• The Mutual Dream Experiment
• Past and Present in Lucid Dreams
• Can a Community of Lucid Dreamers Generate a Measurable Frequency?
• Using Lucid Dreaming to Excel at Sports: The Story of Mark Hettmanczyk
Wishing our readers a joyous holiday season and a very Happy New Year!
In This Issue

DreamSpeak .......................................................... 2
Robert Waggoner interviews Thomas Peisel, author of ‘A Field Guide to Lucid Dreaming: Mastering the Art of Oneironautics’

Lucid Surrender & The Holy Tree ................................ 9
Mary Ziemer’s poetic description of the ‘Lucid Surrender’ experience

Kid Lucid ........................................................................ 10
Al Moniz illustrates the comic meta-musings of Kid Lucid

A Kabbalistic Meditation................................................ 11
Ed Kellogg shares a powerful meditation technique for enhanced effectiveness in lucid dreams

Using Lucid Dreaming to Excel at Sports:
The Story of Mark Hettmanczyk .................................... 12
Robert Waggoner relates the story of a sports student who dramatically increased his swimming abilities through the practice of lucid dreaming

Can a Community of Lucid Dreamers Generate a Measurable Frequency? .................................................. 14
LDE Science Correspondent, Bill Murphy reports on cutting-edge research in the field of neuroscience and dreaming

The Mutual Dream Experiment ......................................... 16
Exploring the nature of reality through lucid dreaming in Rory Mac Sweeney’s mutual dreaming experiment

Past and Present in Lucid Dreams ..................................... 18
Maria Isabel Pita discusses how past lucid dreams revealed the details and outcome of a present medical crisis

Shadow Community ...................................................... 22
Ryan Hurd explains the newest technology for tracking and recording dreams.

In Your Dreams ............................................................ 24
Readers share their lucid dream experiences
Tell us a bit about your early dream life? Anything interesting or unusual?

I remember my dreams being very influential and interesting as a kid. I would wake up having these wild stories: adventures in strange lands, meeting various people I didn’t know as well as scary dreams like running from Freddy Kruger that really frightened me. Just like any kid, I would tell my parents about these nighttime explorations and they’d smile and be like, “That’s nice.” I was never told this directly, but I remember writing them off as just my imagination. But even as a kid, that didn’t feel correct.

When did you first learn about lucid dreaming? Can you recall your first lucid dream/s? Did it happen in response to a nightmare?

There was a period in my early childhood that I remember a couple of spontaneous lucid dreams. One began with me walking through the walls of my house. I remember trying to get myself to go through the floor of my bathroom just by thinking that I could; it worked and I sunk down into my downstairs. The feeling of going through what seemed to be something solid was so cool!

Another powerful lucid dream I had as a kid started with me flying miles above the Earth alongside a flock of geese. I remember the visceral feelings of the wind against my skin, the pit in my stomach as I looked down at the Earth below me, the clarity of my vision. I knew I was dreaming and it was so absolutely real, I couldn’t believe it. Haha, nor could I believe how fast geese flew!

Do you remember any of those pivotal early lucid dreams that amazed you? What happened? What questions did those experiences create for you?

Those early lucid dreams happened in a very short period of time and then not again until I was a teenager. I remember being really confused (completely amazed and ecstatic, but very confused). What was going on? Was this normal? How was it so real? No one had an explanation.

At this point, my family had gotten the internet and I looked it up. Apparently there was a name for it: lucid dreaming. So I went out and got tons of books on the subject. Anything I could find on lucid dreaming, astral projection, remote viewing, and out-of-body-experiences. My girlfriend’s aunt once saw me reading D. Scott Rogo’s ‘Leaving the Body’ and she called me demonic right to my face. I couldn’t believe it! It was then that I
decided it’s best to keep these experiences to myself. That is, until I understood what it all meant.

You mention that some of your early interest involved seeing “how things work” in the dream world. So tell me, what kind of lessons did lucid dreaming bring you about how things work there?

Yes! Once I learned that it’s possible to induce lucid dreams and develop this skill, I would do all sorts of experiments within my lucid dreams. I was fascinated with the dreamscape’s realness and I would walk around picking up objects and feeling their weight and textures, studying them in great detail. I practiced going through different materials and I remember writing down my observations while lucid in my dream. Glass felt cold, like an icy stream of water. Wood was grainy and sort of felt like sand when going through it. Tile was chalky and dry.

My lucid dreams became my own personal laboratory where I would test out what was possible. I learned how to move objects with my mind and developed my skills in flying. In fact, I was a terrible flyer in the beginning. It’s sort of funny now to think back to it. I had to LEARN how to fly! There were subtle nuances that took practice and concentration to master. I remember I would only be able to fly if I had enough momentum to get off the ground, usually by running into flight. Once I was in the air, I had no idea how to stop or turn.

I woke up plenty of times because running into something startled me awake. I learned how important my thoughts were while lucid and how my intent could shape my experience and the world around me. A focused thought could take me anywhere. A concentrated intention could create anything. The biggest lesson I learned at this point was that the dream world was absolutely real. It had a present moment just as rich and vivid as the one we find ourselves in now. Lucid dreaming was about awakening to the present moment of the dream.

Can you provide an early example or two of being trained in “how things work” in a lucid dream (such as learning to fly, or to manipulate the dream)? Did you feel that you trained yourself, or did the lucid dream or larger awareness play a role in training you?

I’ve had a bunch of teachers within my lucid dreams who taught me how things in the dream world are different (and also similar!) to our waking, physical lives.

In one lucid dream, I found myself in front of this monk-like guy. He guided me into this beautiful room where a woman sat in the center. I remember noticing how solid the dream world was while I was in her presence. (Many times while lucid I would have to constantly “stabilize” the dream and remind myself that I’m dreaming. In her presence, however, my awareness became laser focused and the dream world was firmly established).

She asked me to sit. She gestured to several objects that were placed in front of me: crackers, red string, a paper towel roll, and others I can’t quite remember. She asked me to move the objects into a “smiley face” with just my mind. I tried three times. The first two attempts I failed. It was hard to focus on all the objects at once and have them work together in unison. On the third try I did it. “What’s that?” She asked me non-verbally. “It’s a fan.” I said. I had made the smiley face and added my own little touch: a fan to cool off the smiley face like it was some geisha.

There was also a woman who constantly showed up in my lucid dreams that I later called the woman in gold. She had red hair and blue eyes and looked like a priestess of sorts, always wearing a gown of gold along with beautiful adornments on her face and shoulders. She taught me magic, about my heritage, and once on how to “create electricity” within myself (at least that’s how I understood the feeling of what she was teaching me).

She informed me that I could direct this force with my intent in order to change the dream and to use this power with care. I now understand that she was teaching me to raise my vibration, to feel the oneness within myself, and to use that to direct change within the dream world.

But dreams have always been my teacher. A whale made of light once showed me that, “All matter has its origin in Spirit,” therefore we can create change in the physical by making changes in the non-physical realms. An 8 foot tall Abraham Lincoln showed me a beautiful vision on how the world will change in 2012, but warned me that, “not all will see it this way.” He showed me a vision of an egg (or what looked like a pearl) breaking through the Earth, and the crust of the Earth shedding off like that of a snake.

Once I asked a giant oak tree in a lucid dream, “How can I be like you? You’re so strong!” It told me to, “Build something that will outlast your body,” and it then showed me directly what that meant in my life.

Even though I wasn’t raised with any religion, sleep has always been my spiritual practice; a place where I have access to a reservoir of knowledge and wisdom. And for me, it’s the coziest spiritual practice! I don’t know of any other practice where we get to jump into a warm and cozy bed, with a pillow and blanket in order to receive
guidance, healing, self-discovery, not to mention remember a deeper part of who we are.

Many lucid dreamers point to nightmares as a prompt to lucid awareness. You see zombies rampaging the city, and finally think, ‘Zombies? This only happens in movies, and uh, dreams!’ Of course, once lucidly aware, you still need to relate to the nightmare situation. Have you had any lucid dreams prompted by nightmares? If so, give us an example and tell us how you decided to respond?

Nightmares are great triggers for lucid dreams. A good thing to remind ourselves is that if we find ourselves in a stressful situation or running away from something, to stop for a brief moment and take inventory. Are you dreaming?

I remember one powerful nightmare in which I found myself running down a hallway being pursued by two dark male figures. “Why am I running?” I remember asking myself, “Am I dreaming?” Maybe, I thought to myself but I continued to run. “Wait! I am dreaming!”

I stopped in that moment and turned around. The men, who were running, slowed down as well and walked towards me. Now to be totally honest, I’m scared out of my mind at this point. Even though I’m fully lucid, I am totally freaked out by this interaction. I try to calm myself down and feel as much compassion within myself as possible. One of the men reaches his hand out, it’s on fire! I shake his hand and he says to me, “Don’t let your flame go out.” I feel a surge of familiar energy run through my body. It was empowering and I woke up feeling reignited with purpose.

It was from this dream that I realized, we may be the one running, but we’re also the one CHASING. Often times, we are that nightmare! And they’re not looking to hurt us, they’re looking to bring something to our attention. In this case, I was running from an important part of myself. When I stopped and confronted the scary shadow, I was given a gift and reminded of my power.

Have you had cases where you did not respond too thoughtfully in a lucid dream with a nightmarish scenario? What happened there? And what did you learn?

This reminds me of the classic horror films where the damsel in distress runs upstairs to get away from the killer. “No!” you’re saying to the screen, “that’ll never work.” And it’s true! Over a series of lucid dreams I found myself running from The Rat King. He was this weird looking guy who ran a school within the dream world teaching people how to mutilate themselves and then heal themselves back together. It was disturbing and he asked me to join his circle.

I sat there as people ripped skin off their backs and purposefully broke their limbs. His eyes never left me. It was one of those eerie dream characters where, even to this day, I strongly believe that this “guy,” whoever he was, knew that I knew I was dreaming. There was consciousness in his eyes unlike the rest of the people (who seemed to be in a sleepwalking trance). Night after night, he would ask me to sit in on his school and he just watched me.

Finally, while lucid, I decided to run for it. I flew through the walls to outside. I then took to the sky and flew for what felt like miles. When I landed, a car sped towards me and I jump on the hood. It was The Rat King again! It was then that I realized a very important principle of the dream world: wherever you go, there you are. There’s no escaping these shadow elements by distancing yourself from them. Just like in the horror films, hiding is useless!

The only way to conquer our nightmares or transform these dark elements is by confronting them. It wasn’t until a year or so later that I found myself again with The Rat King. I stopped where I was and he approached me. I looked him square in the eyes and held my focus. Instantly, I watched as he transformed: first into a “ghost-like” thing and then into a skeleton wrapped within an owl pellet. I haven’t had an encounter with him since.

