

LDE

Vol. 1, No. 2, Sept. 2012
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LUCID DREAMING EXPERIENCE

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Cover Image

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The cover shows Buddha with the No Fear mudra

Statement of Purpose

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

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Send your submissions 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.*

Subscriptions

Lucid Dreaming Experience (ISSN 2167-616X), Volume 1, Number 2, September 2012, published quarterly by The Lucid Dreaming Experience, PO Box 11, Ames, IA 50010. Contact Robert at robwaggoner@aol.com if you wish to purchase a print copy for \$20. per year. Copyright (c) 2012 by the Lucid Dreaming Experience. All rights reserved.

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Next Deadline

Submission Deadline for LDE Vol 1, No 3
Nov. 15, 2012

Publication date: December 2012

LDE Website

www.luciddreammagazine.com

In This Issue



DreamSpeak 2

Naiya from MortalMist discusses lucid kundalini and recurring dream figures in this interview with Robert Waggoner

Transcending Fear through Lucid Dreaming 8

Ed Kellogg shows how to handle fears in lucid dreaming by using techniques like non-attachment

Lucid Dreaming and Facing Fears 12

Three Lucid Dreamers share suggestions for conquering fears in lucid dreams to lead fuller lives

Kid Lucid..... 14

Al Moniz illustrates the comic meta-musings of Kid Lucid!

Lucid Predators 16

Joan Harthan looks at lucid dreams with unruly dream figures

Distracted Meditation..... 18

Andres Broos decides to meditate in a lucid dream and encounters some surprising events

Smart Phone Apps for Lucid Dreaming 19

There's an app for that? David L. Kahn searches for a reliable lucid dream app

Jacob Flies 21

Using his flying lucid dreams for insight, Christoph Gassmann's writes a fictional story about flying and awakening

In Your Dreams 24

Our lucid dreaming readers share some fascinating lucid dreams

Themes for Upcoming Issues of LDE

December:

Reader's Choice: Do you have a particular lucid dreaming theme or topic you'd like to see covered in more depth in LDE? Send us your suggestions via our submissions section on our website

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dream speak

**AN INTERVIEW WITH A LUCID DREAMER
BY ROBERT WAGGONER
RESPONSES © NAIYA**

A lucid dreamer since the age of 15, Naiya has perfected her lucid dreaming skills in the past decade. Though she frequents the lucid dream forum, MortalMist.com, her lucid dream forays have allowed her to develop relationships with recurring dream figures, encounter kundalini-type energy and explore the infinite space of lucid dreaming. LDE welcomes Naiya.

When did you first learn about conscious dreaming or lucid dreaming?

When I was about 12, my mother told me about it. She learned about lucid dreaming while studying psychology and taught me a few basic things about it.

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

It's hard to remember my very first lucid dream. I didn't start keeping a dream journal until I was about 16, but by then I was already having regular lucid dreams. The earliest lucid dream I remember took place in my elementary school playground. I looked at my hands, which was the only reality check I knew, and got lucid. When I flew up to the sky, I hit an invisible ceiling. I spent most of the dream flying up, hitting my head on the ceiling, falling to the ground, and flying up again. At the time, none of the dream characters in the playground seemed to notice me doing this.

What about your early lucid experiences did you find interesting?

In my earliest lucid experiences, what I found most interesting were the places I dreamed about. I would usually find myself in a completely foreign city or countryside, but it was all as vivid and detailed as any real place I had been to in my waking life.

In the beginning, what methods did you use to bring conscious awareness into the dream state? Has that changed over the years?

In the beginning, I didn't know much about how to induce lucid dreams. My mother taught me two ways: the first was to look at my hands, and the second was to repeat the words, "I will have a lucid dream tonight" to myself before bed. I did this every night religiously. It took probably several months to have a lucid dream at least every month, and a few years to start having them nightly.

Over time, my method evolved into something similar to MILD. I would imagine or remember myself in my most recent dream lucid, or else I would imagine myself in an imagined lucid dream that I wanted to have. As I got older, I also developed a lucid awareness throughout the day that helped me have lucid dreams intuitively.

In my mid teens, I began to have a lot of episodes of sleep paralysis. At the time, they frightened me because I didn't know what sleep paralysis was. I learned to use the sleep paralysis to induce lucid dreams, and with practice I learned to go directly from waking to a dream, also known as WILDing.

I now practice reality checking to keep myself aware throughout the day as well as different forms of MILD and WILD.

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

Two events in my early lucid dreams made a deep impression on me. The first was when I had an out of body experience and met an entity who claimed to be my spirit guide. At the time, I did not believe in spirits, so I dismissed it. Nevertheless, he continued to visit my dreams and has been with me for about ten years now. Over the years I have met a few other dream figures who appear frequently. Sometimes they give me advice about my waking life. But mostly, they are concerned with what I do in my dreams.

Life After Life

I was in a sort of dazed euphoria, that's where I remember becoming lucid because I saw Scott [recurrent dream figure and guide] sitting next to me. We were outside, but I couldn't see much of anything at all around us but grey blurry stuff. Before I got lucid I vaguely remember seeing this sort of dragon dog creature--Scott's pet, who I've seen a few times before. Anyway, Scott was talking about how this life (my life, he meant) was insignificant compared to what was beyond it. I got that he was trying to tell me to look past my own life, but it

was hard for me to imagine that because being alive in the physical world is all I've known. I don't remember existing before that and I can't imagine existing afterwards. He told me that my life now was just a short part of a long journey and I was living here only to be prepared for what would happen next, but of course he didn't go into what I was being prepared for. He was kissing my hands when I think I woke up.

The second event occurred about ten years ago when I had a false awakening and got lucid. My dream body felt so heavy that I could barely move, let alone get out of bed. Then, suddenly I felt a sort of jolting turning motion inside my solar plexus. The pain I felt after that was so excruciating and intense that even today I don't like anyone to touch my solar plexus. This, I think, was my first experience with the movement of prana or energy in my body. When I later learned about the chakra system, I had a better understanding of what had happened.

"Over the years I have met a few other dream figures who appear frequently. Sometimes they give me advice about my waking life. But mostly, they are concerned with what I do in my dreams."

Interesting! What did you take from this lucid dream experiences? What did it come to mean to you?

At the time these things happened, I was very frightened and confused. Later, I learned more about energy, chakras, and spirit guides. Chakras in particular were something I normally would have dismissed as silly, if I had not had such a direct experience. In that sense, it was a life-changing dream. I see everything in our world as being primarily made up of this same type of energy, which has been expressed or transformed into matter.

As to spirit guides, I have come to accept their positive influences in my life without getting caught up in needing to know if they are a part of my mind or other entities.

Do you have the sense that lucid dreaming allows us to explore 'levels' of conscious awareness? Any lucid dreams suggestive of this?

I absolutely believe that lucid dreaming naturally

leads to other, higher, states of consciousness, regardless of the belief system of the dreamer. For example, when I practiced meditation in a lucid dream, it brought me to a black void. I felt as if my consciousness had dissolved across space into almost nothingness, and yet I was still completely aware. The feeling was only what I could describe as bliss. I don't know how long I was in that state, but all of a sudden I shifted back into the dream with a feeling of euphoria and a pleasant humming sensation that lasted even after waking.

Mutual or shared dreams seem a fairly rare experience, and mutual lucid dreams (when both dreamers appear lucid in the same dream space), even rarer. Have you experienced any of these?

Until the last few years, I have seen lucid dreaming as private experience. I had experienced a few possible mutual dreams with friends or family in the past, but nothing that definitively showed me they were actual mutual dreams. In the last year or two, I have been doing some experiments in mutual dreaming with a fellow lucid dreamer and scientist. We generally set a night to make the attempt, each person writes the detailed dream report without mentioning any dreams to each other, and finally post our dreams on a website at the same time.

In one of our successes, I attempted to find my partner. I started out in a mall, and did a random reality check that got me lucid. I created a door and teleported to him. The door took me to the inside of an active volcano. I called out to my partner, but was instead confronted by a gigantic rock monster. I tried to remind myself that the monster could not hurt me, but when it threw a flaming rock at me, I woke.

In my partner's dream, he was lucid and fighting a giant rock monster in the air near a mountain. The mountain turned into a volcano and they continued fighting inside. The fight was interrupted by a woman who appeared out of nowhere, yelling at him. He defeated the rock monster and put his hand on the woman's shoulder, but she was unresponsive and passed out.

While this example wasn't the smoking gun we were hoping for, I still consider it a success in that the dreams were extremely similar. It seems fairly rare

to have a mutual dream, but from my own experiences, I believe it is possible.

Have you become lucid and met people you know in waking life, who seem unable to focus? By that, I mean they look kind of drunk; their eyes shift randomly and they seem uncoordinated.

Most of the dream figures I see look like this. Their eyes are dull, they might speak nonsense or do strange things, and they mostly ignore me. It's almost as if they are not only drunk, but in their own world of hallucinations.

Sometimes, I will go to them and explain that we are in a dream. I say it this way because in the past I've gotten negative responses from saying things like "you don't exist" or "you're just a part of my mind." In any case, most people I meet seem to get lucid just as I do, and once lucid, their mental faculties seem to improve dramatically.

Earlier this week, I had a lucid dream where I recognized a friend in a mall. I saw him working in a store, ignoring everything except some bizarre task



in fixing some clothing, and mumbling incoherently. When I went to talk to him, he would only speak nonsense. After I explained that we were in a dream and a few other things, suddenly, I saw his eyes light up. He started talking like an intelligent person now and wanted to do something fun together while we were in a dream, so he took me to a carnival.

Have you ever had kundalini or chi/prana/energy experiences in the lucid dream state? What happened?

I began to have kundalini a couple of years ago. At the time, I didn't know what it was. It happened in my lucid dreams, where I would feel an intense and crippling energy in the base of my spine. Eventually the energy would go up through my spine, and when it happens now, it goes up about six inches before hitting a blockage and falling back down. The blockages are excruciatingly painful but they dissipate over months or years. I rarely invite the kundalini consciously, but when I do it seems more gentle.

In some lucid dreams I do energy exercises. The sensations of energy are visceral in dreams and sometimes intense. Sometimes the energy feels like a gentle breeze, but it can also become intense, like having too much electrical current in my system. Generally the more relaxed I am, the more comfortable I am with how the energy moves.

When I have experiences of kundalini or energy in dreams, I usually wake up still feeling it to some degree. The energy feels like a subtle humming throughout my body. I wake up feeling renewed, even if I experienced pain from the energy movements.

Transcendence

I slipped into a state of intense ecstasy that dissolved into an expanded bliss. I couldn't see anything, but I felt that I was everything there was, so there was no need to see. It was a wonderful experience that seemed to last such a long time...and then all of a sudden, I could see my hand on top of my pillow. I waved it in front of my face. I felt no disappointment from coming down from such a pleasurable experience. I started to sit up when I felt something in the base of my spine--intense heat and vibration. It traveled up my spine for about four

or maybe six inches, and then stopped, like it hit something, and bounced back down again, going back and forth like a hockey puck. Every time it bounced I felt tension and pain in my backside. When it came up, I also felt some pain in my right hip, where I was injured before. I tried to lay still and ride it out for the next several minutes. Eventually it subsided. I still felt sort of weak, but I got up anyway because I didn't want to waste whatever time I had left just sitting there.

When I walked out of my room, I peeked into the living room first--someone was there, but I didn't recognize him. I went the opposite direction, toward the master bedroom. I planned to go out the window in there since I didn't feel anyone in there. I was on my way to the window when I had a sudden and very loud thought "I SHOULD GO LIE BACK DOWN." I stopped for a moment. Nah, I shouldn't. Screw that. I started for the window again. Another thought came to me like before -- "IT'S A WASTE OF ENERGY TO GO FLYING AROUND RIGHT NOW." Okay, that was probably true, but that wasn't going to stop me. I put my hands on the window. Another thought -- "I SHOULDN'T GO OUT THE WINDOW." Ah, but the sky looked so pretty and blue! just begging me to go up and bathe in it. I pushed through the glass, and--jolted awake.

