. For instance, Number 19 of the Exchange; page 3, brick paving, page 6, tiled floor, page 14 brick wall. Issue 18 page 8, brick mandala! If this phenomenon does occur more than is statistically likely, might it connect with the geometrical shapes that tend to occur in the hypnagogic state?

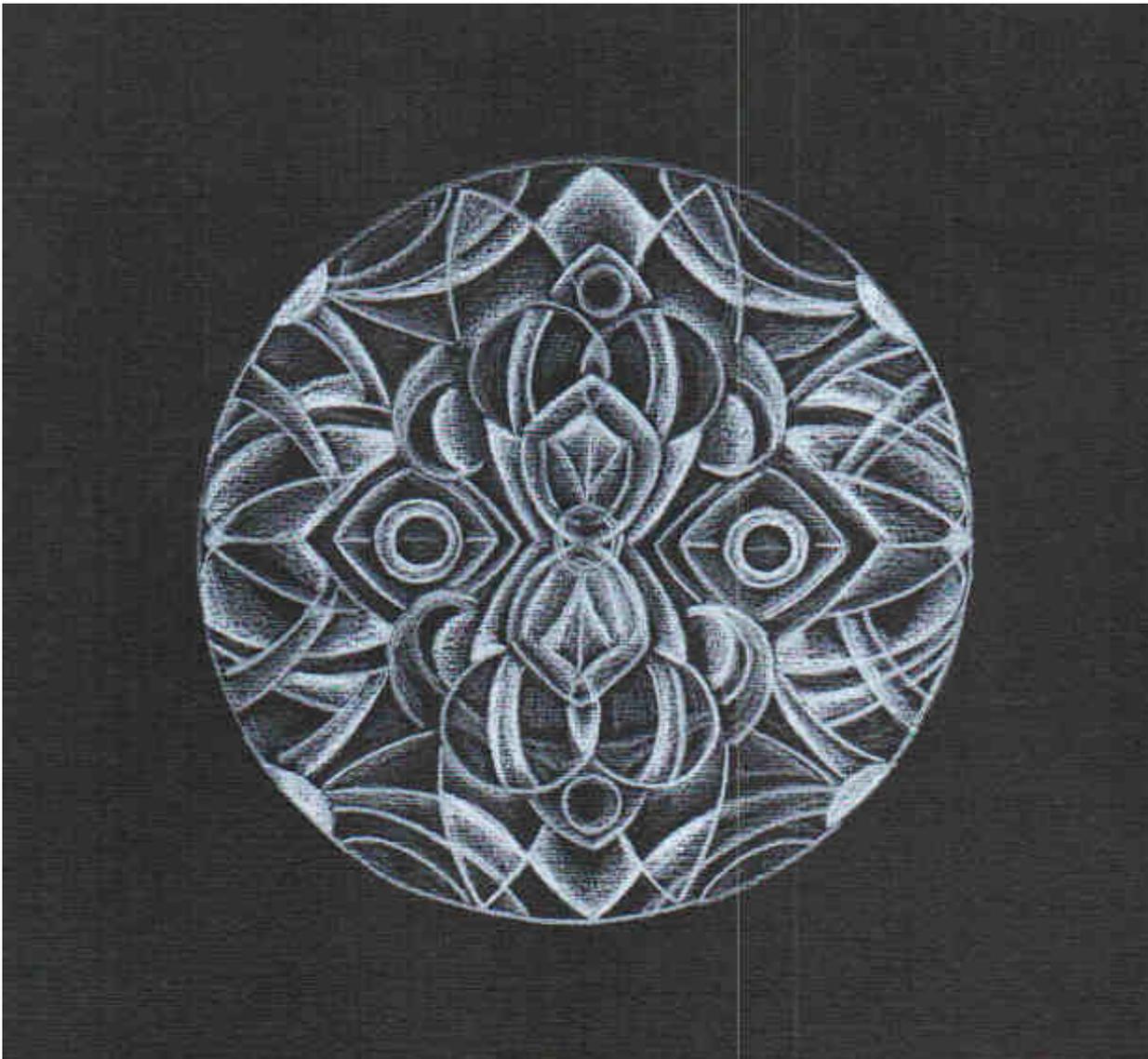
But if so, why doesn't this "regularity" show up more often in places that are not "underfoot?" Page 9 of issue 17 does refer to a "checkered pyramid" in Atlantis. But people do not seem to dream, for instance, of geometrical wallpaper. I suspect that it is the hard, stony, "permanent" aspect of bricks and tiles that account for the use of the imagery as a base for the dream events.

Kalindi's Dream Mandalas

By Arthur Gillard

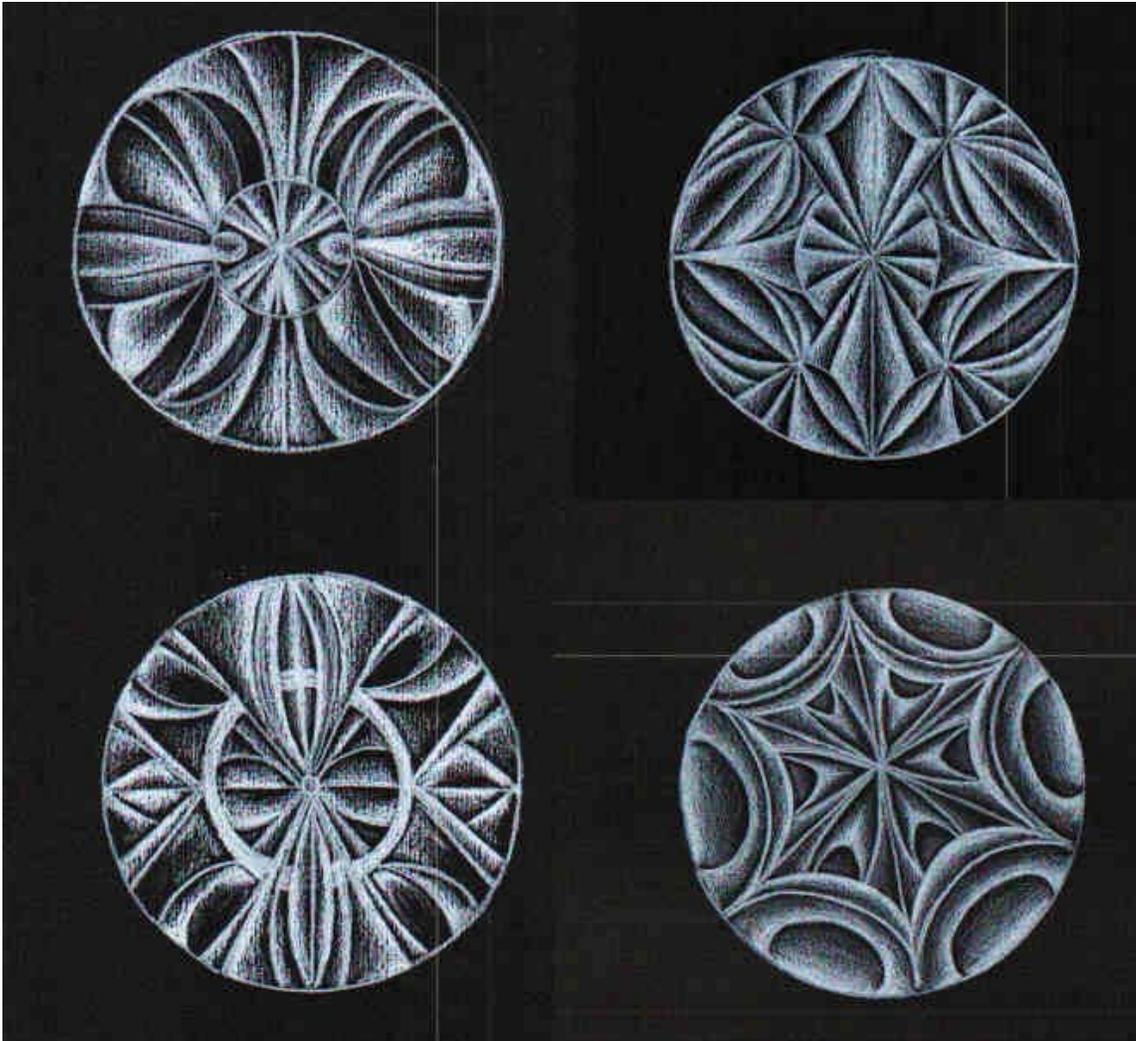
One lucid dream activity Kalindi enjoyed was to fly at great velocity into a wall or, more often, the ground of the dream. She reported that when she did this, she would break through the normal dreamscape into a different experiential realm of seething energy. The mandalas on this and following pages are her attempt to convey how that space appeared to her. Beautiful as works of art, they are particularly fascinating in light of their origins in the Dreamtime

What was happening when Kalindi flew into the ground of her dreamscape? There is a theory that fractal and chaotic patterns naturally occur in the neural net of the brain and that under certain circumstances these may become visible. People experiencing migraine attacks, under the influence of psychedelic drugs, or in conditions of sensory deprivation or hypnagogic reverie may experience hallucinatory phenomena similar to the patterns in Kalindi's dream mandalas.

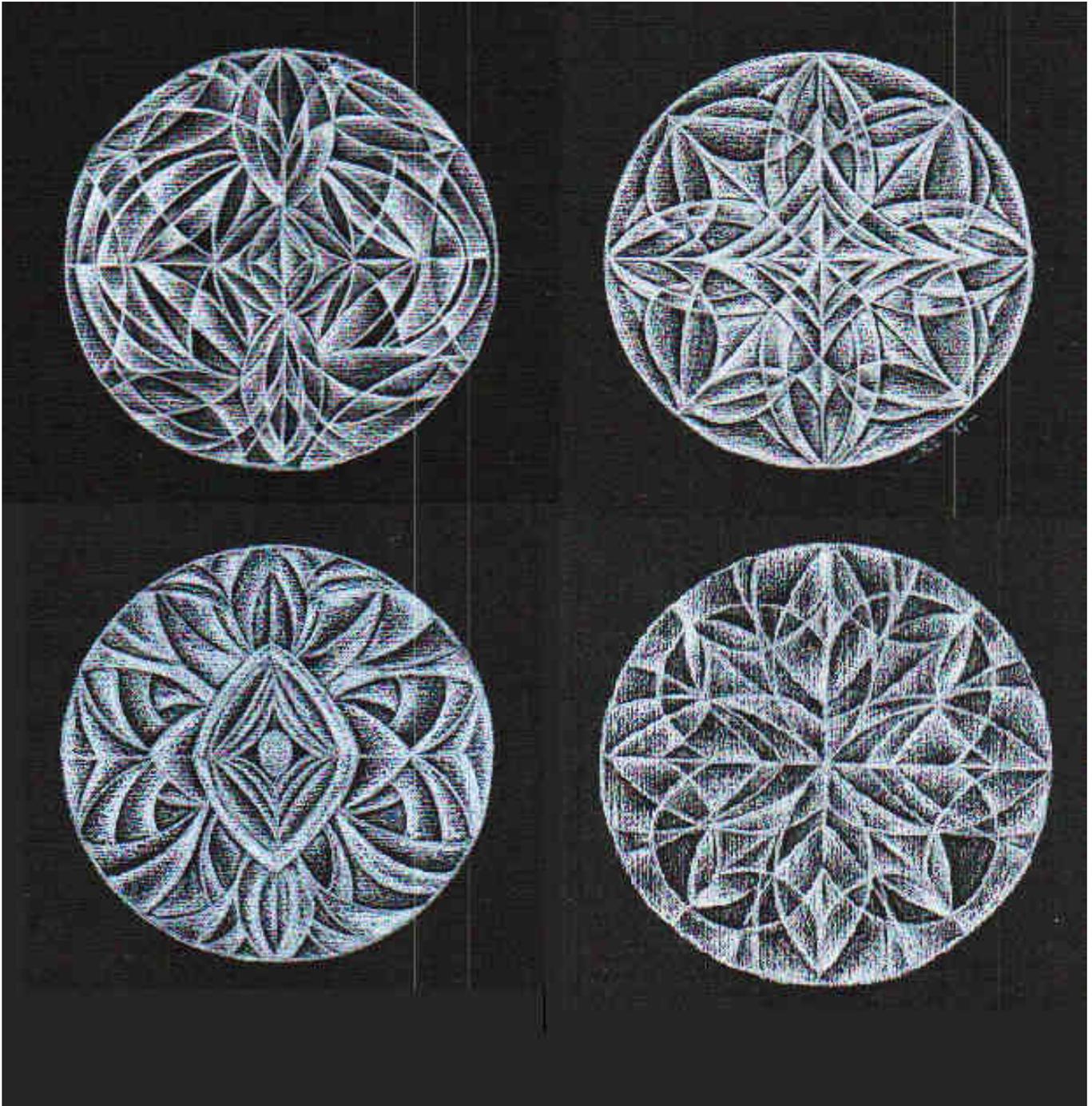


These theories are discussed in Oliver Sacks' book **Migraine** (1985 revised edition). "There is increasing evidence to show that chaotic and self-organizing processes occur normally in the cortex, and that they are, indeed, a prerequisite for sensory processing and perception, as well as being constrained by these too...but the processes of chaos and self-organization in the cortex are normally local, microscopic, and, as such, invisible – it is only in pathological conditions that they cohere, synchronize, become global, become visible, take over, and thrust themselves as patterned hallucinations into awareness." (p.297)

I believe that Kalindi found a new way to observe this kind of entralling visual display, by crashing her dreambody point-of-view at high speed into a visual element of her dreamscape; like tossing a stone into a pond, she may have created a transient local disturbance in her visual cortex, the cascading effects of which created these wonderful displays. Sacks writes, "Our view of Nature has changed...we have come to recognize nonlinear dynamical processes, chaotic and self-organizing processes, in a vast range of natural systems, and to realize that these play an essential part in the evolution of the universe.



But we do not need to go far afield for examples...we have a natural laboratory, a microcosm, in our own heads. [This sort of phenomenon] shows us, in the form of a hallucinatory display, not only an elementary activity of the cerebral cortex, but an entire self-organizing system, a universal behaviour, at work. It shows us not only the secrets of neuronal organization, but the creative heart of Nature itself." (**Migraine**, p.297)



Lucid Dreaming, the Deceased and the Afterdeath Experience

by Robert Waggoner

(This is Robert's presentation given at the July 2001 Association for the Study of Dreams Conference.)

What motivates people to learn to lucid dream?

