



LDDE
LUCID DREAM EXCHANGE

Winter Edition
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FEATURING

DREAMSPEAK

CHASING VENUS

“EVERYTHING’S ALL RIGHT”

FROM DREAM WARRIOR TO AUTHOR

LUCID DREAMING, WRITING AND SLEEP DISORDERS



The Lucid Dream
Exchange wishes
everyone a very
joyous holiday
season.

May the New Year bring
you an abundance of
lucid dreams.

Sincerely,
Robert Waggoner
Lucy Gillis



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Cover Image

When Trees Dream in Juneau

Photo by Lucy Gillis

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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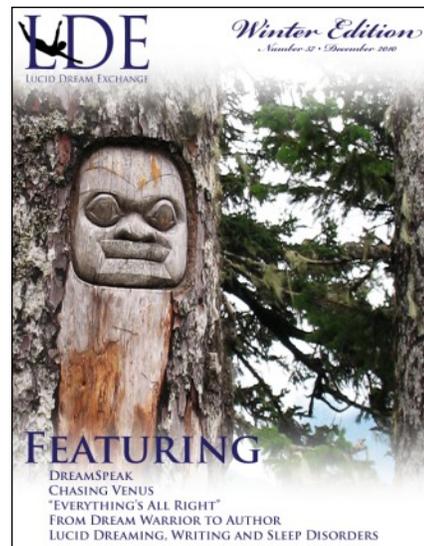
"The tree is of course dissociated in one manner. In some ways its living forces and consciousness are kept to a minimum. It is in a state of drowsiness on the one hand, and on the other hand it focuses the usable portion of its energy into being a tree...."

"However in some other manners the experiences of the tree are extremely deep, . . . The inner senses of the tree have strong affinity with the properties of earth itself. They feel their growing. They listen to their growing as you listen to your own heartbeat. They experience this oneness with their own growth ..."

"The tree is also innerly aware of its environment to an astonishing degree. It maintains contact awareness and the ability to manipulate itself in two completely different worlds, so to speak, one in which it meets little resistance growing upward, and one composed of much heavier elements into which it must grow downward. ..."

"The awareness of plant life is also like the awareness of a subject in deep trance. . . . The awareness is focused along certain lines. The energy is likewise focused. Much of the ability again is suspended as for a subject in a trance, but consciousness is present."

*Seth, The Early Sessions, Book 1
Session 18*





dream speak

**AN INTERVIEW WITH VLAD LADGMAN
BY ROBERT WAGGONER**

An experienced lucid dreamer from Australia, Vlad Ladgman has been guided deeper into lucid dreaming by paying attention to that inner Voice. Read on, and learn what he has discovered!"

If I understand correctly, you grew up in Bulgaria and had lucid dreams at a very early age? How old were you?

Yes, I was born in Bulgaria and lived there for 30 years. In 1989 I moved to Melbourne and established myself as a successful Audio Director and Radio Producer. My lucid dreaming experiences started when I was about 7 years old.

What do you recall of your first lucid dream/s? Did they occur in response to nightmares? How did you become lucidly aware?

I was having a recurring dream, which always started on the street near the block of apartments I used to live in as a kid. There was something I could not define or see but it was menacing and would always try to catch me. I'd run trying to get back home but that 'thing' would catch me and I'd wake up in horror.

Next time I had the same dream, though, I was able to go further than the previous time. So if in the beginning this 'thing' got me on the street, in every next dream I'd manage to go further than before. This way I went to the entrance of our block, then to the corridor, then to the first row of stairs... , second... , third... , forth, then I'd get to our apartment but 'It' would catch me just as I opened the door. Last time I finally managed to get where I always wanted to go and that was the living room where my parents were. So when I got there, screaming my head off, 'Help, help, help!!', my parents paid no attention to me and ignored me. Then I realised that I had no where to go and nowhere to run to. I was on my own.

At that moment I became aware of my dream and heard the voice behind my right shoulder for the first time. It was like a continuation of my thoughts and realisation that I can't go any further and that my 'journey' was finished. The voice said, 'Well, you have nowhere to go, so you'd better turn around and face that monster.' I was petrified, but also had this new feeling that I'm in control and my dream could be controlled by my own will. I also had an unquestionable trust in that voice. I turned around and gazed at the shadowy background. I felt like a warrior outnumbered and overwhelmed, facing the attacking enemy, but there was no monster, no enemy, not a single thing. All that time I was chased by my own fear. It was a striking revelation I'd never forget for the rest of my life. I never-ever had that dream again

Can you describe any pivotal early lucid dreams that amazed you? What happened? What questions did those experiences create for you?

I can't say for sure how long it took me to reach the stage where I was able to turn around and face my own fear. It definitely took a long time – a year or two. I don't know exactly when I became aware that the recurring dream was a kind of training.

Shortly after that recurring dream I had another lucid dream. I was in the forest in the middle of a bright sunny day and there was a huge monster that was chasing me. I ran pretty fast and had no problems making my body move, but the monster was a lot faster than me. When I realised I wouldn't be able to outrun it, it suddenly occurred to me that I was dreaming. I said to me, 'This is a dream! I should do what I did last time.' I stopped immediately, turned around and faced the monster. It was something out of this world and was coming to me fast. Then I heard the voice behind me. 'Just wish for something,' the voice said. I lost no time and wished it blown up into pieces. No sooner had I thought that than it exploded into a million pieces. I felt so victorious that to this day, some forty years later, I still recall my first victory and my second lucid dream. After that dream I knew that if ever I have a nightmare, I simply have to face the enemy and destroy it any way I want.

You refer to your experience with lucid dreaming as a type of “training,” right? Tell me, what about lucid dreaming makes it seem like training?

I should first say that all my lucid dreams and most of the others are recurring dreams. After each dream I'd gain some kind of skill and learn more about my inner self. In all my lucid dreams I'm told something, showed something, or asked to do something that would make me understand the Creation in a way no one imagines it in the real world. I'm also told how to do it so that it not only applies to the world of lucid dreams but also to this world we call *reality*.

For example, in one of my recurring dreams I'd find myself in the street of my own town in Sofia (the capital of Bulgaria). I'd see my mother who'd tell me she isn't well and soon after she'd collapse and die of a heart attack in my arms. As it was a recurring dream and I was aware I was dreaming I always found a way to revive her and get her up on her feet. My awakened *will* was too strong to accept her death and let her go.

“In all my lucid dreams I'm told something, showed something, or asked to do something that would make me understand the Creation in a way no one imagines it in the real world.”

The last time I had this dream (I was in my late forties) something extraordinary happened. In the last 20 years I'd refer to the voice that used to speak to me from behind my right shoulder as THEY. So when mum died in my arms, THEY told me that if I wanted to solve the problem with my mother in a permanent sense, I shouldn't be forcing my dream to change with my awakened will. I should reverse time instead, THEY suggested. I was just about to ask how one would reverse time, when THEY showed me. It was a mixture of explanations (but not in words or dialog) and simple actions without motions. The explanations referred to the origin of Time. The action referred to the way one manipulates it. Time, I was told, is nothing but the sheer, pristine, undefined, and indiscriminate state of emotion. It's a pool, as it were, of pure energy of light. Light, though, has no physical appearance and is contained within my heart. Reversing Time is the opposite of being sentient. I was supposed to give up all emotions, deliver myself to the state where I can't feel anything definitive. That, THEY told me, was the 'primordial egg' (sorry I have to use trivial expressions, but there are no words that can describe what I experienced). It is a state where nothing exists. All history is wiped out momentarily.

My *will* can make anything be. So, if I could -- at any time, in a lucid dream or in the real world – bring my faculties and emotion to that state, I can insert into the timeline any event or fact I *will* for it. To reverse time and bring my dead mother back to life again, I had to conquer grief, sadness, stress, fear, desperation, anger, doubt, anguish, etc., and bring them back to their origin – the light in my heart.

Once I managed to do that, I was given “The Choice”. “Giving the choice” is something very hard to explain. I have had a few instances in my lucid dreams where I was “given the choice” and I still can't explain it to myself. So when I was given the choice to bring back to life my dead mother, I instantly wished she lived until she got to 93. I can

never say why or how I came to this choice, but I know, it was the right choice - the choice not only I wanted but also the choice that mum liked. The astonishing revelation in that "time reversal" was not so much about manipulating my dream, but about its consequence in real life. What THEY showed me and what I did in the lucid dream influenced the lives of real people and events of the real world. THEY show me the way how to manipulate time in any state or world – real or not, dreamy or conscious. Ever since, every time when I need to change something that has already happened, I try to bring myself to that state where I'm given the choice.

Can you provide an early example or two of being trained or instructed in a lucid dream (such as learning to fly, or to manipulate the dream)?

In my early lucid dreams I flew like a bird. I'd wave my hands and rise up in the air and fly wherever I want to. In one particular lucid dream, however, I didn't feel like flying like a bird. I wished I could fly like a rocket instead. No sooner had I wished it when a voice behind me began giving me some very specific instructions. I was shown how to position my body for such a flight and then was told how to *will* it. I flew very fast, but after a while I got scared and wished to land. The voice behind me showed me a lake in the vicinity and told me to land there. I maneuvered my body to the lake, but when I was about to land I realised that my guide, the voice I mean, was gone. I had no idea how to land on the lake and had to improvise. I used my chin to "split" the water and landed horizontally gliding over the water surface until I hit the shore. It was so exciting that I could not stop laughing out of joy.

“When I managed to stop the endless train of thoughts running in my mind relentlessly, the phenomenal world freezes at the point it was last perceived. At this point I can either rearrange the endless details, to suit my desire, or eliminate their impact on my own self.”

So gradually over the next few years I was taught that lucid dreams can be manipulated in a few different ways, such as the following:

1. By will. I say what I want and it happens. Just like a wizard in a fairytale.
2. By stopping my dream (I wish I woke up), re-thinking in my normal conscious state, and then going back to sleep to correct the course of my dream.
3. By having a dream within a dream (I wish I stopped dreaming but go into another dream). The second dream is always a lot more real and lucid than the first, and I have greater clarity and ability to consciously hold on to all levels and dimensions and act in them according to my will.

Tell us more about this “Voice”. When did it first ap-

pear? Do you still have lucid dreams where the Voice provides guidance? If so, please give us an example from a lucid dream.

As I mentioned, the voice first appeared when I had my first lucid dream experience. It used to appear in those lucid dreams when I was getting trained (speaking behind my right shoulder – in waking life, I use my right ear to talk on the phone). In other lucid dreams, where I'd just have fun (often when I realise I'm in a lucid dream I'd just have fun and nothing else) the voice would not manifest itself and I don't really need it. I have to draw a line here and say that from a particular point in my life (in my teens) the voice behind my right shoulder began to communicate with me in a more 'efficient' way. I don't have to be told things anymore. I'm shown the ways, but that, I'm afraid, goes beyond description as it's out of the way things are perceived and realised by the awake mind. From that point forward entered the concept of THEY.

