The Lucid Doorway - Beginnings
Unusual Locations and Special Places
DreamSpeak Interview with Tad Messenger
Giordano Bruno - Philosopher, Mystic, Martyr . . . and Lucid Dreamer?
Welcome to the *Lucid Dreaming Experience* -- Volume 1, Number 1 -- a free on-line magazine to excite, engage, and inspire lucid dreaming enthusiasts, researchers and practitioners to explore more deeply and report more thoughtfully about the inner world of the lucid dreaming experience.

A true magazine, the *Lucid Dreaming Experience (LDE)*, has received an official ISSN # from the Library of Congress. For some researchers, an ISSN # means that they can quote or reference articles and information to include in their dissertations or theses. For others, it suggests that the experience of lucid dreaming has arrived.

Fifty issues ago, we co-editors were given control of the *Lucid Dream Exchange* from its founding editor and lucid dreamer, Ruth Sacksteader. We have had a lot of fun over those 12 years. But now, with the new *LDE*, we hope to take it further. New articles, new lucid dreams, new features.... And we invite you, the reader, to send in your lucid dreaming experiences, articles, suggestions, questions and comments.

Together, let us explore the mystery, depth, and immensity of the lucid dreaming experience!

Lucy Gillis and Robert Waggoner, co-editors of the *Lucid Dreaming Experience*

---

**Lucid Dreaming and the Art of Lucid Living**

Four-Week Guided Online Workshop

With Robert Waggoner

July 14 - August 15, 2012

Lucid dreaming offers you an ancient technique for spiritual awakening, development and insight, practiced by shamans and spiritual teachers for millennia. Scientifically validated since 1980, lucid dreaming allows you to enter a unique, hybrid state of consciousness, consciously aware within the depths of your dreaming mind.

Author, teacher and speaker Robert Waggoner, is past President of the International Association for the Study of Dreams (IASD). A lucid dreamer since 1975, he has logged more than 1,000 lucid dreams. In his highly acclaimed book, *Lucid Dreaming: Gateway to the Inner Self*, Robert shares a lifetime of lucid dreaming discoveries and adventures. For the last ten years, he has been the co-editor of the online magazine, *The Lucid Dream Exchange*, the only ongoing publication devoted specifically to lucid dreaming.

For more information about this online workshop: http://www.glidewing.com
Co-Editors
Lucy Gillis and Robert Waggoner

Graphic Artist
Laura Atkinson

List of Contributors LDE Vol 01 No 01

Cover Image
Giordano Bruno © 2012 Lucy Gillis

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

Disclaimer
All work in The Lucid Dreaming Experience is the copyright of the respective contributors unless otherwise indicated. No portion of LDE may be used in any way without the express permission of the individual author. Views and opinions expressed are those of the contributing authors and are not necessarily those of the editors of The Lucid Dreaming Experience.

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

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

To receive LDE for free join our mail list at www.dreaminglucid.com

Next Deadline
Submission deadline for LDE Vol 1 No 2 August 15, 2012 Publication date: September 2012

LDE Website
www.dreaminglucid.com

In This Issue

DreamSpeak ................................................................. 2
Robert Waggoner interviews Tad Messenger

Giordano Bruno: Philosopher, Mystic, Martyr . . . and Lucid Dreamer? .......................................................... 8
Lucy Gillis wonders whether some of Bruno’s philosophy was inspired by personal experiences of lucid dreaming

Healing My Son in a Lucid Dream ......................... 10
With highly focused intent, Pilar Vallet accelerates healing through a lucid dream

Lucid Doorway: Beginnings................................................. 12
Carolina Kampuries shares her experience of attending healing classes in a lucid dream

Senses Initiated Lucid Dream (SSILD) ..................... 14
A lucid dream induction technique developed by Gary L. Zhang

Lucid Therapy – Healing My Tendonitis............... 17
Maria Isabel Pita discovers a wonderful gift through a series of lucid healing dreams

Kid Lucid................................................................. 23
The further, wildly mindful, adventures of Al Moniz’s Kid Lucid

Story of a Lucid Dream Healing? ............................... 24
After Tom Divine has lucid healing dreams, a CAT scan reveals that a tumor is gone

Unusual Locations and Special Places...................... 26
A selection of unusual and special “locations” in lucid dreams

A Visit to the Fountain of Youth .............................. 32
Ed Kellogg takes the plunge!

My Top 10 ............................................................ 34
Al Moniz’s Top 10 lucid dream experiences

In Your Dreams .......................................................... 35
Readers share their lucid dream experiences
After a long period of inner practices, Tad Messenger’s first lucid dream occurred at age 52. Since then, a kind of “door” has opened and allowed him many more lucid dreams. The LDE welcomes Tad Messenger!

Tad, I recall meeting you in 2011 at the International Association for the Study of Dreams conference in Kerkrade, the Netherlands. You came with some people from the School of Metaphysics. Tell me a bit about your experience with their program.

The study of metaphysics at the School of Metaphysics (SOM) entails a four-cycle program that parallels the structure of a College or University. The first cycle would be earning an associates degree; second cycle a bachelors; third cycle a masters; and the fourth cycle a doctorate. During the first cycle a student practices daily exercises that build fundamental mental skills such as concentration, memory, imagination, and reasoning. By understanding and building these skills in the first cycle the student is then ready to embark on gaining experience with the inner levels of mind.

As part of the beginning of the second cycle, the exercises prepare and aid the student to have out-of-body experiences. When I entered these practices, I had a profound experience that changed my life. The exercise begins with being attentive at certain areas of the place where I live. I would set up areas in the kitchen, dining room, bathroom, and living area where I would spend time every day getting used to the smells, sights, and sounds of that environment. I physically sat in a chair at a starting position and then walked purposefully and carefully to each area, pausing for a period of time to impregnate the experience of that area in my mind. After each stop was complete, I would retrace my steps until I was once again seated in my beginning position.

Then, after diligent practice, I began to stay in my beginning seat and imagine using my ethereal body to go to each stop and return. At first it was pretending, imagining, and visualizing myself going through the steps that were already in my memory and experience. Then, there came a day when there was a click in my mental awareness, where I was actually at those stops. I had the sensation of being there and nothing else existed. As I approached the place where my beginning position was, I saw my physical body sitting in the chair. This was a moment of realizing I was in two places at the same time. I was observing myself observing myself sitting in the chair. At first, my emotions surged. However, I took a
few deep breaths and returned to my physical body. Later, as I continued my practice, I looked forward to the moment of seeing myself sitting in the beginning chair. I noticed that my physical body seemed dark. I realized that my real self, my light, was in the vehicle, the etheric body traveling around the house.

So you first studied out-of-body practices, until they felt very profound and legitimate. What benefits did you find from this work?

This seemed like a powerful, entertaining, and delightful adventure at the time. However, it would be the cornerstone of many experiences that would aid me on my spiritual path of growth and enlightenment. At first, the benefits were to go places, like visiting my fellow students in the cities they lived in, or visiting my mother in Rochester, New York. As I wrote what I observed during these OBE’s I gained more and more confidence that indeed I was using the next inner level vehicle, the etheric body to move around.

Another benefit I received came in the form of realizing that I no longer feared death. One of my fears that I had growing up was the fear of heights. When I got on a ladder that was over two stories tall, I would freeze. I would be unable to move upward or downward on the ladder. It took great effort to move downward into my comfort zone. After my many experiences of using my etheric body, I had an opportunity to confront this fear of heights again. I had a job working on renovating a 10-story hotel in Missouri. After we had stripped the rooms, we began to receive drywall through the windows from a tall crane. When we got to the tenth floor, there was a ledge that protruded from the windows. The crane was unable to get the drywall near enough to the windows for someone to haul them in. Someone had to go out onto the ledge to receive the drywall. I stepped out and looked around. In the past I would have never even got close to the windows, or looked down. As I stood on the ledge I realized that my fear of heights had vanished. I was still careful. However, the feeling of frozen fear was gone.

Interesting! So from this point, I assume you made your way to lucid dreaming, right? How did that happen?

The greater benefit came later in the lessons at SOM when I learned how to project myself into my dreams. The exercise was very similar to what you describe in your book *Lucid Dreaming: Gateway to the Inner Self*, where a student concentrates on his finger or hand during the day. Then that experience becomes a trigger in the dream state to identify becoming awake in the dream. Dreams come from the inner levels of mind, and this practice of looking at the hand is a way to project consciousness into the dream state. When I was dreaming, then there was a moment when my hand appeared in the dream, and I became awake in my dream. *Once this occurred, it was like opening a new door into mind. It became easier and easier to go through that door.*

A significant part of the study in SOM is the practice of meditation. Included in the steps of meditation is practicing the reverie state of being half awake and half asleep. This is conducive to the lucid dream state where I am asleep in the dream state and awake.

So the “new door” of lucid dreaming opens up to you. Did any of those early lucid dreams seem interesting or profound? And how old were you, when you had your first lucid dreams?

A profound lucid dream that I had was during the beginning of a *Global Lucid Dream Experiment* that was done through SOM. The experiment was designed to study the effect of the moon on the dream state. Four stages were chosen – Full Moon, Full Moon with an eclipse; New Moon; and New Moon with eclipse. These occurred over a six-week period, so it was an unusual time and a great opportunity to experiment. Participants simply sent
in their dreams that they received during these specific nights identifying whether their dreams were lucid or not.

My first dream was at the very beginning of this experiment when the moon was full. The dream is as follows:

_I was at a shipyard with many people working around the docks. I saw a large sailing vessel come into port. It was translucent and I could see through it. I ran around to each person trying to wake him or her up to the ship that was coming in for us and would be leaving soon. Some people saw it. Most did not. When we boarded the ship it continued to move across the water and then rose up into the sky going toward the full moon. The whole dream was like a Peter Pan fairy tale._

I was awake in the dream right from the beginning. As I observed, I recognized the significance and message of the dream for myself. I was letting as many people know about the GLiDE event and I was also endeavoring to participate in it as well. The first evening was launched and off we went. The dream reflected this kind of thinking and attention that I was giving the experiment.

As a result of practicing specific exercises of concentration and focusing on my hand during the day, then seeing it in the dream state I developed the ability to be lucid in my dreams. Ever since then, it has been easier and easier to be awake in the dream. My first lucid dream occurred when I was 52 years old. Ever since then, I have averaged being lucid in more than half of my dreams. I remember about 5-10 dreams per week.

Before studying in the SOM, beginning at the age of 34, I had thought dreams were important, but never gave them much attention. I first studied dreams at the age of 34 when I began studying at the School of Metaphysics.

So it sounds like you have a few lucid dreams a week. In a normal week now, do you perform a specific lucid dreaming practice, like looking at your hands during the day with the intent to see them in the dream state? Or does your lucid dreaming occur naturally without the need to do anything extra?

I don’t practice looking at the hand anymore, or the exercise. The ability to lucid dream is more natural for me now and follows the way I use my attention and will during the day and in the dream state. The way it feels is like I have learned how to ride a bicycle and have a degree of control. Now, even though I haven’t ridden a bike in a long time, it is easy for me to do so. Sometimes I will simply prompt my self and say that I want to be awake in my dreams tonight. I also noticed that I could prompt my subconscious or inner self to wake me up at a specific time. I no longer use an alarm clock and wake up at the time I want to.

In your lucid dreams, have you interacted with deceased figures? Do you have any particularly powerful lucid dreams like this? For example, where you became lucidly aware and a deceased dream figure gave you information or advice?

Very seldom have I interacted with deceased figures. One that I recall most vividly occurred after I attended the Parliament of World’s Religions during December, 2009 in Melbourne, Australia. I had purposefully gone to many of the indigenous talks and workshops. Some of the Elders from the Aborigine of Australia, and the Iroquois Nation from North America made a significant impact on me. When I returned I had a lucid dream where some of the deceased spiritual leaders of the Iroquois Nation came to me and interacted. They said that there would be significant events and times in my life that they would make themselves known. This has become a continued focus in my life – to interact, and know more about these people and how they come to be so connected to the planet and the spiritual realms.

“For many beginning lucid dreamers, it takes some time to achieve a stable lucid dream, since they get excited and wake up, or get unfocused and lose lucid awareness. Did you have...”
any special techniques to keep yourself actively aware in the lucid dream?

As I mentioned before, in the course of study at the School of Metaphysics I practiced concentration exercises, breathing techniques, and many other exercises that help strengthen and hone the many skills of the mind. These were established before the practices of OBE and lucid dreaming, so I was well prepared to have stable lucid dreams right from the beginning. Breathing techniques, like those offered in pranayama yoga, are especially beneficial to calm the body and the mind so one can remain still and focused in the dream state.

In your lucid dreams or OBE type experiences, did you try experiments in which you would obtain unknown information (for example about someone’s home far away), and then wake with it? If so, please tell us about some of the more interesting experiences?

One of my most profound and first OBE experiences came before I practiced the exercise to produce a stable and controlled OBE. I was at a teacher’s meeting in Colorado Springs. We had had a very full, exciting, and stimulating weekend. As my head hit the pillow and I closed my eyes, I found myself floating very high in the air. I looked down and there were four ranch houses in a semi-circle. It was so clear. Each house had a different color. I opened my eyes and drew the picture I saw and wrote what colors went to each house. The next day, one of the people I was traveling back to Kansas City with said that she had never seen the Rocky Mountains before. We had a little time so I said I would show her the Garden of the Gods in Manitou Springs, not far from where the SOM was. We climbed up a hill and decided to meditate. When I was complete with my meditation, I arose and looked behind where we were. Down below us were those same exact four ranch houses in a semi-circle. Each house had the colors that I had written in my dream journal. This was a confirmation of what had occurred.

Later when we would practice astral-projection with our classmates, I would go specifically to one of my classmate’s house and write down what I saw. Once, all I saw were watermelons everywhere. When I told her the time and date when I projected to her, she said that one of her students had brought some watermelons. During the class break, precisely when I visited her, they cut open and ate a whole watermelon. These kinds of experiences confirmed and added confidence to my practices. Many times, when I am stumped or want some guidance, I will incubate or turn over the situation before I go to sleep. During a dream I will receive the answer or a different perspective and be awake to the solution and write it down.

Experienced lucid dreamers sometimes report spiritual lessons in a lucid dream. It might be as simple as responding with love to an angry dream figure, and watching it transform. Have you had any lucid dreams which you found particularly spiritual or enlightening? Tell us about that.

You certainly ask thought provoking and stimulating questions. I appreciate your bright intelligence. There is one dream sequence that has always stood out in my mind. During the full moon in May when the moon is in Scorpio there is a spiritual happening called Wesak. It is a time that commemorates the Buddha’s birthday. It is a time when the spiritual leaders whether they are aware and awake or not meet and discuss the plight of the spiritual human race.

