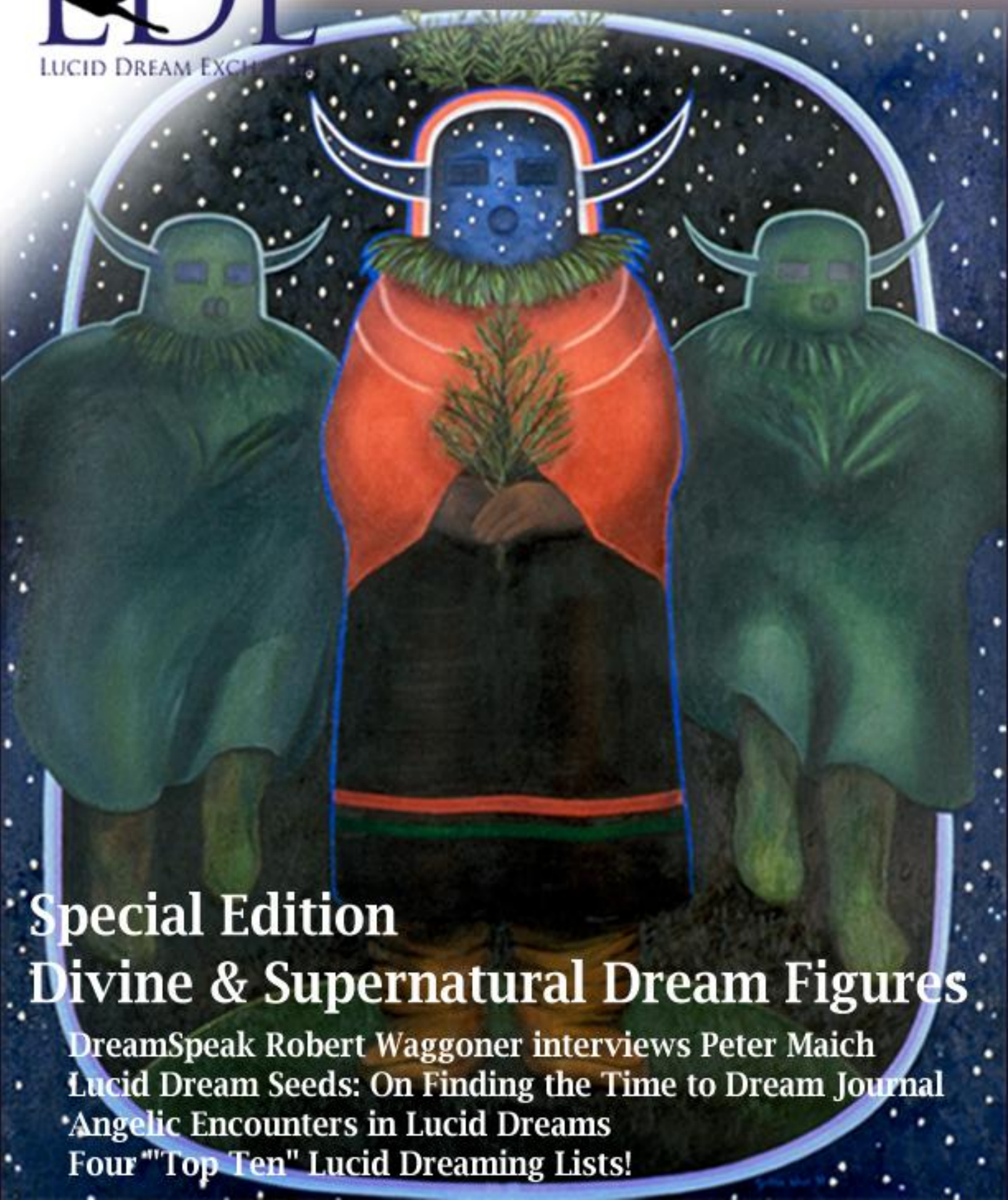


LDE

LUCID DREAM EXCHANGE

Spring Edition
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Special Edition Divine & Supernatural Dream Figures

DreamSpeak Robert Waggoner interviews Peter Maich
Lucid Dream Seeds: On Finding the Time to Dream Journal
Angelic Encounters in Lucid Dreams
Four "Top Ten" Lucid Dreaming Lists!



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Cover Image

"Starry Night" © Cynthia West

Statement of Purpose

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

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Submissions

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

Submissions are printed at the discretion of the LDE editors.

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Cover Image: Starry Night ,© Cynthia West, 1985, oil on linen, 40"x32"

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dream speak

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

A lucid dreamer from New Zealand, Peter Maich, seems attracted to the vastness of oceans in physical reality, and the uncharted void of lucid dream experiences. The LDE welcomes lucid dream explorer, Peter Maich

How did you become interested in dreaming and lucid dreaming? Did you have lucid dreams before even knowing this type of dream had a name?

I have always had a very rich and vivid dream life and great recall of dreams. This started at quite an early age, around 5, if I recall correctly, and has been the case for all of my life.

In some of the early nightmares, I would get to bed and get these funny feelings as if my body was bigger than it really was and then just be in dreams where I was lost in a rolling landscape that would fall away and force me to jump and run for my life. I would be scared of something in these dreams and just keep running, jumping and crawling up impossible slopes, never getting away and not quite waking up. I suspect that I was aware in these dreams but without any control. I can still recall those forty five years later.



A lot of the time I used to wake up and see people in my room. This used to be very scary and after a time I just got sick of the dreams and wanted to do something about them.

Years later I had what I termed 'organic dreams'. These started as a young adult and now I understand they were hypnagogic images that would lead me into a lucid dream. In these dreams I would observe organic landscapes and places that looked like the inside of a living body. I used to think I was looking around my mind and inside my body and it was fun and non-threatening and left me feeling good afterwards.

In about my 30's I had a year or so of sleep paralysis more often than not and it was just

horrid as I had no idea what it was. These attacks always occurred at home and it was a very scary time. I was working at sea at the time but these attacks did not happen on the boat. Now I think this is because of the movement of my body on the boat at night. To get over it, I slept without sheets as they didn't provide any protection from whatever was attacking me and I tried to not be scared of what was likely to happen. I used to come out swinging when I could finally move and telling whatever it was to just FK off or I would kill it. It always came back! In time these attacks just went away.

Every once in a while I would have odd dreams and a lot of dreams about dead friends. In about ten years, I lost 17 friends and a few of these would appear in my dreams. I always liked this, took it at face value and over the years various people will come back from time to time. Interestingly, they sometimes look older than when they died. One uncle, a deer culler that died in a wheelchair appeared in a dream when I was flying over the mountains and simply said that he was happy now as he could walk again. Another young friend appeared and said its cool where he was as you don't need to sleep and could play 24 hours a day.

Some of these dreams I would now classify as lucid, but I had no idea at the time and no way of really finding out. This was before the Internet made so much information available and so it was a case of trying to work out what I could on my own. I was torn between being sick of the nightmares and the beauty of the dreamscapes that I was wandering around in, in my mind and so very curious to lean about all this in some way.

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

In my first lucid dreams I was amazed at the control that I had, that I existed as myself in this environment with all my normal senses and could explore, create, destroy or simply look around.

I was very intrigued with how it felt to put my hands through a wall and through each other. The tingling or vibrating that I feel and also the color of my hands was interesting. I started to wonder how real this body was and if you really needed it to get around in the dreams.

In one lucid dream I looked for and found the silver thread that I had read about and was supposed to connect you to your sleeping body. To hold this in my dream hands was an awesome feeling. It truly was a sliver thread and had a

solid feel to it that was totally different from anything else that I had played with in a dream. This cord surprised me as it appeared to be of a different material with a different texture and feel and a nice coolness about it as well. If I looked behind me, I could watch this cord cut through buildings as I was flying. From this I decided that the dream world was a construct of energy in some form and not as solid as waking life. In saying this I have hit trees while flying and it really hurt so the dream world is a confusing mix and appears to conform to its own logic.

With more experience and talking to dream characters I was surprised at the ones that would debate and make me doubt that I was dreaming if I asked that question and made good cases to the effect that I was in their dream. I found that by putting my hand thorough them I could win the debate, but it took me a while to work this out.

The first time I really got lucid and became aware of it I was being chased or confronted by a crowd. I got angry and demanded they just stop and when they didn't, I started just throwing people away from me and if they got in my way just pulling limbs off them. This behavior seemed to give me a presence in the dream that created awareness and in time I learnt to become fully aware and therefore lucid.

Various other dreams were very scary and they concerned being in places that felt strange and gave me a feeling of dread due to what felt like an unseen presence and there was always a door in the wall. I just knew if I went through the door it would be bad, but in time I made the decision to go through the door.



In doing this I became lucid and was able to do more in my dreams. In the early days I never sought to change anything and was still on my lonesome as far as information about dreaming. I was simply fed up with nightmares and some of the feelings of dread that the dreams were chucking at me. I think now that the worst dreams were really sleep paralysis within the dream and that created the feeling of being pulled or sucked away and into another dream.

“More recently, I have a great interest in looking beyond the playground of the dreamscape and would like to explore practical uses for lucid dreaming.”

I do recall one powerful early dream when two females took my hands and led me through one of these doors; on the other side there was a hallway that just ended in a black space and in this space was a ball of fire with the top just above us. These two guides led me to the edge and then we stepped out into the flames. I recall sort of just burning up, could feel the incredible heat and then a sense of peace. It might have been my first void experience years before I had any idea of where I really was.

What did you make of that?

All of these dreams started to really make me curious and want to understand where I was and what place and state I existed in during the dreams. I have never doubted that it was in my mind, as in the waking world everything our senses take in creates the reality in our mind. So I treated these experiences as being as real as the waking world and think the place of dreaming is in our mind.

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

I knew that I was fully aware during these experiences but not awake in the normal sense and just wanted to know more. There was not much information around and so I thought I would have to work it out for myself. I wanted to know if it was normal and there was really no one to ask about this.

A thought that I had at the time was to wonder if animals were able to access these states to heal themselves - like when a cat will eat grass and then disappear for a few days. I wondered if they would somehow dream these dreams or induce these states by instinct and either get well or die. So it was more than an interest in dreaming that attracted me as I was already looking for practical uses for the dream state and the communication with my inner self.

I used to say that these dreams were a way to talk to your inner self and communicate with another part of your mind using an organic language as I liked to call it. I have solved a lot of puzzles in private and business life by immersing myself totally in a subject and then have the answers come to me without conscious thought, and I was interested to see if all of this had a common thread that was wider than just me and my mind.

More recently, I have a great interest in looking beyond the playground of the dreamscape and would like to explore practical uses for lucid dreaming. I feel there is great potential to heal the body and other uses such as giving handicapped people the ability to experience walking, running, flying and all the wonder of the dreamscape. I have also read a lot about some of our great minds and artists and the fact that a lot of them have tapped into the lucid state for inspiration and innovation that is hard to come by with linear thinking and would like to explore this theme a little more.

In a previous LDE article, you mentioned that you had to start “letting go” and become “more accepting of fears” in order to deepen your lucid dream explorations. Tell us about that. (What kind of fears, what kind of lucid dream experiences, etc.)

The first was externally related and that was simply to use substances to help with lucid dreaming. I had seen the book ‘Advanced Lucid Dreaming’ in a book shop a couple of years ago and simply refused to buy it, as it promoted the use of substances or in my mind, drugs. I did in time get a copy and gave it a good reading and yes, I now use supplements as part of my lucid dreaming program.

For me there was also a fear of the unknown. I was not sure of what to expect and the first two or three transitions to a lucid dream on supplements were very intense. The first time I used galantamine I had such a strong attack of SP that I came out swinging at the offender. A few minutes after that I was able to laugh it off and feel a little foolish about my panic as it was a good attack and the intensity got me by surprise.

Most of the lucid dreams induced by using supplements were WILD (wake initiated lucid dreams) and all were transitions to an OBE state, by this I mean that there were the feelings of relaxing, the blankness that I now know as a REM state while awake (courtesy of a ZEO sleep monitor) and then full awareness and sitting up in

bed. A lot of these OBEs were quite violent at first and with bits of my dream body getting stuck during the process of an exit.

The first OBE got me by surprise as I fell out of bed and felt quite silly about this for a few seconds until I realized that I was OBE and in my dream body. I then simply got my bearings and got up and walked away. For the fun of it I went through a window and as the glass stretched instead of me bursting through I placed a bubble around me and travelled in this for a while.

It seems the deeper you go into the world of lucid dreaming the more you are removed from a standard view of reality and in some ways the more isolated you become as you reshape your own view of reality. I needed to allow myself time to accept each dream and any new experiences I might have had and allow these times to integrate into my view of the world.

For me the dreams concerning the void and light/energy are more recent and of a nature that makes me question even more what reality is. They have been so profound and as life changing as lucid dreaming itself. There are a lot of views on what and where the dreams are taking place and as I have no belief in religion or many of the spiritual practices, I needed to cement my dreams in my mind in a way that allowed them to be pure experience and not taint them in any way.

Even with experience there are times when it is hard to accept the reality of lucid dreaming and I needed to get over some fears. Supplement-induced dreams for me are almost indistinguishable from waking reality in detail, while in context they can be vastly different. At times I still question the dream, and below is a severe reality check.

I Hope I am Dreaming

"I was facing a lady with a skill saw in her hand. She would not let me go past her and I walked up to her and said this is my dream and you can't hurt me. I then put my hand into the saw and was thinking that I really hope this is a dream as it's going to hurt if it's not. Well it did hurt, bits of finger went flying and then I held my hand up to her, it healed and she smiled. I feel that, at times like this, the dream character is testing you for reasons of their own."