Once, in a lucid dream, I asked THEM to show me how the world comes into sight in its solid form. So THEY showed me first, why the solid world is so convincing and second, why it is difficult to see through and realise it as just a display that can be changed any way I like it and at any time I think fit. I was

taken to a place, which looked like any industrial part of a big city. There was this factory, which had a very 'art deco' design with the weirdest chimney I could imagine. I then realised that it was the 'Factory of Details', where the 'Details Maker' worked. Please bear with me as in my lucid dreams nothing is as it seems. Surely things like art deco factory, weird chimney, Details Maker and all that sounds crazy. The whole problem is in the perceptions these words evoke and in the inability to interpret 'transcendental language' into normal spoken words. What I 'saw' when THEY showed me the Factory of Details and the Details Maker was something absolutely different from what the mere words deliver.

When I managed to stop the endless train of thoughts running in my mind relentlessly, the phenomenal world freezes at the point it was last perceived. At this point I can either rearrange the endless details, to suit my desire, or eliminate their impact on my own self. In the first instance I manipulate the way the world appears. In the latter I transcend that world. The endless details are eternal. They were never made. We are made to perceive them. Perception is the name of the Factory of Details. Without our perception there are no details – there's no world. The Details Maker, in a manner of

speaking, is the master of the factory of details, which your mind produces and perceives in its perpetual reference to itself. In that respect, the Details Maker is the mysterious origin and drive in our mind and consciousness. It's a bank of infinite possibilities. It produces nothing, drives nothing and has no consciousness. It is what it is.

In that dream I was shown for the first time (as well as in a few lucid dreams later on) how this 'real' world vanishes and reappears re-designed in no time. I realized then: My faculties have the power to combine details into objects. All objects only serve my desire to explain the otherwise inexplicable. The huge telescope, for example, that lets us glimpse at hundreds of galaxies many light years away is only a reflection of our voracious desire to make this universe bigger, everlasting, more exacting and easily explainable. My mind is the Factory of Details and the Details Maker is my desire to explain my own existence.

Does the Voice appear in regular dreams, too? I ask this, because I also realized that I have a Voice that sometimes speaks in lucid and non-lucid dreams. But unlike you, in my experience, it always seems to come from behind my left side (which is the ear that I use for telephone messages).

There were a few instances where I had the voice speaking directly into my mind in my awake state. It was THEY telling me things. In all those cases THEY spoke in riddles telling me what will happen in the future. Everything THEY said would happen did happen. The most striking of all cases was when THEY told me when my father would die. More than 10 years ago, dad was diagnosed with bowel cancer and was operated on successfully with no trace of metastasis. However, THEY told me, 'He will live as long as he doesn't know.' It appeared that doctors in Bulgaria didn't tell my father he had cancer. They told him he had polyps. When mum told me that on the phone I made her swear that under no circumstances she or anyone else would tell dad he had cancer. Dad lived for almost two years without any problems and with just a little bit of discomfort.

Two years after his operations in a routine check doctors discovered some abnormal cells in the same area and wanted to operate again to clean them out. Then they told dad he had cancerous cells and that it would be a minor operation. Dad died on the operating table two days after they told him. I was also told when my wife will die (in a half dream half a vision) and was shown the exact day of my death in a meditation.

How do you explain this Voice to yourself? Is it an independent entity or a subconscious personification? Or perhaps, you consider it as your larger or Inner Self? (And here again, I have to say that in conversations with others, I use "they" as well, when speaking about dream and lucid dream guidance.)

One of the greatest benefits my lucid dreams and training brought to my life was the complete lack of desire to explain things, to consciously comprehend anything that happened in dreams or in the real world. I have no need for explanations; I don't want to know 'why' things are as they are. I'm happy to use them, manipulate them, play with them. I have no feeling of, how should I put it, seriousness. You know, in Hebrew the name of God is YAHWEH - "I Am That I Am". I had the chance to

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'speak' to God on four occasions. In one of those instances God appeared to me as a charcoal black toothbrush!! As the art deco Factory of Details, the shape of the object appears only to satisfy my need for that object. I have to find out who (or what) I really am. In all cases the objects and the subjects that represented God in my lucid dreams emitted some kind of all-pervading, invisible, but tangible essence and light. I figured it out that thinking of God as a form is pointless. God is what it is.

Dreams give me hints about the real essence of the self. I can hardly see myself in a dream, but when I manage to do that in a lucid dream and am able to communicate with my inner and outer self I'm awestruck. In meditation, lucid dreams, and in some other practices, I can remove the veil that covers this world and hides what is beyond it. In order to do that, however, I have to surrender my faculties (mind, emotions, etc.) and blast them or annihilate them with the light in my heart. I also have to give up my sense of self and shift from a reference point called 'I' to a reference point called 'We'. So from the perspective of the 'I' 'We' are referred to as THEY. THEY are the unity of the self and the no self. As a unity, THEY are beyond us, above us, THEY are omnipresent, omniscient and incomprehensible.

In your lucid dream training and all, did you feel that you were being trained towards a goal or towards some purpose?

There is no purpose, I'm afraid, other than everything is possible, i.e. everything happens simply because it's possible. I, as an individual, though, have a goal. It is to

get to know my inner self and project its abilities onto the canvas of this world. In my lucid dreams I get trained for what follows after my reference to my self, as a corporeal body, vanishes into dust. The more lucid dreams I have, the more I understand the goal of my dreams. I'm a warrior. I fight with probably the most powerful entity that we know. It is the self. It rivets me to a body that is a slave to feelings, to all kind of things it needs to survive, to indulgencies, emotions that have no counts, desires that inflate the universe by inventing the tools of science. I have to conquer that self and THEY teach me how to do it in dreams and in the real world.

Experienced lucid dreamers often have deep, spiritual lucid dreams, which can feel very profound and difficult to describe. Have you had such lucid dreams?

All my lucid dreams where I had encounters with God were overwhelmingly spiritual. I cried in the dream and after the dream. The profound impact of those dreams on my everyday life is enormous. Everything I do is based on the experience, knowledge and understanding those dreams revealed. In a very recent lucid dream I was flying over the waters of the Earth as it was before the Creation took place. I don't know why I knew it, but it was the primordial world. I knew God was hovering above me... In all my warrior boldness I had the urge to challenge God.

So I soared up in the sky and opened my heart to raise, as I was taught, the protecting shield of light, which also throws a bridge between the two worlds of phenomena and noumena. Then I uttered my challenge. When I heard it and saw it, I was stunned, not only by what I said and saw, but also by the grave consequences I felt I was going to have. My challenge was as follows: 'Dear lord,' I began, 'I challenge you, but I don't challenge your authority... I challenge the "WHY?" and "WHEN?."' No sooner had I said that than I saw the two words "WHY?" and "WHEN?" in a gigantic size engraved on the blue sky in transparent silver breathtakingly reflecting the light. When I woke up I was shocked by the grandeur of the display of my challenge and by its perplexity. I didn't have a clue what it all meant.

A few days later, though, I began to experience the consequences of my challenge and gradually realised the essence and intricate nature of the two words. I also realised why I put them in that particular order. "WHY" is Space, as the universe appears because we seek explanations. "When" is Time – the power that makes us see the universe unfold. I challenged God's Creation and the reasons to shroud it in mystery, to hide from us its real fabric and essence. I wasn't willing anymore to live blinded by the powers of space and time. Six months later, I still bear the consequences of my challenge and I

know it's going to be that way for the rest of my life.

Has lucid dreaming given you a new perspective on the self and the mind? Or perhaps, I should say a new perspective on the self and the mind in relationship to this greater knowing that we encounter in the lucid dream state?

In my lucid dreams I'm something a lot more than I appear and feel in the real world. It's so because I've learned to deal with a multi-dimensional world, with entities that have nothing to do with humankind and I have acquired skills beyond belief. I no longer rely on facts. I deal with this world solely based on intuition. I can feel what's going to happen, I can influence it, I can stop it, I can change it.

A year ago I needed help in solving some problems involving people who had to be stopped from what they were doing. I don't know why, but every night before falling asleep I'd summon the five Warrior Lords. I really don't know who those Warrior Lords were and why I came up with their names and number, but at the end of the day they did for me something I never hoped for. It wasn't long after I started my ritual in calling them for help, when one night I had a lucid dream where five men, dressed in strict black suits, white shirts and black ties appeared out of nowhere. They had very serious faces with stern looks, didn't say a word, but made me realise they wanted to have a meeting with me.

We went to a room where they sat around a table and formed something like a panel. I stood at the opposite side of the table. We then had a conversation, but no words were spoken. They were clearly trying to intimidate me, but I wouldn't budge. I stood before them with respect, as I felt or rather knew they were messengers who feared God as everyone else would. I was ready to raise the light shield in my heart and blast them away if needed and was cool as ice. I knew they were sent to me because I summoned them. In a way they had to obey and respond to my call. We understood each other perfectly and agreed on the 'terms and conditions'. The Warrior Lords were to do whatever was needed to eliminate the 'obstacles' in their own way. One of the conditions was that no one would be harmed physically. I was to take no actions, do nothing, say nothing. That was my dream. What followed in the real world in the course of a few months later was a miracle. Now I know... when times are difficult and I can't do it on my own, I have allies – damn good ones. This dream was the one and only time when THEY appeared in shape. The five Warrior Lords are definitely not men, let alone men in business suits, but appeared like that for a reason only known to them.

Through lucid dreaming, you discovered “Whenever we manage to let go of the self and eliminate the mind, we slip out of the grip of Time,” a process you call SIMULTANEITY. Briefly, what does that mean and how did you discover it? So does this insight manifest itself in waking reality (through intuitive knowledge, premonitions, etc.)?

You know, there are dreams that from the beginning to the end felt like hours. Lucid dreams, however, provided me with the opportunity to compare time in the dream and in the real world. There was a particular dream that played a pivotal role in my understanding of time. The chronological end of this dream, which too felt like going for hours, was caused by an event that began unfolding the moment I woke up. In other words, the end of my dream, caused by an event in the real world, was also the cause of its beginning. I was walking in a forest and spent a long time exploring it. Suddenly a bolt of lightning hit one tree and it caught fire. In no time the whole forest was engulfed in fire. There was no where to escape and I panicked. Somehow I managed to get a grip over my fear and prayed for help. No sooner had I asked for help than a lot of firemen came from all directions with their fire trucks. They pulled out their hoses and extinguished the fire.

When I woke up, a fire brigade truck was just entering in my street. Later I heard there was some fire a few blocks away from my home. From where I could hear the truck’s siren and to where the truck had gone when it woke me up must have passed a second or two. I realised that the cause of my dream was its own end, which coincided with an event in the real world. When the firemen came to my rescue I realised I was dreaming and also became aware of what was going on out there in my street. In a fraction of a second I could hold together the whole story of my dream -- which seemed to be hours long -- and the first milliseconds of the blare of the siren that triggered the lucidity and the end of my dream. This somehow got imprinted on both, my phenomenal faculties and my dreaming ones. After that dream I could never be deceived that in any dream there was time involved. The duration, as it were, of a dream is an illusion...

