

LDE

The Lucid Dream Exchange

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**To the Stars!
In Gratitude...**

**DreamSpeak
In Your Dreams!**

**Looking for My Inner Self
The Science of Lucid Dreaming
Dreaming Twice (or More) at Once
And Now a Word from Ancient Egypt**

The Lucid Dream Exchange

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Cover Image

"At the Temple of Edfu"

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Statement of Purpose

The Lucid Dream Exchange is an independently published reader supported quarterly magazine that features lucid dreams and lucid dream-related articles. Our goal is to educate and inspire lucid dreamers through sharing lucid dreams, exploring lucid dream techniques, and discussing the implications of lucid dream activities.

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Submissions

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

Submissions are printed at the discretion of the LDE editors.

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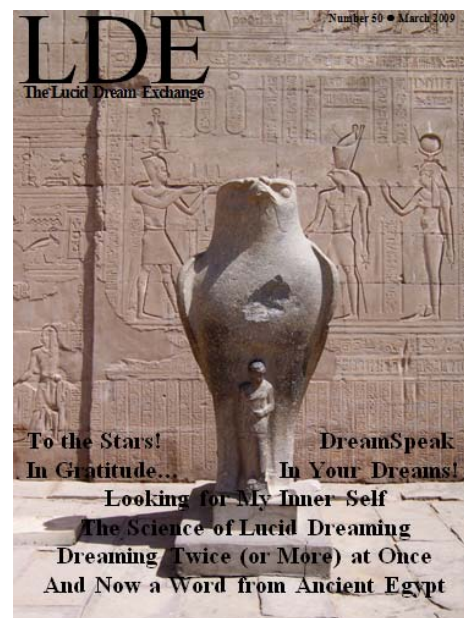
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Dream Speak

An Interview with a Lucid Dreamer

**By Robert Waggoner
Responses © Matt Jones**

Some lucid dream researchers have suggested OBEs may be lucid dreams, while others see lucid dreams as distinct from OBEs. Video producer, Matt Jones heads the popular SaltCube forum, which focuses on both OBEs and lucid dreams. The LDE welcomes Matt Jones....

Matt, you have experienced numerous lucid dreams and OBEs. Which came first for you: the lucid dreams or the OBEs? How old were you? How did you get drawn into this?

Thanks Robert, at the end of this article I'd like to give your readers a free OBE induction tool and also let them in on the secret of what is the single biggest mistake beginners almost always make when inducing OBEs.

To answer your questions: I'd had several lucid dreams before I'd had any OBEs. I had my first on-purpose OBE when I was 27 in the summer of 2004. I was drawn to OBEs because I wanted to see if there really was or was not anything other than just the physical world. I wanted a way to see for myself without having to rely on second hand reports of what the nonphysical parts of the universe are like.

What do you recall of your first lucid dream/s? (or OBEs). What about them got you excited enough to investigate them more deeply?

My first OBE was very low energy, it wasn't anything like what most of the books say it's like in which they describe grand adventures and epic spiritual explorations. The separation itself had a lot of vibrations and rushing noises which meant I wasn't really relaxed enough for a clean exit, but I was able to make it out anyway.

(Many books say to induce vibrations **but this is a mistake**, vibrations are a form of nonphysical friction and you waste energy when in them. **It's much better to relax into the quiet zone after vibrations before you attempt a separation.** The exit will be smoother and the OBE will be much brighter and more solid.)

I had exit blindness and could barely stand up because I had such little energy. I stumbled away from my bed and was able to get my sight working a little bit and see the nonphysical version of my bedroom dimly. I could see that it was definitely different and I was definitely not physical. For instance I had a computer on a desk which appeared to be a different shape than it was in waking awareness.

I staggered over to the window and looked out, there were a number of people in their yards doing various day to day tasks but they weren't people who live there physically. I blacked out shortly thereafter. It was not really a grand experience but it did give me motivation to do much more exploration and see what it is that's going on in OBEs.

I think most of the literature on OBEs is inaccurate in that everything that's published has to be larger than life and very impressive in order to sell the books. However, the reality is (based on my experiences and the experiences of the large number of reports people have posted at the saltcube.com forum) is that your first OBE will probably be relatively mundane.

OBEs can definitely be a lot of fun and you can do amazingly cool things like fly and walk through walls and teleport. You can basically be a superhero and sometimes they're actually more solid and detailed than waking awareness. A few times after an OBE my physical sight seemed bland and dream-like compared to the hyper detail I'd had in the OBE.

However, for people who are starting out the first dozen or so of your OBEs will probably be pretty dull. To address this I'm working on a system to show people how to have their first 100 OBEs in 100 days. This will be posted at my new site at www.lucidology.com shortly.

The idea is that by having a bunch of really short "micro-OBEs" back to back that you make progress much more quickly than if you have one long OBE and then stop. The system will show people how to do one short OBE that only lasts a minute or so, and then immediately induce another minute long OBE. The second OBE is simple to do because you've already done all the hard work in entering a conscious trance in your first OBE.

Once you've had a bunch of short OBEs like that you'll be able to have the more epic-style superhero experiences in OBEs much more easily.

Do you think lucid dreams are a type of OBE, or vice versa? How do you differentiate lucid dreams from OBEs?

Lucid dreams and OBEs are both ways of tuning to the nonphysical. Most people seem to not like the idea that lucid dreams and OBEs are the same thing, so one of the skills I am including in the 100 OBE System is how to use "trance recycling" and convert a lucid dream into an OBE and an OBE into a lucid dream.

Once a person has done that a couple of times and flipped between OBEs and lucid dreams it becomes much easier to see how lucid dreams and OBEs are both ways of tuning your awareness to nonphysical frequencies.

The difference is that in a lucid dream you start out already tuned to some nonphysical plane. In an OBE you start out physically focused and have to separate out into your nonphysical surroundings.

Which seemed more enjoyable – lucid dreams or OBEs? Which seemed easier to induce – lucid dreams or OBEs?

OBEs are a lot of fun because they usually have fewer rules. In lucid dreams you generally start out in a nonphysical area which was constructed by other beings and they defined that area to have certain restrictions and “laws.”

Many times in lucid dreams I’ve made the mistake of immediately going off on a superhero style exploration the instant I became lucid and I’ve found **this is a major mistake.**

That activity attracts attention and generally leads to getting kicked out of the dream. I’ve found I can stay lucid much longer by playing it cool and quietly slinking around and not letting anyone know I’ve become lucid.

On the other hand, I think that lucid dreams are actually a stronger tool for spiritual exploration than OBEs because in lucid dreams you start out with some awareness of what your other incarnations and higher self are aware of. In OBEs you pretty much only start out with awareness of your physical personality and nothing else.

By examining your lucid dreams you can make faster spiritual progress than you can with playing around in OBEs where you just play superhero.

Also, some people experience occasional sleep paralysis. I assume you have experienced sleep paralysis – how do you get out of it? Also, how do you explain it to yourself later? Is it physiological, or something else?

Sleep paralysis is the main tool I use to do OBEs. Without sleep paralysis it’s very difficult to do wake-induced OBEs. If you wake up and fall asleep without moving, you’re very likely to enter waking sleep paralysis which is the single absolute best state to achieve as a launching point to induce an OBE.

Once you’re in sleep paralysis your brain automatically puts you in a theta brain wave which allows you to easily access your subconscious. At that point you can use any number of exit methods to convert the paralysis into an OBE.

If for whatever reason you want to break paralysis without leveraging it to have an OBE: use deep breathing to send a signal to your body that your mind is actually awake. This works because your breathing is semi-involuntary and your body will notice the difference from your usual sleep breathing and interpret it as a signal to wake up.

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Deep breathing is much more effective than trying to move a part of your body to wake up. Some books recommend moving a toe to break paralysis but I find that when I’m 100% paralyzed I cannot move my toes at all. However your breathing is still controllable so you can use that as a way to break it. That’s worked every time I’ve used it.

If you would, tell us about some of your lucid dream adventures; outer space, inner space, through water, to Shangri-la, whatever).

Bruce Moen has drawings of what higher selves look like on the covers of his books. Val Valerian has pictures of them in his “Matrix V” books as well. (I can’t verify the majority of what is in the Matrix series but his images of higher selves are accurate.) They basically look like white jellyfish with white cords running down into their various incarnations.

In one lucid dream I became aware in what I’d describe as “Higher Self City.” It was floating out in space with a bunch of jellyfish higher selves forming an arch. At the top of the arch was a sign which I interpreted as an entrance sign. I went inside to explore where I found a number of things personally important to me such as a library filled with things I’d forgotten from before the start of this life.

Even though I know I re-read those books in the OBE, once I woke up I was not able to recall the information in any meaningful way. I also haven’t found a way back to Higher Self City. Apparently there are things I have to complete before I can have that information and hold on to it consciously. I think the experience was meant as bait to keep me interested in spiritual exploration and so I’ll keep working on the things I have to get done without getting distracted.

Where would you say that lucid dreamers are flying? In their private dream reality? In a dream reality shared by others who are also in their dream reality? An alternate physical reality? Or something else?

Some dreams are just people’s own subconscious projections. However the more significant OBEs and lucid dreams take place in nonphysical planes that are just as solid and valid as what we call waking reality. In fact, it’s very difficult for us to become aware of anything at all other than physical awareness while we’re “awake.”

So I think that lucid dreams and OBEs are a form of consciousness where we are more awake than we are when we are physically focused. **Physical focus is a form of sleep in which we only are aware of physical reality and nothing else.**

Also, it can be tempting to use OBEs to behave as irresponsibly as you want and use your superpowers to go into Duke Nuke 'Em mode and blow everything up. That can be a lot of fun and believe me I've done it plenty of times. **However, it comes at a cost.** The more you do that the more you'll find yourself restricted in where you can go and what you can do.

You'll spend a lot more time in your own subconscious rather than out in the planes which have beautiful cities to explore. In fact that may be why many people don't remember their dreams. Because as soon as they start to become aware they go berserk. The nonphysical beings on the other side get sick of that so they restrict people more and more if they don't have a well behaved dreaming self.

In lucid dreaming, we all encounter dream figures or dream characters. In my book, I suggest that dream figures are actually much more varied than normally supposed. Also it appears that some dream figures have an awareness equal to or beyond that of the lucid dreamer. What's your take on dream figures? Are they all symbols from our mind, or something else?

It's the same as with nonphysical planes. Sometimes people conjure up their own dream characters. However, there are giant swaths of the nonphysical universe that are filled with beings and people which have nothing to do with Earth or our imaginations.

A number of lucid dreamers feel that it may be possible to obtain non-local information in the lucid dream state, which could later be verified. This information would be either telepathic/clairvoyant or precognitive in nature. What do you think about that?

I think it's possible but it's not easy. I ran quite a few RV experiments with people on the www.saltcube.com forum. Sometimes people were really close but there really wasn't enough consistency to really make my jaw drop. I did some RVer in OBEs where I'd just do an OBE and look inside a sealed jar to see what my sister had placed inside. I had some excellent results which encouraged me at the start but then the data became more and more random so I haven't been focusing on it lately.

With RVer it's easy to get boatloads of data but hard to tell what data is good and what is garbage. For example you might open the jar and find a screwdriver. You might open it again and find a hairpin. Then you try and figure out what are the commonalities between a screwdriver and a hairpin. You open the jar for "real" and find that the actual physical object is an allen wrench. Figuring out the

answer is like a moving target. If you had the discipline I think you could get good at it but I kind of got tired of it.

In your own lucid dreaming work, have you found any evidence for picking up non-local information? (Please describe.)

Yes, the RVer experiments I did make me think that RVer is for real but I definitely don't have anything that could be construed as hard evidence. What I suggest for people who want to answer that question is to have a friend place a simple household object that only has one color in a sealed opaque jar.

Make sure that they observe the object in the jar so that there's a nonphysical imprint you can pick up on. Do an OBE and look in the jar. Do a second OBE and look again. Keep going until you have a body of data about the object and use that to guess what color it is, what shape it is and so forth. You'll probably not be able to guess exactly what it is, but you may be able to describe its qualities such as being made of metal, cylindrical and L-shaped.