I have always wanted to see the face of Jesus, so that is what I have set my mind toward during this time. Many years had passed and I still had not seen his face, when during Wesak I had a lucid dream. I was in the valley where the event occurred. There was a very bright light coming from the center of the gathering. As I focused and moved toward the light, I saw Jesus sitting next to the core of the emanation of light. I saw his face and realized that the one sitting next to him was Buddha. I couldn’t see his face because the light was too bright. About six months later when a group of us were practicing for the Christ Seed (a Christmas Cantata), I had another dream where the light was shining down in a forest. There were two streams of light. One came upon the face of Jesus. The other stream of light came upon a woman’s face (who I know as a divine teacher). These dreams were a type of spiritual lesson in that I wanted to connect with the highest spiritual being I could imagine. The feeling that I received was that the Godhead is within me.
Have you ever had lucid dreams in which symbols appeared? I ask, because sometimes lucid dreamers mention seeing mandalas, icons, or sacred geometrical imagery.

I have had a few. They are not intricate mandalas. They are usually a sacred platonic solid. These would be like a tetrahedron, dodecahedron, or octahedron. I notice them and they have some significance to me. However, they are not major themes in my dreams.

While lucid, have you ever encountered dream figures who seem more ‘lucid’ than you? What did you make of that?

I have, and they are usually people who are more spiritually developed than I, like the one’s that I have described earlier. Once in a lucid dream I encountered my spiritual teacher. She was more lucid than I and gave me some toast. In the dream state I couldn’t tell that she was more lucid. However, the next day at the end of class, I casually said, “Thanks for the toast.” She had a little twinkle in her eye and said, “You are certainly welcome.” Her statement confirmed our lucidity, and the twinkle in her eye spoke to me that there was more that she was aware of and I wasn’t. That will come with more time and practice.

Thanks so much for sharing your experience. If people have an interest in the SOM, what is the website address there?

Thank you for asking. To contact SOM go to www.som.org. There is also another website dedicated to dreams that SOM offers. It is www.dreamschool.org.

Help a lucid dream researcher at the University of Heidelberg by completing this questionnaire, and then informing your lucid dreaming friends....


Dream Lucidity Questionnaire

Dear participant,

Thank you very much for your interest in our study about lucid dreams. In this study we are exploring different aspects of dream lucidity. You will be asked to provide a lucid dream from the last night and answer a few questions. It will take about 10-15 minutes to fill out the questionnaire. All data will be kept strictly confidential and will be used solely for scientific purposes. Please answer all questions. If you are not completely sure what to answer, please choose the option that best applies to you.

Thank you very much for your participation!

Tadas Stumbrys
Heidelberg University (Germany)
email: tadas.stumbrys@issw.uni-heidelberg.de
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.
“I cleave the heavens and soar to the infinite. 
And while I rise from my own globe to others 
And penetrate ever further through the eternal field, 
That which others saw from afar, I leave far behind me.”

Giordano Bruno

The statue featured on the cover of this issue is of Giordano Bruno. It has stood in the Campo de Fiori, Rome for over 120 years; a monument to free-thinkers everywhere. Imprisoned and branded a “heretic” for holding and publicising beliefs ‘contrary to doctrine’ (as well as such beliefs that the universe is infinite, the sun is a star, there are other worlds circling other stars, there is intelligent life on these other worlds, to name only a few), former Dominican Friar, Giordano Bruno was confined, interrogated, and tortured for seven years at the hands of the Roman Inquisition. Steadfastly refusing to renounce his writings and recant his beliefs, in February of 1600, he was turned over to Civil Authorities and was burned at the stake, only metres away from where his statue stands today.

Bruno, a native of Nola, near Naples, lived in the 16th century, during a time when the Hermetic Tradition was flourishing. It was a time when many of those who were searching for knowledge and enlightenment believed that the very secrets of the universe could be found in looking back into our ancient past. Hermeticism, the study of ‘occult’ sciences and alchemy, which drew largely from ancient and obscure texts, most notably ancient Egyptian, was thought to be the pathway to this enlightenment.

Though Bruno had a fascination with the subject, he was many centuries ahead of his peers in his understanding that such studies provided an effective way to open new vistas of thought and exploration of the psyche. He was well aware that ritual, incantations, and other mystical practises associated with Hermeticism were not calling upon magical forces outside oneself, but were ways of focussing intent and harnessing the power of one’s own mind. As to the alchemists and their search for the Philosophers Stone, he said that no one would ever find such a thing, but that many great things would be discovered from the attempts made.¹

Giordano Bruno was a charismatic and eloquent speaker as well as a prolific writer, determined to put forth and promote his ideas (which he came to call the Nolan Philosophy), sometimes to his own detriment. Instead of simply blindly following the status quo, Bruno challenged the concepts before him, he questioned, he reasoned, and he debated with anyone who would engage him, but more often that not, his passion for his beliefs would end up getting him in trouble with local religious and academic authorities of whichever European city/country he was happened to be in.

He lectured widely at some of the most prestigious universities in the world on a variety of topics mostly within philosophy, cosmology, and ontology. But perhaps the subject that he was most noted and celebrated for was the Art of Memory.

In today’s world, information is literally at our fingertips; on our computers, our phones, our tablets, etc. Since we don’t have the need to memorise vast amounts of information, it can be difficult for us to appreciate the value that was placed on a good memory before our technology existed.

But during the time of the Renaissance, an exceptional memory was a prized and precious attribute and those who possessed such a gift were respected and revered. During his lifetime Bruno wrote several books on memory enhancement techniques and his personal tutoring in this acclaimed art was sought after by royalty and the nobility.
Even as a child age he demonstrated a talent for memory recall, and later, while he was still a young Novitiate of the Dominican Order, he was sent by his superiors to Rome to perform his remarkable talent before the Pope as well as Cardinal who was also in attendance. It is said that after reciting Psalm 86 forwards and then backwards – in Hebrew – he then proceeded to instruct his hosts on his mnemonic techniques of memory enhancement.2

Besides obvious practical uses that a good memory provided, Bruno believed that “an enhanced memory could boost the power of the individual psyche so that the human mind, and with it the spirit, could tap into the greater imprint of the universe”.3

Experienced lucid dreamers can attest to the fact that improving dream recall is one of the basic keys to increasing the chances of becoming lucid. Also, many “mental” induction techniques (such as MILD, WILD, DILD, reality testing, dream triggering (like the frequently looking at your hands method) etc.) have proven successful in the initiation and improvement of recall of lucid dreaming. Some of these exercises (particularly MILD, or Mnemonic Induction of Lucid Dreams) are not unlike some of the mental techniques that Bruno himself practised and taught.

Given the undeniable evidence of Bruno’s relentless pursuit of knowledge and truth, coupled with his highly developed memory, it hardly takes a leap of faith to assume that he didn’t limit his quest to purely physical examination.

If he was studying ancient occult texts, particularly the ancient Egyptian traditions, he would certainly have been aware of out-of-body or ‘astral’ travel, and other altered states of consciousness. With his hunger for knowledge, and his remarkable mental skills it seems highly likely, if not inevitable, that he would explore the farthest reaches of his inner world, his dreaming world, with as much curiosity and passion as he pursued his outer interests.

Of what little of his writings are translated and published in English, there are some passages that are very evocative of lucid dreaming or out of body experiences. The quote presented at the start of this article could represent a valid OBE or lucid dream experience, though most scholars would likely argue that and regard it as merely metaphorical, or perhaps just poetic prose. Regardless as to whether or not there exists evidence to suggest that Giordano Bruno was a lucid dreamer, he certainly displayed qualities and aptitudes of the diligent lucid dreamer.

Seen today as a martyr for freedom of thought, of imagination, and of expression, it seems rather fitting that Giordano Bruno could also symbolize the spirit of the pioneering lucid dreamer, sharing in common a desire to explore the mental landscape of dreams, to move beyond the limitations of ‘common’ thought, to break through and push past inner boundaries, to freely explore and experience the mental universe within each of us.

Whether you’re searching for knowledge, truth, healing, spiritual experiences, or just plain fun, don’t rest content with the status quo of your lucid dreaming. In the spirit of Giordano Bruno, challenge yourself to go beyond current limitations, boldly reach ever further into your own inner universe and enjoy the wonder and knowledge you will find there.

And remember to rejoice in your freedom to do so.

I joined Robert Waggoner’s online workshop on ‘Lucid Dreaming and Living Lucidly’ in February 2012, after reading his book, *Lucid Dreaming: Gateway to the Inner Self*. In the workshop, we discussed many things, including the idea of healing one’s physical body in the lucid dream state, and the experience of Ed Kellogg, Ph.D. in healing others while lucid.

This is my story of what happened after a lucid dream healing for my son.

On Saturday 21/4/2012, I took my son, Eric, to the Emergency Room of a hospital (Valle Hebron) in Barcelona. They admitted him because of a serious illness of the throat, called epiglottitis. They gave us a room in the hospital.

The throat specialist, an otolaringologyst, told us that most of the children who have this illness are placed in the Intensive Care Unit, where they insert a tube in the throat for breathing. He said my son had a very inflamed throat. We listened to the doctors to understand the progression of Eric’s disease. They said the Intensive Care Unit will be kept aware of Eric’s evolving case.

On Monday, the specialist told us that we were going to spend at least two weeks at the hospital because Eric’s epiglottis was very inflamed. Eric couldn’t eat or swallow anything. With a great effort on this night, he drank some juice.

Hearing this, I became very concerned for my son. At this point, I decided lucid dreaming may help him recover his normal health. In the hospital, I was sleeping in a reclinable chair with a lot of interruptions during the night. During each interruption, I practiced the MILD technique to help me become lucidly aware.

Monday night I became aware in a dream and realized that I was dreaming. Lucid, I remembered my intent to heal my son and the practices to do so. I found Eric alone in a room, and lucidly began to repeat my intended sentence, “de mis manos saldrá una luz que te curará,” or “From my hands you will get a light that will heal you.” In the lucid dream, I felt an energy coming out from my hands and especially my fingers. While I pointed towards Eric’s throat, it felt that the energy went to his chest and penetrated into him, which then glowed white and illuminated the upper part of his body. He remained quiet. I felt very focused on my intent. After some time, I thought, “I’ve done it. I completed my mission.” I then woke. The rest of the night, I had regular dreams.

I woke up feeling happy for this short lucid dream. I do not think of myself as an advanced lucid dreamer. Sometimes, I have a hard time creating a stable lucid dream environment. So I acted quickly to do what I intended, when I became lucid.
On Tuesday, Eric began to eat! He said he felt much better. His general state seemed a fantastic improvement from Monday. The nurses began to reduce artificial eating from the vein serum.

On Wednesday, Eric had a good breakfast. His general state looked excellent. The doctors said that maybe that day we could leave the hospital and go home. The nurses removed completely the vein serum of artificial feeding.

The throat specialist or otolaryngologist visited our room and told me that Eric’s recuperation was extraordinary. Actually, they felt surprised by it. He said we could go home with Eric. But I told them that I preferred to stay in the hospital one day more. I preferred to see Eric eat more solid foods there in the hospital, so when I took him home he would be completely normal. They agreed he could stay “for observation.”

On Thursday morning, we arrived home. Eric ate and swallowed everything that I offered him. We felt very happy. Though we can never know how his healing would have progressed without my lucid dream, we do know that the doctors were amazed by his extremely fast recovery, and he returned home almost ten days sooner than expected.

I tell this story to encourage other lucid dreamers to consider the possible healing effects of lucid dreaming on their own body, or with permission, a friend or loved one. With enough experiences, lucid dream healing may be accepted as another approach to healing, and investigated in scientific research studies.

These are the different steps that I followed, when I made the decision to try healing in a lucid dream:

1) I had a clear intent and ‘will.’ I had no doubts about my goal. I just wanted to do it.

2) I asked Eric for permission, saying, “Do you mind if I heal you in a lucid dream?” He gave me his permission.

3) I prepared an easy sentence to focus my healing intent in the lucid dream, which I memorized and repeated during the day. With this prepared sentence, I felt focused and ready to act in the moment that I become lucid.

4) The sentence was in Spanish: “de mis manos saldrá una luz que te curara,” which translated means, “From my hands you will get a light that will heal you.”

5) I visualized the scene clearly. I imagined myself being lucidly aware, finding my son Eric in a room and sending him healing light directly to his throat while I was repeating my intended sentence.

[Note: Pilar asked Robert Waggoner for English language assistance with this article. Also, at the end of the workshop, Robert offered a signed copy of his book as a prize for attendees who could complete various tasks, such as meditate in a lucid dream, or perform a lucid dream healing, etc. Pilar won the prize of a signed copy of Lucid Dreaming: Gateway to the Inner Self for this lucid dream of healing.]

Themes for Upcoming Issues of LDE

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

December:
Reader’s Choice: Do you have a particular lucid dreaming theme or topic you’d like to see covered in more depth in LDE? Send us your suggestions via our submissions section on our website www.luciddreammagazine.com and we will choose the most popular suggestion for the December issue!
In 2009, I was in extreme physical pain from an inoperable growth in a neck nerve root and stenosis in the spinal column of my neck. My waking life consisted of getting from one moment to the next. The pain rendered me unable to move or take care of myself (feed, wash, etc.). Until this time my lucid dreams were short and unfocused.

During this period, I would wake up in darkness, walk through my home, and seem unable to turn a light on or use the phone, until finally, I realized I was dreaming. There were countless lucid dreams like this, where I could not wake myself up and I wandered in my home trying.

In one of these lucid dreams, a song from twenty years ago came to me as I faced an ‘altar’ in my home (i.e. Mother of All Things, by Lisa Thiel). I sang the first line of it and I suddenly awakened from the ‘lucid coma,’ as I soon came to refer to these dreams.

Singing this, I was then able to wake anytime from lucid dreams. I called it my “Lucid Mantra.” When I was in a dream I didn’t like, I would become lucid and then start my mantra. Sometimes I’d invite others to sing it with me, as I walked down the street waiting to wake up.

Soon after this, I started receiving cranial sacral manipulations. I would silently, like a mantra, repeat the first line of the song I heard in my dream, throughout the day for minutes and even hours. Because it was about the ‘Mother of All Things,’ I prayed, and went back to my Christian roots, contemplated the Trinity, while focusing on the Mother.

Strangers started randomly showing up during these dark lucid dreams, walking through my home. I trained myself to call to them, asking if they were my ‘guides.’ None of them knew the answer, so I dismissed them and awakened myself.

During this time, I set my intent before I went to sleep: To Heal

**Intent Pays Off**

On August 24, 2009, I had this long lucid dream.

During one of my nightly lucid walks in my home, I found a door and went through it. It opened up into a school, and I walked into one of the classrooms and sat down, totally aware that I was lucid and that this was a first. I was one of the students.

We were given a plain white cardboard crown and asked to write an intent on it, as well as color it.

I made my crown ‘blue’ on one side of the outside and I wrote “Healer.” On the other side, I wrote “Healed” and made it green with musical
notes on them. A young blond girl, my classmate, said that she liked my crown, and I thanked her. The class then went outside. It was night time and we all lay on the ground watching the sky. The sky was filled with white energy in the shapes of different Hindu gods and goddesses (which I knew from seeing their shapes in bookstores).