Do these lucid dreams make you question the nature of consciousness? By that, I mean many of these experiences seem to come from far beyond our waking mind's conceptions. In lucid dreams, do we tap into something deeper and more profound?

The things I've experienced through lucid dreaming are so completely beyond anything in my waking life that I've been forced to conclude that my mind alone could not fabricate all of it. I think it's a grave mistake to dismiss dreams as insubstantial or unreal or worthless. The fact that lucid dreaming is rare shows how humans are not very good at telling the difference between what they think is delusion (the dream) and reality (waking). If we all believe the dream to be real while we are dreaming it, how can we be so sure the waking world is the true reality, either? Even in a lucid dream, I have a hard time convincing myself that the place I walk in is in no way real, when it is so convincing to every one of my senses.

Just as we live in a shared reality in the waking world, I think that we may also live in a shared dream reality to some extent, where the consciousness of every sentient being melds together to create new worlds.

How has lucid dreaming changed your views about life, living, the nature of reality?

Lucid dreaming has helped me see that we live in a multidimensional reality. Our physical reality is only a small part of the universe. I believe that the human consciousness is able to tune into these other realities like a radio, and lucid dreaming seems to be the most natural way of doing so. By dreaming lucidly, I have come to see waking reality as another layer of the dream that we all live in. Reality is subjective and it is made up of our perceptions. There is always something beyond what we believe to be the real world. I think that when we die, we wake up from this dream and enter into another layer of reality.

What kind of lucid dream experiments would you like to see explored in the future?

I'd love to see more on mutual dreaming. A lot of dreamers I've talked to say they have had mutual dreams, so I believe it is common enough that enough evidence could be collected. It helps if one or both participants are lucid, but it's not necessary. Evidence of mutual dreams could tell us so much about human consciousness and the nature of our reality.

Naiya, thanks for telling us about your deep explorations into lucid dreaming. Any parting thoughts?

Anyone can be a lucid dreamer if they try. I didn't start out having lots of lucid dreams, but because I practiced consistently and didn't give up, I was rewarded.



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Lucid Dreaming: Gateway to the Inner Self

By Robert Waggoner



A selection of 5-star customer reviews from Amazon.com

★★★★★ **Definitely worth reading**, February 16, 2009 - I wholeheartedly recommend this book to anyone with an interest in lucid dreams. I've read nearly every book about lucid dreaming and I can say without hesitation this book is one of the best...I wish this book had been around years ago when I first began my lucid dreaming practice...

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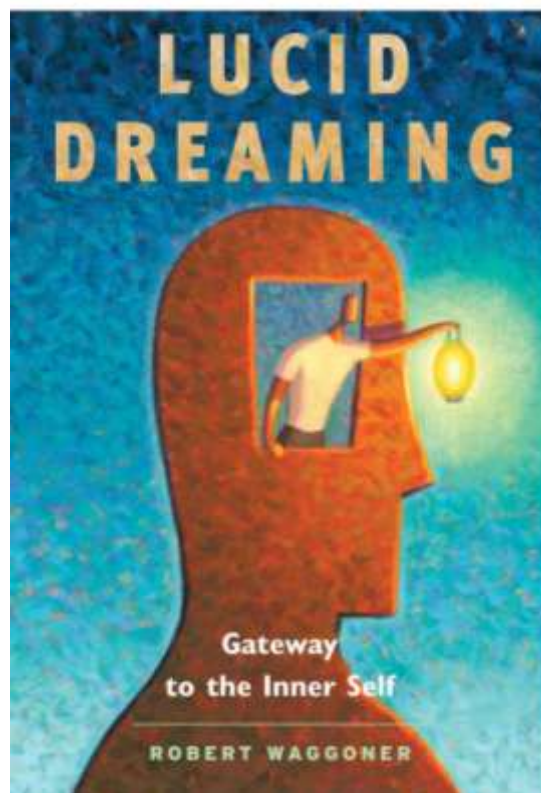
★★★★★ **Lucid Dreaming Gateway to the Inner Self**, April 7, 2009 - I thought this was an excellent book for this subject. Written with conviction and real knowledge. An excellent guided tour of lucid dreaming, ranging from the scientific to the paranormal. Very highly recommended.

★★★★★ **A solid guide and a hearty recommendation**, January 8, 2009

★★★★★ **Page Turner.** Expect a lot more from this author, October 29, 2008 - Expect much more from Robert Waggoner's generous and giving spirit in which he writes. His easy to read writing style focuses on reader understanding. I'm hooked.

★★★★★ **Intelligent and forward thinking**, November 6, 2008 - Created with the high level of intelligence and pioneering quality that I'm sure many lucid dreamers have been waiting for, this remarkable book may serve as a point of reference for those eager to pursue the unknown that patiently lies in waiting just beyond our mundane awareness. ...Thank you Robert. Looking forward with great anticipation to further stimulating books from you in the future!

★★★★★ **Amazing and enjoyable**, March 11, 2009 - An absolute must-read.



"The whole secret of existence is to have no fear. Never fear what will become of you, depend on no one. Only the moment you reject all help are you freed." **Buddha**

Transcending Fear through Lucid Dreaming

© Ed Kellogg, Ph.D.

On the night before Halloween in my sophomore year in college, I dreamed that a demon chased me. At first I ran from it in fear, but as I ran the panic subsided and I became lucid, at which point I turned around and faced the demon. It looked almost comically surprised and shocked. I felt not only lucid but confident in my power over it, and in a turn-about, I started to chase the demon, but then woke up before I could catch it. I went back to sleep, and had a dream where another monster chased me. Again I became lucid, confronted the monster, started to chase it, but woke up. This happened again and again, and each time I became lucid more quickly. After that series of dreams, which amounted to a type of training, I had gained a skill. If a monster shows up in my dreams, I almost always become lucid, just by reflex. Since then I have had other profound trainings that focused on dealing with fear – for example my "Sword of Damocles" lucid dream. (1)

Lucid dreams provide extraordinary opportunities to deal with fear. Studies have shown that people can end nightmares by working through them in lucid dreams. (2) In the following example, although my thinking still seemed a bit clouded, I faced my fear and triumphed over adversity. I remember this dream with great fondness, in that the choices I made had power, and depended upon my having an overt awareness of the dream state.

"Steamroller"

EWK 3/6/90 "... I see a huge (big as a house) steamroller, tank-car bearing down on me as I stand in the middle of the street. Knowing that I dream, I choose to face it and transform myself into a super-human state: my forearms bulge whitely with strength, as I expand and densify - but the machine still dwarfs me. As the [machine] bears down on me I don't know if I have changed enough to stop it, but I stand resolute, and tear a hole right through it to Al-

the other side, walking through the mass of metal as if I went through paper maché."

Most lucid dreamers deal with fear as I did in this potential nightmare by choosing to believe, and then act as if, nothing that happens in a dream could possibly harm them. This technique has advantages and disadvantages. The mechanism and logic, of what I'll call the **"Just a Dream"** technique, goes something like this:

1. The dreamer experiences a scary situation and feels afraid.
2. They realize that they dream.
3. They then sequentially think:
 - a. "This is a dream" -
 - b. "Dreams are unreal."
 - c. "Nothing unreal can hurt me."
 - d. "Therefore, I have nothing to feel afraid about, and I am perfectly safe."



though this technique works well for facing fears in dreams, it seems a less useful technique for facing fears in waking life:

1. **The waker experiences a scary situation and feels afraid.**
2. **They realize that they don't dream.**
3. **They then sequentially think:**
 - a. **"This is not a dream."** -
 - b. **"Dreams are unreal."**
 - c. **"This is real."**
 - d. **"HELP!!!."** <g>

Of course, a devout Hindu or Buddhist, who genuinely sees the world as an Illusion, can use something similar to the "Just a Dream Technique," which I'll call the "Just an Illusion" technique, if they subscribe to that metaphysical point of view wholeheartedly.

However, if they have an attachment to their physical lives, this technique may not prevent fear of loss. Because even if they believe that they will wake up to a greater life, rather than ceasing to exist, death still means that their physical lives and their physical experiences will end, just as a dream ends when you wake up in the morning.

I should point out that although many people assume that nothing in a dream can harm them, that this remains just an assumption. Many people still believe that dreams occur "all in their heads", and seem entirely subjective and imaginary, and as a result, almost entirely harmless. Psi-dreaming research has shown that dreams do not occur all in one's head, but in an intersubjective space. And of course mind-body research has shown that what occurs in the mind can have an effect on the physical body, for good, or for ill.

While the "Just a Dream" technique can minimize or dissipate fears, it does not actually seem a way of directly facing one's fears, but of defusing them through a denial of serious consequences, by replacing one set of assumptions about the nature of one's experienced reality with another. Even so, using this technique in lucid dreams can have positive effects in waking life, especially with respect to irrational fears, through desensitization. Some therapists use a similar approach in **WPR** using virtual reality set-ups – having someone with a fear of heights work through that fear virtually and so

desensitize themselves. Both lucid dreaming and virtual reality training approaches have helped people develop skills that have carried over to the waking state. As VR therapy has demonstrated, repeated exposures to simulations of a fear provoking situation in a safe setting can have dramatic positive effects. Similarly, someone with a fear of heights can transcend this fear by learning to fly - and even to enjoy flying - in lucid dreams.

But can one deal with fear without denying the possibility of serious consequences when confronted by a scary situation? Yes, by embracing an attitude of non-attachment.

In the following dream I'll share an example of how I've dealt with fear using a non-attachment technique that has worked for me in dealing with fearful situations in both my dreaming life and my waking life:

"Cast Into the Pit"

EWK 11/16/99 " . . . *Semi-lucid, I worry a bit about E. (a participant in my lucid dream group, who later validated the earlier part of this dream as apparently mutual) who I saw earlier in the dream, but who went off on her own. I try to find her, and arrive at a sort of grimy cult building - used books piled outside. E. May have gone into the building - I see the book she borrowed from me earlier in the dream on the pile. . . . I decide to find E., and use the chant/pulling technique. I arrive at a sort of gray concrete structure . . I look for E. again, using the chant locator technique, which draws me into a dingy gray area.*

As I fly down one dingy lit corridor, I see two girls, one about E's size. Seeing me, in apparent terror, they cry "Look! A Human Soul!" And race up some stairs. I follow, and enter into a large meeting hall - better lit, lots of chairs and people, but with a dingy puce green carpet and a very unpleasant feel. A man with a black suit - the leader comes up - a Mr. BMG. Uncomfortable in the restrictive atmosphere, and now fully lucid, I chant two Kabbalistic god-names. The people / beings / elementals keep their distance, but do not otherwise react.

The leader comes up to me, and tells me that as I come from Earth, they will have to operate on me, to remove the "untruth-false ideas" that I have, so

that I will see things his way, "The Truth." Otherwise, they will throw me in a pit I see on one side of the room. I tell him "If I have any defects, that I invite God to directly operate on me to remove the error." All of them shrink back and hunch over when I say this.

*I do not trust the man / being who styles himself as the Reverend BMG so when they move forward in a mass to force me into the pit, I grab the "Reverend" and pull him in with me. When he lands he becomes a pile of what looks like broken, rotten oranges. I feel in danger, but stay calm and fully lucid. I find myself in a dark room/tunnel/cave filled with ordure and filth. Bugs crawl all over everything in what looks and feels like a section of Hell. I chant **WS** to put up a shield of protection, and materialize a pair of gloves, but I feel that if I panic the possibility exists that I will not wake up, but will remain trapped here. I forge ahead, staying centered and confident in the invulnerability of my True Beingness and finally breaking out of the tunnel into the light." **RWPR**.*

In this case I dealt with my fear by disidentifying with that part of me that feared, the dream self, and by identifying instead with my knowingness, expanding into my True Beingness, the Source Self beyond time and space. Jack Schwarz called this process non-attachment, by which he meant detaching from the little conscious self that fears, while attaching to the Greater Self that does not. I originally learned to achieve this change in perspective by practicing the well known **Neti neti** ("Not this, not that") meditation (3) in waking life.