The duration of any event in the real world is an illusion too. In all my dreams after that, I’d have a lucid moment just before I fell asleep and at the moment I woke up. In that particular ‘gap’ are contained both worlds together. I could hang onto this gap, prolong it, ‘see’ the entire Creation fixed and motionless. Very soon I managed to drive myself to that state by terminating the inner dialog and the train of thought in my mind. I called that moment “*the gap between two consecutive thoughts*”. In that gap, because I terminated the past (my last thought) and did not allow a following thought to eventuate, I virtually an-

nihilated the future and prevented it from taking control over the display of the world. Through “the gap between two consecutive thoughts” enters the endless light - that refuge from action/reaction and cause and effect. Then the Revelation dawns on me and I know and comprehend everything.

Time springs out of emotion and enters the world via the train of thought. The inner dialog is Time’s guardian. Thoughts are the building blocks of the universe of appearances. As my thoughts become more complex, the universe expands and becomes multifarious. The Creation is in fact built by me, for me, and in me. Its place or space is my mind. When, for whatever reason, I let my next thought eventuate I literally see a colossal explosion. Dark matter instantly permeates the blinding, endless light in which I rest selfless, thoughtless and motionless. In that dark matter I see all possibilities which have already happened but need space and time to be experienced. They invent my mind and call it Space. They made me sentient and call my emotions Time.

I now am aware that beginning and end coincide – just like in my dream – and they cause each other.

When there is no time – nothing happens.
 When nothing happens there is no need of space.
 When there is time everything happens.
 When everything happens space is infinite.

I no longer can see two opposing worlds, or realities. Space with its endless details can no longer deceive me. Time cannot place things faraway from me in a future so distant that a million years seems a second. This brings the realisation of SIMULTANEITY. With that realisation, past and future merged into the almighty now, where we know everything but force ourselves to forget it. When we have forgotten it, past becomes our reasons for forgetting; we can’t grasp the ‘now’ as it is impossible to define; the future then places all the knowledge we forgot in an infinite line, which is placed in front of us. We’ve been walking on that line since forever.

What lucid explorations do you find yourself doing nowadays?

For 34 years I have been having one particular lucid dream I have named “The Pull of Death” or simply the “The Pull”. I had it first in the European Autumn of 1976. Around that time the mysterious presence of THEY was beginning to manifest in my lucid dreams. I was in the Music Academy (a first year student doing musicianship, piano playing and sound engineering). A bunch of aliens came in the Academy and asked all students to line up in a queue. They promised to take us to some incredible place. Everyone was very excited. When it was my turn

to get 'transferred' I became suspicious and at that moment I realised I was in a dream. The transfer was happening through an invisible tunnel, which appeared right over me. It had no fixed dimensions and was pitch black. In fact it was as narrow as my body -- not in terms of dimensions, but in terms of my comprehension of it.

In the tunnel I felt this enormous gravitational pull. It was pulling me in and taking me out of my body. I got so scared I felt I'd puke my internal organs. I'm not sure when I realised what the tunnel and the pull were. THEY came to pull me in so many times after the first time that I lost track. The tunnel and its pull were designed to suck my soul out of my body. I don't really believe we have a soul. We have definitely something that transcends the body, but it's far more complex than the feeble transfer of individuality from body and mind to a soul. The pull sucks that transcendental 'thing' out of my body. In so many years I was absolutely unable to let it go. I'd hang onto anything to stop THEM from doing it. In the first dream at the Music Academy I stuck the index finger of my right hand out of the tunnel (don't ask me how... I just did it). This really worked and I was pushed back and expelled out of the tunnel with a great force and cast a block away in the Academy's back yard. Most of the other times when THEY came to pull me in I was in my bed and THEY would suck me in horizontally with my legs ahead.

It took me 30 years of resisting the pull only to realise in the end that THEY would never-ever take me -- wherever THEY were taking me -- against my will. THEY gradually earned my trust and I was left only with the task to overcome fear. All those dreams were lucid and I began to connect my angst with *the fear of the unknown*. To overcome it I had to believe in that THEY meant no harm and to trust THEM unconditionally. I manage to do that only when I surrendered my body and self into God. I'd open my heart and would shout, 'I love you Lord, I surrender into you.'

One night, a few years ago, I finally let go of everything and was taken in... **Oh my Lord!!** What happened words can never express. I (whatever was left of the notion of self) went on to the third level of lucid dreaming. I had never experienced before so crystal clear, crisp and uninterrupted lucidity in my dreams. There was no difference between any known or unknown worlds. I was one with God, I was the Creator. I was hovering over the primordial waters of the world and had the inexplicable urge to create. I cleared the waters and built in an instant a whole city. Although I just built it, the city had thousands of years of history. I knew everything about it. I knew how to build it and my knowledge and know-how were absolute. I flew over the city admiring its beauty and architecture. After a while I decided I'm done with it and destroyed it by simply letting the waters come back and wipe it out. I had no remorse, no regrets, and no feelings.

I've been sucked in that tunnel a few more times after that and now I know I kind of have no fear of death, because that is what happens precisely when we die... THEY come to take us in.

You have an article for the next issue of the LDE? What initiated it?

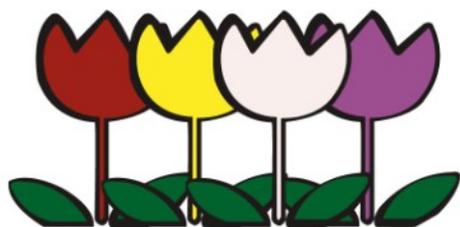
For a long time I was wondering what to do with all my lucid dreams and experiences. I thought to write a book similar to what you did, but felt that is not enough for me. I wanted something more. So I wrote a metaphysical thriller with some farcical dialogs and hilarious stories. It's a Hollywood style script with the best that a European mind and education could achieve. So when I stumbled across the LDE I had just finished a chapter I called 'God and I'. In it I described one of my most extraordinary lucid dreams when I talked to God through the body of my inner self. I wanted not only to share that extraordinary dream with my fellow lucid dreamers, but to also see how this will be perceived by all people, whether they are lucid dreamers or not, whether they are believers or skeptics.

Any final advice for our readers about lucid dreaming?

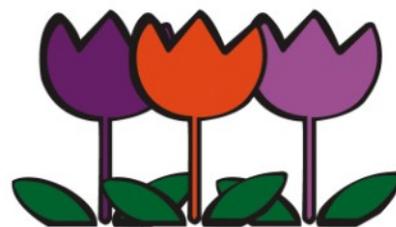
Dear fellow lucid dreamers, you are not alone in your quest into the unknown. THEY are always with us, ready to guide us through the maze of the 'real world'. Never be afraid, always trust THEM and when your moment comes never forget to surrender the self. Who needs a self out there?

Thanks!

THE 28TH ANNUAL CONFERENCE OF THE INTERNATIONAL ASSOCIATION FOR THE STUDY OF DREAMS DREAMS AND CULTURAL DIVERSITY

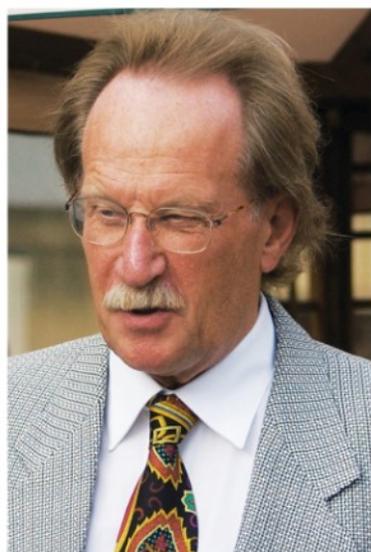


Rolduc Conference Center
Kerkrade, The Netherlands



JUNE 24-28, 2011

Keynote Speakers Announced



Prof. Dr. med. Eckart Rüther
The Impact of Dreams on
Psychotherapy and Art:
The Affect Hypothesis



Dr. Susan Parman
A Cultural Analysis
of the Western Dream



Robert Bosnak, PsyA
I Have a Dream
On the Cost of Creating Dreams

Call to Artists



A juried exhibition of dream-related works will be displayed at the beautiful Abbey of Rolduc, Kerkrade, The Netherlands, in conjunction with the 28th annual conference of the International Association for the Study of Dreams (IASD), held June 24 – June 28, 2011. Original art work about or inspired by dreams created by IASD members or artists residing in the Rolduc Conference area.

Deadline for Art Submissions: **February 15, 2011**

For additional information about the conference please visit our website

<http://asdreams.org/2011>

International Association for the Study of Dreams
1672 University Avenue Berkeley CA 94703
1-209-724-0889 email: office@asdreams.org



Lucid Dreaming: Gateway to the Inner Self

By Robert Waggoner

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

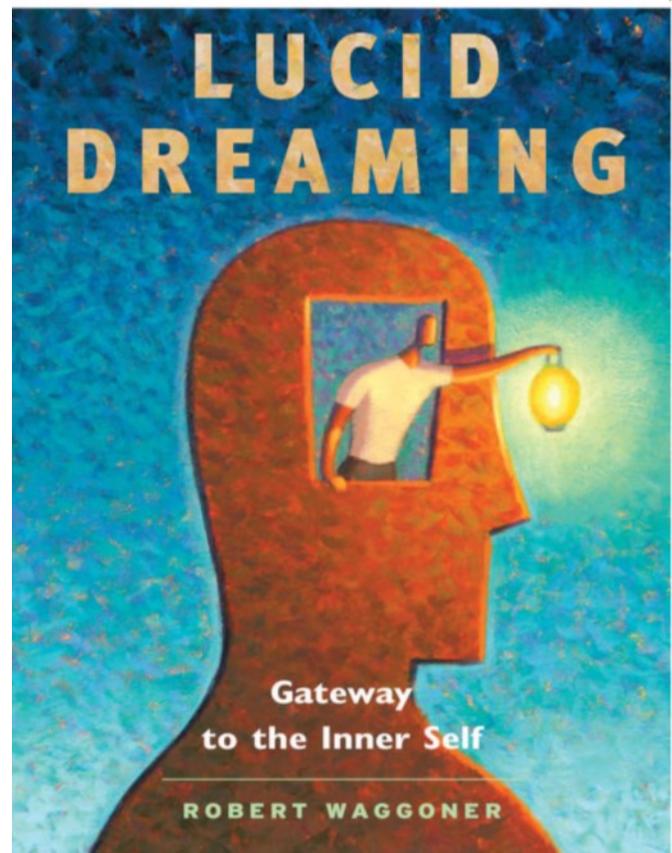
"Lucid Dreaming IS a gateway to the Inner Self. Robert Waggoner's unique storytelling style is **compelling reading - an impressive exploration of the subject**. The work is scholarly, fascinating, and, most of all, practical." -
-**Christine Lemley**, Executive Producer, DREAMTIME Series, WFYI/PBS-TV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

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

"A truly extraordinary, horizon-expanding book!

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

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



Order on-line or at your favorite bookstore!