How NOT To Use OBEs To Remote View

You want to make sure the object they pick is not too complex and hard to describe. You wouldn't want to use a guitar, for example. Something simple like a golf ball or a pencil will be a much easier target.

I notice in your saltcube profile that you have a number of images and at the very end, a photo of a group of clouds with two circular holes in them, as if someone had drilled through them? Can you tell us a bit about that photo? Can lucid dreamers or OBEers effect physical reality?

This may be where I lose most of the audience because they think I'm nuts. Those are sylphs drawing a cloud into themselves. You can see videos of sylphs here: <http://www.saltcube.com/>

Sylphs are nonphysical beings with very slight physical skins that they use to interact with physical air. Sylphs clean out our atmosphere and are the main reason why chemtrails haven't wiped out North America yet.

I had one OBE in which I saw the sylphs as toothbrushes cleaning the sky. In another one they were 30 mile high translucent giants just standing there. In both dreams they seemed to be intent on what they were doing and weren't especially interested in focusing their attention on me.

Zuerrnovahh-Starr Livingstone writes about them extensively at: <http://educate-yourself.org/zsl/index.shtml> ...and he describes them as being impossibly

ancient. I think he's probably right based on the general feeling I got from them in the OBEs.

In your videos for sale, you appear to have a lot of interesting information that people have found to be helpful at inducing OBEs and lucid dreams. Tell us a bit about your videos. Are the ideas compiled from a lot of sources, or is it mostly your personal experiences and experimentation?

The videos are techniques that I've tested over the years and verified with forum members that the methods work for other people as well. The videos don't have a lot of theory in them, it's more of a step by step system to get you directly to your first OBE. I tell you "do this, then do that, then do another thing" and then you're out and in an OBE. It's based around first inducing sleep paralysis and then using paralysis to exit into an OBE.

Some of the methods are based on other people's ideas, for instance Dr. Albert Taylor who was an engineer for NASA came up with the "wake-back to bed" method which I rely on heavily. You can read the testimonial Dr Taylor gave for the saltcube videos at the top of the saltcube home page.

However the majority of the methods are things that I had to come up with because I wasn't able to get anything else I found to work. For instance, I show you how to use a digital cooking timer to wake up and fall asleep repeatedly in order to hover on the awake/asleep threshold and enter a subconscious focus without having to use any visualizations.

That method is called 'rhythm napping' which is something I had to develop. The hardest thing about fine tuning that method was testing over and over what timer intervals to use and how long to stay up before falling back to sleep in order to maximize the chance of a spontaneous OBE.

What kind of experiments would you like to see conducted in lucid dreaming, and why? And if you have had a chance to read my book on lucid dreaming, what questions would you pose to me, and the readers of the LDE?

First of all I have to say that your book is excellent. I was especially interested in your section on using lucid dreams for healing. I had a toothache a while back and entered an OBE to look at it. I looked in a nonphysical mirror I made and saw that my teeth appeared jagged and out of place. I used intent to realign them. Once I woke up my toothache was gone and didn't return.

So I do think OBEs are a powerful healing mechanism. I think an entire book devoted just to

that would be a fantastic resource. You could call it "How To Use Lucid Dreams To Cure Yourself Quickly". Maybe the readers of the LDE could submit their stories and you could categorize them based on the ailment cured. It would be fascinating to see what visualizations turn out to be the most effective for curing each problem.

Any final advice for our readers about lucid dreaming?

One danger I see a lot of people make is in thinking that everything is light and lollipops out there in the nonphysical planes. When I first got into it I was that way too mainly because that was the perspective Robert Monroe took in his books.

The reality is that there's more nasty stuff out in the nonphysical than there is here on physical Earth. Just because a being is nonphysical doesn't mean they have your best interest in mind. It is possible to become injured in OBEs and pick up very negative attachments.

There isn't any more of a quick fix for nonphysical negativity than there is a quick fix for negative physical people who may appear in your life. So the guideline is always be extremely skeptical and don't believe anything until you've tested it over and over again. Even then make a habit to check your basic assumptions from time to time and don't give up your trust easily.

Free O.B.E Induction Tool

So your best bet is to have the right tools you need to explore things for yourself so you won't have to rely on anyone else to tell you what is what. Here's one tool you can use right now. Check out the flash timer at www.saltcube.com/timer

The timer allows you to fall asleep and have your computer beep at you every few minutes to wake you up. This will allow you to enter waking sleep paralysis which you can then convert into an OBE. You can find out the details of this process at www.saltcube.com

Here's The Single Biggest Mistake People Make When Doing OBEs!

Also, never do your OBE inductions at night! That's a huge mistake that foils almost everyone. It's the single biggest mistake people make. I go into much more detail on why your brain chemistry is not geared for OBEs at night in the video. In the mean time keep in mind that you'll have much better results doing your OBEs in the early morning, around 5 AM. Good luck!

Advance Praise for the Book:

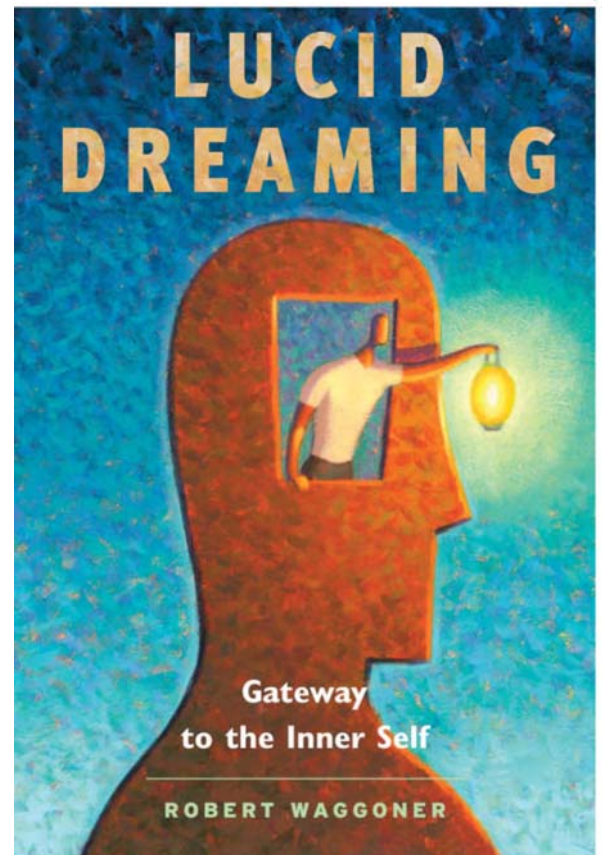
"In this remarkable book, Robert Waggoner has brought lucid dreaming to a level that is simultaneously higher and deeper than any previous explorer has taken the topic. Both autobiographical and historical, theoretical and practical, psychodynamic and transpersonal, as well as adventurous and cautionary, *Lucid Dreaming* offers its readers instructions and insights that they will find nowhere else in the literature. They will learn how they can become awake and aware while asleep, and how this talent can change their lives." --Stanley Krippner, Ph.D., Professor of Psychology, Saybrook Graduate School and Research Center, San Francisco, Coauthor of *Extraordinary Dreams and How To Work With Them*

"Lucid Dreaming IS a gateway to the Inner Self. Robert Waggoner's unique storytelling style is **compelling reading - an impressive exploration of the subject**. The work is scholarly, fascinating, and, most of all, practical." --Christine Lemley, Executive Producer, DREAMTIME Series, WFYI/PBS-TV Indianapolis

"Robert Waggoner admirably fulfills his aim of bringing lucidity to lucid dreaming. His book is distinguished by its wealth of first-hand experience, and his clear recognition that, instead of seeking to control and manipulate our dreams, we should use the gift of lucidity to navigate a deeper reality and grow into connection with a deeper and wiser self. He offers practical techniques and fascinating travelers tales to encourage us to experiment with interactive and precognitive dreaming and to explore the process of reality creation inside the dream matrix. This is **an invitation to high adventure**." --Robert Moss, Author of *Conscious Dreaming* and *The Three ONLY Things: Tapping the Power of Dreams, Coincidence, and Imagination*

"**A truly extraordinary, horizon-expanding book!** Robert Waggoner goes further and deeper than any of his predecessors in exploring the implications of lucid dreaming for our synthesized understanding of consciousness, reality, and spirituality." Robert Van de Castle, Former President, IASD; Professor Emeritus, University of Virginia Health Sciences Center; Author of *Our Dreaming Mind*

"**A must read for anyone with a serious interest in lucid dreams.** Robert Waggoner has written a book examining the depth and breadth of the potential of lucid dreaming. His sensitivity to the transpersonal elements of lucidity are especially illuminating." Jayne Gackenbach, Ph.D., Editor of *Psychology and the Internet: Intrapersonal, Interpersonal, and Transpersonal Implication*



Lucid Dreaming: Gateway to the Inner Self By Robert Waggoner

Order on-line or at your favorite bookstore!

In Gratitude...

A Lucid Dream To Mark The Ending of an Era

© 2008 Linda Lane Magallón
Drawing by Suzanna Hart

When I retired from the dream community recently, there didn't appear to be any way to mark the end of 25 years active involvement. So I asked for help from a couple of friends. One suggested that I come up with a motto to characterize this most recent stage of my life. I considered "Create your own reality," but rejected it because it seemed better suited to the previous period, when I had deliberately made changes to my waking life. Since sleeping life was the main focus of this stage, it seemed only right to ask my dreams for help with the motto. I incubated that request, but received no immediate answer.

Something rather amazing had already been happening during 2008. Spontaneously, I was dreaming up "echoes" of previous dreams. A dream theme from the early years would be repeated or completed in the present. It was a very rewarding pattern: several pairs of dreams were acting as "bookends" for this latest era of my life. But, as yet, not a single lucid dream had played that role.

At the beginning of my dream trek, I anticipated good things to come from lucid dreaming. In an early dream, I expressed gratitude for becoming lucid. I'd said out loud, "Thank you, lucid dream state, for inviting ego, I mean waking consciousness, into your world."

Indeed, lucid dreaming had produced many benefits over the years. Relief from Titanic nightmares. Illumination of dream interpretation. Inspiration for creativity. Exercise of awareness, both in and out of sleep. Yes, these were some of the accepted reasons to hype lucidity to the public. But they were far from being my favorites. I was more intrigued with meeting live human beings in the dream state. Or dreaming up rebellious and heretical dreams. Or, like Alice in Wonderland, accosting my dream characters with probing questions and suggestions for change. Or convincing myself that psi was real, even if it was about as dependable as a white rabbit's foot. So, if I had to pick the leading benefit, which would it be?

At Winter Solstice, I finally received a response. It was a bookend to my early lucid dream. In the dream, I created my own dream reality: a model of it, that is. With a sense of fulfillment and gratitude, I answered the benefit question aloud. The sentiment of the closing statement of this lucid dream has become my motto for the era. Hooray for dreams!



I am hand-building a model that looks like a cross between a caramel-colored layer cake and Southwestern plateau with steep cliff walls. It also resembles a circular garden stepping stone but is several times thicker and would be wide enough for me to stand on comfortably with both feet. The base of the model has already been completed. Now I am waving my hands above it, adding a layer of pixie dust that floats down to cover the base, like a sifted shower of powdered sugar. The layer cake model is sitting atop a small raised platform. I'm kneeling in front of it to add the last decorative touches.

Once I'm satisfied, I stand up and head towards the next room. As I walk, I gradually become lucid and begin to smile about what I've just done. I have come to understand that the cake is a model for the layers of dream reality. Plus, it's both practical and magical (strong enough to stand on and as ethereal as pixie dust). With growing amusement, I realize that as its creator, I am the "god" of this little world. But instead of being worshipped by my creation, I've been kneeling before it! Hmm. As it should be?

After going through the doorway, I turn around and notice a shallow alcove on the left side of the passage. Behind a small table, sits an old man with an attitude as wooden as the throne-like chair on which he perches. He looks like a scholar and is wearing a brocade vest that shines in golden tones. It's the only bit of color in this otherwise muted interior scene.