What thoughts or ideas helped you become "more accepting of fears"? And did you find this changed your lucid dreams?

I thought about the dreams and how I felt after them, and realized that a lot of the time and in different ways each dream was a progression on the last. The dreams were

starting to have energy appear or states where I was body-less but with awareness and that was quite profound. In my mind, at times I existed as pure energy with awareness and no sense of self or body and this just stunned me. At the same time I wanted to access more of these states and explore them if I could.

I came to believe that whatever part of me created the dreamscape would allow me to explore further as my skills increased and so I started to treat the lucid dreams that were similar to waking reality like a school where skills were developed in preparation for other tasks. These skills were to make correct judgments, increase the ability to focus and retain the state (of awareness) and interact with the dream characters in a respectful way. Some of the dream characters are more aware than others and seem to be pleased at times with my actions.

Wheelchair Dream with Old Lady

"I was riding my bike and went past a group of people standing on the side of a street. Across from them was an old lady in a wheelchair who was looking at me. I rode past her and then decided to go back. I picked her up and carried her across the street to where the other people were waiting (she was very light and small and her body changed to that of a baby while in my arms). I carried her across to the other group and they all looked very happy and pleased with me."

Each dream went a little deeper and left me glowing afterwards with feelings of wellbeing and so I started to believe that I would not come to any harm. I started to enjoy some of the states more and then began to look for them in my dreams. I was also starting to see the energy and void dreams as beyond dreaming in some way but could not define how or what I meant by this but was very keen to pursue this line of thought and see where it might lead.

Sometimes lucid dreamers feel unusual sensations. Can you share a lucid dream where 'unusual sensations' felt prominent? What did you make of it?

One of the more unusual dream entries was in a WILD attempt. In this one I got to the stage of experiencing hypnagogic images and from there I was shunted backwards through what felt like an electric field. This was accompanied by a very strong jolt and I had no idea what was happening to me. I ended up in a dream and that was fine but I had not felt entry sensations as strong as that before or since.

There are times in a dream where I will be in a place, normally a room and it gets very quiet and I will sense a presence and get feelings of dread that something awful

is about to happen. If I am brave enough to go with these feelings, I will be sucked or pulled along in a burst of energy and end up in another dream or in the void. I suspect that I may have been getting an attack of sleep paralysis from within the dream but am still not sure about this.

There are also quite often in the dreams a Mandala in the sky that seems to be a boil of energy. They are normally round and seething with color and energy and they start to draw me in. I have not allowed them to take me yet, but will do so at some time in the future.

The Lady in the Market

"I recall one incident in which a lady in a market was teaching me how to smell flowers correctly, I went to catch the scent of a flower and the flower turned into one of these balls of energy and I was sucked out of one dream into another."



Since this LDE issue focuses on encounters with spiritual, god-like dream figures or energies in the lucid dream state, have you had any encounters with powerful dream figures which surprised you? What did you make of that?

The encounters with figures of this nature are rare for me and I can only recall one small part of a dream that might feature a spiritual figure. I don't have any belief in religion or in god-like beings so most likely my mind is not seeded to create any of them. The encounters with energy are becoming more common and are a nature that suits me better. I think of these dreams of light and energy as being more than a dream; more of a contact in some way.

Lady of Gold

"I am in a room and looking at a little boy playing on the floor. He is in the room by himself and the scene changes to a lady sitting in a lotus position in the void. She is golden and raises her hand and blows stardust of gold onto the boy. This boy then appears in the middle of her tongue and he is made of sparkling crystals of gold."

You almost have to be an experienced lucid dreamer to truly understand the impact of light and energy interactions in the lucid dream state. They can be surprising, especially when you find yourself being blasted by light! What kinds of 'light' encounters have you had?

The first dream was about 15 years ago - long before I had any real understanding of lucid dreaming.

White Light

"I was in a hotel and lying down in the afternoon and was in a familiar space in my mind, observing small spots of light appearing in my eyes. I knew this was the start of going to sleep as I was good at getting to this state and then going to sleep or falling into a dream. I had been thinking about my health for some reason and associated these blue spots with healing and blue as a healing color or energy. I was observing these spots and got this rush or sensation of speed. I just went with it, scared but also curious. I was in a tunnel of light and moving at an unbelievable speed along it. There was no sensation of me with a body but I knew it was me being sucked along this tunnel and it seemed to go for a long time but may have only been a few seconds. The color was just pure, there was nothing I had ever seen that even came close to the purity of it. It was more like it was a living form than simply color. After this rush along the tunnel I exploded into a white light, just a massive blast of white

light and, I think, along with a good loud bang in my head."

At the time I had no idea what had happened and of course not a single person to talk to it about. This kept me puzzling for years and also many years later lead me to ask for blue light in a dream and treat blue light as a healing color.

Blue Light Dream

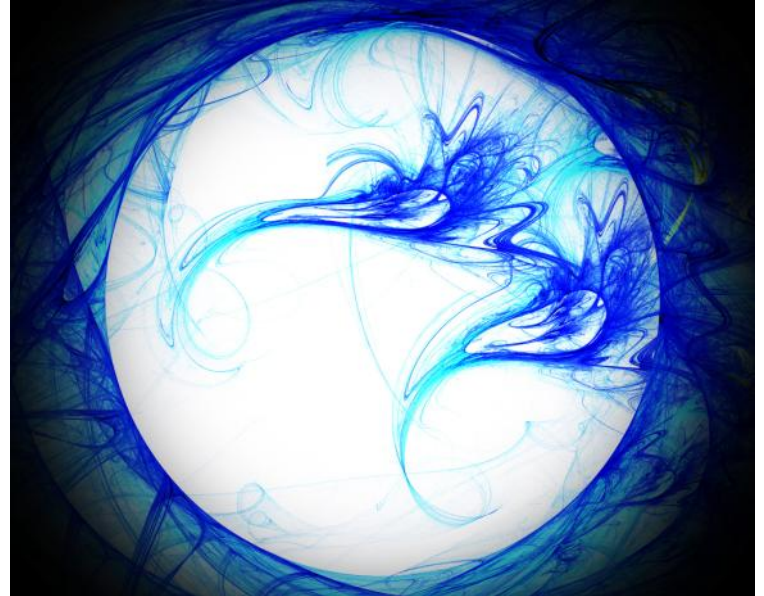
"Before bed, I dwelled on the concept of energy as light and decided I wanted "blue light or energy to come to me in a dream." I relaxed and drifted into the awareness that the supplements seem to bring on and went into a set of OBE type body feelings (you feel your energy body floating out in bits and at times, parts get stuck, and the feeling is of the stuck bits being plucked out to join arm and legs). In time I got out of my body and found I was still in my room and in bed. My room looked about the same but the color was different and one door too many. The dream went for a long time but the bit of major interest is how the blue light appeared as two beams of focused but vibrating light. They snaked across the room, entered my hands and became part of my body. The first time this happened it was spontaneous and I called for the light again and experienced the light and feeling four separate times. I had no fear and the feelings are very hard to describe: the light enters you and floods your body (energy/dream body) and becomes a part of you or you become part of it. The light makes you tingle and vibrate and a peaceful warm feeling overtakes your body."

Do you give any symbolic importance to the color of the light? Or the type of light; for example, a light beam versus a jagged, vibrating light? I recall one lucid dream of two strands of light being shot into my left eye! One was a white, thin beam of light, while the other was a jagged, vibrating orange-colored light.

I don't think the color of the light in the dreams is that relevant but it is more the fact that if you leave it to the dream, as in the rainbow tunnel, it will give you a few colors. While if you are trying for a new effect and ask for a color, it will be there. This may be the way the dreams give some comfort to you and also the illusion of control. There are times when you can ask for the dream to surprise you and the colors will be random.

In my blue light dream the light appeared as snaking beams of energy and they entered my body through my hands; in another I was holding a rock just looking at it and the rock started glowing and then entered into

my hand and filled my body. In both cases it was a smooth form of light that filled my body with vibration as it moved through me. I wonder if most of the dreams are made of this energy as placing a hand into a DC (dream character) or yourself or into a solid object has a similar feeling but not the same intensity or effect on you.



Who Are You I Asked

"I had one lucid dream in which I asked a very aware DC who he was. He replied that he was me. We talked a little and I suggested that we meld together to see what happened and we tried about three times to do this. His energy went into me a little way but was rejected each time. It was a funny feeling as he could not fill me or even go through me but was bounced out with the same feeling that a magnet produces when it repels itself."

So what do you make of 'light' in lucid dreams? Do you consider it an expression of 'energy' or 'awareness' or incipient matter, or what?

I think the light is the energy that forms our reality, physical matter and the content of our dreams and may come from different sources in the same way we have electricity generated in different ways but it is essentially the same product. To me the light is pure energy and we can either call it up and have it shaped by our will - or experience it in a more pure form and bathe in this. It makes no difference if you conjure up a green pill to cure a headache in the dream or ask to bathe in a glowing ball of green light. What you believe will work is what will work. So the light is the basic fabric of reality and may be the building blocks of all reality.

I am really keen to experience this energy in as pure a form as I can and feel that if we can get tuned into this we may be able to explore beyond our own minds in a new realm. Like computer code this may be a common form of exchange between all matter and be a type of consciousness itself. This might be the interface with which we make contact with any other beings if they exist. I am not sure if we generate the energy, add to the total amount of available energy or tap into other sources of this energy – possibly a mix of three might be closer to the correct answer. If this is the case it becomes very interesting as the next step in identifying and tracking the sources of any external energy.

The most amazing dreams are where you are contacted by the light and it comes to you in a form that is just not expected and in ways that are foreign to your own way of thinking.

Does being in the lucid dream state make the experience of light or energy more intense? Why do you say that?

Yes, the deeper you are into a dream and the more you get comfortable with accepting this energy into yourself the better the experience. Just like needing to keep emotions in check to keep the lucid states, the more experience with this energy the more you can observe and make judgments about the experiences.

The first time I called for the energy or light it was so strong and so invasive, I recall thinking that 'I hope I am the same after this,' and 'How will this energy change me?' It was so intense and just filled me but I also had no fear of the light. I just wondered how I could be the same afterwards.

Like some lucid dreamers, you have spent some time in the 'Void.' Tell us what you mean by that?

In some of my early dreams I would ask for a new dream and then find myself in a space that contained nothing. It was a dark but comforting place and would contain flashes of light or streams of energy. I used to think this is what was described as hypnagogic images and they may be the same. This interested me and I found that in time I was able to stay there a little longer and observe these forms. I used to say I was observing pure thought or energy before it became anything. I would put my awareness closer to the forms and try to observe the color and structure that I was witnessing. One dream goal is to attach to a thread of energy and just see where it goes. I termed this place 'the space between dreams' and then 'the void' but it's not empty as the word 'void' suggests but more of the place that contains our dreams.



Do you have any lucid dreams that show how one gets into the Void, stays lucid and what happens there?

There are several ways that I access this state from within a lucid dream and they are not difficult. From within a dream I will ask for a mirror and then with thoughtful intent, ask for the space between dreams to be beyond the mirror. It's the oddest feeling to be part way through and have dream feet on the floor of one dream and be struggling in the grip of a mirror but also have part of you emerging into the blackness.

I can ask for this place or state anytime and also have gone to it on the other side of walls. So really it is by intent that you can call it up and after getting used to the feelings of being there, prolong the state if you wish.

The Great Spin

"I was in bed and attempting a WILD after a small dose of galantamine. When the feelings of an OBE started to get strong, I imagined spinning. The spin started and I ended up spinning at such a rate I felt like one of those pinwheels in a fireworks display. I lost the feeling of my body and dissolved into small worlds like a mass of spinning balls. I was deeply in the void and had no sense of me as a person but a wonderful awareness of being one with this place and not existing in human form."

What I do in the void is relax; I just float around but as energy, as I have no body. It's the oddest feeling to have consciousness but no awareness of a physical body. At

other times I see streams of energy moving around and in one dream the void was pure white. I have only seen this coloring on one occasion and can't think of any reason for the change from the usual darkness.

Any ideas of why so many lucid dreamers would experience this Void state? Any theories about the meaning of the Void?

At first, the void appears vast and unbounded. If you are there, you can observe patterns, symbols and streams of energy such as the lattice grids that appear at the onset of a WILD.

One thought is that we are seeing the body's language in pure form or as I used to think, observing the organic communication of the body. This may be the brain sending out energy that is instructing parts of the body to get about their business. If I follow along this line, then I tend to think of the void as a state of mind where we interact and become part of this energy. At other times the patterns in the void are an entry place for dreams as you feel yourself drawn over and into them. So the energy may be generic in the same way some stem cells can form and build the body in a fetus, and so with intent this energy or state can be used for any purpose.

I do know that when I am in the void I can exist as consciousness without any awareness of my physical body. I feel as if I am pure energy or thought and am experiencing a state beyond the human one that requires a body to exist.

As to why so many lucid dreamers are experiencing this state of mind I think a lot of it would be due to the information that is available now on the subject. This will create some awareness and may bring into a dreamer's mind the interest and intent to explore the void. I don't meditate so am also guessing that a lot of lucid dreamers do and there will be some similar properties between what they are seeking in meditation and the state of mind in the void, and they will explore this theme within their dreams.