The figures in the sky were throwing balls of ‘Light’ down, which descended onto the people lying on the ground. As I looked up to them, my point of view was not through my eyes; instead, it was from my spinal column or perhaps through my chakra system. I noticed there was a block, and was afraid that the hole wasn’t wide enough for the energy to reach me.

I mentioned this to a male student lying on the ground next to me and he told me I got at least one of the energy balls.

When it was over, we got up and went into another building, in a part that was like an auditorium. The room had pictures of all the different Hindu gods; it was very clear.

Then a man came in and faced the class. He changed from one Hindu god to another. My classmates were very pleased at this, however, I wasn’t sure what I was even doing there or what it was I was supposed to be getting from this. I told one of my classmates that I was lucid dreaming, and they told me it was dangerous. I was not afraid however.

One of the teachers, a woman was not happy I was there; she didn’t think I could learn this way. One of the assistants asked if he could test me.

We went outside to the front, where there was a road and buildings across the street. He started moving his hands, and it was like a sparring match, but with energy. I was given no instructions from him before we began. At the end of the match, he said I was a healer, first level.

While we were outside this building, across the street was another building and there were people there, whose energy was sinister. We were escorted back into the building because of this. They were considered dangerous.

I went back to the woman teacher and although the assistant stood up for me, she told me that I be-longed elsewhere. She handed me a book and transported me elsewhere. Still lucid, I looked down at this book. It had a three dimensional puzzle on its cover which I needed to solve before it could be opened. I quickly solved it. Now, I looked around me, and noticed I was in another classroom, sitting on a stage with a podium on it. There was an elderly male teacher, dressed in a robe, standing there behind it. I got off his “stage,” sat in a chair and opened the book.

There was so much information in the book! Lucid, I wanted to remember it all and bring it back to the waking state. I started writing it down as a memory aide. I also saw other notations/symbols in the book. I was struggling to read it. I was losing my lucidity and waking up. I looked around once more before I chanted my mantra and woke up.

My path was wide open after that lucid dream. I began studying the ‘Esoteric Teachings’ of Dr. Styli-anos Atteshilis (Christian mystic and healer), and continued my sessions of cranial-sacral therapy and physical therapy.

As my pain subsided, the frequency of the lucid dreams did too. The lucid dreams were mostly in classrooms, or time traveling via 'doors,' going through the one's with markings scrolling along the bottom. When they scrolled forward across, I went to the future, but when they scrolled backwards across, to the past. I could not change the past events, but healed some very painful memories by 'seeing'/'being' there differently. (I've also been on a Time Traveling Trolly and a canoe following a 'stream.')

I received an MRI a few months ago and the growth in my nerve root is gone, along with the agonizing pain. I still have stenosis in the spinal column and lower back, but I am 70% more mobile and able to take complete care of myself.

I was bed ridden and in pain for 18 hours a day and I'm convinced the pain made it easier for me to lucid dream daily. I still pray, meditate twice daily and aim to live a healthy life style.

The author can be contacted at: greekand-polish@gmail.com
Disclaimer
There are many similarities between SSILD and the other lucid dream induction methods such as WILD, MILD, etc. In fact, if you wish, you could label SSILD as a derivative of those methods, or you could simply write it off as an old method with a new name since the differences may be rather subtle. Also I'm not sure if this name has been taken, so if it has then please let me know so I can change it to something else.

Background
While teaching lucid dreaming to novices I realize that many popular methods share a fundamental problem. That is, they all require too much finesse. For example, the typical WILD techniques require proper relaxation which by itself is a difficult subject. Another example is affirmation -- how do you do affirmation effectively? We all know that simply chanting mantras will not do the trick. Same goes for visualization, breathing, and the list just goes on and on.

We need a method that is as effective as it is idiot-proof, hence the creation of the SSILD technique. A large group of people, mainly novices, participated in testing the new method, and within months we received many hundreds of reports of success. And unlike some techniques that only work for the first couple of times, SSILD users report consistent results from regular usage. Many even learned to induce LDs and OBEs on a daily basis.

Theory
We do not know why exactly SSILD works. One user pointed out that the method shares some resemblance with the self-hypnosis method introduced by Betty Erickson, wife of the late Dr. Milton H. Erickson. Another theory is that by repeated stimulation of the various senses in a trance-like state, we incubate our mind and body into the right condition suited for entering a DILD, WILD, or OBE.

Regardless of the theory, it is utterly crucial to bear in mind that SSILD is not strictly a WILD technique. While many users report successful LD/OBE induction from the waking state, this method is equally effective at inducing DILDs. In fact, I strongly suggest users treat it solely as a DILD technique in order to use it in the most effective manner.

Step-by-Step
1. The best time to practice is after 4 or 5 hours of sleep. You could also combine the practice with WBTB for maximum effect but it is not required. DO NOT do this at the start of your sleep -- it will NOT work! The only exception is afternoon naps since you enter directly into REM.

2. Repeat the following procedures 4 or 5 times. DO NOT attempt too many repetitions even if you don't feel anything. Remember you are not doing a WILD. You are simply setting things up for OBEs and LDs to occur at a later point. If you repeat the procedure too many times you may risk losing sleep.

2a) With your eyes closed, stare at the darkness behind your eyelids for 15-20 seconds. Try to pick up
any colors, lights, or images, but do not strain your eye muscles. If you see nothing but darkness, that's fine. Again, we are not striving to induce dreams from the waking state, so do NOT force it. It is perfectly fine to not feel anything.

2b) Listen to the noises in your ears for 15-20 seconds. Chances are you will hear some light humming and buzzing sounds. See if you can hear it more clearly. It is okay if you don't hear anything.

2c) Notice any strange body sensations such as heaviness, tingling, and movements. Pay attention particularly to the head, hands, fingers, abdomen, feet, and toes. Again, it is perfectly fine if you don't feel anything strange.

The above steps should be performed in a relaxed manner, slowly, lazily, and without any rational thoughts. The 15-20 seconds duration is for your reference only, so do NOT count in your head! Chances are, after a couple of repetitions you will begin to feel sleepy, to the point your mind may drift away and forget to continue the exercise. Congratulations, this is exactly the effect we are after! When this happens just pull your mind back a bit and resume from where you drifted away. If you lost count of the repetitions then simply do a new set. It won't hurt.

3. Find the most comfortable position and try to fall asleep as quickly as possible! The quicker you fall asleep the more likely you will succeed later in your dreams!

**What's Going to Happen**
Several things may happen through this exercise:

1. After you fall asleep, you may suddenly wake up with a strange sensation. You will feel wide awake, and your body weightless. At this point just do a reality check and roll out from your bed to begin an OBE.

2. You wake up with vibrations and other strange sensations. Hang onto these sensations as they may lead you into an OBE.

3. You suddenly become lucid in your dreams for no apparent reason, or you may begin to suspect you are dreaming.

4. You have a False Awakening. Unlike the first experience, you may feel awake but still drowsy. FAs will occur frequently with SSILD; therefore you should get used to them and become good at identifying them.

5. A WILD or direct OBE. Phase entrance may occur during the repetition, with your mind still awake. When this happens, many of the sensations become amplified. You should stop doing any further exercises, and begin focusing on the sensations until you successfully enter the phase.

6. If all else fails you can try the following technique as a last resort. Upon waking up again, which eventually you will after step 3, try to relax your head and allow it to sink into the pillow. If done correctly you will generate vibrations and enter an OBE from a fully awake state. This works because SSILD has prepared your body and mind to enter a phase easily. In fact if you increase the number of repetitions you may be able to do this even before you fall asleep from step 3!

**Common Causes for Loss of Sleep**
Being unable to fall asleep easily after the cycles is a common problem encountered by inexperienced users of the SSILD technique, there are several possible causes:

1. False Awakening. No I'm not kidding. What you are experiencing could well be an FA and this is very common after doing SSILD. You basically just lay there trying to fall asleep while you are already asleep.
Senses Initiated Lucid Dreaming (SSILD)

One way to work around this is to do additional repetitions when you find you are unable to sleep. Assuming you are in an FA, or sometimes a light trance, then the cycling technique will usually result in very apparent HIs, ringing sounds, vibrations, or other effects. When the effects occur you can simply do an RC, and then roll out of the bed to begin an OBE.

2. You are focusing too much on producing the effects/sensations while doing the reps. Remember, WILD and OBE are by products of SSILD. They should not be sought after. When you do the cycles, do NOT expect anything will happen. You should focus on losing focus. That's the right way to do SSILD.

3. Rational thoughts entering the mind while doing the cycles. It's fine to let your mind drift to other things, but you should NEVER analyze what you are doing! Oh, do NOT count either. You don't want precision!

4. Deliberately trying to relax. Remember, SSILD is very much a self-hypnosis tool, so you should rely on that to put you into sleep. Don't mix in any relaxation techniques before or after! And certainly do not attempt to stay relaxed during the repetitions. Just get comfortable, and leave the relaxation part to the technique.

5. Interruption. This is the single biggest killer. If you are repeatedly interrupted, whether by sudden noises, discomforts, or others, you should cease doing the exercise and go to sleep right away. You can always do it again later, so do not force it.

About Me
My personal research and practice of lucid dreaming dates back to the early 90s. Throughout the years I've recorded thousands of LDs and OBEs. Two years ago I joined a lucid dreaming forum in China, and since then have become one of their prominent writers and trainers. The forum quickly grew to over 60,000 active members. This provided me with an excellent test bed for new ideas. Together we developed and refined the SSILD method more than 8 months ago. Today it is being actively practiced and improved upon by thousands of people.

---

Lucid Dreaming Experience is Looking for a Science Correspondent

Do you keep up with lucid dreaming research? If so, the LDE is looking for a Science Correspondent to make brief, quarterly reports on lucid dreaming research. To apply, please send an email explaining your interest to lucylde@yahoo.com by 8/31/2012
As a writer, visual artist, passionate cook and, since Christmas, XBOX aficionado (I've read that gaming might help promote lucid dreaming, great excuse!) I spend a lot of time typing, using a mouse, chopping ingredients and pressing buttons, activities that all make rather excessive use of my right hand, thumb, wrist and arm. In fact, I relied almost exclusively on the right side of my body until the day I tripped and fell while playing catch-the-stick with my puppy. I broke my fall with both hands and thought nothing of it, until a few days later, when it became excruciatingly apparent that something was terribly wrong with my right wrist and thumb.

The pain when I moved them in certain directions was so intense, I was forced to begin using my left hand for whatever tasks I could manage to accomplish with it. I bought a cloth brace and began wearing it night and day, hoping that whatever was wrong would get better, but days and then weeks passed with no sign of improvement. I continued to type and use a mouse, cook and do yoga, yet the range of motion in my wrist and thumb was limited by instant and severe pain. Desiring to avoid a cortisone shot at all cost, I tried two weeks of electrical heat stimulation, ultrasounds, massages and physical therapy with a chiropractor. After the treatment ended, I continued doing the stretches they had taught me at home, but my condition showed no real improvement.

I did not immediately attempt to heal myself in a lucid dream because I felt I was suffering from a life-style injury that was teaching me important lessons about balancing both sides of my self, in every sense. I didn't feel it was right to want to fix a non-life threatening condition which was helping me grow. On the other hand, the constant inconvenience of a brace—and the occasional excruciating pain when it failed to keep my wrist and/or thumb from moving in a certain direction—was really getting old. There was also the concern that my tendinitis (for so the chiropractor diagnosed it) if not dealt with in a timely fashion might become chronic. Therefore, before scheduling the dreaded cortisone shot, I consciously stepped past the mental and emotional assumptions causing me to treat the power behind the dream like a genie granting me only three big wishes I should be afraid of wasting. I decided to try to heal myself in a lucid dream.

September 2011

I find myself fully conscious of being awake in a dream where I'm lying on my back on my bed in our bedroom, which is dark. I raise my right hand toward the ceiling thinking *make light* and violet sparkles emanate from my fingertips which delight me, and also succeed in gently illuminating the ceiling, where a circular decorative carving has replaced our actual ceiling fan. I notice then that my right hand is wearing the
Lucid Therapy—Healing my Tendonitis

cloth brace I've been subjected to for weeks now because of a strained tendon. (Yesterday it was worse than ever; I couldn't move my thumb in any direction without pain shooting through me, so that I was obliged to skip yoga, which really upset me.)

At once, I remember my intent. Raising both hands before me, I point the index finger of my left hand at the junction of my right wrist and thumb, willing a healing energy into it. I'm delighted to see a stream of lovely blue and violet sparkles (I can't think of better word for them). I then take the time to remove the cloth brace so it won't be in the way, and direct the starry healing energy to just above the tender area.

At one point I can't see anything but I'm aware of lying in bed having this lucid dream, and of struggling to disconnect the desire to open my eyes in the dream with the urge to open my actual physical eyes, which will wake me up. I don't know how I manage it, perhaps through sheer willpower, but I find myself once again gazing at the dream room and my hands. I turn my right hand so I can see the bottom of my wrist and trace my left index finger along it. I can see beneath the skin; a section of skin seems to be missing. I discern a black line or band of sorts which at first looks like an inverted syringe with something sharp and dark moving up my arm from my wrist. I'm quite fascinated to be seeing the inside of my body as I continue directing healing energy that consists of a shimmering violet light indistinguishable from my intent, which is the real mysterious source of the "corrective" power I'm focusing on my wrist and thumb. I become aware of a golden light slightly behind me to my left and give thanks for this dream as it slowly fades and I find myself awake in bed.

At once I told my husband about the dream, and removing the cloth brace said with complete faith, "Look!" as I moved my wrist and thumb around in different directions without any pain whatsoever. "It's still not one-hundred percent, but it's much better! And morning is when it hurts the most! I wish I'd had more time!"

I Wrote in my Dream Journal: If I have to assign a percentage to the improvement in my condition, I would say seventy-five percent. My wrist also feels so much stronger, nowhere near as weak and vulnerable to being accidentally moved in the wrong direction. It's very interesting how connected I feel to this part of my body after seeing it in the dream, and seeing into it. I look at it now and feel as though I can will it to get better, that my intent is still connected to it in an active way. I feel my physical body is akin to an animal, to a pet of my Inner Self which also serves as a mysterious tool of my Consciousness. I've become aware of all my hand motions these past few weeks, but this morning I feel reverently connected to my right hand and wrist in a way I never have before. As always happens with a lucid dream, I feel differently about something, not just think differently.

Two nights later, I became lucid in a dream again. I'll skip to the moment I woke up in the dream:

…I decide I'll fly and rise up into the sky. I'm soon well above the trees. I raise my hands before me and think, Well, I must be dreaming. The sky is a pale, somewhat murky watercolor blue. I look at my right hand thinking I might as well heal the whole tendon as I attempt to direct a healing energy up my arm, but I don't see any sparkling lights emanating from my left fingertip. I keep at it, and give thanks to the power behind the dream, expressing how grateful I am for all I've been assisted in achieving, yet also admitting to being a little confused and in need of more guidance. There still isn't any visible healing energy emanating from my hand.