Referring to my activities in the previous room, I ask the man, in jest, "Oh, is this how we create our reality?" Perhaps my question makes the old man recognize that I am lucid. At the very least, it animates him. "Yes!" he exclaims as he leaps to his feet and begins to speak rapidly. "I'm sorry, I can't hear what you're saying," I reply and move forward until my right ear is inches from his mouth. Straining to hear what he has to tell me, I lose the dream. To keep from waking completely, I hold onto the feelings of the sleep state. After a moment or two, another dream scene springs up. Now I'm outside, standing on a sidewalk during a sunny day. Again, I'm moving my hands about, but this time I'm levitating people, so they can have a quick taste of flying. As I become lucid once more, I'm delighted to realize that there are other people with powers around, too. They are demonstrating super abilities, like I am, or talking with neophytes, answering their questions. I especially notice a young woman with short, spiked hair who is dressed in a shiny blue metallic, skin-tight outfit. Wow. I call out to the dream,

"Thank you for letting me be a super hero!"

:-))

Linda's old ***Dream Flights*** web site was closed upon her retirement, but it has now been reborn as

www.dreamflyer.net

The Science of Lucid Dreaming

A Brief History and New Findings

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The Lucid Dream Exchange has been documenting personal reports and leading experiential research into lucid dreaming for over ten years. I've always loved the focus on individual case studies, as well as the hard-earned advice that comes from real dreamers' experiences.

To give back to this lucid village that has given me so much, I want to promote the other community of lucid dream experts – the psychologists and scientists who study lucid dreaming professionally.

I think it's important for lucid dreamers to keep up with current research. Not only so we can frame our experiences in light of contemporary science, but also to test the findings and provide a counterpoint with our own "empirical data" – the lessons we learn from the dreams themselves.

Lucid Dreaming: Ignored, Celebrated, and Shelved Again

Before discussing some new lucid dreaming research, I'd like to briefly describe the state of lucid dreaming research today and how it came to be this way. Lucid dreaming has been practiced for thousands of years, but only recently has modern science begun to explore this fascinating paradox of being aware in sleep.

In fact, many researchers lambasted lucid dreaming as a "fantasy" until Stephen LaBerge validated the psycho-physical markers of lucidity with an EEG machine. That was 1981, and since then lucid dreaming has not only become accepted as a real state of consciousness, but it has become a household word.

But despite the powerful implications of consciousness during sleep for the philosophy of science -- as well as the promise of lucid dreaming methods for sleep research -- actual lucid dreaming research is hard to find.

Why is this? Long story short: first-person narratives are still not given much credence in research science. The study of experience – and especially conscious experience -- is a sure way for budding psychologists to not get funding. Also, many of the original lucid dreaming researchers who did the ground-breaking work in the 1980s have since moved on to more popular and lucrative topics.

On the other hand, interest in the neuroscience of consciousness is growing within the Academy. Serious studies on meditation, altered states of consciousness, and hallucinogenic compounds are more popular than ever. More scientists are blending hard data with experiential reports. As this "shadow culture" becomes mainstream, my educated guess is that lucid dreaming is on the verge of a new wave of interest in the hard sciences.

A Recent Study – Emotions and Lucidity

Here is a recent lucid dreaming study you probably haven't heard about, presented at the *International Association for the Study of Dreams* last year by cognitive psychologist Tracey Kahan. (link: <http://www.scu.edu/cas/psychology/faculty/kahan.cfm>)

Kahan and her team focused on the topic of comparing self-awareness and emotions in waking and dreaming. The researchers gave a detailed questionnaire to 92 undergraduate students at Santa Clara State University and then calculated the results using quantitative (statistics) and qualitative analyses (by comparing dream themes).

In this study, Kahan wanted to know how emotions in waking life relate to lucidity levels of dreamers, and also if emotions help or harm lucidity in dreams. You may recognize the assumption she is testing here: that high levels of emotion in lucid dreams can reduce self-awareness.

Kahan's results confirmed the common assumption that self-awareness in dreams is less likely to occur in the presence of intense emotions. Also, the study confirmed that dreams, in general, have more intense emotion than in waking life.

So it seems that part of the reason why lucid dreams are so hard to come by is because the powerful emotions in our dreams somehow are involved in limiting the chance to become self-aware in the first place. When emotional, perhaps, we are pulled "into the scene" and lose the ability to reflect on our experience as it happens.

You may have already known that from your own experience, but this research gives us another clue: that the inverse correlation between emotions and self-awareness may point to cognitive limits in the human brain, as well as an evolutionary advantage that may have played out in the distant past.

The Future of Lucid Dreaming Research

As a lucid dreamer myself, Kahan's research makes me reconsider the importance of developing emotional intelligence, not only in lucid dreams, but also in waking life.

My hope is that by delving into the science of lucid dreaming, we can be inspired to dream up our own experiments as well as challenge assumptions about this remarkable state of consciousness. And that is lucid dreaming science at its best.

Ryan Hurd is a dream researcher and freelance writer; contact him at his blog <http://dreamstudies.org>

Dreaming Twice (or More) at Once

(Examples of Multiple Awareness in Simultaneous Dreaming)

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In 2005 I wrote an article for LDE (*Multiple Awareness in Simultaneous Dreaming**) in which I asked readers, “Have you ever had simultaneous dreams?”

Not an easy phenomenon to describe, but by simultaneous dreaming, I mean having complete and full awareness and participation (and/or observation) in two or more dreams occurring *at the same time*. In other words, there is no switching of awareness between one dream and another, no lapse of focus of either dream.

By a delightful “coincidence” this winter I received letters from three dreamers who have recently experienced multiple awareness and simultaneous dreaming. The first two letters below describe simultaneous dreaming (more than one dream at a time) and the last letter describes multiple awareness within the same dream.

Fascinating stuff!

If any more readers out there are having experiences like these, we’d love to hear about them! Please drop us a line at LDE.

***To read the complete article, go to:**

<http://www.dreaminglucid.com/articlemultipleaw.html>

Two Dreams at the Same Time

Angela, January 15 2009

I woke up at 4 a.m. and became aware that I had been dreaming two dreams at the same time. There was no obvious reason for me to wake up, as my alarm is set for 5 a.m., though I usually wake up before it goes off.

It is now 6:22 a.m. It was only at the moment I became fully awake, and for a few seconds afterward, that I knew I had been dreaming two separate scenes at the same time.

While I have had many wonderful experiences with lucid dreaming and what I believe are OBE-type consciousness dreams, I have never been aware -- or even heard of -- having two dreams at the same time. The idea of its possibility would never even have occurred to me.

The experience left me so amazed, I had to do an Internet search and have found this site [LDE] for the first time. Thank you, Lucy, for your description. I did not find another one. I knew exactly what you were talking about.

At the moment I awoke, I realized that I had been dreaming two separate dreams, simultaneously. I was in both dreams at the same time, two “places” at once, independently participating in each of them. Neither of the “I’s” in the dreams was aware that the other existed. I was also aware of a third “I” — the I who was the observer of both dreams, who could see the other two versions of me within each dream. This third “I” was a quiet observer, simply watching what was going on.

There was no commentary, no judgment, so to speak, about what was happening in either dream. I barely seemed to acknowledge any of the actions at all. The observer “I” did just that, observed, and it seemed to be my only purpose. This awareness of the three “I’s” could only have lasted a few seconds. And as I awoke, that is the “I” who lives my everyday life, it seemed that I became the fourth observer, the me who was in bed, watching the observer watch the two dreams. This was the “I” who now had commentary and judgment about what I had just seen. I had the emotion, the amazement, the excitement, the awe over what the mind can do.

To describe the observation of the two dreams: imagine each dream as two dimensional, each drawn on a separate plastic transparency. Place one of the two transparencies on top of the other, slightly to the right and slightly above the other. Then, place both of them on a projector. The projection is what the observer saw — the two dreams together in this way, never separately.

But the two dreams were also three dimensional, holographic, with the scenes carrying on next to, above and within each other. The dreams seemed both two dimensional and three dimensional. Once the “fourth observer,” the everyday me, fully awoke, all of it faded away just as any other dream.

Thank you again for this forum and for the opportunity to share.

Three Dreams at Once?!?!

Jahan, February 7 2009

Ok, this was the first time something like this has ever happened to me: about two nights ago ... I had just come in from smoking and drinking an energy drink. I stayed up for about an hour talking to one of my friends. Despite drinking an energy drink, I was still quite tired so I began to dose off. I've had lucid dreams before, and what people call OBE experiences, but this was on a whole other level. It was a bad Picasso painting, as if someone shook a snow globe with me in it. I don't know which dream began first no matter how hard I've tried to remember it. I just know that they happened so I will number them even though these all happened at the same time.

1. I was on the highway driving to South Carolina looking for a specific spot for vacation, it was late at night or early in the morning because few cars were out. Everything look strangely normal (now that I think about it, I couldn't tell it was a dream, when I was dreaming it). I even saw the police had someone pulled over on the side of the road for some reason. I slowed down and pulled off to the other free lane and passed them. I remember getting lost here and there and stopping at a rest stop and taking a small nap from being tired. The dream segment switched then, and I started driving around near some type of tables, in a day time environment.

2. I could feel myself flying overhead, in some dark void area ... I could feel my spine vibrating or some type of pressure on it, not much to this dream, but the feeling of emptiness.

3. This dream happened near the end of the experience. While I was dreaming about the other two I began to dream of waking up, but I wasn't really awake, I simply sat down at the table and it ended.

I finally woke up sometime in these dreams from what I remember. I was so confused, feeling so "off," I couldn't sleep for the rest of the night. I didn't bother to check the time or anything else. I just keep asking myself what just happened ... over and over again. It was much a good experience and felt like someone was tearing my mind apart after waking.

Simultaneous Consciousnesses in Dream State

Bill Cross, January 28 2009

My object is to find out how much of what I have read in metaphysical books is true. I decided the best way to do that was to bring the sleep consciousness back into the waking state, through dream journaling.

I was aware of my physical position, holding an object in my right hand. I was afraid it was sharp, so I wanted to let go of it. Simultaneously, I was explaining to my other consciousness that it was not sharp and to go ahead and feel it. The scared me was not listening to reason. I was frozen like a scruffed cat, paralyzed with fear, waiting for a chance to force the physical brain awake and thereby regain front row status. The reasoning me paused for a fraction of time, to think of another way to convince the scared me there was no danger, and that's all the scared me needed and I forced the body to wake up.

Subsequent dream experiences and journaling, figuring out my particular set of symbology and interpretations has led me to believe that other ranges of consciousness are just as real as the waking state, if not more so. Meditation results in a lot of expectation for me, so dreaming is currently my method of exploration. In case anyone is having similar experiences, I'd like to share. Write to: wccross@peoplepc.com

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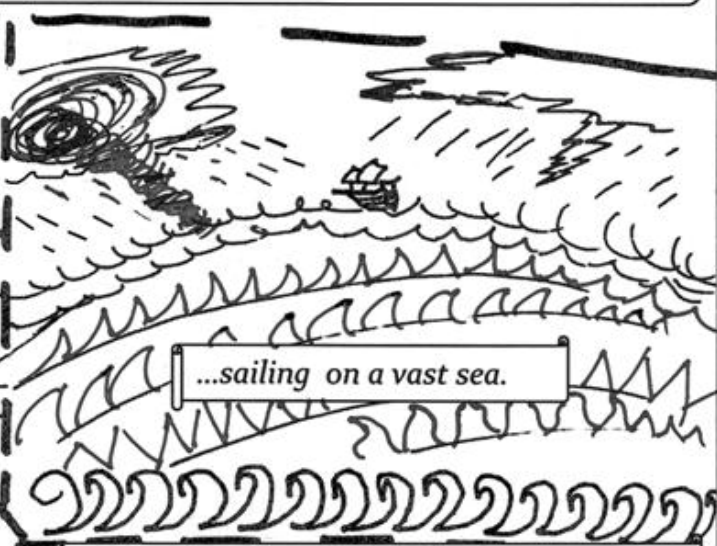
ENTRY DATED - MARCH 21

I AM ON A STORMED TOSSED SHIP....



Just one of many passengers.
Helpless, all we can do is...

And quake at the eerie creatures we see!



