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A professor at Grant MacEwan University in Edmonton, Alberta, Jayne Gackenbach, Ph.D. has a long history and passion for researching lucid dreamers, consciousness and technology. Author of seven books and an early scientist in this field, the LDE sought her out to discuss her past work and current investigations into lucid dreaming and video games. This is Part Two of the interview.

How did you get interested in video games and lucid dreaming?

My son got a video game console, when he was eight years old….This was back in the days of Super Mario™ and Nintendo®. So I went to Toys R Us® and bought him a Nintendo®. All the way home from the store, he sat in the front seat with his head in the bag, kissing the box.

As a psychologist, I thought “What?” and began to read the research on videogames. There wasn’t much back in the mid 90’s. But what was really clear early-on is that gaming improved spatial skills. Remember earlier [in Part One of the interview, in LDE 53] I said that spatial skills were one of the strongest findings in terms of the individual differences among lucid dreamers as well as field independence. And they were finding this spatial skill difference with gamers, too. So I began to think that gaming and lucid dreaming might be associated.

Around this time, I was offered the opportunity to write an on-line dream course for Grant MacEwan University in Alberta….Then Academic Press approached me to do a book, Psychology and the Internet, which came out in 1998, followed in 2007 by a second edition. It was one of the first books to look at the psychological consequences of being on-line.

My first study on video games and lucid dreaming was reported at the Science of Consciousness conference in 1998. I did not pursue it too much at that point, since I did not have a full time position at a college. But when I came on board full time at Grant MacEwan University, I was able to pursue my research. Then I really got involved, and was able to look at the research into dreams and gaming.

What did you discover about gamers and lucid dreaming?

The first thing we discovered and replicated was that high-end gamers report more lucid dreams. Now initially, you could say “Well that could be a reporting bias, since you are asking them to look back at their history.”

A study that just came out in the journal Dreaming dealt to some extent with this question of reporting bias. Basically what we did was look at the dreams from the night before and the media use from the day before. Rather than being a retrospective report on one’s life, this involved last night. There we noticed that lucid and control dreaming was associated with video play, history of video game play, video game play the day before, computer use, basically all media but particularly interactive media. And we have gone on with other research on lucidity and gaming.
So when you think about that correlation between video game play and lucid dreaming, what do you think is the underlying factor?

A couple of things. In part, it is self-selection. But I don’t think that you can argue that all gamers are natural lucid dreamers. That said, there are parallel correlates. Gamers have better spatial skills. Well, so do lucid dreamers. If you play heavy gaming, you can’t have motion sickness, because the virtual reality is so good. So they have a good vestibular system, spatial skills and also focused attention.

The highest incidence of lucid dreaming involved those with focused attention, like meditators. The meditators were just all the time having lucid dreams, almost every night of the week. The idea being that it was a product of the focused attention of meditation, which conceptually fits in with the Buddhist, Vedic and Hindu traditions. Of course, gamers are involved in hours of focused attention, but not on a single object - rather on a complex set of interactions. Gamers are notorious for not going to the bathroom or getting sidetracked by their girlfriends undressing in the same room – they are just single mindedly absorbed.

All three groups, meditators, lucid dreamers and gamers share the constructed nature of reality. Dreams are an alternative reality. It is constructed by the biological machine called your brain. Some meditators speak about various experiences of an “hallucinatory” type that they experience during their practice. Gaming is another alternative reality that is constructed by technology – a virtual reality. So if you are in a virtual reality all day, then it is no surprise that you recognize another alternative reality at night when asleep. It seems like a practice effect. For all these reasons, you see lucid dreaming in gamers – the self-selection and the effect of practice in a virtual reality.

Have people looked at the content of gamer dreams in comparison to the general public?

We have done that in a variety of ways. The major analysis we have used is Hall and Van de Castle’s method of dream content analysis. We have looked at the content of gamer dreams in four studies. It has been reported separately. Some things replicate across the different studies and some don’t, when you compare gamer dreams to the Hall and Van de Castle norms.

Gamers are more likely to dream about bizarre characters – or dead and imaginary characters, like zombies. They also are more likely to have fewer aggressive dreams than the norm, but when there is aggression, they respond more violently, like they kill everything. We then looked at an evolutionary theory of dreaming and hypothesized that gaming may serve the evolutionary function of dreaming, which [the Finnish theorist] Revonsuo calls “threat simulation”; meaning the evolutionary reason for dreams is so that you can practice how to escape traps or threats. So if you are attacked by a saber tooth tiger, you have the sense of how to get out of there.

Gamers also have fewer nightmares. Gamers seem to realize that if someone tries to attack them, they know to attack back. They enjoy that! So it is really changing the dream realm – they get lucid, they respond to nightmares and threats differently. Also we did a couple of studies on bizarreness, and it turns out their dreams are more bizarre. You could say, “Well they are in a weird virtual world all day” but it turns out that the gamers are more creative. They are better able to create these more bizarre kinds of characters and situations that we have found in their dream.

So basically I’m now working with Harry Hunt to conceptually put this all together. We argue that gamers bring to dreams, and especially to lucid dreams, more functionality – that their dreams do better at what they are suppose to do. I’m arguing that gaming is like the new meditation.

Lucid dreaming, high absorption, the spatial skills all of these are also correlates of meditation. Now I’m not saying you transcend during gaming – though some do and there is anecdotal evidence of that - or that the long term effects of gaming are equal to meditating. But what happens is gaming has an enticing quality that is attracting huge numbers of people; much more than meditating, and it’s having some of the positive effects, if less strongly.

So you found that some gamers have transcendental experiences while gaming? What would be an example of that?

It’s more in the language of flow – they talk about how they no longer think about what they do, they just go with it. Also, they
talk about when they are done gaming, they feel kind of slightly out of their body in terms of a first person to a third person perspective. They are very sophisticated about talking about levels of perspective, since they are constantly switching back and forth, compared to the average person in their day to day life.

Half the time we will find the third person perspective in their dreams, which is crucial to the witnessing (i.e., advanced lucidity in sleep) idea, but they still have an emotional attachment to the dream, unlike witnessing [by advanced meditators who become lucid and then consciously watch without interacting]. But sometimes gamers are engaging in classical witnessing. Like in a recent dream, a gamer research participant said he knew he was dreaming, he was in a third person perspective as his car was burning, then he wondered, “What would it be like to watch myself burn up?” And so this is very classic; detached, emotionally uninvolved, simply noting what is going on, while knowing at the same time that this is a dream – it’s a classic witnessing lucid dream experience.

So in the gaming world, it appears there are a lot more guys into it than women. Do you find that the case?

I think technology and gaming is. I think what Don Kuiken is doing in re-conceptualizing intensified dream forms, where he sees lucidity as not a separate type of dream but under a whole different category of dreaming. This seems very interesting. I recognize now that it is really important to separate out the parts of the dream where you are lucid and where you are not. Basically, back then I did not do that, and it’s an important demarcation. And of course in many lucid dreams, there is a definite trigger for lucidity.

And Stephen LaBerge and Tracey Kahan have brought up meta-cognition and lucid dreaming. So in meta-cognition, you realize that you are thinking about the state of dreaming and you have self-reflection. This is a cognitive psychology approach to re-framing a mental process. Also, some people are paying more attention to the phenomenology of lucid dreams now. Finally, Hobson is on about lucidity as an entirely separate state of consciousness which of course my meditating colleagues had told me about thirty years ago.

Finally, tell us a bit about Grant MacEwan University?

It’s a four year school here in Alberta that is enjoying an enrollment boom. There are about 15 faculty members in psychology. Next semester, I will be on sabbatical and able to write up more of my research. I just love being here full-time, doing research and teaching. I couldn’t be more pleased.

Dream Speak

“Gamers also have fewer nightmares. Gamers seem to realize that if someone tries to attack them, they know to attack back. They enjoy that! So it is really changing the dream realm – they get lucid, they respond to nightmares and threats differently.”

Oh yes, it is impossible to get away from it. But in some genres, like Solitaire™ or Tetris™ or Pogo™ on-line or Wii™, casual games, which are the largest growing category, you find that these are dominated by middle class women. However casual gamers are not hard core, and they don’t spend the hours or have the social network that hardcore gamers do.

Though typically they are guys, there are female hardcore gamers. Some have been gaming since grade three. In fact 65% of my MacEwan students started gaming in grade three, and 17% in kindergarten or earlier.

When you look back over the past 30 years of lucid dream investigation, was there anything about how it evolved in the world that surprised you?

It has become much more common parlance, at least among dream people, and that is certainly gratifying. It seems to be more integrated into the IASD conference, which is nice.

Are there any aspects of lucid dreaming that are getting more attention from researchers currently?

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Thanks for speaking with us, Jayne, and best wishes on your research into technology, video gaming and lucid dreaming.
In 1974, I wrote of a crude lucid dream induction device that I constructed out of Radio Shack® parts. It was fun to signal the dreaming world from the waking; however my true ‘dream’ was a device that could allow two or more dreamers to communicate with each other. Now, with the advent of dream masks such as the REM Dreamer and NovaDreamer which allow the lucid dreamer to signal back to the device, it is possible, with the right mask/software and a website controller program (such as multi-player game sites and chat sites use), to coordinate two or more LD masks with computer connections and allow very simple communication between dreamers; a multi-player dream game, if you will.

The ingredients for multi-player lucid dream connectivity are:

1. A lucid dream cuing device such as a dream mask or audio device with dreamer response detection and interpretation.
2. Computer software (LD program) that has two-way, real-time communication with the cuing device.
3. Computer software (LD program extension) that has two-way, real-time communication with a remote host site.
4. A multi-player host website program that receives input from the LD programs and issues messages to them.

Here are a few scenarios that could be fun for dreamers in a multi-player environment:

1. Two players register and log onto the LD multi-player website, selecting the other player to communicate with that night and which player is to be the guide player (first dreamer cued). The respective local LD programs monitor the eye movements during the sleep of the players and upon REM detection send a message to the website that the respective dreamer is in REM; the website host program waits for both players to reach REM, then the host sends a command to the local LD software to signal the guide dreamer via audio/visual cue that she is dreaming. When (if) she becomes lucid, this lucid dreamer now signals (via eye movement) the mask/program to stop cueing and, in addition, send a message to the host program to notify the other dreamer that he is dreaming by audio/visual cue (could even be a pre-recorded audio cue in the guide’s own voice). The signal to the recipient’s to become lucid is now coming directly from the guide dreamer and may carry more meaning than a neutral cue (and lots more fun). For those folks with an interest in mutual dreaming, this may prove also to be a useful initiator for such a dream, coordinating the timing for lucid dream sharing.
Multiplayer Dream Games

2. A lucid dream race: players log on and join the race, then go to sleep. The host site waits until all the respective LD local programs indicate REM state for all the players (hopefully at some point all REM’s coincide). The host site sends commands to all the local programs to cue all the dreamers more or less at the same time. The dreamers, upon becoming lucid, signal to stop the cue and, in addition, send a message to the host site that they are lucid. The winner of the race is recorded on the host site and the players can view the results--just for fun, of course, but competition can have a strong motivational effect, as many psychologists know.