- 1) basic curiosity
- 2) the paradox - being conscious in a normally unconscious state
- 3) ability to perform acts of power
- 4) spiritual or metaphysical interest

But in dreams as in life, our initial interests and subsequent actions often have unintended results. For many long term lucid dreamers, one of the unintended results of lucid dreaming is an often radical switch in their belief system regarding death and the possibility of an after-death state. Why is that? What is the possible connection between lucid dreaming and an after death state?

The Subtle Transition: Latent Learning

"Latent Learning", generally speaking, is the concept that one learns things even in the absence of reinforcement (reward and punishment) or behavior. As we repeatedly visit and exist in the lucid dreaming environment, we learn many things: one thing we learn is that we seem to be alive in a Mental Form and in a Mental Environment. We also learn that this Mental Form or Mental Body when lucid dreaming has certain abilities or characteristics. So what are the characteristics of this Mental Form, when fully conscious in the dream state?

Characteristics of the Mental Body or the Lucid Dream Body:

Possesses all its senses
Extremely light and lucid and mobile
Awareness is much clearer than in physical life
Basic kind of clairvoyance/telepathy (ability to read others' minds, communicate)
Can go wherever it wishes unobstructedly, just by thinking
Can pass through solid barriers, such as walls
Normally can't be seen by living beings (unless they are very sensitive)
Mental activity is very rapid; thoughts come in quick succession
But can also fall into habitual patterns of thinking and habits

And the characteristics of the lucid dream's Mental Environment:

One's thoughts become the focus for the lucid dream reality.
One's habits and tendencies can influence one's focus in the mental environment.
One can experience earthly and unearthly sensations, interests and meaning in the Mental Environment. In a sense, when lucid, the focus of the Mental Environment largely reflects one's mind at the time.

I do want to point out however, two important points: first, that underlying the personal proclivities of lucid dreamers, there are structural and experiential commonalities to the Mental Environment (e.g. how lucid dreams begin and end); and second, that the Mental Environment, even though it is directed by the focus of our awareness, rises up by virtue of something beyond our awareness. By that, I mean that when lucid dreaming, one may consciously direct the action but one is not aware necessarily of consciously creating every aspect of the mental environment. (So, our "awareness" is not the totality of our mind.)

The sum of all of this experience is that lucid dreamers learn and come to know that their identity can exist in a mental form and a mental environment that has sensation and meaning. As lucid dreamers begin to accept this idea, they often question that "IF" one can exist in a mental form in a mental environment, then upon Death (the physical event) when one obviously loses any physical function, is it possible that they would adopt something like this Mental Form which exists in the Mental Environment? And would their identity continue in this afterdeath state, similar to its existence as a Mental Form existing in a Mental Environment of lucid dreaming?

Patricia Garfield's book *The Dream Messenger: How Dreams of the Departed Bring Healing Gifts* gives numerous examples of dreams in which the deceased seem to interact with the physical dreamer. But the problem with many of these dream reports may be that they simply happen; they are anecdotal (even though 2,000 years of anecdotes should mean something! a la Rita Dwyer). So, there are personal, historical, anecdotal indications of a dream-after death connection.

Also, we have religious texts; yet many of these rely upon faith in an after death existence. However at least one, the Tibetan Bon tradition of Buddhism, offers a structure in which they suggest a definite connection between lucid dreaming and the after death experience, which they call the Bardo of Becoming. Bardo is a Tibetan word that simply means a 'transition' or a gap between the completion of one situation and the onset of another. 'Bar' means 'in between' and 'do' means 'suspended' or 'thrown'. The term is most commonly known in the West through *The Tibetan Book of the Dead* or the Bardo Todrol Chenmo, which translated means "the Great Liberation through Hearing in the Bardo".

Various Buddhist traditions enumerate various bardos of dying (and living) through which one will pass, but the Bardo of Becoming is the one in which one supposedly exists in a mental body before choosing to be reborn.

In his book, "The Tibetan Yogas of Dream and Sleep," Tenzin Wangyal Rinpoche states repeatedly that "When we fully develop this capacity (to maintain full awareness during dream as well as in waking life), we will find that we are living both waking and dreaming life with greater ease, comfort and clarity and appreciation, and we will also be preparing ourselves to attain liberation in the intermediate state or bardo after death" (pg.17) He also states, "All the dream and sleep practices are, on one level, preparations for death."

(p.181) In principle, it seems an experienced lucid dreamer would be willing to accept the possibility of his statement, only if there was a concurrence between the lucid dreamer's experience of existing in a lucid dream environment and their explanation of the experience of this afterdeath mental environment, or Bardo of Becoming. There should be an obvious, fundamental concurrence.

If you will recall, our earlier discussion of the lucid dreamer's Mental Form and the lucid dream's Mental Environment, and if you felt that these were an accurate representation of your lucid dreaming experience --- well then, I have to tell you that those characteristics were taken from the book entitled "The Tibetan Book of Living and Dying" by Sogyal Rinpoche in Chapter 18 "The Bardo of Becoming" with a subsection entitled "The Mental Body" (his book is a commentary on *The Tibetan Book of the Dead*). So obviously there are some parallels here -- and the parallels are not based on 'faith' or 'religious tradition' or the lack of the same: the parallels are based on the personal experience of all of you lucid dreamers.

But even if one concurs that there are striking similarities between lucid dreaming and the (possible) bardo of becoming, how could one investigate the possible linkage between lucid dreaming and the after death experience further and see if there is a deeper basis than historical anecdotes, religious traditions, and correlation of experience? How does one move from Believing or Suspecting to something like Knowing?

When Lucid, Experiment!

Your Objective:

While lucid in the dream state, actively seek out the deceased.

OR When the deceased seek you out in the dream state, become lucid.

Your Goal: Once lucid, request information, actively; have the information validated and/or realize that you have obtained information passively, which may be imagery or symbols within the dream that relate to the deceased; have that information validated.

What kinds of information suggest possible evidence of a valid encounter:

- 1) precognitive information,
- 2) unknown (to you) but verifiable information.
- 3) unknown (to you) but verifiable imagery.
- 4) other.....

Dream Visits with Loved Ones Who Have Died

By Keelin

Reprinted with permission from DREAMNETWORK, A Journal Exploring Dreams and Mythology (Vol. 9 No.4).

"Evolving a Dream Cherishing Culture" For Dream and subscription information go to <http://DreamNetwork.net>

Note: The following article was originally published in DreamNetwork several years ago. The collection of dream accounts (referred to at the end of this article) eventually found their way into the gracious, inspired, and capable hands of Dr. Patricia Garfield, where they became part of her excellent book, "The Dream Messenger: How Dreams of the Departed Bring Healing Gifts".

"Pick a card...any card...", I said to my dear friend Jack, as we sat contentedly at a small table, having just finished our lunches. I fanned my new tarot deck in front of him and watched his hand hover momentarily before descending to make his selection: The Ten of Pentacles! For no apparent reason, we both felt delighted. Neither one of us was familiar with exactly how to read Tarot, so we decided to enjoy our own spontaneous interpretations, venturing to speculate that the Eye in the center represented a vision; the Flame above the eye, a transformation; the River flowing through the hills, a journey. And all those Stars? No doubt, an abundance of wonderful surprises was headed his way. I could see he was tickled with the excellent choice he'd made. And so it was, with a warm, gentle hug, that we parted that afternoon to return to our respective jobs. Halfway down the block, however, we both paused to turn and wave a final farewell. Even from a distance, I could sense the sparkle in his eyes, as he awaited whatever adventure Life would bring him next. Less than two weeks later, my seemingly healthy friend died quite unexpectedly - they say it was a heart attack.

When I heard the tragic news, my immediate thoughts were: Fantastic! He's made it! He's crossed over! I can hardly wait to talk with him about this! And then, slowly, in waves that knew no rhythm, the disorienting reality of the situation began to sink in. Well, I thought, we will obviously need to develop a whole new mode of communication.

Preparing for bed that evening, I reached, without planned intention, for my tarot deck, and without removing the cards from the box, blindly selected one. I held the card face down for a few moments, preparing myself to receive any message it might hold. I breathed deeply, and slowly turned it over to find the Ten of Pentacles resting in the palm of my hand. Just your style, I thought with a sigh that grew into a smile of acknowledgement. I was certain Jack was near and thanked him for the connection. That night, as I slept with the card held tightly in my hand, I dreamed:

A woman healer, in a long gown, asks me to lie down on the ground. (I recognize her from a recent dream in which we both assisted people who were in the process of crossing over - I, from this side; she, from the other) She wants to help mend the hole that was caused by the news of Jack's sudden departure. She says it will be beneficial to close the wound before other things (confusion, doubt, fear of abandonment?) fall into it. I do as she requests.

When I awoke from this dream in the middle of the night, the tarot card was no longer in my hand. To my great astonishment, I found it was literally stuck to my solar plexus region - the exact area the healer had worked on - the place, for me, where my deepest feelings reside.

During the next few days, I kept reminding myself that the next time I saw Jack, it would be in a dream. I was seriously preparing myself to become lucid, not wanting to miss a significant opportunity. A week later, he came to visit.

Jack is at the foot of the bed. Instantly, I am completely aware and call out his name in greeting. He is absolutely radiant and looking directly at me with a beaming smile. He is the image of pure and complete joy! I sit up in bed and raise my arms to hug him, feeling them separate from my physical body, seeing their familiar luminous energy. As our spirits embrace warmly, I whisper, without hesitation, a request/command: Take me with you! And in one swift, graceful motion, we are both swept up and away. I am completely overwhelmed at the sensation of my spirit being pulled from my body, and for a brief while, we are definitely somewhere else. I am totally ecstatic beyond expression! Suddenly, I am aware of being rejoined with my physical body, back in my own earthly bed, while Jack hovers again at its foot, still radiantly beaming. Slowly, his image fades, and I lie quietly, in complete awe of what has just transpired.

Throughout the days that followed, I reviewed this experience many times, celebrating our joyful reunion. The thrill of seeing my friend in his new state of existence brought tremendous comfort and reassurance to my grieving heart and greatly facilitated the acceptance of his unexpected departure. It was in addressing the haunting question of my spontaneous plea to join him that yet another invaluable gift of the dream was revealed. For this was, as I eventually came to understand, not the reflection of a subconscious desire to leave the planet. Rather, I believe whole-heartedly, that my response to the powerful vision of this

glowing, spiritual being was born of a genuine, pure desire to journey to the source of his ecstasy. I speculated that if an "Angel of Death" had appeared in such a manner to my friend, I can well comprehend why he might have, just as unhesitatingly, called out with all his heart and soul: Take me with you! Consequently, I feel no anger towards him for leaving. I do not feel abandoned. I am deeply honored that he came to visit. And I look forward to our next reunion - whenever and wherever it may take place.

The experience of Jack's visit so moved and impressed me that I found myself, in the subsequent months, drawn to read whatever published accounts of comparable encounters I might be able to find. After contacting a few local dreamworkers, I realized that these events, which I assumed were fairly common, had gone virtually unmentioned in most current dream books and related metaphysical literature. I thought back to the series of dreams I had after my father died and how my visits with him had not only guided me through my first encounter with death, but also helped form the basis for my subsequent beliefs about Life beyond the seeming finality of this transitional state. Certain that I was not alone in these experiences, I began to wonder if an anthology on the subject could serve to encourage others dealing with similar grief, to realize the tremendous healing potential available to them in their dreams. Since I have begun gathering dream reports on this topic, it has been thrilling to see that this appears to be an idea whose time has definitely come.

The accounts I have received so far, have been inspiring, as well as deeply touching, in their honest and personal expression. Whether we call them dreams, visions or visits, the essential importance lies in our honoring and owning these experiences in whatever manner feels most personally true and allows for the greatest amount of healing to occur. Many write that they have been tremendously comforted and relieved to be reunited with their loved-ones, frequently noting that they appeared to be completely recovered from whatever physical ailment or emotional trauma they had been suffering at the time of their passing. Simply having a chance to say goodbye often brings a certain longed-for sense of completion to that particular phase of the relationship. For some, the experience impressed them to such a profound degree that it became a virtual turning point in the journey of their grieving, inspiring or reaffirming philosophical or religious beliefs. Others have found that it allows them the opportunity to deal with unresolved issues or conflicts. It seems, as well, that the nature of this type of encounter is so incredibly moving that even the memory of it alone can result in renewed comfort throughout subsequent years, virtually extending the dream's ultimate healing potential significantly beyond that of the initial dream event. And as long as the event is remembered, the consoling power of the experience remains available and accessible.

With each letter that arrives, I am again reassured of what I have believed in my heart for many years. When a loved-one dies, our dreams, with their vast, inherent healing potential, can lead us, if we are so willing, beyond the darkness of our sorrow into the light of understanding, acceptance, and celebration, into the joy of relationships reborn.

Book Review

The Secret of the Soul by William Buhlman
Reviewed by Arthur Gillard

"One of the most amazing out-of-body experiences is a fully conscious meeting with a loved one who has passed on." So begins **The Secret of the Soul**, a newly published book on the subject of astral projection. Having recently lost a loved one, this is a subject in which I naturally have a great interest.

Buhlman's approach to the subject is entirely credulous - he takes out-of-body experiences completely at face value and never considers alternative explanations. For example in talking about the well-known and commonly experienced phenomenon of sleep paralysis, he states "Paralysis is the natural result of the transition of consciousness that occurs when our awareness shifts from our physical body to our higher vibrational energy body." What about the theory that this is a biological mechanism protecting us from acting out our dreams? Buhlman never considers the question of whether some, most, or even all of the astral projection reports he cites may in fact be dreams occurring entirely within a brain-simulated version of the real world (whatever *that* is).

Some of his reports sounded particularly dreamlike to me, for example those in which details of the environment differed significantly from those in physical reality. However, he goes so far as to state, "Those having the experience are conscious and know beyond a doubt that they are not having a dream. They often state that the experience was definitely not a dream." Many of the OBE reports from others are just as unquestioningly confident about the literal nature of the experience as he is, e.g. "I was shocked by the reality of this experience. I immediately knew that this was God."

The author believes that most if not all religions are based on OBE's of their founders, and that astral projection is an essential part of any spiritual path - or at any rate that it will advance you rapidly on whatever path you are on. "Simply put, the [Book of] Revelation, the Koran, and many other spiritual texts are primarily journals of the exploration and observations of the thought-responsive inner dimensions of reality." For him, "the entire physical universe is essentially a slowed-down molecular training ground designed for the evolution of developing consciousness." The true underlying reality is energy shaped by thoughts; we're stuck in physical reality for a time so that we can learn to discipline our minds in a realm where it takes concerted effort to turn your mental impulses into reality. Despite an apparent Christian bias (he frequently refers to our "god-given" ability to astral project),

he recommends an experimental approach, encouraging us to practice the techniques and see for ourselves; and he advises us to transcend the limitations of our culture and beliefs - always a good policy in my view.

