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In Your Dreams!
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Tim Post took his interest and passion for lucid dreaming, and helped found Lucidipedia.com. A student at the University of Twente in the Netherlands, he continues to promote lucid dreaming. LDE welcomes Tim Post.
How did you become interested in lucid dreaming?

Well, a big question. I was introduced to the art of lucid dreaming by a good friend of mine back in the time when I was attending High School. Though I had had numerous lucid dreams as a young kid, up until High School, I had no idea that those ‘conscious’ dreams were actually called ‘lucid dreams.’ Let alone the fact that one is able to induce lucid dreams intentionally and control them.

During that time I had seen a movie called The Matrix which had completely revolutionized my way of thinking about reality and awareness. Almost magically, my psychological (almost spiritual) revelation after having seen the movie, led to a particular week in which my friend introduced me to lucid dreaming. Funnily enough, retrospectively, I completely dismissed his enthusiasm and attempt to inspire me to train alongside him (he was already doing Reality Checks of some sort). I told him that I had had several lucid dreams back when I was just seven years of age. Although I knew what he was talking about while explaining lucid dreaming to me, so knowing, I thought that I already knew what lucid dreaming was all about. “What’s so special about knowing that you are dreaming?” I thought.

What I clearly did not know at that time, was the range of boundless applications one could enjoy while practicing lucid dreaming. During my lucid dreams as a kid, I recall only being lucid in dreams in which I tried to wake myself up from some kind of nightmare. To me, lucidity was related to negative dream experiences rather than enjoyable ones. It took my friend a whole week to finally force me to sit behind a computer, visit LD4all’s wonderful lucid dream site, to read the first paragraph of PasQuale’s introduction and revisit my pre-assumptions about the value of learning lucid dreaming.

Suddenly, while reading, I came to realize three things: one, lucidity enables dream control, two, dreams are hyperrealistic, and three, it is learnable. I just discovered my very own “Matrix” - An immersive limitless dreamworld that I could use to induce any kind of experience that I would ever want to engage in. The mere prospect of learning how to fly in my dreams, to ‘bend my own psychological rules and boundaries’ (as Morpheus would phrase it), to plan for constructive experiences that could support and enrich the things I would like to be or do in waking life, was just absolutely phenomenal - a feeling, I will never forget. A rush of purpose ran through my veins. As if I had found something true about myself and what I needed to do in life. As if ‘lucid dreaming’ was mine. In just a week, I had my first intentional lucid dream.

Soon I started to design and develop various websites on the topic of lucid dreaming to inform and educate others. These eventually led to a growing interest in Educational Science and Technology, a university degree at the University of Twente in the Netherlands from which I will graduate soon. On campus, a few years later, I decided to build on a project to acquire students that were interested in collaborating with me on developing a more sophisticated online platform for learning lucid dreaming. I organized and gave several lectures on the topic of lucid dreaming, to promote my project that I called ‘Lucidipedia,’ and shared my vision of the need for people to start dreaming again. The amount of interest I generated was amazing.

Within a few years, I and my fellow team members had finished the first version of the Lucidipedia.com website that you can visit today. We imagineered a new ‘home’ for the next generation of lucid dreamers by providing lessons, video tutorials, a shared library, blogs, and an online lucid dream journal for all to enjoy. And we are just starting.

What do you recall of your first lucid dream/s? Anything odd, unusual, or unexpected?

Oh boy, my first lucid dreams were actually all lucid nightmares. I recall being locked up by that awful old witch from Disney’s Snow White story. She had this spot, in the middle of a completely deserted endless white space, where she would walk in circles, guarding a small cage that she locked me into. The funny thing was, that it was a recurring nightmare. And so, after been locked up for the third or fourth time that week, I learned to recognize the nightmare while I was still dreaming.

Sadly, I did not know how marvelous and useful that awareness was, because instead of resolving my fear of the old lady, I started to scream for my mother to help me wake up. Screaming to the outside world of my bedroom, hoping she could hear me from her own bed and would rush upstairs to wake me up. When that did not happen (obviously), I tried to shake my head rapidly in the dream, trying to ‘snap myself out of’ the dream. It felt like I could feel my dream head turn inside my real one. An assuring sensation that seemed to tell me that I was waking up.