3. This multi-player scenario would require a mask with various colored lights or audio cues and dreamer feedback variability. The dreamers, upon both becoming lucid, signal different eye movements to the other dreamer (via the local LD programs’ connection to the host website) which result in varied cues, the meaning of which is agreed upon beforehand when the players register for this ‘game.’ A “hello” signal from one dreamer can result in a ‘blue’ cue to the other; an “I am flying” signal from the other dreamer could result in a ‘yellow’ cue to the first, and so on. Audio messages could be used as well.

4. Masks or other cuing devices with multiple cuing options such as varied colors could also be used to enable more than two dreamers to send messages to the entire group in the same session. Dreamers sign up for the night’s session and assign themselves a color cue or audio cue. As the dreamers become lucid, the host software sends that dreamer’s cue sign to the rest of the group. A dreamer, for example, recognizes the ‘red’ cue as “Mike has just joined us” and the ‘blue’ cue as “Sally’s lucid now too.”

While the lucid dreamer communication described here is very rudimentary, the exciting thing is that such dream games as outlined above are technologically feasible right now. We are at the point with inter-dream communication that Alexander Bell was when he spoke, “Mister Watson, come here! I need you!” And we saw where that led.

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http://asdreams.org/2010
Hi Jayron,

You certainly opened a very interesting can of worms and I am urged to answer your letter. First I would like to introduce myself briefly: I am a psychologist and my favourite topic is dreams. I have journaled my dreams for about 30 years and experienced quite a lot in that field. But I am not as skilled in multiple dreaming as you are, although I know the phenomenon. And it has intrigued me for quite some time. I am very well introduced to Seth’s philosophy as I read all the books several times in English as well as in German. It certainly is the best philosophy for under-standing dreams.

Now, to discuss the topic of multiple dreaming I would like to focus on modes of consciousness. As we all know, daily consciousness and dream consciousness function differently. To explain the difference we can use the distinction of narrow focus and wide focus. During the day we are usually narrow focused because of our working senses, which attract strongly our attention. From time to time we open the focus a bit and we do daydreaming (during driving for example). Sometimes we close our focus even more, when we concentrate exclusively on something we read, study or learn. This narrowing of the focus needs tension and involve-ment, while the opening of our focus needs relaxation and detachment. While dreaming in the night, we are quite relaxed and our mode of perception is wide, although it may vary here too. Often it is not concentrated on one string of happenings. Sometimes it hops quickly from one string of events to others, sometimes it is simply aware of several strings.

But then, when we awake, comes the problem. Our mode of consciousness is beginning to narrow. First we may still be aware of multiple events but when we want to grasp it with our waking mind, the door to our dreams is beginning to close simultane-ously. This grasping is caused with tension and a concentrated narrow focus. We have to bring the multiple events to a linear account. We may struggle with questions like, what was first, what was second or we are confronted with the problems, that the parts of the dream(s) do not fit together at all. We may chose then to write down one string of events and ignore the others because we weight the different parts and decide to not consider “unimportant” events. I have indeed the impression that most people tend to stamp all dreams as unimportant, because they perceive them with their narrow focused waking consciousness as fragmented, confused and meaning-less.

Even I have this problem, but from time to time I manage to jot down multiple dream events, but not as often as you are doing it. Sometimes I am aware of the associative links between the dream parts while writing the strings down, sometimes I find the link in hindsight, when studying the different parts more in depth. But on the other side, sometimes I have linear dreams, whole sto ries, whole sagas. And I catch myself in the act of valuing them as “good” dreams, because I can understand them easier with my waking mind. Sometimes I have lucid dreams and usually they belong to the “good” dreams because they are composed of one string of events, even if some unusual and unrelated elements may appear in that dream. And this leads me to the possible conclusion that awareness of multiple dreams does not go well together with lucid dreaming, because lucid dreaming is linked with critical consciousness which is a narrow focused and tensed mode. The consciousness in lucid dreams is close to waking consciousness. Even you write us, that you cannot control your multiple awareness that promotes my thesis. Obviously it is necessary to accept, to let go, to not evaluate, to relax for being aware of several dreams at one moment.

You seem to be able to stay in a wider focused mode, even if you are awake, therefore you can easier transfer your multiple dream experiences to waking consciousness. I can under-stand that this wide, relaxed and not judging and not excluding waking mode of conscious-ness has an important impact on your daily life. I think you are not alone with this talent but probably not many people have similar experiences. I can understand your experiences although I am not able to be many times in that state. Certainly it is not a state of sick-ness because it produces positive results. I congratulate you for your talent! But I am not sure, if your state of multiple awareness is a lucid dream, although it might be a very clear state of consciousness. You describe it as a completely passive mode of awareness, while in lucid dreams, you act consciously and purposefully, which requires some kind of concentration and therefore a narrower focus. For example, are you in your awareness able to look at your hands, or to re-member actively your name, or to focus purposefully on one of your dreams and later return to you multiple awareness? If you are able, then you have additionally a good flexibility of consciousness because you can switch easily between passive and ac-tive modes, between wide and narrow focus. Theoretically this is possible, but I certainly can’t do that.

Cheers,
Christoph Gassmann, Switzerland

Editor’s Note: Jayron’s letter is posted on the Lucid Dream Exchange website under “Past LDE Articles” To read Jayron’s letter go to: http://www.dreaminglucid.com/articles/A%20Letter%20from%20a%20Simultaneous%20Dreamer%2053.pdf
Lucid Dreaming: Gateway to the Inner Self
By Robert Waggoner

★★★★★

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

A key feature of dreams
by Harry Bosma, hbosma@alquinte.com, February 2010

All people, young or old, sleep. While lucid dreaming proves that we can maintain awareness during sleep, I have yet to hear from people who maintain that awareness 24 hours a day every day. A lot still escapes us. Dreams have many features that greatly challenge our assumptions about reality. I believe that the moment has arrived where we can start to explore some of these features. I’d like to share some experiences with simultaneous time.

The concept or possibility of simultaneous time opens the way for a better understanding of the nature of dreams and the world in general, but above all will make our lives much richer and more interesting.

Simultaneous time allows us to have multiple experiences at the same time, and truly at the same time, for example in different places. I’ll give a few of my dreams to explain what I mean.

An impression of omnipresence

The first experience I had with simultaneous time happened soon after I read about the possibility of simultaneous dreams in one of the Seth books channeled by Jane Roberts. This must have been almost two decades ago.

However, I had a slightly different experience than I anticipated. I had a single dream, featuring about a dozen people who interacted with each other in various ways. I was one with all these individual people, feeling what they felt, thinking what they thought, and more than that, having a strong sense of their individual personalities. The experience was quite amazing as it all happened simultaneously and I could still clearly experience my own personality through all of that at the same time as well. Perhaps needless to say, but as it still amazes me I want to highlight it anyway: I’m not talking about some kind of multi-tasking where you rapidly shift attention from one task to the next. In the dream I really was in many places at once.

I had no idea how to log or describe a dream like that in more detail. Even today I would find describing the experience of melting with just a single personality quite challenging. With this particular dream I got much more than that. In a way I got about a dozen dreams at once, also interacting with each other.

Mundane simultaneous dreams

For the last three to four years I’ve been quite interested in what dreams have to tell about the nature of time. About a year ago I decided to no longer force dream reports into a single timeline, but to allow for multiple threads that run simultaneously.

The first example I want to share has two concurrent dreams. Looking at the content of the two separate dreams, they could just as well have been two dreams after one another. Yet, I did not remember them as following after each other. With most of my dreams I remember the order very well. Only sometimes I can’t remember the order, but I do remember that they were separated on the timeline, so I add a note about that. In this case, I remembered these two dreams as happening on the same moment. Additionally, all consecutive parts of the separate dreams seemed to be somehow intertwined with parts happening at the same time in the other dream.

Normally I would quickly ignore such impressions, as they don’t make sense according to our conventions about the nature of time. Yet, these were my impressions, and why not stick with them for a while to see where it leads?
Here’s this first example of simultaneous dreaming. All dream descriptions have been edited for easier reading.

“Luck and bananas”

Thursday, November 13, 2008

Thread 1 / Surprise money
Laura and I stand with our groceries at the checkout. The cashier hands us a lottery ticket. We have won some money.

We’re in another part of the store, bagging our stuff. There’s an envelope. I give it to Laura, telling her that we might be lucky. There could be more money in it. Laura opens it. There are bills in it. Giving it a quick glance I can tell that at least a few of those bills are twenties.

Another customer in the supermarket walks by, sees us with the money, and chatter that we just won some money at the checkout as well.

Thread 2 / French fries and bananas
Somebody calls that it’s dinner time. I need to log a few thoughts before they escape me and put away the laptop. It all takes much longer than expected.

Finally arriving in the dinner room, the kids are enjoying their favorite foods. Liz (my six year old niece) immediately offers me some of her French fries. I gratefully take a few. My mom disagrees, but I object that I haven’t eaten in a long time.

I see two large boxes with bananas. Liz explains to me that they’re good for many things. A voice gives some examples.

Without further comments I want to move on to the second example. In the second example simultaneous dreaming happens briefly within the context of a single longer dream. I could not determine or remember exactly how and where the two threads start and end. The first thread seems to run in a subjectively slower timeframe. In an objective sense it may have run for only a part of the second thread.

“Time for a break”

Tuesday, November 18, 2008

I’ve been working non-stop, cleaning dishes, while others took a break. When they come back, I decide to take a few hours off.

I retreat to my room, which has no windows. I want to be alone for a while. The room has a door to another room. It somehow feels like a room that was added to the house later. Perhaps the floor is a bit lower. An alarm in the room goes off, flashing several small lights and making a beeping song with many repeating notes.

I try to figure out how to stop it, but then a second one goes off in the room as well, with different colored lights, the size of Christmas ornaments in a tree. A few guys enter the room. I’m happy to see them now, even though only moments ago I wanted to be left alone. Perhaps they know how to fix this. They indeed seem to know what to do.

Thread 1 / Outside view
I explore the larger house. I notice that near the front of the house there are two very different doors next to each other.

Thread 2 / Inside view
I look at the outside wall and notice that there are two doors. These are the same two different doors as seen on the outside. I can tell that these doors must have been set up to give that impression on the outside, but I really can’t think of any reason for that. On the inside it makes no sense at all, especially as the one door is lower, has a piece of lowered floor with it, wasting space that can’t be used for anything else.

Single dream again
Walking through this room, I’m quite happy to see that it features a kitchen. A woman is handing out slices of pie, just out of the oven pie. I’m carrying something in my hands that I first need to put away. She complains because the pie is hot and she’s burning her hands while still holding it for me.

The above example has one more detail that I rarely if ever see in my dreams. I often do quick remote viewings in my dreams to get a different perspective. If I wanted to see both sides of a door, I would stand on one side, and remotely view the other side, leaving my dream body for a moment on the one side. In the above dream I’m physically present at both sides, at the same time.

In the first thread my awareness focuses almost exclusively at the doors. They puzzle me enormously. I wonder how I got there, why I’m looking at it, why the dream seems to pause on this scene, and what the doors could express. In the second thread I have a more encompassing overview, including a sense of what I view in the first thread, but inserted as a memory. I’m also aware that the thread 1 experience is inserted as a memory, having an impression that it’s something more than a memory. The awareness of simultaneous time seems to come from another place, from a somewhat dull witnessing that’s just strong enough to alert me to the possibility of something more going on here.
Both examples of simultaneous dreaming I’ve now given, display rather practical and almost mundane personal themes. I’ve had other dreams about luck and I’ve had other dreams about bananas and food in general. While simultaneous dreaming sounds exotic, it apparently works with dreams that are quite common.