According to Buhlman, the experience of astral projection tends to lead to a variety of beneficial changes in one's belief system. People tend to have "increased respect for life," "reduced hostility and violence," "increased interest in a personal search for knowledge and wisdom," "increased self-respect and sense of responsibility," and other improvements in outlook. I'm very much in favor of such changes in attitude, and judging from the few people I know who've had such experiences (myself included), I would tend to agree that such changes do tend to occur in the aftermath of the out-of-body experience.

Frightening phenomena that can occur during these travels are only briefly mentioned by Buhlman. He provides techniques for self-protection, or to remove yourself from apparently threatening situations or entities by ascending to a higher level; however, he considers these techniques to be primarily for the reduction fears of which may act as barriers to the full range of experimentation and growth, rather than protecting you from the possibility of real harm. "Eventually you come to realize that you are a powerful, immortal being that cannot be harmed by any thing real or imagined."

As far as the after-death state is concerned, the view presented here is of course that you continue to exist in your energy body. Most people end up in the lower astral realms following death, realms that closely resemble the physical but are

The Lucid Dream Exchange superior in many respects - no death or disease, and you live in a place that is shaped entirely by your mind. It is the addiction to form that keeps so many people stuck in the lower levels; Buhlman would rather see people learn as much as possible about the astral realms while they are still alive, to get used to the full range of options available. He advises us to seek the highest, formless realm, a full union with what he calls God. I'm not sure what is really happening with OBEs, but I like his "do it yourself" emphasis a lot more than guru or hierarchy-based religious/spiritual systems.

Although I wish Buhlman had considered a variety of explanations for this fascinating phenomenon, overall I enjoyed this book. His chapter "A Brief History of Out-of-Body Experiences" was particularly entertaining. I was also impressed that he briefly mentioned the use of entheogenic plants in a shamanic context as one means of achieving separation from the body, and that he discussed the use of technology to assist in the exploration of consciousness - specifically mentioning lucid dream induction devices produced by the Lucidity Institute, and mind machines which use patterns of light and sound to alter brainwaves. He shares my belief that technology is providing us with tools that are enabling an acceleration of spiritual progress. It is also worth noting that the author has conducted a web-based survey of over 16,000 people, which he plausibly claims is the largest survey of out-of-body experiences ever conducted. The many reports included in the book are interesting and enjoyable, and despite the one-sided and rather superficial approach to the subject, I would nevertheless recommend this book. For more information visit William Buhlman's website at: www.out-of-body.com.

My Father's Passing: A Story of Dreams and Transformations

By Robert Waggoner

My father passed away on Aug. 14, 1997 at 4 am - and on one level that day seems clearer than yesterday even though it was four years ago. He was 82 years old and passed peacefully. As a long term dream journaler, I knew my dreaming self would not ignore the approach of a significant event like this. The following are the dreams foretelling his passing. Please note that the night before he died, I had a lucid dream.

Aug. 14 1996 (Exactly one year before my dad's passing.)

Mom, P and I are wondering where Dad is as we sit in an apartment living room. Eventually I get up to look; looking out a high window, I can see him many floors below, sprawled on the ground, dead. I tell them that Dad is dead, but no one believes me when I tell them. I assume he must have committed suicide by jumping out the window.

(Comment: at the time of this dream, my parents still lived in their large home on eight acres, but by the time of his passing, they had moved to an apartment in an assisting living facility. Also, my father was hospitalized a month or so before his passing; the view down from his hospital room was a virtual copy of the view down in this dream.)

June 14, 1997

I'm at a church with my whole family, which is similar to our home church; but here people are clapping and singing. My nephew and a friend won't stand up." (next dream) "I tell Paul and two black men about this church service dream with all the clapping and singing, like some old-time revival. I tell them I think it was for Dad's funeral, but wasn't sure.

(Comment: my father was a minister's kid and felt a great allegiance to the church, even though he never proselytized others. In the first dream, my dream record doesn't record that the odd thing in the dream was all the singing and clapping with a casket next to the pulpit. After his passing, I recall watching my nephew and a friend enter the viewing room of the open casket and immediately walk backwards when they realized that dad's body was there.)

July 13, 1997

I'm walking between a church and a muted green parsonage. The parsonage seems all locked up and deserted, but I want to get into the big brick church. I walk back and forth - looking at the windows for any sign of life. I wonder what to do.

(Comment: Compare this to the lucid dream a month later.)

Aug. 1, 1997

Dream that lightning strikes mom and dad's new home -- very loud!

(Comment: This lightning strike was so incredible that I sat up in bed with my ears ringing. The light of the lightning was very vivid. By this time, my dad's health was worse.)

Aug. 1, 1997

Dream that I have reservations on Trans World Airlines (TWA); I get up at 4 am, thinking it's 7 am; my wife tells me I'm wrong.

(Comment: Here we have a dream pun of sorts - as if the only way to get to the afterlife or next world is to take "Trans" "World" "Airlines". Notice that the time I get up is 4 am; the same exact time my dad will pass away in two weeks.)

Aug. 13, 1997 - 6:40 am -- lucid dream

It is dark and cold, and I am driving with my dad across the prairie (I think it is North Dakota) in the winter. Outside there is snow and ice on the ground. We come to a motel and park there. I stand outside and talk to the office clerk man as he sits at a window - I seem to have some complaint, but he doesn't seem to care (I think the complaint was that it was a room for one person and not two.).

I walk back to our car and room, but get confused about where to go in the dark. I decide to go investigate a large building that I see, thinking it may have room. As I get to the front of it, I realize it is a large empty, deserted church. There are no lights on; it is pitch black inside. The outside marquee is empty without names. I can hardly imagine such a large church deserted like this. Something seems odd about that, and I realize that I am dreaming.

Lucid, I jump up in the night air, thinking what do I want to do. I decide to fly deep into outer space. As I look up, I see an older man about 20' off the ground; he seems to glow from within, as if he contains light. He is not wearing any clothes. He seems surprised as I fly right past him, higher and higher into the night sky and beyond to the gray dark outer space.

(After a while there, I wonder what would be good for me to see) I come back to earth and land in a muddy field. It is dark, but I see light coming from a simple building or house. Inside someone is playing a song like "Copacabana" and there are people dancing. I see a family of three girls looking at me intensely, particularly one of them. I sense this is Cuba or Puerto Rico, and I wonder, "why am I seeing this?" I begin to lose focus and wake up.

NOTE: The next morning (Aug. 14, 97) at 4 am, our small cat jumps right on my stomach and wakes me up. I play with it for a moment and try to get it to lie down and sleep. It refuses to lay down and keeps rubbing me. A few minutes later, the bedside phone rings, and I think "Dad's dead." My wife hands me the phone; my little sister says Dad just passed away, minutes earlier.

(Comments: In this lucid dream, the symbolism is quite obvious -- dead of winter, at night, North Dakota, empty church -- all symbolic indicators of death and passing. The fascinating thing was seeing this man who glowed from within -- he looked very much like one of my Uncles who had passed and was a favored brother of my dads. But unfortunately, I didn't stop to ask him what he was doing there. The final part of the lucid dream gave me a feeling of peeking in on my father's next life, which I believe will be in Cuba.)

Aug. 15, 1997

The next night I dream of a cherry tree with all of its fruit gone; a symbol of the tree of life, perhaps, and a recognition that though the fruits of life are gone, that the source tree lives on.

Sept 10, 1997 - lucid dream (while visiting in London)

I'm out somewhere and stop by a police station or old church in my car. Later I go to an old part of town and push through some construction - finally get out to walk. I go to an area that is kind of like a church. I'm talking to a young woman, and something very minor makes me realize I am lucid. I lift her blouse to see her breasts.

I fly around the area, and up pass a gold and blue dome on the building. I feel great; I'm fully lucid. There are about 10 people standing in one area, so I go to them and begin to ask questions about what the symbols in the dream represent. They are very talkative and give answers quickly. I ask "What does that dome represent?" They grin, and one says something like "The dome is on top - as a symbol of your spiritual growth, it is where you want to be." I ask about other symbols.

I then decide to ask to see my dad. I ask, but they all politely hem and haw....There is a woman dressed in blue who says that she is always watching over him (or us), and she is there to help at all times.

I then ask if they can tell me the future, for say the next week. They respond that sure they could tell me what is 'likely' to happen, but that my own thoughts, beliefs and expectations determine what finally happens - so they could tell me, but what is the point.

Because they are so talkative and helpful, I keep going. I ask "Did AC and I know each other from a previous life?" Now there are about six there together, and one says "Yeah, daddage." I ask then to repeat it, and a small boy says, "Yes, you were his da-da-gee in a past life. He was your son." I ask, "Was I a good father?" They say, "Yes, you were." I think ask if I was a parent or child of LJ in a past life. They say "no".

I begin to ask about past dreams and life events, and get some very interesting responses. One man was dressed in gray and was very helpful and talked a lot. Finally I decide to end the dream and say farewell. I walk along saying 'goodbye'. I awaken, but I'm in a van. I start writing all of this down, but it is like nothing will write or the paper is plastic. (The false awakening continues as I drive the van, get stopped by a train and talk to my nephew Andrew. When I finally awaken, I am a bit disoriented -- and upset that I can't recall the specific conversations so well.)

Sept 27, 1997 (non-lucid)

Mom and I are at a basketball game, down on the floor in an old arena. The fans are in red and white. I realize that they are OU or University of Oklahoma fans. At some point we walk behind the basket into a different room to leave, but suddenly we see Dad there. Behind him, there is a man with a long red canoe over his shoulders. Dad talks to us (I think he wanted to say goodbye). He bends down and opens a hole in the floor and starts to walk down the staircase with the man covered by the red canoe. My mom gets upset and steps onto the descending stairs -- my father stops and tells her that it is not her time, and that she can not follow. Later, my mom and I are at a fountain or well. In the fountain my mom finds a diamond bracelet, which was connected by some sticky tape. She takes it and mentions that she had never noticed it before. (This is 44-45 days after passing)

(Comment: My dad received a Master's degree from OU. I also think that he did have an interest in basketball since he grew up in Indiana in the depression, but I never saw that side of him. I was impressed by the red boat - like some greek tale of paying the boatman to take you across the river.)

Oct 13, 1997 (non-lucid)

Dad is in the airport terminal; has candy; in the distance, I see a place called, the NEW CITY.

Late 1997

Have a few dreams where dad shows me something is in one of his suit jackets in his old closet. I wake up thinking it was \$40, which seems like a small deal to me. Finally a few months later, I call my mom to ask her to please look in dad's suitcoat -- she is shocked to find pictures of my little sister and her 3 children (a total of 4). Years later, my niece tells me that "oh yeah, granpa would come to me in dreams, and he was like buggin' me about something in a jacket in the closet."

Aug. 27-28, 1998 (non-lucid)

Mom has prepared a dinner for us - Andrew, Betsy, Wendy and I and Dad.....Finally I ask Dad to say a bit about his life or something. He thinks and says "The coming year may be tough, but it gets better after that."

April 20-21, 1999 "Talking To My Dead Father" --- Lucid Dream

The dream scene is basically like a dark stage. Suddenly I see a golden wood ladder right in front of me, hanging in the air. I can see the polished wood gleaming and the thin lines on the wood. Suddenly I see a foot and then another and look up -- I recognize my dad is coming down the gold ladder. I realize 'hey, Dad's dead' and think 'well, then this is a dream.' I am a bit surprised by his bad haircut, and grin at the absurdity of not getting a good haircut in the afterdeath state! He looks about 60

years old and very healthy, even though he passed on at 82. I think that since he's dead, I'll ask him some questions. He tells me that he is doing fine. Then, I say "Dad. Tell me, when do you think Mom will die?" He looks at me and says "Oh, she will probably die in 2 to 6 years." (In my notes, I have written 'heart' but I can't recall if he said she'd have heart problems. To the best of my knowledge she has never been bothered by heart problems.) I ask him some other questions. He says something like the coming months may be challenging, but that the family can make it. I get the feeling that August will be the most difficult. He also tells me that I need to be more compassionate and understanding of one family member. He has some other advice (but upon awakening, this is all I recall.) I felt very pleased to see him.

(As a postscript, I think that about a month later my sister's place in Kansas was hit by a tornado, and sustained about \$30,000 in damages, - no one was home at the time. Immediately upon awakening, I enjoyed the 'Old Testament' symbolism of the Golden Ladder. By the way, my dad was a minister's kid.)

(Second Postscript: Almost two years later, my mother went to the hospital in March 2001, complaining of shortness of breath. It took the doctors a few weeks to diagnose the problem, and they told her she had a rare, heart problem, in which the muscles of the heart begin to thicken and can't keep up with the supply of blood, so the blood backs up into the lungs and creates a shortness of breath. They said her veins and arteries were very healthy, and prescribed medication to help her heart.)

(Third Postscript: June 2001. My 16 year old niece, whom I rarely see, tells me that she had a dream in which my mother is in the hospital. My niece says she knows what mom will die from. I ask her, how she knows this? She said in the dream, she asks mom what the problem is, and mom says, "It's my heart")

My point in writing this is to express the solace and warmth that I felt from my dreams, as they prepared me for my father's death, and then helped me afterwards in the realization that some part of his spirit carries on and continues to care for our family. For me, lucidity has the ability to show us that we as dreamers can happily exist in a mental form in a mental environment and find meaning, joy and wonder in the lucid state. If upon our physical death and the loss of our physical functions, we adopt this mental form of our lucid dreams, then what? Though I may grieve that the deceased and I are no longer sharing the same environment, I can not grieve that one's consciousness has been forever extinguished. The light of that consciousness lingers on, and I meet it in the beautiful and awesome world of dreams.

Lucid Dreams of the Deceased

Arthur Gillard Dreaming of Kalindi

I've had numerous dreams about Kalindi since her death, often involving her or my grief process symbolically, and other times with her present. Some of the dreams have been very upsetting, but I recognize that even those are important and part of my grieving process, part of my healing. A few of my dreams have revolved around the idea that Kalindi is not really dead -

momentarily comforting but very upsetting afterwards, like losing her all over again. The two dreams printed below were very comforting to me and I felt much better after waking up on those days.

I've been reading a wonderful book recommended to me by Keelin, **DREAM MESSENGERS: How Dreams of the Departed bring Healing Gifts**, by Patricia Garfield. I don't have time to write a review of it, but will probably do so in the next issue. However, I would whole-heartedly recommend it to anyone who is dealing with the loss of a loved one. It's full of useful and fascinating information and I'm finding it very helpful.