Abruptly spotting a building ahead of me, I think perhaps I need to find a doctor in the dream (I had this thought earlier while I was awake, remembering how another person did that in a lucid dream). I fly up to a platform high off the ground on which a little building sits that is more like a big closet or armoire. On the left there's a single dark wooden door and on the right two wooden doors. I veer to the right, but then turn to the left because that was the door I originally intended to open.

Inside the cramped space is a very attractive naked man with dark hair. He's sitting up slightly, his right shoulder leaning against the wood, his well muscled body stretched out in a partially reclined position. I seem to wake him when I open the door. I tell him I'm looking for a doctor. When he doesn't respond right away, I go and open the double doors. Finding nothing behind them, I return to the man, who indi-
cedes he can, in fact, help me. Floating in the air, I rest my elbows on the entrance to the room (like in a pool, only partially needing its support).

Facing away from me and going through some drawers, he looks back at me and tells me, “Your father’s dying.” I reply, “No, he’s dead.” He adds, “Well, he’s fine,” and I say, “Yes, I know, I’ve seen him a few times” (meaning in dreams after he died). He echoes, “Yes, I know. I talked to him just the other day.” “Really?” I ask. “Cool.” I’m rather enjoying talking to this dream character who is so forthcoming. Pulling a photograph out of a wallet, he shows it to me. I see a woman and an older man and state, “That’s not my dad.”

I get the feeling he really can’t help me, but as I make to leave, he abruptly tells me he’ll give me a prescription for what I need. I’m happy about that but, as I begin gliding away, I realize he really hasn’t given me anything. Yet suddenly I do seem to have a prescription in my hand. Looking at it, I make out an image of a little girl crouching in front of a pile of colorful goggles and the “pharmacy” header reads Harbor Freight Tools. It seems a joke; it makes no sense. How can goggles help me heal my tendon?

I Wrote in my Dream Journal: Yet there is something to this dream, something about being able to see better in the flowing depths of my subconscious, of my dreams. I feel encouraged to think outside the box, creatively, as I did naturally when I was a little girl. This dream also seems to reflect my deepening faith and lack of doubts and fears (the part of me who was like my father in that respect) dying inside me once and for all. And the beautiful man strikes me as the vigorous good health of my Inner Self and gaining conscious access to it.

October 2011

In a dream, I’m looking at my right arm and seeing deep blue blood rushing along my veins quite vigorously pumped by my heart, which I distinctly feel beating swiftly. About where my wrist still hurts in waking life when I touch it, I see a circle rimmed in yellow, a pool of sorts with a dark orange-pink center around which my blood flows freely. My mother and I are studying my arm in fascination, and I personally experience an awe tinged with fear, because it’s very clear that should something happen and the river of blood cease to flow, or rise beyond the banks of my skin, I will die. Part of me experiences a frisson of fear but a very calm, centered part of me faces the inevitable and transcends it with the thought, the knowledge, that I will continue (my awareness, who I am) even outside the confines of my body. It is a highly lucid moment, after which I drift off into another dream.

I Wrote in my Dream Journal: It may not be related, but my wrist feels a heck of a lot better today than it did yesterday or even in the middle of the night before the dream. All I remember doing is looking at it, marveling, and then having that lucid moment where the twinge of fear was quickly overcome by the knowledge I would survive even if my heart stopped beating and my blood stopped flowing. I’m thinking now that a healing energy was flowing from my heart down into my arm because all day I have felt much better, not just in my wrist area, which is noticeably stronger, but in my right shoulder and my entire arm.

Mind/Consciousness is the infinite ocean of creativity (the Dream) in which the shells of our skulls live, and information/energy rushes as blood through our veins, just as rivers flow between solid banks, carving the four dimensions and chambers of our heart, the “house” of our soul. Moving out of one, we can always build another. I learned from the chiropractor that the trauma feels concentrated in my wrist because where the tendon meets the bone there’s less circulation, less blood flow. My dream seemed to be increasing the blood flow to the affected area even though I wasn’t lucid.

October 2011

Walking back to the center of our living room, I raise my right hand before me and realize I’m dreaming! At once I remember my intent and, holding my wrist up before me, I instruct blood to begin flowing down into the affected joint. I can see blue veins beneath my rosy-beige skin in the location of the troubled area and am pleased. I open the door to the rec room and walk in. It’s dark in there but I head toward the bay windows as I plant my lips on my wrist. I push open the windows (which don’t open in reality) and there’s our yard.
As I take off, I see Arthur (my puppy) shoot into the woods, a white streak beneath me. I'm here on our mountain property but the night is so alive, profoundly quiet on the surface and yet subliminally almost noisy. Coming from every direction, I hear a faint and lovely yet also eerie music. I make out the faint drone of airplanes high above and see the tell-tale orange streak of one going by. I just barely register a sound like voices I seem to know are other people having out of body experiences. I'm floating slowly and easily around my yard in a night subliminally lit by a silvery aura that isn't actually light. I'm enthralled by the energy -music-voices humming all around me, and I know the moon is out tonight but I don't see it or notice many stars.

I turn toward my favorite tulip tree and greet it; I'm definitely really outside, this is not like a lucid dream. I try and remember to keep my lips on my wrist but the night is so oddly creepy and yet so real and the music fascinates me. I go peer through a window at the right side of the house and think Oh, that's a room in my house! even though it isn't really—I see an odd straight-backed narrow brown chair sitting before a bed. Floating over the yard again I say, “Arthur, did you go out?” but I realize it's silly to worry because obviously he didn't since I'm dreaming and he's in his crate sleeping. I return to the rec room, moving my mouth over my wrist now, attempting to massage the tension out of the joint with my lips as I enter a room we don't really own, and abruptly wake up.

I Wrote in my Dream Journal: My wrist feels the same as it did yesterday, but I think I know why—I was in a lower vibrational body. I have to be in a less dense, in a higher vibrational body, so to speak, to access healing energy that can flow down into my denser physical form. It seems to me the Other Side isn't just one other level or world but multiple realms.

October 2011

I reach a point where I say, "I'm going to close my eyes and when I open them again I'm going to be at the ocean." I envision a white beach and clear, bright blue water with no one around. I open my eyes. It didn't work! All I see is a large pool in a room. I feel quite frustrated but decide to get on with my intent, which is to send healing energy into my wrist. As I look around at this open yet enclosed space divided into different areas I can see into (there are no people around) I think that perhaps I'm not supposed to change the environment in this dream.

I begin walking down a corridor and, looking down at my wrist, I move it around and don't feel any discomfort or tightness. I think that when I wake
up my wrist will feel just like it does here in my dream body. I turn around and start walking back the way I came. Then, standing against a wall, I recite, "I'm radiant with health, I'm radiant with health" and begin walking again. I raise my hands slightly before me and visualize blue healing energy coming out of my left index finger toward the problem spot in my right wrist. I'm gratified to see it, and by how effortless it is. Then I decide to make the healing energy more direct and intense, like a laser, and it transforms into a violet shaft of solid light that darkens to a shimmering purple. I look for my tendon to make sure I'm directing the energy into the right place, and gradually begin waking up.

I Wrote in my Dream Journal: This morning I've been able to stretch and move my wrist and thumb even more freely than before just by remembering what my dream body felt like, and by visualizing the tendon as I saw it in the dream. The lucid dreams in which I direct healing energy into my arm seem akin to the electrical stimulation and ultrasound treatment I received at the chiropractor before doing physical therapy exercises. I'm concentrating on my thumb's mobility now and on opening my hand fully, as I haven't been able to do in weeks.

After each lucid healing dream, the flexibility and the strength of my injured tendon markedly improved. The area where my thumb meets my wrist is still a bit stiff and tender, my tendon isn't one-hundred percent healed, but after only the first dream, I was able to remove the protective brace, and I haven't needed to wear it since. I appear to have reduced the inflammation in a lucid dreaming equivalent of cortisone shots. Each time after I woke up, I moved and stretched my thumb and wrist in ways I couldn't before, and I repeated these exercises several times during the day, feeling I was helping align my physical body with my dream body so that its healing energy could be more effectively absorbed.

At first I was disappointed I couldn't just wave a magic dream wand and completely heal myself overnight, but the process itself is so fascinating, my tendonitis now feels like a mysterious gift I'm still unwrapping. I'm discovering that if I strive to live as lucidly as possible, this spiritual practice carries over into sleep and enables me to become conscious in my dreams more often, especially if I'm passionate about accomplishing something. For me, the smallest events of every day life feel increasingly like choreography, and the more gracefully I dance—the more positive and lucid my thoughts and responses to everything are—the more life unfolds in a beautiful, magical way, not despite problems and pain but sometimes because of them.

---

**Lucid Therapy—Healing my Tendonitis**

**Saturday, June 30th, 3pm - 6pm**

$65

Includes dinner and Full Moon ceremony

CoSM, Chapel of Sacred Mirrors

46 Deer Hill Rd, Wappingers Falls, NY 12590

Call: 845.297.2323  Fax: 845.632.3879
Gateways Of The Mind


2 Day Conference - 3rd & 4th November 2012
The Royal Geographical Society, London

Presenting both ancient and modern theories and practices of Lucid Dreaming and Out Of Body Experiences, from different cultures including western science, Tibetan Buddhism and the Toltec / Mexico (Aztec) tradition.

Learn directly from the experts and pioneers, discuss personal experience and participate in workshops & a panel debate.

The Speakers

Charlie Morley
(Lucid dreaming teacher & practitioner)
“Lucid Dreaming: From The Basics To The Borderline”

Robert Waggoner
(Author, Lucid Dreaming: Gateway To The Inner Self)
“Exploring Beyond Lucid Dreaming To Non-dual Awareness”

Dr. Michael Katz
(Author - The Royal Road to Enlightenment)
“Dreaming & Awakening: Tibetan Dream Yoga”

Sergio Magaña
(Healer, Author, Toltec lineage of Mesoamerica)
“The Nahual, The Art Of Dreaming On The Toltec / Mexica Wisdom Path”

Graham E. Nicholls
(Author - Avenues of the Human Spirit)
“Out of Body Experiences: Exploring the Nature of Reality”

Tickets
2 Day Ticket - £125 (Special 'Early Bird' rate expires 30th June)
The '2 Day Ticket' price includes admission for both days of the event.
We are offering an 'Early Bird' rate of £125 (normal price £150) for bookings made prior to 30th June 2012.

1 Day Ticket - £100
You can select a '1 Day Ticket' for either the 3rd or the 4th November. Please note that there is only a limited number of 1 Day Tickets available.

Book your ticket at: www.gatewaysofthemind.com

All prices shown are 'per person.'
Kid Lucid

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

© al moniz 2012 (with a tip of the cap to K. Squires)
On November 30th of 2011, I had to have a CAT scan to more closely inspect something seen on a chest X-ray. I didn’t know much more than what I was told: That these were 99% benign nothings; that chest X-rays really can’t see much; that this was precautionary and that it was on the right upper lobe of my lung. I’m not a smoker, so I wasn’t terribly worried, but alas, the CAT scan revealed something that looked ominous. The next step was to have a PET scan that measures any metabolic activity in this thing. If the results glow red, then it suggests the thing is eating and growing. If no red color exists, then you know that at least it’s not a fast eater and may be something like a slow growing tumor.

I did a bit of meditating for the couple days leading up to the early Monday morning PET scan. In the hours before the scan, I became lucid in a dream. Walking in a nature area with my wife behind me, I see a nicely dressed young man of about 25 years. He’s standing in a clearing as we emerge from a cluster of trees. I notice that he has an open 12 or 24 pack of Diet Pepsi on the ground to his right. I ask him to throw some cans into the air, as I want to try and make them hover, which I do in the lucid dream. This excites me. I then ask him to see if he can throw one through me. He does so. It sails right through my chest! Waking, we got out of bed and made our way through the cool of the morning to the medical facility.

At 5:39 that afternoon, I received a call from the doctor. He stayed late to give me my results. The results of the PET scan were negative.

We traveled to the Midwest for the holidays and I didn’t bother my family with any of this. While there, I had a very vivid non-lucid dream in which something odd happened. In it, I was squatting down and writing on something like a sandwich board that you see outside restaurants. A young, fit woman walks past me and says my name as if an old friend. I too seem younger and fitter. We hug like old friends and I tell her she has to come to a christening we’re having (for a son...none yet) and she says she will. Now, I can honestly say that I don’t remember the last conscious thought I had about Penny Marshall. I really can’t. This dream was odd, so I told my wife and one of my sisters about it. I looked up Penny Marshall online a few days later and got a shock; poor Penny has...lung cancer! I shut the lid of my laptop and felt my nerves ball up.

About one week later, another lucid dream occurs, but this time with a false awakening. In this dream, I found myself in a hallway as if outside the door of a nondescript basement apartment. A man comes around the corner and since I am lucidly aware, I tell him that I want to learn something important about myself (something I’d read to try). He says nothing, but takes out keys and so I follow him into this small, windowless apartment. Not much furniture, but there was a dresser that was about 3.5 feet high. I reach out to feel it and it feels just as I would expect it to feel, as if I was awake. On it sits one of those 1980’s style TV/video VCR combo units.

I tell him again that I want to learn something about myself and from behind, I reach out to touch his right shoulder to make sure he hears me. The next thing I know, I have falsely awoken next to my wife. She gets out of bed and walks past the foot of our bed (from right to left, past my side) and
through the French doors that lead from our room into the kitchen. Suddenly, what looks like an old priest does likewise! Once he passes my side of the bed on his way to the kitchen, the roof above our bed disappears and the sun is struggling to break through a puffy cloud cover. The clouds are moving pretty fast (from left to right) and at last, there is a lengthy break. Golden sunlight pours through and hits me on my throat/neck area and right shoulder. It tingles and I let this happen for a few seconds before it ceases.

On January 30, 2012, I went to meet with a pulmonologist who came highly recommended. We went over my case and he showed me the nodule on the upper lobe of my right lung from the first CAT scan. It was a meeting that did not leave me in peace. The nodule had what they call a "ground glass" appearance around a solid white center. He noted that the solid white was something they see all the time and never worry about. But that nasty ground glass look was reason for concern. After going through everything with him, the appointment ended with my making tentative plans to meet with a surgeon later that week to discuss a wedge extraction so they could test the tissue. Because of the nodule’s location, they could not do a needle biopsy behind my right clavicle, way up in my chest, almost to my shoulder. Maybe you see where this is heading.

I was to have another CAT scan to compare with the one from two months prior. Anything shy of this 16 mm nodule having shrunk or disappeared would mean that I was going under the knife for surgery. With my daughter at that point not yet two years old, it was a tense time. I went from his office to the CAT scan lab, had the scan and waited until 5:34 p.m. the next day when the phone finally rang. It was the good doctor’s nurse. The nodule was gone. Gone. I got the phone call that no one allows themselves the possibility of. I got the feel good ending...and brother...did it feel good.