Chasing Venus

© 2010 David L. Kahn

From blinding light through dark I see
Aspect of her, the goddess of love
Touched upon by the leafless tree
My focus upon her, up above

She watches my flight, like a child at play
The moon shines brightly toward the west
Nighttime is here after an exhausting day
My wings are tired, now time to rest

It's time for me to end this flight
With quiet all that's left below
And on my own breathe in this night
Reliving dreams from long ago

I feel the world shift. Am I having an out of body experience? No, I'm entering into a dream. The landscape begins to unfold around me. It is a nighttime scene with everything illuminated by the moon's reflective light. I remember my intention and call out to the dream for guidance. Nothing happens. Though I have no specific expectations, I am surprised by the lack of change. I try again, slightly changing my words this time. This time I use the words, "Show me..." as my dreams seem to enjoy the opportunity for creative expression. Again I don't notice any real change, except now I look up into the sky and I see Venus shining brightly. Could this be where the dream wants me to go? I take off and begin flying towards Venus. First I must pass through some trees. A tree is on the left, then the right, then the left and so on for a while. My shoulders brush the leafless trees which are prepared for their winter slumber. Only the ends of the small branches hit me, causing me no pain but requiring me to weave my way through them.

My altitude exceeds the trees, leaving nothing to block my view of Venus. I now see the moon slightly to the right. It is also beautiful, but it is Venus that captivates me. I see only the celestial goddess of beauty and love. My flight takes me higher into the atmosphere, but I realize over time that I am never getting any closer to her, nor can I. She is not on Earth and the space between us insurmountable. No matter how long I fly, I will never reach her. I descend back to the ground.

Still recalling my intention I take a new approach. A handful of dream characters are on the ground, their faces glowing with the reflection of moonlight. I first come across a young woman, perhaps late teens or early twenties, thin with straight hair. The moonlight makes her appear ghostly, which I find appropriate as I find the allure of Venus to be almost haunting. I ask for the young woman's guidance as I previously had asked the dream itself. She answers me in a complete sentence, with very crisp and clear words, yet I do not recall even one of those words. It does not matter. These words mean nothing to me. They are spoken eloquently, but they are just words without any real meaning behind them. A boy stands next to her. He is shorter than her and younger in appearance, though the moonlight also masks his features. I ask him for guidance and he answers me with meaningless words too. His words are not as clear, but they are understandable though lacking in any practicality. I determine that there is no help here for my situation, only a goddess planet I will never reach and words that do not translate into a solution for my predicament.

I take off now for a solo flight. There is nothing left to try and resolve, so I fly on my own through the night. I remain lucid for several minutes as I soar through a cool autumn night. Venus remains in the sky, shining brightly down upon me. I wonder if she has tried as hard to make it to Earth as I have to make it to her. I wonder what Earth looks like from her perspective. Do I shine as brightly in her sky?

Share your Lucid Healing Dreams

The upcoming edition of the LDE will focus on Healing Lucid Dreams.



Healing lucid dreams include physical, emotional, or other (spiritual, nature, communal) types of healing as well.

Healing Lucid Dreams

Deadline: February 15, 2011

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

**Submissions are printed at the discretion of the LDE editors.*

What is Lucidity?



Lucidity is a new web series that not only takes place in the astral dream world, but encourages the viewers to learn to lucid dream as well. The show begins with two roommates who share each others dreams, but have no control. As the dream world increasingly encroaches on their real lives they decide to take action. The show is funded out of pocket by co-creators Sean Oliver and Danny Torgersen who also star as roommates Jason and George. The goal of the show is to increase awareness about lucid dreaming with hopes that it will become a more common subject. Dreams are scientific evidence of our consciousness existing outside of our bodies, and that deserves more attention.

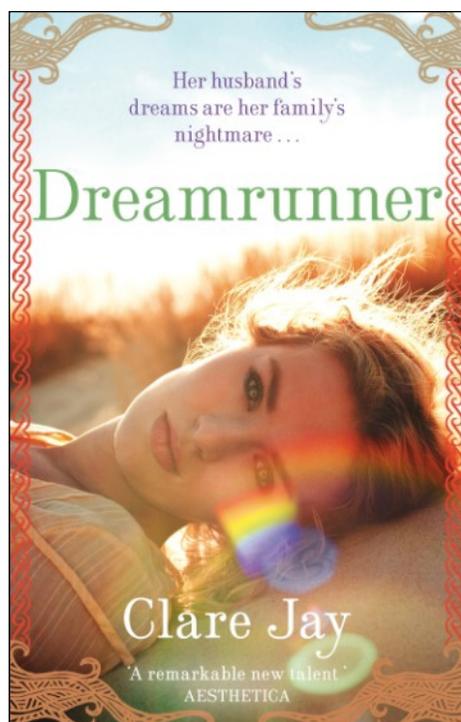
To find out more about the show please visit the [Official Lucidity Website](http://OfficialLucidityWebsite.com).

Sean Oliver IIIProductions.com

LUCID DREAMING, WRITING & SLEEP DISORDERS

Imagine you have lovely neighbours, a happy couple with a young son. One night you are woken by the most horrendous screams and thuds coming from their apartment. Certain they must be being attacked, you rush over to help them. But although the wife opens the door a crack, she won't let you in, and you see that her face is bashed up. A clear-cut case of domestic violence? She insists that it is no such thing, but that her husband did this to her unwittingly, in his sleep, while acting out a nightmare. Now, we all know dreams can seem very real, even more real than reality at times, but isn't this stretching credibility a little?

Unfortunately, violent sleep disorders are a very real problem, affecting millions of people. The natural paralysis we all experience during sleep is lifted and dreams are physically enacted. People have jumped out of high windows while dreaming they are fleeing a burning building, they have driven vehicles while fast asleep, they have beaten up or even killed loved ones while dreaming they are defending themselves from intruders. Sufferers wake up with lacerations, broken bones, blood all over them, only to have a hysterical relative tell them what they've been doing – grabbing knives from the kitchen and chasing their bed partner around the house, kicking the furniture to pieces... Often, their peculiar actions are explained when they recount their dream: 'There was this rabid dog trying to bite me. I was kicking it away as hard as I could but it just kept coming.'



In all of these cases, at the time of the action, the dreamer is *not* aware that he is dreaming. Indeed, it takes a lot of persuasion to make him realise that what he is seeing is in fact 'just a dream'. So although these dreams seem astonishingly real in their clarity and detail, they are far from lucid.

When I first talked with other dream researchers about violent sleep behaviours, at a regional IASD conference in the UK, the conversation turned to speculation about what would happen if sufferers could train themselves to become lucid in the midst of a violent, moving nightmare. Surely lucidity would stop them in their tracks as they realised that the intruder with the machine gun, the rabid dog, the fire devouring the walls, were in fact instances of incredibly powerful dream imagery, and therefore there was no need to react violently?

Long after the conference, the images of violent sleep behaviours stayed with me, reinforced by a chance meeting with a former school friend who told me he had recently dragged his girlfriend around the room by her hair while dreaming she was an intruder.

He was very worried that she was going to leave him as this wasn't the first time he'd been violent while asleep and she was now understandably terrified of sleeping in the same room as him. I started thinking about the impact sleep disorders must have on a relationship, and that's when I knew I was going to write a novel about it.

Dreamrunner, set in the summer heat of Lisbon, Portugal, is the story of a loving family man whose violent nightmares endanger his artist wife and their little son, and put his marriage in jeopardy. It's a novel about the far-reaching effects of childhood trauma, and a family's determination to stick together, no matter what secrets the past might reveal. ***Dreamrunner*** describes a journey towards lucidity on several levels, charting the move from unconscious to conscious as repressed memories are recalled and the main character struggles to become lucid in his recurrent nightmare.

While I was working on my PhD thesis, I developed ways of drawing on lucid dreams to enhance and encourage the creative writing process. My first novel, ***Breathing in Colour***, is packed with my own lucid dream imagery and I deliberately pursued an experience of synaesthesia, the mingling of the senses, during lucid dreams, to help me write in the voice of a character who had this multi-sensory condition. With ***Dreamrunner***, the whole idea of 'lucid dreaming into a subject' seemed a little riskier. Just the fact of thinking long and hard about sleep violence resulted in an increase of violent dreams for me: writing vivid, violent scenes in the semi-dream state of the creative trance was bound to affect my own dreamlife, and lucidity was an even deeper step into this.

In one semi-lucid dream, I was asleep next to a man who went into a violent dream-enactment scenario, smashing into wardrobes, yelling and screaming. Part of me knew I was dreaming this and that I was witnessing the effects of a sleep disorder on a bed partner. I also experienced some literal examples of how it feels to wake up enacting a dream movement – once I woke in a sitting position, my arm outstretched, and experienced disorientation as I tried to reconcile the dream reality with waking reality. These examples were very helpful in the writing of the nightmare scenes in the novel, but I was relieved when they stopped, as they made me sense how easily sleep disorders could happen to anyone.

I wrote ***Dreamrunner*** partly out of curiosity, and partly out of a desire to 'spread the news' about sleep disorders. So many sufferers are misdiagnosed or led to think they are going crazy, when in fact the majority of sleep disorders can be controlled, either through medication, or possibly through techniques such as self-hypnosis, meditation, dream replay, psychotherapy... or the potentially healing and positive state of lucid dreaming.

Author Bio

Clare Jay is a British dream researcher and novelist. Her PhD examined the link between lucid dreaming and creative writing and she has led 'Dreaming into Writing' workshops at international conferences. Her novels, ***Breathing in Colour*** and ***Dreamrunner***, are both published by Little, Brown and are available via the UK version of Amazon: www.amazon.co.uk Visit Clare at www.clarejay.com

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From Dream Warrior to Author

By Mike Saxton

I will begin by indicating that I am an author, a science fiction author to be precise, though this is not the purpose for writing this article. The reason **why** I decided to become an author is. My inspiration comes from lucid dreams. I initially began this lucid dreaming as a hope of processing the images in my mind as well as a way to find some restful sleep.

Let us start with a little background about myself before we continue. As a young child I would wake up in my bed screaming and shaking from night terrors which would end up waking my parents as well. Mercifully, I do not remember most of this although I do remember being quite shaken up on numerous occasions. As I got a little bit older, the night terrors de-evolved into nightmares which persisted several nights per month. These “new” type of dreams ended up being worse in the long run for me as the dreamer because the memory of what occurred in them would stay with me.

One day when I was 11, a group of us rented **A Nightmare on Elm Street: Dream Warriors**. This was a time when horror movies and content were not as scrutinized by parents of younger viewers as it is today. The movie focused on how several of the main characters learned to “take control” of their dreams in order to defeat their nemesis, Freddy Krueger. (For those who are not familiar with the movie series, Freddy Krueger preyed on his victims by infiltrating their dreams and killing them which would, in effect, kill them in real life.). In other words, they initiated lucid dreaming to give themselves the ability to fight the maniacal dream killer. This “game changer” for the movie also provided me with an idea to change my own sleep “issues”. I would attempt to control my own dreams so that the nightmares would no longer rule over my sleep.

My first lucid dream actually began as a nightmare where I was being chased by a giant, monstrous Scooby Doo. This particular variation of Scooby was neither cuddly nor friendly. He growled, snarled, and blew smoke from his nose. As fast as I ran, I could not get away. He caught me and swallowed me. It was that moment that I became lucid. I gave myself the ability of flight and I actually burst free from the inside of the monster. After being liberated from my canine prison I looked back as I was floating in the air and saw that the Scooby creature had collapsed into scraps of paper.

When I awoke, I felt powerful. I felt that I could finally defend myself against whatever it was that was causing monsters to plague my sleep. I actually decided that my next lucid encounter (of course, I did not know the term **lucid dreaming** back then) would be with a large, venomous spider that constantly plagued my inner mind. The next time the creature called the “cob spider” showed up, I caused myself to grow large enough to step on and squash it. Interestingly enough, a year later it reappeared but this time as a dream pet and it would stay by my side and defend me. In a unique way, I guess I earned its “respect”.