Stephen LaBerge, Ph.D., researched galantamine as a possible supplement to increase awareness in the dream state and elicit lucidity. As I recall, his data indicated that lucid dreams influenced by galantamine may seem a bit different than one's typical lucid dream. Have you found any difference in the nature or quality of regular lucid dreams and chemically influenced lucid dreams?

There are a few differences that I have experienced and would attribute to galantamine. The dreams on galantamine are a lot longer with times extending to an hour or more on some occasions. I am fairly confident of these times as the dreams are almost always from a WILD entry and appear to be unbroken. There is an ease of re-entry after waking at the end of a dream if you choose to wake up and record after a block of dreaming. It is also very easy to recall intended tasks and information from waking life. I tend to spend a little time on first becoming lucid to recall my name, job and some details from the day. This seems to sharpen my mind and prepares me for the dream.

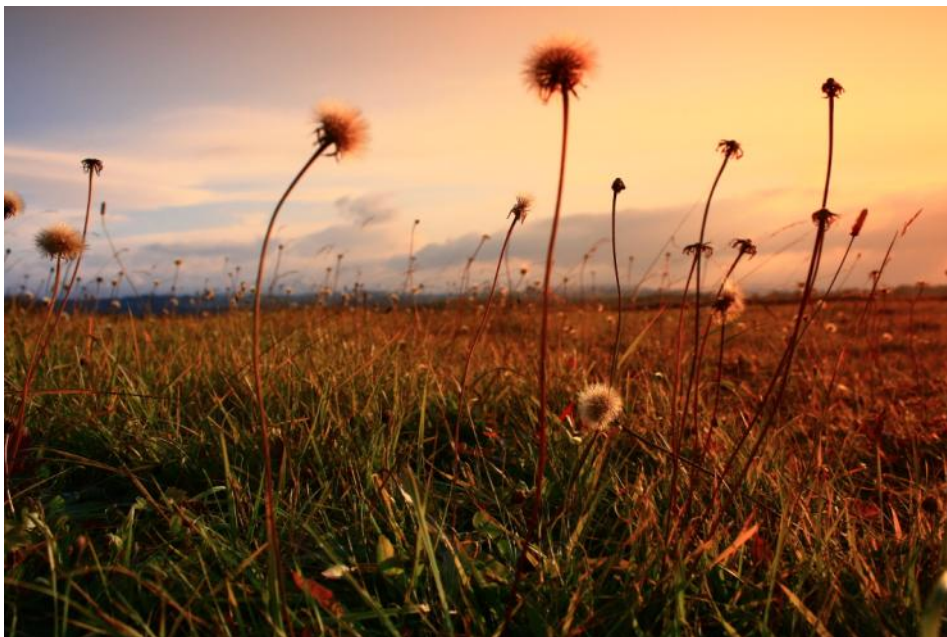
An example of this sharpness is one recent dream in which I was flying along a river bed; just a few metres above it.

A Summer Day

"It was warm, very clear and I was thinking that it was so much like a river bed in waking life. The reality was complete along with sunlight and warmth and I was able to fly along, experience the feelings of the day in the dream and also have independent thoughts about this. There was no difference in sensory awareness from that of waking life. I was able to smile internally at this and just be blown away by the reality."

The awareness for me on galantamine is as complete as simply waking up in daily life and getting about my business.

So in a nutshell the dreams are longer, it is a lot easier to enter via WILD and a lot of dreams will start with an OBE. If you miss the entry, I also find it is easier to have a DILD (dream initiated lucid dream).



Complex tasks seem easier to perform with galantamine as well, as the dream below shows. I had a problem that needed an answer and yes I got what I needed in this one.

Advisory Group

"I pulled together an advisory group in a G induced Lucid Dream and was surprised that a couple of my dead friends appeared. The dream maker got me some people I could trust. It was a lovely insight into our inner mind and that it does work with and for us."

There also seems to be different levels of dreaming. I have a lot of vivid dreams and dreams where I am semi-lucid. By this I mean I will have thoughts from waking reality enter my mind but not have awareness that I am dreaming. These semi-lucid dreams are great and can be the most fun as they unfold and you just go along with them.

Next there are the lucid dreams where I have realized that I am dreaming and have full awareness. I will fly, go through walls, change scenes. These form the bulk of my lucid dreams.

Beyond this are the dreams assisted by galantamine. There is a clarity that is way beyond my other lucid dreams and all my skills seem to be enhanced. There is no doubt in my mind about what I want to do - intent is very clear - and I am able to carry out tasks with ease. Most of my void experiences are in dreams assisted by galantamine and I find it very easy to ask for the void and to be there with a clear focused mind. It seems to give confidence and make me more receptive to what is happening around me.

Do you have any concern or advice about the use of galantamine for those who might wish to try it?

Become experienced with lucid dreaming first, as it is not a magic bullet. Try to gain some experience in WBTB (wake back to bed) and WILD methods first, as this will make it easier to control the process and you will get familiar with some of the feelings of entry and body exit.

The first few times for me the feeling of transition was very intense - mainly OBE and very strong feelings. My experience with sleep paralysis still shocked me the first time I used galantamine and that is after years of having this feeling and knowing it quite well. The dreams will most often start in my room or the room I am sleeping in and I will hear voices in my house and think that someone is there. These hallucinations are very real and convincing and will rob you of the dream, if you are not careful - so go easy on doses and be prepared for whatever comes your way.

Would you recommend trying galantamine if you had never had even one lucid dream?

NO. I have tried with my partner to induce a lucid dream with G and it just didn't work. The effect of this was to leave disappointment and in some instances this may stop someone from persevering with the induction and exploration of lucid dreaming. There are skills that need to be developed before using substances and I feel it's a little too much like putting a person into the middle of a professional sports team and expecting them to do well. The most likely outcome of this is that they will just get disillusioned and give up due to a lack of a result or some unexpected experience. There is also the temptation to take a mega dose to get a "really good dream" and I would think that this would be a foolish thing to do, but also be very tempting.

Any final comments, challenges, lucid dreams to ponder?

I am pleased that there is so much information to be found on lucid dreaming, as for most of my life lucid dreaming has been a very lonely, but major part of my life, that I have been unable to share or discuss. There are now forums, publications and many ways to share and interact with other dreamers and the world has to be a better place for this.

My challenges are to look inside and find a way to heal the body and to look outside and move beyond my own local area of mind - hope to meet you there. Is it possible? I don't know, but you can't stop me dreaming . . .

Thanks so much for taking the time to tell us about your lucid adventures.



Upcoming Theme Issue:

June 2012

Lucid Dream Locomes and Special Places

Have you ever stumbled upon a magical place or special space when lucid? The next LDE theme takes a look at lucid dream locales. From atomic to gigantic, interstellar to intra-cellular, send in your lucid dreams of wonderfully wild lucid locations!

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...

★★★★★ **Love the book.** Very informative and valuable information on lucid dreaming.

★★★★★ **The key to the lucid dreams world**, May 4, 2009 - I've had my first two lucid dreams on the second night after reading first 50 pages. The energy this book emits shifted my perception on very deep level and served me as a key to the lucid dreams world...

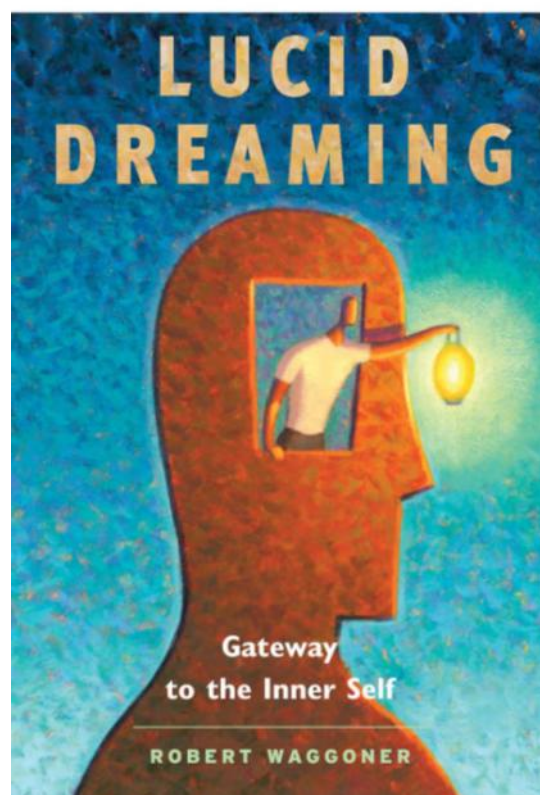
★★★★★ **Lucid Dreaming Gateway to the Inner Self**, April 7, 2009 - I thought this was an excellent book for this subject. Written with conviction and real knowledge. An excellent guided tour of lucid dreaming, ranging from the scientific to the paranormal. Very highly recommended.

★★★★★ **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!

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John Beebe, M.D. "The Objective Dimension in Dreams and Dreaming"

Dawson Church, Ph.D./CEHP "Processing Fear in Repetitive Dreams with the Dream to Freedom Technique"



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Dreamscape

© By Eric Ponvelle

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He rubbed the corners of his eyes and bridge of his nose with his thumb and index finger in small, quick circles. When he opened his eyes, he accepted his location as reality.

In front of him, a barrel the color of fall leaves crackled with a steady fire. It gave off no heat. He was under a bridge in a city he didn't recall. He heard gravel scrapping as two Chinese women approached. They laughed and said something faintly familiar. He turned back to the barrel, and his eyebrow rose in shock.

"I'm Carlyle," the man said with a smug smirk that was shaped like the letter C with the opening facing upwards.

"I recognize you, but Carlyle?"

"It fits me." The man wore his usual attire: a long black, felt-like coat that was buttoned up. His hair line made the number three from ear-to-ear with a point in the middle aiming to his nose. His skin was so pale he looked dead, though he wasn't really alive either.

"Why are you here? You only show up in my..." the trailing off of words stopped him for a moment. Awareness set it like a hammer to the chest. He pinched his nose tightly closed and breathed in deeply. His lungs, despite the obstruction, swelled with oxygen. He checked the palm of his hand and pushed. His finger sunk through without any resistance. He had thirteen fingers on his first count and then eleven on his second. "I'm dreaming."

"Is that your mantra or are you stating it?" The smirk stayed tightly on Carlyle's face.

He looked at his hands, ignoring Carlyle. He had to focus to stabilize the dream.

"I know it's been a while, but I figured it was time to bring you back to this plane. I figured out your barriers. I think we can progress now." Carlyle handed him a red notebook. After a moment's hesitation, he snatched it.

"How did you bring me here? You aren't real; you are my dream guide." He saw Carlyle's C vanish to a lower case L. Hurt registered in his guide's eyes.

"You know me better than that. I don't exist on the physical plane, but that doesn't make me less real. Just open the notebook and write what I tell you."

He opened his mouth to apologize but stopped. He saw a drawn pencil on the first page of the notebook.

"Grab it." Carlyle stated.

He reached into the page. His hand briefly changed to graphite and withdrew the pencil. He studied its weight.

"Draw the first worry you have."

He drew a picture of his apartment with the price of his rent at the top.

"Good. Now rip it out and throw it into the flames."

He ripped the page out and held it over the fire.

"But focus on one thing: when that page burns, that worry is gone. Throw all your emotions related to that worry on the page."

He felt silly doing it, but he projected his unease and fears of not making rent payments--an issue he only imagined--at the page. He felt this boulder roll off him. He dropped it into the fire and a small mushroom plume of smoke emerged.

"Do it again."

For some reason, he closed his eyes, ignoring the pencil for the moment, and saw his boss' face. When he opened his eyes, his boss's disembodied head shouted at him, muted. He moved his focus to the page and forced his boss to meld with it. He projected his fears of not meeting deadlines, not advancing, not being considered an essential part of the com-



pany, and not being qualified for the job on the page. He ripped it out of the notebook. The paper felt heavier this time. He let it float into the flames.

"How'd that feel?" Carlyle said as soon as the page burned.

"Good. I feel different."

"Freer." Carlyle said with that smug smile. "I realized some time ago that your potential was being inhibited. We have a lot of work for you; we need you unfettered."

"We?" He asked Carlyle.

"My employers and I." Carlyle flushed with unease for the first time in their relationship. Carlyle slipped. "You will meet them in time, but there is a lot more holding you down."

Carlyle urged him to push on and project more feelings and emotions on the pages of the notebook. The fire never changed in form; it was eternally hungry for what hindered him. Finally, after several pages, he looked up.

"There's one more."

"I know." Carlyle stared with a look of slight glee. "Your brother."

"It's been a long time, but I need to move on, don't I?" Carlyle didn't respond.

He took the next page of the notebook, which was suddenly the last page. He saw a scene play out like he was holding a video player.

--

"Steve, you can't do this to her. She's sick..."

"Listen to you, you are just like dad. You are enabling her." Silence butted in like a wall. Steve kept the car going.

"She can't help it, you know that."

"Well, I am sick of it. If I knew she got this bad, then I would have reported her a long time ago. I am up for detective, Roger. I am not wasting all that work on her. I can't."

--

"We continued to the police station where my brother, my mother's own son, told his buddies where my mom's lab was. I never saw pigs move as fast as they did when they got that information. When I finally was able to get home, the house was a mess. Broken glass everywhere, all our stuff tossed, and mom was gone.

"Steve was so god damn selfish for that. I was 15 years old, and I had no one. He didn't take me in; he didn't do anything for us." He felt heat rising to his face--an internal fire of rage.

"You know, maybe we should save that." Carlyle injected with a sickly smile. "I think we can use it for your training."