It worked, though I wonder whether those awakenings were actually false awakenings. Oh well. I felt safe again, and that’s what mattered. Poor kid.
What about lucid dreams you intentionally had when you just discovered lucid dreaming?

Ten years later, when I was seventeen, I had rediscovered lucid dreaming and only knew about its mere existence. I had no fancy techniques like Stephen LaBerge’s MILD to help me out. I just recalled dreams, wrote them down and constantly (I really mean ‘constantly’) thought about lucid dreaming and felt excited by imagining awesome lucid dreams that I could have in the near future. All my friends knew all about it within a few days. There was no doubt in my mind that I was able to revisit my dreamworld lucidly again very soon. And indeed, at the next upcoming weekend, when I had time to sleep longer (funny how I was unaware of these principles back then), I had my first intentional lucid dream:

The dream started at school, where I saw naked girls everywhere. A nice start I admit, although not sexually charged. Weird thing was how one of my teachers would just walk around like nothing special was happening. The combination of seeing my teacher act so ordinary while all those naked girls were around, made me turn lucid. I shouted out, ‘I am dreaming!’ and felt my body burst with, what seemed like, ‘electric sparks.’ I knew that I was actually lying in bed, with my eyes closed. I looked around and saw my father sitting on the floor in front of me. He looked peaceful, almost proud. ‘I am dreaming, dad!’ I told him, and he smiled. I felt like I needed to do something to make up for all the time I had left in the lucid dream. I decided to walk around and explore my dream. I walked up a stairway leading to a common area where many students were studying. I wanted to stand on the tables and transform into a super hero, but felt uncomfortable doing that in front of them all.

Haha. Clearly, I seemed to be not that lucid. I woke up a few moments later, jumped out of bed, ran downstairs and told my parents and younger sisters what I had just accomplished. I remember calling my friend, my fellow lucid dreamer, on the phone, who had introduced me to lucid dreaming the previous week, to tell him about my lucid dream. Though very happy, he felt frustrated for training much longer than I did and succeeding the least. I think he had his first lucid dream a couple of months later.

What made you want to have more lucid dreams and pursue it further?

Mostly due to this silly idea that lucid dreaming to me, still feels inherent to what I am here for. Practicing lucid dreaming, including teaching others, makes me feel authentic, real and purposeful. I can’t help it, it just utterly fascinates me.

More gradually though, I am feeling more passionate about contributing to the community with proper educational support to learn lucid dreaming more quickly, easily and properly. Though there is increasing research material on lucid dreaming, effective educational material is lacking. By improving my own skill in lucid dreaming, I am able to devise more helpful methods to support the techniques that scientific research has generated, and co-host Lucidipedia.com as a place where anyone is able to learn about and enjoy lucid dreaming as much as I do.

Did The Matrix movie influence your lucid dreaming, or create experiments to try in your lucid dreams?

Oh yes. The main theme of The Matrix centers around a character called ‘Neo’, who all through the movie (which is part of a trilogy), engages on a quest to free a computer generated reality that had enslaved all of mankind. He learns that life as we currently know it is actually part of one big virtual reality, created by powerful machines that man invented some time ago, to imprison mankind for survival purposes. And so, from the very beginning of the story, Neo is told he is ‘the One’ who has the unique ability to recreate The Matrix (this virtual world we live in) and to free it from sophisticated machines that had taken over control.

The whole movie to me and many others, is one big metaphor for a psychological, funky, teenage quest for meaning and ultimately self-realization. A story that beautifully embeds tons of mythological,
sensation of my real body lying in bed. While waking drinking water in my hand while lucid dreaming, and And so, I decided at one time to hold a dream glass of kind of “enslaving” entity.

psychological world from some means to free my own could somehow function as a happening with Neo in the story, and thirdly, inspired by dreaming. And thirdly, inspired by identify - to learn and teach lucid models - with which I was able to vividly came to represent mental reality that I easily connected with my re-discovery contributed to a fascination about awareness and to recreate and free it from enslavement. This clearly happened with Neo in the story,