Mastering my chaotic nights was important but I was young and I did not comprehend what was truly happening. To be honest, despite reading about lucid dreaming, I’m still not sure that I entirely comprehend it as the mind is quite vast. For years I continued to utilize lucid dreaming to battle back the nightmare figures that had plagued me for most of my life at that point, until things took a strange turn.

During the initial days in the summer of 1994 following the conclusion of my sophomore year of high school, I had a strange lucid dream. I only classify it as a lucid dream because I was completely aware that I was dreaming. The difference is, I was only an observer and not involved. What I saw would forever change the impact my dreams would have on my life. The vision before me was Hartford, Connecticut, collapsed into rubble. A loan figure stood out

Continued on page 19

THE LUCID KID™ BOUGHT A BOOK EARLIER TODAY FROM A STORE THAT HE NEVER SAW THERE BEFORE. THE COVER OF SAID BOOK WAS IDENTICAL TO A BOOK FROM HIS DREAMS...AND INSIDE IT IS...



MEANT DOOR!
WHAT?
WHY?

IN THE FLASH, BABY!
HERE TO TELL YOU ABOUT THE BOOK...

NOT MUCH TIME SO - ABSORB! THE BOOK IS

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K

IT'S JUST WAITING.

TO BE WRITTEN!

BY YOU!





THE LESSON YOU LIVE THAT DAY...

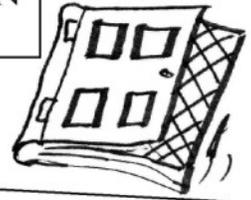
WILL APPEAR IN THE BOOK THAT NIGHT.



FIRST BOOK... THEN LIFE... OR IS THAT REVICE VERSA? WELL... YOU FIGURE IT OUT!



YOU'RE THE CHOSEN ONE, BABY! THE DOOR!



THE WHOLE IN THE FLOOR!

I TOLD YOU ALL BEFORE

NOW WAKE UP!



CONTINUED?... OF COURSE!

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For more adventures—visit the Kid Lucid website: <http://kidlucid.com>

“Everything is All Right”

© By Michal Stafa

I want to describe something that happened already, about three years ago. At that time my wife was pregnant with a beautiful belly and we expected a baby-girl. Since my wife is not young, she had to undergo some blood and ultrasonic tests. My wife already has one daughter from a previous marriage (nice 18y old young lassie) and she really hoped that her second would be all right. But blood test results showed that there was a high probability of baby-girl's Down's Syndrome.

Our world started to collapse. Upon suggestion by my wife's doctor, she underwent amniotic fluid sampling which tests results should, according to the doctor, prove the results with 99.9% accuracy. While waiting a couple of weeks for the results, we discussed this matter a lot at home.

During this time my wife's belly was already quite big. She often rested and slept so I could sleep with her too. Within these weeks I had a couple of lucid dreams (I didn't even know the term "lucid dream" at that time and thought that all people can have such dreams).

In the dreams I appeared in my wife's belly and saw a beautiful and perfect baby-girl. We talked and baby-girl herself told me: "Daddy, don't worry. I'm healthy and I'm looking forward to be born. Everything is all right." Every time I woke up, assured and with gained strength to encourage my wife so that her sad thinking wouldn't affect our baby and I awaited the results with a balanced and confident mind.

When the time of the test results came, they proved my dreams to be true and after a few months we were blessed with a healthy and beautiful baby-girl. When I see her now laughing and playing around me, I'm really happy!

About the dreams themselves, they were probably so called WILDs (as my friend told me), since I usually follow an induction technique, which I learned coincidentally by practice.

- 1) I have to be well rested, but still able to fall asleep
- 2) lying on my back, legs straight
- 3) hands rested on upper part of groin, not on the pyjamas, but on the skin, sometimes feeling the blood pulsation there
- 4) head slightly supported with not too thick pillow

Then:

- 1) close my eyes
- 2) being aware of my breathing and chest moving
- 3) mentally telling myself that my body gets heavy, arms, fingers, sometimes trying to move fingers. When I feel they get so heavy I cannot move them any more then
- 4) I try to roll up my eyes as if I wanted to roll them 180 degrees to see inside my head. I'm doing this still aware but already in a tired, sleepy mode and at last
- 5) I fall asleep and see inside myself (I don't have another expression to describe it), this is maybe a very short period of time and then I "jump" and I'm inside some dream and I can consciously act around.



Continued from page 15

amongst the devastation. He had a tattoo of a scorpion around his right eye and was battling a legion of dark figures. These dark ones, who I would later discover were called Seekers, had bright lights on their shoulders that would cause my vision to go awry as I could only see the silhouette of their form. What I did not know at the time is that these dreams would continue for almost four full years, ending in the summer of 1998, right before the start of my junior year of college.

For the first month of these experiences, I had no idea what was going on. As scenario after scenario played out, I finally realized that this was more than just a bunch of nightmarish, post-apocalyptic dreams. There was a pattern . . . a continuum if you will. I was seeing scenes of some type of story unfolding. I handled each of these dreams the same; I remained an observer and watched. My focus would jump from dream figure to dream figure, but there was definitely a “storyline” playing out.

I was unsure of what to do. It actually was not until my freshman year of college that I had met some good friends whom I am still close to now, and shared my dreams with them. They each said the same thing to me: Write it down. So I did.

After the dreams stopped, I knew I had a story to tell but dreams like this are notoriously plagued with plot holes and horribly out of chronological order. In addition, some just made absolutely no sense. With nothing more than scraps, I began processing this story in my mind. I had some notes but much of it was intuitive. It took me 11 years to feel that I was at the point where I could write this into coherent novels and I published the first one, *7 Scorpions: Rebellion* in July 2010.

Prior to writing, I received a message during a lucid dream. I had gone to bed thinking about beginning this series and I fell asleep with the question on how to set up the story on my mind. In the dream, I found myself sitting on my bed, in my room, alone. I looked in the corner and saw a desk, that was not mine, and I became lucid. Suddenly, a voice came from nowhere announcing this message: *Three there shall be, no more, no less.* The voice literally echoed, as one would portray God speaking to someone in a movie. I intuitively knew that *7 Scorpions*, the name I had given to the dream scenario, would become a trilogy.

The next one, which will be released in 2011 is *7 Scorpions: Revolution* and the final installment will be *7 Scorpions: Retribution*.

Mike Saxton
Science Fiction Author
www.7scorpions.com



In Your Dreams!

Cara S., October 1, 2010
First Lucid Dream

Last night was actually my first lucid dream, and it was amazing...

I am in a high school pool, like somewhere our swim team would have practice. People are swimming, but for some reason I'm not in the water. I have the sense that there is going to be some party after practice, because our coach is setting up tables with food on them. Then three teenage girls come up to me and tell me to follow them. They lead me to a flight of stairs that keeps going up and up and up. I climb them, and eventually the stairs turn into various types of playground equipment that I still have to climb. I ask the girls where we are going, and they tell me we have to get to the penthouse.

Climbing up the playground equipment frightens me because I occasionally nearly slip and fall all the way back down to the pool deck. Looking down makes me feel dizzy, so I refrain from doing that until I reach the penthouse. There, a bunch of kids are sitting in a hot tub and watching something on a large T.V.

Somehow, I end up back in the pool, only this time I am actually IN the pool. I am in the first lane, just standing in the water. Other kids are swimming ahead of me. Suddenly, the whole dream scene flickers (as if I'm nearly waking up) and all of a sudden it occurs to me: I'm in a dream!!

Of course I'm very excited because I've been trying to learn to lucid dream for a long time. But I've read enough to know that I have to stay calm. Now I climb out of the water and stand on the pool deck. Just to make sure I'm really dreaming, I pull down my pants and face the parents sitting on the bleachers. No one has any obvious reaction. I consider going to the bathroom, but then I'm afraid I'll wet my real bed.

My brother, mom, and dad are all there. Just to see if I have any precognitive abilities here, I tell my brother that when we wake up, he'll say something about butterflies. Then I walk up to my dad. He's still talking about his fear that I'll fall out of the penthouse. "You don't need to worry," I tell him. "This is just a dream!" He responds with something like "Really? Well, in that case..." And then he takes off and starts flying around the pool. I realize that I can fly now too, so I try to jump up off the deck, but it doesn't work. I figure maybe if I have a running start I can leap into the air, so I run off the deck and jump up over the pool. I hover in the air for a few exhilarating moments, and then I fall into the water.

That was what woke me up. It was seven in the morning on a Saturday, but I was too thrilled to go back to sleep.

Chafu, October 11, 2010
Flyers Club

I have been attempting lucid dreaming ever since reading Carlos Castaneda's books a few years ago. I have had some success but mostly frustration. In one particular lucid dream I had, I was flying around when I came upon a booth called the "Flyers Club." They gave free lessons and advice on flying. I stopped in and told them I was having trouble flying because I was having to flap my arms (wings) too hard and was barely getting airborne, and that

In Your Dreams!

it was not effortless at all like I knew it could be. A guide from the club gave me this piece of advice: Lose some weight!

LOL! I have been trying to lose weight but I had no idea it was affecting my flying abilities and yet it makes perfect sense. More proof that our brains are God!

Don Middendorf, January 6, 2010 **Trust Meditation (and Role-Playing with Parents and Friends)**

[In this dream, I decide that a bit of flying is fine and may help my parents become lucid too. I can't say exactly why, but this was one of the most profound, enjoyable, and stimulating lucid dreams that I've ever had. It included laughter, insights, and healing as well as a total trust – a concept that I've discussed with friends over the last few years.]

After a very long dream with aspects of my life from childhood through adult, I allow J. to read list of grievances to me – as I sort of role-play for her benefit. She reads one and then decides she's finished. I gain lucidity and laugh with joy about being lucid. I ask my mother if she knows that this is a dream. I assume that she does and was playing a role for my benefit. I say to her (and my Dad as he awakes), "Come on, let's fly!" I know that there could be more beneficial things we could do in a lucid dream, but hope that flying will help Mom and Dad gain lucidity too.

I jump off the porch and lose altitude as I fly out over the lawn but when I fly out over where the lawn dips down to the sidewalk, I am able to fly up and across the street.

After flying a bit, I come back to the front yard and decide to sit in the sun and meditate. I consider that meditating while in the dream state will be interesting and healing. [In the dream, I don't remember that in waking reality, I've suggested to do this many times.] I consider opening my shirt so the sun can shine on my chest which has a mole I would like to get rid of. Earlier in the dream, I had some minor facial sores and I now decide to try to heal them. As soon as I start to meditate, I feel the chair and me start to float up and although I'm somewhat scared as the chair starts to rotate, I decide to trust that it's OK to fly wherever I feel like it even with my eyes closed. After awhile, I open my eyes. I see the street beneath me and a car goes by and I wave to the people in the car. ... I lose lucidity and go inside. I tell my parents about my lucid dream and then realize that I am still dreaming (because they are alive unlike waking reality) and I laugh myself awake. For a minute, I could feel my bed in waking reality while retaining an observer's viewpoint IN the dream (but knowing I was waking up and so

could not act IN the dream).