In the "Cast into the Pit" dream I freed myself from fear, by achieving a state of indifference towards the possibility of harm, through consciously choosing to experience the situation from the perspective of my Greater Self.

As I see it, lucidity as a variable aspect of consciousness corresponds most closely with the increased freedom of choice that results from the overt awareness of previously unquestioned assumptions. When I become fully lucid, I overtly realize that "I dream this" also just seems an assumption. And I also consciously realize that even if I do dream, that I really don't know what "dreaming" means. In this dream I did not tran-

scend fear by assuming that nothing in the dream could harm me. To the contrary, given what I know about mind-body effects, and realizing all that I do not know about dreaming, I assumed that it could. Because I even accepted the possibility of physical death in the dream, transcending my fears required that I connect/identify with a deeper aspect of Self, where fear does not exist.

Conclusion

I believe that learning to face one's fears – and learning how to transcend them – constitutes one of the most important lessons that we need to learn in life. (4) As Buddha said, *"The whole secret of existence is to have no fear. Never fear what will become of you, depend on no one. Only the moment you reject all help are you freed."*

Understanding fear, the mechanisms through which it operates (5), and how our fears affect us personally and culturally (6), to me seems an essential study for those who wish to transcend their current limitations.

In alchemical lore, we learn that the fabled philosopher's stone can change lead into gold. In a way, fear does just the opposite - it can change gold into lead, joy into misery, freedom into slavery, and victory into defeat. Our fears serve as the bars of the cage that limits us, or as Morpheus described it in **The Matrix**, *" . . . a prison that you cannot smell or taste or touch. A prison . . . for your mind."* To escape, you must *" . . . let it all go . . . fear, doubt, and disbelief. Free Your Mind."*

Although our fears signal when we approach our limits, they also serve to enforce them, if we restrict our actions to those that keep us in our habitual comfort zones. Learning what we fear can provide invaluable information, and by lucidly facing our fears we can learn a lot about ourselves. Years ago Patricia Sun gave this advice on how to deal with fear, that has stayed with me ever since:

"When you're fearful, you notice you're afraid, and you know that the reason you're afraid is because you believe a lie about yourself. And you try to figure out what the lie is." (7)

Lucid dreaming provides a valuable venue and many opportunities for exploring, recognizing, and transcending ones fears. Rather than automatically giving into our fears, we can consciously choose to de-limit ourselves, to expand our horizons and our perceptions, and to learn how to see through illusions and to perceive deeper layers of reality beneath. Because of this, lucid dreamers might want to consider consciously choosing to engage, while dreaming, in the sort of activities that bring them anxiety in the waking state. Lucid dreamers have abilities and potentialities not available to their waking selves, so that facing fearful situations, will often prove much easier to do in lucid dreams. Success in transcending fears in dreams can have positive effects that carry over into ones waking life. As lucid dreamers and lucid wakers we need to face our fears, make informed and conscious choices, in order that we can move beyond them. As Richard Bach wrote, "Overcome fear, behold wonder."

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1. "Initiations and Trainings in Lucid Dreams," E. W. Kellogg III, *The Lucid Dream Exchange*, 51, pp 17-19, June, 2009. <http://www.dreaminglucid.com/articles/Initiations%20and%20Trainings%20in%20Lucid%20Dreams.pdf>
2. For example, see "Lucid dreaming as a treatment for recurrent nightmares," A. L Zadra and R. O. Pihl, *Psychother Psychosom*, 66(1):50-55 1997
3. For a short description of the Neti neti exercise see: http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Neti_net
4. **Note:** If you haven't already seen it, the movie *Defending Your Life* does a great job of presenting this concept in a very entertaining way.
5. For those who want to better understand the psychological mechanisms of fear, I recommend Daniel Gardner's *The Science of Fear: Why We Fear the Things We Shouldn't--and Put Ourselves in Greater Danger*, Dutton, 2008.



30th Annual Conference of the
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INTERNATIONAL

Lucid Dreaming and Facing Fears

– *Comments by Lucid Dreamers*

Note: Many lucid dreamers wrote about using lucid dreams to face fears, and how lucid dreaming often led to overcoming long term fears and personal concerns. The LDE has placed three of these commentaries in this special section.

Moonbeam

Lucid Dreaming to Overcome Fear

At the end of last summer, I got a young dog that needed to be walked every day. As the season progressed into autumn, the days got shorter and shorter, and soon by the time we went out for our walk in the evening it was completely dark. I live in a wooded area, and although I felt completely comfortable walking in the day time, and there was nothing more dangerous in the woods at night than there was during the day, I was very nervous walking after dark. I imagined the worst when I heard any little noise in the woods, and constantly looked over my shoulder. My dog was nervous as well, probably recognizing my fear, which didn't help matters.

Often in lucid dreams I find myself in a forest, and it used to be that every time that happened I would quickly fly out, looking for somewhere better to be. I decided that I would first overcome my aversion to being in the dream-forest, and hopefully that would help me overcome my fear in the real forest.

At first, I was much more scared in the dream-forest than in the real forest, despite the fact that obviously there is more to fear from reality than anything in a dream. However, I forced myself to face the dream-forest and recognize that there was nothing to fear there.

Then, when I walked in the real forest, I used the same technique. I imagined that it was a dream, and remembered facing greater fear in the dream-forest, and since it was actually less scary than it had been in dreams, I quickly lost my fear.

I also do not like speaking in public, and I had

originally planned on practicing in lucid dreams to help with the fear of public speaking, however the scenario rarely presented itself in dreams. By using a similar technique, like pretending it was a dream, and knowing that nothing can really hurt you either in a dream or by speaking in front of a crowd, I decreased my fear of that as well.

I think facing fear in dreams, which can be much, much scarier than anything in real life, is good practice for facing fear in reality (as long as the situation is not actually dangerous, of course). Also, the feeling of fear gives reality a dream-like quality, and by focusing on that dream-like feeling, you can operate as if it were a dream.

Michael Imes

Facing My Fears

When I was a kid (about ages 9-11) I had a recurring nightmare. When the dream began, I was faced with a scene in which two big men were standing on top of a large cement mixer. (It was a big delivery truck, with the hopper on top of the back of a huge turning drum.) The drum was turning and the men were shoving my father, who was hanging from their hands, upside down, into the hopper of the mixing drum. At first, I was in a state of terror, but then I realized that there was a board with a row of pegs on either side of it, in front of me. The pegs were small, like the little cribbage board pegs. There was also a string there that could be used to wrap around the pegs on either side, almost like playing Cat's Cradle of setting up a loom. I knew that I had to complete the stringing of this board to stop the men from killing my father, but I kept getting distracted from that task by looking up to see what was going on in the cement truck tableau.

I always awoke in a cold sweat, never completing the task (for years). As time went by I got quicker at focusing my attention on the game. Every time the dream began again, I got quicker at going to the game and not allowing myself to be distracted. Finally, as soon as I sensed that I was in the dream, I went right to the game, without even looking at the scene, my full attention focused on the redeeming task. At that point I felt a huge sense of satisfaction and I never had that dream again.

Looking back on this, as an adult, I think the lesson I needed to learn to become an effective person (the father), was to learn to focus my attention fully on what was at hand (a meaningful life or death) and to not be fear-directed or frozen by fears. It also feels like making connections is an important task for me in this life.

Roger "Pete" Peterson **My Recurring Superman Nightmare**

I call this my Recurring Superman Nightmare because it was... until I finally faced my underlying fear. I was around eleven when this nightmare first occurred. It woke me up in the dream and left me terrified beyond belief. It occurred every year or two after that until my forties.

It was always the same – darkness was falling, and even though I was Superman in this dream - I couldn't fly because of a thick rope (2-3 inches in diameter) tied around my waist. Like a "silver cord" meant to keep wandering souls attached to their human bodies, it was always there. I knew it was attached to something else at the other end but I never had time to figure out what it was. All I knew was that with the rope tied around my waist, I couldn't fly. The rope's weight not only prevented me from flying, it slowed me down as I ran out of the park, across a city street and approached a tall office building. A large, powerful Frankenstein monster, cobbled together from various body parts, was right behind me. The weight of the rope slowed me down even more as I climbed up the side of the building barely ahead of Frankenstein.

About a third of the way up the side of the building, my fear spiked and I looked back just in time to see the monster reach up to grab me by the ankle. In desperation, I woke up to avoid being caught.

Finally, in my mid-forties, I felt prepared. The next time this scary Frankenstein reached up to grab my ankle, I wasn't going to run, I was going to stand my ground! When my last encounter with him arrived, instead of waking up in bed, as he reached up for my ankle, I turned around and punched him unmercifully, until he lost his grip and fell to the ground below in defeat. Don't ask me how I kept from falling off the building myself but I didn't.

LDE Announces New Science Correspondent

Bill Murphy has agreed to act as science correspondent for the LDE.

Bill Murphy is well known as a television host affiliated with the SyFy Network. As the co-lead host focused on obtaining scientific data on *Faked or Faked: Paranormal Files*, Bill brings vast knowledge of mysteries from around the globe to the series but his personal research involves studying the perceptions and experiences reported by individuals in conscious and unconscious states. An experienced lucid dreamer, Bill is the science correspondent for the Lucid Dreaming Experience and will be providing news on the current research of lucid dreams. Bill is enrolled at the California Institute of Human Science, a graduate school for psychology majors. The LDE welcomes Bill Murphy.



LAST EPISODE:

KID LUCID ENTERED THE DREAM DIMENSIONS AND THE LUSTROUS LEAGUE HQ WHERE HE TOLD THE LUCID HEROES ABOUT HIS 'BIG DREAM' OF THE EARTH BEING IN DANGER. THE LEAGUE RESPONDED BY SPLITTING IN TO TEAMS. KID WAS PAIRED WITH MIRROR MAID WHO PROMPTLY DROVE INTO THIS PORTAL YELLING :

KID FOLLOWS SUIT --

HERE GOES NUTTIN'!

ALL 4 ONE
AND
LD 4 ALL

WHAT HAPPENED? WHO TURNED OUT THE LIGHTS?...WHERE'S MIRROR MAID?

OH YEAH! I'M IN ONE OF THOSE BLACK OUT ZONES!
I'LL JUST LOOK FOR...

...MY HANDS!



THERE THEY ARE!

AH! AND THERE'S
MIRROR
MAID!

UP AHEAD!

CAN'T KEEP UP

GUESS I'LL JUST LAND HERE

ON THIS

SYMBOLICALLY OBVIOUS
PLATEAU....



ON THE PLATEAU...

I'M
STUCK!

I HARDLY HAVE ANY
LUCID DREAMS
ANYMORE.
AND WHEN I

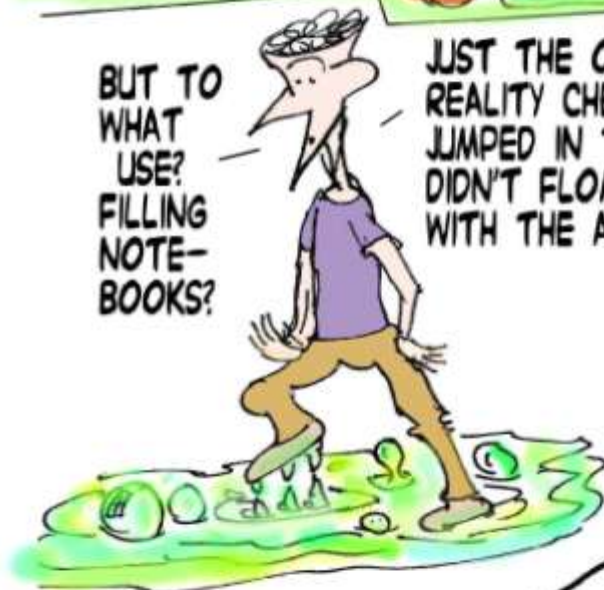
DO
THEY
ARE WAY
SHORT!