"What training?"

"Well, you are good at getting here in bursts, but you aren't good at staying here, navigating this plane, or getting here consistently. We plan to fix that."

He looked down at the page, and when he looked back to Carlyle, he saw only white. The ground below him was a null white, and there were no walls.

"From now on, we will meet here."

"Carlyle--"

"That name isn't my true name. Call me Azrael." As Carlyle said this name, he changed slowly into something not quite human. His skin was darkening to a monstrosity dark tone that was black. "You can select your name now, my apprentice." Azrael paced around him in a wide circle. "Naming was a sign of ownership in biblical times. Own yourself."

"The only name that comes to me is Alliar. I see it in neon lights."

"Of course it does." Azrael's face did what best can be compared to a smile. "You are the descendent of a great and ancient dreamer."

"So, how do we begin?" He, now thinking of himself as Alliar, failed at concealing his excitement.

"Tell me about your day." Azrael never stopped walking in his circle. Alliar felt disappointed.

"My day? I thought we would do something like fireballs."



A laugh ripped through the dreamscape that burned Alliar deep. "That requires no skill. You can already do that." Azrael sent a massive blast of fire towards Alliar. The wave of fire circled Alliar without touching him. It continued to infinity, unimpeded. "I am teaching you the world that you and everyone else out there are a part of but never see. Your people aren't the only sentient beings who visit this plane of existence, and your people aren't the only ones completely blind and asleep to this world."

"Who else has been here?"

"Plenty."

"Who are you exactly?"

"That's hard to explain in terms you would understand." Azrael appeared to be done with the topic.

"Well, what is this place?" Alliar pushed onward.

Azrael looked at him, taking him in a bit. He seemed to be evaluating what to tell his apprentice.

"At one time, every sentient creature was able to work in harmony with this plane. They would slip in and out between the physical plane and the, as you call it, dream plane. Some of us, myself being one of them, realized the power we were ignoring."

"So, this place was like a personal scratch pad?"

"Sure." He showed no emotion. "If that analogy helps you. They were fine with this application of experimentation."

"They?"

"The Oppressors." There was disgust but also a hushed reverence in Azrael's voice. "They are the ones who put all beings to sleep. All beings who went without a fight that is."

"What kind of fight?"

"When a group of us saw the potential, we began to investigate. We were public about our experiments. We used our platforms that were like your schools and communities to alert the others of this potential." Azrael's onyx face showed no emotions.

"And these Oppressors were unhappy?"

"Quite. They forced us underground. Our experiments became deeper and fiercer. Then, we found it."

"What was it?"

"We found the Source of all things."

"Like God?"

"In a manner of speaking."

"What was so bad about finding this?"

"You've heard the story of Adam and Eve, I am sure. When man ate of the fruit of the Tree of the Knowledge of Good and Evil, he understood more about the nature of life itself."

"So, what did it reveal?"

Azrael laughed in that mocking way again. "I wouldn't have time to explain it all, even if I tried." His face stoned up. "One day, you will understand all of it and more."

"How did they punish you?"

"Imagine being stuck in a dream and being unable to awaken in the dream. This was the state of my employers until I discovered them."

"How were you able to stay awake?"

"That's a story for another time as is the rest of this history. Now, tell me about your day." Azrael turned towards

Alliar as he asked the question.

"I woke up, went to work, ate, and then I went to bed."

"NO!" A fury rose in his voice. "Details. Don't start at the beginning of the day. Recall the last ten minutes that you can remember in as explicit of details as possible."

Alliar began to speak and realized that it was harder to recall anything. He could see himself preparing for bed, but it was like looking through cellophane.

"I brushed my teeth."

"How many strokes?"

"I don't know."

"Focus. Your brain absorbs details so minute you wouldn't be able to process it all consciously, but it is there."

"Ninety... ninety three times." The number slapped him from nowhere. "Then, I sipped from my glass of water and placed it on the right of the sink." As he began to conjure details, the image intensified. He began to speak automatically as he mentally walked backwards through time with Azrael. He stopped speaking when he described his eyes opening as he reached the beginning of the day.

"That's enough for now. When you wake, I want you to write down every single detail. Do not let yourself move until you have recalled it all. Then, write it again and again until you can say it by rote. Your consciousness has atrophied through years of inactivity. This is a basic exercise to wake it up." Azrael stopped in front of him. "I will come for you again."

"Wait, what are the plans for me?" Alliar asked feeling the dream beginning to collapse.

"You?" That sick thing that barely resembled a smile carved in Azrael's face again. "You are going to destroy existence. Wake up!"

Roger woke up in his bedroom and clicked the lamp on. He grabbed his notebook and pen. He pinched his nose before he started to write. He couldn't breathe. He checked his fingers, and ten were there. His hands were solid. This was, as best as he could tell, the physical plane. He began to write for the next hour. The details came like a memory of an event that just finished. That wasn't a dream; it was an experience. When he was finished, he felt something change in him. He wrote the word "Alliar" on his journal entry and on the copies of the entry. He smiled at the feeling of satisfaction he felt in his life.

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If you create or design cover art, please contact the author at artistsubmissions@johnjoad.com. He would like cover art for a future eBook publication of this story through Amazon.

Lucid Dream Seeds

On Finding the Time to Dream Journal

Kristen La Marca © 2012

Whenever others ask me how to have more lucid dreams, my first question is how often do they remember and write their dreams in a journal, which is foundational to a steady lucid dream practice. There are loads of useful tips to foster more dream recall and become familiar with signs that you are dreaming, for instance, by getting enough sleep, setting an alarm to awaken you from dreams, recording the dream immediately, keeping a pen and paper at bedside, etc.

Through journaling your subconscious escapades can be gratifying in countless ways. Such a habit takes time, energy, and motivation to cultivate, especially when you have to be awake at your desk by 8 o'clock in the morning. Even if you really long to become a frequent lucid dreamer, it is easy to neglect the art of dream journaling if you are juggling the multiple demands of a busy life and perhaps even finding it hard to fit in a full night's sleep. Those who have gotten a taste of lucid dreaming's potential, however, will not hesitate to emphasize that the time and effort are well worth your while.

I must admit that, after I've hit the snooze alarm three times and bolted out the door with just enough grace to avoid spilling coffee on my shirt, one of the last things I think about is writing in my dream journal. While I know taking a few minutes to write down my dreams is best practice, it's not always practical. Yet lucid dreaming is so inspiring to me that I am motivated to get creative with the little time I have. To compensate for time constraints and quickly fading dream memories, I have incorporated small, simple habits into my daily routine that allow me to maintain a running record of my dreams no matter the pace of life. Greatly due to this, many of the dreams I have journaled are lucid. Below, I share how I sometimes adapt conventional dream recall methods to suit my lifestyle in order to plant the seed in others that there are plenty of ways to squeeze in the time to write down their dreams.

Often, I am not up for writing pages upon pages in my dream journal so instead I just bullet-point key parts of the dream, especially recurring dream signs or themes. I don't extract as much meaning from my dreams this

way, but I stay aware of what my dreams are like, creating more opportunities to recognize cues that I am dreaming in the future. On many occasions, I unfortunately will not get a pen to paper before memories of my nonlucid dreams fade, but I will at least make sure I write down my lucid dreams because I learn and gain so much from them. When I am too lazy to write by hand, typing my dreams on a computer often feels less effortful and more convenient. Sometimes when I am stuck working at a desk, I will even e-mail myself a dream I had the previous night as I sift through the junk of my inbox.



morning commute. When I am in traffic, I plug in my phone and play these past recordings on my car stereo.

Also, voice recording dreams on my phone can be easier and quicker than writing them down in the middle of the night, and less sleep is sacrificed. A bonus to using an audio recorder is that I can recall many more beautiful and telling details of my dreams that I tend to skip or not remember when I write them. A disadvantage is that it can be hard to speak clearly if I tape my dreams while half-awake, and sometimes I am left with only a voice memo of incoherent mumblings.

Since we all remember just a fraction of what we dream of nightly, I feel it helps to salvage what little I can. When I eventually get some time, I condense the dreams I have recorded in various places into a single computer document saved on my desktop, reviewing it periodically to remind myself of common clues that I am in a dream.

It is true that writing dreams immediately after having them is the best way to breed a rich, fertile, and lucid dreamlife. Still, if I can devote even a little time tending to the gardens of my dreams in some way, the lucid dreams that stem from this practice bloom in much more abundance. I continue to be amazed by how my dream recall and the quality or frequency of my lucid dreams flourishes just by planting a few little seeds whenever I get the chance. When others seem overawed by my commitment to lucid dreaming, I am left feeling somewhat puzzled. Weaving my dreams into my waking life hardly seems like work but, rather, like play -- something most of us do not do enough in neither our waking nor dreaming lives.

Author's note: Thank you to Richard Hilton (www.bulbmedia.com) for his inspiration and presentation on Dream Harvesting.



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Angelic Encounters in Lucid Dreams

by ©2012 Ed Kellogg, Ph.D.

The Kabbalistic **Tree of Life** has become one of the most powerful and familiar magical glyphs of the Western world. Derived from ancient esoteric Hebrew mystical traditions, and usually represented as a geometrical diagram, mystics unlocked and invoked its hidden potentialities by working with designated keys, chanting, visualizing, and inscribing Holy words or Sacred images specifically associated with particular aspects. Success required that practitioners knew not only which keys to use, but how to effectively work with them, and more importantly, that they brought the correct **Kavanah** (a special kind of focused and purified Intent) to the task.

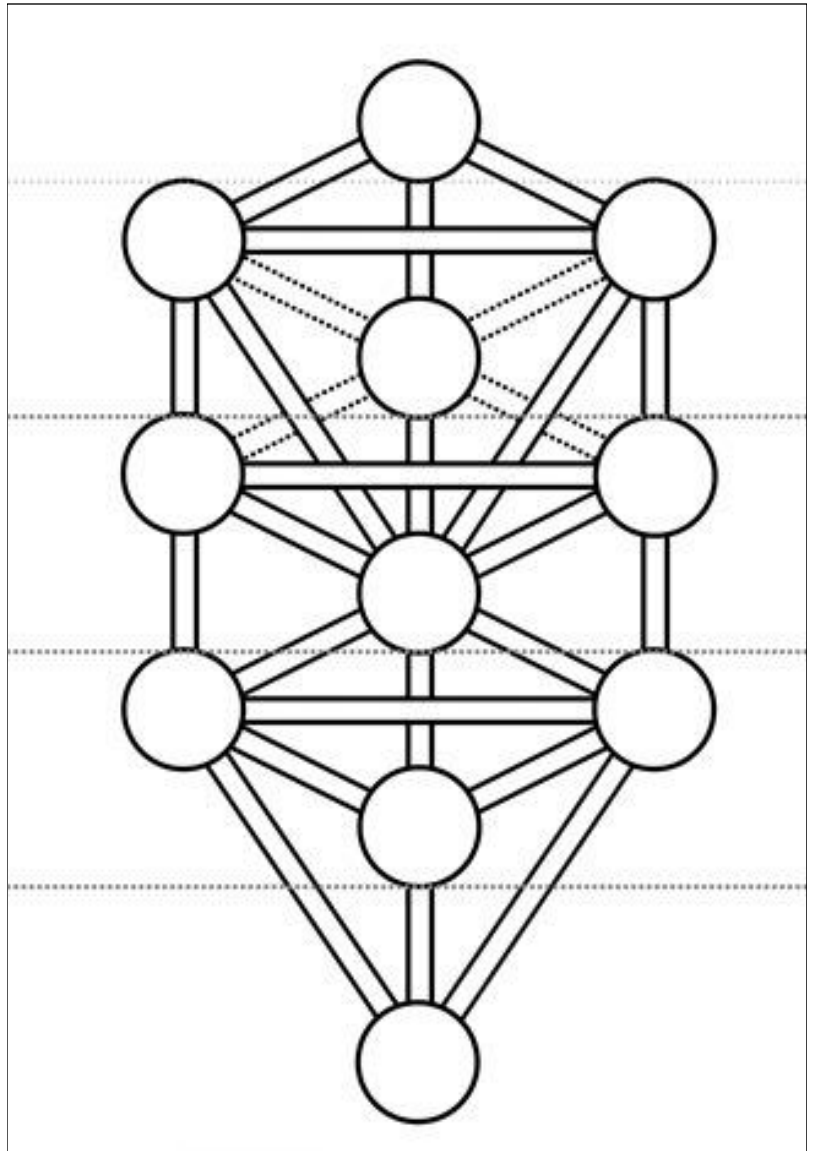
It seems clear that some of these ancient mystics used what we now call lucid dreaming in their spiritual practices, as a means to study and understand the Universe. In many ways the patriarch Enoch serves as an exemplar of the successful Hebrew mystic. According to legend, after touring Heaven in a series of "dream visions" - what we might now call lucid dreams - God physically took him from Earth and transformed him from a mere mortal into the Archangel Metatron. Today the **Tree of Life** finds its greatest use as a model and map of human consciousness. Each energy center, and each connecting pathway, has an association with a specific kind of archetypal energy.

Over the years I have intentionally experimented with Kabbalistic invocations in lucid dreams many times, in which I've chanted variations of associated Hebrew words, God-names, letters, assigned Archangels, and attributes as a means of keying into a path of consciousness. I've sometimes had to try several different versions before I find a key that works - in which case I often hear a chorus of hundreds of voices joining in to my invocation, and then feel myself powerfully drawn away at a great rate of speed to end up ... somewhere.