...sailing on a vast sea.

...Marvel at the colorful islands we pass...



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I find myself

In the captain's quarters!

I seek out the ship's log...To my surprise.....

It's THE BOOK!!! From before. From under the tree!



Right then I know that I AM DREAMING! What a feeling!

The crew is unknown to me yet somehow strangely familiar.

I decide to try to steer the ship. It is not easy. Eventually the seas quiet.



I aim for some nearby islands but we seem to be drawn to a certain star instead. I just go with it....



The sea is still vast but at least I am not just a hapless passenger anymore. That part feels good.....



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To the Stars!



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On New Year's morning 2009 I became lucid in a dream and recalled an intent that I had laid out for when I had my next lucid dream. Over the past couple of years I haven't much tried to manipulate my lucid dreams, but instead have either asked the dream to show me what I need to see or simply allowed the dream to play itself out as I observe. This time my goal was to take control. With that thought I pointed my finger to the sky and yelled out, "To the stars!" My conscious thought was that I would quite literally fly right on up to the stars - maybe have a spiritual experience while I was up there. Instead the dream showed me a series of still images. They were nice images, including a sunset and the inner planets of our solar system, but it wasn't quite the trip to the stars that I had imagined.

A few days after this dream I came to the realization that I had been acting on the direction the dream had taken. Beginning on New Year's Day, I picked up a little book of aphorisms that I have had for some years. There are about 300 brief inspirational quotes in the book, which I have read through a number of times. The images on each page are very similar to the still images from my lucid dream. I chose only to read the first quote, and each day since I have read one more. At various times during the day I have noticed the particular aphorism of that day making its way into my conscious mind. It has become somewhat of a daily goal to live out whatever piece of inspiration that day's quote has to offer. In the process I have also noticed that I am getting better at consciously remembering a pre-set agenda for myself - in this case to recall and "act out" the goal of the day. As we lucid dreamers know, to later recall a predetermined goal is related to more frequent lucid dreams. The conscious part of me in the dream had a purpose of exploring the stars, but clearly something in my unconscious had other plans for me. Or did it? I guess that depends on what it means to go to the stars. In the literal sense certainly I didn't visit the stars in my dream, but of course dreams are very metaphorical. In the sense of reaching for new heights, and perhaps having a spiritual experience, it feels clear to me that the dream did exactly that. The images of the sunset and celestial objects are similar to those in the pages of my little aphorism book. Did my subconscious create this purpose, or did it interpret the reason behind my desire to take a trip to the stars and therefore find a vehicle in which to do so?

When further examining my dream, one of my initial "possible" goals was to have a spiritual experience.

These aphorisms I am reading certainly fall in line with my sense of spirituality, and they keep those kinds of thoughts closer to the surface. In fact I'm making a conscious effort to think about these kinds of things on a daily basis.

It feels reasonable to me that the subconscious mind would interpret what your true desires are when you wish for something. For example, if you wish to earn more money, what is the reason behind the wish? Is it to have more security? Is it to have more respect or status? Ultimately there is some emotion you are looking for, and the money is the medium in which to gain that, at least that is what your belief is. But what if you gained security, respect and status without earning another dime? The extra money might still be nice, but it would become less of a personal need. So if I determine that I want to go "to the stars" but something else happens, perhaps the dream has interpreted my true intention of reaching for new heights and finding spiritual purpose in my life.

Of course all this brings up an interesting concept. It would seem that not only is my waking mind attempting to interpret the true meaning behind the dream, but that the dreaming mind is also trying to interpret the true meaning behind the conscious thought. You could even take that a step further and question which aspect of mind really is conscious and which is unconscious. In my experience, I would come to the conclusion that in either state both are simultaneously true.

This general idea is one that you can often observe expectations and results in lucid dreams. Sometimes the results are exactly or close to what you expect, whereas in other dreams what occurs is totally unexpected. Could one reason for that be that the dream is interpreting your subconscious intention behind the thought, like the analogy of determining the real reason you might want to earn more money? If that is the case, then you would have to conclude that even if you are "conscious" within the dream state, you still operate to a large degree unconsciously in the same sense that we do in the waking state. And, if that is true, then the closer your conscious thoughts are to the intentions behind them, the more the expectation would match the result within a lucid dream.

As for me, perhaps I'll re-think my intentions next time so that my purpose is to have fun.

Then, maybe, I'll make it to the stars.

Looking for My Inner Self

By Keith

In Robert Waggoner's book, "Lucid Dreaming – Gateway to the Inner Self", I read the chapters leading to the unveiling of an Inner Observer which, "...exists behind the dreaming and can communicate with the lucid dreamer through intelligent and responsive vocalizations, thoughts, information, and the presentation of new dream creations or experiences." (page 95) This Inner Observer "...remains hidden until consciously sought." This Inner Observer has, amongst other attributes, intelligence and awareness (or seemingly so).

Thoughts of inner ego, guides, inner self, overself, intuitive self, and so on, slid into view alongside my own ideas built up over the years. I found Robert's arguments and reasoning persuasive, even compelling, however, my inner sceptic kept me nicely discriminatory.

I started to think of the Inner Observer as an Inner Self, and reasoned that it would, if independent, always be present and that building good communication with it during lucid dreams could lead to much better communications in my waking day. I would have a friend of the most intimate type, continuously with me. "Me" would be 2 of us – a scary thought with scary ramifications, but if my Inner Self has always existed, we've got on very well so far, and isn't it so beautiful to fully share yourself with another?

So I set about looking for my Inner Self. I now started to think of it as an Other Self (OS).

Saturday Jan 10th 2009, 7:15am

Lucid - I lift off – dull grey void. I want to contact OS if exists and if there. I call out loudl , "Anybody there?" I suddenly feel scared (of getting the reply I seek) and nearly lose lucidity. I (mentally) close up. I open up and repeat the loud call and feeling scared. (I'm putting so much effort into the call I feel as though I'm calling physically, struggling through sleep paralysis and sort of hear myself as if awake.) A third time, open up, "Is anybody there!?" Nothing. Silence. I wait. Still nothing. Then I see/feel some object. I start to feel it with my hands and it is a balloon. I burst it slowly(!) and there is something inside. I feel/think it is a gift. As I unravel it I find it is a (red?) Xmas-type party hat – Party Time !! I cry and wake up.

I took this to be a very happy welcome from OS, and rather than talking to me directly (perhaps causing a heart jump), made a small, safe, non-scary, secondary-type communication via the party hat. "Party Time" resonates nicely with me – we're gonna have some fun!

A couple of incidents in waking life over the previous few weeks had reminded me of the healing/fixing properties of doing absolutely nothing for a while to allow assimilation and reflection, so I allowed a week to go by.

Friday Jan 16th 2009, 7ish - I incubate "meet other self".

Lucid – I say loudly, "I want to meet my Other Self." I'm in a room, older style furniture., I see myself in a mirror – partly. I see a clock and examine the face closely – it has wrong numbers and divisional marks – I laugh. I see some old ladies and I open a door for them and ask for my OS. I'm shown to go through a room and out – garden, people, sort of garden party. I ask for OS. I'm told, "Over there." I fleetingly see a dishevelled guy, jeans, checked shirt hanging half out, beard, unkempt bowl shaped hair. He's over a fence behind a tree, sitting on stairs leading to a veranda. I fly to him and ask if it is OS. He says yes and we embrace. We have some QandA and he gives some wisdoms (couldn't remember any when I woke). I ask if it really is him and he says yes, but can't answer a question, "Dad gave me a radio, what type?" I try not to form the answer – he doesn't know. I form, "AWA" in my mind – he still doesn't know - I'm not sure if the radio is a firm memory. I ask how we can make contact in the awake world. He doesn't form an answer. I feel an urgent need to poop and say I have to go. (Urgent! as they say in the US, I was prairie dogging.) I refuse to give in and leave, and ask again how we can make contact in waking reality – no answer. I talk to the group in the garden and tell them my quest and ask them for help i.e., "Is he my Other Self?" – I get no answers – they continue to party. I lose lucidly and wake.

I felt disappointed. I think the OS I found was on the spot self-created, not independent. When I woke there was no such feeling of needing to poop - was someone telling me my quest was full of ...poop?

I wait for another time. [I email Robert and he suggests a change of approach in which the lucid dreamer tries to see the lucid dream from the perspective of the Inner Self.]

Sunday February 15th, 7:50am

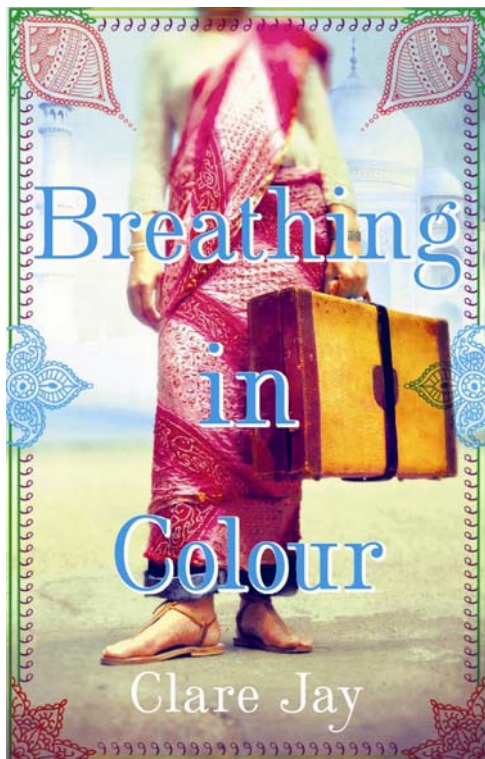
Lucid via a dreamsign - [some irrelevant LD detail omitted] I kept asking for communications with OS (Other Self) - I did this lots of times [some more irrelevant LD detail omitted]. I asked OS for something more meaningful, I then asked to see from the position of my OS. My state changed – there was a physical/mental buzzing and I felt horizontally spreadeagled on my back and rising at a medium-slow speed. I was allowing myself to be taken anywhere, giving myself to the experience. I felt (as OS) bigger than just the OS of me, It was as if OS oversaw lots of people and things (no distinction between “people” and other “things”) – sort of connected to not everything but connected endlessly (seems contradictory, but I didn’t feel an “end” to OS’s “jurisdiction/realm” but it was not “everything”) and I did not feel a connection to another OS. There was a hint of it being a job, there was no happiness. Then I saw lots of pictures/photos of semi-clad women - they were just sex objects. Each picture was very, very similar to the next. Then quickly on to a thick catalogue, and I riffled through the pages: each page opening had text and a ¾ page photo of an Asian man sitting on a chair at a tee off spot on a golf course. Each photo was very similar to the preceding one, as if all were taken in one hit by a slow motion camera. It was like people were just after material things, millions of possibilities, just to fill in time. There were no “higher” pursuits, just endless time fillers leading nowhere. I felt (as OS) bored because I (OS) would be spending countless hours/years facilitating and watching these “going nowhere” pursuits....

Aside #1. A few times during the LD I began to lose lucidity and refocussed and regained lucidity. One time, I opened my left eye for about 3 seconds, and had part attention on my bedroom and part attention on my LD. I closed my eye and re-entered the LD fully.

Aside #2. When I woke, I didn’t think there was anything worth recording. I didn’t remember trying to see things from the position of OS, I just remembered some of the omitted detail. I decided to write it up anyway, and all the stuff above just kept coming back. A good lesson there.

Aside #3. I can identify with the semi-clad women part, but I’m not into golf at all.

Over the last few weeks I have acted on intuition more than normal, mostly with excellent results. I’ll try again. Bit by bit.....P.S. If you haven’t read Robert’s book yet, do yourself a favour and get it. It is an excellent book and might be called a “classic in the field”.



Breathing in Colour is a novel about a mother, Alida, whose teenaged daughter goes missing while backpacking in India. Alida flies out to search for her and begins to have compelling lucid dreams featuring a mysterious disc-headed man...

Written by an experienced lucid dreamer as part of her PhD on the role of lucid dreaming in the creative writing process, ***Breathing in Colour*** is not only a gripping quest novel set in an exotic location, it also works with the strong colours and heightened sense perceptions of the dream world and explores the powerful healing ability of lucid dreaming.