Arguments could be made that coincidence is at work here. But what can I say? The nurse suggested that perhaps an infection can make this happen, but I had no symptoms of any infection at that time. Still, I can’t rule that out. I can say that regarding the tingly, golden sunlight which hit me in that last lucid dream; at the time I wished I could have directed it lower, onto or into the lung area. It crossed my mind that - my being helpless to affect my circumstances - that I had maybe missed a chance for some miraculous lucid dream healing. As it turns out, "it" knew gross anatomy better than I. And my family and I are eternally grateful.

That’s my story. I hope you enjoyed it. It is 100% true and accurate.
A Question from Leone Brown:

I haven't read much about lucid dreaming, but have a question to anyone who may have an idea/opinion. Do other people have dream places that don't exist in the waking life but that they revisit and are very familiar with? I even have dreams that have their own history and sometimes I get confused when dreaming whether it is something that I know as myself in the waking life, or as myself in an earlier dream life. This often happens when I don't know that I am dreaming. If I become lucid during one of these times, I often reassure myself and confirm with myself which memory is which.

Steve Racicot
Translucent Stone Room

I enter a round room constructed of smooth green stones. The stones look a lot like jade. This room reminds me of Greek temples I have seen pictures of, with stone columns. But it is also round and has a domed roof much like a mosque. At any rate, the place feels like some type of ancient Mediterranean architecture. Most of this stone room is filled with a pool of water. There is a walkway around the edge of this pool. I feel this is a place for healing. There are no windows, yet the room is quite light. This is because the stone it's constructed from is translucent. There is no one else present. I remark to myself, "How beautiful this place is."

I suddenly remember that I have been in this room years ago in another dream. Then I realize that this is also a dream! I look at my hands because I read somewhere that this will stabilize the awareness. I say aloud to myself, "Of course this is a dream." I look down at my dream body. I am naked. Now I look carefully around this stone room. It has not changed. It all seems very solid just like the world when I'm awake, yet I know that I am dreaming.

Now I am in the water swimming. The water is warm. I discover there is a small area of this large pool where the water is hot. I swim into this hot part for awhile. The hot water feels good on my body. I swim back into the warm part of the pool.

I stop swimming and stand in the water. It's about chest deep on me. I think, "Since this is a dream, I can fly if I want to." I fly up over the pool and up into the domed roof. When my head hits the green stones of the dome, I stop. I had intended to fly right out the top of the structure. I tell myself, "That's odd. I should be able to go right through the stones since this is a dream." I exert my will and try to push myself up through the roof, but I can't. I feel that if I keep trying I will wake myself up, so I stop trying.

Then I think I have awakened because I find myself in bed in our bedroom, but I
test and find that I am still dreaming. Then I actually do awaken.

I felt that it was my own habitual thoughts about what is possible that kept me from flying through the roof. Be that as it may, this room made of translucent green stones was a wonderful place. I hope to return there in another dream and soak in those healing waters.

Stirling

In a Different Body, in a Different World; My First Lucid Dream

On the night of March the seventh, 2012, I was having trouble getting to sleep. I decided to get up for a drink of water then go back to sleep. As I was sleeping I realized I was (aware) in a lucid dream.

In this dream I was in another beings’ body. It was not man, it was not animal. It was something not of our planet Earth. I was walking around in this world and everybody seemed to know me. I was dressed in these clothes, at least I think they were clothes, that were very colourful and vibrant.

I was walking around town and everything was so different. There were flying cars, floating buildings, trains that traveled super fast and other strange objects. I couldn’t understand anything anybody was saying. I didn’t even get how they were producing those sounds from their body. I tried to ask someone what was going on, but the man looked at me as if I was a beast of some sort so I kept on going. The billboards had pictures on them and a very different language on them. It almost looked like hieroglyphs.

Just as I was getting to know the city a bit more, I woke up and remembered everything that happened and then immediately wrote it all down. This was my first lucid dream, but before I went to bed that night I was reading some stories from LDE.

Jason Rosenstein

The Golden Age

I went to bed at 10:30 PM and awoke approximately 6 hours later. Deciding to make a conscious decision to have an OBE I relax back in bed. Within moments I attempt the Robert Monroe “roll- out” technique.

During the exit I say to my higher self, “Take me to the golden age of our planet Earth.” Upon the arrival in the (seemingly Real Time Zone) I notice that my surroundings are not of my own room, but of the back bedroom at our house on a lake in upstate NY. But the thing is, I have the false memory that my physical body is sleeping in this room, and have the intuition that it was around the year 1960. It was almost as if my memories coincided with my father’s memories at the time. He would have been growing up during the time period and for some reason (as crazy as it sounds) it was like our astral bodies meshed together during this beginning of the experience (which caused why I thought MY physical body was in the room).

I (or we) walk over to the cabinet and open a wooden box, with some very Adirondack-like bark design around it. Inside is another small wooden box. This, I take out and set on the bed behind me so it can easily be looked through. Inside are some sorts of shaving supplies. I have the false memory of them being mine, and that I had recently begun using them. On the bottom of the box are little cubic shapes, which have some sort of material on them. Another false memory (possibly of my fathers) claims that these are another method for shaving. The material on the cubes supposedly sheds the skin and cuts the hair as well. Reaching up with my hand I feel some stubs on my chin, and use the cubes to test the astral environment. I swipe down my chin with it, but realize the stubs have not been removed in any manner whatsoever.

Now, realizing it’s about time to go exploring I glance out the small rectangular window. At this moment it seems that any previous false memories that were stemming in from wherever vanish and I’m left with my own personal memories from the present.

Looking outside I notice an inordinate amount of trees and pine trees. The driveway is much more crowded, with trees hovering over it, than it is in present day. It is still night time, and somewhere in the 1960s.

I turn and walk down the corridor. At some point along this walk I move along the path of TIME as well. It is no longer 1960, but further in the future. There is no exact date, but it seems to be after pre-
sent day, probably around 2025. Our house is still there on this timeline. Looking through the kitchen window onto the neighbor's property the grass is completely overgrown. Near the edge of the water is a white tubular structure approximately 3 ft. high seemingly purifying water from the lake for drinking use. However, the structure seems old and has not been used in a while. As for the neighbor's house I do not look far enough to the right to see if it still exists. Their dock, boat, and usual lawn chair equipment are non-existent though.

Opening the sliding glass door I walk onto the porch. Out in front of me the beautiful lake sparkles under the magnificent and powerful sun. The sky above is an absolute baby blue with white puffs of vanilla ice cream colored clouds. Going left I head to the door, which appears different. The handle has been changed. I have a false memory and I think to myself, "Finally, in the future they will change this crappy handle . . ." The current handle (before it was knocked down) was the original from 1920 and didn't always behave properly.

So, in this parallel reality, the only renovation that had been done on the original house was a new shiny gold door handle. In actuality, the old house was DEMOLISHED last year and is currently being rebuilt.

The moment I open the door once again I move through time to a year yet further into the future. It wasn't a voluntary movement made by my will-power, but seemingly guided by a higher force above.

I run out to the dock in the new scene that now presents itself. The lawn and rest of waterfront property seems similar but out in the lake never seen before structures are submerged in the water. A series of pipes, consisting of many different colors, is not far offshore, and another similar structure is out to my left. I don't know what it is used for, but it seems to be for water purification. I leap off the wooden dock (which was repaired from its previous broken and present day condition) and dive into the gleaming water. Underneath I open my eyes and find myself in a transcendental underwater world. The sun shines down from above highlighting the dirt and sand on the lake floor. Bits of shell and other pieces sparkle from the sunlight above. I take in a large breath of cool lake water and breathe it back out. I think to myself that when I go from water back into air it will be jarring switching between the two mediums and I could potentially lose my awareness and wake up in the physical. To prepare for the change I get ready and fly upwards, at high speeds, out of the water into the air.

Here, the entire scene changes. I momentarily lose consciousness as I am transported both through time and space. Becoming conscious again, I find myself located in an area I've never seen before. Standing on top of a hill I look out in the distance over a valley onto yet another hill where a small town is located. Suburban houses litter the right side of the hill, while the left side seems to be more of a town center, where one might find stores and diners. The world is green and happy. Many trees are growing along the hills and valleys as far as the eye can see. It's the Golden Age.

During my period of unconsciousness and changing of time and location I have created a thought-form along with me. The person I have created seems to be a close friend at the time, but looking back at the image of this guy I realize have never seen him before. He's Caucasian, has dirty blonde hair, a few freckles, and a friendly smile.

I decided to punch the guy in his face and body to break down the thought-form from my own mind to see what it takes to disconnect the link from my subconscious mind and its manifestation. As I be-
gan hurling fists at the poor guy, he covers his hands over his face, and has absolutely no idea what’s happening. But then his face momentarily glitches as if he were an animation on a computer screen. Then suddenly without warning the creation explodes like a nuclear bomb. I am thrown back meters and land on my back, completely unconscious from the shock. Right before I lose consciousness I think that this is the end of the projection, and that soon I’ll be waking up in bed . . . But some part of me holds on, some fiber of my awareness remains, almost as if I were meant to see the next scene.

Upon waking I find myself in the exact location, except now intuition tells me that it is approximately the year 2100. I stand up and the glaring sun is absolutely beating down upon me. Wondering what temperature it is, a thermometer manifests in my hand. 90 degrees Fahrenheit, but I don’t know what my location is. Then, I look out into the valley and hillside. The once beautiful thriving trees and leaves are no longer. Time, along with the Golden Age, has passed on. Now, every deciduous tree in sight was diseased. Seemingly, a terrible blight had come along and infected every tree in sight. It was summer time, but each small tree leaf was brown, crinkled, and rotten. The leaves that remained were sparse. Where once there was a thriving forest and environment there was now a wasteland. At the time I wasn’t thinking about what caused this terrible disaster, but wondering whether my mind was by itself creating this scenario. I try as hard as I can to make the leaves grow back on the trees, but can not. The truth is inescapable. What I was perceiving was the reality of wherever and whenever I was.

I jump up into the air to investigate my surroundings on top of my hill. An abundance of pine or conifer trees were thriving there. It was as if whatever blight affected deciduous trees had no effect whatsoever on these remarkable plants! Up on this hill, and on other hills as well, they were either being bred or growing naturally! Where I was people had even come up to decorate them. The people of the time period had an absolute love and admiration for these species for surviving. The pine trees are decorated akin to Christmas trees. One large tree I specifically check out had many red and white trinkets on it (as did many of them around this one). There are notes and bells and whistles and little boxes basically looking exactly like Christmas.

I soar back to the edge of the hill and look out into the distance. On the opposing hill it is obvious that more houses litter the hillside. It looks like there is some over-population, which is causing a problem. Over the valley some sort of gondola carrying like structure stretches left to right, as far as I can see. On these great metal wires gondola cars are moving. There’re 1-person gondolas, 2-person gondolas, or 4-person gondolas. It is seemingly the method of transportation for the era. Each gondola is highlighted in different fluorescent color of either red and orange (the two most common), blue, or green. I decide to take a short flight over to them. At a base station I noticed 4 individuals getting onto one specific 4-person gondola that lines them up single-file.

At the base station where people are boarding the gondolas each person wears a helmet over their heads with the same 4 fluorescent colors. I begin to follow the set of 2- and 1-person gondolas. (the 4-set was directly parallel, but I flew between the 1’s and 2’s.) Below me I notice a highway, with a single car riding along it. The car doesn’t seem to be OVERLY futuristic and is some sort of Lincoln. It does not have the similar fluorescent colors. Following along the red and orange gondolas takes me into some above-ground tunnel. Here red and orange triangles stick down from the ceiling in between the two sets of gondolas. Realizing I’ve been out for an EXTREMELY long time I begin think about returning to my physical body. On my first attempt to return I find it unsuccessful. Looking up at the ceiling of the tunnel I use all my willpower and ram my head into the ceiling, while simultaneously feeling for my physical body. Success.

But not quite, I wake up in bed, but once again out in the astral. I reach over with my astral arms and pet my cat who lay beside me on the bed. I roll out of body onto the ground where I lay, still in the astral pondering the mystifying experience that has just occurred. Manifesting a paper and pencil I begin to write down portions of the projection to ensure as many memories remain with me as possible. Finally, after several other exits I am able to wake up in the physical. It was 5:15AM.
Craig Smythe
Speed in the Infinity of My Inner Universe

When I was a little boy, a long time ago, the terrifying, instant sharp fall would bolt me upright in bed and this would become the journey for me to control the speed of my body and land in all the unbelievable places in my universe inside myself...

The places, the questions, the fear of being too far...The pleasures...

So many journeys in the beginning and the speed of moving would physically burn me up - or was I just moving towards a centre... (something I am mastering)

My travels in the world of dreams are definitely more than a lucid dream....we have our very own universe within all of us....

What was so wild in the early days is how I would apologise as if I was a ghost in another world....and I would always ask what year is it and what’s this place called?....

I am 42 now and I know there must be people out there that can relate to this amazing world. It’s a gift to experience something that we all probably will experience.

Chris
Outer Space

This happened a few months back. I have been able to lucid dream since I was about 16 with some pretty cool results; flying over fields, being Superman, have complete control over speed, direction, and height.

So a few months back something different happened. I flew out into space. I have done the edge of space a few times but this was bonkers. I found myself moving at such an incredible speed. I was outside the solar system and within a matter of seconds I found myself outside the galaxy and flying past many other galaxies.

A peculiarity was that everybody in my vicinity could hear my thoughts. They responded immediately as soon as they noticed my presence by the words I thought. They laughed at me, yelled words and touched me. That was annoying, it tickled pretty much and hindered my progress. When I maintained an inner silence they did not notice me at all and I could will myself forward easily. That way I got a lot more space to move about and I progressed smoothly. I could even think a full sentence without being hindered and I started to question the purpose of my presence there.

Albert Lauer
Anomalous Dream Environments
From his blog: The Awe of Awareness

Dreams do not always take place in environments with a strong resemblance to everyday world places. My waking mind joined me in the dream, when I came to the edge of a large basin, like a swimming pool. The size of the pool would have been twenty five meters in a square and about five meters deep. The basin was packed with people from bottom to top. They didn't have bodies like ordinary physical bodies, but were dark and transparent.

It was clear to me my business was inside so I dove in. There was no water or any other medium in which we swam. Everybody was just there, hanging out, enjoying themselves with each other. I recognized a girl. Not by her appearance, which was also very different from usual and it was almost dark between loads of people. No, I recognized her by certain feelings and by her laugh.