I HAVE GOTTEN GOOD
AT REMEMBERING
MY DREAMS
AND THEN
PUTTING
THEM
IN A JOURNAL...



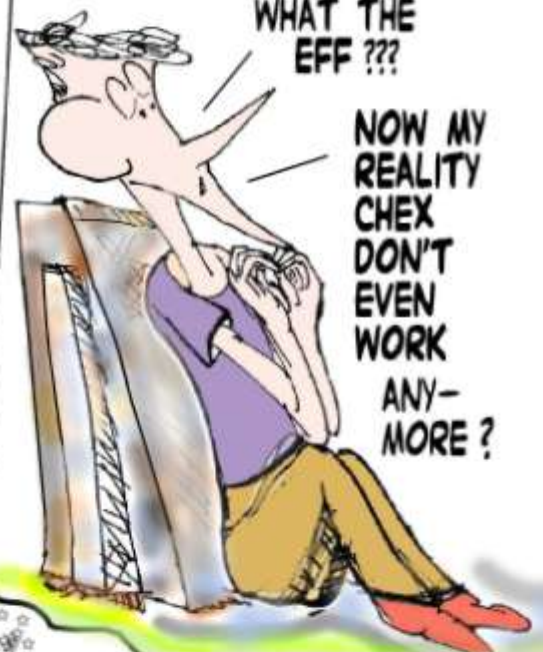
BUT TO
WHAT
USE?
FILLING
NOTE-
BOOKS?

JUST THE OTHER DAY I DID A
REALITY CHECK WHERE I
JUMPED IN THE AIR AND WHEN I
DIDN'T FLOAT...I JUST KEPT ON
WITH THE ACTION. ONLY TO
WAKE UP A FEW
MINUTES
LATER.



WHAT THE
EFF ???

NOW MY
REALITY
CHECK
DON'T
EVEN
WORK
ANY-
MORE ?



IT'S COOL, KID.
DON'T STRESS.
I CAN HELP YOU WITH
ALL THAT.
I'LL BE YOUR LUCIDITY
COACH!

BUT IN THE MEANTIME,
HAVE YOU EVER THOUGHT
THAT MAYBE PERHAPS
YOU MIGHT BE.....



CRAP! AM I STUCK
IN WAKING
LIFE TOO
???



Lucid Predators

2012 © Joan C. Harthan

It was a wet and cold Sunday evening in October 2009. I'd gone to bed at 10.30pm and read three of the IASD PsiberDreaming conference papers that I hadn't had chance to read over the weekend. They were, as usual, fascinating and thought provoking, but they didn't stop me falling asleep immediately I'd finished reading them. I turned out the light at around 11pm. At 2.40am I awoke with a start and found myself unable to get back to sleep. I didn't get up but lay in bed, quite peaceful and comfortable, thinking over the papers I'd read earlier. The last time I glanced at the clock, it was 4am. After this I must have fallen back to sleep because I woke at 5am from an incredibly lucid dream which I later titled 'Lucid Town'. Perhaps I should have titled it, 'Lucid Predators'.

In the dream I'm walking round a village where many friendly people are milling about. They're greeting me, and I them. I don't know any of these people in OR (Ordinary Reality) though clearly we are well acquainted in the dreamtime. I wander into a bookstore and begin to browse through a book that's lying on a table. The text in the book is exceptionally clear and I read it easily. This causes me to realise I'm dreaming and I become totally lucid and marvel at the 'reality' of the dreamscape. However, what I'm reading doesn't make any sense to me even though I'm amazed at the visual clarity. All the words are English but I'm having trouble understanding the content. I think about reaching for my Dictaphone, which is lying on my bedside table in OR, so that I can read aloud and record it, but I'm afraid I'll lose the experience if I move. Certain words stand out very clearly and I concentrate on committing them to memory, (though I couldn't remember them on waking).

After putting the book back down on the table, I begin to look round the shop. There are posters on the walls and I examine those with great interest. As the dream progresses, more and more people come into the shop until it becomes uncomfortably crowded. I decide to leave the shop. Outside, I find myself in a busy shopping mall in a town. As I'm passing an open-fronted shop, a woman invites me inside with an offer of a free, relaxation procedure. She's very friendly and seems pleasant. I follow her inside and she leads me over to a wooden structure in a corner of the shop; rather like an old-fashioned stock. She tells me to place my hands on a certain part of the structure, with my back to the room, so she can secure my hands and the procedure can begin. Whatever the procedure is, it will be done to my back whilst I'm tied to the structure. I have enough



lucidity to recognise that this is not good and I refuse to comply. I make to leave. There are now other people round the woman and they are blocking my exit and telling me I must stay. I become fearful and I verbally intimidate them. They back off and draw away from me. I leave. I make my way through the crowds of people outside in the mall but I don't feel safe any longer. Strangers are approaching me and talking to me. I'm still lucid but I can't make out what they're saying, and I don't have a good feeling about them. I decide I need to get back to the village in the countryside, where I was at the beginning of the dream. I see a long subway corridor, like you see at tube/underground stations. This will take me out of the town and I set off down it. The subway is busy and the people walking towards me are all staring at me with a menacing look in their eyes. I'm hurrying now and all I can see are faces looming up and whizzing by. My instinct is screaming that this is not a safe place to be and that I need to wake myself up, which I do with heart pounding.

I wanted to share this lucid dream because I've had other lucid dreams, and also shamanic journeys, where I've been surrounded by throngs of people trying to communicate with me and also sometimes trying to make me stay with them against my will. Is this type of experience in lucidity more likely to happen at Halloween I wonder; when the boundary between the worlds is thin?

[Author and Educator Jo Harthan is trained in the Harner method of Shamanic Counselling. She is the author of two books on Dreaming and is a Copy Editor for The International Journal of Dream Research, (IJODR) Psychological Aspects of Sleep and Dreaming. She has been dream journaling for over twenty years. Visit www.docdreamuk.com for more information].



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...*"What kind of store is this?" Katrina asked suspiciously. "What do you sell here?"*

"Why, I don't sell anything at all," the lady said. "I listen. Would you like to sit down?" She pointed at two low stools like the one she was sitting on. She smiled again at them.

"I listen to whatever people have to say to me. Did you have any dreams last night?"

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Carolyn Deck (USA, Virginia)
Christine (Tine) Metz (Germany)

Distracted Meditation

by Andres Broos © 2012

For several days in a row I have been repeating requests to my inner self just before sleeping. One of them was this: "Around five o'clock I will become lucid in my dream" (I wake up at 7 for work.)

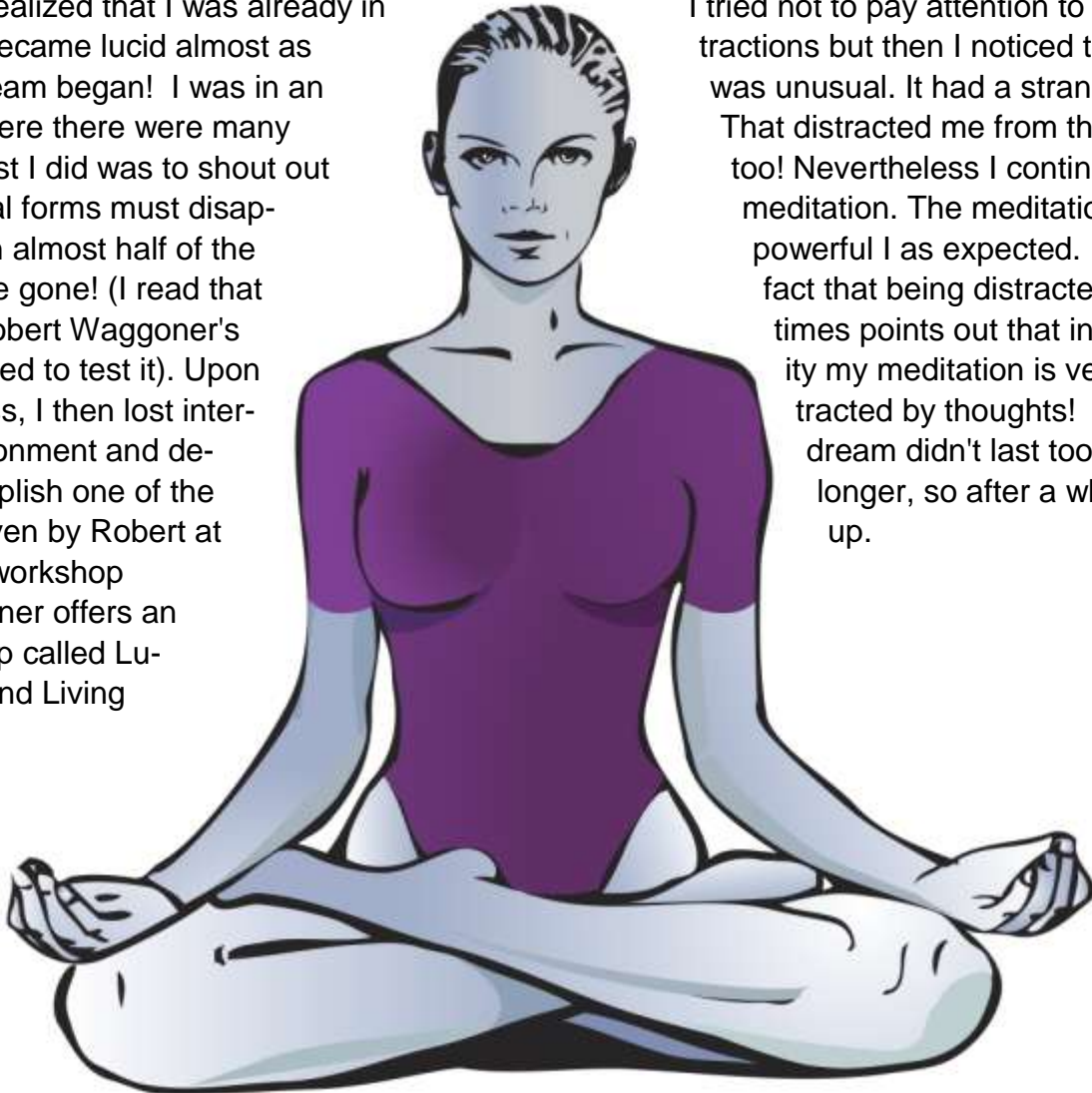
I didn't have any success with that request. Maybe it needed a bit more effort from my side. Today as usual I naturally woke up around 5 o'clock but instead of going directly back to sleep, I decided to mentally repeat, "I am dreaming, this is a dream, I am lucid in my dream." I kept repeating this and my mind wandered a couple of times away, but I realized it and started repeating the phrases.

At a certain point my mind wandered away again but this time I realized that I was already in a dream, so I became lucid almost as soon as the dream began! I was in an open space where there were many people. First test I did was to shout out loud, "All mental forms must disappear!" And then almost half of the characters were gone! (I read that good idea in Robert Waggoner's book, and wanted to test it). Upon this first success, I then lost interest in the environment and decided to accomplish one of the contest task given by Robert at the end of the workshop [Robert Waggoner offers an online workshop called Lucid Dreaming and Living Lucidly at

www.glidewing.com. The contest goal was to meditate in a lucid dream.

Lucid, I sat down in half lotus position, closed my eyes and started to repeat some Tibetan mantras for the chakras. While repeating the mantras, a red plastic bottle cap became stuck in between my left hand fingers. That distracted me and I just threw it away. I continue practicing and I notice my body was floating around in a room without control. The open environment had transformed into a room. I was floating and bumping into objects all around. I remember the sensation of bumping into a pile of cloth, clearly feeling the texture of a towel.