The Matrix movie seemed to have influenced my world of lucid dreaming in three important ways. First, it had already primed me for understanding the meaning of “lucidity” in context of a main character that needed to become aware of The Matrix in order to recreate and free it from enslavement. This clearly contributed to a fascination about awareness and reality that I easily connected with my re-discovery of lucid dreaming soon after. Secondly, The Matrix provided me with two inspiring role-models ‘Neo’ and ‘Morpheus’ (Neo’s teacher). These characters vividly came to represent mental models - with which I was able to identify - to learn and teach lucid dreaming. And thirdly, inspired by the idea that ‘lucidity,’ like what happened with Neo in the story, could somehow function as a means to free my own psychological world from some kind of “enslaving” entity.

The movie gave rise to a craving for self-realization, like the art of Tibetan Dream Yoga, a deep feeling that I have tried to nurture and pursue ever since.

What personal lucid dream experiments have you found most interesting? Why?

The most memorable was one in which I felt fascinated about the “physiology” of the dreamworld - its realism and immersiveness: spending all my early lucid dreams entirely investigating the realism of dreams; feeling textures of doors, of walls, and holding dream objects in my hands, pinching dream characters in the face and having a conversation with them. I still feel it is amazing what our minds are capable of each and every night of our lives.

And so, I decided at one time to hold a dream glass of drinking water in my hand while lucid dreaming, and to intentionally wake up. I was curious how this sensation of a dream body with a dream hand that held the glass, would eventually fade out into the sensation of my real body lying in bed. While waking up I could feel my real hand still holding the glass in bed. But once I moved just one finger, the sensation completely vanished and I discovered that my hand was actually lying under my thigh in a completely unrelated posture. Intriguing.

Another experiment concerned my first WILD (waking induction) of a lucid dream, in which I tried to re-enter a dream lucidly. To witness my mind initiate REM with all kinds of weird sounds and hypnagogic images was just astounding. Again, I felt intrigued by how at some point in the process, the sensation of my real body was transformed into the sensation of a dreamed one. Suddenly, I was standing on a dream street while just a moment ago, I was lying in bed trying to fall asleep. Wow!

These kinds of early experiments will always stay with me as my first explorations of consciousness and imagination. Much later I began to devise challenging exercises to improve my skill in dream control. Experiments like walking across a room vertically (across the ceiling and to the floor again), rapidly teleporting from one location to the next, confronting nightmares, overcoming fears, directing simulated experiences that prepared me for challenging things I needed to do in waking life, and so on.

For example, have you ever tried to meditate in a lucid dream? What happened?

I once tried to sit down and try to count to 100 while keeping lucid. The exercise is wonderfully insightful (and challenging!) because if done successfully, you will actually undergo all kinds of fascinating dream shifts. I began by sitting down on a bench in the lucid dream, but while counting, shifted from rooms, to other cities, to silly parties of weird looking people, beautiful forests, underwater caverns, while counting. Just by sitting on a bench. A great way to just allow the dream generation process to entertain you. It is almost like watching a movie. The challenging part is to remember to carry out frequent movements of the dream body (like rubbing your hands or changing the way you sit), to make sure your ‘inactivity’ does not unintentionally dissolve the dream and you wake up. Sitting is probably the last thing you should ever do.

"Practicing lucid dreaming, including teaching others, makes me feel authentic, real and purposeful. I can’t help it, it just utterly fascinates me."

Tim Post
when trying to dream as long as possible. It’s a very passive way of engaging the dream and is thus likely to result in an unfortunate awakening.

**Many people conclude that lucid dreaming is simply an expression of expectation and mental models. However, when you read lucid dreams, they often seem to contain completely unexpected developments! Is there more to lucid dreaming than the ‘expectation effect’?**

Absolutely, there is. It is one of the things I always remember to tell my students when giving workshops on lucid dreaming, that lucid dreaming is not like you need to control (or create) the complete dream setting in all of its details. Research has clearly demonstrated that dreams are generated by both psychological and physiological mechanisms that account for the experiences we engage in while (lucid) dreaming each night.