5:54 a.m., Thur, July 26, 2001 [non-lucid] Looking at Kalindi's Graduation Photos

I'm looking at pictures of Kalindi, showing them to someone (a female friend). Kalindi is so beautiful. Some of them show her in graduation clothes, associated with a high school graduation ceremony that she took part in. There's a shot of her in the graduation gown, just entering a doorway into a teacher's or principal's office. She is looking slightly to her right and has a curious, alert, very intelligent look on her face - I love that, and notice she looks like that in all of the photos.

6:05 a.m., Mon, August 6, 2001 [non-lucid] Meeting Kalindi in Library After Centuries

Kalindi has gone to live in a forest, or maybe she's been living there and I've gone to live somewhere else. Much time has passed, centuries I think, and my reading skills have deteriorated somehow, so that I read a sort of pictographic language. Kalindi, on the other hand, has retained or even enhanced her reading skills. We discover this when we meet in a library; I'm working and she's there as a patron. Something about her communicating with the animals around her, maybe as they evolve. I tease her about her skills improving while mine deteriorate.

Janice
7/5/01

A friend of mine from alt.out-of-body named Gunnar died recently after falling into, and becoming trapped in, a crevasse while hiking on a glacier. I created a number of webpages in his memory, starting at <http://www.geocities.com/janice240obe/gunnar1.html>. In any case, several days after I learned about his death I had the following lucid dream right after I fell asleep.

I found myself at a computer which seemed to be in my bedroom at a former house. I'm not sure what made me realize I was dreaming; probably a combination of the vagueness of the imagery and remembering that I had just gone to bed (there was no OBE-type transition). Anyway, I figured I could use the dream computer to kind of "tune in" to Gunnar and call up images of him. A good way to initiate this, I thought, would be to act as if I were on the Internet, so I went through the motions of clicking my bookmarks to access the alt.out-of-body webpage, then Gunnar's page. When I did this I heard a long, deep-throated male scream, like you hear in movies when someone falls off a cliff or something. I became quite angry and literally gave my mind a talking-to in the dream for this this nasty trick, because I had read an eye-witness account of the incident and knew that it had not been like that at all. It was difficult to control my voice, since I couldn't move my dream mouth easily, but the clenched-jaw effect was quite in keeping with my anger anyway.

I got up and left the room, and instead of the old bedroom it was as if I left the computer room in my current home. I went to what would be my present bedroom. I was seeing a little better at this point and noticed that my room was uncharacteristically "roomy" in the dream and otherwise markedly different from normal. My lucidity must have started dipping, because I soon found it entertaining just to float around in the treacly atmosphere singing "She's floating, yeah, yeah, yeah" to the tune of the Beatles' "She Loves You." I went downstairs in the dream and started to go outside but soon woke up.

Katie
May 28, 2001
Grief, Joy and Flying

I don't remember exactly when I got lucid in this dream, the beginning is a little hazy, but I do remember that at first I went around introducing myself to people, "Hello, I'm a lucid dreamer!" I think the idea was that the place I was at was staffed by guides for lucid dreamers, but I'm not really sure. Most of the active lucidity was at the beginning and end. Although I didn't consciously take up Adastra's suggestion to try drugs in dreams, I read that article (from LDE 18)

right before bed & enjoyed it very much.

Anyway, I was at this spirituality center, I think folks lived there. I was very excited by the many-colored drugs they had (maybe a bit inspired by the article on drugs and Id's in the LDE last night). There were conical dispensers of liquid and the liquid had different colored layers, like a fancy drink. The colors were all primary, life saver colors is how I think of them. Red, green, orange and yellow. There were also containers full of multicolored drugs, like gummy bears. There was a purpose to these drugs and the whole institute, it was meant for some kind of spiritual progression. So a woman mixes me up something to drink. I guess this concoction is supposed to bring you in touch with whatever is "blocking" you. I had vivid, emotional memories of my first dog's death and cried a lot. I thought, so this is what's been keeping me back all these years! It felt good to really cry and let it out. The memories were all false, however; although that dog's death was traumatic for me, it didn't happen in the way and at the time that I "remember" in this dream.

At one point Suzanne is there, I lie down on the floor crying and she rolls her eyes impatiently. Well, that was apparently the first step and when I'd cried myself out I eagerly asked the woman to take me to the next level. She was clearly feeling lazy and didn't want to be bothered. First she asked me if I needed her help with that too and I looked at her in astonishment, how was I supposed to know how to mix all those drugs? She ended up going into the next room, where some other people were. This was more like a living area and less like a lab. She got someone else to do the second step with me, this was a guy, really nice. He mixed something up and we sat at a white table in a sunny window. The thing he mixed up sent up tiny, clear, shining bubbles into the air, red and champagne colored ones, and under the influence of these I began to laugh and laugh. I really laughed a lot, feeling quite happy, and the guy laughed too and said, "Geez, aren't you the woman I heard sobbing last night?" When I stopped laughing I kept smiling at him, feeling really happy and good inside. Now the third step, another guy came to the table and covered it with all these "sauces", fancily drawn onto the table from squeeze bottles, the way they decorate dessert plates at restaurants. There were dozens of them, all different colors. The only one I recall included the word "lizard" and was suitably kind of a muddy green color. I wondered if he was just squirting them around randomly, but saw that some lines lay exactly side by side, the whole effect was very artistic. When it was done I thought, Now what am I supposed to do, lick the table?? But he told me I was supposed to "rinse it clean with my tears". Oh brother, I thought, I've had enough of grief.

I just sat there for a few minutes, and then slowly it occurred to me that I could probably fly. Then it occurred to me that this was really the effect of the sauces, that it was a test. Laughing, I flew out the window. The guy who had been my guide for the second step met me in the air and we smiled at each other, both of us really feeling affectionate and attracted to one another. Earlier in the dream somewhere a woman had made it clear she liked me, but I knew this was the guy for me. I think he confirms that I've used the sauces correctly. I then fly into the town square, flying higher and higher, trying to hit a spiritual epiphany, looking for the highest church spire to reach the top of. Trying to get help at that level to be a better person, and

saying, "Glory to God in the highest" as what seemed to be the appropriate prayer. It was joyful, but it didn't feel all the way connected, like I was trying too hard to "make" it spiritual or something.

Comment: A post script on the dream occurred to me after I sent it to you [LDE]; one of the things that bothered me about the dream, made it seem less authentic than it would otherwise, was that the memories of the dog's death were false. Then I realized that in fact I'm in the process now of deciding it's about time to put my oldest dog to sleep (the other was in 1982), which is of course causing a lot of distress, and maybe that's what the dream is referring to?

**Lucy
Two Special Dreams**

My mother died on August 14 1991. Over the years I have had many dreams of her. Some I regard as symbols, some seem a little more "real." The following two dreams are examples of some of the comforting dream experiences I have had with her.

The Afterlife Camp [November 17 1991]...I have been lucid for some time, engaged in other activities when I decide to get up and walk around.] There are now a few rooms in the building that I am in. With a rush of excitement, I think of Ma. I holler for her and look from room to room for her, running as I go. In a room situated much like my parent's former bedroom, I see an old woman, wearing a bathrobe, sitting up on a bed asleep. Either her hair is whitish grey and all around her head, or her hair is wrapped up in a towel or turban. I keep looking for Ma, knowing that when I come back to this room she will be there. I know this old woman is a distortion of her somehow. When I return to the bedroom I'm a little scared of what I might see. Mom is the woman asleep but now looks like herself. Her mouth is twitching. I say "Ma...Ma" to wake her. She looks confused and upset. She asks me how things are, what is happening now (with our family). I tell her that I am working in T. now and that everything is OK. I ask her how she is. She shakes her head sadly. . . . As I go to her I ask her if I can send her healing. She is now sitting up and she says "I am the only one who can do this." I tell her I know, but that she has eternity. She nods in agreement.

She is now dressed, wears a green necklace and holds a cup of coffee in her hand. Her face keeps changing. I tell her "At least you're not physical." She nods. I say "You don't have to come back, do you?" (To life in physical form on Earth.) She nods to confirm. I ask her why her appearance is changing. She answers "They tell me aspects are coming through." (As in past lives.)

Another woman comes in who shares the room with her. She and Ma wear tight fitting jeans. I look into the other woman's closet. There are clothes there and there are big fat legs (four) in the closet, as though someone was standing in the closet. The pants are of a floral print. I ask them why they wear their clothes so tight. They tell me that some guy has told them to. I ask them, somewhat pleased with myself that I may have figured it out, if it's to remind them of the restrictive lives they had. I don't get an answer. At that point other people come in and we now seem to be in a different room. A man comes in, he is middle-aged and plump with dark, short, straight hair. Ma and the other woman bow to him. An older woman comes in. (She looks like the actress, Colleen Dewhurst.) She is very glad to see me and takes my hands in hers. Smiling, she says something like "You could be my daughter" or "I could be your

mother." I ask her why (how). She says "We have the same hands." Others arrive. I no longer need to know the answer to my "restrictive" question. I see someone there that looks like Dad. It seems to be a party or gathering of some kind. I see my sister from behind. She is wearing a beautiful pink dress. Someone calls to her but goes to someone else. My sister laughs and says "I'm over here." I think to myself "She won't remember this" (when she wakes up).

I decide to look for Papa (mom's father), I want him to look after Ma and help her. I feel that he is in a corner of another room. I start for the room but stop short when I see Joe (my great-grand-uncle, whom Mom loves dearly). He is sitting on a couch and is eating food off of a green and white plate. He looks as he did in life, almost like a hobo, in his work clothes and cap. He has on his glasses. I stare at him and go slowly to him. Some man thinks he's a bum and wants to get rid of him. I say "No, he's my uncle." At that point I feel myself return to my sleeping body. I think that if I tried hard enough I could return to the dream, but I am too excited and want to get this down on paper.

Ma and the Red Truck [May 11 1992 7:45 a.m.] I'm at Dad's. It is sunny out. I see a truck pull up the driveway. It is red and large and pulls in quickly. I think it may be my cousin, but then I realize that it is a woman driving. It is Ma! She is in a hurry. I'm very surprised. I meet her at the door. I know that I must be dreaming because Ma is dead, but this is so real. For a split second I think to myself that I can go on to another dream scene, but Ma looks so good and I'm so glad to see her and this feels so real that I decide to stay with the present scene.

She takes my hands in hers and walks backwards down the steps. She is taking me somewhere and it is important. She tells me that ---- has died and that's where we are going. I hesitate. Can I leave and go with her? If I do, does that mean that I will die too? I pull back. I ask her who has died. She says something that I know means it is a female relative of a friend of hers.

I exclaim out loud "This is a dream!" Though it is so real! I can remember the dreams I had had just before this one. I know that I am in bed, yet I must be dreaming because Ma is dead. Her hair is up in a French twist. She is slim and wears a close fitting red and black mottled pantsuit. She goes down the steps to the passenger side of the truck to open the door for me. I am still full of wonder.

Though a little nervous I say "Then if this is a dream, I can fly," and taking a literal leap of faith, I hurl myself off the veranda and soar and swoop in the sky, just over the lawn. Briefly I realize that part of my "body" leaped through the

railing as I flew into the sky, as I remember not clearing the railing. I felt nothing as I passed through the wood. In the air I turn, and hovering there for a second, I say to Ma "Look Ma!" and I fly to her. I feel like a young child; so proud to show my mother how well I have done.

She smiles happily and seems a little surprised that I am doing this. I keep repeating "This is a dream," mostly to convince myself, because this feels so real, more than real; super real in a

way that is hard to describe. Everything seems so brilliant. I land on the lawn beside her and hug her. I feel her arms around me. I tell her "You look so wonderful!" Then I say "Oh! You feel so warm!" I turn my head away from her to cough. I feel my consciousness, but not my dream body, slide "to the right," away from Ma. I open my eyes and am awake in bed. I wonder where she and my dream-self are going while I am conscious in the waking world.

**Don
July 2001**

My father died about 7 years ago. We had a good, but not particularly close relationship. Although he was Catholic, I don't think he had thought much about his beliefs in an afterlife – it certainly wasn't something he and I ever talked about (except that he often said "We're all just here [in physical reality] for a visit.")

...In a hardware store, past the child-care center...mostly retarded kids, doing somewhat sexual stuff... I ask someone "Are they still open back here?" - it seems to be the laundry room and none of the door are open. She says "Yeah, they (the hardware store folks) are expecting you," but I realize this might be her mistake thinking I'm a delivery person since I carry a box - just something I forgot to leave in the car. I want to get to the gardening center for "Y" hose splitter.

Then, I see Dad. I ask him if he wants to "do something." He says No. I'm about to leave. I have a false-awakening and realize that I should have asked Dad if he realizes he's dead. I go "back" to the dream (without ever really leaving it) - now I'm lucid (but I never really explicitly tell myself that I am dreaming, it's just a "knowing" that this is a dream).

... And as we're walking through a hallway in the basement of the hardware store, I quietly (so no one hears me), I ask Dad, "Do you realize that you're not in physical reality anymore?" He says, "Yeah, of course," and looks at me rather surprised that I would ask such an obvious question. In the dream, I find this amusing or ironic since the reason I didn't want anyone to hear me ask this was because I thought it might embarrass him if he and they didn't realize that this was a non-physical environment. His reply of "Yeah, of course," was not argumentative, but simply reflecting the fact that he was aware that his current environment was not the physical reality that I inhabit when not asleep.

After he says "Yeah, of course," (that he knows this scene is not in physical reality), he says something, but I don't hear it clearly... It was something about ... "We all make mistakes"... I ask "What do you regret?" He says something I don't hear him clearly. I ask him to repeat it, but I still can't understand him. I say, "Well, you shouldn't have any regrets, but if you do, you can always go back and re-live it." He understands that I mean that he can "re-live" that event by choosing a different probability stemming from that event. His answer makes me realize that he has some experience with going back to a particular event from his life in physical reality and reliving it with some new twist to see how that feels.