In talking to lucid dreamers, many have seen the value in using lucid dreams for emotional healing and transforming personal issues. Have you had those moments during or after a lucid dream, when the big realization hits you and you finally get it – it being either the issue, belief, or thing that needs resolution, integration, or acceptance?

What’s interesting is during a dream sometimes I’m in a quarrel (with a friend, family member, or even a total stranger) while in the waking world, things seem to be fine. Later when I bring up my dream to them, I realize that there is truth to what the dream was showing me. A friend of mine was mad at me. A family member was going through a hard time. I had no idea in the waking world, but because of my dreams I was able to glimpse the source of our troubles and resolve them.

Tell us about a lucid dream of emotional healing and/or transformation, and how it impacted your waking life?

Once I was extremely sick and bedridden for days. At my lowest point, I had a dream where I was brought in front of this cloaked figure who stood underneath a blue light. He held up a bright blue drink and told me to drink
it. “This will change your cells,” he/she told me. I drank it and they then led me through this doorway. As I walked through the doorway, I woke up. My fever had broke, I had an appetite again. It still took days for me to fully recover but that was a turning point for me.

**Sometimes, we all wish we could go back in time, and change some event in our life, or ask for forgiveness or understanding from someone. Of course in lucid dreaming, we have the potential to move through time and help create any number of situations. Do you think that lucid dreaming offers people a way to achieve closure in life? Have you tried that?**

Yes, absolutely! Our dreams are powerful and transformative experiences that can leave us changed upon waking. With lucidity, we can actively seek out self-healing, closure, or guidance in life. I experienced this first hand after a really terrible breakup. My girlfriend and I at the time ended things rather abruptly and there was no communication to get the closure I needed. I sought her out during a lucid dream and said everything I wanted to say to her. We sat there looking at each other saying our goodbyes. I woke up feeling ok about everything. And I then wondered, even if subconsciously, had something changed for her too?

**Some people might say that the lucid dream has no ‘reality’ so how can it really resolve anything. How would you respond?**

It’s silly to think we know the totality of reality. From my experience with lucid dreaming, I know that it consists of much more than what we experience physically - but it’s even more complex than that. When I encounter someone who doubts lucid dreaming, I try to remind them not to accept what I’m saying blindly. Don’t believe anything you read or any dogma you’re taught from others. Don’t take anyone’s word for it! I encourage them to know it for themselves.

Each of us has access every single night to a rich and sophisticated inner world. A world that is just as real as the one in which we currently find ourselves. It can happen tonight, it can happen 9 years from now, but that moment when you look around inside your dream with complete waking awareness, you’re not seeing with your eyes, nor are you hearing, tasting, touching, smelling with your physical body. That moment an be extremely profound but has to be known through direct experience.

In my book, Lucid Dreaming: Gateway to the Inner Self, I mention ignoring the dream figures and just asking questions to the awareness behind the dream. Have you ever given that a try? Any luck?

Yes! Lucid Dreaming: Gateway to the Inner Self was one of my favorite books of all time! It’s one of those that I always recommend. It was so refreshing to hear topics such as shared dreaming, telepathy, and the “larger awareness” within the dream being discussed. Personally, I constantly speak to the dream itself while lucid, especially if I need to go somewhere specific or if I need to stabilize the dream.

In one lucid dream, I sat down on this wooden floor and began meditating while lucid. I was outside, and I remember feeling the breeze, hearing sounds, and experiencing the wood underneath me all the while knowing - this is a dream. I mentally said, “Now show me what I need to know!” to the dream itself.

Instantly I felt myself moving somewhat violently. I opened my eyes and saw that I was in a classroom. A teacher at the front of the room told me, “Human perception is changing. We only see the surface of things, only the reflection of light.” My awareness was then taken inside a human mouth where I found myself microscopic. The microcosm world looked just like the macrocosm with tiny little solar systems and stars! I then heard a voice say to me, “Even with our eyes closed, we can still see.” Perhaps our perception is changing and we are beginning to understand what it means to “see with our eyes closed”?

**You mention that your experiences with lucid dreaming began to change how you saw your waking life and related to things. Give us an example of what you mean.**

For years I was under the impression that I was controlling the dream. It was a total ego trip. When things didn’t work out my way, I would get upset, “I’m lucid damn it! LUCID I say! Muahaha!” I would try to use my mental strength to change something in the dream world. Sometimes it worked and other times it didn’t. What was going on? How exactly am I creating within the dream?

It occurred to me during one of my most powerful lucid dreams, don’t change the dream, change yourself. There was nothing “outside” of myself. I was intimately connected to the dream world around me, therefore I could change any of it, not by manipulating the dream, but by manipulating myself. In other words, if I changed my thoughts, my emotions, beliefs or expectations, the dream world would reflect back. The source of my experience was within me.

**So tell us about seeing something external in waking life that needed work, then making inner changes, and the waking life result or alteration?**
Does the situation change, or does your reaction to the situation change? Do you simply have a new perspective?

Nearly two years ago, I made the definite decision to give a TEDxtalk. I contacted anyone I could find who was curating one in my area but to no avail - no one got back to me. So I let it go. I knew that the universe would respond if I held this definite thought in my mind so I spent my time doing the inner work necessary to create this. I sat and imagined me speaking. I felt myself up on stage with the red carpet underneath my feet. I asked myself, "For this manifestation to succeed who would I need to become?"

What changes did I have to make within myself - to my thoughts, my beliefs, my expectations - to be a vibrational match to this desire? A few months later, I got a random email from a guy who read an article about me in the New York Observer. "I'm curating a TEDxtalk here in the city, I was wondering if you wanted to get a coffee." Bingo! Merrily merrily merrily life is but a dream.

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

I really believe that it’s important (and beneficial) that we develop our awareness of the non-physical realities and to create what is sometimes referred to as the “second body.” It really can open us up to a bigger picture of who we are. But more than that, I think it’s about bringing all these insights here and now into our waking lives; to turn this unconscious dream we call life into a lucid dream. One in which we’re actively shaping and creating rather than reacting to or feeling separate from.

In my understanding, at the foundation of all lucidity it’s about being PRESENT. When we awaken to the present moment of our lives we realize happiness, love, forgiveness, enlightenment, etc, it’s all found right here and now, or not at all. To be “lucid” here in the waking world would mean to know how our thoughts and emotions are creating our reality. It means being aware of our thoughts/emotions/beliefs/expectations. Once we’re aware of them we now have the freedom to change them! We are free to choose our thoughts and direct our emotions in order to shape our experience.

And while there seems to be plenty of work to do outside of ourselves, (as individuals and collectively as a society) the real change, the change that will have lasting effects on the world (and your world) comes from within. Don’t change the dream, change yourself.

When you do that, the dream reflects back and changes.

So you and some lucid dreaming friends went to Kickstarter to fund a new book, A Field Guide to Lucid Dreaming: Mastering the Art of Oneironautics. Tell us a bit about that process, and the new book?

‘A Field Guide to Lucid Dreaming’ has the intention of being a lucid dreaming book for someone who knows nothing about dreams or lucid dreams. It came about from our mutual frustration of trying to get others to know about this incredible potential that we all share: we can be awake within our dreams!

I remember personally trying to get my friends to read up on the subject but it was often too daunting for someone who doesn’t even remember their dreams. Dylan, Jared, and I had met each other at NYU, and we ran a production company together for three and a half years, and always discussed our lucid dreaming practices. We wanted to write a book for people who didn’t want to digest something too academic or too spiritual and it was important for us to keep lucid dreaming grounded. We thought, “What if there was an actual guide, a “manual” for the dream world, that treated our dreams like a real place that one can travel to, filled with illustrations and stories?” We sought the funds to create it through Kickstarter and later a wonderful publishing house called Workman, took it to a whole new level.

As you go around to talk about lucid dreaming to others, what question do you get that surprises you?

One that I often get is about the dangers around lucid dreaming. This really surprises me! Some people are really concerned that you can go “crazy” from lucid dreaming. Or that it can lead to psychological illness or even death! Having personally faced many dark, ugly, and “evil” elements I can confidently say that there’s nothing to ever be afraid of. This took me forever to realize but it takes a shift in your identity: you are not separate from anything. Even the darkness. Moreover, we call them “dark” not because they’re bad, but because they need our light. They need our love, acceptance, and forgiveness. And because we’re not separate from them in the first place, we have within us the power to transform these shadows.

And to be honest, the result is the opposite of psychosis. It’s one of freedom, love, inner peace and harmony within yourself and the rest of the world. If I
could give a piece of advice to my teenage self who was new to lucid dreaming, I would tell him, “Know this fully: You are always safe. Keep going deeper.”

**What lucid explorations do you find yourself doing nowadays?**

Lately, I’ve been finding myself teaching others (mostly friends and acquaintances but also strangers) how to engage lucidly within the dream. Sometimes I’ll teach them how I do things (how to fly, how to create, or stabilize the dream) but often times I just sit back and let them explore for themselves while I hold space for them.

Just this morning, one of my spirit animals asked me where a particular friend was as if hinting that she needed help. I sent him in her direction for protection. Also, something that’s really exciting me is that I have also have been deliberately visiting ancient “dream temples” within my lucid dreams. I’m fascinated by the sacred temples built in Ancient Egypt and Greece and have been seeking them out to learn how and why they were constructed.

But overall, I use my dreams as a tool for personal growth and development. If I need advice on a waking life issue, I go to my dreams. If I am seeking healing (psychologically, physically, emotionally, spiritually), my dreams are where I begin.

**Any final advice for our readers about lucid dreaming?**

I remember when I was learning how to lucid dream, I tried everything. I changed my sleeping patterns, I carried around totems in my pocket, kept an extensive dream journal, created affirmations and mantras I would say before bed. I experimented with melatonin, different vitamins, galantamine, mugwort, tinctures, etc. I even slept with my head facing north just because I read that it helped induce lucid dreams. Don’t get me wrong, all these things made a difference, but you don’t need any of them. My advice would be to know that you naturally have access every night to a world of infinite possibilities. Know it in every cell of your body: you are a dreamer! Underneath that button down shirt and slacks is a cape and some tights. Go within and know this for yourself!
Definitely worth reading, February 16, 2009 - I wholeheartedly recommend this book to anyone with an interest in lucid dreams. I've read nearly every book about lucid dreaming and I can say without hesitation this book is one of the best...I wish this book had been around years ago when I first began my lucid dreaming practice...