Even in the second example nothing in the content of the dream draws attention to the unusual breaking out of the single timeline that goes on for a brief period. In fact, if it wasn’t for my ‘log something every day’ attitude, I would simply have forgotten this dream. The surface meaning was clear enough, the deeper meaning too puzzling to deal with right away.

I expect that this will hold for other dreamers as well. I see no reason why simultaneous dreams will automatically stand out with extraordinarily exciting content. In other words, we could easily overlook many instances of simultaneous dreaming, as they are easy to discard as hiccups in our remembering, especially when the dreams don’t make an overwhelming impression otherwise. I think that we should dare to trust our impressions a bit more.

A richer example of simultaneous dreaming
My third and last example of simultaneous dreams gives more to reflect upon, as it involves awareness of the simultaneous dreams as well as interaction between the simultaneous dreams.

“Back in the game”

Monday, November 24, 2008

Thread 1 / Room 1

There’s a significantly large group of people going through some kind of selection/elimination process. I’m in it in some way. The room resembles the classroom where we have drawing and painting lessons.

Thread 2 / Room 2

I’m invited to another group that’s going to go through a similar process. I’m honored to be in the group. The room reminds me of the other room, where we did more physical types of arty stuff. I sit down at a table, remark to a young woman on my right, that I’m already in the other group too (running simultaneously with our group).

Single dream / Room 1 again

The group is about done, everybody has failed. No, wait a minute, somebody is back in the game (because he is in the other group). This means that the whole group, about fifteen to twenty of them spread out over the whole room, has to wait to see how this plays out. I’m very hopeful about myself, and expect that I will get through this. I look at myself and...
Simultaneous Time

What it means
Television and movies regularly show multiple story lines supposedly running simultaneously, by offering them sequenced or sometimes in a split screen. Even with a split screen technique we can really only pay attention to one scene at a time. In dreams we have the ability to truly witness simultaneously, and even act simultaneously.

Simultaneous time might hold a promise to, say, learn a new language in no time at all, yet right now that seems much too far removed from our familiarity with the single timeline. Experiencing simultaneous time may however loosen up our notion that life can be intellectually analyzed in terms of linear cause and effect. We may believe so and act accordingly, but reality could very well be much more flexible.

The best and most rewarding experience I’ve had, happened almost twenty years ago, in that dream where I was one with many people at once. It provided an insight into the deeper more spiritual motivations of people, hard to explain in words because we so rarely think about life and people in such ways. I’m only now starting to integrate that experience in a broader view on life. I believe that further exploration of simultaneous time could lead to possibilities we can barely imagine right now.

Try this at home
The December 2009 issue of LDE published a letter by Jayron D. Robinson about simultaneous dreaming. It prompted me to write this article. You may want to read Jayron’s article for another perspective, if you haven’t read it already.

Jayron mentioned that he did not know whether anyone ever successfully incubated simultaneous dreams. I think I incubated something very closely related long ago. I assume everyone could incubate dreams with simultaneous awareness. Dreamers incubate all kinds of dreams: lucid dreams, mutual dreams, precognitive dreams, dreams with other life forms, remote viewings, and so on. Thinking of the Psi Angels group I used to organize dream missions for, I believe that very much can be done with dream incubation.

Perhaps incubation is too big a step at once. Another thing to try at home would be to pay closer attention to the usual dreams. They may have simultaneous parts already, so you only would have to stop jamming them into the standard single timeline and simply acknowledge them as separate threads.

I hope you enjoyed this article. Perhaps we’ll hear more about this topic soon.

Thank You
LDE would like to extend our heart-felt thanks to our readers and contributors.

We sincerely appreciate your support and encouragement, and we hope that LDE will continue to grow and to inspire those with a passion for lucid dreaming.

Lucy and Robert
Isolated sleep paralysis (iSP) is a type of lucid dream that remains largely a mystery to Western dreamers. ISP can be terrifying to uninitiated dreamers, but it also can be a launching pad to extraordinary dreams and positive spiritual experience.

Unfortunately, the nightmare version is more common. Usually occurring during sleep onset, the dreamer realizes that she cannot move. The feeling can be ominous: as if someone—or some thing—is holding her down. Sometimes this uncomfortable sensation is combined with hallucinations that only amplify the fear, including sensing a presence in the room, or seeing a dark and unknown intruder. In its full-blown lucid nightmare form, this hallucination may sit on the dreamer’s chest, taking the form of a monster, demon, or alien entity. And this all happens while the dreamer is awake and aware. As so many have said, “It was realer than real.”

**Biology of iSP**

Lab studies from the early 1990s have shown that iSP takes place during REM (dreaming) sleep at sleep onset or when waking up (Takeuchi et al.). Dreamers can open their eyes and see the sleeping environment, but simultaneously dreams are projected into the living space, effectively creating a hybrid of the dream and waking worlds.

More recently, sleep researchers have hypothesized that we tend to create an apparition because the REM intrusion triggers a perceptual warning system known as the “Threat Vigilance System” (Whalen 1998; Cheyne 2001). Although this sounds a bit like a hangover from September 11th, the proposal is simple: when the dream intrudes, the parts of the brain that identify threats are activated, but they can’t resolve the trouble due to the shifting ambiguity of the dreaming imagery. Another key to this hypothesis is that during REM sleep, the fear centers of the brain are also highly activated: the limbic system and, particularly, the amygdala (Hobson 2002). In a feedback loop of uncertainty and expectation, we literally manifest our worst nightmares.

**Demons, Ogres and Aliens**

Western history is full of nightmarish stories of demons, mysterious cloaked men, hairy creatures, and ogres who sit on the dreamer’s chest. In the Middle Ages in Europe, and up until the 1600s in the U.S., women were accused of witchcraft and put to death for “associating” with these creatures of the night. Even today, many people who suffer from iSP nightmares are shamed into silence because being haunted by demons in the 21st century, this Age of Information, is to be cursed twice over. Ghost hauntings and the sexual demons known as incubi and succubi may also have their experiential roots in the iSP encounter. Further, alien abduction tales may be the modern re-envisioning of the old fairy abduction myths; many of these accounts begin with sleep paralysis and follow with fantastic lucid journeys (McNally and Clancy 2005).

**The Role of Expectation**

However, these nightmarish experiences are only one side of the coin. Expectation is a well-known causation of lucid dreaming outcomes (LaBerge 1985). Lucid dreamers know from personal experience that a dream is not a “given,” but rather a state that is co-created with the conscious and unconscious mind working in call-and-response. Medical anthropologist David Hufford (2005) has suggested that the scientific understanding of iSP is not in conflict with the modern belief in spirits, entities, and ghosts. What we believe about the divine, God, and the nature of evil is put to the test during these harrowing encounters, regardless of our understanding of the mechanisms involved.
But nature shows us the face we turn towards it. Lucid dreamer and sleep paralysis expert Jorge Conesa-Sevilla (2004) has shown that, with practice, courage, and gratitude, iSP hallucinations can move away from the typical nightmare scenario of aliens and demons, and instead include visitations of benign entities and helpful spirits.

**Allies, Guides and Angels**

Below is an example of one of my SP dreams that took another path by moving through fear and into trust. This encounter happened five years ago, and was one of the first times I was able to shift my SP away from the nightmare and into a healing process.

*I know I am in sleep paralysis. I am conscious of my sleeping body on the bed, lying on my stomach. There is a woman in front of me with dark curly hair. I feel her presence first – then she steps into the room. I feel her standing beside the bed, then sitting beside me. I cannot see her face. I am scared, but I decide to trust the woman. She then sits on my lower back – I can feel her weight. Then “gravity” rotates 180 degrees so it seems like I’m now lying on my back. I feel the woman’s hands on my chest area, and my whole chest becomes warm and tingly. I know she is healing me somehow, and I relax further into the sensation of being cared for. The heat extends through my body to my back, not just on the surface of my skin, a warm and deep glow. I woke refreshed from this dream, and excited that I was able to turn my fear into trust and surrender so I could receive this healing gift.*

Other spiritual iSP encounters can include visitations of the dead, of wise old men and women who whisper secrets in our ears, and of lovely creatures that glow with white light and love. Still other encounters can resemble shamanic initiations, in which the dreamer is put to a test. Not all terrifying dream imagery is a product of fear, after all. Just as in waking life, there are challenging thresholds that dreamers must pass through as we walk a spiritual path.

I am reminded that, hidden in our folklore and history books, other encounters like this have been recorded: of fairies, pixies, elves, and ancestors who give a gift to the dreamer, or share uncanny wisdom and advice. For example, 17th century mystic and scientist Emmanuel Swedenborg is well known for his claims of conversing with angels. His voluminous writings include instructions for incubating these visions, which with modern eyes have all the marks of hypnagogic hallucinations and lucid dreams.

Our culture is still learning about this dynamic visionary experience. What was once the province of folklore and superstition is showing itself to be grounded in scientifically-verifiable vision states. Neurotheology, or the study of the brain’s relationship to the divine, has the potential to educate us about the mechanisms of these fantastic states of consciousness. However, sharing our private experiences is just as important for moving the culture forward. As David Hufford reminds us, science does not trump meaning when it comes to visionary spiritual experience. We must have courage to discover for ourselves what is myth and what is dreaming reality.

**BIO:** Ryan Hurd is a dream educator and editor of DreamStudies.org. He is the author of *Sleep Paralysis: A Dreamer’s Guide.*

**References**


At the age of 11 I was diagnosed with RISP (Recurrent Isolated Sleep Paralysis). After enduring these night-time occurrences incessantly for six months or so, I had my first Out-Of-Body Experience. Curiosity replaced the fear and I eventually worked out what was causing them to happen.

Since then I have induced thousands of OOBEs and Lucid Dreams over a 25-year period and taught many people the same practical method I use. The state I induce - the trance state, vibrational state, sleep paralysis (call it what you may) - leads to a conscious OOBE or a waking consciousness Lucid Dream, the latter of which I think is often mistaken for Astral Projection.

I have often become unintentionally lucid during a dream, but because of my familiarity with the trance state, tend to wake up within the ‘state’ with which I use to re-enter the dream fully lucid; usually from the point I left it or rather the environment I was in. I will say that the majority of my OOBEs and Lucid Dreams are entered before sleep with no prior loss of consciousness. Over the years I have pretty much steered clear of most of the literature that uses belief-centric labelling or implies religious connotation to these experiences, and have come to realize that there is a massive body of rubbish written about the subject.

I take quite a pragmatic approach to the experience, I can’t deny that there are extra-consciousness processes at work because I have experienced a cacophony of bizarre and profound OOBEs over the years. I have just never attached a religious or mystical aspect to them and move more towards a scientific explanation, that at the moment is considered fringe and would need to encompass many disciplines like neurology, psychology, philosophy, quantum physics and psycho-pharmacology to name but a few.