On the day before her passing, I followed an intuition to visit my grandmother in the hospital where she had been for a while. At one point, I asked her if she remembered any dreams. She said she did indeed, and recounted the following, "We're all standing around in a circle. It's a sunny day and we're having a big celebration. All the family is there." She passed on (or 'graduated', as I prefer to say) that night. About a week later, the whole family was indeed standing in a circle around the grave where her ashes were being buried. With the sun shining brightly upon us, I read the eulogy that included this dream that she had shared with me. While I was telling the dream, a bird began circling right above our heads. It was such a beautiful sign, and we all looked at each other in confirmation of the magic and truth of the moment. **(Craig Webb, Montreal, QC)**

**Craig Webb
Two Dreams**

In a room with my girlfriend, though she also seems to be a composite with S. I go over to the corner where she's sitting because she wants to hug, and I do so with her. Then I notice my deceased grandmother on the end of the bed nearby and I realize I've noticed her there a couple times before. I decide it would be good to speak to her, so I do. She suggests that I should learn drumming and a couple other things which were hard to make sense of, though one was about me wanting to do a lot of different things. Then, leaving, and sort of fading away and smaller backwards, she whispers "Yahoo". I confirm "Yahoo?" and she lips it again. I know it's a stock tip." **Craig Webb, Ashland, OR, 1999-1-20)**

Note: Yahoo climbed steadily for quite some time starting a couple days after this dream.

Lucy
February 25 1999 4:50 a.m.
Is This What Happens To Everyone Who Dies?

. . . I am in a truck (that is sometimes a van) with other people. They are taking me to see someone but I don't really want to go as I have to be at the airport and I'm afraid I'll miss my flight. . . . We are soon on a dirt road, and looking out the window beside me I see that as we make a turn we have gone off the road and

are plummeting down a cliff side. I see the muddy ground, trees, etc., far below me; I know we are airborne and will crash. With no emotion or effort I feel myself leave my body and float up and away from the scene. I wake just as I am wondering if this is what happens to everyone who dies like this: do they leave their body before crashing?

Keelin
20 February 2001

Standing with my mother outdoors, there is an image of the Sea in front of us, separate and suspended. I say to her, "You see, this is how it is in dreams." There is part of the Sea that is still, part in motion, a wave forming over and over, some foam breaking off and sailing through the air over our heads. The image is quite fragmented, beautiful bluegreens, deep blues.

Now in the center I see a white shape - incomplete somehow. I recognize the essence of it as that of my father. There is an unspoken acknowledgement that he is dead in the conventional sense. I say to him, "But now you are complete." And with those words, the white shape fills itself in and becomes an oval of radiating brilliance. I am filled with a rush of happiness beyond measure! I wake and the joyous feeling remains all day, the sweetest birthday present I could ever have hoped for.

Note: This dream occurred on the morning of my 50th birthday. My father died a few days before what would have been his 50th birthday in 1962, so this dream had very special significance for me.

The Birthday Gift

By Lucy Gillis

[This article is adapted from the original which first appeared in Reality Change Magazine – The Global Seth Journal (First Quarter, 1998, Volume 12 Issue 1)]

It was a Saturday, in March of 1996. I was visiting my family about a three and a half-hour drive from where I lived. My sister and I had been wondering what to get our grandmother for her 87th birthday, which was only a few weeks away. Gramma is not a materialistic person and she rarely expresses a wish for anything in particular. Most presents that are given to her, she puts away "for good use" so we wanted to get her something practical, that she'd use and enjoy.

My sister and I went to visit her that day hoping to find a clue as to what she might need or want. Instead, we spent most of the time talking about my mother who had died of cancer in the summer of 91. Gramma asked us if we had dreamed of Ma lately, noting that she hadn't, though she wished to. My grandmother seems to believe that if she dreams of my mother, then it actually is Ma in her dream and if it is a good dream then she feels that Ma is okay and isn't suffering or unhappy. Knowing that her children and grandchildren are safe and happy is very important to my grandmother.

Since we didn't come up with any ideas for a birthday gift that afternoon, my sister suggested we each wear some of Ma's rings to bed that evening and attempt to meet her in a lucid dream. In the dream, we planned to ask her what Gramma wanted for her birthday. I didn't have the same belief that Ma would actually appear to us in the dream, but I hoped that by creating a dream image of her - a symbol - we'd get an idea of what to buy for Gramma through our own inner knowledge.

I was aware that Seth (of the Seth material by Jane Roberts) had said that we can will away our hallucinations and that what we are left with is not of our creation, but up to this time I had rarely remembered to try. On the two occasions that I did remember to do this I woke from the dream state before I could succeed.

That night, I put on Ma's wedding ring that she had given me almost fifteen years ago when my parents had divorced. As I placed it on my finger, I remembered her telling me not to wear it until after she died because it would be "bad luck" to do so while she lived. So I had stored it away. Smiling to myself, I thought of Gramma and her personal treasures that were packed away for "good use." I imagined that now I too had a "good use" for my own stored treasure, and maybe now it would bring good luck. That night, as planned, my sister put on rings that Ma had been wearing when she died. That night I had the following dream:

March 3, 1996

[Tonight I intend to find Ma in a lucid dream and ask her what Gamma wants for her birthday.]

.... I am at Gramma's... it's night and there may be a few people around. I am rushing about at something. After a brief interaction with a dog, then with a spider that makes a noise as it slides down a pane of glass, I go into the bathroom. Looking into the sink I see a clear container, like a drinking glass, with dirty brown white socks soaking in it. Suddenly I think to myself that this is all not real, so it doesn't matter. Then I know I am dreaming. I'm about to take care of the socks when I remind myself again that this is a dream and it doesn't matter what happens to the socks.

I remember what Seth said about expanding your space* if you find yourself in dream. I then want to go outside. I run or fly toward the west-facing kitchen window. I seem to bump it [I thought I might, therefore I did] but I don't think I actually hit anything. A wall stands out from the window, as if there are two walls there and one has blue and white checks on it. Twice I make a fist and try to smash my arm through the wall. It seems a force slows the thrust of my arm and I am unsuccessful. Next I try the window [the other wall is gone now]. I can't penetrate that either, so I try to melt it out by my will. I end up creating a bubble about the size of my head in the window glass but still can't get out. I look at the door, which is on my left and decide to just rush it and force my way through. I expect resistance, but am amused and surprised to find the glass is now gone as I hang, most ungracefully, over the bottom half of the door; half in and half out of the porch. [For some reason it didn't occur to me to simply open the door!] I somehow get out and note that it is still dark outside.

Out of the corner of my eye, to my left, I see a female form (beige or white) not quite solid, sitting in what looks like a lawn chair. I start to turn away, wondering what to do next, when I remember my intent before sleeping. I turn to the form and sure enough, Ma looking wonderful, gets up from the chair. She appears to have been waiting for me. She wears a white blouse, a beige blazer over her shoulders, matching beige skirt (flared but not pleated) and a gold chain with something on it around her neck. She takes my hands in hers, notices I am wearing her ring (feels it?) and says "Oh, that's nice." I don't know if she means it is a nice ring or it is nice that I am wearing it. She doesn't seem "herself" as I remember her, so I wonder if she is my creation [a dream 'hallucination']. I assume she is. I decide to proceed with my intended question anyway with the hope that I will still get some kind of an answer from my "mother dream symbol." I ask her, "What does Gramma want for her birthday?" Gently swinging my hands she smiles brightly and says "The usual," as she then puts an arm loosely around me and we turn to walk away from the house. I want to get her to explain what 'the usual' means, but I feel a shift and then I see nothing. I know I am back in my body. I awake.

The next morning my sister and I compared notes. She was disappointed to report that she didn't remember dreaming of Ma the previous night and since I didn't find out what 'the usual' was, I didn't feel we were any closer to figuring out what Gramma wanted for her birthday. I was pleased, though, that I managed to have the lucid dream that I wanted. I went back to my place without telling my Grandmother about my dream, and my sister later picked out some personal items for her birthday gift.

Two weeks later, I was home for another visit. My sister and I went to see my grandmother. Gramma told us she had a dream to tell us about. She had dreamed of my mother, but she didn't quite know what to make of it. In her dream, she and Ma were sitting across a desk from a lawyer who was helping Ma get some things in order.... shortly thereafter, Ma and Gramma were walking up a road. Then Gramma told me that she and my mother walked so close together that their shoulders bumped and rubbed each other now and then. Ma appeared as she did in her twenties and was happy and smiling.

Then Gramma described my mother's outfit. She said that Ma had worn a beige blazer over a white blouse, and a beige skirt to match the blazer, flared, but not pleated. My heart skipped a beat. That was the exact outfit she wore in my dream two weeks previously. I was thinking perhaps that Gramma had been aware of my dream and it had influenced her own. I asked my sister if she had told Gramma about what I had dreamt. She said she hadn't. I then related my dream to Gramma. We were all astonished. We didn't remember Ma owning that particular outfit when she was alive, and Gramma didn't remember her having one like it before we were born. Beige was a not a colour that my mother wore. We all decided that perhaps it was indeed Ma in both of our dreams, wearing the same outfit to let us know that she was really there. We were thrilled! And my grandmother was quite happy and relieved.

The funny thing is, I really didn't get the full impact of our dreams right away. Months later, when I told a friend about the events, she said "You don't get it do you?" and then she went on to point out the significance of the two dreams: My sister and I wanted a gift for Gramma. Gramma never expresses wish for material things, but has told us often that she wants to dream of our mother to know that she is doing well. That is "the usual" thing she wants. Taking a closer look at our dreams, I noted that more messages were there for us. By appearing as she did, in identical clothes in each of our dreams, Ma demonstrated her independence from our dream hallucinations, letting us know that "she is okay." As for the bumping and rubbing of shoulders, I think that was a personal message to Gramma that Ma is nearby and at least on some level, in contact with her.

To this day, when I look at Ma's wedding ring – the gift she gave me years before her death – I am reminded of the gift she gave to all of us that March, years after her death.

*An exercise suggested by Seth in "The "Unknown" Reality, Volume 1"(by Jane Roberts), Session 721.

GhostDreams: Healing Our Grief through Dream Encounters with the Deceased

By Keelin

Note: the following is adapted from an article that was originally printed in Night Vision, 1990 (a quarterly dream journal no longer in publication).

At the impressionable age of eleven, I came to regard death with very mixed feelings. On one hand, I was absolutely devastated by my father's unexpected departure. On the other hand...

"Aren't you supposed to be dead?" I asked with all the innocent acceptance of a dreaming child. "Yes," he replied calmly, "but it's really okay. And I want you to know that we'll all be together again someday. Everything will be fine." My father, standing tall before me, appeared more splendid than ever. The ease with which he walked about was particularly amazing, as in waking reality, I'd never seen him without the wheelchair to which multiple sclerosis had confined him for so many years. When I inquired about the wheelchair, he simply said he didn't need it anymore! This revelation left me absolutely elated; for every wish I'd made on a falling star or a birthday candle had been for his freedom from the debilitating disease. Obviously, I concluded, death has its advantages.

Thus began the first of many dream visits with my newly deceased father, most of which took the form of casual conversations in which we would discuss the latest family news. Often I would relate these meetings almost matter-of-factly to my mother, brother and sisters, never questioning the "reality" of such dream experiences. Thirty years later, I can still vividly recall the tremendous comfort and joy of those powerful encounters.

As time passed, I occasionally pondered the question of "reality" in regard to these experiences. Did my father's "spirit" truly visit the earth plane? Were these dreams simply a product of intense wish fulfillment? Did my mind create these lovely scenarios as an impressively effective means of emotional self-preservation? As intensely vivid as they were, could they possibly be a different kind of reality? I soon discovered that any avenue of consideration led to more questions than answers and eventually decided to simply accept and focus on the gift of healing which these incredible dreams offered.

As time passed, I also found that by sharing such dreams with others, comfort and reassurance could be extended to others as well. I will never forget the great feeling of astonishment that accompanied the request of a very dear friend shortly after the death of her father. "I don't know how to do this kind of thing very well," she told me. "Will you dream for me?" It impressed me as the oddest favor I'd ever been asked. While I encouraged her to incubate her own dreams, I promised to keep an eye out for him in mine. A few days after her father's passing, I shared a brief dream with her in which I had heard a choir of the most angelic voices welcoming him to his new state of existence. My dream, she said, had brought her comfort and she eagerly shared it with her mother.

When my husband's mother passed away, we both felt the loss deeply. Mim had suffered for many years with a progressively debilitating illness and our sorrow was mixed with relief on her behalf. As Rich doesn't often recall his dreams, I was pleased to have this one to share with him shortly after her passing.

From a disembodied perspective (for I am not in this dream), I see the back of Rich's head and upper body. A very light, translucent, feminine hand descends to gently lay on his right shoulder. Sensing this, he turns and I see only his eyes open wide with such joy and delighted astonishment at what could only be the loveliest of visions.

Again, I understood clearly from relating this dream to my bereaved husband that there is a great gift of comfort to be shared in dreams of this nature.

Book Review

DREAMGATES: An Explorer's Guide to the Worlds of Soul, Imagination, and Life After Death

by Robert Moss

Reviewed by Arthur Gillard

Dreamgates by Robert Moss is a fascinating look at the lucid dream experience from a shamanic perspective which in many ways goes far beyond other books on the subject that stick closely to what can currently be proven from a scientific perspective. There is a lot to be said for dealing with this endlessly fascinating subject in a scientific way, yet I found myself immensely enjoying Moss' more far-ranging, free-wheeling approach and his emphasis on the spiritual beliefs of indigenous peoples throughout the world.

For Moss, the world of dreams is every bit as real as Consensus Reality, if not more so. In fact, he considers the Dreamworld or Dreamtime to be the primary level of reality and the origin of all that we experience in the physically awake portion of our lives. When we travel into dreams or out of our bodies in astral projections we visit real places, encounter other beings - non-human, ex-physical etc. - and have genuine experiences which may enrich our lives and enlarge our souls in various ways. For example, on these "soul journeys" we may recover knowledge from before this physical incarnation. It is also possible to anticipate future events and in many cases change their outcomes.

Initially I felt a bit hesitant about this book, finding some of his terminology too glib - e.g. he refers to people who often experience conscious dreaming (his preferred term for lucid dreaming) as "frequent fliers." However, I got over that once I realized that he has a sophisticated approach to this subject and is drawing on an encyclopedic knowledge of a wide variety of different cultures and times - e.g., lucid dreams of Aristotle, the soul journeys of the 18th century Swedish scientist/mystic Swedenborg, native North American legends, Australian aboriginal myths etc. His stance on skepticism also did a lot to win me over. He stresses the importance of a skeptical attitude, but only at the proper time, i.e. after we have had an experience, not before. We should not let the skeptical side of ourselves get between us and these sorts of experiences, Moss advises, but dialog with the skeptic afterwards to determine what the real nature of the experience may have been and what significance or utility it may have in our daily lives. Moss considers that the result of an experience often counts for much more than its ontological underpinnings, which may in any case be unknowable. He cites encounters he's had with what appeared to be the soul of a departed historical figure who inspired and helped him with creative endeavors such as novels he was writing; does it really matter whether the entity was actually the person he appeared to be, or a different being, or an aspect of Moss's unconscious mind? Whatever the nature of those encounters, they helped Moss bring a tangible creative product into the world.