[When I awoke, I was in one of those once-per-year post-dream ecstatic states. I felt that my dream had tied together several of my explicit goals and gone far beyond my expectations: 1. show my parents something about what I've learned since they've passed, 2. TRUST – a major learning goal for the last several years – especially after some hard-to-trust interactions, 3. use meditation in a lucid dream just for fun and also to enhance healing.

[In addition to the wonderful feelings I had while in the dream – including laughing with joy, I awoke with two health problems completely resolved – a sore throat and a sore lip – obviously referred to as "facial sores" in the dream.]

Rafael Rodriguez, September 7, 2010 **"I Can't Talk Now. I am Asleep."**

I dream that I am working in front of a computer when my mobile phone rings. It is my wife who asks what I am doing. I tell her 'I can't talk now. I am asleep'. She asks 'What do you mean?' and I say 'I can't talk to you because I am asleep and in the middle of a dream'. That statement made me realise that I was in fact dreaming and that triggered my lucidity.

I have been reading Robert's book (***Lucid Dreaming Gateway to the Inner Self***) and I had made the decision that the next time I became lucid I would asked the dream to show me something important instead of just flying around and have fun. So, I dropped the phone, stood up and shouted "Now, show me something really important and meaningful!" For a response I got a choir of laughter, both male and female. I was somewhat disappointed with this response, so I started to gently float towards the ceiling and repeated my query, 'Show me something really important and meaningful'. I got the laughter again, but this time, after they died away, a soft female voice whispered close to my ear in Spanish (my mother language) 'Don't worry. Everything will be fine.'

By this time I had reached the ceiling and was really disappointed with the way the experiment was going. From my vantage point I could see I was in a bedroom so I turned in the air to face the ceiling and, remembering another passage of Robert's book, said 'Ok then, when I turn around I want to see an attractive woman on that bed.' While I was facing the ceiling I could hear the voices whispering in the background. I couldn't grasp everything they were saying, but the gist was that they were discussing who they would show me. I got bits like 'No, she won't do', 'She's working a shift at Safeway today' and 'She's busy right now'.

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While the whispers were going on I turned around and saw a female shape made of bluish light taking shape on the bed. I decided to let "The Guys" finish and turned again to face the ceiling. When the whispers ended I turned around and saw my wife lying on the bed. I slowly descended next to the bed, and while I was doing this she woke up, looked at me and smiled. Then she asked "What's happening?" I kissed her and said, 'Nothing, Rest. I'll be back in a minute, I need to sort out some unfinished business.'

Then I walked out of the bedroom into a living room. There was a window covered by heavy curtains that didn't allow one to see the outside. I decided to walk through the wall, window, and curtains to the outside. They offered some resistance to my going through and I realised that the resistance was in my own mind, because I didn't know what the outside looked like. So I decided to let the outside slowly build itself. I started with the ground. I looked at the ground and saw my feet stepping on cobblestones. I concentrated on those cobblestones and went through. Once outside I lifted my gaze away from the ground and realised I was on the side of a highway in a place that looked like Mexico. Vehicles were zooming up and down the highway.

Something that didn't strike me as odd at the time but it does now that I remember it, is that they were not circulating as in Mexico, but as here in Australia. Anyway, I looked for an opening and ran towards the median strip. As I was doing this it occurred to me that I could just have flown above the traffic, but somehow I thought that wasn't what was expected from me. I stood there and looked at the sky (it was clear blue with just a few clouds) and said: 'OK Guys. I got the message. Now, please show me something really important and meaningful.' No response. I got angry and shouted, 'I command you to show me something important and meaningful!' Still no response. I thought that probably that wasn't the right way to go about it. So I said, 'OK, I beg you, please show me something important and meaningful.' Still no response.

Then, a short, fat, dark-skinned man dressed up as a Mexican peasant walked to the top of a low hill on the opposite side of the highway and stood there looking at me. I saw him and wondered if that was it, if I should approach him and question him. While I was considering if a Mexican peasant could be the bearer of an important message the dream started to come apart and I woke up.

Lucy Gillis, September 12, 2010 **Creating Moons**

Can't recall what triggered lucidity – am or go outside in

the night. Looking up through the bare branches of a beautifully formed tree (deciduous), night sky is indigo, pinpoints of stars. I see two then three tiny full moons (very bright). The third materializes as I stare at the sky. I feel I partially "bring it into existence" by my desire/focus. (Desire is focussed, but not forced.) Other little full moons begin to dot the sky.

I decide to fly; I rise up into the night sky, it is so beautiful. As I get into the sky, I see below me a snowy landscape. I fly up higher and think about wanting a summer scene. I close my eyes for a few moments and say or think something like "summer" or "flowers" and then I crack my eyes open and still see the night, but now there are only patches of snow on the ground. I continue to fly, curving southwards....

(Either details are forgotten or the scene changes abruptly, but I don't really take notice:) I then fly up and backwards, as though being pulled up by my shoulders. It seems I am now flying up along - and kind of in - a sloped incline. I see a man below, watching me. (Details here forgotten.) Then I feel a physical shift. It feels like I'm waking up. I'm now in a room, the man "from below" is now beside me. I begin to tell him about the lucid dream I just had. The dream continues non-lucidly.

Robert Waggoner, November 15-16, 2010 **Healing a Dream Figure?**

(Note: The evening before this lucid dream, I talked to a friend who had received an email from a person who wondered if lucid dreaming could help the person overcome social anxiety. My friend and I talked about the request.)

I am walking down a main street in the evening, carrying something which has an electric cord. I come under an overpass, which seems oddly familiar. I wonder, where have I seen this before? Then it hits me, "I think I'm dreaming." I plug in the device and then go flying, easily and joyfully down the street.

After playing around a bit, I get curious about a house and go to it. Inside, a man who acts like a psychotherapist seems to be working with a large, middle aged man. I ask the therapist about what he is doing and he replies something like, "I'm trying to help him work through some issues." I respond, "Well, I'm lucid dreaming, so let me try something." I have the large man sit down about five feet from me, as I put out my hands and using intent, project healing light around him. I can sense a ball of energy has now encircled the man.

Suddenly, something pops into my head and I blurt it out, "It's your father! You have some issues about your

father.” The man then stands and makes this guttural noise (aargghh) as he comes towards me. The therapist agrees with me and then I realize that I am done here. I decide to leave ‘feet first’ and suddenly my feet go flying out the skylight into the night’s sky.

Outside, it seems a bit dark and stormy. I fly along looking at things until I see a young, dark haired girl walking alone. I go and walk beside her, noticing that she carries a Halloween type hollow pumpkin in her right hand. She looks at me a bit startled and says, “Can you see me?” I say, “Yes, of course. Why do you ask?” She continues, “I’m a goblin. Normally no one can see me.” I smile at that, since she seems a very happy and content goblin.

We converse a bit more and she tells me that she must remain a goblin until “November 2nd”. I find this detail a bit odd. Then I notice in her left hand she carries a bottle of water “for protection,” she tells me. I wonder about this, so she flicks a little bit of water on me. I act as if it hurts me, and decide to wake, since the lucid dream is getting quite long.

Mark Lane, September 30, 2010 **Embracing My Shadow**

I’m initially non-lucid in a dream, walking away from a scene with a bank robbery taking place. As I walk along a path I sense an invisible person walking behind me. I say to the person, “You’re invisible. That’s a neat trick. Am I dreaming?” The person replies, “Yes you are!”

I become lucid and I’m standing in an area behind some house backing onto a field. I call out to the dream, “I want to meet my shadow!” (embracing my shadow being my dream goal). Straight away I start to float gently across the field to a small school playground. I casually drift through various objects in my way without effort and wind my way through a few classrooms passing through walls the same way. I briefly stop at one of the walls as my mind starts to doubt that I can pass through. I alter my perception of the wall and pass through easily.

I end up just outside the school grounds on a concrete path. I intuitively reach down putting my hands into the ground through the path and pull up a black imp-ish creature with white flashy sharp teeth. A sort of cross between Felix the cat and The Tasmanian Devil from the Bugs Bunny cartoons. Its arms are stretchy and cartoon-like. As it fully emerges it suddenly clings to me around my waist like a Koala bear to its mother. As I hold the creature it transforms bit by bit into a dark-haired newborn baby which I cradle in my arms. I lose lucidity and enter regular dreaming just after this.

Josh S., November 11, 2010 **Reset the Dream**

This may not be considered as real lucid dreaming (probably better described as instincts rather than lucid choices in a dream), but based on what I am hearing from people I talk to, it is uncommon.

Many instances while I am dreaming I find that I do not like what happens, so I reset and go back a couple of minutes. I must do this hundreds of times until I get the desired result. For example, in one of my dreams I was a fugitive (I don’t know if I was me in the dream but it is really irrelevant). Anyway I am being chased and I don’t know how, but eventually I die. I kinda remember thinking ‘wait that’s not right, let’s try that again,’ or something like that, and I keep dreaming that last part over and over and over until I finally force myself to change the outcome. Anyway I just wanted to know how common this is.

Editor’s Note: So how about folks? Anyone else out there have similar lucid dreams? We’d love to hear about them!



Max G, September 29, 2010
The Blue



For a couple of months now I have been reading Robert's book, ***Lucid Dreaming Gateway to the Inner Self*** and have found it very intriguing and helpful. One night as I lay in bed reading, I come to a section on precognition and it really hits home to me, as I have had several unexplainable phenomena relating to precognition in the dream state.

That night after I finished reading, I lay in bed drifting off to the dream world contemplating precognition when suddenly I find myself being shown around the universe. We make several stops in some interesting galaxies and solar systems, most notably a dark green-tinged galaxy where a voice tells me, "consciousness is stored when not in use."

After lingering in this galaxy for a bit, checking out different areas, I am brought in front of a massive blue light, while simultaneously I become lucid. What this blue light was I will leave up for interpretation by the reader as I am not entirely sure. But this massively large and bright blue light was shrouded in mist and was quite startling in size. Was it a star? Or was it something else?

Lucidly aware, I am quite dumbfounded and speechless at the sight. I don't know what it was about the sight that made it so all-engulfing, but I could do nothing but stare in awe. After what seemed sheer moments in front of the "blue," I woke up.

Just a few short weeks after, I attended my nephews birthday party. He opens his presents, and to his surprise receives an Xbox 360 and Halo: Reach. He can't wait to unpack it and play it. (This is a brand new game, I have never played it or even heard much about it.)

In the opening cinematic of the game, I see it. A big blue ball of light engulfed in mist. It hit me like a sack of rocks, and energy filled my bones. I couldn't believe I was seeing it, just a few weeks after my dream. Usually for me, precognitive dreams reveal themselves months or even year(s) later. Was this mere coincidence or a true precognitive event? You decide.

Robert Waggoner, October 27-28, 2010
Merging with the Divine

(Note: The last few days, I was reading the book, ***Taoism***, by Eva Wong.)

I walk down a narrow market street, like you might see in a foreign country or long ago time. I notice lots of open stalls and vendors standing by their goods. The sun shines brightly on the crowded street.