A peculiarity was that everybody in my vicinity could hear my thoughts. They responded immediately as soon as they noticed my presence by the words I thought. They laughed at me, yelled words and touched me. That was annoying, it tickled pretty much and hindered my progress. When I maintained an inner silence they did not notice me at all and I could will myself forward easily. That way I got a lot more space to move about and I progressed smoothly. I could even think a full sentence without being hindered and I started to question the purpose of my presence there.
The pressing atmosphere and the necessity to maintain inner silence were tiresome. Outside the pool, three guides had remained, who accompanied me around that time on several of my dream trips. Because I failed to see the charm of the experience, I asked them with a soundless thought, if they could help me out of there. “Just a little bit longer,” came the also soundless answer.

Calmly I furthered through the basin with people packed in stacks, until I saw a young man sitting on the bottom to one side of the basin. He was encapsulated in a large light emitting bubble. Inside the bubble he was singing a passionate melancholy song. Remarkably the guy did look like he had an ordinary body. I was fascinated by him and his deeply tragic song. He seemed to suffer loneliness in a place where everybody was too busy with each other to have attention for themselves. He had plenty of space in his bubble, where others were packed together. Only after I saw him, it was time to go and I flashed back to my bed.

Some dream environments do not even resemble the physical world, but appear to be more abstract. In one of my earliest lucid dreams, I was afloat in a thin dark universe, next to my mother. I was deeply concentrated and realized I was dreaming. The deep focus was needed to be able to remain within the confines of that particular environment. Or to remain in that dream state. Soon after I had become aware of that environment, I stretched my attention the slightest bit outside my cocoon of concentration and tried carefully to touch the dream in front of my face.

Apparently I was surrounded by a fragile dream layer, almost completely formless. I looked a bit further away, but everything was black and yet there was no impression of distances. Space was virtually non-existent and the only spatial distance appeared to exist between me and my mother, right beside me. I got the impression we were there for a reason.

Unmanifest space had inspired me to a question and I knew the surroundings would answer me: “How did time and space come to be?” A spat of dust materialized closely in front of me. The first object. Instantly space formed around the object. I did not see time, but presumed that time exists because space forms something that you necessarily have to traverse by time. Anyway, before the dream ended an invisible presence spoke with importance about the preferred length for my mother’s life.

Once I was in a similar environment, flying through a dark unmaterialized tunnel. There was space but the walls of the tunnel were made of the same black nothingness, or unmanifest material. I got there in a special way. I had already been dreaming for some time, when the scenery changed, somewhere after passing through a door in a cafe. Together with a friend I entered a long hallway, while we started to flow.

In dreams we usually only imagine that we are walking, while in fact we are willing ourselves forward. It appeared that the dream had suddenly been stripped of that illusion. I sensed that I entered a deeper mental focus, characteristic or necessary for the sort of dream environment I was in. Gradually the environment lost its physical appearance. Features, like color and light had been stripped of the surroundings. The camouflage was gone. We went through a black dream channel and the walls became a soft dream matter, round and organic.

And now and then, to the left and right in the black walls were evenly formed openings behind which there were deep spaces. In these depths dreams were going on. My companion had already jumped in the first dream opening we passed. As a lucid dreamer I was curious, since I had never seen this kind of organization in a dream. A dark dream matter channel between dreams. I passed several of these openings. Always from a distance, I saw a few ordinary every day dream settings; sunny streets with people. Until I passed something remarkable.

In a large, deep and black environment I saw a ship with two masts without sails. In the two masts were crow’s nests going up and down. There was nobody there. I dove into the opening. About a hundred meters down below I got into one of these rising platforms. After some time of going up and down I still had not found any meaning or purpose for the event and I was still alone in that vast blackness. It was as if I was in a dream arcade game with no participants and without anything like a playing ball. I soon had enough of it and flew upwards again, but I woke up in my bed.
In the last issue of LDE, in the list of my "Top Ten" lucid dreams, I included one in which I flew to, and bathed in, "The Fountain of Youth." In this dream I experienced one of the most breathtaking, beautiful, and multisensory dreamscapes I've ever encountered. As such, this dream seems a natural one for me to share in this issue, given its theme of "Lucid Dream Locales and Special Places." When I have time I plan to create a more artistic image that I hope will do minimal justice to the scene. For now, this dream report and diagram will have to do.

**02/07/94 Fully Lucid** "I become lucid in an apartment building and remember my task to find the Fountain of Youth. I fly out the window chanting "To the Fountain of Youth!", . . . "To the Fountain of Youth!" and get pulled away fast through the air. I stay calm. At first I fly through blue skies, over what looks like California, but as my flight continues I see some antelope like animals below that look like ibexes, the dreamscape colors deep and vivid, purples and blues, like an otherworldly painting. I fly on towards a pool - "The Fountain of Youth!" I cry. My feet skim the surface, the pool feels warm and liquidy, but textured. It looks more like a small lake, flat but slightly rippled, slightly opalescent, with large hot golden patches appearing under the water. "Molten gold in a volcanic hot spring?" I wonder.

Still flying, I enter the water, and descend to waist level. I try to stay calm, but just thinking of immersing myself in the water wildly excites me. I splash water on my face and take the plunge. With my head underwater I lose vision, but I keep moving and breathing in and out. The kinesthetic texture remains the same. I regain my sight and now find myself floating in a softly glowing river of white moonlight."

**Note:** While flying over the colored jungle the scene looked like sunset, but when I arrived at the pool night had fallen with a velvety luminescent darkness, and the pool glowed with what looked like reflected moonlight, although I did not see any moon.
CALL FOR PRESENTATIONS

The Venue • Virginia Beach Resort Hotel and Conference Center is located on the beach at 2800 Shore Drive in Virginia Beach, Virginia with sweeping views of the Cape Henry Bay. The bay front location provides an ideal venue for beach activities as well as complimentary bicycles, a fully-equipped health club, pool, Jacuzzi, sauna and a professional massage service. The hotel is also less than a mile from historical First Landing State Park, a wildlife sanctuary where you can experience cypress swamp, salt marsh, maritime forest, freshwater wetlands, dunes, and bay shoreline. The park features camping and cabins, 19 miles of hiking trails, and 5.9 miles of biking trails.

The Conference will feature three world-renowned keynote speakers, over 160 presenters from around the globe, an opening reception, the Dream Art Exhibition and reception, a Dream Hike, the annual Dream Telepathy Contest, and the ever popular costume Dream Ball.

Submissions • High quality proposals are invited addressing any of the following tracks: Research and Theory; Arts and Humanities; Culture and Anthropology; Education; Religion, Spirituality and Philosophy; Clinical Approaches; Dreamwork Practices; Extraordinary, PSI and Lucid Dreams; and especially the Dream Castles Conference Theme. Submission Categories include: Paper Presentations; Symposia; Panels; Workshops; Special Events or Major Presentations; Morning Dream Groups; and Research Hot-off-the-Press and Poster Papers. All submissions must be made online.

Deadline for submissions is 15 December 2012
(1 March 2013 for Hot-off-the-Press and Poster Sessions)

Go to www.asdreams.org/2013 for conference information and submission instructions.

4th IASD European Regional Conference

The Dream Connection

September 7-9, 2012
University of Bern
Bern, Switzerland

Dreams are nodal points which connect people. This connection is apparent in everyday life, when a daughter tells her dad about her nightly adventures or friends wonder about nocturnal flying experiences. And people are interested in the meaning and function of dreams. The dream connection is apparent in the scientific world, too, where different disciplines try to resolve the riddles of dreaming by scanning the sleeping brain or transcribing dream reports to find meaning in the content. Even though in Europe dreaming does not (yet) constitute an academic field it connects philosophy, psychology, neuroscience and also education and sport. The conference will hopefully serve as a nodal point were different ideas about dreaming get connected.

Keynote speakers:

Prof. Thomas Metzinger
(University of Mainz, Germany)
“Minimal Phenomenal Selfhood and the First-Person Perspective”

Dr. med. Ralf Binswanger
(Zürich, Switzerland)
“A Renewed Approach to Freudian Dream Theory”

Dr. Lutz Wittmann
(University Hospital Zürich, Switzerland)
“Dreams and Trauma”

For more information and to register:
www.asdreams.org/2012bern
Top 10 Amazing Things I've done in Lucid Dreams

1. Transformed my body into a dolphin’s and explored a phantasmagorical ocean
2. Met my dream guide and his family
3. Proved I was dreaming to a bunch of dream characters by walking on water
4. Learned that my perception creates reality from John Lennon
5. Transformed a truck into a Ferrari and drove away from the cops
6. Had a late night rendezvous with Pamela Anderson
7. Spoke to my deceased grandfather and met my grandmother for the first time
8. Followed Edgar Cayce down a never ending waterslide
9. Met and was taught a life lesson from a character in a book; Anastasia: Ringing Cedars of Russia
10. Found a hidden freckle on a friends back in a dream that turned out to be there in waking life

Bonus: Sent healing vibes to friends/family who may have been sick on separate occasions only to find out that they were all better.

kiddLúcid
time-peace
chief executive dreamer

My Top 10 Lucid Dreaming Experiences

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

“What is your most...?”

memorable
profound
entertaining
unusual or bizarre
enlightening
life-changing
other

Make your list and send it in to LDE!

(No deadline – this is an ongoing invitation!)
Melanie Schädlich
Questions to the Awareness

I can't remember how I got lucid, I just am. I am in my hometown. I remember that I wanted to ask some questions to the awareness behind the dream.

In the first one I refer to a certain undertaking that I am planning (but that for some reason I am not starting to organize, although I want to do it). I am asking, what is holding me back or something like that. (I can't remember what exactly I asked.) First the dream stays silent, but then answers in the very deep male, friendly, kinda funny voice that it most often has in my dreams. It says something about two lines, going from A to B or something like that.

Furthermore, it says something about making two semicircles that are made out of these two lines and which are put together to create a circle. (I think that I asked for clarification, but can't remember more.)

The second question I am asking is linked to the first one (I only remember it vaguely and it was not phrased logically - I think I asked two questions which were contradictory to some degree). The dream answers that it cannot answer this. I then ask if my current physical complaint is something I should worry about, but the dream clearly answers, "No."

I am then done asking, fly a little, and start some sexual activity which I soon give up, because I want to try something I haven't done before. I am thinking if I should ask the dream "I want to feel what it is like to be a..." I consider saying "bird," but while I am still thinking I lose focus and am distracted by some dream figures and I lose lucidity completely.

Susan
As I Fall Asleep Some Nights

The darkness comes in like a surge...the noise of helicopters very loudly surrounds the air...chaos...what is happening? What is going on outside?

I'm scared to look out the window; the window of what I know I am dreaming. There must be someway to escape this madness I say to myself, so I hide under the cover of the forest. Dark is the night no one can see me...lights flashing from the helicopters above - what are they looking for?
Then in my human need to survive I crawl like a soldier...to the field of flowers where I hear drums calling me. I search for the sound of where it is coming from...now the light is emerging between the trees and the field like a giant glow coming to capture me.

It slowly fades and I find myself standing in front of a large house with a white fence surrounding it. I see some people all wearing white clothes working together in a garden. I enter knowing this is where I'm supposed to be. But where I am I do not know...some friends are there and some have not made it through the darkness, I have been told. This is it - it's all that is left!

Now we must rebuild it how we want it to be: peaceful, loving and calm. Then it stops there. I have had this dream many times. I am there and I know that I am dreaming, I know I will always wake up in my bed at home. This dream, or whatever it is, makes me always feel like I'm not home yet.

Maria Isabel Pita
“Heavenly” Music

In a normal dream, I'm standing outside at night, and I think there's snow on the ground. To my left is a three-story apartment building. Some people are on the porch, walking up the steps to go inside, when in the northeastern sky I clearly see a large shooting star—a comet shimmering with orange-gold lights falling toward earth at a pace that enables me to get a good long appreciative look at it. I'm aware that the people entering the building have their backs to it. "Did you see that comet?!" I exclaim. "You missed it!" I remain outside, and am astonished when I see another comet, and another one, a whole group of them, raining down at an angle from the heavens.

A tall young man, and his friends, are on the sidewalk in front of me. I walk up to the tall youth, very deliberately, because it doesn't seem possible I'm witnessing a real meteor shower. I look at his face, shadowed by night, and ask him, "Is this a dream?" He doesn't reply and I state, quite lucidly, "We're dreaming. Can you fly?" He still doesn't reply so I rise straight up into the sky, calling back down to him, "See, it is a dream, you can fly too," or something to that effect, but he just stands there.

I turn my back on him and, still in an erect posture, glide into a dark forest. I don't rise above it, I am surrounded by quietly rustling trees. And yet despite this almost subliminal rustling, the atmosphere is absolutely still, utterly silent, and there's an eerie quality to it which somehow swallows my voice; it's scarcely audible when I try to call out the name of my best friend who passed away. Instead, I end up barely whispering her name three times. As I come face-to-face with the top of a tree, I say quietly to her, "I have to be careful," for though I want very much to try and find her, the rather sinister magic of the forest inspires this sentiment. At once my lucidity fades...

I'm standing in the rec room of my home telling my mother and brother about how I became lucid when I saw all those comets raining down to earth. I crouch down in front of the television, suddenly seeing it as the portal into a lucid dream as I reach into it, attempting to pull myself into whatever scene it opens onto. I realize then that the glass door on my left leads out into a dream and I slide it open, triumphantly lucid once again.

This time as I step outside the atmosphere is not sinister, on the contrary, and I'm not surprised. The setting is different, and I can only describe it as the forecourt of a temple with columns rising on either side of me and an open area with no discernible end extending before me. It's night time but there are soft gold-orange lights in the darkness. And from the east, directly to my right, emanates a beautiful music made by voices, and this wonderful music let's me know there is nothing in this dream that can harm me.

Half gliding, half floating just above the ground in a vertical position, I say, "I'm sorry," apologizing to my friend for my cowardice in the first dream and for my inability to find her in these lucid dreams. I'm in no hurry to fly out into open darkness; I don't actually feel that I can. I remain in the forecourt, floating there blissfully listening to the "heavenly" music, which is more beautiful than I can ever hope to describe. The atmosphere of this place was so open, so peaceful, so perfectly lovely and yet full of a sense of promise. It was a magical place I hope to return to again in a lucid dream.

Kristie Jolly
Mirror Trigger

I woke up into the dream that became lucid from another dream I was trying to get out of. In the dream, I woke up in the house where I babysit and the mom of the baby brought me some clothes to change into because I was half dressed. I was so tired in the
In Your Dreams!

In one of my dreams, I couldn't keep my eyes open for more than a few seconds at a time and when I got up to go to the bathroom and change I kept stumbling. When I finally got to the bathroom I looked in the mirror and my face was covered in blood. I was bleeding from my eyes, nose and mouth. My forehead was caked in blood. I wasn't scared though.

I just started thinking how weird it was that no one in the house had acknowledged my gruesome appearance that morning. I started to play the whole dream morning back through my mind (including the previous dreams I had) and thought it was all too real to be a dream. Then I went to raise my hand to my face to wipe some blood away. But the reflection in the mirror did not move. This is when I knew I was dreaming.