Recently, I experienced what could be considered by some to be ‘mystical’ and came completely out of the blue in terms of my understanding and air of expectation. Due to work obligations I have been rather nocturnal of late. Working from home I can pretty much choose when I work, as long as deadlines are met of course. A 5:00 a.m. bed time has become quite common. I can get a lot of work done while the country sleeps and I can be pretty much guaranteed to have a good strong OOBE when I hit the hay. On the morning of the 4th of January I closed my laptop and retired to bed with the intent (as always) of inducing the trance state.

**4th January, 2010, 5:10 a.m.**

I was lying on the sofa doing my normal OOBE induction and succeeded in separating about three or four times, all of which were blind. I tried anchoring myself when I was out and succeeded in seeing my hands as I rubbed them together. Normally I experience the Sleep Paralysis along with all the usual sensations... vibration... buzzing in the ears... etc. I thought that they had stopped so I lay there, still, and realized I was still in the trance state.

Suddenly I felt that my body was enveloped in something and a whole new set of sensations took hold; One was of complete and utter detachment from myself... total dissociation... Another was a rising choral sound... like the trippy bit at the end of **2001 A Space Odyssey**...
This is the most overwhelming part... In my central field of vision, set against a vast blackness was a small spinning 3-dimensional star... it wasn’t spinning fast... just rotating. It appeared to be slightly translucent, like it was made of bright crystal. It seemed to be constructed from two tetrahedrons... a 3D Star of David....

As soon as I saw it I started to lift... very differently than a normal OOBE. It was as though I was undergoing some sort of automatic process(?). I started to worry because it seemed ominous; I mean... I have had over four thousand OOBEs... I’ve been scared before, but this was a different feeling that I simply cannot describe. Suddenly as I got closer to the ‘star’ a horizontal wavy horizon line of energy(?) began streaming from it... like the proton beams in Ghost-Busters... AMAZING All I could think was that I wasn’t ready. I ended it.

This is the last image that I saw before I ended the experience. The spinning motion was more than just movement. I omitted this fact from the original text because it was very abstract and difficult to describe, and still is for that matter but it does deserve more mention. As it rotated on its vertical axis, the motion seemed to have substance and emotion, or rather it was provoking an ominous and fearful emotional response from me.

The substance or volume(?) that the object emanated was of a simultaneous push and pull; like the volumetric resistance felt when pushing two magnets together at their opposing poles, but also seemed to be pulling ‘me’ towards it. The emotional aspect was as though it was making me feel like a child... or like I was a child again and I was being reminded of a childhood memory. Very hard to put in words, so this may be lost in translation. It was the object itself that was causing the fear. The object itself seemed stark, sterile, mechanical, and almost artificial or synthetic.

In describing this experience to two friends, they both sent me a link to the same web page that gives a short description of something called the Merkaba, described as ‘the divine light vehicle allegedly used by ascended masters to connect with and reach those in tune with the higher realms.’ The illustrations that accompanied the text were almost identical to the ‘thing’ that I experienced, minus a human form that is depicted inside them.

I was quite astounded by the similarities, not only visually but also the described spinning motion and mystical context. I did do a bit more reading, but started to encounter the same New-Age jargon that I have consistently stayed clear of. But it did get me thinking; if I had no prior knowledge or interest in sacred geometry or mysticism, why did I experience it?

Plant The Subconscious Seed of Lucidity – and Have a Lucid Dream Tonight!

Lucid Fiction: A Short Story Collection on Dreams, Consciousness and Alternate Realities – is a lucid dreaming tool like no other. It was created by sci-fi and fantasy authors with one single aim: to subconsciously incubate lucid dreams...

Just as horror movies beget nightmares, so too can Lucid Fiction beget lucid dreams! Simply by reading one short story before bed, people have reported amazing success with the subconscious incubation technique used here. This method is great for beginners and intermediates – and it really works!

“Clever, imaginative and engaging... Highly recommended for lovers of science fiction and fantasy.” – Joshua Anderson

“...entertaining, thought-provoking and mind-altering-delicious. The writers ‘get’ what it feels like to be inside a lucid dream; this experiential know-how is the strongest aspect of the collection as a whole because it trips your own memory of being inside a dream... After reading through the collection, I had a powerful lucid dream the same night. (Seriously powerful! I faced down the tornado that’s been haunting my dreams for a decade!)” – Ryan Hurd, Dream Studies

To download Lucid Fiction instantly and experience the subconscious incubation method, visit World of Lucid Dreaming at: http://www.world-of-lucid-dreaming.com/lucid-fiction.html
Achieving lucid dreams on a regular basis is one of the biggest obstacles a beginner (and even an intermediate) oneironaut faces. And yet, paradoxically, we can have our first lucid dream on the very same day we discover the concept, as if it’s a simple case of “ask and ye shall receive.”

So what’s going on? Why does it sometimes seem ridiculously easy to induce a lucid dream – and other times frustratingly hard? What part of us ‘decides’ to have a lucid dream, and what are the prerequisites for having one?

Like many lucid dreaming conundrums, the answer lies within the subconscious mind.

The subconscious mind is considered by most laymen as unknown and unfathomable. Thanks to Freud, many people believe it to be the dark side of the human psyche, fraught with repressed desires and uncensored urges. In truth, modern psychological therapies are supporting the idea that the subconscious is more like a child, who learns all about the world through direct experience and builds up its own unique system of conceptual understanding.

This explains a lot about the nature of dreams, which are largely subconscious affairs, playing out our thoughts, fears and anxieties in conceptual form. The more emotional our waking day, the more vivid and intense our dreams are. And this presents us with an excellent way to induce lucidity, with the subconscious mind acting as our own “lucid alarm clock.” Whatever you experience vividly in the day can be resurrected in your dreams.

Do you remember watching a scary movie before going to sleep when you were a kid – only to have nightmares about the monster under your bed? Or have you suffered a traumatic event like a car crash, only to dream about sudden loud noises waking you up in the night? These are both examples of the subconscious mind storing emotional memories from the daytime and replaying them to us in our sleep. And this is how the subconscious incubation technique works.

It’s already widely accepted among dream experts that immersing yourself in lucid dreaming literature before sleep can have a big impact on your ability to lucid dream. I’ve noticed this phenomenon myself time after time – when I write a new article about lucid dreaming for my website, I am much more likely to have a lucid dream the same night. You can try this yourself by reading any lucid dreaming tutorial or guidebook tonight.

But what makes the subconscious incubation technique work well is the emotional content of the memory. Remember, while the conscious mind thinks, the subconscious mind feels. So it makes sense to load your subconscious intention to lucid dream with as much emotion as possible. The best way to go about this is by watching a movie about lucid dreaming; Waking Life is one good example, but there are not many others that deal exclusively with the essence of lucidity. So the alternative is to go about reading fictional stories that capture the imagination, as with Lucid Fiction.

Continued on page 20
THE FER FREAKIN' OUT ADVENTURES OF KID LUCID!

OUR HERO ENTERS!

TAH TEE TAH...

RIDING MY BIKE!

THAT ONLY HAPPENS WHEN I AM DREAMING!

YUP! THERE'S AGAIN... BLENDED IN TO THE FENCE!

I'M DEFINITELY DREAMING-NG-NG

SPECIAL THANKS TO JULIAN CHAVEZ!
O GOODIE! THAT MEANS I CAN VISIT REESE HITHER SWOON LIKE I PREPLANNED!

REESE FROM 2000 AND 3!

REESE IF YOU PLEASE....

WAH?!?

POLICE!

I AM SORRY DENIZEN WE ARE GOING TO HAVE TO REVOKE YOUR LUSCENSE.

POLICE?

DREAM POLICE!

YOU GOT TO BE KIDDING ME!

NO! WAIT! DON'T SAY...

FLOYD FIPPLESTEIN! FROM FOURTH GRADE!

SO NORMAL TO SEE YOU....
**Lucid Fiction** is a tool I created last year to help anyone become lucid using the subconscious incubation technique. It is a collection of short stories themed on lucid dreaming and alternate realities, with the goal of emulating the conscious dream state. We tested the effects of the stories on a number of guinea pigs and the results were astonishing. Several readers experienced spontaneous lucidity within the first week – and one experienced lucid dreamer (Ryan Hurd of *Dream Studies*) had a lucid dream on the very first night in which he faced down a tornado that had been haunting his dreams for more than 10 years!

For beginner and intermediate lucid dreamers who are desperately stuck “in between” lucid dreams, the subconscious incubation technique can be a godsend. Firstly, because it does not require any complex visualization or meditation techniques. And secondly, because it requires very little preparation – beyond reading a short, 10-15 minute story before bed. The stories in *Lucid Fiction* have been described as “imaginative and engaging” – ideally, enough to trigger an emotional response, and also to be a source of enjoyment in itself.

Here is a brief synopsis of some of the short stories in *Lucid Fiction* – there are twelve stories featured altogether, written by seven different authors.

**Infallible** – What if you made all the rules in life? What would you do? What if, with a few words and a deep breath, you could re-write the laws of the universe? *Infallible* is based on the concept that we are able to change anything about ourselves with the base authority we have over our own subconscious mind... and as a result, our conscious experience.

**Robots** – David and Chloe are identical twins living in a future where technology has overcome the need for sleep and dreaming. Inserted into the brains of all newborn babies, the Sleep Chip ensures the survival of a thriving 24-hour society – but at what cost?

**The Same Stupid Dream** – Jerome has escaped the bullies in his fifth grade class by convincing his mother to home school him. But now they’ve come to haunt his nightmares... Learning to go lucid helps at first – and now Jerome must figure out how to get the bullies of his nightmares to leave him alone once and for all.

**Reaper** – In a topsy-turvy lucid dream world of impossibilities, a young woman is intrigued by the presence of a girl, who seems to appear only whenever she becomes lucid. What does the girl want? Why can’t she communicate? Is she a dream character – or is she real? Reaching out to the child, the woman is taken on a high-speed journey through the young girl’s life – and soon begins to understand why their realities are now clashing...

**Shipwrecked** – Jack awakens with no memory on an isolated, tropical island. As he slowly adapts to his new environment, the days turn to weeks without any sign of rescue. The island is tranquil – but inside Jack’s head is chaos. Where does the disembodied voice come from? How will he stave off hunger and infection? Who will come to rescue him? What will his life be like on the outside? As Jack formulates his escape plan, he is about to make a disturbing discovery...

To download *Lucid Fiction* and take full advantage of the subconscious incubation technique, visit the *World of Lucid Dreaming* website at: http://www.world-of-lucid-dreaming.com/lucid-fiction.html

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**Do you have a lucid dream to share?**

**Next Deadline**

**May 15, 2010**

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

*Submissions are printed at the discretion of the LDE editors.*
What happens when we die? Where do we go? Do we go anywhere? What will it be like? If my body is dead, how will I be able to see or hear? Will I be able to see or hear?

It was questions like these that occupied the mind of an ancient physician, over 1500 years ago. He found his answers, not in his religion, not in the science of his time, but in a more intimate and immediate way. He received his answer in a dream – a lucid dream. In fact, this particular dream is the first written report of a lucid dream in recorded history. The description of the dream was found within the letters of St. Augustine, a Christian philosopher and priest.