Given this issue's theme on lucid dreams with "*divine, god-like or supernatural dream figures*", I thought I'd share a few of the '*angelic encounters*' I've had in lucid dreams. For some reason invoked Kabbalistic '*angels*' for me, and for members of my dream groups, usually appear in the guise of little boys. In a future issue, for those who'd like to try some Kabbalistic explorations on their own, I'll provide more practical directions in a new **LDE Challenge** on "*Exploring the Tree of Life through Lucid Dreaming.*"

Note: dream text in italics indicates full lucidity.

34 115 "I remember my task, chant Rah/figh/**ale**, then Rah/zee/**ale**. Three little boys appear. When I ask one's name he says "Rashiel" ... I try chanting Rah/zee/**ale** again - and see a little boy (looks 5 or 6), dark gray sneakers + shorts, white t-shirt, baseball cap - glasses at first, then none. The other [angels?] put off by him - he seems too good, too nice in their opinion, but I immediately like him. I say "**Raziel**?" he responds "Yes". I tell him I would like him to fix a tooth



Tree of Life image by Ed Kellogg © 2012

from which I'd just lost a filling (right upper back molar). He says "That sounds like a neat idea, and takes the little finger of his right hand and rubs it against my top and then my bottom teeth. A golden electrical energy comes out - my mouth tingles and feels warm."

39 155 "... in my living room, a dream of a sleep over of my dream group, late at night. I get up and wash a turquoise blue lion in a large white sink in the TV area, about shoulder height. I use a hose to wash off the dust. ... I go back to sleep, and have a sort of OBE sensation after I read a book in the dark. I realize that I dream. I can't move much, I feel tangled in sheets, but I have an inspiration. I call on Kha/vir/ell (a variation of Gabriel), the Prince/Angel of Dreams and ask him to help me out. I chant the name and begin moving, an outside force moves me until I find myself rapidly rotating counter clockwise in the center of the room floating. I look down to see a two year old boy, holding my hand, and pulling me in circles. I let go and descend. "Khavirel" I ask? He says nothing, or perhaps a soft 'father', but I may have imagined it. I look again, and now I see instead of a two year old with wispy reddish brown hair, I see a baby almost newborn, clinging to my leg. As I look he opens his wise eyes and turns into a 4-5 year old boy, dark straight hair, slender and erect, with an aristocratic Roman face. I ask "Khavirel?", again - but his features remain composed and serene, no answer. Stymied, I decide to explore my dream property. I say "Let's go outside." to the [boy].

We walk through the glass to the porch - an incredible view, snowy peaked mountains in the distance - magnificent. At about where I would normally see Medford, I see a huge lake, with a city lighting up the night like a Christmas tree along its shores. I walk down my lawn to get a better view, with my dog Shazam running along beside me. I see a tan, tawny male lion with its pride down the hill - which looks grassy rather than forested as in **WPR**. The lion runs towards me and I try to throw a lightning bolt, but nothing happens. The boy pulls me down and the lion jumps over me. Other African animals follow - perhaps a zebra, or other horse-like animal jumps over me. I call Shazam, but consider that in a dream he can probably take care of himself. I go back to the house, **RWPR**.

38 96 "In a sort of underground laboratory complex, two tall men (angels?), scientists drink distilled water out of a tube. I ask their advice about water, they tell me that some ground water/mineral water has cyanide in it. From their neutral expressions, I can't tell if they approve or disapprove of this. I remember to chant the God name for Kether, and chant [Ah/hah/yah Ah/sheer Ah/hah/yah] while walking along, not intending to go anywhere. A chorus of voices, mostly men's, joins in a bit raggedly at first, but eventually swelling to twenty or thirty voices, a confirmation that I pronounce it not exactly right, but almost. I then chant [Meh/tah/trone], trying to find him. My voice sounds deep and clear and I get pulled along slowly. I end up in an office, and see an official looking black man sitting behind a desk, as well as some assistants. I ask "Metatron?" he responds "Yes." with dignity. I feel surprised at his appearance, and race. I had expected to see someone angelic, and gigantic. Sensing this, he makes some comment about his color resulting from "the scorching fires of God", and that he doubts whether I could stand such scorching. Although he does not look stereotypically angelic, he has the realness or solidness of someone who has undergone severe testing and has proved himself beyond questioning, and who knows his value absolutely."

39 10 " ... I go down the road, and see a flat landscape with a wide horizon around me, a desert orange-brown in color, no vegetation. I just explore, when it occurs to me in a natural shift that I dream this. It feels so natural, so right, that I wonder why I don't have lucidity all the time. I think of chanting **Rafael**, but hesitate, because of my unsuccessful attempt a few days earlier. I notice a boy following me, and turn around and ask "What do you do here?" the boy looks orange-ish in color. He looks very alert, and very intelligent, blonde-red hair, orange-ish skin. I look at him and describe out loud what I see - he has on a sort of orange-white Hawaiian shirt, with a leaf growing out of the middle of his spine through a tear in the shirt. He comments: "Pretty detailed". I ask him his name and he says "**19**". Puzzled at his response, I ask again and he says "**16**". I say "First you said **19**, and then **16**." He says, "I know." I ask, "Well, which one?" and he responds, looking Peter Pan mischievous, "I won't tell you that easily!" I recall the path number/Hebrew letter designations of the Tree of Life, and ask "Do you correspond to **Raysh** or to **Daleth**?" The idea of him having an association with **Daleth** path excites me, so after a short wait, with no response, I ask "**Daleth**?" but he says no. "**Raysh**?" I ask, and he responds "**Resh**," correcting my pronunciation, and then "Yes. **Lilac**." perhaps finally giving me his name, or the associated color of the pathway. At this point I decide to **RWPR** to bring back the information while I remember it clearly."



and
team up

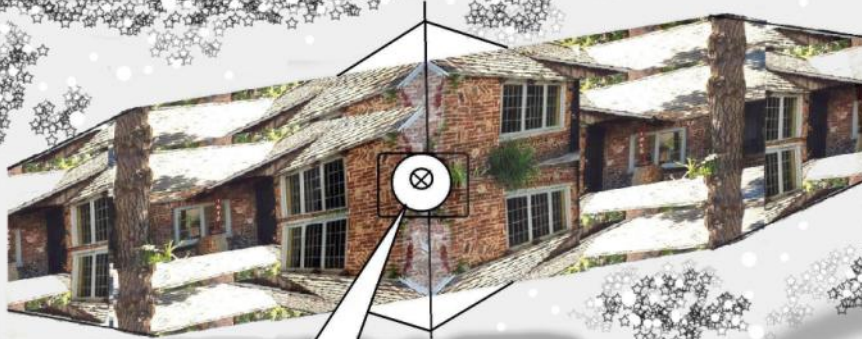
Kid LUCID

Roll Call

YODA MAMMA
LAVENDER LASS
MME BUTTERFLY
THE HURDLER!
CHIEF WAY GONER

AND INTRODUCING:
MIRROR MAIDEN

LUSTROUS LEAGUE HQ:



WOW! HANGING OUT IN MULTI-SPACE, WHO'D A THUNK IT!

YOU DID WELL TO CONTACT US, KID!

WELL... WHEN I DREAMT ABOUT ...



THE WHOLE PLANET ABOUT TO GET ZAPPED...

IT SEEMED LIKE A

BIG

DREAM, DIDN'T IT???

QUANTUM LEAPIN' LUCIDS!!!

LAVENDER LASS!

YOU'RE HERE TOO??

OF COURSE!

WE'VE ALL BEEN PROCESSING YOUR DREAM AND HERE'S HOW IT COMES OUT ON THIS END.

WE'VE DECIDED TO SPLIT UP INTO TEAMS!



MME. BUTTERFLY...YOU JOIN UP WITH THE HURDLER AND SEE IF YOU CAN GET THE BIG PICTURE!



CHEIF WAY GONER AND I WILL CONTACT MEANT ORE... FOR GUIDENCE...



YOU MIGHT WANT TO TAKE A GOOD, HARD LOOK IN THE MIRROR, KID!

WHAT ARE YOU SAYING: I'M CAUSING THIS?



MAYBE... OR MAYBE I'M SAYING:: MEET MIRROR MAID!



MIRROR MAID?!? WHO-- LEAPIN' LUCIDS!!!



COME ON KID, INTO THE PORTAL! ALL 4 ONE... AND LD 4 ALL!



The End of The Dreading Time

© Laura Mason Lockard
www.life-after-death-explorations.com

I came up with this descriptive title - The Dreading Time - to describe the period between when my parents began to – as they say “go downhill” – and the morning I awoke from the following mystical lucid dream. This period lasted about two years. At first there were the little things, like my mother deciding that my father was too old to be left alone with my son after he accidentally got him stuck in a recliner (he did get him back out unscathed). The defining moment was when my mother fell in the back yard and broke her wrist. That was the first summer she didn't work in her garden and the first summer she didn't have my son stay over for a week during summer vacation. That summer marked the beginning of a continuous sense of dread. And it wasn't just me either – my brother felt pretty much the same way. We became grumpy unhappy people who laid awake at night thinking about the injustice of it all and how much we didn't want to experience what we knew was on the horizon. It seemed a great cosmic injustice that you couldn't just renew your parents like a library book. We were not ready to watch them decline, let alone contemplate life without them.

The night the dread-ending dream occurred I lay in bed in the early morning, flopping around in bed like a fish out of water. I'd woken up and couldn't get back to sleep. Completely awash in misery and nostalgia, I thought about how I no longer had any aunts or uncles. My parents were the last leaves on the tree. I was thinking about the old family celebrations and rituals of days gone by and feeling very sorry for myself when I finally fell asleep.

I found myself standing in my childhood friend's back yard in 1977. I knew I was dreaming as this dream was a WILD. I was fully aware that a few seconds ago I was lying in bed, a full fledged adult with a job, marriage, mortgage, and a kid. Yet I remembered the day I was re-experiencing with great detail. Here is what actually happened in 1977: my childhood neighbor friend, Kris, and I made plans to meet in the middle of the night to ride bikes. We were still in elementary school so this plan was daring! I was the one charged with getting up in the middle of the night. I had over slept a little bit. It was just starting to get light out when I arrived in her back yard. The plan was for me to throw pebbles at her window (characters in children's books do that all the time) and then she would sneak out and we'd take off for adventures unknown.

But my friend was not in her bedroom, or at least not answering. I gave up in despair and was on my way home when I noticed that all the downstairs lights were on in their house. I went to investigate. Turns out it was actually Easter morning! They were having breakfast before leaving for the sunrise service at their church. They invited me in and we had pancakes and bacon and all sorts of good stuff! I got home at 6:00AM and tiptoed back into bed, stuffed. We didn't go to church on Easter until 11:00AM. If they did have an early service, my parents never went. They were still asleep and had no idea I'd been gone.



So here I was in a lucid dream, once again standing in the neighbor's backyard that same morning, pre-dawn, with a pebble in my hand. I thought about all that was about to happen. What shocked me was the detail – the tiny details I'd never have remembered in waking physical reality, like the discarded laundry detergent bottle full of “bug toxin” that we'd left percolating behind the woodpile and the old lawnmower chasses rusting away next to the cellar door. I studied details I didn't even know I'd forgotten until that moment.

After the surprise wore off I was completely over-

come with bitter nostalgia that all of it was gone. I laid face down in the unbelievably realistic grass that even smelled like grass and cried. I pounded my fists on the lucid Earth and screamed, WHY?

Poof!

I was transported to what appeared to be a darkened stage. The center where I stood was fully illuminated but the light faded to darkness in all directions. I appeared to be alone but I wasn't. I was acutely aware of God's presence even though I couldn't see anything. All of the intense emotion from the previous dream scene was gone. I was aware of nothing but this Presence. *You asked a question.* These words just seemed to bloom inside my head like spring flowers. *Here is the answer.*

The answer was in the form of complex and completely formed thoughts that were downloaded into my mind simultaneously as one coherent idea that made perfect sense. What I am attempting now is only a rough paraphrase.

*"You asked a question...
..Here is the answer."*

The experience of loss is universal to the experience of living on Earth as a human being. It is completely necessary. Waking physical reality would rapidly disintegrate into complete chaos and lose all of its value without it. Loss has several purposes. One is to teach us gratitude. Without loss we would never learn to appreciate anything, having never experienced the lack of anything. Primarily this applies to relationships, but to some degree to "things" – even ideas.

Another is to create and re-enforce bonds between entities (I understood this as not just between people, but also between people and animals, people and ideas, etc.). It is the foundation of the parent-child mechanism that is the way in to waking physical reality, at least for those who are incarnated in it. It is an extremely effective love amplifier. By these actions loss unites with other primary lessons and becomes the driving force behind all growth, creativity, etc.

I had a period of time to absorb this and then POW! I was back in bed with about the same amount of force as a fly ball hitting an outfielder's glove. My first thought was: I have been such an idiot to moon around about this these past few years! My parents are still alive, my husband is still alive, my kid is still living at home – this is the GOLDEN PERIOD!

The golden period was short. My mother died about a week later. Yet this dream prepared me for that transition, as well as for the dreams that followed where my parents and I pursued each other in and out of waking physical reality, proving once again that there is more to it than what we have been taught to expect.

Themes for Upcoming Issues of LDE

June:

Lucid Dream Locales and Special Places

Have you ever stumbled upon a magical place or special space when lucid? The next LDE theme takes a look at lucid dream locales. From atomic to gigantic, interstellar to intra-cellular, send in your lucid dreams of wonderfully wild lucid locations!