Visit Clare Jay’s website, which includes articles on her lucid dream research, insights into the creative state of the ‘Writer’s Trance’, and extracts from the book.

www.clarejay.com

Breathing in Colour, by Clare Jay, is published by Piatkus of the Little, Brown Book Group, March 2009. Available from www.amazon.co.uk

And Now a Word from Ancient Egypt...

(c) 2009 Lucy Gillis

And that word is “rswt.” “Rswt,” or “resut” as it is sometimes written, is an ancient Egyptian word for dream. Its literal translation means “awakening” or “to come awake” and it is depicted in hieroglyphs as an open eye.

Another way the Ancient Egyptians expressed dreams was to combine the word for sleep (qed) symbolized by a bed, with rswt, the open eye symbol.

Some scholars and dream experts suggest that these symbols are interpreted to mean that Ancient Egyptians believed that in dreams, one’s eyes were opened to truths, or to solutions, or to advice – basically, that one could learn a lot from one’s dreams. Certainly, the importance of dreams to ancient Egyptians is evident when we consider the numerous temples that were devoted to dream incubation throughout Ancient Egypt. And, as dream enthusiasts, we know from experience that dreams can reveal, or “open our eyes,” to some pretty amazing things from personal insight (inner-sight?) to precognitive information, with a whole host of information and experience in between.

But what if the Egyptian symbols used for dream were meant to be more specific than how we are reading them? It doesn’t take a stretch of the imagination to interpret:

“rswt” (open eye) (“awaken”) + “qed” (bed) (“sleep”)

to read “awaken within sleep” or “come awake in sleep.” In other words, the symbols may be pointing to a state of consciousness that we today call lucid dreaming.

It also doesn’t take a stretch of the imagination to see the Ancient Egyptian preoccupation with out-of-body travel or “soul travel” depicted as soul (ba) journeying beyond the physical body and in the afterlife.

Many have suggested that the ancient Egyptians, in particular those who were involved in higher learning, or in the “mystery schools,” (sometimes called “Masters of the Secret Things”) had a deeper understanding of various states of consciousness, and perhaps even of reality itself, than we (“modern” man) can now comprehend.

It is thought that Ancient Egyptians believed each person had five bodies. It is not easy to understand their concepts in Western terms, but loosely translated there is: the ka (creative or divine power in all beings), the ba (what some call the soul, able to travel beyond the physical body), the akh (body of the deceased in the afterlife; the union of the ka and the ba), the name (seen as a living part of the person), and the shadow (another living part of the person). I believe that some, if not all, of these aspects of the individual can be interpreted to represent various states of consciousness, or multidimensional levels of the self.

As experienced lucid dreamers we can testify that in not all lucid dreams is our awareness or abilities equal. Perhaps the Ancient Egyptians recognized the reasons for this, and attributed the varying abilities and levels of awareness to differing states of consciousness, depicting them as different “bodies.” (Or is it “modern man” who has thrust the concept of five bodies onto a more sophisticated structure that he does not comprehend?)

It has been said that the hieroglyphs have layers of meaning, even beyond the already “accepted” ideas of object as well as sound. Some believe that the symbols took on an additional meaning to “the masters of the secret things” in a way that the common man, or the uninitiated would not recognise.

I’m certainly no expert on Egyptology, and I know even less about mystery schools and hieroglyphic translation. But in playing around with these ideas, I have to wonder: If Ancient Egyptians were adept at lucid dreaming, at “soul traveling” beyond the physical dimension, how might some tomb and temple inscriptions read if we tried to interpret them in terms of altered states of awareness, of conscious awareness of different dimensions of reality, or of multidimensional selfhood, instead of viewing them as most seem to see them: as pure mythology or as the uneducated belief system of a remarkable, though somewhat primitive civilization?

Any expert lucid dreaming Egyptologists out there have any comments? <g>

In Your Dreams!

A. Dreamer, December 1 2008

Local Lucids

1) DILD – I am in a (non-existent in waking life) room off my bedroom. I try to hand something to an elderly man from East India, some kind of a card. I return to my bedroom and find myself floating. I wonder if I could be dreaming.

Then I float more. I go through my door out to the deck. I expect it to be dark but it is like “dawn” just before the sun comes up. I hurry down the steps with some goal in mind but then realize I am not being very observant of the dream environment. I see there are a couple of people in the yard but then wake up.

2) WILD – Later I feel vibrations. I get out of bed and find I am floating. I realize I am dreaming. I go into the kitchen and hall where the cats sleep. There’s stuff all over my sink. I start to worry whether the cats got into things but then remind myself I’m dreaming – none of this is real.

At the end of the hall I see one cat with a pet rabbit. Did it get in the kitty door? (Again, I’m not thinking with complete lucidity!) There are piled bags of laundry and I see what looks like a guinea pig also on the floor with the cat. I remind myself none of this is real. Then I hear a dog bark. Back by the bookcases I see a smallish dog; black, white and brown. I bark back at it then wake up.

Keelin, November 2008

[WILD] Shivers of Bliss for J

Drifting back to sleep mid-night, I feel the distinct sensation of rocking side to side – a favorite, personal WILD technique that I haven’t experienced in quite awhile. I’m thrilled to realize that a dream is blossoming and my intentions for it are held clearly in mind!

The plan is to have a healing dream for my friend (J), but here come the familiar somatic sensations I’ve tended to call the “chilly vibes” since their first appearance years ago. Springing up at the onset of

lucidity, they can be intense and distracting enough to completely disrupt the dream state. This time, I remember that one of the ways I’ve decided to try and deal with them is to give them a more positive name. From now on, I will refer to them as “shivers of bliss” and try to welcome them as a sign of emerging lucidity.

Despite the new attitude, the sensations prove too strong and pull me into full waking. Soon, however, the feeling of rocking returns – along with the shivers of bliss! Again I think of J and my intention to have a healing dream on her behalf. Alas, I wake once more from the intensity of the vibrations.

As I lie there, it occurs to me that perhaps these “shivers of bliss” might themselves represent the perfect gift for her – the idea being that they course through the entire body and give the feeling of energy awakening. Why not, I think? I imagine sending them to her like a shower of magical fairy dust carrying positive healing energy right into her heart.

In the morning, I create an image to go along with the dream report and email to J.

Note: One of the many reasons I’m grateful for having learned how to lucid dream at will is that it offers timely opportunities to create unique images of healing energy or loving care for friends in need. They can then nurture these seeds of inspiration for healing within their own minds and bodies.

Dustin L. Smith, winter 2009

Most Exhilarating and Exciting Lucid Dream

My name is Dustin Lee Smith and I would love to share one of my most exhilarating and exciting lucid dreams with you.

This dream started out with me walking out of the front door of my house. It was a bright and sunny day and I could feel the warmth of the sun shining on my face. It was around 3:30pm. I could tell because I lived about a quarter of a mile away from the High School and there was an alley way that passed beside

my home and another street went down a hill beside my house where the alley way ended, it was a main route for students walking from and to the school. The students were walking up the alley toward my house and then they took a right at my house which went down a hill. This usually happened every day around 3:30pm.

In the crowd I saw a friend, she was a girl named Johanna. I walked down the hill to talk to her about something important. The conversation ended and I started to walk back up the hill toward my house, when I noticed there was a sidewalk stairway going up to nothing where it should have been going down to another sidewalk. At that point I realized I was dreaming and I said to myself, "This isn't real it's a dream."

After that I started flying, because it's my favorite thing to do when I can control my dreams. I got to about a thousand feet in the air, at least it seemed that way. Then all of a sudden I heard my own voice aloud echoing loudly saying, "This isn't a dream this is real"! At that point I stopped in mid air in slow motion. The clouds' outline permanently changed to a dark shade of red, while the sky and the inner part of the clouds started changing to random and vivid colors of blue, green, and purple.

Meanwhile as the slow motion faded I started to fall backwards toward the ground, and as I fell I saw several layers of darkness surround me for brief moments that lasted less than a half second each time. The layers were the roof and different levels of my house. Then bam! I hit my bed. Then I sat up and opened my eyes and looked around my room and everything was normal.

I was awake or so I thought. I blinked and really woke up this time! I looked around my room and everything was exactly the same as when I was dreaming just a moment before, including the light from the sun in the window, the dust in the air, and even the shadows from little things like a piece of paper on the floor. I woke my friend Rob up (he stayed the night at my place on the chair in my bedroom) I hysterically told him the story of my experience and it seemed like I was seeing trails from his hands as he lit a cigarette!

After I told him the story, he told me, "It's ok, things like that happen sometimes." I shut my eyes for a moment (a long blink) and realized he was still asleep. I had never awakened him and everything he said never happened, YET! I flipped out and got out

of my bed this time and started to shake him to wake him up.

After we were both wide awake I told him what all happened except for what he said. Then he said "Almost" the same exact thing I thought he said when he was still asleep: he said, "Don't worry, things like that happen sometimes"! I had a strange experience that I can only explain as astral projection and foresight. It was the strangest thing that has ever happened to me!

Carlos T., December 28, 2008

Most Rewarding Lucid Dream

[I have been practicing "dream yoga" for one year. I have had five lucid dreams. This has been the longest and the most rewarding.]

After a rather disturbing dream I found myself washing in front of a large mirror. I saw a younger image of myself and the running water felt somewhat odd. I suddenly realized that I was dreaming and, like in previous experiences, sought immediately to validate my perception. This time instead of flying I pushed my hand through the mirror. To my amazement my hand went through with ease. I turned around shouting with joy and rubbing my hands.

I found myself in a round house which somehow seemed familiar. A social gathering was taking place as several figures milled about. I remembered that I had agreed to try to help a friend become lucid. Before I could finish the thought my friend appeared to my left. She appeared to be younger too. However, I had not prepared a specific technique to help her become lucid and she drifted back into the dream. Later I found myself in a passionate embrace with a different female thought-form. I stopped short of actual intercourse afraid that the excitement might end the dream.

I continued to explore my surroundings. A man with a grotesquely deformed arm stared at me. I looked away uneasy and ignored his deformity. I kept pushing my hands through different objects to keep validating my perception. However, half way through the dream, the wall became hard as rock and I was unable to push my hand through. This seemed odd since I was perfectly able to do a mental trace back and I was sure I was still dreaming. I gathered all my strength and was able to push my hand through the wall by sliding it at an angle. I felt an immense sense of accomplishment and decided to test whether written letters change as I had read they do.

As if on request, a dream character handed me a set of glowing letters stuck together like a neon sign. I looked away for a few seconds before looking back at the words. The letters remained unchanged as did the scenery around me. Further encouraged, I crossed my legs in the meditative posture and intended myself to leave the 'party.' The sky opened and I found myself floating in misty light blue scenery. Less suddenly than it had begun I lost self-awareness and woke up.

[Reflection: Kudos to R. Waggoner. No doubt reading his book inspired and guided my experience. I found particularly valuable his observations on the all-determining role of Focus, Beliefs, Expectations, Will and the 'factor X' in shaping the nature of the vivid dream experience. Less than a month after this vivid dream, I had a displacement of awareness experience. I am now reading about specific techniques to replicate it.]

RO KESS, January 7 2009
Island Bar

(WILD, with visualization of flying and successful transition into a dream of swimming.)

I'm swimming in the lake at night. The sky is overcast, moonlight shining diffusely through clouds, but no stars visible. The water is very dark, slightly choppy. My head is above the water at first, but I dive so I can swim and breathe underwater. I swim underwater like that for a while, not going very deep into the dark water because I'm somewhat afraid of what might be down there, but I try not to think about it. I'm very aware of the great depth of water beneath me. The swimming feels completely real, except for being able to breathe. Fish swim up to me and look at me and swim away. I stick my head back up and see an island in the distance, and swim towards it. It takes a shorter time to get there than I would have thought from the distance that it seemed to be.