The mom had given me jeans and a tank top to change into, but I decided to change them into khaki overalls and a purple T-shirt. I looked back in the mirror and all the blood was gone. I knew at this point that I could do whatever I wanted.

I ran outside and it was the most beautiful sunlit wooded area I've ever seen. There was a stream running through it and I hesitated before I stepped into it, but then I thought, "This stream will be warm and healing." I took my clothes off and began to swim in it. There was a woman with long, blonde hair nearby and I told her, "Thank you for creating this beautiful landscape."

I will I Am Caleb Shafer
The Golden Ship

I began to fall asleep in a van returning from New York. I lay between two people and start to fall asleep. I don't remember the transition (sometimes I do, I love the humming pressure on my head while having a WILD). Suddenly, I am in space. I question my existence and achieve lucidity.

I see several ships but cannot recognize them, for I am focused (and being drawn to) a golden ship. I land on the ship and a man is standing in front of me. He is a tall, slender, black man. He is wearing golden-rimmed glasses, a jazzy purple suit with black liner near the cuffs and collar.

Immediately I ask, "Are you...are you my..."

He interrupts, "I am your soul guide."

In your dream, Self standing slightly to the left of my dream body and I embrace him. We fall to the deck of the ship and burst into a beam of light and shoot across space.

It was a powerful lucid experience for me, and ever since then I've been really trying to contact my guides again. I love lucidity!

Leone Brown
Lucid Dream Experiments

I have had lucid dreams periodically for many years but didn't know that not everyone has them until I told some of them to friends. I just finished Robert Waggoner's Lucid Dreaming book and was very interested in some of the experiments that he discusses. And yes, many of the problems concerning becoming lucid outlined in his book, I have experienced.

So for the past week, I made the intent when going to sleep that I wanted to lucid dream to try out some of the experiments.

I don't really have an "aha" moment when dreaming lucid, I just know that I am dreaming. If I think "aha" I usually wake or become so fascinated in the moment that I lose my lucidity.

After trying to lucid dream for several nights, I had success. The first two dreams were a couple of the experiments suggested in the book. Last night (March 22/12) I had several lucid dreams:

In one, I dreamt that there was a group of people standing around. I asked that all dream forms disappear and the whole picture including the people disappeared. I managed to return to a dreamscape without waking. Don't remember what it was, because I lost lucidity.

In another dream, I saw about 5 people and asked "to the air" if anyone had something to tell me. A woman answered with something specifically about a date (April 22?) and a couple of words. I didn't wake until later and didn't remember what I was told.

My husband has been in the hospital since Monday and I went to visit him via lucid dreaming. Initially I tried to fly following the same way I would drive there...this is a way I enjoy travelling while dreaming. I ran into many difficulties with this and tried to just appear there. I finally found myself standing by...
Lucid Dreaming Experience

In Your Dreams!

Jeff Teachworth
Difficulty of Learning to Lucid Dream

Quite a few years ago, after I began studying lucid dreaming techniques, I had a dream which illustrated to me the difficulty of this pursuit:

As I begin the dream, I am in my old neighborhood, where some sort of monster is chasing people. Although I don't quite see him, I am running away. As I am running, I see a man further ahead of me who is also running away. I am trying to catch up to him to find out more, saying "Wait, let me talk to you," to him, but he keeps running and I can't catch up to him. Then I hear someone running behind me who is also saying something, but I don't want to be bothered with him because I am trying to catch the guy in front of me. My feeling about him is, "Leave me the hell alone for now, I'm busy."

As I look back, I realize that the guy running behind me who is also saying something, but I don't want to be bothered with him because I am trying to catch the guy in front of me. My feeling about him is, "Leave me the hell alone for now, I'm busy."

As I look back, I realize that the guy running behind me looks like me. When I look again in front of me, there is no one there, and I am shocked to realize I am both persons in the dream, the one chasing and the one being chased. It's only a matter of perspective. Then I wake up.

To me, the dream illustrates the conscious and the subconscious "dreamer" self. There is something built into us that makes the subconscious mind keep private, and my "conscious" self, who wants to meet up with it, is being shunned. The feeling I had as the self being chased was "leave me alone."

I feel my dream illustrates the mission of becoming a lucid dreamer involves coaxing your subconscious self out of its protective shell into trusting an intimate relationship with your conscious self.

Lucy Gillis
The Manubric Manoeuvre

I am standing with 5 or 6 people. We are dressed in dark, loose-fitting clothes, hiking boots, and wear some sort of backpack on our backs. Some of us have other gear (unsure what kind, electronic equipment?) as well. We are about to go on a 'mission,' an exploratory expedition.

Before us is a large square platform, made of one huge, white tile. We all step up onto it from one side, and in the next instant (without walking across it) we step off of it on the other side – into a parallel world (a parallel or 'probable' reality).

As I step off the tile/platform, a low level of lucidity dawns as I become aware that I've stepped into a probable reality, through the dream state. For a moment, my awareness splits in two, and I have simultaneous dual awareness of both worlds. I can see in the second world that not all of us made it here. I can also see into the first world two people and their gear still standing on the tile; for some reason, they were not able to travel to the second world. I then effortlessly merge my dual awareness to one focus and continue forward in the probable world. We walk away from the tile, through a somewhat barren landscape, like the bottom of a canyon.

Soon we are in a vehicle, about the size of a large van, that is open on the top: there are two levels, the one below enclosed. I am on the top level with 2 others. The area that we are driving through looks similar to where my mother was born (though I don't make that connection until I wake). I see an orange van approaching. It looks like something out of the 1960's. When it gets closer, and just passes us, I see 'my mother' inside, sitting next to the hippie-like driver.

Excited, I wave and somehow get both vehicles to stop. My mother gets out of her van, and I hop down from my vehicle. As I run over to her I see that she is about 20 years younger than I am, is vibrant and smiling brightly. I give her a big hug and tell her that I'm from a probable reality. She continues to smile at me and I feel quite impressed that my announcement doesn't seem to surprise her. (She is deceased in my waking reality.)

When I woke, the term "Manubric Maneuver" was loud and repetitious in my mind and no matter how hard I tried, I could not get back to sleep until I finally scribbled the phrase down – it felt like something or someone was very insistent that I make a note of it, to be sure to remember it. Strangely, it also felt strongly that in some reality, some guy named "Manubric" or connected to the name "Manubric," had developed a way for people to travel (consciously) to other parallel realities (whether in dream or physical bodies, I'm not sure.)

Later in the day I Googled the word "Manubric" and discovered a company in Quebec by that name that...
is in the business of manufacturing, selling and installing decorative brick walls. Perhaps in some parallel world, “Manubric” is the name of a company that manufactures, sells, and installs reality changing tiles?!

Ben Holt
Lucid Dreams

My lucid dreams always start differently. They begin as a usual dream in which I’m doing a regular daily activity. Something out of place happens and I realize I’m dreaming. This is generally triggered by the laws of physics not working quite the same; an object falls too slow, or I’m doing things I ordinarily could not do (strength, speed, telekinesis, etc.).

My mind immediately wants to be free from the current dream and I ask to see God/the spirit realm. I fly towards a light or I step through a “barrier” of some kind (a stained glass wall, a glowing ceiling) and I find myself in "heaven." There are endless colors and fields of flowers and beautiful plant life I can’t describe. The sky above is lit as if I’m only miles from the Sun. There are people dancing and playing like children, flying around and laughing. I fly around myself crying with joy.

In various dreams where I see this place, I’ve been in control of the surroundings, but never the people I’m with. In one particular one I floated a mans hat off his head onto my own and he exclaimed “Hey my hat!!!” and I smiled and said, "But you still have it." To which he felt his head and realized we both had hats now and we could have whatever we wanted. So we laughed together and I flew away.

The most intense of these was when I asked God while in this place to purify my soul and show me God’s true nature, free from all the things I built in my mind in dreams based on images from my waking life. I was encompassed by the light above and every sense I have was entirely overwhelmed by "God." It was pure love. Infinite love. I felt one with everything, every person, every atom. My mind simply did not have the senses capable of comprehending it, so I merely gave in entirely and felt as if I could stay there for eternity and never care about anything again but God’s perfect love.

Time stops and I know that I am in the place where past, present, and future mean nothing. It is all one. I’ve had dreams before where I see events that happened to me in exact detail days later, and my soul recognized this as the place where that infinity energy of God comes from and lets us see time outside of the physical world. It was truly incomprehensible when I tried to recall exactly what I had felt once I had woken up, because a finite being cannot comprehend infinity, but it changed me from my core out. I look back at that "dream" and it felt more real to me than any moment in my entire life. No experience of love from any one person on this planet could compare to what I felt from God. I hope others out there will see this as well, and if not I hope it comforts them that there is so much more to us than this physical body. The soul is truly eternal! God is love :)

Melanie Schädlich
Letting Go

I am at the apartment I lived in as a child; occupied with some action or task. Suddenly the view out of the window changes and the apartment now is on the ground floor instead of the second floor. I immediately know that I am dreaming. I feel excitement and my visuals go blurry. I calm down, walk around and rub my hands, saying, "I am dreaming," continuously. Then the dream seems stable and I remember that I wanted to ask the awareness behind the dream something.

I speak upwards and say something like, "Show me, if I succeeded in letting go of Person xyz. Show it to me! Thanks!" I am now in my current apartment. I know that I have to open the door and there stands my friend P. He is in his typical melancholic and philosophical mood. I invite him in and we talk. I can not remember details, but it is about his ex-girlfriend E. [who is also a friend of mine].

In the middle of the talk I say to P.:: "Wow, I am still lucid. This is really a long lucid dream!" I remember my original question to the dream and try to get back to it by asking P. about it. He says that we need to let someone else come to answer this question. We go to the door and I expect to see xyz there. But it is dark and the figure is only vaguely visible. I think it is not xyz, but he might be similar.

I am then distracted by some disturbing scene including my parents. I am now doubting if I am lucid and I am not checking it. I loose lucidity and end up in some dream about work in which colleagues of mine hide chocolate Easter things for our boss to search for.

(Looking at the "answer" of the dream in wakeful-
ness, it is worth noticing that my friend P. and my friend E. separated some months ago. Back then I had the impression that each of them had difficulties to let go of the other one. Today, at the time of the dream, both are happy in new relationships. I could interpret this to mean that my decision and attempt to let go of my clinging onto xyz are right, because it was right for P and E to separate - both of them had agreed on that. Their time was just over. It further tells me that I need to give it time and I’ll be fine. Basically, the dream did what I asked it for: it showed me something, related to my question.)

Lisa Lindeman
A Taste for Lucid Dreaming

I was lying in bed in the middle of the night, half awake. I drifted into a dreaming state but maintained awareness. Lucid, I decided to get out of bed and explore my house in the dream. I walked down the long hallway to my kitchen. Everything was vibrant and vivid.

Suddenly, I had an idea. I wanted to do an experiment and determine whether my experiences in my dream house would correspond to my experiences in my house in waking reality. I had recently purchased some new desserts, little petite cakes with pistachio flavoring. I never tried one before, so I decided that I would taste one in my lucid dream then wake up and taste one in waking reality and see if the experiences were similar.

I found the box in my pantry and pulled a cake out of its package. I examined it visually, striving to keep my awareness sharp and heightened. Then, I bit into the cake, savoring the taste with full awareness and committing every nuance to memory.

Excited, I immediately woke myself. Upon waking, I realized to my chagrin that I had never purchased such dessert cakes, and to my knowledge, they don't exist.
Jeremy
Befriending Darth Vader

I started off walking toward my girlfriend and she turned into a monster thing. I started to realize it wasn't real so it didn't matter much to me. So I went on a cruise in Pandora. I was quickly attacked by Darth Vader. I ran and hid but I failed miserably.

So I pulled out a light saber and started to fight him. But I noticed his voice wasn't the same as in the movies. I'm not sure if that's just part of the dream or if it's that I couldn't make his voice say things I've never heard him say before.... anyway we ended up being friends. I don't really quite know why, but I don't know how I talked him into it. Lol!

Doug Bland
Asking to Meet My Optimum Self

I have had a few interesting lucid dreams in the last few weeks. I should probably write these down sooner so I remember more detail but the essence is simply that I asked to meet my (optimum) self. I keep forgetting this when I am lucid and I think I asked to meet my counselor. Anyway after realizing I was dreaming I asked to either meet my counselor or optimum self. There were two dreams back to back. Both I awoke in a bed that I didn't recognize and realized that I was dreaming.

In the first dream I asked to meet my counselor or optimum self and then woke up in an unfamiliar bed again. In the second dream I met a man and asked if I believe if he was my counselor. He responded yes. He was dressed in a suit and looked a bit more stiff and businesslike than I would ever dress. Then I was in an auditorium or a college lecture type situation. There were probably 30 people or so and the counselor was speaking at the podium. I was lucid the entire time so I was asking questions, etc., about the process etc., but really didn't have any earth shattering questions to ask him.

The counselor told me a few things. I scanned the audience and knew I was dreaming the entire time but couldn't recall what he said exactly. I looked to the person to my left and asked if he said that I could come back and ask questions again. The man, who was very friendly smiled and said “Yes, because you believe in God you can come back and ask anything you like anytime.”

The most recent lucid dream involved a similar situation where I realized I was dreaming. I again asked to speak with my counselor or optimum self. I was again in the same type crowd of people. This time I asked for a number of things. I have always loved the blues and have played guitar most of my life. This was selfish but I asked for it to be the way I make a living in life and be able to help as many people as I can in this life, blah blah blah. I probably asked for enlightenment as this is something I have been trying to understand and achieve for a number of years. I asked them to help me be a better father, husband, brother, Christian, etc. I started rattling this off and is basically my typical prayer to God.

That is about all I can remember. Next time I will try to write them down here sooner and have more detail. Take care and dream lucid, my friends.

Jamila Suzanne
Dream Healing

The dream began with my looking at different geometric patterns, and as I began counting the sides of one to discern which shape it was, the shape changed. I then became aware that I was dreaming. I saw a transparent shape like a soccer ball that had a spider inside of it and it opened into a tunnel that I walked into. I followed the spider and asked it to show me the matrix (which was a previous intention of mine from a dream workshop I was attending at the time). An androgenous figure appeared in rain droplet like energy form. It said to me, "This is all it. My name is Lorian. I am one of your guides. I am you." (This figure closely resembled a childhood dream but that time Lorian appeared golden.)

I then began seeing all kinds of color around me, mostly in spirals all moving in different directions and at different paces. At that moment, the instructor from the dream workshop I was attending appeared in my dream and he said, "Wow, you are full of color and spirals aren't you?" We then had a brief telepathic interaction where I was feeling a little thrown off and afraid that I might lose lucidity and then the instructor said out loud, "Just concentrate on your breath." He was gone and I took four deep breaths. I thought to myself, okay, I'm still lucid, what shall I do?

Next instant, a wave of energy was pouring over and through me surrounding and embodying me like a wave. Not overwhelming, yet powerful. I set an intention to focus on a personal healing scan. The energy started at the top above my crown chakra and cleared through it smooth like a crystal clear flame,
In Your Dreams!