I tried not to pay attention to all those distractions but then I noticed that my voice was unusual. It had a strange pitch. That distracted me from the practice too! Nevertheless I continue doing the meditation. The meditation wasn't as powerful I as expected. I think the fact that being distracted so many times points out that in waking reality my meditation is very much distracted by thoughts! The lucid dream didn't last too much longer, so after a while I woke up.



Smart Phone Apps for Lucid Dreaming

© David L. Kahn

In June of this year I presented on smart phone apps for dreaming at the International Association for the Study of Dreams conference in Berkeley, California. Many of the apps that I discussed, and a couple of others I have tried out since, are specifically intended to help increase lucid dream frequency.

Binary beats are one popular form of lucid dreaming app. The purpose of binary beats is to alter brain waves by inducing states of relaxation or meditation. In general terms, the apps with binary beats play a tone in one ear at a slightly different frequency than a tone played in the other ear. On February 24, 2012, Ryan Hurd published an article on his website, dreamstudies.org, titled *Binaural Beats for Lucid Dreaming: Is it just Pseudoscience?* As Ryan explains in his article, binaural beats are an imaginary sound perceived by the brain when two sounds with slightly different frequencies are heard in each ear. He provides an example of hearing a tone at 100Hz in one ear and 110Hz in the other ear, whereby the brain recreates these tones in the brain stem at 105Hz with a rising and falling amplitude of 10Hz. The difference between the two would be heard as a 10Hz beat, though “that beat doesn’t exist anywhere except inside your head.”

In addition to the binary beats these apps offer a choice of sounds including music, rain, waves or white noise to further increase relaxation. Though there has been some evidence that binaural beats can have some affect on consciousness, I have not found specific results or user feedback indicating that lucid dreams were actually produced as a result. The costs of these apps range from free to only a few dollars, so the relaxation benefits alone may be worth the experimenting. In my personal experience with these apps, I did find several to be useful for insomnia or for meditation, but I did not have any lucid dreams while using them.



Hypnosis apps are another popular download for smart phones. There are many available to help aid with sleep and at least some specific to lucid dream induction. These apps work in a similar way to how hypnosis CDs or tapes have been used in the past, whereby it is mainly an audio of a guided hypnosis induction. What apps do differently is that they allow additional options including short or long inductions, various background sound options, and whether or not to conclude the audio by inducing sleep or waking the user up. My personal experience with hypnosis apps has been interesting. I have tested one out approximately ten times and twice had lucid dreams in the nights in which I used it. I also had nightmares in two of the nights in which I used the app. Some content from the audio induction also made its way into my dream, particularly a staircase that I was to imagine walking down to go into a deeper state.

A third type of smart phone app for lucid dreaming is one in which the app attempts to signal the dreamer while the dream is still in process. This concept is similar to what Stephen LaBerge and his team came up with in the 1980's and eventually launched as the NovaDreamer. The NovaDreamer worked by signaling the dreamer with flashing lights during REM state. Some smart phone apps use random or mathematical timing to determine when to signal the dreamer, while others attempt to determine when the dreamer is in REM by using the phone's internal sensors. In the case of using the phone's sensors, the phone is placed on the bed near the dreamer and calibrates to determine the user's sleeping patterns. It doesn't sound like it would be very accurate, but I have found that the app's signal has often indeed awakened me from a dream. The signals are often audio with options ranging from a voice that lets you know that you are dreaming, various other sounds that can be used as a cue, or the ability to record your own voice with a custom cue. These sounds can be combined with daytime reality checks to further help recognize when you are in a dream. For example, you may choose for the app to make the sound of a motorcycle when it believes you are in REM sleep. By doing reality checks during the day each time you hear a motorcycle, you may find yourself doing the same when you hear that sound while dreaming.

Some apps also use light signals, though I have yet to try one that includes a sleep mask. Though I have not had a lucid dream yet as a result of these apps, with proper calibration and practice I feel good about their potential. One night while using one of these apps I dreamed of being in the future, where everything was connected together and able to recharge as a result of the world being a giant shared power grid, and where our ability to fly was a hybrid of our own abilities and the machines we connected to. It felt as though I was in training with these apps even inside the dream state.

Kid Lucid

Limited Edition T-shirt

WHAT'S THE BIG DEAL ABOUT LUCID DREAMING ANYWAY? SHOOT! I CAN DO IT IN MY SLEEP!

\$20

www.kidlucid.com

The advertisement features a black background. At the top left, the text 'Kid Lucid' is written in large, bold, yellow letters. To the right, 'Limited Edition T-shirt' is written in bold, red letters. Below the text, there are two Polaroid-style images. The left one shows a cartoon character with a long, pointed nose and a mischievous expression, holding a book titled 'SPECIAL ISSUE ON LUCID DREAMING TECHNIQUES'. To the right of the character, the text 'WHAT'S THE BIG DEAL ABOUT LUCID DREAMING ANYWAY? SHOOT! I CAN DO IT IN MY SLEEP!' is written in a hand-drawn, jagged font. The right Polaroid image shows a person wearing a white t-shirt with a graphic that matches the cartoon character and text. A yellow starburst with a red outline and the text '\$20' is positioned below the t-shirt image. At the bottom, the website 'www.kidlucid.com' is written in large, bold, red letters.

Jacob Flies

© Christoph Gassmann, Horgen, 2012

I would like to tell you a story about my sometimes successful attempts to soar consciously through the skies of my dreams. It is a fictional story, but it is based on a compilation of my lucid flying dreams. For this I would like to introduce you Jacob, my alter ego. He is a valuable member of our society (of course), but he is not always comfortable with that. Here is his story:

Jacob headed home and got on the commuter train at the main station as always. It had been a day full of hard work and he felt somewhat depressed because the things did not work out as planned. He took a seat in the first compartment he entered, leaned with his shoulder against the cool wall and stared out the window completely lost in thought. He was waiting.

Finally the train started to move. In the mean time the compartment had filled up to the last seat but Jacob didn't realize it. After about three stations he left the train because he had the feeling he was where he should be. The pneumatic doors closed behind him with a suppressed hiss and the train slowly left the station. As always Jacob went to the underpass. With a well practiced routine he went down the stairs and hurried to reach the exit at the top of the other stairs before the mass of the tired commuters got there. Skillfully he got out of the way of the others and indeed reached the exit as one of the first ones to do so. But the usual panorama didn't await him there. In front he saw the valley station of a really old and rickety aerial tramway and, further away, a golden dome gleamed over the roofs in the late afternoon light of a clear fall day. He awoke from his gloom and asked a passer-by where he was. "In Freeday", was the prompt answer. But this was absolutely not the place he was headed for because he wanted to go home! So he considered taking the train back, but the sparkling atmosphere of fall day made him want to stay where he was. Why not break the routine and dare a little adventure?

So he entered the wobbly tramway. Although the metal chassis was rusting, the sand-colored, wooden paneling of the lift cage, bleached by the sun, radiated a dreamy coziness. It smelled familiarly of old, worm-eaten wood. Inside he sat down on a decrepit bench. The old, slightly bent head of

the station agent came, greeted him, charged him two coins and closed the car by putting a light chain across its entrance. Jacob could not resist smiling mildly as he saw the unsuitable bolt mechanism. A doorbell, like one he knew from the electric construction set of his childhood, rang and shortly afterwards the car started to move with a jerk, causing it to swing a bit back and forth several times.

It left the station and Jacob was immediately surrounded by the clear light of the late fall day. Beneath him he was astonished to see again the glittering golden dome which he associated more with the tales of 1001 nights than with his everyday life. Later came a forest in red and yellow leaves, but soon the car gave a light jolt as it passed over the wheels of the mountain station and came to an abrupt halt with a short screech. As soon as the car stopped swinging Jacob opened the light chain, crossed the dark station entry and entered the light-flooded wood. Relieved, he took a deep breath and mentally left the milling crowd of the town, the cares, and evening commuters.

Dreamy he strolled through the wood and followed a path which ended after a quarter hours walk at a vantage point. Jacob felt at ease. The wonderful panorama was spread out before him. The air was clear, the sky deep blue and the sun had crossed the zenith quite some time ago. Below him a broad valley extended with brown and yellow fields as well as hamlets. Suddenly Jacob was awake, wide awake. A cool-warm breeze caressed his body and a sparkling shiver ascended his spine. Jacob was vibrating with sheer life; a pounding buzz pulsated through his body. He moved to the edge of the vantage point's concrete slab and stepped into the air above the rocky abyss, which went down at least 200 meters.

Jacob went on over the non-existing ground till he

reached the colored crowns of the trees before him, then he changed his direction and moved like an elevator slowly upwards, leaving the trees below him. Now he was surrounded solely by airspace. The sunlight and the intense colors of the landscape washed round him. Completely ecstatic he decided to go over into a nosedive. He bent his body, placed his arms on his sides, and shot down vertically like a dive-bomber into the depth of the golden shimmering day. Now he consisted only of ecstatic vibration. He put himself into a steep climb about 100 meter over the valley bottom so that the centrifugal forces pulled heavily at his body. With the enormous momentum of the nosedive he shot up into the crystal blue of the sky. He gained height. Up, up he wanted.

The landscape below him sank slowly away. He passed some fair weather clouds; above him remained only the radiating and intensely blue dome of the sky, which became darker the more he shot up. Slowly the momentum of his flight was exhausted and Jacob went satisfied over into a gentle glide. He spread his arms. A pleasant wind blew and gave him enough lift that he was able to pilot effortlessly with only minimal movements of his hands and arms. He sank slowly towards the fluffy clouds. The radiating sun was already close to the horizon. He piloted well-aimed towards a small cloud and let himself sink into it. A pleasant humidity caressed his skin on his face and arms; he was surrounded by thick fog. But soon they resolved into shreds and Jacob could see again the landscape below him. The clear long shadows heightened the contrast of the hills, valleys and houses. To his astonishment he noticed a hot-air balloon about 100 meters away with passengers who clung to the edges of the basket, terrified by their great height. Distracted by the airy vehicle Jacob didn't realize it when he crossed the trajectory of a big and colorful bird. With a brisk maneuver he moved down to the right and the bird croaked wickedly behind him.

Below him he saw a nice, old and little town and he decided to visit it. In big curves he circled down and discovered a medieval city gate. A young girl with long fluttery hair appeared beside him and he winked at her. Before them was the city gate and both shot down in a daring race to find out who was the first to fly through the gate in a daredevil parabolic flight. Jacob managed to be first and stabilized his flight at the rooftop level of the medieval houses which lined the main street. Unfortunately the girl

had disappeared and so he scrutinized the shady lane which appeared a bit dark and narrow after the previous open sky full of shining light.

Below him was bustling activity shortly before store-closing time. Some cars and many pedestrians pressed through the narrow lane. Nobody took notice of him, although he hovered like a dragonfly only about 10 meters above them, once forward, once backward, once remaining still. He even called them to come up to him because it was so beautiful. But not the slightest reaction was seen. So he reached the square in front of the church in the town middle by trying out flying backwards for a change. He did it simply by letting himself be pulled towards the church tower and watched the rows he was passing. Near the church tower he was seized again by his high spirits and circled upwards in narrow and quick corkscrew curves and, as his momentum was running out, he toppled backwards and shot down with increasing speed towards the cobbled square. Shortly before reaching the hard ground he rose up in a tight curve and shot over the heads of the people that were there. Then it happened: A little boy told his father: "Look dad, somebody is flying there!" and pointed with his finger towards Jacob who had gained some height once more and came to a halt about 15 meters above the ground.