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

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

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

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

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

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

Amazing and enjoyable, March 11, 2009 - An absolute must-read.
Beloved gaze in thine own heart
The Holy tree is growing there....
—William Butler Yeats

Yeats’ plea to his beloved—to gaze into her own heart and look upon the Holy tree growing there—echoes the call to the heart of the “Lucid Surrender” experience. Like the roots of a tall, leafy tree, the hidden roots of Lucid Surrender extend into our earthiness, our physical body at rest in sleep, “planted quiet in the night”. With the initial joy of lucidity, we move through the trunk of inner Beingness, into the void, ever deeper into our hearts, until our consciousness branches out, becoming ever finer, and more subtle, able to hold light—“the changing color of its fruit”—and to transform light into new life in the waking world through the Spirit’s breath, giving life melody, magic, and mystery.

So I invite you to gaze into your own heart, to stand before holy tree that lives growing there, to still your mind, focus on a holy name or sacred song, and enter into a Lucid Surrender dream with me of “The Tree of Life”:

With lucidity, I bow my head, and, suddenly, my being feels “free” of my physical body and, oh, what fine release on the black light….My invisible “arms” open to the black winds as if I were a kite stretched across the sky, but then it feels as if an unseen being reaches from behind me, pushing my “hands” together ever so gently, palm to palm, as they would appear in prayer. I feel the being’s gentleness and intelligence and say “Thank you” for this reminder of where I need to return my focus: I begin to sing a sacred song. Delight dances delicately around and through me. In the luminous blackness, I cry out: “I know you holy beings are there.” With this, tiny specks of glittery light surround me and I know each speck holds a being of light. They move like flocks of starlings across the black.

The movement finally stops and before me, spread across an infinite, expanse there emerge concentric rings against the black full of an intense red. A desire to immerse myself in the red takes hold, and I wonder if the colour green will appear next. But instead bands of deep purple fill the outer rings. “Red and purple,” I think to myself, “These are the colors of royalty: This is the Divine!” Even so, it feels hard for me to let go of the mental position of wondering what will happen next. As I struggle with my thoughts, from the centre of the concentric rings, there emerges a branching tree of red. “The Tree of Life!” I exclaim. The branches rise up and reach out to include me in their reach until I feel lifted up on the red leafy, branches and the black into a non-lucid dream.

At the heart of Lucid Surrender, in a numinous encounter, we gaze into our own hearts, and become one with the light of the Holy Tree growing there. With bodies rooted in the earth and a consciousness reaching to encompass the highest “heavens,” or multi-dimensional levels of consciousness, we can feel ourselves, like trees, each one an axis mundi, a world-axis, linking the material and spiritual spheres, enacting the inner psycho-spiritual synthesis of transforming matter into spirit and spirit into matter. And, like characterful trees, in manifestation, each of us expresses universal qualities through our individuality.
Through Lucid Surrender, with the “surety” of “the Holy Tree,” we know the “hidden root” that draws from an essential awareness of unity in multiplicity, of a deep love, flaming up in the “circle of our days”. In lucidity, we discover the magic and mystery nested in the holy branches of our dreams and within the reaches of our hearts.

My Top 10 Lucid Dreaming Experiences

What are your “Top Ten” lucid dreams?
Which of your personal lucid dreams come to mind when you are asked,

“What is your most...?”

memorable
profound
entertaining
unusual or bizarre
enlightening
life-changing
other

Make your list and send it in to LDE!

(No deadline – this is an ongoing invitation!)
A Kabbalistic Meditation

by Ed Kellogg

(© E. W. Kellogg III, Ph.D.)

Many cultures believe that some acts, such as meditating and healing, have as much as a seven-fold enhanced effectiveness in lucid dreams, as compared to the same acts performed in waking physical reality. Tibetans have even developed a series of dream yoga practices to take advantage of this effect to accelerate spiritual development.

If you want to try meditating in a lucid dream, it helps to choose a meditation that you can accomplish in a short period of time, as one often does not know just how long a dream will last. Although the Kabbalistic Cross meditation that I did in a lucid dream, might not seem as simple as chanting a mantra, it takes less than a minute to perform, employs vivid, archetypal imagery, and becomes easily remembered once one has done it with focused intent a few times in WPR. In waking meditations the KC usually does not stand alone, but instead serves as the "opening movement" for a longer meditation/visualization that follows it. Although I used a modified version that I developed, with respect to pronunciation, hand and arm gestures used, etc., one can find descriptions of reasonably similar KC versions online.

The Kabbalistic Cross belongs solidly in the Judeo-Christian tradition. One begins by intoning Ateh, ("Thine," the Divine Aspect), while visualizing the Tree of Life sefirah Kether as an energy center above the head, and then intoning Malkuth, ("Kingdom," the Physical Aspect) while visualizing an energy center below the feet, connecting "the Above with the Below" with a beam of visualized light. To make the cross, one then intones ve Geburah ("The Power," the Judgment Aspect), while visualizing the sefirah Din near the left shoulder, and then ve Gedulah ("The Glory," the Lovingkindness Aspect), while visualizing the sefirah Chesed near the right shoulder. In this way one symbolically brings into balance the left and right, yin and yang, sides of the Tree of Life, the Pillar of Severity and the Pillar of Mercy, connecting them with a beam of light. After creating the cross, one completes this short meditation by intoning le Olam, "Without End", and finally Amen, thus intentionally mapping the concluding words of the Lord's prayer ("For Thine is the Kingdom, the Power, and the Glory, Forever and Ever. Amen.") onto the Kabbalistic Tree of Life.

The lucid dream described below highlights the amazing results that can sometimes occur when meditating in a lucid dream. In this case the enhancement, as compared to my WPR experiences, proved far greater than seven-fold, but more like a thousand-fold - and more!

"Kabbalistic Cross"

EWK 40 121 (From semi-lucid towards super-lucid) "I go out into a field, under the open sky, and do the Kabbalistic Cross ritual chanting the Hebrew words (Ah/TAW, Mal/KUTH, veh Geh/BOO rah, veh Geh/DOO lah, leh Oh/LAM, Ah/MEN) I feel an incredible sense of expansion, like I grow a mile tall in seconds. I do it again, and experience a sense of ecstasy and super-humanness, but not beyond a certain point. The Kabbalistic Cross ritual and chant takes me so far, but no farther. I feel the next level of cosmic consciousness, but I can't quite achieve it. I fall short, the ritual can only take me so far."

As a sports science student in Germany, Mark Hettmanczyk, knew he had only modest skills as a swimmer. Well, even that statement might seem too generous. According to Mark, his swimming coach told him, “Mr. Hettmanczyk, you are a stone. You will never be a good swimmer.” But Mark had one skill the swimming coach did not realize: he had frequent lucid dreams.

Although Mark’s swimming lessons took place only on Monday and Thursday, he began to practice swimming in his lucid dreams in order to earn a good grade. At first, he watched videos of good swimming form on the internet, and then at night, recalled that information in his lucid dreams, where he copied the improved techniques and better style. Nightly, he began his swimming practice whenever lucid. For example, Mark focused solely on the proper way to plunge his right arm into the water, and felt relieved that he could concentrate on this in a lucid dream without gasping for air or swallowing water.

At school, he asked his swim coach for some additional pointers on swimming technique. The coach watched him swim and felt amazed by Mark’s rapid improvement. From one class session to the next, he just seemed to get better. This lucid dreaming “stone” was becoming a swimmer.

Mark probably did not tell the coach everything he did in those lucid dreams. Imagine this: in some lucid dreams, Mark transformed the pool’s water into yogurt or honey, and then swim through these thick liquids, feeling the resistance and building up endurance. In some instances, he swam through air and “bubbles” to get the swimming stroke correct and see how it moved him through space. And once, he reports swimming through a pool of beer glasses (sounds like a lucid dream Octoberfest celebration).

Lucid dream researcher at the University of Heidelberg, Melanie Schädlich, interviewed Mark about improving his athletic performance through lucid dreaming. She found that he also used his skills to change his perspective within a lucid dream. For example, he might lucidly watch himself swim from a perspective above him and see how his technique looked from that angle. Or he might cast his awareness to the side and see if his swimming form needed improvement. Mark used these new perspectives in his lucid dreams to learn and synchronize the complex body movements of swimming.

Finally, Mark took his lucid dreaming practice even further. Like Paul Tholey, the German lucid dreaming psychotherapist who advocated using lucid dreaming to improve sports technique, Mark cast his awareness into his coach during a lucid dream and sought to view his swimming performance from the coach’s perspective. Also, he used lucid dreaming to get helpful tips from more advanced swimmers and professionals. Mark found that he could even slow down time in the lucid dream to focus on the exact movements suggested to him, or speed things up to connect with the rhythm.

Researcher Schädlich feels this example supports the idea that “lucid dreaming appears to improve athletic performance when thoughtfully used.” Besides the anecdotal reports like Mark’s, researchers in Germany and Switzerland like Daniel Erlacher, Michael Schredl, Tadas Stumbrys and others, have set up experiments in which lucid dreamers practice simple physical skills. After the lucid dream practice, they are asked to try the motor skill again. Consistently, those who practice in lucid dreams show some level of enhanced performance when compared to a control group.

Professional athletes normally search for some advantage that will lift them above the rest, and allow them to excel at their sport. Examining the case of Mark Hettmanczyk, lucid dreamers in any profession
(e.g., business, academic, sports, creative) can gain valuable insights in the use of lucid dreaming to excel at one’s chosen profession. Consider the following practices and how you could integrate them into lucid dreams to improve your performance:

1) Change your perspective; see your actions from the perspective of others, including significant people in your field (e.g., the art critic, the consumer, your boss, the classroom), and allow their view to inform and educate you,

2) Identify constructive skills and techniques which would enhance your performance while waking, and then actively incorporate these into your lucid dreams,

3) Practice, practice, practice, until you feel comfortable in the lucid dream performing the action, whether public-speaking, sculpting, performing surgery, swimming, etc., and

4) Play with the activity; like Mark swimming through yogurt, allow yourself to creatively influence the environment to enhance your sense of fun and new skill building.

Through lucid dreaming, Mark Hettmanczyk realized his intent. He moved from swimming like a stone to getting high marks in both swim skills and time. Moreover, he taught others by example (like his swimming coach who said he “would never be a good swimmer”) that lucid dreaming has extraordinary potential, when thoughtfully applied and mastered. And say, did I mention that Mark also swam through a pool of gummy bears?

What waking life talent would move you to the next level, if practiced in lucid dreams? And could you think of a creative way to bring gummy bears into it?

[Note: My thanks to Melanie Schädlich for assistance with this story, and this website article by Mirjam Moll, http://www.morgenweb.de/nachrichten/wissenschaft/uber-den-wolken-schweben-1.1275068]
Can a Community of Lucid Dreamers Generate a Measurable Frequency?