I look up and notice a criss-cross of electric wires. That doesn't seem to fit, so I wonder, "Am I dreaming?" To make sure, I focus on the area above the shops and immediately zoom up there. Just as I am taking off, I notice a very small man in a dazzling white robe and black fez-like hat (seems like the Middle East).

I fly along easily and enjoy the lucid freedom. After a while, I wonder what to do. Then it hits me, I wish to merge with the Divine (in the book, ***Taoism***, the author discusses how Taoists would seek to merge with the Tao, or the unseen divine energy). I focus on that intent.

Suddenly, the visual images collapse (and now this becomes very hard to describe accurately). Instead, I feel intense tingles of energy across my skin, then 'I' cease and apparently become energized silver/gold light. The perceiving aspect seems to be like a particle of this light amidst the greater totality of the field of light.

Mitchell Camp, October 14, 2010
Brief Lucidity

I fell into a light sleep upon a few minutes after waking up from a barely restful night. The key things I remember are being downstairs in my house, talking with my father about a business plan I had envisioned. After talking with him (even though I couldn't understand his words), I remember receiving a giant fortune from a fortune cookie that had words that were written backwards, that I was not able to interpret.

I then appeared upstairs in my room holding a fairly large mirror to my pelvic area for support. I realized my lucidity at this point upon wondering what I would see in the mirror. I looked in and only saw a medium gray color, with no reflection. I was then consciously aware that I was dreaming and then woke up.

Pam Jeffrey, October 1, 2010
Crazy Lucid Dream

There were two men walking toward me. All of a sudden one man's mouth contorted into a cave-like opening.

I realized I was dreaming.

I immediately dove into his mouth because I have always wanted to take a look inside the human body. It was pitch black in there!

I woke up. Next time I'll have to dream up a flashlight.

Petr Juza, September 16, 2010 **My First Lucid Dream**

I wasn't lucid from the beginning to the end; I had some lucidity interruptions during the dream.

Since I'm not from an English-speaking country, I hope you will understand my description even if some mistakes will find their way to the text. (Book mentioned in the text is R. Waggoner's, *Lucid Dreaming Gateway to the Inner Self*.)

My dream started somewhere on the street, it also could be some kind of zoo-park or garden. I see myself with my wife and daughter as we are looking over the fence. I don't know what we are looking at, though. When I want to continue walking further down the road, some man behind me steps on my slippah and it rips.

I turn around and see some guy in his 50's. I express my displeasure but he seems unaware. My anger rises up and I almost start yelling at him. He still doesn't react so I just turn around and leave. He then calls something to me but I don't react and he continues calling with significantly growing fret. I just don't react.

Then we enter some restaurant and soon there is some bulky guy, apparently a friend of that older man and wants to "discuss" my not replying to that man before. And other friends of his gather around me. Luckily they seem OK to listen to my side of the story first. So we stand in that pub around some table, and I realize – I know one of those guys. I tell him that he is a friend of my elementary school classmate. He is amused and says to me that this just won't get me from the hole. I tell him that I don't care that I just wanted to tell him.

At that instant I somehow start to feel safe, and soon – I know – this is a dream. I then decide to fight with all those guys, and remembering the information from the book I'm translating in my waking life, I know that I cannot fight with them using my body because it's not the way the dream world works. So I just imagine that all of them just fall at once on the floor and – swoooosh – they all fall!

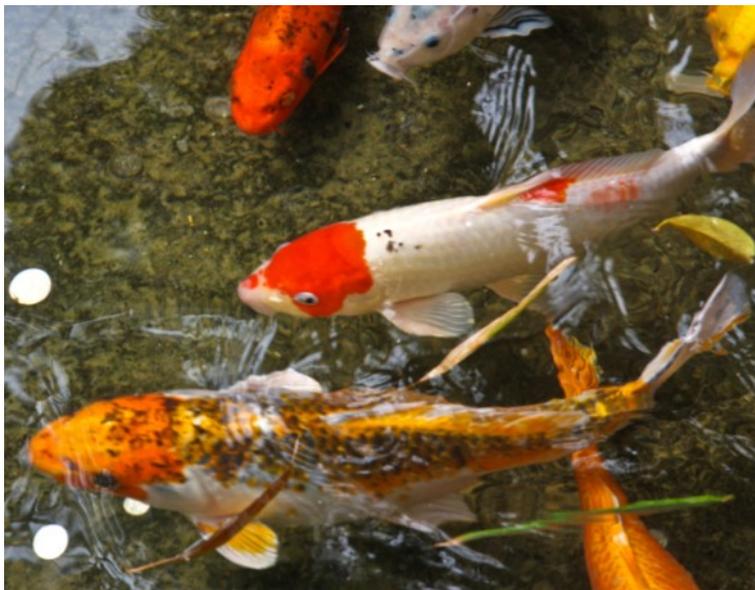
I then turn to leave the place and say aloud over my shoulder: "Stay put!!!" (I don't know if this is proper English but they all seem to understand that I don't want anybody to move.) I leave the room.

I walk through the corridor to another part of the restaurant and there is a dancing hall where my wife and daughter are. As I walk across the dance floor I try to do a reality check (RC). I pinch my nose and try to breathe. I can breathe, so I know I'm still dreaming. I try to fly. But this time I forget the lessons from the book and I just try to jump into the air and it just doesn't work.

Then I take my daughter into my arms and look around – there are some small toys on the floor so I try to levitate them. It works as I don't use my body to do so but only my mind. So I realize that this is the key for moving within the lucid dream and I start to also levitate my daughter. Then the scene changes and I go down some road which ends in front of a door. In this part of the dream I don't seem to realize I'm in the dream and I'm not lucid. As I open the door – the handle stays in my hand. I take my knife and try to repair it. Some ladies are passing by and laughing while pointing fingers at me: "Ha ha, you also are caught in the marriage." I'm laughing with them.

Then I pass through the door and enter some open space, with meadows all around. I see some huge piles of blocks of ice. I'm laughing and ask the people around me if they are waiting until it melts and becomes smaller so they could put it in small ice cube boxes and put into the fridge. But I'm laughing alone.

Then I take one piece of ice and throw it to one pile. Before the ice lands, the pile changes into a big pool full of fish. The piece of ice hits one carp on the head. Somebody scolds me. I say I'm sorry to that carp and go to watch the pool. There are pretty weird kinds of fish I never saw before. They come close to me and I splash them with water. They seem happy with that and crowd at the pool side so that some of them almost fall out.



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I look around and other piles of ice are transformed into boxes full of animals. Next one is full of beasts of prey and some tiger bares his teeth at me. But it's a lion that gets out of the box and goes after me. I turn around and start to climb the wall using a lightning rod and some hanging wires to get away. But somehow the lion is still following me. I climb up to the roof. When I get up there I have my daughter again in my arms so I try to be careful and not to fall down.

Scene again changes and I'm standing in the city, close to some bus station. I'm suddenly aware of being in the dream and looking around. I think I want to find some girl to have a sex with but just don't know where to find her. Then I think to myself: "It is a pretty long dream, so maybe when I wake up I won't remember it." Then I tried to remember what happened until then and divide the dream into several segments which I could remember easily. When I feel I will be able to remember it, I look around.

I can see some people in the bus station with great detail. Then I try to fly. But again I try it with my body movements, so it doesn't work and I'm soon lying on the pavement. Then I again remember the lesson from the book and just by thinking about flying I'm doing bigger and bigger jumps. Some people go by and at first think I have some jumping device on my feet. When they are

closer, they are amazed that I'm really doing such huge jumps without anything. I do my "mental" jumps to about a 10m height.

I fly close to some concrete wall and see that there are hand prints on it. A guy below me thinks they are marks I left there and wonders about the height. I laugh and tell him that those prints were made by construction workers at the time the building was built. He starts talking about the flying and tells me that one guy was doing the same flying like me but he used helium. And soon we saw that guy in some glass box, with a helium breathing apparatus. He has a licence to take people with him and to let them realize levitation. But he is limited by a 20m elevation. One lady comes and asks for a test. It's either the British Queen or Marry Poppins, I'm not sure. She sits in the seat and up they go. I go with them, but me being outside of the device and flying by myself. When they land, my dream ends.

I wake up, energized, still feeling something like sleep paralysis. But it is soon away and I take my notebook and check the time. It's 2:45 AM. I write the short notes and then return to sleep. I hope I can have another one since there is a plenty of time till morning. But nothing.

Sally Terrence, September 10, 2010 **Hugging The Self**

(This was a short but powerful dream.)

I am suddenly dreaming, facing my self at close range. I am instantly aware I am dreaming, and I look me up and down, enough to confirm that we are identical, right down to the clothes we are wearing and the hairstyle. I am thrilled - very excited, as if I am greeting a long lost friend.

I am grabbing myself by the arms, almost jumping with joy. We embrace excitedly and quickly, then step back to face each other again. Then I remember the instructions given by Don Juan (from the Carlos Castaneda books): when facing oneself in a dream (actually the instruction is given for the moment one sees one's body asleep in bed) one should not remain in the vicinity but move away from oneself and explore the surroundings. This thought comes to me in an instant, and I tell my double that I would dearly love to hang out together, but I have to go now. I turn to leave and walk away a few steps before waking up.

(This dream coincided with the entry of a new phase in my life, after which my basic mood went from fairly low and troubled, to easy-going, happy and content. This new mood has been consistent in the three months since the dream.)



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Don Middendorf, August 14, 2009 I'm Reluctant to Use the Information from a Lucid or Flying Dream.

[I didn't sleep well.] I tell myself this is a dream and so I could fly up to look at the trees. I wonder if this is just my imagination, but then I become lucid and know this is a dream.

I think about talking with my inner self, but I may have lost some lucidity here.

I look up and maybe I'm flying toward a small crescent Moon. After lots of self-indulgent flying, I see my neighbor [who is a farmer and who I've considered an inner-self symbol in previous dreams] and she suggests that I go to a particular farm for a job. I'm reluctant to use this information that I gained from a flying/lucid dream. I wonder if the purpose for joining this farm is about meeting someone. I gradually lose lucidity and then have trouble flying – as it gets darker I worry about running into a wire that may hold me down. [As soon as I awoke, I recalled Linda Magallon asking about this in a previous publication – LDE?]

[The interesting part of this dream for me is the very certain reluctance that my dream self – while mostly lucid – had about using information gained in this state ... My waking self is very puzzled by this – and thinks "use it!"]

[The next night, I dreamed that I told a colleague and my Dad about lucid dreams and how I had the insight about talking with my inner self the previous night – referring to the dream above. I ask my colleague if he's ever had a lucid dream and when he looks kind of puzzled, I continue telling him about the dream and flying. I start to say that I had a profound understanding about how we're all made of the same kinds of molecules. In the dream, I know that this wasn't in the earlier part of the dream, but I'm explaining it so Ken can understand it (and remembering that I often do this kind of translation of ideas from consciousness studies and especially quantum physics for my non-science students. I have been thinking hard about how to describe the interesting points of phenomena like quantum entanglement without getting so detailed about the physics that everyone gets lost or tunes out.]