September:

Facing and/or Confronting Your Fears in Lucid Dreams

Have you ever become lucid during a nightmare and faced your fear head-on? Did the fear itself initiate lucidity? Have you ever willfully induced a lucid dream to help you overcome a fear (i.e. of public speaking, of heights, of spiders, etc.)? With Halloween just around the corner, September's issue will help get you in the mood for monsters!

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 www.dreaminglucid.com and we will choose the most popular suggestion for the December issue!

The Man Who Glowed From Within

by Robert Waggoner © 2012

The night *before* my father passed away, I had this lucid dream:

Aug. 12-13, 1997 - 6:40 am – ‘The Glowing Man’

“It is dark and cold, and I am driving with my dad across the North Dakota prairie in the winter. Outside there is snow and ice on the ground. We come to a motel and park there. I stand outside and talk to the office clerk as he sits at a window. I seem to have some complaint that there is only a room for my father and none for me, but the clerk doesn’t seem to care.



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

Lucid, I jump up in the night air, thinking, ‘What do I want to do?’ I decide to fly deep into outer space. ***As I look up, I see an older man, hovering about 20’ off the ground in the air. Incredibly he seems to glow from within, as if he contains light within him. He doesn’t wear any clothes. He looks at me, then his face registers surprise as I fly right past him, higher and higher into the night sky and beyond to the gray dark outer space.***

After a while of flying deeper and deeper into the darkness, I stop and ask the dream to show me something important to see....”

Recalling my lucid dream in the morning, the symbolism felt quite obvious and extraordinary: the dead of winter, the dark of night, the empty church, room for my dad, but none for me. All seemed symbolic suggestions of death, journey and passing over.

Seeing this man who glowed from within, like some golden light illuminated his being, seemed completely amazing and peculiar! He looked very much like one of my Uncles who had passed away years before, and was a favored brother of my dad’s. Of my hundreds of lucid dreams, I can not recall ever meeting a personage who glowed like this. Unfortunately, I didn’t stop to ask him his purpose there in the dream; something I deeply regret now.

The next day (Aug. 14, 97) at 4 a.m. in waking reality, our small cat jumps right on my stomach and instantly wakens me. I play with it for a moment and try to get it to lie down and sleep. It refuses to lie down and keeps rubbing me. A few minutes later, the bedside phone rings, and I think, “Dad’s dead.” My wife hands me the phone; my sister tells me Dad just passed away, minutes earlier.

As we go deeper into lucid dreaming, we discover more about the beauty, knowing and wonder of these interconnected dimensions of the dream state and waking state. With any luck, we may someday “glow from within” and radiate that compassion and understanding.

S p i r i t u a l E n c o u n t e r s i n L u c i d D r e a m s

Steve Racicot

I often find myself reaching out to “the Spirit” in my lucid dreams. My spiritual quest has always been eclectic and as a result “the Spirit” in my lucid dreams takes many forms including, but not limited to, beings made of light, bears, beautiful women, Christ, Mother Kali, electrical forces that I can’t see but can sure feel, and even feelings that I can only describe as a sexual orgasm within my heart.

The following dream had a couple of these elements in it.

Waves of Electricity, March 1981

I’m falling and, as I fall, I recognize that I am dreaming. With this knowledge, I remember my dream intention. This was that the next time I realized I was dreaming, I would focus on Christ and try to be in His presence. So now I say out loud, “I will stay focused on Christ no matter what happens.”

I’m still falling and even though I know I’m dreaming, I have to work hard to overcome my fear of falling and maintain my focus on Christ. A human-shaped figure made of blue-violet light appears in front of me. I feel it is Christ and I pray, “Lord, help me to be a more loving person.” When I speak this prayer, it feels as though there are waves of electricity going through my head. Spontaneously, I begin to pray the Lord’s Prayer, “Our Father,” etc. When I do this, waves of electric force become stronger flowing through my head and now also down my back. The intensity is almost more than I can stand. I try to stay focused on the blue-violet Christ figure, but the electric intensity wakes me up. I tell the dream to my wife, Anna, and then wake up again and this time I am really awake.



These types of dreams always leave me with a wonderful feeling of “the Spirit” inside of me for days and affect my waking life in a positive way.

I strongly feel that lucid dreams are a valid way for us to get in touch with the Spirit of God no matter what our approach to “the Spirit” may be.

Steve Racicot along with his wife, Anna, formerly edited and published “Night Vision-A Dream Journal”. Long time dream workers, Steve and Anna facilitate dream groups in New Mexico.

Shane Miller The Old Woman

Hello, I just want to submit a recent dream that involved the theme for the March issue about encountering a di-vine-like dream character.

I was in the upstairs of my house at night, looking into a mirror and somehow became lucid. I walked out into the hall and decided to run down the stairs, and in my head, asked to meet someone who knew all the answers, like some kind of ultimate dream character. As I thought about this...around the corner came a tall, dark figure and then it transformed into an old woman.

I was frightened, making the situation un-calm, and everything kind of went into slow motion. I didn't see the old woman's face, but I was staring below her neck and she kept repeating, "Are you going to exhibit the angels?" It was a scary experience. I had this feeling that she knew everything and she was trying to warn or remind me that this was important...that I am supposed to "exhibit the angels."

I don't know what it means but I'll have to jump back into the dream world and find out the interpretation of the saying - if that means asking my subconscious or finding the lady again.

Maria Isabel Pita **On and Off the Bus and Seeing God**

Note: Before this dream, which happened after 5:00 a.m., I lay in bed thinking, "I need to have a lucid dream on a regular basis just like a whale needs to come up for air." I also silently called "Hapuseneb!" three times, the name I have chosen to give my Guardian Lord or Angel.

I'm on a bus at night. I have no clue I'm dreaming; it feels quite real being on a bus driving through a city, a poorer section, not dangerous but not the best place to work, which is vaguely why I'm there. It's dark on the bus as well as outside it, although I can just make out sidewalks. As the bus takes a right, I realize my stop is coming up any second now. I see the push bar/cord just ahead of me on the right but I won't be able to reach it in time. I cry, "Please stop the bus! I can't reach the cord, my arm is stiff!" I'm a little surprised and very glad when the driver breaks and stops the bus smoothly and in time, because we were going at a good, accelerating pace. I see and feel myself get off the bus and yet I also remain on the bus. I think the me who is out on the sidewalk now should just stand there for a moment with a stiff arm so the bus driver won't suspect I lied to him but I discard the thought as dishonest and unnecessary.

The me on the bus is relieved for the me who needed to get off, that it went smoothly. There are no other passengers and the bus driver is invisible in the darkness but I sense his presence. I become aware of the fact that we're going faster and faster, accelerating through the absolute darkness, which I think should alarm me and yet it intrigues me. The driver's confidence and unrelenting drive, literally, pleases me, they feel good in a way. And yet we seem to be going much too fast for it to be even possible, a fact that is confirmed when just above us (I can somehow see through the roof of the vehicle) I discern what looks to be a military plane, one of the fastest known to man, and we're not only gaining on it, we're passing it! I must be dreaming!

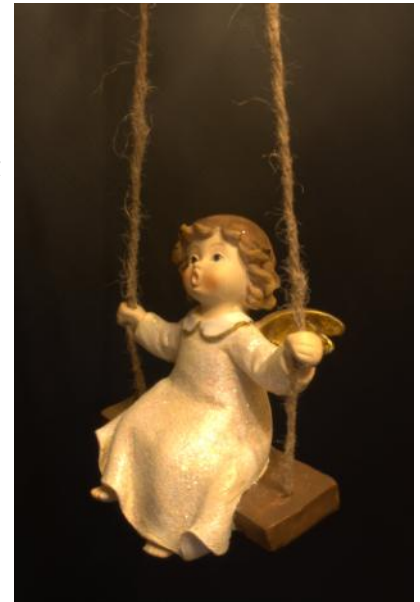
I'm happy to realize I'm in a dream even though I can't see a thing. Darkness and the sense of moving forward at a great speed adds up to a sense of peace and contentment. The darkness seems to concentrate in a center like the spokes of a wheel where I discern a faint but distinct orange light/circle, what I saw the other day looking directly at the sun with my eyes closed. I have no idea where we're going but that thought doesn't even cross my mind; I'm there and I'm going, but being there is the same thing as travelling. Difficult to put into words how I felt.

When I can see again, I can see through the bus. I'm looking directly out at the sky, for I'm in the sky now, high above the world I no longer have any sense of, or thought for. I see the upper part of a man rendered in a gentle black-and-white (sort of like snow on bare tree branches), his head and shoulders and part of his torso. That's all I can see of him because he's huge, colossal, and slowly turning in the sky toward me. I think, "In a moment I'm going to see his face, Hapuseneb's face... the face of God..." Yet at once I know that any man's face I see will be the face of God for all men are God. There is no coherent sense of up and down where I am, and though He stopped twirling toward me just before I would have clearly seen His face, I'm expecting, waiting to become one with Him, to embrace Him, and when that doesn't happen, I reach up so I can at least caress his chest, run my hands along his pecs, feel Him. I encounter a glass ceiling. "What's this?" I exclaim, slapping my hands in frustration against a clear barrier that shouldn't be there but distinctly is.

I lower my hands and center myself as I become aware of my tank top or bra beneath my shirt slipping down over my nipples, making me very conscious of them in an arousing way that grounds me in the dream. I feel the rising tide of sexual desire but let it flow past me instead of jumping on it like a surfer catching a wave I know will land me in my bed. The "bus" is still moving forward, but I can't think of where it's going. I begin waking up. (Next time, I'll think of a place I want to go and ask the driver to stop there!)

Franny
My Uninvited Interruption
(2 years after my father's death)

My dream began in what appeared to be a time of the past. Maybe 1930's. Children were all gathered around a child on a swing that was tied to a large maple tree. There was a young girl on the swing wearing a lacy dress with curly hair. She was about 7 or 8. The other children were waiting to go on the swing. One child, a boy, was impatient and ran up to the swing hitting it to stop it so he could have his turn and I heard his hand smack against the swing and saw him grimace with pain. I felt compelled to say to him "Come here and let me see." He came to me and didn't want me to look but I grabbed his hand and it was fine. I had the "feeling" he was my son, but he was not. He then went to where his mother (what appeared to be his mother), sat on the grass in a long white dress with long dark wavy hair. When I looked at her, I then realized it was my grandmother, but young. It was then that I realized I was dreaming.



What followed was just amazing. I was walking around a house to the front. This was a house that I did not recognize. As I walked through the door, I had a strong, strong feeling of my father behind me. I turned to look and saw him coming in the door behind me. As I turned, he also turned to try to go out the door as if to try to get away. I immediately became very emotional and jumped forward toward him saying "No - don't go! I've waited so long to see you!" I was actually crying by this time in my dream. I continued, "I miss you so much! Please just wait a minute!" I remember grabbing him but being afraid of how hard I grabbed him because I knew he was dead and didn't know how solid he would be. I was careful just to stop him but not pull on him. It was very weird, but I had to act fast and talk fast because I didn't know how much time I had. Great anxiety!! So, holding onto him, I said "Is this really you?" With a very blank look on his face and never looking into my eyes, he said and nodded "Yes." Then I asked, "Will I ever get to see you like this again?" and he said "Oh yes." So I let go of him feeling sad because he wouldn't even look at me. I said, "Please stay for a while, let's sit down." So we walked further into this house that I didn't even know. The house was dim, quite dark and couldn't see much detail inside the house. My father sat down beside me on the couch which looked outside of a sliding door. My dad said, "Where are all the flowers?" I didn't know what he meant, so I said "I don't know." Then he said, "How much money did you get?" I said, "I didn't get any money." So he said, "Oh - that didn't happen yet."

The next thing I know, he was gone. I went toward the front of the house (from inside), and the door was wide open with a blinding light flowing into the dimness of the house from the front door. In the center of the light was a silhouette of my dad. I couldn't see him in detail, but standing there in the brilliant light he said very clearly, "I'm here for my sister." And then he was gone.

I woke up. It was 3:00 am and I was wide awake and in tears. I felt like I just got back from where I was. I was wide awake and not even a little groggy.

It was also then that it became very clear that I had gotten in the way of where my father was going or what his mission was at that time. He wasn't there for me. His sister, my aunt Nancy, was dying. He was clearly wanting to visit her and I got in the way.

I called my aunt the following day to tell her of my dream and she so "matter of fact" told me that my father had been visiting her on several occasions lately. She wasn't even surprised.

She died two weeks later.

My father and I were very close. I believe this is why I accidentally interrupted his visit with his sister. I was left feeling very empty for selfish reasons. I wish I could have had some of his attention for myself. But then, he did tell me that I would see him again like this. I was glad that I had made him answer a couple of questions. :)

Up to now, everywhere I've looked, I've not seen anything like this or anyone who has had contact with a relative by accident; been there when they weren't supposed to be.

Four

Top

Ten

Lucid Dreaming Lists!

Last Fall I clicked on a link to pasQuale's YouTube video "Lucid Inspiration," in which she shares some of her more interesting lucid dreaming experiences. (If you haven't seen this entertaining video yet, check it out at <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=isZURf2UjpA>)

After seeing the video, I felt inspired to ask for a "Top Ten" list from a few other experienced lucid dreamers, who kindly made up personal lists and sent them to me to share with **LDE** readers. These "Top Ten" may refer to their most entertaining, most unusual, or even their most enlightening lucid dreams. In my own case, I mostly went with the most positively memorable and influential - lucid dreams that have stood the test of time.