By Bill Murphy, Science Correspondent

Whether you’ve entered a state of lucidity or are having a free form dream without achieving self-awareness, you’re still sensing the world outside of your body. And that means you are responding to the stimuli in a limited manner. After you fall asleep you may pull up the blanket because you’re cold, or turn over to avoid a light suddenly turned on; just about everyone makes minor physical adjustments throughout the night. If a person sleeping is fitted with an electro-encephalogram (EEG), then specific patterns of voltage change generated by the brain of the dreamer can be monitored and under certain conditions an external stimuli will result in an Event-Related Potential, hereafter referred to as an ERP. Every ERP is time locked to the stimulus enabling researchers to conduct repeated experiments which has led to the identification of the most prominent ERP, the P300. The complex cognitive process gets its name because it can be detected as an amplitude peak in the EEG signal approximately 300 milliseconds after the stimulus.

In the 1960’s it was discovered that information familiar to an individual will result in a P300 response. Further research continued in the following decades and EEG technology has advanced. There is now an abundance of data on the P300 response and the analysis of its importance has been refined. Since the response is strongest when an individual recognizes meaningful sights and sounds, concern was raised over the possible abuse of this phenomenon through brain computer interfaces (BCI). With BCI becoming more common, security concerns have been raised that people will inadvertently generate detectable signals that can compromise information they recognize and do not want to disclose. But for the dreamer, the P300 response may be useful for identifying when a person has a response to familiar external stimuli by monitoring neural activity in the brain. An example would be what happens when someone hears their own name. If certain cues are generated while sleeping, it could result in a reality check that could lead to becoming lucid.

It was during a recent conversation with Michael Paul, a lucid dream researcher and gifted corporate and government security systems programmer, that I learned about the P300 response while contemplating its possible use for lucid dreamers. Michael has been recording his brainwave activity while he dreams and publishes his findings on his website here: http://lucidcode.com/LucidScribe/
Michael had what he considers a rare natural lucid dream recently during which he may have recorded a moment of “recognition” or self awareness. He states it’s too early in his research to confidently reproduce the results. Where this will ultimately lead is still unknown, but the non-invasive techniques of monitoring the frequencies generated by the brain are becoming more accessible thanks to programmers like Michael and affordable consumer grade EEGs. His work designing security systems reflects his determination to make BCI reliable and safer. As a lucid dreamer, he incorporates that same work ethic to keep it honest while advancing the field of neuroscience.

During our communication, Michael and I briefly discussed the comparison of an individual’s BCI generated P300 event to the research of the influence a person’s thoughts has on the physical world at Princeton University. The research at the university was expanded to include how a global community may, through just their thoughts, affect matter whether it’s on a quantum or macro scale. More information on the Princeton University Global Consciousness Project can be found here: http://noosphere.princeton.edu/homepage4.html

The work at Princeton has generated some controversy, but has been instrumental in bringing the concept of global consciousness into the public arena. My conversation with Michael veered in that direction and we soon were talking about a crowd generated P300 wave, perhaps one generated by group recognition of a stimulus, or even a perceived threat. A major difference in the work at Princeton and the work of Michael Paul is that the Global Consciousness Project looks for correlation in random data and the Lucid Scribe Project is based on brainwave frequencies that generate actual numbers. The technology needed to bring the lucid dreaming masses together is becoming closer to a reality, and the notion of dream to dream communication as suggested in the June 2013 issue of Lucid Dreaming Experience will someday be upon us. But Michael Paul has already begun analyzing data from online forums to look for markers that approximates a group P300 wave, so lucid dreamers that are interested in the neuroscience and technology that may someday join those in a dream space may want to watch this column for future updates.

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Writing for the Lucid Dreaming Experience

Has lucid dreaming impacted your life in a meaningful or unique way?

Do you have an interesting lucid dreaming story to tell?

What are your thoughts about lucid dreaming?

LDE is eager to hear from lucid dreamers who would like to share their thoughts and ideas about the lucid dreaming experience.

Submit your articles for consideration to LDE at submissions@dreaminglucid.com
"My new project, The Mutual Dream Experiment, seeks to encourage people to explore the nature of reality by allowing a means in which to investigate the process of shared dreaming. There is a consensus among people who really tune into their dream life that the possibility of exchanging information (for example passwords) with other people in the dream world may certainly be a possibility, one that, although perhaps counter intuitive to our physical model of the world, may be something that seriously needs to be revised in the wake of lucid dreaming.

Lucid dreaming has far wider reaching philosophical concerns than most materialists are willing to consider as it unravels the very fabric of our reality. If it wasn't for the incredible demonstration of Keith Hearne and later, Stephen LaBerge, the scientific community would likely still be holding in contempt the very notion of a self aware dreamer, so how should we feel about mutual dreaming?

I think the answer is that we should proceed as explorers, pioneers of the vastness of inner space, ready to accept any findings we encounter.

My experiment was inspired by the work of Robert Waggoner and Ed Kellogg and their efforts to share dreams in the pre-internet era. Robert and I have spoken extensively on this subject and we both agree that an independent adjudicator of some description really lends a level of credibility to the exercise. We have created an intuitive software system specifically designed to allow people to anonymously interact, should anyone actually receive a password. Robert and I both agree that this is generation 1 of what we hope will become a rather elaborate exercise and hope to fine tune the system as we progress.

It is for this latter reason that I want to avoid the treatment of this exercise as a binary process. Receiving or not receiving a password should not be your only goal as the language of the dream is often very semiotic in its process, so what we really hope to see is people sharing out their dreams and comparing their experiences so as to uncover any potential synchronicities that might emerge and otherwise go unnoticed.

We will be making our outing into the dream world for 24 hrs on the last Saturday of every month and each active member will have 15 days prior to the experiment to enter a password of their own unique choice into our secure online system. This would preferably be a word not normally associated with their person nor should it be documented anywhere else apart from their own imagination.

During the 24 hour period of the experiment, people from all over the globe will be encouraged to attempt to communicate with other dreamers and attempt to give out their password. Being lucid in the dream will help, needless to say, but it is not essential. Strong intention to share might yield a similar outcome.

One must be open to what can be contrived to be the password. Although we ideally want the exact word to be spoken person to person, I am aware of several types of results that may occur here, due to the semiotic nature of the dream and I encourage people to communicate their findings regardless of how trivial it might seem. Robert and I discussed the nature of potential encounters in a recent YouTube video. The video makes a very insightful reference to a passage from Robert's book "Lucid Dreaming - Gateway to The Inner Self" referencing Dr Kellogg's terrifically insightful views on how we might approach mutual encounters in the dreamscape.
The Mutual Dream Experiment is now live at [http://www.wakeupinyourdreams.com/experiment/](http://www.wakeupinyourdreams.com/experiment/). Click on, join in and let's change reality together!

For a long time, dream figures have mystified me. A couple of years ago, around the time of the film *Inception*, I had the privilege of a photographer and a magazine spread to discuss lucid dreaming. When asked what exactly the agenda was, the editor simply said "It's your call, you are the dream expert," so I literally had carte blanche to write as exotic an essay as I liked, after all this was Hollywood.

I titled the article "Knock Knock" and it went something like this "Knock Knock..., " "Who's there...?"

"Well that's the problem, there is someone there, they look like you and I, they talk like us and even venture their own opinions from time to time, but I don't know who they are!"

I was, in fact, alluding to the proverbial other beings, in the dreamscape that I visit every night, are they individually self conscious like you and I or are they simply players on the stage of my mind? (Article can be viewed at [http://www.wakeupinyourdreams.com/MAISeptember2010.pdf](http://www.wakeupinyourdreams.com/MAISeptember2010.pdf))

The question of the "other" has been at the center of human philosophy ever since the birth of our self reflection, after all, self and other are like black and white or left and right as one implies the other, the two are said to be mutually interdependent.

Psychology has wrestled with the question of identity for generations and now with the advent of neuroscience we are directing our attention to brain function as a probable cause, but I am not sure that we can reduce our model of self to biology alone, as many would propose to do, I think the real picture is far less conspicuous.

So this question "Can we meet other people in dreams?" suggests a powerful way to explore mutual dreams, and the issue of identity. Join us in exploring mutual dreams and the nature of dream identity in the Mutual Dream Experiment, beginning Dec. 1, 2013.


Click on, join in, and let's change reality together!
Past and Present in Lucid Dreams

Maria Isabel Pita

http://lucidlivingluciddreaming.org/

People would be disturbed to see a cat with its whiskers clipped off. Whiskers are part of a cat's sensory perceptions, a vital part of how it collects information and makes sense of it. Our dreams are similar to cat's whiskers, and when we cut ourselves off from the information they provide us, when we ignore what they have the power to tell us, we cripple ourselves. No cat, large or small, should have to live without its whiskers. It is just as unnatural, sometimes even dangerous, for human beings to ignore their dreams. Everything we see and experience in our dreams is part of the knowledge available to us. Dreams are an important part of our innate survival mechanism. Our dream whiskers possess the ability to touch upon points in space time we cannot perceive with our waking mind. Dreams can sense probabilities, experience them, and bring them to our attention, enabling us to act in full consciousness with all the perceptive faculties truly available to us.

For example, dreams can tell us when our body is becoming ill; when a life threatening condition has germinated inside us we should strive to uproot before it continues to grow. Dreams, especially lucid dreams, can also often provide us with a means to heal ourselves, both emotionally and physically. Dreams can also hold our hand in difficult times as they reassure us all will be well.

On August 21, 2013, I had a long lucid dream, the different sections of which are in italics with comments inserted between them:

My husband, Stinger, is wearing a dark suit as I follow him to the front desk in a well lit corridor. I look around me, feeling very present in what feels like a hotel. When I make some comment, he barely glances at me because he’s preoccupied filling out a form. I smile and, once more looking around me, say—‘You know what, I’m going out flying, because this is a dream.’ I head for one of the exits and am somewhat amazed, as well as very pleased, when he follows me!

I have had many lucid dreams with Stinger he doesn't remember, but this was the first time he followed me in one without my encouragement, a detail that seems to have foretold the long and vivid lucid dreams he would have in the hospital.