The after-death state is a frequent topic of this book, which is one of the things that initially attracted me to it. A shaman is defined as a person who has had a personal encounter with death but came back to share her familiarity with that realm and use her knowledge to help others; shamans are scientists of the afterlife. Moss himself describes an illness he had in early childhood during which he made a soul journey to the underworld and met a ghostly race of beings; he lived an entire lifetime with them during the course of his childhood illness in our world.

Some of the more skilled explorers throughout human history have brought back maps of the hyperspace within which our more mundane reality is embedded, and these have been turned over time into myth and scripture, with inevitable distortions, simplifications and biases. What modern people need is not to take someone else's word for it, but to experiment and experience for ourselves and make up our own minds. Moss makes clear that he is only giving you techniques to use yourself, and temporary maps of hyperspace to help you initially until you can draw more accurate ones that reflect your own experience. Reality, in all its aspects, is always changing - therefore old maps have only a limited validity in the present moment.

According to Dreamgates, the after-death state is dreamlike. "The path of the soul after death is the path of the soul in dreams." Through conscious dreaming, soul journeys, shamanic techniques of dream reentry etc., we can become familiar with the after-death state while we're still physically alive, and thus avoid some of the mistakes which may befall many of the newly dead - such as not realizing that you have died, or playing out limited or redundant patterns from your life rather than taking advantage of the many opportunities for spiritual growth and adventure available to us once we've left the physical permanently. "Our feelings, experiences, and creative energies survive physical death and colour a new phase of growth and experiment. All of this can be perceived by the living through dreams and inner communications and may be a vital source of guidance and inspiration." It is also possible for a living person to assist the dead in various ways, for example to give up old patterns or to move on to their next stage of growth. Anyone can be a "psychopomp" or guide of souls. He talks about various ways this can be done, but the most important thing is your attitude, your desire to help. "If your intentions are good, you will receive the help you need."

In any case, Moss wisely advises us to live our lives from the perspective of our eventual death. When we die, and we look back over our lives, what would we want, then, to have done now, in our current life circumstances? It would be best to live life now in a way that will not lead to many regrets at the moment of our death. Of course, this is very easy to say in theory, and very challenging to put into practice. But from the perspective presented in this book, we're here to learn and grow as evolving spiritual beings.

For me the last several chapters were among the most interesting. Moss describes alien abductions and points out the great similarities between such accounts and many dream

encounters; he feels that many such experiences probably occur in dreams - however, he also feels that people may actually be having encounters with real, independent non-physical entities, though in most cases probably in their dreambody rather than their physical bodies. He goes on to speculate that because our culture has denied the Dreamtime and taken such a narrow materialistic view of life, perhaps the Dreamtime is breaking through into our physical reality, to wake us up to the spiritual dimension of reality. This could account for some reports of paranormal occurrences. Perhaps the physical world is becoming more dreamlike, he suggests. Regardless, "dreaming is about living more richly and generously. As you become an active dreamer, you will learn to navigate by synchronicity. When you view dreams more literally and waking life more symbolically, you enter the flow of natural magic."

If I have one major complaint about this book, it is that he deals in fear way too much for my taste. He's always alluding to frightening or dangerous phenomena that you may encounter, and the corresponding great need to carefully protect yourself in various ways - for example, sanctifying and shielding the place where your body is located when you go on these travels. He also talks much about secret schools on the astral plane, that may make you pass tests or do certain things before you are allowed to enter, and guardians at

various thresholds and gateways. All of this, in my opinion, could lead to unnecessarily terrifying experiences on the part of people who are trying these experiments. It may be that Moss is invoking fear as a way of more fully engaging his readers in the process, making them pay a lot more attention to what they are doing and take this all more seriously; or maybe it's more of a disclaimer so he won't be sued for astral damages (these days I wouldn't be too surprised); or perhaps he really believes it - maybe it's even true! I find it hard to take seriously statements such as "If you are out for sex and thrills, you may wish you had insisted on a health inspection before getting involved with some of your partners." Astral VD? Come on! I'm willing to consider that he may be correct on some level(s) and to keep an open mind about this, and to learn some techniques that might come in handy if I find myself in a bad astral neighborhood. It also occurs to me as a possibility that people who go out feeling that the multiverse is all sweetness and light, while they might have more positive experiences, may miss out on some of the really interesting and educational opportunities to be had.

Such quibbles aside, Dreamgates is a fascinating look at shamanic dreaming, is a very entertaining read, and would be a valuable addition to any oneironaut's library. I highly recommend it, and I plan to read more of this author's work as soon as possible.

Effects of Pre-sleep Exercises on Dreams

By Kacper

These are several mental exercises that may boost progress of the practitioner. Some of them are extraordinarily proficient - and I have decided to write about them in the first place. Other exercises are those I have HEARD may boost lucid dreamer's progress - but I didn't find them effective. Some of them are usually not listed in main-stream lucid dreaming resources (both on- and off-line), some are. I would like to present my first-hand experiences with them and leave the choice of practicing them to the readers:

1. Visualisation: This is a very effective exercise, especially when practiced just before sleep. It involves concentrating on one object, just one object - and putting it into spinning-like motion, or imagining the object moving around the visual field. The trick is that the exercise combines focusing on the stable image and imagining motion, which solves the problem of not being able to focus on one mental image at a time. It is to be carried out nightly, regularly, in order to achieve effects (results).

The effects involve: increase in dream recall and hypnagogic phenomena experienced before sleep. Both can be very strong. Excessive practice may lead to less pleasant things - like myoclonic jerks (even during the day), and even auditory hallucinations. Best way to do it is to practice WITH YOUR EYES OPEN in complete darkness. Telling yourself you'll become lucid in the night while visualizing works well in inducing dream lucidity.

2. Brainwave Entrainment*: Effects depend on frequencies you are using. Deep theta frequencies may enhance your dream recall, giving you very vivid, coloured and emotionally intense dreams the following night. Some of the dreams may have a transpersonal quality.

3. Self-hypnosis: The technique is simple. First you proceed with muscle relaxation via the progressive relaxation method (relaxing muscles from toes to neck), then you count down from some number (at least 21, maximum 100) to zero while telling yourself that you are relaxing deeper and deeper while counting, and zero is the deepest trance state. While in trance you can tell yourself to remember your dreams, and that you'll become lucid the following night.

First of all, I have been practicing it at bedtime, and I was usually falling asleep while deepening my relaxation. Second of all, I've never succeeded in inducing a lucid dream through that method. It helped me to attain better dream recall for a short period. However, some say that it's effective in inducing lucid dreams, so go ahead and try... Maybe you'll do it...

4. Remembering in reverse chronological order: Remembering events from the day that just passed starting from now and ending in the morning. Said to be good... After doing it I've had only vivid hypnagogic hallucinations... And that's all. Maybe others have had success with this one; I've had none. However, go ahead and try...

From all these exercises only the brainwave entrainment and visualization method have my recommendation. The visualization method I described gives you more than one benefit: it can ameliorate dream recall, it can induce lucidity and gives you control over mental images. It's literally a must-do for a lucid dreamer, while others are worthwhile to try and experiment with.

*Brainwave entrainment is a technology, growing in popularity today, that enables to reach altered states of consciousness using phenomenon called frequency following response. It can be achieved by photic or auditory stimulation of brain. Photic stimulation is flashing at certain brainwave frequency - for example 10 Hz - Alpha rate - a subject looking at the flashing light entrains his brain waves to this frequency - or synchronizes his brainwave frequency just by looking at the light. Auditory stimulation consists of putting different sound frequency into each ear, and the difference is a frequency to which brain entrains... I will give you some links, where you will find more precise explanation and products for entrainment:

www.hemi-sync.com www.bwgen.com www.mindmachines.com

Low Level Lucids and Missed Cues

J
July 26, 2001, morning

I dreamed that I was lying on my back in my bed trying to lucid dream. I got the feeling that I would be entering a dream very shortly. In the distance I could see what appeared to be the end of a road. I focused my attention on an object - it could have been a wall or a car I don't remember - and mentally waited for it to crystallize and turn three-dimensional. I also had the feeling that I was sitting in a car, but my dream body had not yet formed so I couldn't move. Then the image I was looking at began to fade and, in desperation, I imagined my dream foot stomping on the accelerator. My foot did move, in fact, but I thought it was my real foot in my real bed and not my dream foot in the car. [Note: This is all still one dream.] As if to prove I was awake, my clock radio suddenly went off loudly in my ears. I next remembered telling Lucy about this whole odd experience. I said, "I almost got lucid but the image didn't turn 3-D." She said, "Yes that happens to me sometimes too." Then I woke up, surprised to find that the entire experience was a dream. I checked the clock radio and the alarm wasn't due to go off for another 15 minutes.

C.S.
July 18 2001 1:00 a.m.

I had been awake for thirty minutes and couldn't fall asleep so I decided to program for a lucid dream. I couldn't decide what I wanted to do in the dream. However, I kept saying to myself, "I'm dreaming, I'm dreaming..." over and over.

I was walking around, looking for something when I started to say, "I'm dreaming," I thought, "I can't be dreaming." (For some reason everything felt so real that for a minute I couldn't accept the dreaming idea.) I decided to fly for a reality check and was surprised that I was able to get off the ground.

I noticed a door that was slightly opened so I entered. I was back on my feet, walking through a maze full of naked or partially naked men. The men came in all sizes and shapes. Instead of enjoying the situation, I was annoyed and confused. I felt I wanted to do something special in this dream, yet I couldn't remember or decide what I wanted. As soon as I wanted to get out, I was walking on a street. A large dog that almost had a face of a smiling man was approaching me. I thought that he was afraid of me and unsure of himself. I started to analyze the situation and woke up.

I was lying on my left side. This was a very low level lucid dream. I was thinking too much and doing too little to maintain it. I think I was just too tired in general and not committed to have a lucid dream. I really wanted to sleep.

Adastra
Tuesday May 22, 2001 8:22 a.m
Reverse Leg [brief low-level lucid]

I am walking stiffly, look down and notice that my right leg is on backwards! It is twisted around so that my knee and foot point behind me. First I try turning it the right way but can't. Then I realize I might be dreaming; maybe I do a state test. Then I'm back in bed, realizing I'm still in a dream, but now think I'm aware of my sleeping body's real position. [In fact, the environment I

was in differed from my RL bedroom - e.g. there was a cat in the room, and it was light there.] I lie there trying not to be distracted by the cat, trying to relax and let myself drift deeper into the dream again. [I think I was seeing or feeling strange energy flows as I lay there, and that's why I felt I was still actually dreaming despite believing I was fully feeling my body's real position.]

WILDS

WILD: Wake Initiated Lucid Dream - Entering the dream state (lucid) from the waking state without falling asleep first.
 *A term Coined by Dr. Stephen LaBerge. For further information, see his book **Lucid Dreaming**.

**Kacper
 July 2001
 WILD**

I had been laying in bed in the early morning, and afraid I won't fall asleep. All of a sudden I began to feel signs of "crossing the verge" - lightness and floating, though I could still feel my body. The sensation of body started to vanish - but I could still feel my feet. When this feeling passed away, the lucid dream began, and the vision of tree branches formed before my eyes. I floated down from the tree-top level to the parking area, where a car was stopping, and where my dream-body was waiting. When embodied I found myself in the back seat of the car, my father was driving. The car stopped by the time I "landed," so I opened the door and walked out. Beyond the parking area there was a lawn, to the left was cathedral-like facility. Everything looked perfectly normal - cars and people looked and behaved (acted) just like here in the real world. When I started going with my parents (they were both present) towards the cathedral-like building, there appeared a familiar feeling of weariness - I felt the need for unconscious sleep. I believe I passed out while in the building...

I regained full consciousness on an unfamiliar staircase, lucid. Walked down. A woman from school-shop I used to know was here on the lower floor. I looked through the window recognizing the street from the city I lived in before moving. To the left of the window of the school-shop where the woman was sitting was a staircase, parallel to the one I just went down. I did not know where to go - up, down or the parallel staircase - when I woke.

**Kacper
 July 2001
 This was a nasty one**

Laid down in the early morning, had WILD - to my former apartment, then woke. But I can't say if I woke into reality or dream, because I don't remember now. Next thing I know was that I tried Oliver Fox's "pineal gland" technique - which worked. If I have used it in the dream state, it was only a fantasy. However, I finally stabilized my focus on some unfamiliar street. Walked down, turned left, turned right, and another left - and was standing before some wasteland or desert. I tried to fly, but did not succeed.

Then I believed I was awake and back in the real world - I don't remember waking itself, just believing I had woke. I awaited morning in the dark room. The only source of light was the TV, playing an adaptation of some Russian writer - someone was invading a nobleman's house, a revolutionary or someone. Then I turned to another channel - and saw that a polish adaptation of the same novel was running. I turned back to the foreign adaptation.

I realized that I don't have my glasses on. I put them on and everything came into sharp focus. I felt afraid; not afraid of any particular thing, it was irrational fear. Then I recalled the book I was just reading - about UFOs (Hynek's book). I looked out the window to see if I would spot one. The night was very starry and beautiful - as if opposed to emotions I was having. Then I saw a moving star - at first it seemed to move in a linear fashion, then it changed course. By the time I saw that my thoughts coincided with reality, I knew that I may be dreaming.

I looked at my hands. They looked normal, and had ten fingers. Everything looked normal, but I decided to make another reality check - on the kitchen clock. I looked at the hour, looked away, looked again. It changed. I obscured the display with my hand and moved it away - to see that the numbers had disappeared, as if I'd erased them with my hand. I had no doubt that I was dreaming.

Woke myself up, this time for real. The dream was unpleasant, and - even though it was 2.50 am - I didn't want to go back to sleep

"Perfect knowledge comes only when you see the world in yourself, just as he who awakes from the dream then knows he saw his dream-world with its suns and stars in himself."

- V.S. Iyer

Welcome To The Dream C.A.G.E.

Featuring Challenges, Aims, Goals, and Experiments

J
August 2, 2001, Morning

I entered this dream from the waking state by watching my hypnagogic images. At one point I knew that I would be inside a dream and said to myself, "Okay dream starts now!" At that moment I was in a convertible car, which was parked in some sort of garage. I got out of the car and saw a man in blue overalls, 40ish, with dark brown hair.