Lucy Gillis, October 10, 2010 Split Dreaming

[I think in this dream, I split into two and had two dreams, but can only remember them in linear terms. These were not simultaneous awareness dreams - I don't have a memory of dreaming them both at the same time. I didn't realize

that there were two me's dreaming, until I was writing the dream down. Here is how it appears in my dream journal (with a little editing for clarification):]

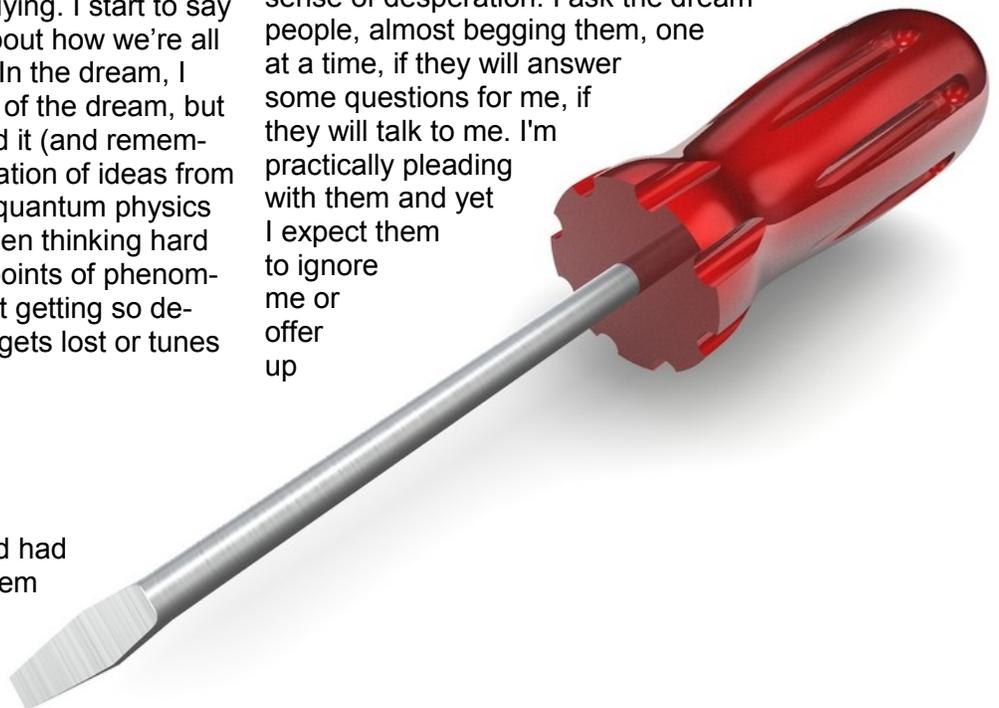
I have been having a long, long, detailed dream. It felt weird, a whole different (not very comfortable) atmosphere than I am used to, even if some people were familiar from waking life.

At some point I'm standing in a bedroom. I'm staying at someone's place. The room is small and dim, and there is a single bed with a pale green bedspread on it. Looking out the window I see other people milling around outside in a country-ish area. They are on a flat green lawn, a forest or small woods not far beyond them.

There is a paper on the bed, and beside it a screwdriver (or a knife?). I pick up the sheet of paper. Somehow I know I'm dreaming. (I think details are missing here.) I try once to read the letter, to see if there is information there that I may need for the future, but then I discard it, as there are too many symbols and diagrams on it and I know I won't remember it all when I wake.

To be sure I'm dreaming, I first think to hover or fly as I usually would, but even before the thought can form, I suddenly decide instead to will the knife (or screwdriver) into my hand. I stretch out my left arm, and look at the knife/screwdriver. Instantly and effortlessly it rises up into my open palm: dreaming confirmed.

[Not sure what happens next: Either I go to another dream scene entirely, or lose lucidity for a while, then regain it, or go outside and head towards the people. For some reason, I'm not quite myself. I feel an almost sense of desperation. I ask the dream people, almost begging them, one at a time, if they will answer some questions for me, if they will talk to me. I'm practically pleading with them and yet I expect them to ignore me or offer up



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gibberish. They walk past, some almost sneering, most ignore me. Either another dream, or a loss of lucidity followed by non-lucid dreaming, then I'm again lucid and back in the bedroom, or, still in the bedroom, as though I hadn't left, as though both events happened at the same time!! That's it! Now it feels right! In one, I went out seeking answers from other people, while in the other dream, I stayed in the bedroom and chose a different course of events:]

In the bedroom, I feel kind of trapped. I want to go to a new scene, but I feel hesitant, somehow nervous. There is a closed door, wooden, painted white, nearby. I now seem to be on my hands and knees. I open the door a bit, hoping to find a nice sunny scene to go into, but there is no scene beyond, only total darkness. I feel too nervous to venture into it, but simultaneously I'm disgusted with myself for being afraid. As I pull the door closed, feeling almost ashamed for avoiding the darkness, it (the door) keeps coming forward toward me, and opens into the bedroom, it doesn't click into place. Curious about that, and fed up with the nervous and fearful feelings, I get up, and swing it back the other way, and step boldly into the darkness.

I fly or glide forward at quite a fast speed. I then see directly ahead of me a mountain face or cliff face of solid rock: layers and layers of rock. Several thoughts go through my mind in an instant: I wonder if this is what it is like when people are suddenly faced with imminent death. (Like a head-on collision, or falling from a great height, to see the thing that you are going to crash into that will probably kill you.) Some will cringe, close their eyes and scream, others will stare in shock and be unable to move, and others will face and take it. I make my choice.

I don't deviate or slow my flight, I don't even blink. I keep my course, heading straight for the wall of rock, my eyes on the multicoloured layering of the sedimentary rock face. (A yellow/gold layer stands out the most for some reason.) As I penetrate the rock face, I feel nothing, but I pass through dozens of "vertical planes of scenes" (like membrane simulations of parallel universes as depicted in some TV documentaries). I soar through at such incredible speed, that all I see are bright colours flashing by as I fly through each scene or "universe." (The vertical planes I fly through are infinitely thin.)

Then it seems I have "landed" in one of the scenes. I begin to walk in a lush forest, along a worn path. There is a lake to my right. As I go past, I see a "maiden" sitting in the lake. She looks like she walked straight out of a King Arthur story – long-sleeved velvet green gown, lots of jewels, long flowing hair, adorned by a crown. She sits with her arms out to the sides, elbows slightly bent and fingers held in a particular posture. It looks like she could be meditating or praying. As I'm going past her, I snicker and say (somewhat sarcastically), "Oh yeah, and there's the Lady of the Lake."

I'm about to keep walking when I decide to stop and go back to the lady. I sit down beside her, not even feeling the water (and I now can't recall what I said to her exactly, but I think I asked her if I could ask her some questions). She brings her arms down and turns to me, but just as she is about to speak, I wake.

[As can be seen above, I didn't realize until I was about halfway through writing up the dream, that it seems to have been one dream that had split into two, and that probable realities were involved – as indicated by my symbol of flying through endless vertical planes. [When I dream of probable realities, or of travelling through realities, they are often represented by an endless series of mirrors, or doors. This time, a series of branes, which are the most apt symbols of all, since they are by definition "other universes."

[I think it's a hoot that when I began to record the dream, I wrote, "For some reason, I'm not quite myself." Indeed. I was at least two of me! 😊

Book Review

Review by Robert Waggoner ©2010

Book Review of *Sleep Paralysis: A Guide to Hypnagogic Visions and Visitors of the Night* by Ryan Hurd

If you have ever experienced sleep paralysis, then you know how strange and frightening it can feel.

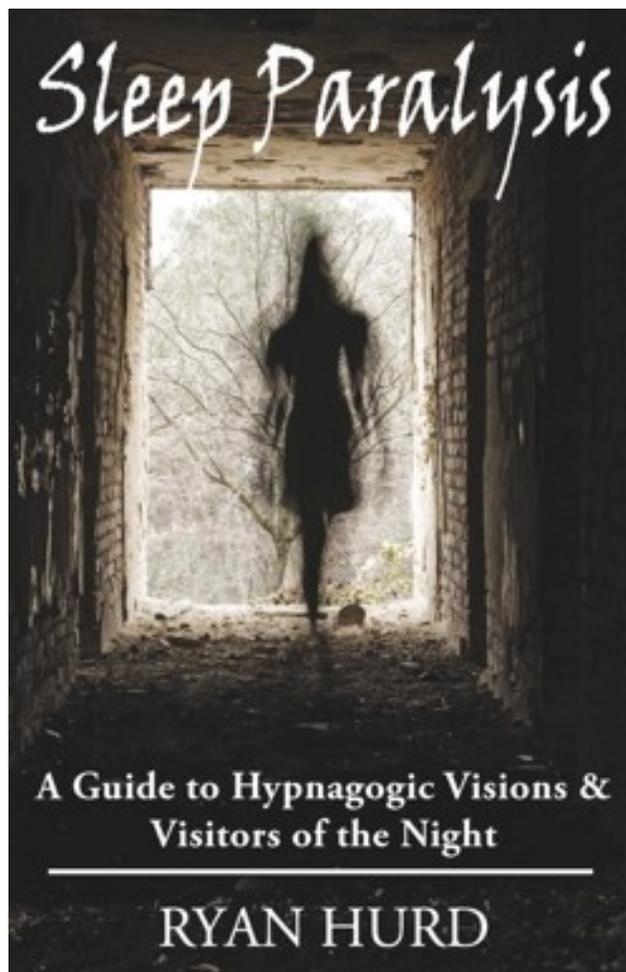
Finally (and I do mean *finally*), someone has written an intelligent, compassionate and insightful book for sleep paralysis sufferers. Ryan Hurd's new book, *Sleep Paralysis: A Guide to Hypnagogic Visions and Visitors of the Night*, seems poised to be a classic on sleep paralysis.

Three things make this book unique. First, Ryan Hurd has considerable personal experience with sleep paralysis. He understands what it feels like to sense a three ton weight on your chest in the middle of the night. He sympathizes with SP sufferers because he has been there many times. Better yet, he reveals the successful strategies that anyone can use to break the spell of those sleep paralysis moments.

Then he helps the reader get a sense of the scientific and historical reviews on sleep paralysis. Having this impersonal context for understanding sleep paralysis removes much of the personal angst of the event. You begin to step apart from it and see it as something humans have dealt with for centuries.

Lastly, the author does something special – he shows how sleep paralysis can actually be transformed into a more satisfying and fulfilling lucid dream (a dream in which you become consciously aware of dreaming). This final piece, based upon Hurd's numerous SP experiences, seems the crowning achievement of the book. The reader learns that he or she has more choices than "SP or no SP". Instead, they can transform the experience through their own initiative and insight into something lucidly magical.

If you suffer from sleep paralysis, I highly recommend this very readable and helpful book.





The Lucid Dream Exchange www.dreaminglucid.com

Michael Frank

<https://sites.google.com/site/michaelfrankphotographs/>

Robert's Book Website

<http://www.lucidadvice.com>

Dr. Keith Hearne

Author of the First PhD. Thesis on Lucid Dreaming

<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

Lucid Dream Newsgroups

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

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>

Dreams and Beyond: A Lucid Dreaming & OBE Forum

<http://dreamsandbeyond.info.tm/forums.php>

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

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The Adventures of Kid Lucid

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 Gackenbach

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>