The double doors open onto a rural landscape and an open field that looks as though it was recently covered with wildflowers but has since been hayed and is now brownish gold. I exclaim—‘This is perfect!’ and break into a run as I fly Superman style up into the sky, with Stinger following me up! We’re flying through the sky together! It’s wonderful, and a little funny too because he’s still wearing a business suit. There is a flock of large white and golden-brown geese on the ground below us, and some of them take wing now to fly up around us. They are very intent on us, and one of them flies right up to Stinger and latches onto the back of his neck with its beak, pulling his flesh out slightly while applying a firm pressure. I worry it might be hurting him but I don’t interfere, sensing this might
be a very good thing; the goose might be healing or energizing him because I recognize the area the ancient Egyptians believed was where the soul enters the body. I’m very curious, watching to see how Stinger will react, but he merely accepts it. The goose finally releases him, but now Stinger is holding it in his arms. I say—‘Okay, let go of it and let’s keep flying.' We’re thousands of feet above the ground, the earth is a flat map of marshy land, vivid greens and narrower strips of blue, very much like a river delta. Stinger releases the goose and we watch it plummet like a rock straight down toward the ground. I worry the poor thing won’t be able to get its wings working before it makes impact. We watch it falling and when it’s far, far below us, we at last see it spread its wings and begin placidly flying again, which is a big relief.

As we soar together through the blue sky... we’re suddenly just a few yards above the ground, and there are a lot of animals down there (it looks like African wildlife) congregating around a tree. Stinger isn’t wearing a suit anymore; he’s dressed in his field clothes and a hat, the kind he might have worn when he was working on his dissertation in Africa. He touches ground and says something to the effect of—‘Go away,’ to which I reply happily—Okay! and take off on my own.

The first time his lung collapsed, Stinger was obliged to spend a week in the hospital, but technology has improved such that this time the doctors were able to re-inflate his lung and leave a temporary tube in his chest attached to a small device that lets air out but not in. It meant he could go home, even though he would have to return two days later to have the device removed. I was feeling intense relief and gratitude at the moment when Stinger, checking his email while we waited in the emergency room for his release papers, informed me that the magazine *Wildlife Professional* had just published the interview they had done with him several months ago. A mysterious feedback loop seemed to be in effect and illustrating the non-linear nature of time:

**Intense emotion** in the present = **Vivid dream details** in the past

Three days later, after the tube in his chest was removed, my husband's lung collapsed again. A CT scan revealed he had multiple blebs on his lung. The only treatment is to do a single incision VATS: Video Assisted Thoracic Surgery, and he opted for the procedure. The surgeon took two pieces out of his lung where all the blebs were concentrated and sewed them back up with titanium staples. He then performed Mechanical Pleurodesis, where he used something akin to a Brillo pad to scratch up the inside of Stinger's chest wall, and then the outside of his lung. The idea was they would heal together so his lung can't collapse again.

In Stinger's own words:

“*The odd thing about my lucid dreams in the hospital was that I was completely sure I had experienced all this before, and had made plans*
on how to deal with it now. It was very complex. There were algorithms as to how all the numbers on the machine I was hooked up to would work. There were requirements for my recovery, and two levels I had to monitor and deal with—the machine I was hooked up to showing how much blood I was losing and how well I was breathing, and a higher level that had to do with my higher functioning. I remembered three different scenarios, A, B and C. There were many factors I had to calculate and take action on to make sure everything worked. I had tried A first, but that hadn't work, and I knew B hadn't worked in the past either. Then I had figured out that C, the third scenario, was the one which was going to work. I had done all this before, I had it all planned out. I wasn't going to make that mistake again. I was here before, it didn't work, but now I was going to do this right. I knew how the machine worked, I knew all the parameters around it and what the numbers should be saying. And in real life, I had never seen such a machine before.

Everything went exceptionally well. While in the hospital, Stinger took only about half of the painkillers he was allowed. It seems that normally people who have this procedure are still in a lot of pain, and either on percocet or a morphine drip, two to three weeks later. His first night home, four days after the surgery, he took two percocet but he hasn't had any since, only an occasional Advil. The incision in his chest also healed very quickly; the bandage came off after the second day and stayed off. I was immensely relieved and grateful, yet I wasn't really surprised. I knew that Shelli, a nurse and fellow lucid dreamer friend, had been doing long distance Therapeutic Touch on Stinger in an effort to assist in his recovery. Also, two nights before his surgery, I had had a reassuring dream:

*I enter the kitchen. The lighting is dim, almost dark, and I seem to hear the sound of rain. I open a cabinet on the right, where I'm intensely dismayed to see two large square Tupperware containers filled with seafood rice I completely forgot all about! I put them there to heat them up, or something, but they've been unrefrigerated more than 24 hours and are past saving. In fact, they're already swarming with tiny maggots that sprinkle out of them as I pick up one of the containers. This is awful! I pull the trash can closer to try and minimize the mess, but it's such...*
a waste! My dog Arthur is observing me dispassionately. I'm almost crying when suddenly the sun room door opens in time with a distant rumble of thunder, and I see Stinger standing there wearing the blue shirt he packed to take to the hospital. He's home early. This is a pleasant surprise, but I'm too caught up in my drama to greet him. He enters the kitchen and, standing very close to me, smiles as he points at a picture I have hanging on the fridge—a lucid dreaming woman in ecstatic flight—as if to say, “Why are you ignoring her?” He is smiling and making fun of me in that positive good-natured way he adopts when I'm overreacting to something and getting really upset for no good reason. His whole attitude radiates, “These things happen but everything is fine.”

In the dream, I hadn't expected Stinger home so soon, and in waking life I hadn't expected him to recover so quickly. Interestingly, I did not realize, until Shelli told me, that maggots are still used in some places to help heal old necrotic wounds.

Did Stinger's nightly lucid dreams in the hospital affect how well, and how fast, he recovered from the surgery with a minimum of pain? Did Shelli's long distance Therapeutic Touch also contribute to his remarkably swift and pain free recovery? Stinger distinctly remembered having dealt with this same exact experience in the past, where he experimented with three different scenarios to deal with it, but only one of which he knew would work and which he implemented in the present. Does a part of us, our Inner Self, plan and choreograph our life experiences? There is no way to answer these questions, not yet, but when it comes to quality of life and happiness, results are all the proof I, personally, need.

On Stinger's last day in the hospital, in search of some ice tea for him, I ended up in a part of the complex I had never been in before, on a second floor walking along a window overlooking a long brick patio with black wrought iron tables, and a brick wall with an arched opening leading into it. I wondered why it looked so familiar, and then suddenly I realized I was seeing the location from my dream of August 21, which had gone on for some time after I left Stinger surrounded by wildlife and flew off on my own. The brick courtyard looked exactly as it had appeared to me in the dream, sunny and deserted:

...After a short while, a scene literally forms out of the blue as below me I see two very real looking brick fences or walls parallel to each other, the outer one slightly taller, which seem to front a long structure. I'm able to quickly fly between them and through an opening in the innermost one. I land in a very pleasant and very long open air brick courtyard area of sorts. I remember seeing, but can't identify, elegant black wrought iron details. The clear sunny atmosphere is part of this location's elegant wealth...

Winchester Medical Center, Winchester Virginia

I was definitely in a heightened state during Stinger's time in the hospital, which hadn't happened yet when I dreamed this dream, but which got broadcast loud and clear to my consciousness less than two months before it all began happening. My Inner Self seems to have sent me dream postcards that metaphorically summarized the ordeal, and also imbued it with a time-transcending, life-affirming magic.
For the last six months, I have been advising a tech start-up called SHADOW, which is currently building software for tracking and recording dreams. It’s been fun influencing this project from the ground up, all the while thinking about how useful a free, open-source digital dream journal would also be for lucid dreamers.

After a successful Kickstarter campaign, SHADOW is now building the app for iPhone. It tracks your sleep using actigraphy, wakes you up with a “dream-centric alarm” that targets dream sleep (or whenever you need to get up of course), allows you to record your dreams via text or talk, and keeps your dreams in a private digital dream journal so you can code them and play with the patterns of your dreaming life. SHADOW also gives the dreamer the choice to upload the dream to a secure dream database, where your dream is scrubbed of your unique identifiers, yet still tagged with the demographic information you have given permission to share. In this way, SHADOW is making it easy to remember and work with dreams, and at the same time building a database that could be analyzed to find worldwide dreaming patterns.

How is this valuable for lucid dreamers? Well, the number one prerequisite to lucid dreaming is having high dream recall, and SHADOW’s unique alarm clock is especially built for remembering more dreams. Secondly, dreamers will be able to tag their dreams and track dreamsigns over time. Also, dreamers could use the alarm to target middle of the night dreaming patterns, allowing them to wake up to practice wake-back-to-bed, middle of the night meditation, and other tactics for facilitating entry into lucid dreaming through hypnagogia.

I am also excited to be building a multimedia lucid dreaming course for SHADOW, along with educational psychologist G. Scott Sparrow and lucid dreaming coach Alice Grinda. At this point, the details of the course are still in planning, but look for it in Spring 2014.

You can find out more about SHADOW at http://discovershadow.com

BIO: Ryan Hurd is the editor of DreamStudies.org, a website dedicated to sleep, dreams and consciousness studies, and author of Lucid Immersion Guidebook. His introduction to sleep and dreams, Dream Like a Boss, is now in press: check it out on Amazon in mid December 2013. He has recently been featured on TEDMED as a sleep expert, and is co-editor (with Kelly Bulkeley) of the upcoming reference anthology Lucid Dreaming: New Perspectives of Consciousness in Sleep, to be published by Praeger in Summer 2014.
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HTTP://ASDREAMS.ORG/2014
Dan Ugelow
There is No I

I walked outside of a house in some suburban area, instinctively knowing it was a dream. With an urge to fly, I thought I did not need to use my body to soar, only the will to want to fly.

With this thought, I lifted off the ground and began to move towards the sky. It was night out and the sky’s moon lit up the clouds to create “naturally” illuminated pockets.

As I flew higher my body disappeared. I was simply thought and awareness. I decided to look at my hands because I felt such a striking change within myself in the dream. My left hand beamed with bright white light with a tinge of blue and my right hand was non-existent except for a brief outline. My mind had trouble constructing my body after a realization there was no body to begin with.

I remember thinking that I am not a body, nor anything but a thought, because this was only a dream; that I am manifesting a form to compliment my waking reality in which I have a body. I reflected that at my essence I am only consciousness and perception through consciousness...

Josh Langley
The Afternoon Nap that Turned Into a Nightmare - False Awakenings and Sleep Paralysis

I’m not normally big on afternoon naps, but this particular Saturday afternoon in early 2002 definitely had me wary of taking another one. My partner and I had laid down at about 2 pm. Half an hour later I opened my eyes as I lay there, waking up slowly, and saw the afternoon light stream in through the curtains as well as the back of Andy’s head as he lay there still sleeping.

Then suddenly, the next thing I knew I was dreaming, and in a kitchen in a city apartment block - I went fully lucid.