Perhaps **LDE** will make its own inspirational lucid dreaming You-Tube video at some point. If you have the necessary skills and the interest in working on this project, let us know!

Ed Kellogg

Lucy Gillis's "Top 10" Lucid Dreaming Experiences

1. Conducted a meeting on probable (parallel) realities with multiple selves from multiple realities, with an almost indescribable feeling of confidence, knowledge, and exhilaration.
2. Experienced being both a vector and a scalar (mathematical terms), switching between those "states" achieved by "pointing my awareness" in different directions.
3. Effortlessly switched back and forth between awareness of being a higher self and a dreaming self, in amazement of the emotional differences.
4. Meeting probable (parallel) versions of family members and discussing the differences between our personal realities.
5. Meeting a loved one, minutes after his death, and dancing with him before he had to move on.
6. As a bodiless observer, seeing and yet also feeling three points of consciousness (each point is me) retreating from three separate dream scenes, then merging (all 4 of me) to one point, then lowering into my physical body through my forehead, "filling out" my physical body as I "re-inhabit it."
7. Simultaneous lucid awareness of experiencing two or more dreams occurring at once.
8. Experience of being a twisting, floating, liquid, purple mist outside and separate from my physical body.
9. Using the sound of my voice, both with single tones and with song, to propel myself, to create motion, or to boost my flying, in both speed and altitude.
10. Recognition of three recurring dream figures (teachers, guides?) who always remain when I will away my personal dream hallucinations.



Robert Waggoner's "Top 10" Lucid Dreaming Experiences

1. I have asked to experience "my feeling tone" and wiped my ego awareness out of existence!
2. I have sought out future information in a lucid dream and later seen it validated in waking life!
3. I have interacted with the non-visible awareness behind the dream and noted how it meets Carl Jung's qualifications for recognition as an 'inner Self'!

4. I have questioned a dream figure, totally accepted her and watched as she collapsed into a wisp of colored light which shot into my torso and energized me!
5. I have wondered about the actual nature of 'chi', and then watched two piercingly bright, counter-clockwise, tornado-like images of light appear on the horizon and coming spinning towards me, growing huge above, as I joined with them in free abandon!
6. I have stopped to meditate in a lucid dream and as my mind cleared, watched strips of the visual image fly away and the brilliant light of awareness shine through the holes in the visual field!
7. I have talked to deceased figures in my lucid dream and extracted information from them, which I later verified as accurate!
8. I have been helped by two beings to get to a sanctuary in a curious space where I met a spiritual being composed of blue light who towered above me, and changed my cellular life in a giant inner explosion as I tried to run past her.
9. I have talked to a master of esoteric Chinese Buddhism occasionally for 15 years, who I later learned exists in real life!
10. I have asked dream figures to show me past life aspects of myself and then recognized these aspects and felt joy, compassion and connection with them.



Ed Kellogg's "Top 10" Lucid Dreaming Experiences

1. I've merged with my OverSelf, and Experienced the Multiverse from His/Its point of view.
2. I've experienced a number of trainings and initiations in lucid dreams, that have had profound effects on me both during the dream, and afterwards. (See: <http://www.dreaminglucid.com/articles/Initiations%20and%20Trainings%20in%20Lucid%20Dreams.pdf>)
3. I've explored many paths of the Kabbalistic Tree of Life, visiting many strange places, and meeting many strange entities. (See "*Angelic Encounters in Lucid Dreams*," elsewhere in this issue.)
4. I've joyfully engaged in magical battles with witches, wizards, and monsters, throwing lightning bolts, shooting laser beams, and using a variety of incantations and spells. In one of my favorites, I defeated a giant robot monster using an improvised enlightenment spell, defeating him and changing him into an evolved human being at the same time.
5. In one lucid dream I flew to the Moon, landed, and when looking back to the Earth (with a certain feeling of pride at my accomplishment), saw my dog Shazam flying through space to join me! He landed on the moon, and then held up his mouth to show me he'd brought his favorite jingle ball with him, just in case I wanted to do something really important, like throw it for him. <g>
6. I've travelled to many alternate universes, parallel realities and even apparently 'fictional' (?) ones. For example, I've taught a class on lucid dreaming at Hogwarts *while* lucid dreaming. (Note: the Headmaster promised me a stipend, but to date I have yet to receive a single bronze Knut, let alone any gold Galleons, for my efforts.)
7. I've met with both the living and the dead, in evidential mutual dreams and psychopompic dreams, proving to me that dreaming takes place in an inter-subjective space.
8. I've healed myself and others of illnesses in lucid dreams, that later apparently had positive physical effects on the person healed. (See: <http://dreamsounds.hypermart.net/psigallery/psi2003gallery/kellogg.htm>)
9. I've flown to and bathed in "The Fountain of Youth", experiencing one of the most breathtaking and beautiful dreamscapes I've ever encountered.
10. I've transformed myself into other creatures – through full kinesthetic body transformations. For example, I fondly recall becoming a very large winged dragon, and then flying off a high cliff to glide high above a rugged sea-shore . . .



Beverly D'Urso's "Top 10" Lucid Dreaming Experiences

1. I met myself at a much younger age and she told me that, "Everything is perfect as it is!"
2. I looked for and found my childhood nightmare 'witches,' now seen as my creative power, went with them to their source, eventually brought them into my body, and soon afterwards got pregnant in the waking state. (See: http://durso.org/beverly/My_Lucid_Life.html)
3. I walked inside my uterus while pregnant and found twins, which later got verified in the waking state by ultrasound.
4. I overcame writer's block by writing my Ph.D. proposal and soon finished my degree in the waking state.
5. I healed a friend's child, with permission, using both a spell and liquid energy, and he got better in the waking state.
6. I nursed my 'baby-self', which I took down from a wall portrait, while an adult when I felt sad that my mom had to stay in the hospital in the waking state.
7. I made love to the guru, whose ashram I escaped from out of fear in the waking state.
8. I introduced my husband to my deceased father, who had died before my husband and I met in the waking state.
9. I've intentionally looked for the contents of target pictures, unknown to me in the waking state, and have won first place in a number of dream contests.
10. I flew to 'infinity and beyond' using a method, which I later discovered gets used in waking state mathematics. (See Part 3: <http://www.dreaminglucid.com/challenges/ldechallenge0.pdf>)



Top Ten Lucid Dreams

What are your "Top Ten" lucid dreams?

Which of your personal lucid dreams come to mind when you are asked,

"What is your most...?"

memorable
profound
entertaining
unusual or bizarre
enlightening
life-changing
other

Make your list and send it in to LDE!
(No deadline – this is an ongoing invitation!)

In Your Dreams!

Babajide Beach Surprise

I just recently got into lucid dreaming and I've had roughly about 4 in the past 2 weeks. But one of my lucid dreams stood out in terms of beautiful scenery. I remember seeing a beach in the distance and I was in some sort of Aztec place. I remember I had to go down a set of stairs, walk a few meters, say 25m, and climb up another to get to the beach but as I was walking to the second set of stairs they increasingly became steeper and steeper such that I could no longer climb by walking. I tried to use my hand but even then the stairs seemed to become very loose and crumbly and tilted so steeply against me that I feared they would fall over and crush me so I started heading back and up the original flight of stairs.

As I got to the top I couldn't believe my eyes and instantly became lucid. There was this rock/mountain which was just simply ENORMOUS and it had shades of blue, green, yellow, and red that were unlike anything I had ever seen. It also had the most beautiful sky/mist around it as well as some clear water surrounding it. It was so big that it occupied 2/3 of landscape and I wasn't that close to it. I got so excited that I started flying and soon woke up from the pure excitement. I was a bit annoyed I didn't get to explore the mountain; but by no stretch of comparison that is the most BEAUTIFUL thing I have seen.



Tosh Pool of Worms

I read about simultaneous dreaming only recently, and I've had a couple of other cases, but this one was the more interesting of them.

At some point during my dreams I become lucid, but it was not like the sort of lucidity where I knew I was sleeping somewhere else. I just realized that I could do things I normally couldn't do. I am looking into a shallow filthy pool. I can see things in it. I determine the things are very large worms. They must be around ten or more feet long, and thick as a fire hose. They also seem to have a varying number of heads that are eyeless and like flytraps, or at least their eyes are too small to see, especially through the nasty brown water they are writhing around in. Something suddenly possesses me to go into the water with them.

Somehow I become one of the worms. At this point I feel like I am both one of the bizarre monster worms AND myself, or what would pass as myself in terms of dreams and the astral world or whatever. Still this was distinctly different from knowing I was asleep in a bed somewhere else. I seemed to be of two thoughts during this time. The real me thought this was all really nasty, but it was like I also was thinking like a worm. The worm-me loved this brown silty pool, and was thrilled by being surrounded by other worms - the still human-me figured out the worms were spawning.

The human part of me also objectively observes that these worms are hermaphrodites. Having no limbs we worms fastened to one another with our multiple mouths. The human part of me worried that this was going to hurt when one of the other worms finally find their way to me. However, whether the teeth of the worms are really just stiff bristles of some sort, or perhaps they only hold on lightly is unclear, but several worms clamp on to me with their weird mouth parts. Worm-me thought this was all a lot of fun, but the other me was revolted by all the weird sensations, which I find impossible to describe. I could look down and tell my body apart from the other worms, and it was like a wrinkly brown leather hose with tiny filament-like things that I suppose could have been some kind of means of propelling through the water. I remember pressing against the bottom of the pool, and how the muck felt silky.

It's baffling how I was of two minds about this. The worm-me found the silt wonderful, cool, and blessed, but human-me was disgusted, but I think the worm-me must have had greater control here, because it wanted to be in the nasty water and revel in the cool silt.

Cyd Carlson **Getting Caught Watching**

My first instance with Lucid Dreaming, or what I would call 'crossing the parallel dimensions' was about a year ago.

While in a dream I found myself standing in the back of a closet. The door was open and I was looking into a bedroom. The bedroom was very bright, the light was coming in from a bedroom window. In the bedroom, another "Me" was standing holding up a pair of little boy's jeans. This other me was facing a little boy sitting on his bed. I was watching this other me having a talk with her son. The other me was telling her son, "You

know, on my other plane, I have a grandson that these would fit; these are too small for you now. We should put them away."

The other me then turned toward the closet I was standing in and saw me there. She looked very surprised to see me there and said to me, "You're not supposed to be here."

At this point I woke up very excited and my heart pounding.

But I did come back with a knowing of exactly where I was, all the things that I saw and all the feelings that were in that room. I've held that dream very vividly since.

Just last night, 12/23/2011, I had the second of these kinds of crossing over dreams. It was me again but this time it was a different place all together. The room was a nondescript room, just white. The me, had a little girl with her. They were holding hands and dancing around a very large heavy wood round table. The table had large floral decorations on it. They were laughing and having so much fun.

When I was discovered watching, she was very angry that I was there and wanted me to leave, but I realized that when I was trying to leave, she wasn't going to let me wake up when I wanted to. I felt her pulling back on me without touching me. She wanted me to stay a little longer to watch her...but I did feel myself struggling to wake up. I felt myself in the dream trying to open my eyes to wake up, but my other self kept telling me, "No, it's not time yet, watch us longer." She then looked at the little girl and told her, "I want to have more fun, so she can't go yet."



This second dream was a little disturbing because of the feeling of the other me having control over me.

In both instances, the children were also aware of my presence and were not affected either way. It was the other me's that had the problem. The first, was just trying to hurry me away like I wasn't supposed to be there seeing them, while the second was angry and controlling.

These dreams take place in the present time, but in different parts of the country. The first was in a large city, because of the large windows and sounds from outside the windows. The second I would say someplace rural because of how they were dressed and the room they were in. So, is this lucid dreaming? Or is this crossing into parallel dimensions?

Doug Bland
02/14/2012

I was dreaming about a small blue country house with what looked like a horse trail or dirt bike trail around the outside. I saw an area by the front gate when I thought, that's nice that my son has raked up and cleaned up the old left over dog food that had not been eaten.

I started running around the horse track and jumping over some of the drop offs on the trail. I thought this would be fun on my motorcycle. I saw a large pit bull off to my left behind a white picket fence. I thought I am going to just keep running and hoping that he doesn't come after me. Next I was in a blue country-type of bed. I thought I was waking up and thought I don't know if I am alive or dead, I was thinking about some bad car accident where a number of people had died. At this point I became lucid. I remembered before I went to sleep that I wanted to find my optimum self in an alternate universe. I felt myself waking up so I tried spinning myself around numerous times but woke up anyway.

Eric
Blinded By Epiphany

I become aware in a plain of complete grayness. There is color, but it is faded and dim.

In front of me, I see a spinning, holographic globe of the world. I plunge my head into it, and I am blinded by epiphany. I remove my head from the globe, and I turn around.

In front of me, millions of people are looking at me.



From their hands and feet are strings like a marionette. The strings extend to the sky where formless atrocities writhe and manipulate the strings. I am compelled to look down, and the strings from my hands and feet are severed. I force myself to awaken.

For the following week, I feel a sense of hopelessness and helplessness. My attempts to return to this plane are unfruitful.

Joy
Lucid Dream Adventure

I dreamed that I was walking through a parking garage and as I came upon a vehicle that looked like mine I noticed a woman from my peripheral vision sitting dead at the steering wheel. I immediately became afraid and I heard footsteps behind me. I tried to run and I couldn't, I was moving in slow motion as they approached me. I could feel them reaching for me. I ran down some steps and when I got to the last step, the floor was a beautiful crimson and cream - the colors were so bright and glowing at that time, I became lucid.