All faces turned up to him, some baffled, some shocked and some delighted. Some applauded merrily. "Ah, but this is only a parlor trick" an elderly man threw in, "such a feat does not exist. I am a teacher of physics and I know that this is impossible! This is a fraud!" Another shouted: "It's disgusting to behave in such a mean way. A decent citizen does not fly, particularly in front of the house of our Lord, Jesus Christ!" Another one interjected wickedly: "And after all, we work by the sweat of our brow and that fellow is mocking us diligent citizens." Those who were laughing fell silent under the tirade of abuse by the moralists and furious citizens, who got worked up in self-righteous wrath and dispersed into the nearby lanes, one after the other.

Jacob also felt more and more uneasy. He hovered slowly sideward towards the town hall and passed through its thick stone wall. He had a strange feeling as he did so; the stones seemed to be denser than usual. He crossed a venerable, paneled deputy office and was suspiciously inspected by the town clerk who looked over his golden framed read-

ing glasses. Jacob caused himself to hurry up and to disappear through the next wall in the same way that he had appeared in the room; the amazed high secretary forgot to shut his mouth. After a corridor a thick stone wall came again but, there, Jacob got stuck. With difficulty he managed to free himself by bracing himself with both hands till the wall let him go free with a squeaky sound. He sank to the paved ground behind the town hall. He felt restricted by the narrow lane. He followed it on foot till he left the town through a side gate without being noticed.

Before him opened a broad avenue that led to the train station square. There he intended to use the open space to start flying again but he could not seem to manage it. He only managed to perform some lousy jumps. The air felt like glutinous molasses, pressing him to the ground. He tried again and again and, with supreme effort, indeed succeeded in gaining some height, but only up to the overhead telephone wires as well as high tension lines which obviously criss-crossed the sky over the square. It was too dangerous. Jacob gave up and decided to use public transportation.

Morosely he trudged through the subway to a platform where the next train would bring him home. "Fortunately I have a reduced-fare, easy pay commuter card", he grumbled grimly and stared in the advanced twilight over the tracks into the void.

Next to him stood the girl with whom he had raced through the town gate, but neither recognized the other. The partially dimmed xenon lights bathed the platform in cold and pale floodlight, which let the shadows of the two appear unreal.

Now we leave Jacob at the station and hope that his train will come soon. I, however, would like to give you some hints for the interpretation of this dream story: Flying is a symbol for the freedom of mind and the brilliant, living and sparkling light is a symbol for consciousness in its quintessential natural state. An unusual course of his way back home in the evening allows Jacob to take note and break his routine. He wakes up to the freedom of his mind which has nearly no limits.

In opposition to that state is the conditioned mind, conditioned by our society. It functions quite automatically along learned and a thousand-fold repeated patterns. Already in kindergarten we are



trained to draw within the lines of the picture books and this we do lifelong: We move among limits we did not set by ourselves. These are the electric wires in the dream which hinder us in spreading out our wings of consciousness. But what are the obstacles that limit our mind? Here we have the well-educated, informed and enlightened mind which has a very simple, but probably wrong explanation for everything. Then we have the petit bourgeois morality where each joy, each comfort and each adventure has to be earned with hard work by the sweat of our brow. Nothing is given freely without conditions. Furthermore, the religious view has to be mentioned which relies completely on scripture and dogmas that do not permit any personal mysticism and demands the submission under the shared view. The middle age town in the dream story with its narrow lanes symbolizes the well-organized and maybe somewhat mean and petty spirit of the human community the sheer power of which flags Jacob's freed mind. Without any company Jacob would be free, but completely alone.

Happily, the bureaucracy in our story does not understand what it is all about, because if it would, we would be forced to fill out a form for each flying dream and pay a tax on it. And what is the meaning of dimmed cold xenon light in a highly technical surrounding of the train station?

Before we are completely lost in this minefield, I would like to leave the reader his mental freedom. It is certainly true, however, that lucidity training is not only like a sweaty training in sports, but also involves conscious reflection on ones learned automatisms and a relativization of adopted beliefs.

But let's return quickly to Jacob. In the mean time he must have arrived at his shady home after his escapist excursion. Probably he sits in front of his television set and watches a football game with a can of beer and a pretzel. By now, though, his mind is so dull and numbed that he does not even realize that the referee has ears like Mr. Spock.

In Your Dreams!

Thomas Peisel
Cosmic Whale

I'm in a fancy apartment with Edward H. Macy. I can't recall what we were talking about but at one point something out on the balcony catches my attention and I walk out there. This is when I realize I'm dreaming. Instantly an orb, (or what I took to be a sun) whizzes by my head. A second sun follows and the two suns dance in the sky.

I watch as the clouds begin changing above me. These weren't earthly puffy clouds; these were cosmos clouds and I could see millions of stars within them. The sky changes again, this time revealing this enormous whale made of light! The whale swims through the cosmos above me like water.

Then I see the most beautiful light. It was the purest white but at the same time it gave off the most incredible hues of greens, blues, and pinks. I watched the sky in complete awe of what I'm seeing. I am humbled to the point of tears and I begin crying. Edward H. Macy hugs me from behind.

The dream changed and I ask where we are. A voice says, "San Pablo". I then hear the voice speak, "All matter has its origin in Spirit." It says.

I awoke.

Jennifer Spiller
Sleep Paralysis Leading to a Lucid Dream

I went to bed late (1.30 am) and found it difficult to fall asleep. The next thing I know (and I've experienced it before) is feeling the 'presence' of someone next to me in bed. I knew that I should try and relax, concentrate on my breathing, try to wriggle my toes, etc., anything, but then I was dragged off my bed. I tried to call out but nothing came out of my mouth except a weird mumbling.

I looked over to the bed and I could see someone in it -- maybe me? I managed to get to the light switch by the door and then my three big dogs were there, up on hind legs trying to stop me! I actually touched them and it felt so real. Immediately I was surrounded by 'friends' who although I didn't know any of them, I knew they were people who knew me and were trying to calm me down. What followed was a very lucid dream of everyday life with these people, and then I woke up in my bed (obviously bed sheets intact, as if nothing had happened). This was one hour later.

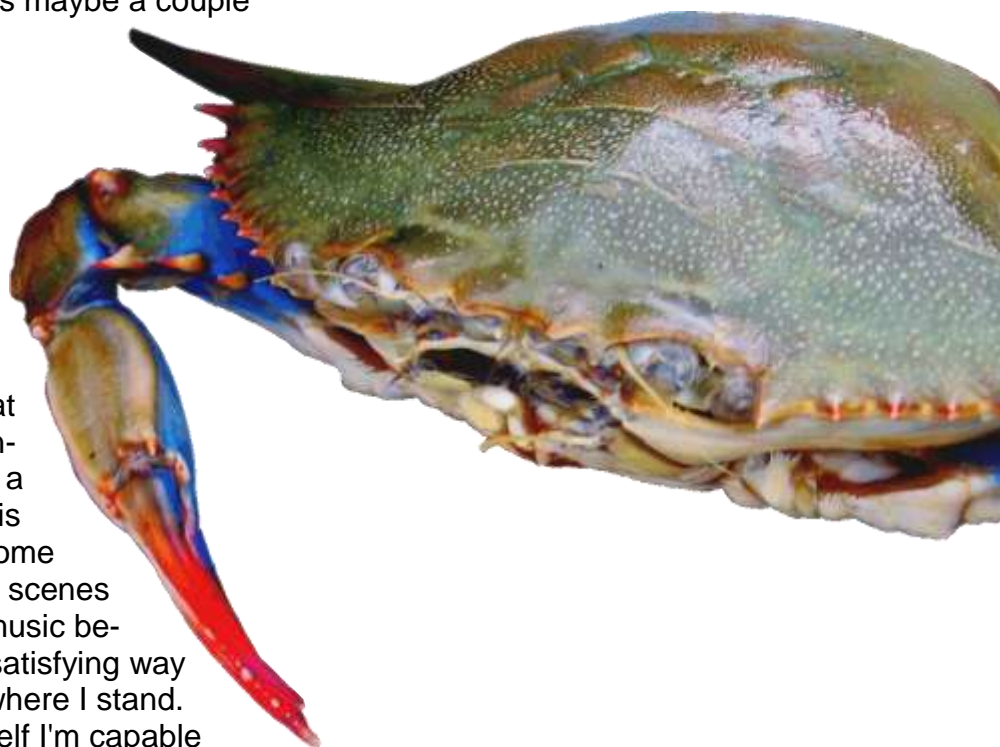
When I started to drift off again, I could feel that weird sensation and immediately forced my eyes open to wake myself up. I know that it's nothing to worry about but I don't always want to go back to sleep so I go downstairs and make myself a hot drink. I suppose that's not good as it prolongs my sleep depriva-

tion! This Sleep Paralysis happens maybe a couple of times every year or two years.

Maria Isabel Pita **Creepy Crustacean**

In the midst of dreams, I find myself joining a small crowd about to watch a new band perform. I'm a well known figure and someone points out my presence to the other waiting onlookers, proud that I've joined them. He calls me Blondie. The performance begins with a slight glitch as the singer opens his mouth but no sound appears to come out. Quickly, someone behind the scenes floats out a microphone and the music begins thumping and grooving in a satisfying way that inspires me to sway slightly where I stand. I'm aware that as a musician myself I'm capable of dancing passionately and yet also elegantly whenever I want to. Then I decide it would be nice to relax into a reclining position, lying down with my head still somewhat elevated so I can watch the show, my legs slightly bent before me. I recognize the position as one recommended in "The Tibetan Yogas of Dream and Sleep." Everyone else remains standing, but after a few moments, a tall young man emulates my position and after that everyone else does so as well. It pleases me to have led them all to this relaxed yet attentive state.

The only problem is, being on the ground puts me on a level with insects, and I flick one away only to see another one crawling toward me. They're only small annoyances, but then I spot a rather large and clearly hostile crab-like creature heading straight for me. This is not acceptable; I can't very well remain in this relaxed reclining position when I'm about to be attacked by a giant crab! I stand but it continues aggressively pursuing me. I don't want to fight it even as I find myself obliged to try and crush it, but it's tough, resistant. I'm reluctant to, and somehow don't possess enough strength, to apply greater pressure when I step on it with my right foot. I end up trapped in a corridor in which I make every effort to step on the nasty crustacean's "head" with my right foot. This time I succeed in crushing it slightly, surely it will die now, but I can't apply the finishing stomp with my left foot because it's bare and that would be too gross! Still it refuses to die and leave me alone!



I've had enough. Looking away from it, I say firmly, "This nightmare is going to end now right now. When I look down, this crab will have been transformed into Arthur (my adorable little dog) and everything will be bright and clean again." I look down and see Arthur and bend down to stroke his soft white fur, gratified my command was promptly and completely obeyed. There's no more nasty crab attacking me and the hallway is perfectly "clean" as in "luminous."

Note: I didn't have the classic "Aha! I'm dreaming!" moment, and yet I behaved with absolute lucidity when I transformed what I already inherently knew, rather than suddenly realized, was a messy and annoying nightmare into a pleasant dream, confidently, without the slightest doubt in my ability to do so, asserting my power to determine what I experience.

Thomas Peisel **Lincoln's Vision**

I'm in a supermarket hunting down Batman....(?) Someone had taken him out of the comic and placed him in the real world. I stalk him as he passes by the aisles. I throw a pillow and miss him. As I get closer, I realize that he's not Batman, but Abraham Lincoln! The man is huge. He must be over seven feet tall. For some reason I have the

impulse to grab on to his leg. As I hold his leg like some Koala bear, he feels like he weighs 2000 pounds - as if he's made of some very dense metal. He tries to kick me off like a bull. I hold on as hard as I can and don't let go.

Abe then walks outside with me on his leg. It's night time and no one else is there. We're in a parking lot of sorts. I hop off his leg and he says to me that I'm allowed to ask him one question. Immediately, I become lucid from this. What am I doing? Abraham Lincoln tells me I can ask him a question? Only one question pops into my mind, "This may sound cheesy," I say, "but what will happen in 2012?"