Never having a lucid dream before, I wasn’t too sure what was going on, so I walked around for a bit, and then just as suddenly, I was opening my eyes back my bedroom and saw the same scene of the curtains and the back of Andy’s head. I reached out to touch him and couldn’t move, so I called his name and no noise came out. I started yelling his name to wake him up, but he just laid there.

Then again I was lucid, back in the city apartment block. What the hell was happening? I felt panic rising as I pondered what to do, but realised I needed to keep my thoughts positive and once I did, I then woke up.
But I hadn’t. I was back in my bedroom, looking back at the curtains and Andy’s head and I panicked. Screaming as loud as I could, I started to feel my arms moving as I reached out to wake him up. But I couldn’t see my arms, which I could still feel moving, which freaked me out even more.

Then snap! I was back in the apartment, still lucid, and I quickly collected my thoughts for a few seconds and thankfully it happened; I really woke up.

Phew! I reached out and touched Andy’s head to make sure he was real and I wasn’t dreaming. I could feel my hand move out, but I couldn’t see it, yet I could see the entire room and bam! - I realised I was still dreaming. I hadn’t woken up at all. I was fully lucid, seemingly stuck inside myself, yet I could see everything.

I now started to realise I could be trapped, and no amount of effort could release me from this prison, no matter how much I moved, shouted or screamed..... nothing was working. Then once again, I found myself in the city apartment, with the shift being more like a quick phase-out.

Being lucid once more, I knew I had to keep calm and take control, so I made the heartfelt wish to wake up properly, and once I did that, I felt myself rise up (more like claw my way) back to the ‘other’ reality of my bedroom, yet the texture was different. The whole thing had a different feel. I opened my eyes to find Andy staring at me with a concerned look on his face and I noticed I had tears running down my face.

‘You were whimpering and crying,’ he said.

‘More like screaming and panicking,’ I replied, and then relayed the story.

Since then I’ve had much more experience with lucid dreams and false awakenings and I know what to do one they happen. I realise that it’s the high emotional stress that keeps me trapped in the cycle. Once I take control of the situation and my emotions, I can then focus on turning the nightmarish experience into an adventure.

Paul J. Smith
A Nightmare on Anderson St.

I used to live on Anderson St. in San Francisco, CA. I shared a three bedroom house with two friends, and that is where I had my first controlled lucid dream. The house had two bedrooms on the top floor and one on the main floor (which I occupied). The bathroom was on the top floor also, which was less than ideal at times, especially in the middle of the night. To wake up and climb stairs to use the restroom was a major inconvenience; the stairs were steep and not well lit, and required that you keep your wits about you, if you want to stay injury-free.

I had had lucid dreams before, but most would end before they got started because I would wake up when I realized I was dreaming. One night as I slept, I did not know that I was in a dream, and thought that I had woken up needing to use the restroom. So I rose from my bed and started towards the stairs, but the light switch in my room didn't work, nor did the hall light work. The house was fairly old and we were used to things not working all the time.

So I continued onto the stairs, and as I started up, I heard a noise in the darkness that sent the hair on my neck standing up. I quickened my pace up, until I reached the first landing, which was under a skylight and a faint trickle of light illuminated the stairs in a slightly hazy glow. I heard another noise coming up the stairs and as I struggled to see what was on the stairs with me, a horrifying figure stepped into the soft glow towards me. I recognized the figure, it was Freddy Krueger, The blade-fingered maniac killer, who invaded people’s dreams while they slept, and murdered them. (He is the main character/villain in the horror film series: A Nightmare on Elm Street.) He was
Lucid Dreaming Experience

In Your Dreams!

Freddy was coming, but he wouldn't get me, because I was ready to take my lucid dream out for a test drive. I looked up at the sky-light and launched right through the roof of the house and up, and up and stopped just long enough to decide which way I wanted to fly off to. I chose the beach as my first destination and headed off towards the west, marveling at my ability to fly, and how detailed everything was, the streets, the buildings, parks and the beach.

The rooftops were very detailed, even though I had never been on any of the roof-tops I was seeing, and I felt like what I was seeing, was my reality. I flew and flew - it is my favorite thing to do when lucid dreaming. I only have two or three lucid dreams each year, but each time I do, it is the greatest feeling - you feel almost god-like when you can make your dreams tailor-made!

Vivien Lockyer
Grass, Flight, Mud.

During this dream, set in a quite beautiful countryside, it didn't take long before I fully realised I was in a dream state.

I decided to move over to a clump of grass and see what it felt like. Well, it was just like real grass and I had to pull it hard to remove the clump from the earth - this is while I was actually in a dream state!

Then I lifted up (have had many lucid dreams over the years) and enjoyed the freedom of weightlessness, of flight. However, because I have been unwell lately my flight was affected by my physical health and I did not soar as I have in the past. In fact it became a struggle to stay in the air and I was dropping down through the tree branches ending up in this thick sea of mud.

Yuk! Thankfully the mud very quickly became the soft bed sheets and I was back. I found the grass interesting though - it was real to me and yet this was a dream!

Douglas Bland
The Lion and the Babysitter

I was with my daughter and her mother. My daughter is now 22 years old, and in the dream she was still young and it was at time while I would still have been married to her mother. It was a nice sunny day and we were outside.

I saw a very large lion approaching and at first I was worried about my daughter and her mother. They end up moving away and the lion's attention was focused solely on me. There was a picnic table between myself and the lion. My only plan was to turn the picnic table over to block the lion. I was thinking that there was absolutely no way I could escape. It was at this point that I became lucid.

I grabbed the lion by the neck and asked, ‘Who are you?’ The lion turned into a three year old boy. He said something about a game show called ‘Triple 7’s’ and that the mother or old lady was very mean.

Note: I believe this dream relates to some trauma I experienced when I was young. I remember a mean old grumpy babysitter my parents left me with once, while we were on a vacation. She came to mind while I was reviewing the dream after waking up. I have no idea what she did to scare the crap out of me but I do remember being very scared by the experience and elated to see my parents when they returned.

Maria Isabel Pita
Dream Warrior

…In another scene, I know immediately that I’m back in the same place of my earlier lucid and that I’m dreaming. A young Caucasian man, dressed in a sleeveless t-shirt and sweatpants he clearly sleeps in, is standing just to my left. He got up when I appeared/arrived in order to greet me, and to wait with me. He is facing me but I am facing the doorway and bedroom from which he emerged. I can see the person we have been expecting standing a few yards away at the foot of the bed—a slender young Japanese or Oriental man. We
look directly at each other and speak to each other. I can't remember what we say. After a few moments, I say firmly, “He's the one.”

We have established that he and I are both fully lucid. The Western youth then turns and precedes me into the dimly lit bedroom. Again, only a sense of blacks and whites except for my young escort’s t-shirt, which I want to say is gray or blue, I’m not sure. Its color seems to have to do with the fact that he’s asleep. He murmurs, “Thanks man,” and I wonder why he doesn’t stay with us instead of going back to bed; surely he must also know he’s dreaming if he’s part of this mysterious lucid check point.

But I can’t wonder about it too much because the intent Oriental man (he could be Chinese) captures all my attention with his presence, and just barely contained intensity. I can’t say he was “eager” about my being there because that sounds too innocent, like saying the edge of a knife is eager for blood; it is simply a knife and, when used, will draw blood.

This Dream Entity is sharp, welcoming, yet also almost dangerously present. I have never encountered a Dream Entity like him in a lucid dream before. I can only describe him as a “lucid dream warrior” and I have been admitted onto his/this level. I feel he is here to initiate me.

Honestly, I’m slightly more nervous than honored, because although I’m definitely proud to be here, the scene doesn’t feel like my style. He communicates to me that first we’re going to (I paraphrase) “get a feel for” our dream bodies, and so I emulate him as he shakes and loosens his shoulders and arms, like a martial artist warming up before sparring with a partner.

As I go and stand directly before this young Oriental man’s almost fiercely smiling face, I notice a strange spider-like insect crawling purposefully across the rumpled sheets on the bed beside us. It is brown and seems made of plastic, with its long legs and wings animated by a disturbing sentience. I say, “I don’t like that,” watching it warily as it moves closer to me. The man tells me it is Nicholas Cage, which seems ridiculous for a second until I seem to grasp this is a somewhat sarcastic nickname for the individual who heads this “group” of “lucid dream warriors.”

But I can’t worry about the oddly mechanical bug because my instructor is communicating to me without speaking (the sharp, broad smile on his face, which is neither handsome or ugly, never wavers) that we’re going to do reality checks now, so that I can prove my dream body and awareness are absolutely fit, which they will need to be.

He raises his right hand and I jerk my face away slightly so that his index finger enters me just between my left eye and the bridge of my nose instead of directly penetrating my eyeball, which I feared was his intent. His finger slides in smoothly and effortlessly, penetrating my dream body a few inches before slipping out as, once again, I jerk back slightly. In response to something he says then, I tell him the truth, “I’m not afraid, it’s just not a particularly pleasant sensation.” I lose the dream and wake.

Dream Notes:

I keep experiencing the man’s finger entering my face and the challenging smile on his lips. There was no real resistance but there was a real sensation. I was, in that moment, as conscious of, and as present in, my dream body as I am in my physical body. His gesture and intimate penetration seemed to root me in my dream body. It would be wonderful to have the fluid control, which is also grounded, of a martial artist in my lucid dreaming body. I feared he would be sticking his finger in my eyeball, but what if he was aiming for my third eye and my jerking my head away interfered with his actual intent? A very interesting possibility.

This “lucid warrior” had a “real-life other” presence that could not be ignored and I sensed his eagerness at my presence and readiness to accept his instruction. I dislike Nicholas Cage and it has been years since I have seen any of his movies, but this Dream Entity certainly felt like a “supernatural warrior entity” and I understand the actor often portrays such characters.

“Styles of Chinese martial arts”... Imitative-styles are styles that were developed based on the characteristics of a particular creature such as a bird or an insect. An entire system of fighting was developed based on the observations of their movement, fighting abilities, and spirit. Examples of
the most well known styles are white crane, tiger, monkey (Houquan), dog and mantis.”

Perhaps the insect I saw, which walked partially erect, relates to the Mantis style.

RaShaad Elliott
ThePast

I usually watch TV before I go to sleep but this time I decided to try and get a good night sleep before school in the morning. I’m in high school, so when I fell asleep I ended up in my middle school and I was talking to my ex girlfriend that I never talk to anymore. That's when I knew I was in a dream.

So then I switched it up a little and added my new girlfriend into my dream. But we were still in the middle school for some reason. She took off in the halls and her mom yelled for me at the entrance saying, "She forgot her jacket," so I told her that I would bring it to her.