I said to him, "I'm dreaming. Can you take me to any sexy women around here?" He said there weren't any around. (He spoke with an Eastern European accent) I said, "Are you sure?" He nodded. I walked through a door into a hallway, lined with tools and tool boxes. **I remembered that I wanted to try stretching my tongue.** With my two hands, I grabbed the tip of my tongue and pulled it out of my mouth. It stretched easily as far as I could reach. Four feet or so. **Then I wondered if I could taste anything with my tongue stretched this far forward.** With my hands, I pressed the tip of my tongue against the grimy wall figuring I should be able to taste grease or dirt. I could not. I just felt the dull hardness of the wall as if my tongue was a sponge. I walked further down the hall and came to what looked like a staff lunch room. A chubby, middle-aged woman was standing there and I considered kissing her. But I felt absolutely no attraction to her. I thought I'd try to excite myself by kissing her feet. I got down on the floor (she was wearing sandals) and brought my face close to her foot. Then I changed my mind. I wasn't in the least turned on and reasoned that there was no point trying to fight it. While down on the floor I did catch a glimpse at a human hand wrapped in plastic in a microwave over. I opened the oven door and it wasn't a hand after all. It was a bag of salad dressing (the orange kind - 1000 island?). I gave it to the middle-aged woman, guessing it was part of her lunch. **Next I turned my attention toward my hands.** I took my right index finger and stuck it through the back of my left hand. It felt sort of gooey like silly putty. I was half expecting to feel blood and wetness but did not. Also - I felt pain! Not pain like I feel in the waking world, but a strange deep tickling pain. Soon I began tearing chunks of flesh from my hand. This was sort of gross and felt very odd. There was that same dull pain but it didn't bother me too much or I would not have continued. My ankle also hurt and I looked to see if the middle aged woman was standing on it. She wasn't. I thought that I must be sleeping in an awkward body position back in waking reality. When I finished mutilating myself, I left the lunchroom and went back out to the hallway. A very good looking woman, about my height and muscular, walked up to me. I said, "Hey I thought there weren't any beautiful women in this dream!" She said something like, "Well you were wrong!" I kissed her face and thought that it would be great if her friend joined us for a threesome. Almost immediately she took my hand and led me into another large room where there was another woman, bending over doing something. I thought these two women must be friends. Meanwhile, the muscular girl had her back facing me and she bent down as if to tie her shoes. While she did this her shirt rode up exposing the skin on her back. I began kissing her bare back and then the dream faded and I woke up.

A. Dreamer
May 1-2 1992
Dream Instability

. . . I see a bush with pinkish flowers. **I recall how another lucid dreamer dove through a crystal into another world. I decide to dive into the heart of the flower.** I pick a sprig. The flowers have gotten sort of ruffled in the picking. I select the best blossom and smooth it out, working with it so it becomes pretty again. I'm not sure how I'm going to do this diving act and actually end up merging with the center of the flower. I merge only for a moment and then am

standing holding not a flower but an olive with what looks like cottage cheese in the center. The olive is sitting on a bed of parsley. I dive into that for fun and to see what will happen. The scene goes blank. When it returns I have a dollop of whipped cream on my hand instead of the olive. **I decide that's good enough to eat.** (No calories in the dream world!) I say, "It'll be sweet and tasty." I take a bite while a woman watches. It is delicious but oddly turns out to have some of the consistency of taffy. I eat most of it. Then the scene changes.

C. S.
Feb. 1, 1992

I heard music coming from my clock. Since it doesn't have a radio, I knew I was dreaming. So I rolled on to my left and got out of bed. (I had been lying on my back.) I found myself in a room different from my bedroom. It was semi-dark; I could see the windows and the door. I got very excited because I thought I was finally having an OBE. I felt cold so I relaxed in order not to wake up. The excitement

and cold feelings left.

Since I programmed to go to the "Healing Room", I went through the door, looking for it. The building was strange with halls and doors. I finally found someone and asked if he knew where I could find the Healing Room. He took me to a large door, which he opened. Inside were many showerheads on both sides. The room was made of wood. The back was opened. It appeared that hot water was running from the showers on both sides since I could see the steam. I was concerned about the danger of going inside - I could get burned. Then I remembered that I was dreaming, and I was in control. So I entered. The scene changed to outside. A female was explaining about my illness.

I thought, **"I'd better pay strict attention to this so I can remember the words for the dream experiment."** The only word I remembered was "cutaneous" and that had to do with the skin. There was a shower outside and I was going to use it. I was in a bar, walking down the aisle. An ugly, mean man sat in my way. He wouldn't move. I shot him many times with my automatic gun and stepped on him a few times. I thought, "I'm as violent as the movies that I hate!" A guy had a shot of whiskey on the bar. I picked it up to drink it. I thought, "I can't drink alcohol - it will burn my throat." Then I remembered, "I'm dreaming - I can do anything." So I drank it down like a cowboy. It was coca-cola. I stepped on the guy I killed. He turned into a dog. Since I killed his master, I was responsible for his life. Therefore, I took him with me. He was a medium sized, white mongrel.

I asked someone where I could find the Healing Room and was taken through a mall to a beautiful, brilliantly lighted, eloquent banquet room. There were crystal chandeliers and a colorful buffet on a huge round table. I asked the person to take care of the dog since he couldn't go into this restaurant. I walked to the back of the room, looking for the Healing Room. I was walking down a dirt road. My hat fell into a large, stoney, unstable hole. I went to get it and almost fell into the hole. I came away without the hat and moved far too the left, which was a very high loose pile of dirt and stones. I said to myself, "Nothing is more important than I and my health - let the hat go!" I continued walking down the road but only in the center.

My right hand held a little girl's hand. Our path was blocked by a wheel the size of a high-rise building. Inasmuch as the path was so narrow the wheel was turned so that only the part that touches the ground was facing me. I thought, "I created this blockage in this dream, so I will dissolve it."

I found myself and the child walking up stairs to a building. I was dressed in a youthful, peasant's dress with ruffles. I was bursting with joy! I sad, "These are the happiest 3 days of my life! I don't want to go home." I realized I was at a resort; just like my younger days at the Poconos. Some guy was on the phone making plans to leave. I woke up.

Clint
1/20/1999, 5:12
Flying Out of a Classroom and into Space

I'm in West Virginia with my mother and father and they are going somewhere. My dad is looking at a map and says to my mother, "That's where we went that time to see a big movie; you had to see a big movie. It's so complicated over there and we got lost. That is the area where we want to go."

Now we are in a big circular lecture room. We are listening to a tape or movie that is giving us instructions. Everyone is supposed to stand up and fold their arms over their chests and repeat a magical incantation. We are standing on a high platform repeating the incantation when I realize that I am dreaming. I leap off the platform and start floating around the room and people are watching me and are amazed that I am really flying. My brother is also here and he explains to the people that I am lucid dreaming. He says that it is becoming easier for me all the time because I am developing the skill and reinforcing neural networks in my brain.

I say to myself, "Increase lucidity!" I then become more aware that I am truly dreaming. I then command, "Increase detail!" and I see a map on the wall that instantly becomes very crisp and clear. Now I say, "Increase intensity!" and colors become very vibrant, especially the large red areas on the wall map.

I decide that I want to fly off into space as I had planned for my next lucid dream. I try to figure out how to get out of the room. First I try to fly through the wall but that doesn't succeed. Next I close my eyes and try to ascend right through the ceiling but I feel my head bump on the ceiling and I don't get out. Now I go over to a small window and I am able to stick my arm through the glass, however I see that it is too small for me to get my whole body through. But just to the right of the small pane is a larger pane and I back up and build up speed and go flying headlong toward the window. I go through it easily but when I get halfway through I slow down and have to use my hands to pull myself the rest of the way.

Now that I am outside I start flying straight up into space. I am flying up and up using the breast stroke to fly. My arms are feeling a little tired from the effort. Finally, I am way out in space far beyond the earth. I am looking up at the stars and they coalesce into letters, one is a giant "E" on its side. I float around up here for a long time. I decide to return to the room and I just let myself fall and I fall right into the room. I land on a cushion of the floor with a plop. I think that the fall woke me up and my mother says, "He's back." Then I really do wake up.

A. Dreamer
July 30 – 31 2001
Flying Practice

I am in the house I lived in during Jr. High and High School. I go into what was once my sister's room. In the dream it is a newly-made kitchen. I then remember how the room actually was a kitchen before we moved in. Sort of tacitly lucid I look around and wonder at its pristine condition. I try to find the shelves I was going to make into a "library" long ago. Then I start to wonder what the room is really like now. I can't seem to remember my sister sleeping there

recently. Then I realize we haven't lived in that house for years and years. **I become fully lucid and recall my intent to**

practice flying over terrain in the next lucid dream. When I fly in dreams I don't have as much control as I'd like – either I'll soar, flying very fast, and lose the visuals or, looking down from above, I'll have trouble getting from point to point – I'll remain stationary or move very slowly. I want to learn to fly in a more realistic way, enjoying natural, outdoor terrain. I decide to launch myself out a window. I am kind of out of practice. It's awkward getting out and onto the roof but finally I manage. I jump off, seeming to fall a bit first, then right myself and look down. I see the translucent blue of water and soon feel warm water all around me. It feels pleasant and comforting so I go with the swimming a bit. Then I get out of the pond. There is a constructed swimming pool next to it. I think of diving off the board and turning the dive into flying but then decide instead to fly over the pond. I launch myself over the pond but am having the problem of being stationary or moving very slowly. A swimmer makes a remark, surprised to see me in the air at all.

Suddenly I feel myself lying in bed. I realize I am not really awake and return to the dream. I am in the same house but by the front door. I go out and fly over the street. At first I have trouble with movement. To remedy that I try briefly imagining the terrain rolling away behind me. That works and I get moving at a speed at which I can look down below. I fly over a yard with a number of old gravestones surrounded by tallish grass, past a twisted tree I think is probably an elm. The scenery gets boring then so I decide to soar and get to another place. I soar, losing the scenery and hoping to come down in a country place, tree-covered hills, pretty terrain. Instead when visuals return I am in a city amidst tall buildings. I fly past a cop talking to a woman and over a street. A moment later, I am laying in bed, not completely awake. Next moment I'm standing in the dark. I soar up in the air but lose control. I can hear myself snoring. I start moving away fast in the dark. I can also feel my nose is a little stuffed and I'm having trouble breathing comfortably. In a moment I am completely awake.

Potpourri

~A Variety of Lucid Dreams~

**Anonymous
June 2001
Serpent's Kiss**

I was lying back on the couch in the living room naked but for underwear. My mother and her boyfriend were there too. I had all my limbs twisted up like a little kid or baby might do, and felt like I was a small child. I was thinking that this scene had the quality of intense long-term Memories; that I would probably remember this moment for a very long Time. I looked around the room and noticed the extremely white walls, the shelves with things on them, a coffee table with a plastic hamster cage on it. I looked at the cage and there was a big white rat inside, and I wondered why he was in such a little cage. Everything was so intensely sharp, almost painfully so, almost feeling like the sharp edge on a piece of broken glass.

Then I realized that maybe this was a dream because the situation was so weird -- I started to feel embarrassed about my state of undress, but then it occurred to me that I wouldn't have possibly come out like this in any situation, and I hadn't been ashamed until I realized I wasn't dressed. So I forced myself to stay with the shame and consider the possibility that this was really a dream. I was so confused at how this couldn't be waking life; it seemed "realer than real". I wondered briefly if waking life was real, or how different the world outside my body is from what I perceive and construct it to be. But this scene was so lucid, I could hardly accept that it wasn't reality. It was somehow utterly fascinating and compelling. I was thinking how I could touch my skin and feel it like normal, and could feel the couch touching my skin. That is until I started wondering if I could feel my RL body in bed and started to lose lucidity a bit, so focused instead on a snake that was on the couch.

I looked at the snake's head and thought that this might be a Freudian dream symbol, which annoyed me. I figured that I must be having a migraine attack in real life, and the throbbing pain, which I get down my leg, must be confused here with something sexual. I thought for a second about actually kissing the snake, but felt immediate revulsion at the idea. I reminded myself that it was a dream and instead of casting away the idea, I let the snake come and he started kissing me. I remembered the other people in the room, and now they disappeared. The snake kissed well, and I let him move his tail to that it was down my stomach and between my legs, hoping that it would stop the throbbing feeling. At that point I woke up (with a migraine).

**Adastra
Sunday June 24th, 2001 7:10 a.m.
Making Friends with a Scary Black Dog [LUCID]**

I wake up, write down a non-lucid dream or prepare to do so. I feel a little bit eerie so I decide to state test by turning my light on. The end of the bed is much further away than normal; I reach up and turn on the lamp. "There," I think, "the lamp went on so I'm not dreaming." Then I realize that although it made a convincing click and the light bulb lit up at least momentarily, the room is not thereby illuminated - so I realize I am dreaming! At this point - or perhaps this happened just before I tested the lamp - I'm trying to move my dreambody without moving my physical body. It seems quite difficult as I feel close to waking. Finally I'm up and by my bedroom door; I open it and rub my hands together as I'm walking into the kitchen to stabilize the dream and prevent waking up. My vision is extremely blurry and at times it feels as if my eyes are closed [possibly feeling my physical eyes] so I think "increase visual clarity now!" several times and my vision becomes much clearer, as I can see by looking at text on a street sign in my kitchen -

an anomaly I take no note of, other than noting the cool way the text keeps changing. It says "OSLO" when I first look at it, then incoherent things. My vision starts to blur annoyingly again, but this time I decide to ignore it and get on with the dream; it ceases to be a problem and my vision is fine. Without transition as far as I recall, I'm now outside walking along a street. I start loudly and happily singing "It's going to be a bright sunshiny day." There are some people nearby and I feel momentarily embarrassed; but then I don't care because it's a dream, so I ignore them. For a moment I notice that I'm only wearing my underwear, but that doesn't matter either. I start to run fast, deciding to see how fast I can run. As I cross the street I see a truck driving on the sidewalk; it's strange looking, sort of like a flat platform with only a big bush visible on the top, as if the bush is driving or is part of the truck; I find this a bit amusing. Then as I run up a steep embankment a medium sized black dog comes along the sidewalk from some bushes, coming from the opposite direction as the bushtruck. I stop to interact with the dog, who is growling aggressively. I start petting it, trying to calm him and fearing he will attack me; as my fear increases this seems more likely. It seems important to be friendly with the dog, as it's part of me - I don't know if I articulate that in the dream, but that's the sense I have [in retrospect, I think this was a feeling based on my interactions with frightening animals in dreams of yore, and my Consensus Reality ruminations on same]. Gradually his growling stops and he's happy as I continue to pet him. Suddenly there is a puppy - his puppy - interacting joyfully with the dog. I wake - as confirmed by successfully turning on the lamp. [This dream occurred during a 10-minute "snooze cycle" after my alarm initially went off.]