Instantly I'm transported into an apartment with three walls. The wall-less side faces out, overlooking a huge ocean. It's still dark and the moon casts a soft silver glow onto the water. Suddenly, out of the depths of the ocean comes this white orb. It reminds me of a pearl or an egg. I don't know what it is but it's shiny and glossy like an embryo. I have a vision of the "skin" of the Earth dying and falling away like a snake sheds its skin. Abe says, "Not all will see it this way. There will be some who won't be big enough to hold this."

Before I could ask him anything else, I awoke.



Arlindo Batista **Overcoming the Fear of Demonic Figures**

I had an extremely vivid dream where several family members sat around a large table and my sister-in-law Sharon was a visitor. My mother-in-law had prepared a milk-based drink for me. I took a sip and it was horrible because it was cold and it had curdled quickly. Sharon was sarcastically commenting on the lovely drinks that her mother makes. Then, I went out and saw a middle-aged man fighting a group of yobs. I thought the man was losing and a woman was screaming in despair which I took to be his partner. I was about to interfere when the man suddenly seemed to have acquired superhuman strength and overpowered the yobs. This made me happy.

The scenery changed and I was at this huge house which seemed to be falling apart. There were many apertures all around which seemed to have been breached by people from the outside who had tried to break in. Many people lived there and the host was June, a friend of mine's mother who passed away quite recently. In the dream, I didn't remember that she had died and I spoke to her as if she was still alive. She told me about how dangerous the neighbourhood was with all the yobs about. She had a few people guarding the house at night. She cooked some nice food and gave me some on a tray for me to take to Sandra, my mother-in-law. I was suddenly back at home where me and my wife, Stacey, were trying to sleep but bikes were revving outside. Stacey became impatient and checked the clock on the wall. I woke up from that dream to use the toilet and looked at the clock. It was 4am.

When I was done I went down to induce a WILD. Hissing vibrations ensued. All of a sudden, I heard noises like someone was trying to break in the house. I was thinking about checking it out but then I remembered that in that state it was probably an auditory hallucination. I raised my head a little and suddenly acquired partial vision. I could see my room and heard a fluttering noise of something approaching. I looked at the doorway and saw what looked like a flock of bats barging in, which merged with shaded areas of the room and disappeared. I seemingly separated from my body and rubbed my hands to engross myself in that room replica that had more posters on the walls than it should. I blew

on my hands and saw what looked like a stream of hot air which appeared to help me manifest the entire house as I moved around from room to room. This transparent shimmering stream which I perceived to come from my mouth was also brightening up the environment and greatly improving my vision in the lucid dream world.

I went back to my room to see my sleeping body, only to find that it was missing as well as the bed. Stacey was asleep on the floor. I shook her and woke her up deliberately to tell her that I was "out-of-body". She just mumbled incoherently. I told her that she couldn't say much because she was probably a figment of my imagination in a dream world. She shrugged and laid back down. I told her I could turn her into a demon if I wanted to. At that point, her form stood up and turned to face me. Her facial features changed, her teeth were sharp and her eyes were unnaturally black as though her pupils had severely dilated. It was the typical demonic mydriasis [eye pupil dilation] seen in the movies. She smirked and snarled as she lunged forward in an attack. This startled me but I fought back and there came a point where I grabbed both her arms

and stared her in the face to say that she wasn't real. She turned back to normal and we started making love which felt wetter than the waking life version of the act or it seemed like more fluids were involved. Suddenly, the thought form was no longer Stacey, but rather, a large curvaceous black woman at which point the sexual act was being carried out in the same manner that a pair of dogs would do. I left the room after that and went downstairs.

The house was well lit and the colours were brighter than usual. Outside, I encountered a hyper-real night time environment. There were many unpleasant-looking characters lurking in every corner but to me it was an adventure where I could fight and defeat bad guys. Eventually I found Ben, a friend of mine who also lucid dreams, and we joined forces to fight against whatever "dangers" lurked in that dark city which was somewhat beautiful and romantic. I didn't feel scared at all. It was all rather exciting as the experience was unfolding like an action film with a brilliant storyline, where Ben and I were invincible heroes. We fought using our hands, guns and sometimes materialising strange weapons spontaneously.



Towards the end of the experience we had a whole team of fighters on our side, and after our victory we settled in a nice house where all of us talked about how amazing the metaphysical realm is. At one point a girl asked which looked more real, that world or the physical one. Everyone replied that the metaphysical seemed more real. I sat on a sofa and stroked its surface. It felt like leather. Ben walked by and remarked at how amazing the reality of where we were was. The others clamoured and toasted in agreement. I told Ben I couldn't believe how long the experience was lasting and asked him if he was really him. He told me he was and that perhaps we should establish the authenticity of the meeting. The others joined our conversation. Ben asked me if I own a pair of dogs and I told him I didn't. He then turned to a team member and incredulously stated that he thought he said I owned a pair of dogs. He regarded that character as if he should be cognizant of everything about me and I began to wonder if that character was an element of my

psyche through which Ben had been extracting information about me. I suddenly remembered that my sister now owns the two Yorkshire Terriers that used to live with me and my mother when I was in my teens. I told this to Ben and he seemed reassured. People then regaled with talks on the hyper-reality of the environment.

I looked out the windows of that strange house and saw daylight. I lost track of the conversation and the environment became more dreamlike, and finally, it felt like the dregs of a fading realm made of thoughts before I woke up. My body felt cold and my head refreshed. I think I needed an adventure like that. I got up and told Stacey that I had yet another lucid dreaming (I'd been successful for a few days in a row but this one was the most remarkable experience). It was 5.45am when I checked the clock.

Sebastian **Flying over My Town**

I had a regular sleep and then my alarm woke me up. I went to sleep again and then I woke up in my room again. This time, all my furniture was moved randomly around, so I thought "This might be a lucid dream." I jumped through my window, even though I felt scared, because if it was not a lucid dream, I would break all my legs. But I jumped, and I started to fly ! I flew over my town. Then I realized again "This must be a dream, because I am flying!"

I was flying for a long time, and then I crashed or something, though I can't remember. I woke up in someone's house, but not my house!. Now I thought that I was not dreaming anymore. I thought it was reality. I was freaking scared because I was in someone else's house! Everything seemed so clear, so it must have been reality, I thought.

Then I looked out the window and I had this thought again, I MUST be dreaming. So once again I jumped out of my window and I flew! Now I realized it was a lucid dream so I was going to test if I could control it. I wondered if I could "spawn" a human with my hands. I pointed my hands towards the ground and thought to myself that it would spawn a human. And it did! A girl spawned! Then I flew down to her and she looked straight into my eyes. she started to laugh and told me she wanted to have sex. So we had sex ! I showed her that I could con-

trol the world. I pointed my hands towards the sea and waved. And then the sea water was flowing up in the air! It was amazing!! The girl was really impressed too!! THIS WAS THE MOST AMAZING THING THAT HAS EVER HAPPENED TO ME!! The whole dream felt so real! It was amazing!!

Jonah Strand **Moving a Van with My Mind**

I am playing catch with someone in the parking lot of an Albertson's. All of a sudden I think to myself, "This is a dream," so I ditch the random dude I was playing with. I want to fly!

I get a running start, and jump into the air. I don't fly – instead I sort of glide for 10 feet or so but then skid face first into the cement. It didn't hurt. In fact, it was as if I was watching it happen from the sidelines. Pretty bummed, I go converse with the crowd of people in front of the entrance to the store. I get bored and decide to stand by a maroon red van (not a mini van but a van). I hold my hand out, thinking of how I want the van to move. It doesn't move how I thought it should, but it rises into the air about a foot high, then crashes back down. "Well that's cool," I think. I turn around and hear cheering. The crowd of people have seen me do this. So I turn to the van and lift it again to show off. Still it doesn't move the way I was thinking, but I still impressed the crowd with the flip I made it do. After that it's blurry. I seem to be lost or like I missed part of a movie. I see a goblet falling in slow motion. Then I become aware of where I am again. I'm not in the same place. I can't remember where I was. I woke up.

Matt **The Observer Effect**

During a dream of wandering through a large, empty mechanical room, I spontaneously realized I was dreaming. I flew out of the building and shortly over a tropical bay. I landed on a VW bug in four feet of blue water. Off to the side of the car I caught sight of a long, gray shape in the water. Momentarily I thought that it was a big shark so I trained my attention on it.

The gray shape didn't move as I looked at it. It was just a vague gray shape under the water. As I looked at it, I remembered a radio interview on

Coast to Coast AM with Stephen LaBerge. I thought to myself, "If I'm not careful, my subconscious will turn this gray blob into a shark and it'll try to eat me." But as I watched it nothing happened. Then I had the thought that it would only happen if I was afraid of it happening.

After a few long seconds of nothing happening, I decided what would be would be, and I turned away from the gray blob. Right then, the gray blob morphed into a giant rat and lurched out of the water at me.

I wasn't scared because (1) I was half-expecting it; (2) the fact that it was a Dungeons & Dragons dire rat coming out of the water, and not a shark, struck me as incongruous and slightly funny; (3) the rat was rather unconvincing: it was a cartoony, puppet-like rat.

As I reacted to it, stepping back and looking at it, it sunk back into the water and the "nightmare" ended.

MysticMelody Lucid Dreamer **My Shape-shifting Lucid Dreams**

I am witnessing my Self witnessing my Self poised atop a high peak (peak experience?) when I have a sudden impulse to shape-shift by unfurling immensely large dark and shadowy wings (condor-like) and a visceral/organic sensation of immense expansion of form.

A sensation of lifting off the ground of the high peak mountaintop and being swept into a swirling spiral vortex of energy above a swirling vortex of oceanic swirling mass into which "I" (the lucid dreamer) fearlessly plunge into an accelerating descent while shape-shifting into a great sea creature in an ocean of energy that does not "feel" wet nor cold, but is all surrounding and is symbiotically all I am.

Effortlessly, "I" (witnessing "I"/myself the lucid dreamer) begin shape-shifting into a diversity of natural forms, shapes, colors, sizes, creatures, animals and

entities. This is easy, effortless and ecstatically Fun! It is total Freedom from any and all fear, anxiety, stress, mentalizing, analyzing and all the attributes of the familiar egoic Mind.

It is going "out of Mind" . . . beyond thought and simply being the experiencer and the witness of the experience in a dimension in which anything and everything is possible to effortlessly and instantaneously simply BE, or merge with and into. This is a frequently re-occurring lucid dream and one of my favorites that is now easily recallable and consciously reactivated in both my waking Day and sleeping Night states.

B. E. Berger **The Kindness of Strangers**

This building has turned into a prison; the other women and I are not allowed out. We are being shuffled from area to area. Oh! I lost my bags, lost my purse; they were right there, but now they are gone. Some women are sitting in the aisle where I last had my bags. Are they there? No? Where could they be? No time to look; we are being moved to another room.

"But it can't be that bad," I think. "I must be dreaming." Now that I realize I am indeed dreaming, I expect the scene to evaporate and I will not know how



it ends. But the scene remains, and I remain in the scene. "I am dreaming, but I am staying in the dream," I realize.

I must try to call my parents so they do not worry, but I do not have my purse with my phone. I become afraid, because I am still in the prison even though I know it is a dream. As my group is being led into the hospital rooms, I linger and stay back. I become separated. An orderly sees me, and I say I am a visitor who needs to find the door. He is friendly and doesn't question me. He shows me the exit door and I am out. Free! But, I do not have my purse. Without it, without my money, I can't get around. I am just a homeless person. A kind man helps me to get on the bus and pays my way.