I stopped running and the footsteps stopped, I said "I am dreaming," to myself and I started laughing in disbelief. At that time I wanted to know who was chasing me. I screamed out to come and get me. I told them I wasn't afraid. I felt good.

I noticed a shelf up high on the wall and flew up there and said, "Oh, I can fly." I picked up a vase and on the bottom of it were some inscriptions. I read them and told myself to remember what the words were so I could write them down when I wake up.

I noticed a door at the top of the room and flew to it and

opened it up. Outside, there were trees standing tall and I was at eye level with the top of the trees. They looked to be in 3D. I had never seen anything like that before. I reached to grab a branch but the beauty was too much for me to absorb. I was telling myself to remember this event when suddenly I heard footsteps coming and that fear came over me again.

I flew down to the floor and entered a closet and there was no escape. I said, "This is my dream and I need a way out." Somehow I created a door in the closet and I slid down some steps. At that time I woke up immediately and was excited from the adventure I had just experienced in my sleep.

Yemi "Yo, I'm Dreaming"

I was in an apartment; a nice apartment that I had never seen before in this life. I was also married; which is not true in reality. I just felt it and knew I was married and my wife was with me but she was invisible. But somehow it was normal in the dream. It was just accepted that she was invisible. We were playing or fighting; I don't know but I was chasing her around our dinning table before she ran into this fancy closet.

Then I stood in front of the closet and looked at the closet mirror reflection of myself. I looked normal but I looked clean shaven with my hair really lined up nice. I said to myself - "Oh, I'm looking decent." Then I tried to remember the exact barbershop I went to for this particular haircut. Then BOOM! I was like - wait a sec - I didn't cut my hair at all; how is this? Then I was like, "Yo, I'm dreaming."

Then everything stayed, I didn't wake up right away. I was still there in the dream. Then I said to my dream invisible wife, wherever she was - "Hey babe, you remember that thing I told you about lucid dreaming? We are in a dream right now." I almost said, "You are a dream," too but I let it slide. I looked around and tried to change the environment. I did a little. I made the place darker by my will. I made grass grow and made the place less of an apartment.

Then I just messed the whole thing up because I was in a hurry to wake up. I made the mistake of forcing myself to wake which shouldn't have been a big deal. I guess I was waking up in parts and different steps because my mind was already awake from the dream, I believe. But I had no idea that my body would still be sleeping, so I came out of the dream and back to feeling myself on my bed. I felt myself sleep for a little bit. I couldn't wake right away and felt a bit shocked but I woke up after a couple of seconds or so.

Tosh Ronald McSnarls

In the earlier part of this dream I am on a pile of sand. It is like sand on the beach, if it were slightly wet and a little bit more than packed lightly. It has a curious shape, like the shapes of sand in a wind-blown desert, only piled high. There are a few bands of colors in the sand, which might have been algae of different colors. I am digging through this sand looking for something. Although I was not aware I was dreaming, I am sure that I was definitely aware that something unusual was happening, and that I had this opportunity to explore my own mind as it were, for lack of a better term. I am making slow progress and wonder if I might find a large sea shell to help me scoop the sand away more efficiently. I decide to try to dig in another location. I go to the top of the sand pile and begin to dig.



There is someone else there with me. I am not sure if he was there all this time, but I had not been alone along this sand, but whoever else was around wasn't close. This man was on the other side of the peak of the sand pile. I had quickly found something with little digging, and it seemed like something made of waterproof cloth or some sort, it was slightly rigid, and black, and about a metre long. I figure that it is some kind of case. I open up some straps along the thing and find that there are

things inside of the bag. I lift out something that looks like two long metal black tubes, and protruding from them, inside, are long hard black shafts, and at the tips are wicked arrow points. There seems to be some sort of spring mechanism involved. There is some other part of the weapon that I pick up out of the bag. I seem to know exactly what to do with it, and slide the part into place with a click. The arrow tips are serrated, and the point is so sharp it almost vanishes. If the arrows actually hit someone, they would be nearly impossible to remove. At least no one could pull them out, but this was its function. The man who is in front of me is also lifting things from the bag. One of the items is a small pencil-sized thing, also black, but when he picks it up, a line in it turns neon green, and begins to make a beeping noise. Alarmed, I take the thing and throw it.

For whatever peculiar reason there is a huge display of aquariums there. There seem to be several different sections arranged sort of like a surround sound stereo system, but with aquariums. I regret having tossed the thing carelessly into a tank, which almost immediately explodes, and water and some fish spill out onto the floor.

I now am looking at the tanks. Most of them are still intact and there are large ornamental fish gracefully swimming in the water. There is a green light over the tanks, giving the water a jade-like appearance. Suddenly, and from I don't know where, something falls into one of the tanks. It is shaped like a rotund man wearing a yellow sort of jumpsuit. The arms are white and red striped, along with giant red shoes, and red and white striped socks. On top of the man-shaped thing's head is a peculiar sort of hat, with two very long things, sort of like a

jester's cap only two pronged instead of three. This hat is also red and white striped.

I immediately recognize the creature as a monster I drew six months previous to this dream. It was at least partly inspired by an illustration I found once in a collection of Native American folk tales. The illustration depicted long skinny creatures with a two pronged striped hat, and I think it was meant to be a disparaging depiction of a Eurasian invader. I supposed that Native Americans probably did think white people looked demonic and strange with their sharp features, blue eyes and very pale skins, though the weird headpiece surely was something fanciful.

It is at this point that I become fully aware that I am dreaming, and the clown monster was positively terrifying. I even say the name I gave him when I drew it. Which was Ronald McNarls, a hilarious deviation of Ronald McDonald the clown mascot of the restaurant.

However when I "wake up" I am still not really awake. I don't even realize it though. I seem to wake up in a bed that is nestled inside a weird contraption. It's like a house with moving parts, like if you were living inside a robot. I wake up inside the "house" and I immediately think to write down the dream I just had. I rotate a sort of handle above my head that gets some other part of the machine going. I hear the mechanical whine as hydro-electric doodads do their work and raise the portion of the house I sleep in up towards a sort of desk area. It moves rather slowly, and then finally settles into place. I reach upwards to turn a plastic knob that turns on a small dim lamp that is set deep inside the metal and plastic frame above and around me.



This portion of the house functions as a sort of "driver's seat." I open up a wooden box next to me and pull out a pen and open up a well worn out brown note book, and open to a clean page. I attempt to think about the sequence of events so I don't accidentally leave anything out. I remember being quite excited about encountering a creature I thought up in my own head, and wondered what it could mean. But before I could begin to write anything down something distracts me.

In this new world that I have awakened in, my mechanical house is also inside a warehouse of sorts. There are other machines stored here, but none of them function as houses and I am really quite alone here, or I am supposed to be. I had "parked" my

house near one of the large doorways of the warehouse and I spot something bright red, white and yellow just barely, and see, to my horror, it's the monster clown again. I think to myself that I had thought I had succeeded in escaping him, but here he is again. I am not sure he's seen me, but I think I know the monster's mind, and guess that he's not interested in harassing me if I don't notice him. In other words, if I pretend I hadn't seen him he'll just walk by, however it seems it was too late. He'd seen me looking at him for the slightest glimpse. For a moment he backs away, obviously it is the case that the monster clown had not expected to find me again so soon. I don't know what I should do, as I am not entirely sure what the creature intends to do. Maybe he's actually harmless?

The next thing I know, however, is the clown monster attacks. He's really very big, not just rotund but tall, too. I think his skin is the green like a gooseberry, and his eyes are huge. I scuffle with the monster for a while before he pins me down, and threatens me with what I gather is a hypodermic needle. He's talking to me all the while, but I don't recall much of that, other than that there was only air in the needle and he explains that a good lot of it will do me when he stabs me with it.

I am fairly petrified, but while he's pressing the needle down on me with all his might, I have a hold of his paw, and holding it back. This seems to go on for a long, long time, where neither of us budges not a tiny bit. It seems myself and the giant monster clown are evenly matched. We do not speak to each other during this time, and after a while I am just looking into the creature's face and he looks right back at me, and I find that I am not afraid of the creature, and then a sort of numbness spreads over me and I begin to think the clown doesn't even exist at

all, that I am not exactly hallucinating him, but that we're somehow both the same, that's why we can't harm each other. There is no struggle anymore, and I very slowly wake up with that strange impression in my mind.

Sean O'Leary "This is Not a Dream"

I was having a very unusually vivid dream about things that don't matter at this moment. This dream led me to the basement of a huge home with a man and his son. The man then looked at me and said, "This is not a dream." That statement triggered my conditioning (I became lucid).

Suddenly whatever importance that basement and those people had to me dropped. I speedily went out the basement door which wasn't there a second ago. I ran up a hill, put out my arms and started flying like superman. I was mind blown. It was so realistic that I started to doubt myself.

As soon as I doubted myself a heavy wind picked up. I tried to imagine something to carry me through the wind and suddenly I was on top of a kite. It was unreal. I flew for a short period of time around the houses' yard before thinking; I need to set this as my facebook status - which admittedly is an impulse I'm really ashamed of. Instantly the dream transferred locations. I was in the very bedroom I was sleeping in at my computer desk typing up a new status.

This is where I got confused. I thought I was literally awake in my room setting this status. I had given back into unconscious dreaming and woke up the next morning pretty confused about who had deleted my status.



Mick Dewan First Lucid Dream

On the evening of Jan. 30th/ Jan.31st morning, I had my first lucid dream ever. Although it only lasted a few seconds, it was quite clear and I knew that I was consciously dreaming. I was entering a long hallway or tunnel with "things" ? on the wall. I tried to make it last longer but it didn't and I fell back into a dream state.

Maki Walking Through a "Dream Wall"

Hello all, before I get into my dream experience please allow me to give a short introduction. I have been conducting experiments in my dreams for about a year now because I want to write my own "dream logic" guide; just reminders about the way one has to think about the dream world in terms of its nature and what that means about eliminating the artificial boundaries that are usually brought in from the unawakened mindset.

I would also like to point out that when you are in a dream you are literally in a particular "Mind" set, just like a film set only everything is made of consciousness including you. Okay so now on to my dream:

In this particular experiment I wanted to walk through a wall. I used the wake back to bed induction method because it's easier for me to go directly in the dream and remember what my task is. So I was in some sort of factory and there was a "concrete" wall ahead of me. I approached it with my hands out in front of me and tried to push through, and I failed as if I would in the "real" world.

I then thought to myself while in front of the wall, "Hey, this wall is not really made of concrete," and I touched it while having that thought and it crumbled to dust. That's when I woke up.

I thought it was interesting that even though I was aware I was dreaming I still brought in the belief that walls are solid and cannot just be walked through. I had to correct my thinking while in the dream in order to walk through.

Do you have a lucid dream to share?

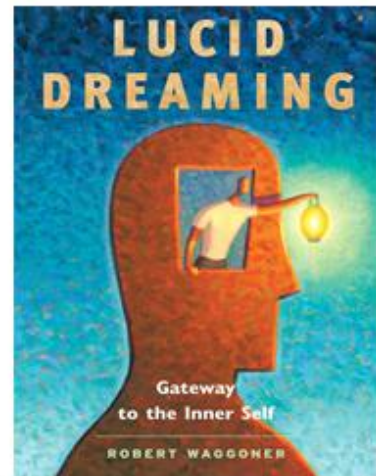
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<http://www.keithhearne.com>

Lucidity Institute www.lucidity.com

The International Association for the Study of Dreams

www.asdreams.org

Linda Magallón's dreamflyer.net

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

www.dreamflyer.net

Experience Festival

Several articles on lucid dream-related topics

http://www.experiencefestival.com/lucid_dreaming

Mary Ziemer

www.luciddreamalchemy.com

Lucid Dreaming Links

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

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

www.dreams.ca

Explorers of the Lucid Dream World Documentary

<http://www.LucidDreamExplorers.com>

Reve, Conscience, Eveil

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

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

Rebecca's Website www.World-of-Lucid-Dreaming.com

Lucid Dreaming Documentary

Wake Up! Exploring the Potential of Lucid Dreaming

<http://luciddreamingdocumentary.com>

Ryan Hurd

www.dreamstudies.org

Christoph Gassmann

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

<http://www.traumring.info/tholey2.html>

Werner Zurfluh

"Over the Fence"

www.oobe.ch/index_e.htm

Beverly D'Urso - Lucid Dream Papers

<http://durso.org/beverly>

The Conscious Dreamer

Sirley Marques Bonham

www.theconsciousdreamer.org

Al Moniz

The Adventures of Kid Lucid

<http://www.kidlucid.com>

The Lucid Dreamers Community – by pasQuale

<http://www.ld4all.com>

Fariba Bogzaran

www.bogzaran.com

Robert Moss

www.mossdreams.com

Electric Dreams

www.dreamgate.com

The Lucid Art Foundation www.lucidart.org

Roger "Pete" Peterson <http://realtalklibrary.com>

DreamTokens

www.dream-tokens.com

David L. Kahn

<http://www.dreamingtrue.com/>

Lucidipedia

www.lucidipedia.com

Jayne Gackebach

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

www.spiritwatch.ca

Matt Jones's Lucid Dreaming and OBE Forum

www.saltcube.com

Janice's Website

With links to lucid dreaming and out of body sites.

<http://www.hopkinsfan.net>