In 415 A.D. St. Augustine wrote a letter to a priest by the name of Evodius, in which he described the dream experiences of Gennadius, a physician from Carthage. Gennadius, disturbed by doubts as to whether there was life after physical death, had two dreams. In the first he was visited by a youth "of remarkable appearance and commanding presence" who demanded that he follow him. Gennadius did so and was led to a city where he could hear singing "so exquisitely sweet" and unlike anything he had ever heard before. He asked his guide what the music was, and was told, "it is the hymn of the blessed and the holy." At this point Gennadius woke, believing the experience to be nothing more than just a dream.

However, the next night, as he dreamed again, his young guide of the previous night returned and asked Gennadius if he recognized him. The physician replied "Certainly!" Then the youth asked him where they had met, but Gennadius could not remember, though he did correctly recall and describe the event of their meeting and what had occurred.

The young guide then asked the physician if the events he just described took place in sleep or in wakefulness. Gennadius replied, "In sleep," to which the youth responded with "You remember it well; it is true that you saw these things in sleep, but I would have you know that even now you are seeing in sleep." The youth continued, "Where is your body now?" Gennadius answered "in my bed." (Gennadius was lucid; aware he was dreaming, while his body slept in his bed.)

The youth pressed on; "Do you know that the eyes in this body of yours are now bound and closed, and that with these eyes you are seeing nothing?" "I know it," answered Gennadius. The guide then asked, "What then are the eyes with which you see me?" To this, Gennadius could not respond, he did not know the answer. The young guide then provided him with answers he had been seeking in his waking life:

"As while you are asleep and lying on your bed these eyes of your body are now unemployed and doing nothing, and yet you have eyes with which you behold me, and enjoy this vision, so after your death, while your bodily eyes shall be wholly inactive, there shall be in you a life by which you shall live, and a faculty of perception by which you shall still perceive. Beware, therefore, after this of harboring doubts as to whether the life of man shall continue after death."

According to St. Augustine, "This believer says that by this means all doubts as to the matter were removed from him." Gennadius had awakened, satisfied with his answer, and didn’t doubt the existence of life after death again.

Is there life after death?

I’ll leave that question to you, the reader, with these words from St. Augustine:

“Nevertheless, while it is free to everyone to believe or disbelieve these statements, every man has his own consciousness at hand as a teacher by whose help he may apply himself to this most profound question.”

Reference: Letter 159 (A.D. 415), St. Augustine  www.newadvent.org/fathers/1102159.htm

Editor’s Note: The above article is excerpted from “Lucid Dreaming and the Afterlife” © Lucy Gillis 2006. The entire article can be found on the Lucid Dream Exchange website in the “Past LDE Articles” section. Go to: http://www.dreaminglucid.com/articleafterlife.html
Occasionally in a spiritual biography, you will read of a person meeting a spiritual teacher in a dream or altered state before meeting him or her in waking reality. Oddly enough, this has occurred to me twice. The second time astounded me, as I felt stunned to meet the head of Hanmi Buddhism (the Chinese Esoteric School of Buddhism), Dechan Jueren or Master Yu Tian Jian, who I had conversed with in dreams and lucid dreams for more than 15 years.

My first spiritual teachers appeared to me in a precognitive dream on June 16, 1973. I call the dream “precognitive,” because a “Voice” behind me explained that the events portrayed would occur in three years time. I patiently waited and three years later to that day, the main dream events had occurred.

A portion of the dream included an introduction to my first spiritual teachers, Jane Roberts and Rob Butts, who published the mind-expanding work, known as The Seth Material. In the dream, brilliant light shot out from their faces and the lamp between them, as they sat in a bar. Upon waking, my Midwestern conventionality felt very concerned that bar patrons could assume the role of my spiritual teachers! Obviously, I had a lot to learn and many stereotypes to overcome.

The profound ideas in the Seth material helped me immensely as a beginning lucid dreamer at that time. Lucid, I could examine the mind’s creation of experience, explore the larger self, and after twenty years of lucid dreaming, seek to go “beyond” form, or beyond lucid dreaming. Prior to and during this intense period, I noted the reappearance of an Asian teacher, who often congratulated me on my dream abilities and gave me advice. I mention this unknown figure in my book, Lucid Dreaming: Gateway to the Inner Self (Moment Point Press, 2009). At the time, I assumed that this Asian teacher represented a symbolic archetype or perhaps a past life helper (see pg 132 in my book, and the photo at the bottom of this article).

After completing the book’s final editing and proof-reading in the spring of 2008, I had a series of “gifting” dreams. Known and unknown people appeared in my dreams bearing gifts – sometimes thousands of gifts! I considered this an auspicious sign. The gift dreams culminated in an extremely real seeming dream in which a bald headed Chinese Buddhist sat in a temple room, and presented me with an ancient turquoise necklace. As he put it around my neck, the room exploded into intense violet blocks of light! I woke, feeling both mystified and transformed.

Little did I realize that this Chinese Buddhist gift dream would become the inner key to unlock a whole series of unusual dreams and waking events (because of their length and detail, I will not mention them here). Coincidentally, it occurred a month before the passing of one of my first spiritual teachers, Robert Butts in May 2008, whose wife, Jane Roberts, had pre-deceased him.
Afterwards, I wrote a friend about this powerful dream of the Chinese Buddhist giving me an ancient turquoise necklace. My friend responded that he planned to host a Chinese Buddhist master’s workshop in the San Francisco Bay area in a few months, and included the link. I clicked the link. Suddenly, I saw the man who had given me the ancient turquoise necklace.

Words can hardly explain the powerful sense of recognition, amazement, wonder and shock that captured me at that moment. The dream helper and advisor who had appeared in my dreams and lucid dreams for more than 15 years existed in waking reality!

As I reviewed his life, I realized that I had dreamt of him, Master Yu, as he appeared at the time of the dream. Since becoming the head of Hanmi Buddhism in 1989, his appearance has changed considerably (a point that he comments on as well). Other unusual dreams suddenly made sense -- hearing Buddhist phrases, seeing little known Buddhist icons, sitting in Buddhist temples, traveling around China and Mongolia, etc. – all of which struck me as strange, since I had so little interest in Buddhism.

Master Yu Tian Jian, or Dechan Jueren, has been named the 49th lineage holder of the Chinese Esoteric school of Buddhism, or Hanmi Buddhism. Additionally, he serves as the 47th lineage holder of the Linji branch of the Chan tradition (or Chinese Zen tradition).

In my book, I repeatedly suggest that lucid dreaming can introduce you to a larger self identity, far beyond the simple confines of the ego which we often identify with solely. These dream events of Master Yu serve to confirm for me the larger identity that each of us possess and connect with in altered states on occasion. I feel honored to have met the head of this ancient lineage and learn of his spiritual attainment and wisdom.

And Master Yu in an earlier photo, looking very similar to how he appeared in the lucid dream in my book from June 2003.
I have visited God or a supreme spirit in lucid dreams on several occasions, but never came away with anything really earth shaking.

Answers to my questions were always very simple statements or in some cases statements that I couldn’t remember or interpret. After reading Tom Campbell’s *My Big TOE* (Theory of Everything) I began using ‘spiritual’ guides to take me through various experiences. Some of these have been exciting and perhaps more meaningful. The following dream is an example.

I am walking in a cave-like structure. Because the floor is very wet and slippery I attempt to climb one of the walls. I keep sliding back and getting nowhere. (I have trained myself to interpret several emotions like frustration, anxiety, fear, and feeling lost as dream signs. Since these emotions occur occasionally in wakeful life and more often in dreams, I have a chance to practice them in wakeful life and I am more likely to remember to do dream tests when they happen in dreams.) I find myself frustrated and unable to get anywhere in this cave. I look at my digital watch, and instead of seeing numbers, I see flowers dancing around on its face. I conclude from this that I am dreaming and I immediately become lucid.

I sail through the roof of the cave and into the atmosphere with ease. I soar straight upwards at very high speed, and, as usually happens, I feel free and elated at being able to fly, and I enjoy the rush of air through my hair and over my skin. I am aware of the great height, but have no fear of falling. I ask for a guide to take me to a beautiful place where I can learn something new.

As soon as the words leave my mouth, everything around me lights up as though someone has just turned on a bright light. This gives me a new feeling of great insight as though now every mystery had become clear. Something takes me by the hand and together we soar into space. I can see first the lights, highways, and structures getting smaller below and as we continue into space the earth gets smaller below. We fly past a satellite and far into space. Strangely enough, I had no interest in looking at the guide or seeing what shape or form it may have. I have not yet attempted to see the guide.

Eventually we stop and hover in space; everything is extremely dark and quiet. And then, suddenly, out of nowhere, I see a series of extremely colorful and beautiful planets lined up and moving in a circular orbit. I gasp and shout out that it is the most beautiful thing I have ever seen. I ask how I could have such a beautiful experience in spite of never having seen anything even close to this before. The response I hear is that these planets have not yet been discovered by man.

I don’t know how the transition occurs, but suddenly I find myself on a manmade space station sitting in a place that resembles the rafters or attic of a large building. Now I am listening to a TV news announcer exclaiming that of all the mysterious things to study in space the crew on the space station is searching for a mouse that is loose on the space station. I sense that the mouse is near me, and suddenly he approaches and sits on my shoulder. I believe that lucidity had faded at this point. The dream ends and I wake up.

Fortuitously, this dream occurred a few days before a group of British astronomers announced the discovery of 36 new earth-like planets.
Tracy Niesen, August 21, 2009
Hands of Love

This experience started out from a non lucid dream. I cannot recall what the dream was about but I soon found myself lucid, flying freely through the air. I was flying just for the pure enjoyment of flying. I came to a roller coaster and became like the car. I flew up the ramp and then down, enjoying the butterfly sensations in my stomach.

Then I came to a building and started to fly around in it. I do not exactly remember what I was doing but I did meet a dream character who looked familiar to me as if I had seen him in a dream before. I told him that he looked familiar to me but he assured me that we had never met. As he said this to me he had a sly smile on his face so I was unsure whether or not he was telling me the truth. I asked him if he were one of my guides but he never gave up his identity.

At that point I asked God directly to let me meet a spirit guide who would just hug me and show me love. Shortly after my request, I was flying down a hallway and I saw a woman appear. She looked as though she might have been in a wheelchair. She had a glowing light about her unlike any of the dream characters I have ever met. I went to her and gave her a hug. I felt great love with this.

Then I noticed this bright glowing light around us. Two hands came out of the light and cradled my face. I couldn’t see anyone in the light, just two hands. Then the experience ended. Whoever the hands belonged to imparted great love and it was such a gentle expression, like something you would do to a child to let them know that they are loved. It was a wonderful experience.

Cornelia, January 2010
“Show Me God”

I would describe myself as a spiritual person but I’m critical too and so I’m more searching for “god” than really knowing him. Accordingly, the following dream task was typical for my “spiritual life”:

I wanted to find out what god is. So I went to sleep with the intention to ask my “inner self” to show me god.

I woke up in the night, wondering if it was a false awakening. I wanted to go out of bed but I could move my body only with a great effort. Usually this is the moment when I completely lose or win lucidity. This time I became lucid and fortunately remembered my intention to pronounce the following three words:

“Show me god”

I didn’t expect a clear answer but I got one: I found myself in a wonderful forest. I was flying and I felt completely happy because I was a part of nature. I realized that all that I ever could find out about “god” was present in this moment. But it wasn’t a new spiritual experience. It’s the way I feel during my walks through the woods. Not the feeling of completeness, but its meaning, was the gift of this lucid dream: I realized what god was to me.