I climb out of the water onto the rocks. I squeeze the water out of my hair and drip off for a minute and look to see what's there. It's a building, with a lighted area in front, and people. I walk towards it and see that a patio has been made into the rocks of the shore, leaving most of the rocks intact, but with pathways between tables, which are on flat areas at different levels. It's a very interesting design; each table is in its own little private area on a separate rock, but it's easy to walk in between them on the pathways, which are surfaced with green artificial turf-type carpet. People are sitting and talking, and a man and woman²² who I assume to be the proprietors are walking

amongst the tables. There is artificial lighting, but it's not very bright, and there are a lot of shadows. It's a strange sight, this small lighted area surrounded by the darkness of the rest of the island and the huge expanse of water of the lake.

People glance at me as I walk up and into the patio. I feel self-conscious, being all wet, but they just saw me get out of the water, so what can I say. I'm completely aware that it's a dream--I feel as conscious as IRL, but it's one of those where it's so realistic that I don't feel like acting too weird or anything. I have in mind the tasks I had been focusing on at the same times as trying to WILD, one of which is to find a helpful DC and talk to them and ask them to please come back and help me get lucid in the future.

The woman who had been waiting tables is in the path, and I stop and put my hand out. She shakes my hand, but winces in pain and drops it immediately, saying, "You shocked me!" Then she nods to the door of the building and says, "The bar's in there."

I walk up a curving path to the building. There's a doorman sitting on a stool, leaning against the door-jam, not looking too worried about who might show up. He nods to me, says something. I reach out to him and he takes my hand, but the same thing happens--he jerks back and says that I shocked him. He frowns, but lets me go in.

It's darker inside than it was out, but I can see. I pause for a moment after I get in to see what's going on. Music is playing, and people are sitting and standing around, most on the floor level which is a few steps down from the entrance level. Nothing spectacular. The bar is near the entrance, and there are several DC's standing around there, not doing too much, just drinking and looking around at the people on the floor. I stand at the railing which separates the bar area from the floor and look at them, and at the people seated, but I want to make sure I find the right one before I start talking. Another goal is to stop and think before acting, which is a lot easier in this sort of high-level dream, so I'm not having any trouble just observing. I realize there's a short line for the bar, a couple people, so I stand behind them and wait as they get their drinks.

It's just a small bar, no stools, and a single bartender behind it. He hands me a beer before I say anything. I look at him, and he says, "That's free, but if you want anything else you have to pay." The bottle is a weird shape, not like a beer bottle, oddly short and big at the bottom, and it feels too light. I hold it up, trying

to see into it, and I see that there is liquid in it. The bartender watches me do this. I turn to see what I can find....

(Wake! I have a goal of repeating this experience and hopefully getting back to the same place.)

David, December 9 2008

Destroy all insects

The first time I had a lucid dream, I was 5 years old. The night before, I had a nightmare about giant praying mantises coming to eat me in my room. That was the first and only nightmare I've ever had. My dad told me then that whenever I'm scared in a dream, just remember that it's MY dream, and I have control over what happens. If big mean bugs are trying to get me, just imagine him appearing and smashing them all. And that's what I did.

The next day I had the beginnings of another nightmare, with cockroaches swarming all over the place. I remembered what my dad had told me the night before, and I simply imagined him appearing and crushing them all. Once my dad was in the dream, I started crushing the bugs myself, too. That's about all I really remember of it, and given my age, that's probably all there really was to the dream.

I've always been conscious of the fact that I'm dreaming. I've never done any kind of meditation to control my dreams, I just do it. It's actually odd for me to think that people 1: Can't control their dreams if they want to and 2: Need to perform some sort of meditative exercises to do it. I just do it.

D (U.K.), January 16 2009

Flying Dream

An amazing flying dream over quite a dramatic ocean. Amazing blue colours, water and light. Consciously feeling myself move in bed as I willed my dream self higher over the waves.

Pencils floating in the water. Being aware of having left people previously in the dream, like I had just met with and been part of something, with people that meant something to me. The ocean had suddenly replaced the previous dream.

I was waking up. Waking up from what had been a deeper dream experience. A woman, blue, dazzling. Waterfalls. Beautiful. Being aware of my adoration of the blue woman. The colour of the woman

becoming the colour of the ocean that became my waking dream.

I became aware of my waking body and for a moment the dream continued to play itself out somewhere behind my eyes.

Rebecca Turner, January 14 2009

Lucid Time Travel

It's about 9 o'clock in the morning and I'm having a lie-in. My body feels extremely heavy so I decide not to move and try to induce a lucid dream. As I drift back to sleep I imagine a big empty beach in my mind's eye. I feel very attached to this image as my body falls asleep... and soon the beach becomes populated with lots of people. I am engulfed by the dream scene and am fully lucid.

I walk along the sand, observing what seems to be summer holidays from the 1950s. Everyone is dressed very quaintly and all the old fashioned cars are parked along the shore.

I decide to seek out my partner, and find him lying under a sun shade. I have an idea to go skimming along the surface of the water and fly to the horizon together. I make as if I am going to jump into the ocean, but hover above the surface instead. Then I pick up speed and skim across the surface like a bird. My partner follows. The water is deep blue and shimmering in the sunlight. I dip my hands into the ocean and feel the cool water run through my fingers. It feels incredibly peaceful.

There is music playing in my head, very clearly. I don't recognize the song, I think it's an original! There is a man singing and playing an acoustic guitar, a very mellow but happy song. He is backed up by violins and other strings, giving it a very full sound in my head. I try to memorize the song for when I wake up, all in crystal clarity.

The sun gets lower in the sky. I circle back towards the shore and glide among people playing in the sea. In time I return to the beach and allow the dream to be guided by my subconscious. I am soon among a new set of dream characters. We have stepped a little further into the future; people are dressed differently.

I am with a small group; one woman in her late 20s says "Wow I remember coming to this place when I was a kid". We look out across the bay and two images overlay the beach in succession: one from the 1950s with all the old cars and rural background,

another from the 1970s now with towers and built-up hotels in the background. I realize I have been in both timelines today.

Dusk turns to night and now there is a beach party in the darkness, lit with candle lanterns standing in the sand. By now, about 15-20 minutes have passed in real time and I have some sense of lucidity but it comes and goes. There is a blonde woman stepping out of a beach hut, wearing a modern slinky dress - have we gone further forward in time again? She walks over a sand dune and I follow her. By the time I surface over the dune, the woman has turned into a dog! She is scampering around on the amber-lit beach. I walk over the sand which feels cool and smooth underfoot, and watch the dog run around for a while. I am soon woken up by noises in the real world.

(Please note this dream has already been published in my latest Lucid Dreaming newsletter)
www.World-of-Lucid-Dreaming.com

Steve Howlett, December 12 2008
My First Lucid Dream

Here is a description of the first lucid dream of my life!

This happened today: 12th Dec 2008 at roughly 5am GMT.

I am a 33 year old guy and live in London, U.K. You know the terrace houses that are all over London? Three bedrooms upstairs with a bathroom and two receptions rooms plus kitchen downstairs. The Victorian ones?

So, I was downstairs in a house like this, at the back and I opened a door where the kitchen is normally and I saw a portal or some kind of hole in space. This hole was vertical and round and about 15 foot across.

A lorry: a huge articulated lorry was being sucked into it backwards the cab where the driver sits was just to my left. This next bit is freaky...

I saw two shadow people to the right. They had very bright red eyes; they were like lights - little red bulbs. As soon as I saw them I felt malevolent intent.

So next I turned away feeling a bit freaked out and I started to walk to the front of the house to the door and in my hands appeared a scaffolding pole. I turned
24 around and went back to where those red eyed

shadow people were. I pushed the pole into them - basically attacking them. It did not do much. The pole just went thru them - they moved away a bit but not much. It just didn't do anything much to them.

So then I went back to the front of the house and I opened the front door to leave the house. As I did so I realised I was dreaming.

I was dreaming but fully conscious.

I put my hand up to the sky and began to float upwards. I faced the back of the house. I floated above the roof of the house.

I could see all the houses in the road.

AND I was FULLY aware I was dreaming at this point.

I knew I was dreaming.

I went higher. Behind the house were two roads. Behind the two roads were a field and a wood. The sky was misty. It was foggy. I went higher. The higher I went the more mist and fog there was.

Eventually I could see nothing but white. I was surrounded by cloud.

Then I woke up.

Wow!

W. S., February 8 2009
Can I Help You?

The dream started with me in a dark street. It was a long street, not in downtown, looked more like a street from the outskirts of the city. My boyfriend picked me up in a car, and asked me to go to a friend's house, but first stop by our apartment. At the apartment we started preparing food and cleaning up as if we were having guests.

Then my next door neighbour knocked on the door. I opened the door and he was standing there with his phone on his ear. I could see the cord of the phone stretched. He stretched it all the way from his apartment. My neighbour entered my apartment dancing and we all started dancing. Then I was standing next to my boyfriend and I said, "Did you feel that?"

He stopped dancing and I felt my body covered in some kind of energy. I was paralyzed and my whole body was feeling like an electric current that gave me goose bumps when it went through me.

My body got lifted and I saw myself in bed. I couldn't move but I recognized that I was in bed and somehow in a different state of consciousness. Then I saw this light on my window, there was a shape of a body cutting the light. Then I asked, "Who are you? Are you our Lady in White?"

The person who was outside the window replied, "Are you crazy?" and I noticed as if he was upset that I mistook him for a woman. Then he said, "And a soul that have some pending issue."

I said, "Can I help you?" I felt as if he was smiling and then I felt the energy going through my body again. I saw myself in a mirror and I said to my reflection, "Oh shit!"

And I woke up.

Dimitri Halley, Winter 2008
How to Awaken from the Dream both
Within and Out of Sleep

I was on my way home, jogging, and I encountered a group of persons which were like workers under an overseer. I translated something for him; that he is not as they thought, something that he was somewhat kind, while they saw him as the opposite.

I go with them into some bunker (where they are stuck). It is in the bunker when I realize I am dreaming. There I was showing them that they were caught in their own dreams and that they could get out, but it was mental. The somewhat weird thing is that it was like the whole group was stuck in this dream. The plot was that they could change this dream they were in here and without.

But that still, even though it was mental, it had to go through different stages. To illustrate this I told a guy next to me that he had done something right (so) that I could come there to tell him this; how I had changed water (wet) to dry, not only in my dreams but in real life. Another guy sitting there hearing it started to try to change the situation in the dream with his mind, like by closing his eyes and concentrating hard on it. I told him it didn't work like that. That they first had to understand what they had done to create what was now here. Like for instance,

I said, "You have done something for me to be here to help you."

Note: So the plot was that I appeared somehow in their dream, which was a shared dream and somehow they had called me there, and I was helping them to change the dream they were (stuck) in.

Lucy Gillis, February 14 2009
That Would Be Cheating

I am in a dreamscape that is made up of several environments, superimposed over the same "space." The contours of a hill that I am walking up, mirrors the contours of a street near my home. Overlaid on this "street" is a hill near a school I attended as a child. I am walking "to work," and among the elements of the city street and rural school area are familiar buildings that belong to my work area.

Other people are walking by, going about their business, cars and trucks drive past. I also see a deep green field and a wooded area all in this same place.

Soon I come to a construction area. A partially built building on or over railway tracks are along my route, and somehow I soon find myself inside a small enclosed corner of a building. It is partially underground and, looking up, I can see outside, through a small opening that I assume will one day be a basement window. The walls and ceiling are unfinished. 2x4's, electrical cables, water pipes, and dirt, and even train rails are all around me. The only way out is through that small opening. Briefly, I wonder how I ended up in here.

I begin to climb up the wall, grabbing onto whatever I can find, but as I get close to the window it now seems like it would be too small for me to get through. I go back down and look up at the "window" again, to reevaluate my only option. I see a mesh fence in the distance.

Instantly, I know that I am dreaming. I stare up at the window space and know that since I'm dreaming, I can simply fly up and penetrate through any obstacle and be outside in a flash. Or I could will the opening to be bigger and fly through without penetrating any object. Or, I could even change the scene entirely. But suddenly I think to myself, "But that would be cheating," and immediately, lucidity is dropped. I am now fully NON-lucid again.

However, I am now very determined that I will get out that window space, and have no doubts I can

do it, and so once more I climb up to the opening, and this time I reach up and pull my body over the edge and force my way through the space. I stand up, once outside, and continue walking....