Clint
1/15/2000, 6:55
Falling Through Endless Sky

My brother is driving the rest of my family in a big car. I am on foot. We are racing to see who can get somewhere first. I'm running along the street and I jump up and fly to show him that I can fly. I fly to the top of a tall building. I say, "Oh, they know I'm going to win!" He takes off and I'm going to jump off the top of the building and keep flying; as I fly I realize I am dreaming. I am falling and falling and I think well I will just hit the earth and go right inside the earth and see what it looks like. However, I just keep falling through this endless sky. I am falling face up and I see the blue sky and wispy clouds. At this point I think I will just wait and see what dream scene materializes. I say, "This feels wonderful, even if there is nothing here." I think about not waking up and I wake up.

A. Dreamer
June 1 2001
Social Worker at the Baby House

I am in my bedroom and think it's time to get up but then think I could be dreaming. I jump up and float. I decide to go to Apt. 8 across the hall. After a few false tries, I get into and walk through the apartment. Near a back door to the apartment I've created in my dreamworld, I see a guy letting his dog in and his cats out. On the porch I pick up one of the cats, a sort of tabby who protests at first then settles in my arms. I soon find myself back in bed. I get up and realize I am still dreaming. I go into and through Apt 8 singing a song I've made up. I decide I'm pretty much invisible to the inhabitants. I go out and see this bush with tiny red flowers. I look at the flowers and then move back further where I see a dirty canal with a few cabbage white butterflies flying over it.

Soon I am back on my bed again. I know I'm not awake. This time I decide to let images form instead of getting out of bed. In a moment I find myself outside of my apartment building. The neighborhood looks different. I walk into the closest house saying I am the social worker come to visit. A suave black man goes along with the scenario I've created saying "Yeah, you just rang up - of course." There's a large bed in the front room. I go into the next room. I see one black and a couple of white babies naked, crawling on the floor. There's a white woman in the kitchen. I learn that, fitting into my scenario, they run a house for parentless children. I am inspecting it. They tell me they have something like 100 babies in the house. They show me a nursery room with babies of various colors lying in cribs. Most look to be about six months old. Soon I am on my bed again. I let a scene develop but no longer bother with lucidity.

© Linda Lane Magallon
6/24/89
Caught Backwards By A Great Wind
(Lucid Precognitive)

(This night I attempted to co-dream with K.)

In the dark space before dreaming, I hear the words "Chuck," "Rich" and "15 dollars" in various snatches of conversation. They are all spoken by the same woman. As I strain to retain this level and remember the conversations, the blackness yields to a flat, empty plain with people standing in groups. In the beginning, I am still hearing the woman's voice.

Lucid, I look around the plain. When I don't see K., I try to superimpose her memory image on the picture but it doesn't "take."

People look as real as waking life in this dim light. A coed group of maybe four people walk towards me. I call out to speak with them, but the effort causes me to be caught quickly backwards as if blown by a great wind down a corridor (I can still see the scene in the distance as if through a cylinder).

I will myself back into the scene and try talking again but the same thing happens. I become aware that (1) I am viewing from a perspective below their waists - am I a spark of light? - and (2) they don't seem to see me. I realize that my experience is being affected by reading about Oliver Fox.

(This dream turned out to be precognitive of scenes from the movie *Honey, I Shrunk The Kids.* Our family went to see it the next Saturday night, 7/3/89. In the movie, four children are shrunk to a size below the level of grass in a lawn. The "great wind" was caused by an electric lawn mower that was vacuuming up the children as well as the grass.

Adastra
May 29, 2001 8:06 a.m. Tuesday
Distorted Face, Heavy Body

There is some earlier, non-lucid stuff which I forget, then I am on a bus. I'm thinking about something from earlier in the dream, and looking at a plastic card which I'm holding in my hand, with a woman's name on it - "ELLINA" I think. I glance at it again and see that it actually says "ELLIKA" or something. I'm amused that I miss-read it, then become suspicious and read it again and find it

has changed once more. I'm astonished to realize that I'm dreaming and immediately find myself back in bed. Disappointed, I decide to lie there and try to re-enter the dream. After 10 or 15 seconds I think, "Hey, what if I'm still dreaming?" so I try to get out of bed. It's extremely difficult to move, as if my body is very heavy and I have little control over it - so I know that I'm still dreaming, having had that sensation a few times before [have I really? it could be from reading a post on Lucidity Institute Forum about this; but I think I really have had that sensation in past dreams, but had forgotten until this dream]. I say "Increase lucidity now!" and "Increase lucidity X 1000!" a few times, which doesn't seem to have an effect on me or the dreamscape, except that I gain more control over my body - but that could be from the effort to move. I look around a bit to see how realistic things look, and feel fairly impressed. I leave my bedroom and start wandering through the house - finding nothing unusual in the fact that I'm in the house I grew up in. I'm being a bit quiet so as not to wake my family, then realize that's silly. I go into the bathroom, noticing there are two sections to the tub; a large one with rubber animals floating in it, and a smaller one that looks like someone used it as a toilet [yuck]. I look out the bathroom window and notice a somewhat broken down path leading crookedly off into a dark field. Despite the fact that there is no such field in consensus reality, I think something like "Oh, there is that ordinary path. But it a dream it could go anywhere, so I think I'll go explore it." I look at myself in the mirror, and look completely different. My lips are really big for one thing, and it sort of seems like the central part of my face is pushed out. The distortion changes several times as I look at it, back and forth. It looks weird. I leave and as I am going through the living room on my way outside, I remember my desire to take "dream ecstasy;" however I don't want to do it "alone," so I consider "dream LSD," but that seems too powerful. Just then I wake up. Realizing I am already starting to forget the dream, I decide not to try to re-enter it, but turn on the light [which works, so I'm awake], and start writing.

A. Dreamer
July 21-22 1993

. . . I am in a nice outdoor scene with a trail leading into the woods. I start to walk along the trail. To keep focussed on the particular scene, I say a Navaho chant I recall - "I walk with Beauty before me. I walk with Beauty behind me," etc. I continue the chant until I exhaust all the directions I can think of. This helps me keep the trail visible and the scene relatively stable, or else it simply remains so. I

see a lake up ahead. I am eager to reach it. As I get closer, it looks more like bubbly mud or lava. When yet closer, there is a waterfall and a stream that has overflowed to create marshland. I step into the water of the marsh and find it quite cold. Then I see a lake up above the falls to the left. I try to find a way to get to it. I'm not at all worried about getting wet. I finally make it to the lake which has become a small pond. I see kids swimming in it. It turns out to be shallow and much warmer than the marsh water. I lie back in the water and see I have a new and unfamiliar bathing suit on. I see a man who reminds me of my father carrying a huge, yellow, inflatable cube - a strange water toy! I lie so my back rests on the shallow bottom of the pond. I splash and kick up a storm as if I were a kid having fun. As I slow down, I watch the water gradually change. Bookshelves sprout up in the pond. Soon I find I am in a bookstore. . .

Katie

Somewhere in all of this is an unpleasant dream, maybe a reprise of the one about M. During the dream I look at the horizon and see vertical lines. I point these out to someone, then realize they're tornadoes. I recognize this as a dream sign and say, "I've had enough of this dream, I'm going to have sex with that tornado. Come on, big guy, let's get it on." The tornado comes over to me and picks me up. But the sensation isn't sexual at all; nor is it particularly tornado like. It's just like being gently wafted along this way and that, no violence or spiral motion. Then let gently back onto the ground. Very pleasant, the anger and anxiety of the non-lucid dream all disappeared.

Clint
11/7/1999, 6:30
In a Mirror I am a Japanese Actor/Dancer

I'm supposed to pick up Larry C. at the airport. Larry calls early in the morning and wakes me up to tell me that he is at the airport. I tell Naomi that I have to go pick him up. I start to leave and I realize that he didn't tell me the flight number or the airline he came on and I wonder how I will ever find him. It's a big airport. I go back and talk

to Naomi and she says, "You know what airline he is coming in on - United, right?" I say, "That's what he left on, but I'm not sure that is what he is arriving on." I decide that I will check the United area anyway. As I walk out of the building I am in I am carrying a blanket. I see that the sidewalks are wet from a recent rain (it is still drizzling a little) and I realize that I am in my stocking feet. Since it's wet I can't go out just in my socks, and even though Larry has been waiting for me I will have to go back and get my shoes.

As I go back up the steps to the building I decide to jump up and try to float up the steps. After I float to the top of the steps I say, "This is a dream!" - I'm surprised that I am dreaming because it seemed so real. I float into the building and I remember I wanted to look at my hands to stabilize the next lucid dream I had - so I look at my hands for a few seconds.

I fly into the building, which is a huge public building with a very high ceiling, and I see that the wall to my right is covered with a huge mirror. I think it will be interesting to see what I look like in a mirror during this lucid dream. My reflection is that of a Japanese woman (or man) actor with my face painted white. I am dressed in colorful Japanese clothing and my dark hair is in knot on the top of my head. I start doing an Asian dance with stylized arm movements. Someone walks in and I hear him ask, "What are you doing?" I turn around to see who it is and I see that it is Bruce Lee. I say "Hi" and I know that he's really dead. His facial features change as I look at him. I wake up after a few more seconds.

Robert Waggoner
Aug. 8-9, 01
Three Words of Advice

It's dark outside as I walk into a barber's shop. I seem to expect a haircut, but he tells me that my appointment is at 9:30 and not 9:00. I am surprised by this and leave. Outside walking down the sidewalk, I notice how the street is dark and misty. As I think about this haircut appointment, something seems very odd; then I realize, "This is a dream." I start to laugh as I look around. I wonder what to do, and decide that the first thing I need is to see more clearly, so I say my vision is perfect - and the dream responds - now everything is sharply focused. I look around the street and pick an old house to enter to see what might be there. I seem to be at the front door immediately and am impressed by its carved wood front and old glass. I step into the house and am surprised to walk into a large kitchen area painted aqua blue with high ceilings and the lights on. Inside are three teenagers (a young man with two sisters). I give the girls a hug, and they have a blonde haired friend there, whom I also hug and kiss. I decide to ask them this question, "What three words of advice could you give me about my life?" The older of the two sisters thinks a bit and says that I should not watch movies with James Cagney (I think she intimates, 'Citizen Kane') because they upset me. Also, I should think about sleeping on a specific queen-size bed: I think she says a #6166 Royal Satin or Royal Velvet. I grab a piece of paper and write this down. Then she says something about my sight and I agree with her that I can make things much clearer if I desire to. As I write this down, I notice a note on the counter, written in a red Flair with a big red heart and words addressed to 'Robert'. I wonder if it is somehow for me. I don't take time to read it. I ask the guy for his advice. He suggests that I alter my perspective, and as he mentions this, I suddenly telescope the image of everything and wake up.

Comments: I don't go to a barber in waking life, so I think this cued my lucid awareness. I was a bit surprised by the young woman's lukewarm advice. But when I look at what happened when the young man asked me to change my 'perspective' (and my view was altered so radically that I woke up), it made me realize that advice in the mentally reactive setting of the lucid dream state is highly charged. As a final note, today as I write this, I feel like I do have a new 'view' and more energy.

Adastra
June 24, 20017 a.m. Monday
Increasingly Realistic Videogame

I'm playing a videogame, which becomes increasingly realistic. It starts as a sort of abstract strategy game, then I'm controlling a character on a screen that is shooting at various enemies; then it becomes a first-person shooting game; and then I'm walking around with a gun, heading toward a building entrance. I pass some people - non-combatants in the game - and think of shooting them. Then I think, "I wish I had a real gun so I could blow these civilians away." [I think that was the first glimmering of lucidity.] I don't like that thought and start to feel less aggression and more...compassion? towards them. I see the humanity in them. I see a woman at work I dislike and have a warm feeling toward her. It occurs to me that in here it is easy to see people in an idealistic way. I walk into the building, which turns out to be some sort of store. Amazed by how vivid and bright everything is, I think to myself, "Holy ****, this is a dream!" The sudden intensity almost blows the dream away - instantly I lose vision and most sense of my dreambody. I think I try rubbing my hands together first, then start touching whatever I can reach, to try to stay in the dream - I feel the floor, steel pole, other things. I hear the sounds of other people in the store, who are alarmed by my strange behavior and must think I'm insane or stoned. In my feeling around I grab a beautiful female staff member - a particularly fine choice for tactile exploration of the dreamworld as it turns out. She tells everybody she knows what's wrong with me and how to help me; really she plans to take me into a back room and have sex with me. Alas, the lucid dream ends around this point, followed by a confused false awakening in which I sit at a desk planning to write the dream down, and think of telling Jim and Lucy that for the first time I had a lucid dream two days in a row. There is also a fascinating part where I practice doing chi gung with my dreambody, while supposedly being simultaneously aware of my "real" body - except that the "real" body I feel is sitting at the desk in the frame dream. In any case, I have a powerful feeling of moving my energy body, feeling the chi flowing. I think of telling my chi gung instructor about this.

Announcements

Lucid Dreams Requested for Thesis Study

My name is Marcello Bianconcini. I'm an Italian student of psychology looking for lucid dream reports to analyze with the method of "content analysis". I'm just working to my graduation thesis. The object is "Content analysis of lucid dreams reports".

[Editor's note: If you would like to assist in this project, please note the form below:]

MOST RECENT LUCID DREAM

Age _____
Gender _____
Country _____
Date Today _____

We would like you to write down the last lucid dream you remember having, whether it was last night, last month, or last year.

But first please tell us the date this dream occurred: _____.
Then tell us what time of day you think you recalled it: _____.
Then tell us where you were when you recalled it: _____.

Please describe the lucid dream exactly and as fully as you remember it. Your report should contain, whenever possible: a description of the setting of the dream, whether it was familiar to you or not; a description of the people, their age, sex, and relationship to you; and any animals that appeared in the dream. If possible, describe your feelings during the dream and whether it was pleasant or unpleasant. Be sure to tell exactly what happened during the dream to you and the other characters.

NOTE: Please send me the reports at this e-mail with "LD Report" in the subject line.

eponnove@hotmail.com

Sleep Paralysis and Lucid Dreaming

We welcome the interest of anyone who is curious about Sleep Paralysis. Interested parties can contact me directly by mail, phone or email at:

Jorge Conesa, Ph.D.
The Language and Cognition Lab
The Northwest Language Center/EVCC
2000 Tower St.
Everett, WA 98201
(425)388-9388
jconesa@evcc.ctc.edu
jorgeconesa@yahoo.com

or they can visit our research and Sleep Paralysis information web site at:

<http://www.geocities.com/jorgeconesa/Paralysis/sleepnew.html>