And I recognised that in spite of all my spiritual questions there are actually some believable answers deep in my heart.

Bonita Summers, January, 2010
Face of an Angel

I’m in a room with tables covered in red cloth. I’ve just been standing in front of one of the tables, getting a reading from a psychic. This appears to be a very small psychic fair, with only a few tables, but in a vast room.

Now, I’m sitting on a red couch adjacent to the table where I was standing.
The psychic to whom I spoke is now standing in front of me, looking down at me.

I become lucid as I look up at him. He has short, blonde hair in tight curls and blue eyes. His gaze penetrates me to the core, as though he can see completely into me. I'm afraid to look into his eyes and be so exposed and vulnerable, so I close my eyes.

Then, I open them. I reach up, wanting to touch his beautiful face, but at the same time feeling that this would be disrespectful. I raise my hand and say, "Help me. Take my hand and help me." And I wake up.

In many years of having lucid dreams, I have never had one before where someone gazed into my eyes with such depth of awareness. It was a compelling dream moment for me.

Curt McClive, February 7, 2010
“What Does it Take to be a Man?”

I'm in some sort of building and want to take a nap so I can have a lucid dream. As I'm getting ready, one or two people come in the room and want to talk about work. I'm really disappointed. I lay down on the bed/sofa anyway and can hear voices and feel movements in the room as I fall asleep. Then I find myself somewhere else. I'm feeling very groggy and float up a little after taking a step. I realize I have been in the air too long and that this must be a dream. I'm really surprised. But I'm so groggy I can hardly see. I emphatically repeat “clarity now!” until I breathe deeply and feel more awake. I can now see more clearly and feel more energetic.

I soar through the air, getting higher and higher over a sparse forest. Then I start angling down, seemingly unintended, and keep going. I wonder if I'm going to go into the soil when I hit the ground and what that will be like while lucid in a dream. When I reach the ground, I do go into it and don't see much but rather I feel like I “hit” all sorts of things as I pass through the soil.

I find myself in a hotel-like building. I'm told to go down a hallway and find my inner soul. I fly slowly down the hallway, then follow it to the left and get into a hotel-room-like bathroom which is at the end of the hall. Figuring I went too far and missed what I was supposed to find, I fly back into the main hallway.

I see a small egg-shaped head rolling along the floor and ask it if it knows where my inner self is. I realize I changed the wording from “inner soul” to “inner self” but don’t correct myself. The head somehow communicates to follow it. It goes into the bathroom at the end of the hall. It hops onto a plate that is on top of the closed toilet, cracks like an egg, leaving a yolk on the plate and some thicker stuff behind it.

Some part of this becomes a chick-like bird that flaps its wings and dances around the plate very energetically, diving into the yolk and the other bits on the plate as if it is in a bird bath. This all happens very quickly and I realize this is who I was meant to see. The chick falls onto the floor and grows and grows, becoming a boy then a young man then a mature muscular man. As he becomes the muscular man, he asks, almost to himself, “What does it take to be a man?” All of this happens very quickly too, and his actions and voice have an intense energy.

I partly stand because I'm feeling a little uncomfortable in my legs and he partly stands in response, saying something in a very quiet voice that I can't understand. He has apparently interpreted my action as I think we are done and am about to leave - which I'm not - because he shuts the bathroom door, seemingly trying to keep me in the room. I say “Sorry, I couldn’t understand you. What did you say?” He starts to talk again but I wake up.

Erin Langley, December 20, 2009
What’s Beyond the Lucid Dream?

I'm in an empty bedroom. I ask to see what's beyond the lucid dream. I keep going up and up and the rooms get more and more etheric. I keep asking this question. The lighting turns a luminous blue. Now I am holding a glowing mushroom, looking at my sleeping body. A cloth covers my face and obstructs my breathing. I sing opera while holding this radiant mushroom. My identity becomes larger and more diffuse. I decide to stop the dream so I don't have to endure the obliteration of ego, which kind of sucks sometimes.
Mark Lane, Winter 2010
Seeking My Shadow

This lucid dream seems to have been in two parts: The first part is whereby I become lucid just at the end of a flying scene. I'm non lucid flying above a green valley with two other young men. We are in a line holding each other's hand. A fourth man joins us and says urgently to me, "Hey we need to go find our shadow!" I suddenly become lucid and say, "Yeah, we do. Let's go!"

I nose-dive down until we hit the ground except it isn't earth, its water which is dark and murky. At this point I'm awakened by my wife getting up.

I spontaneously decide to take a galantamine/choline capsule. This, I might add, was the first time I'd ever taken a dream supplement. I recite my three tasks I had written down the previous day:

1—Stay calm and focused
2—Go seek my shadow
3—Embrace it with a warm and friendly attitude

I wait an hour or so before falling back to sleep. It feels like in no time I'm in a dream and quickly become lucid while inspecting a bright blue cafeteria table up close. I attain a low level lucid state and start to slowly fly around. After briefly witnessing a scene with my wife making up small sacred offerings (prasad) with a group of Spanish people, I become fully lucid and decide to go and seek out my shadow.

Suddenly I'm outside on the ground and I start to sink into the earth; it is like quick sand. A fear begins to rise but I say to myself, "It's okay, it's just a dream." I stay calm and quickly rise back up. Now I'm in a new environment where it's night time. I'm standing on grey sand and decide to fly around and look for my shadow in the darkest areas.

I fly over to a suburban bungalow nearby glancing around for some clue as to where my shadow would be. I turn to see a young black girl about six years old very close. "Hi!" I say in a friendly manner but she just smiles back. As I look past her I see more and more people who are gathering together. I'm drawn to go towards them to embrace them. There's a feeling of celebration and everyone is pleased to see me. They're dressed in fine clothes, mainly white, but there are others with various bright colours.

I enthusiastically begin to hug as many as I can which I can't do fast enough. One young man is looking dazed, dressed in a children's black Halloween vampire costume. I grab and hug him affectionately and say, "Come here you!" He appears dumb-founded. There are approximately 200 people coming towards me to be embraced. I become ecstatic and lose lucidity after embracing about 20 people.

Then I'm in a non-lucid dream telling my wife all about my lucid dream. I awaken from this with my wife tapping on the room door for me to let her in. Excitedly, I then "really" tell her about my lucid dream!

Bonita Summers
"Take Me to the Highest"

Many years ago, after reading Dr. Stephen Laberge's book, Lucid Dreaming, I decided to try an experiment during my next lucid dream.

When the opportunity came, I spoke the words, "Take me to the highest." Suddenly, I was rushing upward at an incredible speed as though through a tunnel of coloured light. As I moved upward, the colours changed and geometric symbols appeared in the air in front of me.

I felt incredible pressure on my head at intervals, as though I was passing through barriers of some kind. With each interval, the pressure increased, becoming painful.

Finally, I grew frightened by my experience, put my hands together in a prayer position, and asked that the experience stop, which it did. And the dream ended.
Dreams come in many forms and deal with many issues. One class of dreams can be called “Creation” dreams because in these we can observe and explore the elusive act of creation itself. Every thought, every choice we make is an act of creation!

Lucid/Creation Dream # 1.

Genesis Dream

This lucid dream is unique because it is literally a dream about genesis, or the creation of life. It serves as a testament to the nature of consciousness and the power of imagination.

I awaken in utter darkness. My body is human and I'm standing on dry, lifeless ground, naked. Moving forward, I inch my way along with bare feet until my right foot touches water. It's warm and inviting so I enter and swim from the shore, feeling my way with every movement. The water, too, feels dead and I wonder, where are the fish? Suddenly fry, or baby fish, begin nibbling curiously at my skin. Then I wonder, where's the light? and dawn breaks.

As darkness turns to light, I wonder, where are the dangerous water creatures? and poisonous snakes appear, swimming on top of the water in every direction. Below the surface large, toothy fish flash by. Some slow to study me (to size me up?) then swim away. Sensing danger, my next thoughts are spontaneous and crystal clear. I wish you no harm and I want no harm. Be at peace.

Near the opposite shore, I wonder where the plants are, and they magically appear as if they were there all along. Standing up to walk ashore, I wonder where the dangerous animals are and a ferocious Komodo Dragon appears on top of the grassy knoll a short distance from me. Fearing I turned the "danger knob" up too high again, I wonder why this Komodo Dragon can't be different, why it can't be friendly. Suddenly it becomes playful, awkwardly wagging its long tail as it looks at me, no longer drooling in hungry anticipation. Like a puppy, it gambols happily at my feet waiting to be petted.

Lucid/Creation Dream # 2.

Mule Team Dream

(1/11/1991 - 4:10 AM)

This dream differs in some ways from the original version I described in 1991. Memories of events change over time as we relive them. New dreams and new recollections reshape the memory of our past as if trying to flesh them out and refine them. What you read here is the fleshed out, refined version of the lucid dream I had January 11, 1991. Enjoy it and take from it what you will.

I wake up behind the steering wheel of a car driving at high speed down an empty highway. An arched concrete bridge looms ahead, which is littered with tall weeds growing out of dirt and gravel accumulated from years of disuse. Anxious to reach my destination, wherever that may be, I continue driving at high speed. When I notice ducks foraging for food in the dirt and weeds on the bridge, an alarm goes off. Slamming on the brakes, I come to a screeching halt in a cloud of exploding dust and squawking ducks. Leaving the car parked sideways, I walk to the top of the bridge. A large section in the middle is missing. If I had kept going, I would have driven off the edge and crashed into the water and concrete below. Looking into the distance, I see my destination. It's a lone farmhouse several miles down the road.
Determined to complete my journey, I leave the bridge and walk to the edge of the sheer cliff above the waterway. The creek or river bank is thirty to forty feet below. Short of jumping, I don't see any way down. Desperate, I resort to wishful thinking and long for a way down the cliff - a tree, a rope, a ladder, anything will do. Suddenly, there it is, a tree is standing right in front of me! It's just the right size and type to climb down. Reverting back to non-magical, earthbound thinking, I wonder how I could have missed it? Jumping across a small gap to a sturdy limb, I climb down the tree, thinking: *I know this wasn't here before or I would have seen it!*

The water is dirty, muddy and smelly giving me second thoughts about wading or swimming to the other side. Resorting to magical thinking again, I long for another way to cross, one that will keep me clean and dry. As this wishful thought fades, I behold another "miracle". Two mules are standing in the water right in front of me where none had stood before. One is white and the other black. They look like the two mules I pass every day in my bus on Starr Road in Windsor. Thrilled by such good fortune, I strip and bundle my clothes to keep them dry. Turning around in the water, the mules make it easier for me to mount them. To stay dry, I straddle the backs of both mules, stomach down, with an arm around each neck and a leg thrown over each broad back.

Walking side by side, belly to belly, the two mules carry me across the stream as I hug them in appreciation. On the other side, I jump down and hug them both again, still thinking they're the same two mules I pass every day on Starr Road. After dressing, I say my goodbyes and leave for the farmhouse.