A link to my dream journal <http://wp.me/P1ya28-3F>

Arlindo Batista **"The Vain Lady, Family Fun and the Elves"**

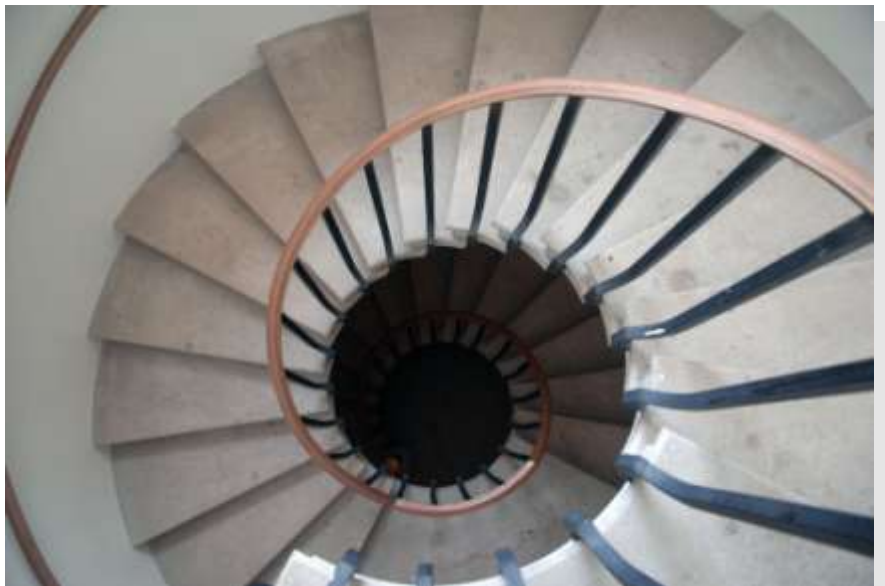
I hit the sack at 1.30am and didn't take long to fall asleep. I wasn't even planning to have a lucid dream. I dreamt that I was a time-traveller inhabiting the body of a stranger - like the fictitious Sam Beckett in the science fiction series, "Quantum Leap". The most memorable part of this non-lucid stage was when I was trying to convince somebody that I was not who I appeared to be and that I had travelled from the future. I completely believed that was my reality and that my time-travelling was made possible by quantum mechanics.

A sceptical dream character accused me of pulling the wool over his eyes and remarked that the idea of travelling through time was too far-fetched. I saw his scepticism as an obstinate problem in need of urgent rectification before it was too late. There was a strong sense of me being the protagonist in what was unfolding. An unmitigated love of being the hero blinded me to the fact that the sense of urgency was unjustified. I did not even stop to ask myself what was at stake if I did not succeed in convincing the sceptic that I was a time-travelling stranger. It didn't even occur to me that the idea of having enemies was vague and there was no sense of purpose other than asserting my pseudo-reality to someone who was not willing to budge.

We continued to argue as we went to the upstairs of a house. When we reached a terrace, the sceptical character stated emphatically that he did not believe me and was not willing to listen to me anymore. He left through another door (adjacent to the one we used to enter the terrace) and I gave up on my mission to persuade him. Something was changing in me as I was beginning to analyse my situation. On the terrace, I beheld a night sky in contemplation. Then, something that hovered a few yards away caught my eye. Two looped objects, somehow superimposed and spinning in opposite directions, were the only things that exhibited movement in the vivid dreamscape before me. The estimated diameter of the loops was around 10ft.

As I watched this wondrous peculiarity, I pondered the possibility of dreaming what was before me and the reality of the experience hit me: "I am dreaming!" I entered the strange residence via the same door used by the sceptical character earlier. I went down a few steps and turned left at a hallway that led to an antiquated room. A middle-aged woman of strong build sat in front of a large bevelled mirror and seemed preoccupied with her appearance. She sported dark straight hair at shoulder length and was attired in black leather. The mirror displayed a varnished wooden edge and its surface limpidly reflected the room except the woman. I grabbed her arm, pulled her towards me and the two of us danced in celebration of my lucidness.

I dropped the woman when I noticed two doorways on opposite sides of the room. These doorways revealed sunlit interiors - as though light was seeping



through unseen blinds. The sunlight that bathed the rooms was a bold contrast to the nightscape observable from the terrace. It defied logic because it couldn't have got that bright in such a short period of time. If that happened in the real world, anybody who witnessed it would have been dumbfounded. In the lucid dream world, I smirked triumphantly as the phenomenon only served as a reminder of being well aware of the illusory nature of my surroundings.

Vision was strong but sound was minimal and in need of amplification. I focused on listening in and heard voices coming from downstairs. I exited the woman's room and glided to the end of the hallway where I found a set of stairs to my left that struck me as being the same ones used by me and the sceptical character earlier in my ordinary dream state. I went downstairs and noticed the voices getting louder and more familiar. I found my wife Stacey and the kids playing together along a corridor that I came to realise was looped due to an elongated oval-shaped wall at the centre of the lower floor. Strong red and blue colours highlighted the stony surfaces that composed the hall-like environment.

My pseudo-family raced joyfully along the looped path and I decided to join in. I ran alongside Alfred and told him: "Daddy is dreaming and he knows it!" I glanced at my wife who was catching up with us and saw that she was apparently happy for me. I found the way Alfred was moving quite comical because he could barely balance his head as he ran. I could see that my son would inevitably fall and my initial instinct was to prevent this. But then, I realised there was no point in bothering with rescue, because, after all, it was just a lucid dreaming eventuality. So, cheekily, I opted to tickle my son as he ran and chased his guffawing self all the way to a doorway where he stumbled and fell in a kitchen area. The dream simulation of my boy bumping his head on the floor and crashing into nearby cupboards did not concern me in the least.

I shouted excitedly to Stacey who was still running with the other children: "I'm dreaming!" I joined them in the corridor and tried to recall a plan of action that I'd written in my journal a few days ago. I couldn't remember anything so I decided to improvise by exploring whatever I found. I began to touch objects around me until I found the front entrance to the house (or at least that's the impression I got when I found a white door with two vertical rectangular panes). The door



was solid at first, but, as soon as I willed my hand to go through it, my fingers began to sink into its surface with little resistance. Eventually, I slid through it with no expectation of finding anything on the other side.

It was pitch black but the spatial sense lingered. The temperature was lower and I got the impression of being outdoors. My auditory faculty appeared to be fully functional when a couple of vehicles zoomed past me. I could hear them realistically - even the Doppler effect was conveyed precisely - and a breeze was felt each time but all I could see was blackness. I touched a tarmac floor and heard my kid's voices challenging me to another race, this time, on the road.

In the darkness, I started to see the dimly lit forms of my wife, mother and children getting aboard what resembled a motorised rickshaw. What was odd was that all of them got inside the cart and the vehicle took off without a driver. I pursued the rickshaw by gliding through the air and felt there was a road beneath me that I was unable to see. I reached for it with my fingers and felt tarmac again. Suddenly, the road started reflecting crisp moonlight but there was no moon to be seen in the black sky. I had a strong desire for clarity and it didn't take long for a fully developed nightscape to come into view.

There was a faint sunset in the distance and a silver moon illuminated a somewhat familiar foreground. I wondered why I was experiencing déjà vu and thought that perhaps the outdoor environment had featured as a setting for my previous non-lucid



dream. I imagined that the sunset indicated west and later I would create a dream cartography piece with cardinal points. The centre of my dreamscape was a park mostly composed of grassland and a few trees that beautified it. That's where I imagined my cardinal rose to be.

The house with the spinning loops on the terrace, the vain lady, and where my family and I had fun was to the north. The tarmac road circled the park, and, to the west and cropping the sunset background, there was a myriad-storied building. On the north side of this structure, there was a gazebo, table and chairs under a little tree - this was where my family were now sitting and conversing. The south side of the building indicated the start of a new road. On the southeast side of the building stood an enormous tree that dwarfed it.

In fact, this tree was the tallest landmark in this lucid dream setting. Its branches brushed the dark sky and almost reached the moon. Exquisite pink flowers adorned the branches and part of the trunk. To the south and east of the park, there were rows of little properties which looked the same. As I performed

some midair acrobatics over the park, I listened in on the conversation that was going on under the gazebo not far from where I was. It was like I had switched my super hearing on.

My mother was telling my wife that I scare her sometimes. I began to fly in their direction and my mother looked at me. Stacey replied by saying that she gets scared of me too but that she is also getting used to it. I gently floated above their heads and told them: "There is no need to be scared. Lucid dreaming is harmless and makes me happy." I looked up at the tall tree and saw bizarre bubbly clouds in the sky. I flew towards them and realised they were not clouds at all - or at least not anymore! On closer inspection they turned out to be foamy snow on the tree's upper branches. Below me, the building resembled a miniature skyscraper. I descended to the east side of the structure and peered through its windows to discover sleeping elf-like creatures inside. The naughty child in me compelled me to clutch the top floors like mattresses and rip them off in complete mayhem. I felt like a mad flying giant who took pleasure in watching the little people being flung about.

While I disassembled a few floors, I noticed that the building seemed to be made of polystyrene and cardboard. I landed on a surprisingly intact roof and looked to the west where the sunset was brighter and its prominent colours evoked joy. It should have got dimmer because it was supposed to be a sunset (going by the fact that it was daytime in the vain lady's room earlier) but, judging by the nature of dreamland, it might as well have turned into a sunrise.

The west side of the building that was previously hidden from view now revealed a luxurious platform area that included a swimming pool. The sight of this appeared to brighten the sky. Then, in the corner of my eye and to my right, I spot a dark patch on the floor. Upon inspection, a circular hole was unravelled. I anticipated discovering a wrecked building interior by peering through the black hole but what I found was more astounding. There was a staircase that revolved around a hollow centre and spiralled into infinity.

I couldn't resist jumping in to deliberately fall in an upright position. I crossed my arms and began to spin gradually during my fall. It was intentional and I thoroughly enjoyed the experience. It was better

than a funfair ride albeit brief. I landed on floorboards and looked around in a dark environment. It resembled a barn interior. I took a few steps and the lucid dream collapsed abruptly. It was 6am and I felt extremely happy and invigorated. Stacey woke up briefly and picked up on my joyous expression as I recalled everything. I felt fulfilled and had no intention of lucidly returning to the dream world.

Yvonne Weldon
Flying Above the Pool

I dreamt that I became aware that I was watching my step-daughter swimming. I joined her in the swimming pool and gave her a warm hug. I plunged under the water and pushed my way up to the surface and remember telling myself that I could use the bubble of air to float up out of the water and drift up into the air and fly about. I felt myself soar above the swimming pool, which I thought was an open air pool but became an indoor pool and remember then flying about just under the eaves of the ceiling at great speed inside the bubble of air. I became conscious of someone above me trying to suck me out with a giant vacuum cleaner type of nozzle and I grew very scared and tried to avoid it. Not long after this I woke up.

Spencer
Protect the Yellow Snake

I'm walking through a hallway. I can see the yellowish walls and the fine light blue trim lining the hall. However the hallway only exists roughly 20 yards in front and behind me. I'm walking with an unknown man who I feel like I've known for years and trust completely. Further down the hallway, I notice a small door in the wall. The man and I bend down and I open the door. There is a wooden box the size of a shoe box sitting inside, and I can see a small handle near the bottom of the box.

As I pull the handle I see that it is a slab of wood with numbers and strange markings on it. I continue to pull the handle out and the box has layers that telescope outward with the same markings, The section with the handle being the smallest section. As the man and myself look at the markings he starts to "transform" growing long shaggy hair with a bluish tint all over his body. His eyes glow through the hair and teeth seem razor sharp. I feel startled but not afraid of him.

As I take a step back I see a rhinoceros just outside my range of vision with a horn filled with lightning. At this point I realize that I am dreaming and ask out loud, "What are you trying to tell me?" As soon as the words leave my mouth I am in a room with nothing but a couch behind me and a old TV in front of me. I sit down and the TV comes on. Static for a split second then it turns black, I hear a voice say, "Protect the yellow snake" then the TV goes to static and shuts off. Repeat the message, "Protect the yellow snake" and the box is sitting closed in my lap. I pick up the box and start walking. I take three steps and I wake up.

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