Easily. It felt engaged, alive, not hot, not cold, simply activated. The scan followed through my third eye and it was very similar to the crown chakra except it received a little energization.

Moving to my throat chakra, the scan stopped where I began to experience a plethora of images racing by like a film or photos in a massive card catalog. Almost all of the images were not pleasant. Pain, war, poverty, fear, aggression. I knew this clearing was connected to many of my past life experiences and a level of compassion for the state of the world in general. The communication portal being stifled and the main feeling I had to reckon with and allow to be healed was the feeling of persecution. As the feelings raged I allowed myself to sob and breathe it all through.

The scan continued to my heart chakra. There I saw a piece of armor about 4 inches out from my body from my armpits to my lower rib cage. It had a hinge on one side of my body and the fastener on the other side of my body. My heart was healthy and strong, I became aware quickly that ‘Oh, I guess I don’t need this anymore. It must be time to take it off.’ It was as if it was absolutely necessary for me to take it off myself. There was a brief moment of hesitation, questioning if maybe it was there for a reason. Would I be okay without it? I opened the fastener and removed it, placing it to the side. My immediate feelings were of simultaneous newborn vulnerability and raw expansiveness.

The scan moved down to my solar plexus and it felt like a newly opened channel/doorway that radiated even power. Next the second chakra was mainly connected to all the swirling and color. The scan quickly proceeded to my base chakra and I remember thinking to myself, where is it exactly anatomically? And BAM! I was in a swirling black tunnel of stars with the spiral of a galaxy leading the way until it ended in one single pinpoint of light. At the exact moment it hit the pinpoint of light it was as if I had witnessed my own conception. The last frame of the dream, I saw sparks and light encircling my cervix.

Melanie Schädlich
The Car Thieves

I am sitting on my bed with my sister. I tell her something about lucid dreaming and that lately it has not worked so well. She replies with a wink, “Well, maybe I am not really here.” I am astonished, because I had not considered yet that I might be dreaming right now. I pinch my nose and try to breathe. It seems that I can breathe through it in both directions. I become surprised and a bit enthusiastic, but I am still not convinced and look for something to read, but only see an old fashioned clock with pointers and I know that these don’t work for reality checks.

Therefore I look at my hands and there are seven or so fingers. As I keep looking, out of the back of my hand another "layer" of seven or so fingers *grows* which looks totally creepy and I look away. I then fly out of the window (now being at my parent’s apartment in my hometown).

Outside it is night. Flying does not work and I sink to the ground and land gently. I walk a few steps and remember that I wanted to ask the "awareness behind the dream" for something. But first I want to fly over the valley. I hardly see anything now, it is almost completely black. I ask the dream to make it brighter and after some time the sky looks like just before dawn.

Then shortly it is a bright sunny day and then it is night again. I am now distracted by some noise and see that two men are meddling with a car, obviously trying to steal it. I shout "Hey - what are you doing there?!" Another man comes running to the scene. The two are suddenly with me and one guy who stands right before me points a gun at me. Although I know that I am dreaming, I still don't want to be shot. I sarcastically tell the guy who arrived with me to do something and not just stand there. It turns out that his position concerning the current situation is rather neutral.

I decide to deal with the situation myself. I ask them "What are your names?" The guy with the gun and long curly dark hair (and warm brown eyes, looking a bit like a Cinti/Roma guy) introduces himself as "Reinhold" or similar. The other one had a more common name, maybe it was Thomas. They seem more relaxed now and I simply take the gun out of his hand and give it to the third guy so he can secure it.

I ask them "Why are you here in my dream?" R. answers: "To know what it is like." This does not satisfy me and I say something like, "What do you represent?" and Reinhold who speaks quietly now and sounds somewhat sad says, "We often try to help you, but you don’t let us." He says more, but I can’t understand all of it.

It is bright now and there are many people around. I
In Your Dreams!

Lucid Dreaming Experience

suddenly feel relieved and start tocry. It is like I ac-
cept them and all the people welcomed me also. I
lean against Thomas and just keep crying for a while
which feels good. The others are all happy and
cheering. In the background a cheesy song is playing
and it all appears like the end of a series episode
with a happy ending. Afterwards I go and have fun
with Thomas and finally wake up.

Anon.
Awesome

I fell asleep then felt myself in a strange way. I went
to the bathroom then asked myself, ‘Am I sleeping?’ I
was trying to find a way to see if I was sleeping. I put
my hand through the wall and in that moment I no-
ticed I was having a lucid dream.

I ran out of the house to my neighbor’s house where
my girlfriend was. We started making out and it felt
so real. It was awesome. I stopped and flew away.

I was flying across the beach and wings were hitting
my face. I had never felt something so realistic in my
life. It was awesome! I flew to a boat where I sat and
talked with some people Well, that is most of what I
remembered.

Alicia
Bees and Buffalos

My favorite lucid dream involves a gigantic swarm of
bees. I was walking on a path in a meadow to-
wards an old concrete aqueduct. The path went
through one of the arches and I was following it.
Out of nowhere appeared a swarming mass
coming towards me through the arch, down the
path where I was headed.

When I finally realized it was a swarm of bees, I
became lucid, and decided to stand my ground.
The bees came through and enveloped me for
what seemed like way too long for comfort, but I
remember relaxing, knowing it was a dream,
and relishing the experience of being sur-
rounded by the buzzing mass.

One time I was rushed by buffalo as well. I was
in a prairie home, very simple, no running water
or electricity, looking out a window while wash-
ing dishes. There were 20 or so buffalo grazing
on the prairie outside. I noticed they all began to
face the house. I thought this was strange, and
got lucid. Then the buffalo began to walk towards the
house, and then to gallop, and then to rush, as I
watched. When they reached the house the dream
exploded, and I woke up.

Albert Lauer
Energy Spa in the Mountains

My body was asleep in a private room in a yoga ash-
ram somewhere in Europe. I was lucid but uncon-
cerned with everyday matters, dreaming within the
confines of my body in a very calm state of mind – or
deep trance. I was trying to heal a small but distract-
ing defect I had noticed in one side of my head. In
order to realign the tissues, I put the left knee of my
dream body prolonged in touch with the area that
needed comforting. The effect was that the disturbed
tissue could ease down due to the supporting energy
of – in this case – the dream knee.

But the dream evolved into something rather unique. While I was holding this position, I sensed a pres-
ence close to me and that made me change my
trance and open to my surroundings. I had been so
closely involved with my physical body that I noticed
that I was almost awake.

One of the female swami’s from the ashram was qui-
etly floating behind me. After I started paying atten-
tion to my dream, I sensed several other people. A bit
farther away was another one of the female swamis
floating with a small group of people. I felt her pres-
ine clearly and there was no doubt that both of
them were really present in their dream bodies and not a mere dream image.

Then I became enthusiastic to alert everyone to the fact that we were dreaming. The swami with the group was not at all amused that I raised my voice and distracted her students. She insisted that I should go away and a small hatch opened a meter to the right of my head. Through the opening I saw another group of much less calm individuals running excited around in a steam room full of healing energy. I immediately understood what was happening there. These people had less calm minds and were therefore more agitated. The resulting tiredness they would later experience is actually the diminishing of the level of energy in their system. In the energetic steam room they had the chance to refill the exhausted spots with new energy. Somebody in the room recognized me and enthusiastically invited me in.

The swami in the meantime told me that through the hatch was “Grundschule” – elementary school – and that I was relieved from “Hauptschule” – high school. I insisted that I was better off in her group than in the other and I would be able to remain calm. She had taken my loudness for lack of control of the mind and therefore thought I ought to have been in the other group. Reluctantly though, she accepted I stayed.

(Now the most interesting part of the dream began.) Even while I was physically so much awake by now, I still remained in dreaming. I could see most of the details, although there was already some scatter from seeing through my body, instead of directly with my dream body.

The swami began to round up her group. They were all flying about fifty meters above ground over the center of a small valley. Deep down there was small pond, to where we all floated gently down.

While we were approaching the surface the swami advised us to dive into the pond. All of her students did so and disappeared under the surface. I myself was more careful, which was a result of being so awake in this dream. The waking mind is more considerate than the dreaming mind, since it is used to look after the body. I also had not experienced earlier to this degree that I could fully participate in a dream while being so much awake.

(I have frequently been able to easily switch between dreaming and waking, but then I re-enter completely in dreaming, even when closely associated with the body. This however is more like a double focus, allowing me to view distant places, which I sometimes can during waking hours. An ability that had much improved that year and that also involves dreaming awareness. Similar here is that my vision is more or less impaired because the physical body functions as a filter for dream awareness. Otherwise our minds would always drift off, or we would all have to learn to maintain a more carefully organized focus.)

While the other students had already submerged, I decided to carefully enter with my dream body through the surface of the pond. The substance in the pond was a lot thicker than water and had a hue that was almost golden. When I came in contact with the surface, I sensed that this was highly condensed energy of a very soft quality. I drifted just a bit under the surface and let the smooth energy replenish me.

After bathing a while, I took some of the soft energy to put in the little disturbance in the side of my head I had been working on. The swami protested and told me that it was not for taking. I got the idea that it was laboriously harvested and stored there. I insisted that I used the energy – or prana, as they would call it in the ashram – for a good purpose, which was to heal myself. Again reluctantly she agreed that I kept the bit, which I then rubbed in the side of my physical head. Although my perspective within the dream had changed, I had of course been within my body.

I remained a while longer resting in the prana bath, fully submerged but still close to the surface. It was very good. (I can still feel the quality of the energy when I think about being there. I never saw the others come out of the bath.)

Meanwhile the first swami had remained in place, out of the center of the dream, high up. And then I also sensed another group over a hundred meters away, that was led by the male swami of the ashram. They were too far away to notice further details.

Note: I do speak German well enough to know the words Grundschule and Hauptschule, although it had been a very long time since I had heard the words. Hauptschule - I would not have trusted my-
self to use correctly in a sentence. This dreaming with the swamis was not even an isolated incident. The night before, I woke up in the middle of the night around three o’clock. I wanted to resume my study on the part of my body that needed attention, but then the swami that had led the group broke through my already waking attention, loudly speaking the word German word “Knöpfchen” – in this case referring to a flower bud. The meaning that was transmitted with the word, was an interesting principle for a sophisticated use of attention. With the word I had been advised not to awaken my attention quickly, but to slowly open up like a flower bud.

That night I did not just hear the swami, but sensed her presence vibrantly and I had the distinct impression that a class was going on. I do not remember having been in a class nor had I been able to remain focused in dreaming. I had become to quickly absorbed in my waking attention, instead of opening slowly like a flower. (Check out Albert’s blog, The Awe of Awareness at www.albertlauer.com)

Matthew Ivan Bennett
Lucid Mathematics

I awoke from a dream and was able to settle into sleep again. I slipped lucidly into the imagery of an urbanscape. Remembering Tholey's study of the consciousness of dream characters, I decided to ask some dream characters a few simple math questions.

On the street I found two college-age women. When I approached them they thought I was hitting on them. I assured them I wasn't coming on to them, I only wanted to ask them a few questions. I walked with them as we talked. I plied them both with simple multiplication questions with sums larger than 20. (For instance, "What's 6x5?")

Neither of them answered correctly. They didn't seem to struggle with the answers or know that they were wrong. I followed them to a party where I asked two more characters math questions—a young man and a middle-aged woman. Both of them also got the questions wrong. I knew in each case that they were incorrect.

Deciding that everyone at the party felt "hollow," I left. Outside, along a chain link fence, I noticed a little boy staring into a baseball field. I asked if I could ask him a few questions. He wanted to know what was in it for him. I dug into my pant's pocket and was surprised to pull out my wallet. I looked in my wallet and saw a number of bills, as well as receipts and an old wrapper. I absently handed the boy what I thought was a bill out of the wallet. He said, "Hey, this is a candy bar wrapper." It was a candy bar wrapper. So I dug out a $20 bill and gave it to him. He looked impressed.

I asked him three multiplication questions and he got them all correct. I remember asking him "What's 5x5?" and "What's 6x7?" He cracked a joke about the answer to 6x7 (42)--something related to "The Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy."

At this point, his friends arrived and they wanted to climb on top of the dugout and watch a ballgame. I climbed up with them because I wanted to continue questioning the boy. I decided to try a subtraction question on him, suspecting that he had "read" the answer to the multiplication questions out of my visual memory of a times table.

I asked the boy, "What's 42-11?" He shot back "511." (Five-eleven.) I laughed. I thought he meant five feet, eleven inches, so I did the math and told him "Five eleven would be 71 inches. The answer is 31."

I woke up because my girlfriend shook me.

To the best of recollection, I had no expectations of any of the dream characters. I wanted each of them to answer correctly. I wanted contact with an intelligent character. I plan to experiment more.
The Lucid Dreaming Experience  www.dreaminglucid.com

Michael Frank
https://sites.google.com/site/michaelfrankphotographs/

Robert’s Book Website
http://www.lucidadvice.com

Dr. Keith Hearne
Author of the First PhD. Thesis on Lucid Dreaming
http://www.KeithHearne.com

Lucidity Institute  www.lucidity.com

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

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

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

Mary Ziemer
www.luciddreamalchemy.com

Lucid Dreaming Links
http://www.greatdreams.com/lucid.htm

The D.R.E.A.M.S. Foundation
www.dream.ca

Explorers of the Lucid Dream World Documentary
http://www.LucidDreamExplorers.com

Reve, Conscience, Eveil
A French site (with English translations) about lucid dreaming, obe, and consciousness.
http://florence.ghibellini.free.fr/

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

Lucid Dreaming Documentary
Wake Up! Exploring the Potential of Lucid Dreaming
http://luciddreamingdocumentary.com

Christoph Gassmann
Information about lucid dreaming and lucid dream pioneer and gestalt psychology professor, Paul Tholey.
http://www.traumring.info/tholey2.html

Werner Zurfluh
"Over the Fence"
www.oobe.ch/index_e.htm

Beverly D'Urso - Lucid Dream Papers
http://durso.org/beverly

The Conscious Dreamer
Sirley Marques Bonham
www.theconsciousdreamer.org

Al Moniz
The Adventures of Kid Lucid
http://www.kidlucid.com

The Lucid Dreamers Community – by pasQuale
http://www.ld4all.com

Fariba Bogzaran  www.bogzaran.com
Robert Moss  www.mossdreams.com
Electric Dreams  www.dreamgate.com

The Lucid Art Foundation  www.lucidart.org

Roger “Pete” Peterson  http://realtalklibrary.com

DreamTokens  www.dream-tokens.com
David L. Kahn  http://www.dreamingtrue.com/

Lucidipedia  www.lucidipedia.com

Jayne Gackenbach
Past editor of Lucidity Letter. All issues of Lucidity Letter now available on her website.
www.spiritwatch.ca

Matt Jones’s Lucid Dreaming and OBE Forum
www.saltcube.com

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