Just before I end the dream, I feel compelled to turn around. There, floating in the air a few feet away, is a magnificent framed portrait of the white mule's head. It shows his left profile, ears pricked up as he thoughtfully looks into the distance. Suddenly, his head comes to life and he turns to face me. After giving me a big conspiratorial wink, he becomes a still life portrait once again. He looked so real, I found myself looking for the rest of his body beyond the frame, but to no avail. Such magic!

Driving north through Windsor the following day, I can't wait to see the two mules on Starr Road. Usually they're grazing peacefully, seemingly unaware of each other and their surroundings. But today, they stare at me intently and stand belly to belly, just as they did in my dream!

What a profound spiritual moment! Could these two mules have actually been in my dream with me? Is it possible for such real connections to exist between dreams and waking reality? Their behavior now says, yes! Wow, the memory of this experience still sends chills through me after all these years.

Editor's Note: The above is an abridged version. You can read the entire article at: http://realtalklibrary.com/2009/07/04/petes-creation-dreams
I was in a lucid slump. A few months had gone by since my last lucid dream. The slump surprised me since I’d been doing a fair amount of reading and discussing of lucid dreams, but I believe a particularly busy schedule got in the way of having a firm enough intention to become lucid. This being the case, I didn’t have any specific thoughts as to what I might do when I next had a lucid dream. I ended up having a spontaneous lucid dream and chose to go with an old standard, in this case asking a lucid dream character why they are there.

I’m walking outside in an open area. The ground is mostly flat and there is at least some grass around here. Something in the dream changed, perhaps a scene change, and I am aware of this. I think about it for a moment and conclude that I must be dreaming. As I realize this, I notice a woman just in front of me walking towards me. I am feeling very lucid, so I don’t have doubts that this is a dream. I’m aware that this woman is a dream character. I go up to her and I ask, “What are you here for?” She replied, “I don’t know.” I’m initially not certain what to make of this response. But then a feeling comes over me and I verbally express that feeling, telling her, “I’m here for you.” As I speak these words, I know them to be true. It isn’t her that is there for me, it is the other way around. She then comes towards me and kisses my lower lip in a peculiar way. Somehow with her kiss she gets her mouth from just above my right lower lip to under the right side of my chin. It is a quick kiss – and it does still feel like a kiss despite the peculiarity of it. She then replies, “Yes you are.” I know this to mean that something in this kiss confirmed for her that I truly was there for her.

As many lucid dreamers have experienced, the answers dream characters give to questions are often unexpected. This was my first experience with a dream character telling me that she did not know why she was there. I’m not sure why I ended up feeling that I was there for her, rather than the other way around, but the feeling was quite intense. I just knew it. It was almost as though she was the dreamer and I was the symbolic figure in her dream.

I have sometimes wondered if the subconscious mind is virtually identical to the conscious mind. Could it be that the part of you that creates your dreams is just as aware as the person who is currently reading this article? Does that aspect of your mind occupy your body and experience life just as consciously as the awareness that you associate as “you?” If that is the case, then would “you” not be the subconscious to that consciousness?

A few years ago I had a dream in which I was in a submarine using a periscope to view what was going on in the outside world. Within this dream I found myself interpreting the actions of the waking David. It occurred to me at the time that our understanding of what is conscious and what is unconscious may not be so clear, and in some dreams, our awareness may occupy the viewpoint of the unconscious mind’s perspective, and see the world from this sub-perspective.

In the context of my lucid dream, if the concept of dual consciousnesses were true, then it very well could be that I was every bit as much of a character in the dream of the woman dream figure as she was to me in my dream. You might say the dream scene was almost a mirror image. We were each walking in opposite directions towards each other. One of us had a male body, the other female. I became lucid by noticing that I had entered into a new scene. Did she also enter here from a difference scene? Was she lucid?

As I have contemplated this dream, another thought has come to my mind about why it is that I might be there for the dream figure rather than her being there for me. If I assume the woman in the dream to be from my subconscious, representative of some aspect of myself, then I can conclude that even her “I don’t know” answer is intentional. This answer caused me within the dream to conclude that I have something to offer to her. Why would an aspect of my subconscious need something from my conscious mind? Ultimately I believe the answer is that we change unconscious behaviors by becoming consciously aware of them. Until we become aware, we tend to keep repeating those same patterns.

Perhaps this dream figure does represent an aspect of my subconscious that is tired of repeating a pattern and needs the cooperation of the conscious me to end that cycle. My personal belief is that harmony between these two aspects of mind is what brings about change. We know the unconscious attempts to bring things to the surface through dreams, daydreams, intuition, and so forth. But until those things actually bubble through and break the surface to where we are fully aware of them, change rarely if ever happens. Maybe this dream is simply the deeper level of me saying, “Hey, I’m doing my best here, Bud, but you’ve got to meet me half way!”
I'm new to lucid dreaming but I've always been interested in dreams since I was young because I remember my dreams vividly almost every night. I bought Robert Waggoner's book and after reading about 100 pages of the book, and often thinking about lucid dreaming, I had my first lucid experience.

In October 09, I had been dreaming for quite a while when I was driving a van and lost control around a corner and started rolling and flipping down a steep road. Soon after, I thought to myself that this doesn't hurt at all - this is quite fun, it was then I thought to myself, "I'm dreaming!"

For a few seconds it felt awesome to be flipping down this hill and not feel any pain or anything whatsoever and found it to be a lot of fun. After the van stopped I slipped back into the dream.

Stefan Borg Pieratzki, Winter 2010
“A Really Cool Experience”

I just wanted to share an experience I had not long ago, where I was in a lucid dream state. But first, a little about myself: I'm a male, 30 years of age and live on the southern coast of Norway. Only child. Girlfriend. Not married. No kids. Live alone in my apartment. Don't do drugs. Aethiest. Not open-minded to the supernatural at all.

When it comes to dreaming I have had many fine experiences. I appreciate both sides of them, the pleasant ones and the bad ones. I often remember them in detail, and almost all of them are in full colour. I sometimes write them down and read them from time to time for my own amusement.

However there have been some very rare times I actually find myself in a lucid dream. These are powerful experiences for me, and I wanted to share one in particular since it really made an impact on me.

This has actually happened four times and the last time was over half a year ago. This was also the only time the dream came to an end by itself.

I'm lying on my back in my bed. I am aware of where I am, and I can wake up anytime I want at this point. The reason why I feel I'm dragged from the previous dream I'm having, is because of an intense tingling in my stomach. And this is due to the fact that my body slowly begins to hover up from the bed. (The first time this happened, I became scared and woke up immediately, but as it kept on occurring I became more relaxed and let it play on.)

As I'm very slowly approaching the ceiling, I'm confident with myself that if I allow myself to awake I'll find myself safely lying in my bed. (It is this feeling of control that has given me comfort enough to allow this to continue. The third time this happened I woke myself up because I somehow knew something else was about to happen which I wasn't really prepared for.) Anyway, as I said before: The last time I let it (the experience) continue to the end by itself (due to my curiosity).

So there I am in my dark bedroom, in a completely horizontal position, relaxed, just enjoying the tingling in my stomach. Now, at the other end of the bed (about 5 feet) is a white wall. This wall is decorated by a large painting of abstract art and underneath this is a small bench.
What happens now is that I slowly start to glide downwards in a slow curve against the wall at the other end of the room from my bed. At first I'm suspecting that I'm somehow drawn to this picture, but as I keep gliding I soon realize that I'm descending much lower. Soon the bed is behind me and I'm drifting towards the floor. Clearing the end of my bed, stopping inches from the floor, I'm soon beginning to slide perfectly horizontally towards the small space of wall under the bench.

Now all of a sudden the dark room which has consisted only of shades of grey come to life in colour and I'm rapidly shifted - turned over - to the side to get a view of the floor.

At this point the motion picks up an accelerating pace and as it does, the feeling in my gut intensifies. The dream ends with me crashing violently into the wall, being forced into it, twisting my body in rather awkward positions (kind of like a ragdoll) and I awaken (rather calmly) safe in my bed, vividly remembering everything.

These four dream sessions happened over a nine month span and it's now over six months since the last and (in my opinion) the fully complete one occurred.

What has really puzzled me is my own calmness over the whole last affair. I have a habit of distinctly feeling pain (for some reason) when I'm being hurt in my other deep sleep dreams, but not in this. And at the end I'm doing nothing to prevent or brace myself for what is about to happen.

I have no idea what this means or why it has happened, but it was (in lack of other words) a really cool experience. I hope this will one day return to me.

Thanks for listening.

Carlos Martin, May 2008

My New House

I had several dreams this night but the last one was a lucid dream. The dream started with me hearing police sirens and I walked through a door into the garage of my house, so I thought. I recognized right away my car was not there. Also I have an electric door opener and three spaces, this one had two spaces with a pull string to open the door.

At this point I knew I was in a dream. I pulled the garage door open and saw the last police car go by and noticed this was not my street. This neighborhood was different; the house was on a street that was somewhat elevated. This house was the second from the corner as mine is.

I wanted to stay and explore, telling myself that when I awake I will write everything down. The street had a Spanish name and the house had five digits in the address. I looked at the outside of the house and it was a brand new one-storey home. I wanted to stay in the dream and to look around me but something was pressing, I knew I had to go to work so I ended the dream and didn't write down anything. I remember knowing the actual street name and the digits in the address. I also felt that I was close to water.

A. Dreamer, October 28, 2009

Attempts at Dream Healing

I am staying in a rustic lodge and, while dreaming, consider it to be “my home.” I go to “my room” and on the wall see what could be a chrysalis, but out of it something more like a cicada or katydid is emerging. Then I look in a jar where (in the dream) I was raising a caterpillar. I see two dead butterflies that look like cabbage whites, only smaller. I feel bad that I neglected to release them. Then, I recall I'm retired and haven't raised caterpillars for school children in a number of months. I wonder if I could be dreaming. I jump up and float some distance. Indeed I am dreaming! I'm glad I didn't really neglect to release those butterflies.

I go outside with the impulse to fly. Then I come down. I recall I wanted to try to send healing energy to my problem left hip. I rub my hands together and then try to make a ball of energy. I move my hands apart and try to feel energy between my hands. I don’t see or feel much of anything. Still, I place my hand on or above my left hip trying to send out healing energy. After a bit, I stop. Then I see the woman who is my osteopath. She chides me for doing it wrong.

I wake up partway, feel myself on my bed. Then I return to the lodge. I am in the common room. I reality-test by jumping up. I find myself floating. I come down and look at the room. It is typical of a
lodge – stained wood walls, quasi-rustic but comfortable furniture and, to the left, a fireplace with a fire burning.

A man comes into the room. I go through “my room” and outside. I decide to try the healing again. I try to raise energy, but this time, instead of trying to make it out of myself, I try to channel the Universe’s healing power and bring it into my hands. Still, I place my hands above the region where I had been having chronic pain. When I finished, I hear the disembodied voice of a man who says that was a better job. I wake up.

Comment: Chronic pain is harder to heal than acute conditions, but I imagine it can happen at times. There was some improvement for several days, though I still have a long way to go. Also, flare-ups can come and go seemingly spontaneously.

Karen McIntyre, November 2009
No Response

In November 2009 I dreamt that I was in my living room. There was a black man standing in the living room and I instantly became lucid. At some point in the dream I believe I said aloud that I knew I was dreaming.