As I was walking through the halls I saw all my friends and students that I have never seen before in my life. Then all of a sudden it switched to a completely different dream and I appeared in my old house that I used to live in. The skies were dark and somewhat red and all I could hear was screaming. The dream was somewhat scary, but in the dream I had no fear because when I lucid dream nothing can hurt me.

But my friends and family were all having a bar-b-q in the back yard, sirens were going off and people screaming!? It almost reminded me of the world ending and going into chaos. Then the sirens got louder and there were zombie-looking people that could run so fast and move so quick running after us. All of my family and friends disappeared and I was the only one in the back yard. I tried running but I could not help my self to jump, so I jumped in the air really high and it felt as if I was really that high in the air and my stomach felt like there was that butterfly feeling.

Then I awoke.

Alan Abramowitz
The Butterfly

It began as an ordinary dream. I was calling my sister on the phone from 47th street in NYC near a subway entrance. At one point I saw her pass by and I slouched so she couldn't see me. Later I was on the phone with a man in a hat who was unshaven. He was her boyfriend and I wished them happiness.

I went on some building shuttle or light rail that kept descending floor by floor until it reached the actual subway. And I saw we were on the subway track but it then moved away to a separate station. I got out and saw a big path in a field to another subway station. I was annoyed I had to pay double fares and I had to go fiddling around in my pockets for a huge token. I passed through the turnstiles and went on a subway train. Suddenly I was in a subway station. Then the dream became lucid.

There in front of me was Helen, my old friend Robert’s mother. She had passed away in 1981. I had a very long conversation with her that I certainly didn't want to end. She had a dark piece of tinted see-through plastic covering her right eye. She had a bit of advice for me I didn't understand in the dream... .

I told her, "Robert desperately needs you." She nodded. "Then I added, “When you were alive he desperately needed you.” She nodded, but a little differently, including tilting her head. At some point I realized she had not been my height but was very small, and now matched my height, I asked her, "What do you want me to tell him?"

She turned into someone else and walked to the gated subway entrance (swivel gate). There were
two homeless-looking men trying to get in but the gate was locked. They were exasperated. She returned to normal appearance and we continued to talk. I remarked on how clear this dream was.

I walked with her up the subway stairs leading out of the subway. I remarked that this was like a butterfly in a storm, or affected by other factors. I said, "It was just the butterfly itself." I looked to the right and saw a wiry man who had thin hair that was not close cropped and he was unshaven. Imagining the butterfly, I asked him if he was Carlos Castenada. He said no. I spoke more to Robert's mother. As I woke up it was as if a curtain moved aside and there was my bedroom, and in awake reality I was looking out the window.

**John Bruce Bedford**

**Goodbye My Friend**

I was dreaming, as normal, like you do, when suddenly, while walking down some fire escape stairs, and glancing into another room, I saw a friend of mine who passed away in a road accident earlier this year. It was such a blatant dream sign (((BANG))) I became lucid. Then I walked up to him "hiding all my emotions" and as he liked sparring, I put on some gloves and said, "Teach me something mate, because I really don't know a thing," while again "hiding all my emotions."

A few minutes later, it all got too much for me. "He doesn't know," I thought, so I said to him, "Come outside mate." So we walked through this door, which happened to lead us to a kind of roof-top terrace, which overlooked the hazy orange streets below, as the sun was in its last moments of the day.

Then all of a sudden, spontaneously, I took his hand, and walked forward to the roof-top terrace edge, and said, "Mate, come with me," and with my full intention, and something I have been unable to do in months now, I/We rose up off the ground, and then flew up into the sky...

I was amazed at how easy it seemed, and he was amazed, for obvious reasons. We started flying over houses and unknown buildings and places, truly breathtaking, and emotionally perfect, like God touched my stomach or something.

Then we settled on the roof of this other building, and before he could speak/express himself about what just happened, I rested my two hands on his shoulders, and started crying like a five year old. I wanted to tell him what had happened to him, but I couldn't do it, it just wasn't fair. So I looked at him in the eyes, and said, "Mate, some people have to go and we don't know why."

Still crying my eyes out, with him looking a little confused I said, "Sometimes you know when there are accidents, and people don't come back, this is OK, you know, they get looked after, I promise."

Then he sort of nodded, and I saw a deep realisation in his eyes, whether that meant he knew, or he just agreed, I am not too sure, but anyway I stopped sobbing, and apologised, partly because I didn't want to distress him. Then as I pulled away, and took a step back, the theme tune from *Ghost* started playing out of the sky, and yes, this was my cue, my cue to say good bye. So I did, and no sooner had I done this, than my surroundings became unstable, fell apart, and a moment later, I woke up with two tear trails on the sides of my face.

God! The Universe! Whichever! Thank you so much for giving us humans the ability to experience the wonders and profoundness of lucid dreaming, thank you forever.

**Laurance**

**Physical Healing**

Due to stress from ongoing family crises, I had increasingly developed gut problems and had to carefully watch my diet. I believe several closely-spaced lucid dreams helped me get better:

1) In the first dream with many powerful themes, I was listening to a sermon in an architecturally strange church with pews, naves, and balconies pointing in all sorts of unusual directions. After entering one of the balconies, the scene shifted to an ornate synagogue with golden artifacts and art throughout. I started talking to a scientific colleague who transposed gut tissue over injured spinal cords to promote regeneration. I then found myself talking to a man in a wheelchair wearing elaborate rings and jewelry around his fingers and hands. He was sitting on his wheelchair as if it was a throne, passing judgment on my disability-focused work.
Shortly afterwards, I became lucid and asked the ‘awareness behind the dream’ to see a deceased scientific friend. Although I had interacted with him in a lucid dream several months earlier, I was told he had moved on and was no longer available.

Next, I found myself walking around Washington, DC, where I had once worked for many years. After noticing that the Capitol seemed to be in the wrong location, and a statue of Teddy Roosevelt topped the Capitol dome instead of the Statue of Freedom, my almost faded lucidity heightened again. As I walked down the street, I decided to beam pink, healing light into my abdomen area, a visualization suggested by a friend in the waking state.

After this visualization, I had a false awakening in which I shared my experience with a group of women sitting around a table. We then started holding hands in a circle as if we were initiating a séance. I subsequently woke.

2) Towards the end of the second dream the next week, I found myself walking in front of a building with many other people and became lucid. I asked all dream figures to disappear but none did; they just looked at me strangely. I asked a man where I was, and he indicated some difficult-to-comprehend name. I started hugging a somewhat familiar-looking attractive woman, who, alas, told me such behavior was inappropriate where we were. With affectionate intentions thwarted, I then asked everyone to beam pink, healing light into my abdomen region, which they did.

After these lucid dreams, my gut problems diminished substantially. Whatever dream healing accrued seem to percolate into my physical body. I am now convinced that the impact of healing visualizations is greatly magnified when done in the lucid-dream state.

Gustavo Vieira
Meditation Inside the Dream

I have read that some people meditate inside a lucid dream. I am not experienced at meditation and I don’t even call myself a beginner. I have meditated a couple of times and saw some videos on how to do it. But I had to try just a simple meditation technique in a lucid dream. Here are two of them.

(Dream 1 - August 24, 2013)

I’m on a street, already lucid, and I decide to meditate. Not moving my upper body, I cross my legs so that I’m hovering in the air. I have a lot of elasticity here. I put my hands on my knees and I ask for the dream to take me to where it wants me to go, and to show me something interesting. I do not close my eyes.

I begin to fly along the street. I then cross to the other side of the street and enter a building. I’m in a corridor with low light, but I see what appears to be South American Indians there. After that corridor, I enter a restaurant. It is well presented, with a covered terrace. There are several people eating, men and women, mostly of middle-age, all silent, no talking. They are all sad and depressed. They also seem South American.

I fly around the restaurant, and even go through walls and windows. When I go for a second round, I say to the dream, “If you want me to talk to someone, do it now.”

But after 5 seconds, I wake up.
In Your Dreams!

(Dream 2 - November 3, 2013)

A lot of lucid things happened (too long for me to share it here). But at some point, the environment begins to fade. Everything disappears and all is gray. Willing to not wake up, I decide to meditate with my eyes open. I put myself into position; crossed legs and hovering in the air.

I then start to breathe slowly, concentrating on my breathing. I see a drawing of a figure in the same position I'm in, but inside a circle with symbols, then it disappears. I begin to see the image of a top of a tree take form and feel like I'm hovering and spinning.

I stay calm and still. I continue to meditate. After a while, the tree becomes vivid and I stop spinning. I made it. Then I go my way to explore and have more adventures.

Kai M

Playing With Dream Powers

So I've been trying to get lucid for a long time now and I finally got it! I've been doing so many things to help do it. Eating sunflower seeds (has a mineral or something in it to help), using the oculus (virtual reality adds another reality to what you know, making your brain think about it more, meditating a little, trying to SP, and more! And now I finally got it! Of course the dream is short because I woke up around 8, fell back to sleep at 9, and 9-9:45 I had it. (Keep in mind that in dreams you can be much dumber than in waking.)

So in the dream I started out in my living room. In front of me was my friend Connor and two dream characters – I forget who they were. I didn't notice my dream from a reality test like looking at the clock or counting my fingers - no it was just that I noticed my surrounding house was changing each time I looked at it; it seemed off. When I noticed I said, "Hey, I'm dreaming! Holy shiznit! I'm having a lucid dream!" I tried to tell my friend Connor but of course he, or I guess myself, didn't understand.

So after I tried explaining a lucid dream to the dream character, I flew up stairs and back down, changed shirt colors, and messed around with my powers. Again, I'm dumber in dreams so I didn't use my full potential. I tried really hard summoning someone I know to knock on my door, but failed, and when I went outside I was at my middle school (I'm in high school now) and all the bus's were leaving. I hopped in one, and the bus started moving.

I fooled around in there too, feeling the glass on the window, and then putting my hand through it, and changing more shirts. I was starting to lose my grip on my dream and slowly, little by little, forgetting. For no reason whatsoever I'm like, "Let's go to Disneyland! (I haven't even been there since I was a baby) but when I got there it was some pilgrim settlement or something, and then after walking around a little, I tried thinking of Disneyworld because I went there a couple of years ago and actually have memory of it.

Well... I broke the dream. Some rides appeared and combined with the pilgrim place, and I started closing my eyes a lot, walked toward a ride with my eyes closed, and when I opened them, I was awake.

Maria Isabel Pita

Hard Workers

Suddenly, I’m standing in the rec room facing the bay windows with my brother, Mario, who is standing a few feet away. I lucidly pull myself into the dream by walking right up to him so our faces are very close. We look directly at each other. His tone a blend of wonder and uncertainty, says something to the effect of, ‘It’s really happening!’ I reply at once, ‘Yes, we’re together in a lucid dream!’