Note: I've purposely let go of lucidity in dreams before, usually if I am exhausted and simply want sleep, or if I am so listless that I can't think of anything to do with my lucidity. But I have never let it go because I thought "it would be cheating"! This behaviour is new to me and yet I find it interesting that after a brief moment of lucidity, I suddenly had more determination to get out of the small space. It was as though the moment of lucidity gave me (the non-lucid part of me) an infusion of determined or inspired energy. I had to laugh when I woke though, as it made me think of some people who fear lucidity, and think that "dreams should not be tampered with." I wonder, if they ever caught themselves lucid, would they think they were cheating? <g!>

Cita, February 7 2009
Lucid Dream

It was this morning, 2/7/09, that I had a lucid dream. I have had about 3 or 4 lucid dreams before and I'm just 15. When I was asleep I began to dream that one of my friends or my sister was sitting on the bed by me. As she started to speak I became lucid.

How she talked scared me. I don't remember what she said, but she had a deep voice (like when exorcisms are preformed and the demon talks through the person) so I became very scared by then. I tried to open my eyelids and move my legs at the same time. When I began to open my eyes I thought I saw something in the dark but I'm not sure if I was still dreaming, but I was facing the wall.

It felt like I could move my feet and I think I was kicking hard, then I could feel my legs move. I tried to move my whole body and finally I woke up. I began to pray Our Father and Hail Mary over and over again until I fell back asleep.

A. Dreamer, December 13-14 2008
Running With Horses

I am at a school trying to get the attention of the children I teach. I suddenly notice my CD player is missing but then think - it's just a dream - it doesn't matter. I'm not fully lucid yet, so continue to try to teach the class. It is frustrating.

Then I think - I'm dreaming. I can leave and do something more interesting. Lucid, I'm ready to exit the building through a wall. The only problem is I seem to have lost my dream body though the scene is still there.

I remind myself where my legs should be and start to move them. Eventually I get through the wall into a completely different scene. I am on a large path running through a town but later I go into the country and am running by the bank of a river.

There are lots of people running and also some horses running with us. I recall how in Spain people run with bulls. I think this could be similar. I run with the people and horses enjoying myself. I go through the town and along the river. When I get to the river I don't see the horses anymore, but I continue to run with the people. It is a pretty scene but finally the path peters out.

Then I see a narrow path leading up a hill where cedar trees are growing. The soil is reddish. I start to climb the path but wake up.

Godscell, April 18 2007
A Little Astral Action

So, I learn and things begin to happen fairly quickly.

We go to our friend's 40th birthday. There's just 6 of us in a horse drawn carriage with a three course meal. That night we stay in a hotel. Every so often the air conditioner makes a noise and it works to induce a kind of rhythm-napping scenario.

I'm out of body, my body is below me but I'm tired and I don't want to do it then so I'm back in my body. It happens three times throughout the night. In the morning I'm really annoyed with myself that I kept aborting the experience.

Throughout this early period I have the experience of moving etheric limbs fairly often. Every so often I'll see hypnagogics but I still don't know anything about phasing. In fact, I still haven't tried phasing. I also continually hear astral noise but I've heard this all my life so it's not really a novelty.

Keeping a dream journal makes me realise how often I'm having flying dreams or other such dreams like floating on water or riding on something swift.

Keelin, October 2008 [Wake Initiated Lucid Dream]

An Intentional Embrace for G

In the middle of the night, I lie with eyes closed beside my husband as he tries to lull himself back to sleep by reading. When I begin seeing a scene of our bedroom, I note the oddities/mismatches to waking reality: the room is alit with a soft peachy glow and my husband is no longer beside me. Not only that, but I'm floating facedown a few feet above the bed, slowly rotating horizontally. Convincing enough! I rub my dream hands to stabilize the state and remember my intention to have a healing dream for G.

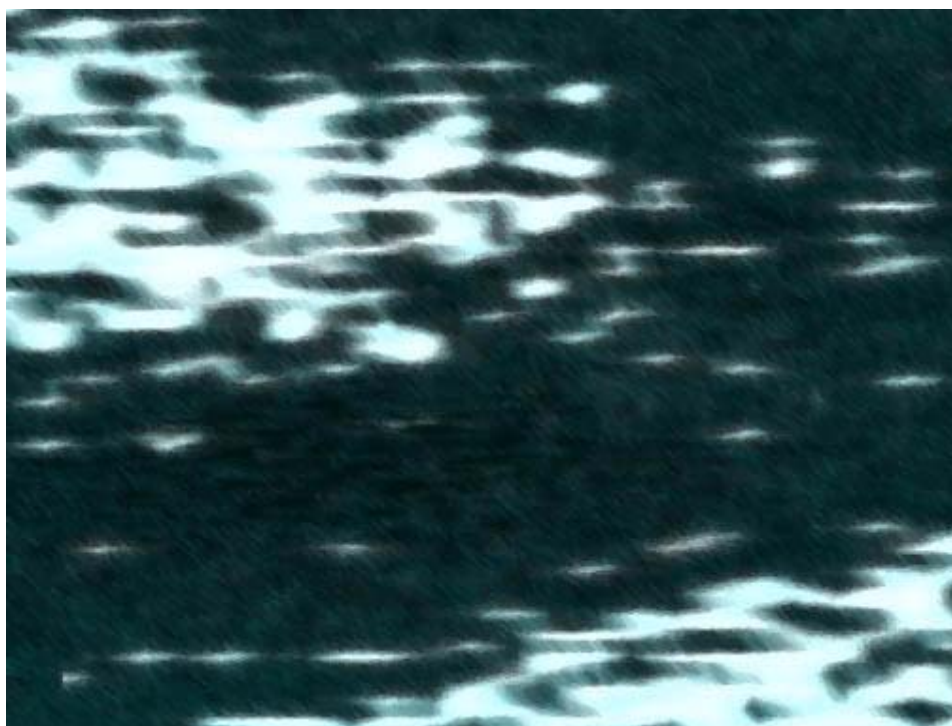
My own bedroom doesn't seem an appropriate setting for this goal, so when balance within the dream state feels secure, I decide to use the spinning technique to create a new environment. After twirling in a vertical position, I stop and find myself hovering horizontally several feet above the most stunningly beautiful moonlit indigo sea. I will myself to float down to just inches above the water, splashing the surface with the hope of conjuring dolphins, imagining their silky, luminous shapes gliding below. No dolphins appear and suddenly I remember my original intention of a healing dream. Immediately the scene changes and I'm now in a fairly accurate replication of GandS's living room – the perfect setting! Now all I need do is conjure the likes of G.

In the back of my mind, I'm aware that this task (summoning the image of a specific person) can have its challenges, but I focus primarily on imagining G as I stand with my empty arms in an embracing position, pretending they encircle him. It's as if I'm holding a sacred space while intending/waiting for his image to simply appear. I recall that we spoke on the phone just a few days ago and use the memory of his voice to help with the conjuring. And suddenly a remarkable resemblance of G appears in my embrace!

As I think healing thoughts for the G of waking reality, I gently hold his representative dream figure, my hands intentionally placed along his spine, which, in reality, has been a recently painful area for him. The feeling tone of this quiet experience is at once powerful and emotionally moving.

After a few moments, the scene shifts dramatically and I'm now remotely observing the image of a doctor seated at a narrow table against a wall in a narrow, dimly lit laboratory. He is examining a collection of oddly shaped specimens in a small, clear baggie. They appear mostly flat and somewhat rounded, like small prisms or crystals. A voiceover commands: "Look again!" and he does, suddenly realizing it is some kind of evidence of G's healing. He bolts out of his chair and dashes from the room.

As he rushes down a hallway, I merge with this dream figure doctor. Now holding the baggie, I climb the rounded rungs of a metal ladder to a loft area where I find another dream version of G lying in a bed. He appears to be in no pain. I note that his image is a bit different than that of G in waking reality. Excitedly, I show him the "evidence."



Notes: Other than the dramatic voiceover, not a single word was heard or spoken during this dream. A couple of days following this experience, as I walked through a local market, a sparkling sunlit display of flat/rounded prisms caught my eye. I purchased a string of them -- three small crystals with a larger one at the bottom. They reminded me of my dream and also of spinal discs. During a visit with G shortly thereafter, I shared the dream and gave him the crystals, along with a long hug, and this image of a moonlit indigo sea. During this visit, I found that the second dreamed image of G turned out to be a remarkable match for how he actually looks now after going through recent cancer treatments.

As of this writing, G continues with his medical treatments and we remain hopeful.

Barbara J. Manning, November 29 2008
Unordinary Structure

My lucid dream experiences for many years are ever changing dimensions of insight, joy and wonder. I'm thrilled to learn of many others, also experiencing lucid dreaming or wanting to explore it. In the 1970's, little was written about it and now we have more resources and greater interest.

How do I cultivate the desire to be lucid while dreaming? I use intention through meditation before falling asleep. Sometimes I ask for a symbol to occur to verify my intent. Sometimes my waking reality inspires the dreams to happen. Sometimes they are life changing for me.

How do I know I am awake within the dream? Most often, I see or sense unordinary things and I am involved, rather than an observer watching things play out. I ask questions of my dream figures and some of them answer. My conversation with dream figures is a strong cue for me. When I create an intention, like "fly, now," it most often happens. For many dreams, I usually see a hazy orange glow at various points within the dream and that is another cue for me to know I am awake within the dream. As I become stronger in my abilities, new ways are emerging. I enjoy exploring.

The following is my lucid dream. I saw an odd shaped three level structure that I thought to be a house. Curiosity triggered me to enter it and at that point I knew I was awake in the dream.

In the first level, the "walls" were wavy energy vertical type "lines." The ability and activity of the walls of energy created color in a paint-like manner that bled through to canvas hangings on or near the wavy walls. It was like seeing an abstract painting come to life and the painter was pure energy within the walls.

I was afraid of this energy room at first. Fear almost caused the dream to collapse, but I focused on being in the moment and enjoyed watching the paintings emerge. I heard laughter coming from the 2nd level, sounds of a saw, and someone hammering nails. I walked upstairs and saw people and aware dream figures working on a sculpture of sorts. A carpenter was pounding nails into a framework of various planes and angles. Someone was sawing branches and the scent of wood was in the air. Others were milling about. Dream figures socialized with me.

"What are you building?" I asked.

The guy with the saw said, "The show."

"A show of what?" I asked. No reply.

The carpenter stopped building the framework and entwined red dogwood branches into a round ball-like sculpture. Someone added eucalyptus leaves that smelled wonderful with the freshly cut wood. The others added unknown elements. One dream figure mimed action as if adding something to the sculpture, but nothing was added that I could see. I asked, "What are you doing?"

The mime figure said, "Playing my part."

I asked, "What is your part?" No answer.

I walked up to the 3rd level. It was a kitchen. Tim (a familiar friend from the 70's, whom I haven't seen since) was sitting at a raw lumber table on a hand hewn bench. "Tim, is that really you?" I asked.

"Yes," he said, "I'm going over the budget to build. Make yourself at home."

I was happy to see a familiar person. The others in the kitchen were not in human form, except for Tim and a woman.

Grease was boiling on the stove. A wood fire was burning in an airtight stove next to the kitchen stove, which was also a wood burning stove.

"How are you, Tim?" I asked. "Good, good," he replied.

I decided to go back down to the 2nd level. I fell in love with the carpenter. We kissed. I directed his attention to a big trunk painted with a beautiful vineyard; lines and circles of grapevines.

"I am the one laying in that row," I told the carpenter, pointing to the vineyard. "See? I'm wearing colorful Guatemalan clothing."

"Oh, you look lovely," he said.

We morphed into the painting on the trunk. He laid beside me in a row between grapevines. The sun was hot. The grapes, bursting with scent. We started to make love, but I told him I was married. He said he was married, also. "It's ok," he said, "we are the same." Our union was powerful. I enjoyed a fantastic orgasm.

We morphed from the painting on the trunk, back to sculpture making. It was fun creating it with others.