I asked the man why he was in my dream and he would not respond. I tried again and the man remained silent. I told him that if he had nothing to say I would ask him to leave. I turned away as if to go in another direction and then I eventually woke up.

Robert Waggoner, February 16-17, 2010
Lucid, Floating with Two Figures

(Before sleep, I had cleared my mind and performed my CRAM technique - Constant Repetition of an Affirmation Method - saying, “This is a dream. I am dreaming this. This is a dream. I am dreaming this.....”)

I walk through my childhood neighborhood, and stop to look at a new street, and some mobile homes with basements. This surprises me! I go a bit farther down the street, and now have to walk through an elderly woman’s house, which has dolls. This all seems so strange that I realize that I am dreaming.

Lucid, I step outside and notice two young dream figures dressed in white. I tell them that I dream, and to prove it, I ask each to hold onto one of my hands. They do, and I will us up and up in space to where a pole has an object on it. Then I see that we can move anywhere -- and we fly around easily in a standing position.

We begin to have a conversation about awareness, and I notice how the two of them will speak quite eloquently. It surprises me that one will dispute a small point that the other has made, since it indicates that they each have their own separate awareness. They even joke with each other about their comments. The conversation seems fascinating.

The lucid dream goes on for a long while with this conversation. Then I may have a false awakening, because the next scene I recall, I find myself lying in a bed wearing a dark maroon shirt and a mala or bracelet of lotus seed beads on my left hand. I look around the room, but can’t see the two men. I wake.

Carlos Martin, January 23, 2010
"My Hair"

I got out of bed, went into the bathroom, and turned on the light. When I looked into the mirror I noticed I had a full head of hair and I smiled. I said to myself, “How could that happen over night?” At this point I knew I was lucid.

I was both disappointed and excited. I stood there rubbing my head with my right hand feeling all the hairs. Then I noticed in the mirror my right arm and hand never moved. I didn’t understand what this meant, but I was enjoying the hair and the younger look. I removed my hand from my head and then placed it back on my head, yet my reflection in the mirror showed my right arm never moving at all. Soon I drifted off into another dream.

I mentioned being disappointed and excited. I was disappointed that the hair was not real in physical reality. I started losing it about nine years ago in the corners up front and on the crown so I have been cutting my hair close to the scalp to where it is not so noticeable. I don’t like the hairy bald look. I was excited because I have not been lucid since 2008.

Corey Craft, January 31, 2010
“Is There Anything Beyond This Dream?!?”

I was walking north on South Eager Rd. crossing M-59. The traffic had come to a halt and allowed me to cross. Crossing slowly, people in a car to my left seemingly became impatient and one of them said, “You think he needs to learn a lesson.” I had turned and dumped trash on their car and covered...
them with trash in the process (maybe a convertible or the windows might have been down).

Having crossed M-59 and walking north now on North Eager they had hopped out of their car and started following me. Upon catching up to me, I had asked them what they were doing. What seemed like the leader of the group responded with, "Gonna follow you to your house and see where you live." I turned and started to swing at him and after only getting in one or two punches his buddies grabbed my arms and asked, "Do you really want to do this?"? I decided to walk away from my original destination to buy time to think. Walking into a store, they were still following me. I turned and said," You know what? Just beat my ass, put me in my place." He (the leader) seemed to respect this and with a smirk agreed. Walking with them, I woke up relieved only to fall asleep and appear in an unfamiliar house with the same group of people.

Now, walking around the living room two distinct features were the couch facing the front of the house and the front door which was in front of the couch in the left corner. Walking to the side of the couch by its left arm I was looking at the back corner of the room. Turning again to the front I had realized the door had moved from the front left corner to the right. (At this point I realized I was dreaming and became lucidly aware.) Remembering a part in Lucid Dreaming I had read about looking through windows and open doors to "expand space" I ran to the front door and opened it and looked outside. A tree fully matured in the summer time greeted me and to both sides of the door grew bushes in small flower beds that ran along the front of the house, one cement slab at the base of the door was a step leading to the rest of the s-shaped sidewalk.

Walking back inside, a new door had appeared in the wall to my left. I opened the door with haste and gazed into the room. Looking around, there was a wooden floor leading up to a greenish marble tile (slightly elevated above the wooden floor) in front of a fire place which was unlit and black with gold trimming. Above the fire place I took the beads. (Remembering that in a different dream I had purposefully asked a dream figure for directions, I remembered to ask about the meaning of the dream.) After breathing better, I walked to the apparent leader of the group and asked, "What is the point of this dream? Is there a deeper meaning or anything beyond this dream?" He said something that indicated he had no idea what I was talking about.

Getting frustrated I yelled behind the couch, at the wall, and past the dream, "IS THERE ANYTHING BEYOND THIS DREAM?!" Well I caught the main guy’s attention and he hopped up off the couch and started motioning with his hands in a ‘calm down, stop shouting’ type of manner saying, "Wo wo wo, just be patient; wait your turn. That guy lucid dreamt for almost a decade before going past (or talking beyond) his dreams. Have you lucid dreamt for a decade? Just wait."

But that’s 2012! Oh man (or woo boy). At this point I looked at him with a smile, a feeling of comfort, relief, and shock. Then I woke up.

Steve Parker, November 23, 2009

Weightless

Early morning I was having vivid dreams. I see a beautiful luxury hotel. It is a Dubai hotel. I am starring at it from the sidewalk. I say "I am dreaming," I now become lucid. A man to my left in a black suit tells me to try and make myself weightless. I should feel like five pounds. I will myself to feel weightless. I then start to float. The man says I have done very well. I am only a few feet above the sidewalk. I am floating horizontally with my feet out in front of me. I float up to the hotel. I then float into the lobby and down the hallways. I remember taking my time and floating peacefully around. It did not last long and I soon woke up.

Mike, January 2010

What a Gift!

I was lucid to the fact that I was in a dream, and walking through a marketplace in a foreign land (India). A young girl was selling beads and had a sign. I told her I didn't understand her sign and so she pulled out another sign that said $1.00. I reached in my pocket and I had some bills and gave her one and took the beads.

Over on the left, as I was walking, I saw a photo booth. I wondered what I would look like having my picture taken in a dream. I entered the booth and pulled the curtain. I saw a button and pushed it. A red LCD indicator started counting backward, then a standard strand of pictures came out of a slot.

I took them and walked outside. It was not just the picture of one person, but of 5 different people. The piece of paper that started out about the size of a bookmark expanded and I saw more pictures all in black and white until I was holding something the size of an open newspaper with pictures about 2X3. They looked like old pictures from different times - strange haircuts and clothes.
A. Dreamer, January 18, 2010

Visiting Houses

I go into the kitchen and see that my partly grown kitten is out of the bathroom where she presently sleeps at night and is up on the window ledge beside my other cat. The kitten is also smaller in the dream.

Then suddenly I wake up – at least part way – and realize I was dreaming. All too suddenly I am out of bed standing in the living room. I realize I must be dreaming again. To prove it, I melt through the closed door into the kitchen. Then I push open the outside door. Lucid, I first think of going into the backyard but then decide instead to visit my neighbor’s house.

Once I get to the main sidewalk I see the house is gone. There is an empty field where it was. So I go on to the next house which is far smaller than in reality. I slip in. There is some music on and three guys are playing along. One holds a piece of sheet music that looks classical though what is being played is a kind of country music. One of the guys is playing a trombone which doesn’t make much sound. The other may have been beating a hand drum. I sit on an empty chair and listen. When the music is over, one remarks, “It’s late – 4:00 a.m.” They seem ready to disband. I slip out as one guy mutters about someone sneaking into their house.

Across the street is a magnificent apartment building. Each apartment takes up a whole floor. I go into the apartment on the ground floor. It is a sumptuous place with nice furniture – very spacious. A couple of women live there. They seem to be writers. I go through several rooms, trying to avoid the inhabitants but can’t remember a lot beyond finding it attractive.

In a bedroom/parlor there are two women. One says to the other, “It’s midnight – time to turn in for the night.” I am amused since it was 4:00 a.m. at the other place. (Comment: It was about 1:00 a.m. in reality.) I slip out of the place.

As I walk I think how I consider myself to be dreaming but how do I know that I am alive and not a ghostly presence imposing my images on the town. I decide to return briefly to my bed then go quickly back into a dream. I try to wake up part way. Once I have done this, feeling myself on my bed and not outside, I return to the dream state and find myself standing in the living room wishing for more light.

I try to go out through the back door twice, but find myself caught (held back) by the holes in the screen. Grudgingly I push the sliding door and screen aside, and go out. After waiting for light, I eventually see there is a lot more furniture on the deck, some of it quite junky.

I go down the steps. The in-law cottage and a lot of the trees seem to be gone. I do see a windowless house of boards down and to the right and head there. I go in and again wait for some light. The place is pretty bare. I go out on a deck that is partly covered. There is a raised area made of wood about 18 inches from the ground. On it I see a statue of what I think is a turtle. I sit down by the raised area wanting to try dream meditation. Examining the “turtle,” I see it is a piece of wood with some moss on it. It makes a natural, turtle-like image.

I start to quiet my mind, but then I hear some cars and see some lights. This makes me nervous though I still try to meditate.

One of the cars is this low sleek, “futuristic” thing – as if the trends of the late ’50’s just went on and on. I wait quietly. All the cars turn to go into this huge parking garage which has suddenly materialized on my landlord’s property. I sit uneasily a few minutes, then move on – to something I can’t recall. Finally, I wake up.

Erin Langley, December 27, 2009

Traveling Through a Tunnel

I am awake, but I can somehow move my spirit body, and the more I move it, the more easily I can travel. I’m physically lying next to my husband and daughter, so when they move or snore, I come back, but I can still make my way back out into my spirit body again. At first I wonder if I am in a (WILD) lucid dream. I ask, “Where am I?” But no one answers. I say, “I need a voice (to answer me).” Still, nothing answers. (I’m calling this as a lucid dream, even though I feel like I can’t properly categorize it as that or as an OBE.)

Now I am in a tunnel, traveling farther and farther away. The tunnel or cord emerges from my forehead. There is a light at the end of the tunnel, which I am moving away from faster and faster. The speed exhilarates me, but soon I have difficulty breathing. I start feeling a little scared, so I go back to my body in a flash.
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Robert’s Book Website
http://www.lucidadvice.com

The First PhD. Thesis on Lucid Dreaming
A site featuring Dr. Keith Hearne's PhD thesis as well as other lucid dreaming firsts.
www.european-college.co.uk/thesis.htm

Lucidity Institute
www.lucidity.com

The International Association for the Study of Dreams
www.asdreams.org

Linda Magallón's dreamflyer.net
Flying dreams and much more. Several articles from LDE appear, especially in the section entitled, "The Dream Explorer."
www.dreamflyer.net

Experience Festival
Several articles on lucid dream-related topics
http://www.experiencefestival.com/lucid_dreaming

Lucid Dream Newsgroups
alt.dreams.lucid and alt.out-of-body

Sleep Paralysis and Lucid Dreaming Research
www.geocities.com/jorgeconesa/Paralysis/sleepnew.html

David F. Melbourne
Author and lucid dream researcher.
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www.saltcube.com

Janice’s Website
With links to lucid dreaming and out of body sites.
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http://www.dreamingtrue.com/

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www.World-of-Lucid-Dreaming.com

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