I’m longing to fly straight through the windows and away over the trees, and I want him to come with me. But even though he’s still standing there, his expression is rather blank now and I suspect he’s lost lucidity. I think I grip his arms and try to bring him back, but I lose the dream scene. Nevertheless, I remain aware of being asleep and wanting to enter the dream again.

I find myself standing in a room that feels rather like the break room of a building, a plain and sprawling one, with doors down the hall, rather like a university floor with professors’ and administrative offices. There are two women in the room talking as I fully embed myself in the dream scene feeling very conscious of my dream body, clad in flowing pants
and a short top that exposes my waist and belly area, intensifying the delicious dream feeling of potentially unrestrained sensuality.

I sense men in the building, I even hear a man’s voice coming from down the hall. I leave the room and walk down the hallway in the direction of the voice, but first I enter a small room on the right. It is sparsely furnished, the dominant object a large file cabinet at the far right of the space. I decide to see if I can discover some information about James and me. I intend a file in the cabinet to offer me information about our first connection. I open a middle drawer on the left but it is empty. I open the middle drawer on the right. Folders. I pick one near the back at random, the tab of which reads JUICES, and open it. A white page with two or three areas of writing, in which I clearly see the word INDIA written in capital letters. Interesting!

I put the folder back, leave the room and open the first door I pass. There are two boys lying on the beds as though in a school dormitory. I say, ‘Oh my, you’re really young.’ They look at me with shy interest... I lose the dream scene, but I am still aware of being asleep and wanting to enter the dream again...

It’s night and I’m standing on the grass outside a white building belonging to what distinctly feels like a college campus. As two people talk quietly, I become aware of a really broad black tree trunk growing at a slight left angle out of the ground a few feet away from me. Seeing it and becoming lucid and stepping into the dream scene are one seamless, quietly joyful act. The tree itself seemed to help pull me into the dream. I am immediately in love and in awe of this impressively broad yet also graceful, sensual tree, the top of which is lost in darkness.

Far away, and extending from horizon to horizon, is a sky filled with tiny bright white stars, so many of them. I feel I could follow this beautiful black giant tree all the way up to the moon. I float up off the ground, but an invisible dream wind pushes me gently to the left. Enjoying the effortless flight while gazing in awe at the starry universe, I begin singing, ‘The hills are alive with the sound of music, a song they have sung for a thousand years’... At first I have perfect pitch, but as soon as I become conscious of this, I lose it and think, ‘I can’t even sing in a lucid dream.’

I float down to a white walkway between two wings of a long white single story building, landing where the path branches at a right angle in two directions. A young woman is standing there who informs me how so few of these trees die of old age anymore, and looking up, I see high above the rooftop the silhouettes of sharp, dead, skyward facing branches. Though I share her sadness, I’m not surprised considering the state of the waking reality world. I take the right hand path but as I’m walking away she gets my attention again. She is holding several of the same object in her hands, one of which she wants to give me. I sense it’s made of wood and is sharp, something akin to a ritual knife, too big to be a letter opener, and it’s carved. I tell her to toss it to me, I can catch it, but she shakes her head, oh no, and it probably wouldn’t be a good idea, I agree.

I turn away and floating slightly off the ground hold a little wooden Hand of Fatima out before me. It is missing the heart, but I think I can easily add one if I want to. I’m also thinking it can guide me to the moon. I find myself out in a more open area flanked by two to three story golden-brown stone houses. As I land beside two people talking on the path, I lose my grip on the scene, but I don’t wake up. I deliberately hold on to the scene, fully intending to embed myself in it again.

As I wait, a dark-haired, not very tall man in a white shirt appears, heading in my direction, and I pull myself into the dream by walking toward him. We meet on the path and I ask him, ‘Is India older than ancient Egypt?’ He replies, ‘Oh no, it dates to the palaios* age, and the two were like tacks to a magnetic.’

I’m distracted from his intriguing response by how tenuous my presence in the dream scene is, because it shouldn’t be this way, and I remember to look at my hands. Meanwhile, this professor who is very familiar to me, who I am very fond of, has seated himself and is watching me with a subtle, patient good humor. I ask him, ‘Is it possible to get to the moon?’ He chuckles, and I laugh at myself. Of course it is, because anything is possible here.
In Your Dreams!

Then suddenly I find myself asking him, ‘Is it okay for me to do Galantamine twice a month?’ He shakes his head and answers, ‘No, no, we are hard workers here.’ I insist, a little dismayed, ‘So it’s not okay for me to do Galantamine twice a month?’ He emphatically repeats his reply, ‘No, we are hard workers here.’

He is clearly telling me not to do it, that it’s not right for me because I don’t need it. The feeling I have for him is of a student for a major professor. I understand he’s telling me that I’m doing very well, and will continue to make progress if I keep working hard, as I have been doing, and that taking Galantamine to lucid dream would be, for me personally, a form of cheating that would not help me advance.

*Palaios is actually a Greek word that means “old”. I don’t know Greek.

**Sharon Pastore**

**What is the Cause?**

Having had a mysterious issue with my stomach for months now, I intended to have a lucid dream. My task? Become lucid and ask aloud, “What is the cause of my stomach problems?”

In the dream, I am in my old childhood bedroom. This setting makes me lucid. I easily remember my task. “What is the cause of my allergy?” I ask aloud in the room. I turn around to see the radio on the dresser and listen for the answer.


I immediately wake to write this down. This was part of what I ate the day before. I had thought I had a seafood allergy that I was being tested for. Since this dream I have minimized eating too many types of dairy at once, especially chocolate and dairy. It’s working.

**Helen Symmons**

**Lucid Dream Healing**

Shortly after an operation followed by an illness ending in another hospital stay, I had the following lucid dream. I was standing in front of a large door with a very tall dark man who had indicated he was going to help me. I knew I was dreaming when I looked up at him because he was so very tall. I asked him if he could become shorter so that I could talk to him and he seemed to do so.

We both walked through the door into a very bright, colourful open landscape - greens and orange colours mostly. I told the man I was looking at all the objects in the scene for my dream journal. To our left were several large animals each with 4 long horns. They looked as if they would attack but did not. In front of us were huge Stegosaurus-like animals.

We walked towards a raised bank, I said, "It is a very cartoon-like landscape," then remembered to ask my question. I asked for healing energy for my operation and recent illness and to boost my immune system. I looked up at the deep blue sky; there was an area of swirl, like the blue sinkholes in the ocean, it looked like a giant eye. The tall man turned to me and said, "I will help you." He handed me a small glowing rod (bright yellow/orange glow) and indicated I should hold it against myself. I held it to my lower abdomen and then up to my head. When I looked at it again it had stopped glowing and was black. I decided to finish the dream and wake up. When I went for my post op check up 3 weeks later I was told I had healed completely.
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<td>The International Association for the Study of Dreams</td>
<td><a href="http://www.asdreams.org">www.asdreams.org</a></td>
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<tr>
<td>Linda Magallón’s dreamflyer.net</td>
<td>Flying dreams and much more. Several articles from LDE appear, especially in the section entitled, &quot;The Dream Explorer.&quot; <a href="http://www.dreamflyer.net">www.dreamflyer.net</a></td>
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<td>Experience Festival</td>
<td>Several articles on lucid dream-related topics <a href="http://www.experiencefestival.com/lucid_dreaming">http://www.experiencefestival.com/lucid_dreaming</a></td>
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<tr>
<td>Mary Ziemer</td>
<td><a href="http://www.luciddreamalchemy.com">www.luciddreamalchemy.com</a></td>
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<td>Lucid Dreaming Links</td>
<td><a href="http://www.greatdreams.com/lucid.htm">http://www.greatdreams.com/lucid.htm</a></td>
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<td>The D.R.E.A.M.S. Foundation</td>
<td><a href="http://www.dreams.ca">www.dreams.ca</a></td>
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<td>Daniel Oldis and Sean Oliver’s presentation of inter-dream experiments given at the June IASD conference in Berkeley:</td>
<td><a href="http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=M1jUENG12Uc">http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=M1jUENG12Uc</a></td>
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<td>Ryan Hurd</td>
<td><a href="http://www.dreamstudies.org">www.dreamstudies.org</a></td>
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<td>Christoph Gassmann</td>
<td>Information about lucid dreaming and lucid dream pioneer and gestalt psychology professor, Paul Tholey. <a href="http://www.traumring.info/tholey2.html">http://www.traumring.info/tholey2.html</a></td>
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<tr>
<td>Mary Ziemer</td>
<td><a href="http://www.driccpe.org.uk">http://www.driccpe.org.uk</a></td>
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<td>The Conscious Dreamer</td>
<td>Sirley Marques Bonham <a href="http://www.theconsciousdreamer.org">www.theconsciousdreamer.org</a></td>
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<td>Al Moniz</td>
<td><a href="http://realtalklibrary.com">http://realtalklibrary.com</a></td>
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<td>The Lucid Dreamers Community – by pasQuale</td>
<td><a href="http://www.ld4all.com">http://www.ld4all.com</a></td>
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<tr>
<td>Jayne Gackenbach</td>
<td>Past editor of Lucidity Letter. All issues of Lucidity Letter now available on her website. <a href="http://www.spiritwatch.ca">www.spiritwatch.ca</a></td>
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<td>Matt Jones’s Lucid Dreaming and OBE Forum</td>
<td><a href="http://www.saltcube.com">www.saltcube.com</a></td>
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<tr>
<td>Janice’s Website</td>
<td>With links to lucid dreaming and out of body sites. <a href="http://www.hopkinsfan.net">http://www.hopkinsfan.net</a></td>
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<td>Fariba Bogzaran</td>
<td><a href="http://www.bogzaran.com">www.bogzaran.com</a></td>
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<td>Robert Moss</td>
<td><a href="http://www.mossdreams.com">www.mossdreams.com</a></td>
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<td>Electric Dreams</td>
<td><a href="http://www.dreamgate.com">www.dreamgate.com</a></td>
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<td>The Lucid Art Foundation</td>
<td><a href="http://www.lucidart.org">www.lucidart.org</a></td>
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<td>Roger “Pete” Peterson</td>
<td><a href="http://realtalklibrary.com">http://realtalklibrary.com</a></td>
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<td>DreamTokens</td>
<td><a href="http://www.dream-tokens.com">www.dream-tokens.com</a></td>
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<td>David L. Kahn</td>
<td><a href="http://www.dreamingtrue.com">www.dreamingtrue.com</a></td>
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<td>Lucidipedia</td>
<td><a href="http://www.lucidipedia.com">www.lucidipedia.com</a></td>
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