Then, I flew upstairs to the kitchen. I saw a fire in the stove area. "Let's put it out," I shouted. The woman was about to throw a bucket of water on what I thought was a grease fire. "No, don't pour water on a grease fire," I shouted and knocked the water from her hands. I poured baking soda on the fire. The fire did not go out.

"See, I was right," said the woman, "it needs water." I argued with her as the blazing fire continued. Tim and the others seemed unconcerned.

The drama between the "water" woman and me with a bucket of baking soda continued for a long time as we argued about what type of fire it was and how best to put it out.

An orange glow faded to black. I grew tired of the drama. I woke up thinking about when my ego wants or needs to be right about a concern or topic.

My first interpretation upon waking was that I had dreamt of my brain and its many functions. The first level of the structure was my brain stem experiencing anticipation. Then my amygdale triggered fear, but when I got to the second level, I was filled with wonderful emotions and the unknown. I discovered creative energy at work and later in the dream (somewhere in my brain), I experienced an orgasmic sensation. On the third level, I experienced planning and problem solving, like the frontal cortex of my brain was reasoning within or behind the dream.

In waking reality, during the week of having this dream, I had a confrontation with someone who insisted they were right about something I opposed. We argued, however I was better able to handle the disagreement because of my recent dream experience. My dream directed me to think about my ego and how it worked. The mental construct about how to put out a grease fire in a lucid dream really didn't matter. Egos have a challenge in telling the difference between a situation and its reaction to that situation. In waking reality, I tried to state my truth without identifying with a mental position. I was able to position my ego as an observer, rather than an active participant, therefore the confrontation deescalated. Being conscious in lucid dreaming helped me to be conscious in waking life and in this case, how to deal with my ego. All in all, I believe dream work has helped me understand my life and our world.

John Peterson, Winter 2009
They Are Awesome!

Okay here we go.....

I always have lucid dreams at least one every night. They're always getting more and more clear and real to me. The only thing I don't get is why I also get sleep paralysis?

My sleep paralysis has a good connection with lucid dreaming usually only sometimes. But I'm wondering if anyone else has sleep paralysis the same way I do. Okay this is how it goes: I wake up after a nice lucid dream and I get angry because I want it to last much longer than it has so I shut my eyes to fall back asleep and within five minutes, I start hearing the noise like when you get a blood rush to your head. My visual sees something like the space screen saver for Windows™ but with yellow lines instead of white stars.

I then start to realize that I'm paralyzed and freak out and try to do my best to move my body and the thing that works best for me is to try to lift my shoulders up and sit up as fast as I can and it always works.

After that session happens I calm down and try to go back to sleep once more... BAD IDEA! This sets me into a worsened sleep paralysis where it feels like 20 minutes has gone by. This one was worse because I heard at least thousands of screams at the same time. It's kinda like the sound you would expect to hear in hell, is the way I like to describe it. I try the sitting up method but no luck! So I keep trying that method and think to myself, maybe if I yell for help someone will wake me up. I finally get a nice little yelp out there and all of a sudden I'm back into normal me again.

I then STOP TRYING TO FALL BACK ASLEEP and get right out of bed and research what happened to me and then it finally made me realize that they're not as bad as I think. I'm just glad that I don't get the ones where I can actually open my eyes and see because that would be a whole other scare that I never want to experience.

As for my Lucid Dreaming THEY ARE AWESOME! Pretty much in every single one I try to have sex with the first girl I can think of. It usually starts out with me having a dream where I know I can't do it in real life. Like I would be outside of my house in a dream, and it would be summer, and in real life it would be winter, so I stop the whole dream and say HEY I'M DREAMING I GOTTA GO

FIND THAT GIRL! Within seconds I'm walking right up to her and, yeah, you know what happens after that... The only thing that sucks is that 75% of the time I get too excited and wake up before orgasm.

After I wake back up I'll try to go back to sleep and then BAM sleep paralysis...

I love lucid dreaming more than life itself. I would pay 100 dollars just to have it for 1 hour! It's my favourite thing in the world right now and once you get it down, you will like it too!

Elly García, Winter 2009
My Most Treasured Lucid Dream

I began to write down dreams that are vivid in my memory, to include lucid dreams. I even give them titles so...here is my most treasured Lucid Dream. If I write it out like I'm telling a story, it helps me remember.

"The Rebel"

I often helped my mother with her jobs when I was younger. She was a janitor at a few different companies, and I'd tag along and help her clean. There was this shipping company where she worked for over 10 years and they had a large warehouse. Every night after all the company personnel left, we'd show up and clean. Only this time, I was alone. This is where my lucid dream began, even though I did not know it yet.

Bending and twisting around with pipelines surrounding me. My best guess was that I was up towards the rafters of the building. Finding my way down towards the lower level of the warehouse - I was on a mission to find someone, I didn't know who, but I could feel a calling. Someone wanted me down there. The piping seemed like a maze and I had to be careful to not touch certain ones, because they would be hot to the touch. This dank old building was not a very friendly feeling place at night. There was usually a creepy bat or two fluttering about. And the humming sound, which I could only compare to a refrigerator cooling sound effect didn't make it any nicer. It was almost like I was in a sewer. The lights were dim as I approached the concrete floor. I headed towards the front corner of the warehouse. A few offices were there along with a polished floor and a doorway to the actual office portion of the company, where the non-warehouse employees worked. I was heading towards that door to leave the warehouse section when I saw him.

He was a little taller than an average man. His skin was somewhat pale, yet still looked very lively. His hair was dark and had a little spikiness to it. His clothes reminded me of sort of a "punk" fashion, yet still looked neat. He stood somewhat lazily but sure of himself. He had a slight smile, almost as if he was smug. He knew what he was doing, and he knew that he was good.

I started to walk towards him and found that I couldn't. His smile widened, that look in his eyes opened something inside of me. A hazy fog had been lifted. I knew I was in a dream, and then I knew I could manipulate everything around me. Because of course, it was MY dream. I've done it plenty of times before.

I tried to conjure up a sort of repelling power to knock him down but he lifted his hand and an invisible force pushed me away. I was panicking, this was MY dream? How could someone in MY dream be more powerful than me? His smile widened and he came closer. He spoke, even though I didn't remember seeing his mouth move once.

"You don't remember? I will show you that you're not totally in control, at least not yet."

I grew angry, how was my own dream putting me down? Disgusted, I decided to insult him. "How are you going to talk to me like that? You're nothing but one of my dream characters. You come from me, you don't exist." This usually worked on other dream characters, I've found when I told them that they were just my dream characters, they'd turn fearful and try to escape from me. Like they were going to get in trouble if someone or something found out that they were talking to me by themselves, not like my "dream story" intended them to. However, this person's smile only grew wider.

"Not all of us are that scared. Some of us, though very few, hide and evade the enforcement. Again, I wanted to show you that you're not the one in control of what you dream of. Until I show you."

His eyes bore into mine then he quickly flicked them away. As if he were distracted. I knew they were coming to dispose of him, the one who didn't keep with the rules, the rebel.

I knew he had to leave, and with one last look he turned and jumped away into nothingness. The feeling of urgency of being caught, washed away as quickly as he left. The "Watchers" were not coming.

I continued into the office portion of the building. Trying to distract myself, I knew he was going to come for me again, there was a hidden message in the way he looked at me. Assurance. After a while I walked back into the warehouse, fully expecting him to be there. He wasn't. Against the wall was a desk. At the desk, sat a very beautiful woman, blonde with a very good fashion sense. I became immediately jealous. She looked up at me and smiled. I knew she was his "secretary" of sorts. He was always "on the run" after all. She reached into the left desk drawer and pulled out a stack of notes. Some were small written notes and others were cards that you receive with flowers.

"Those flowers died a while ago, but I kept these for you," she said, as she handed them to me.

I smiled to myself, "He gave me flowers?" I took the cards and left the warehouse again.

When I opened the door to the office section, it had turned into a retail store. I walked around and found a lotto ball round basket and decided to put all my notes in there. I didn't know where to start, so I thought I'd let something else decide for me. When I opened it up, there were scraps of paper, dirt, and a peanut? I knew I was letting myself back too much into my dream; I had to get out of it. I wanted to be in control of my dream again.

I needed to get out of that place, through another door, clear my head. I needed a blank slate. I found a door and went in. I was in a very small room. White with one window and blinds. I walked towards that window. I knew what I would see outside. It was the entrance to a building. It had white pillars and a paved walkway. Small trees and shrubs were placed along there and even further beyond that, there were small hills and the sun was shining. There were a few people walking by, but none of them noticed me. I made them turn away from the window. No one was going to interfere with me focusing on getting back into control.

He was behind me. I knew it once I stepped away from the window and into the center of the small room. He talked again, but this time I could tell he talked with his mouth instead of his mind. Only because I felt his breath behind me.

"Good. You're getting better. Now I hope you will remember the other times we have met before. Your visions are fading, but still there."

When he finished speaking, I remembered the first time I tried to talk to a "dream character" and get a response.

It was odd, it was like I was chatting in an online messenger to someone. I typed to him. Asking if he knew he was a dream character. He replied yes, and I was completely excited that I got an honest response. But immediately he had to go, I asked him if I was going to be able to speak to him again. He hesitated, but replied yes again.

It was a short dream, but I remembered it inside of another.

I turned to face the Rebel, and I could feel my control starting to give way. I was waking.

He put his hand on my shoulder and gave that smug smile that made me want to shrug him off. What a jerk. When I did, I fully woke up.

Note: I usually try to remember the exact position I wake up in. I find that it helps if I'm trying to recreate certain dreams. I don't know how, but it does help me at least.

Calling all Lucid Dreamers!

∞ Dream Themes ∞

LDE is currently looking for lucid dreams and articles featuring geometric symbols, sacred geometry, and unusual experiences of light and colour for a future issue of LDE.

Please submit your lucid dream experiences through our website at:

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Also, if you have any lucid dream themes you'd like to see featured in LDE, please feel free to drop us a line!



Brett Stanaker, Early 1987,
Floor Collapse (1st Lucid Dream)

I'm inside my second-floor apartment that I share with my roommate. I am by the front door, when suddenly, the floor begins to shake and collapse, as if there had been an earthquake. I fall through the floor, expecting to stop on the ground of the first floor, but continue falling, breaking through the ground floor as if we were in a high-rise. I immediately become lucid due to this and happily keep falling, crashing floor through floor, knowing that nothing can happen to me because it's just a dream!

I fell asleep with the lamp beside my bed on, which I erroneously believed at first to cause me to become lucid. I had a euphoric feeling upon awakening, which I felt was the ultimate high, better than any drug could possibly be! It is best described as a feeling of total and complete freedom. I am just recording this dream for the first time in just over 21 years. I can remember the dream as if I had dreamed it last night. Entering the world of lucid dreaming was life-altering for me. It has been my quest in life to learn as much as I can about this phenomenon ever since.





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www.dreaminglucid.com

The First PhD. Thesis on Lucid Dreaming

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

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

Lucidity Institute

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Linda Magallón's dreamflyer.net

Flying dreams and much more. Several articles from LDE appear, especially in the section entitled, "The Dream Explorer."

www.dreamflyer.net

Experience Festival

Several articles on lucid dream-related topics

http://www.experiencefestival.com/lucid_dreaming

Lucid Dream Newsgroups

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

Sleep Paralysis and Lucid Dreaming Research

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

David F. Melbourne

Author and lucid dream researcher.

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

Lucid Dreaming Links

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

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

www.dreams.ca

Richard Hilton's Lucid Dream Documentary

http://www.BulbMedia.net/lucid_dream_documentary

Reve, Conscience, Eveil

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

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

Lucidipedia

www.lucidipedia.com

Christoph Gassmann

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

<http://schrift-und-traum.ch/ring/tholey2.html>

Werner Zurfluh

"Over the Fence"

www.oobe.ch/index_e.htm

Beverly D'Urso - Lucid Dream Papers

<http://durso.org/beverly>

The Conscious Dreamer

Sirley Marques Bonham

www.theconsciousdreamer.org

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www.bogzaran.com

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www.mossdreams.com

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www.spiritwatch.ca

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www.lucidart.org

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www.saltcube.com

Janice's Website

With links to lucid dreaming and out of body sites.

<http://www.hopkinsfan.net>

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