Psychologically, dreams are directed by the psychology of the (lucid) dreamer by law of expectation and habituation. Simply put, it seems like when you expect to meet your mother in your dream, you will. Research on lucid dreaming has clearly shown that one is able to intentionally influence the dream generation process.

That is the whole point of its awesomeness. Lucid dreaming contributed to dream research by providing a psychological model to explain additional mechanisms that are involved in the dream generation process. The ‘expectation effect’ is one of them and is used by all lucid dreamers to control dreams. To learn how to fly, for example. Or to learn how to walk through walls.

Physiologically speaking, the activation-synthesis model, forwarded by Allan Hobson and Robert McCarley and first published in the American Journal of Psychiatry (1977), describes a physiological model in which the dream generation process is explained by, what seems, random brain activity originating in the brain stem that transmits so-called ‘PGO-waves’ to the cortical areas of the brain while in REM. It is said that this random brain stimulation specifically accounts for the often ‘unexpected’ events that seem to occur while (lucid) dreaming (accounting for the occurrence of random emotions, visuals, and sounds), often contributing to wonderful creative dreams, even while we are lucid. As a lucid dreamer, I love to be surprised in my dreams.

It is almost like the function of dreaming is to challenge our personal psychology (our expectations and adaptation to life) with new and unfamiliar situations. A wonderful evolutionary process that overnight attempts to allow us to cope or prepare for life’s unexpected turns and circumstances. If that is truly the case, then lucid dreaming would be a revolutionary addition to our capacity to adapt to and get the most out of our lives.

**When you consider the science and research so far on lucid dreaming, what surprises you?**

Foremost that there is very little continuation in research on methods that educate people in lucid dreaming and teach them how to properly apply lucid dreaming to support waking life experiences. Just devising a “MILD technique,” currently still turns out for many to be insufficient support. I would love to see more experimental research on different methods and learning approaches on how to train lucid dreamers more effectively.

**Do you feel lucid dreaming has a spiritual component? Or does it seem only limited to personal self growth and understanding?**

I very much feel that practicing lucid dreaming has the potential to teach anyone about his or her own spirituality. To me, the spiritual component of lucid dreaming lies in the realization that we all dream continuously, day and night. There is no psychological or philosophical ground upon which to dismiss this fact. Even while reading this text, you interpret this information through a personal veil of prior concepts, assumptions and expectations based on your own personal psychology and history.

When meeting people or dealing with situations in life, we constantly project our own mental models upon the world to try to explain ourselves and reality. It allows us to construct our own personal meaning in life.

Now, I noticed in myself, and by listening to many others, that a lot of uneasiness, unhappiness, and lack of purpose in life, results from people not knowing that they are constantly dreaming and creating their reality minute by minute each day. Like in dreams, if you expect life to be hard, it will be. And so, I and my associates at Lucidipedia are moving into constructive sessions and online programs to assist visitors on how to use lucid dreaming as a metaphor to learn how to “personally imagineer” one’s own life: transferring insights from lucid dreaming to waking life; to provide simple techniques that allow students to recapture their responsibility in living their lives, and promote more dedicated self-awareness.
What do you find enjoyable about lucidipedia.com?

To see how a project, founded in a tiny room on campus, is steadily growing to become the next international home for a new generation of lucid dreamers around the world.

It is enormously satisfying to read about people’s (re-) discovery of lucid dreaming, to see them share their ideas, to enrich life experiences with dreams of flying or experiments of consciousness.

Any surprises along the way?

It surprises me every time when I hear about their first reaction to lucid dreaming, online or at workshops, to see how easily lucid dreaming connects with people’s desire to better themselves. Like it is something natural, that only needs a small spark. I cannot imagine a time in which I won’t enjoy this drive to get people engaged about their potential in life.

Does lucidipedia.com ever get frustrating?

Hell, yes!

What would you do when you receive a ‘Lost connection to MySQL server’ error and your whole site is inaccessible for a day?

Advertise in The Lucid Dream Exchange!

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

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

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

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

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

Order on-line or at your favorite bookstore!
Psychologists are disproving the age-old claim that video games are rotting our brains. A leading figure in this research is Jayne Gackenbach, a lifelong lucid dreamer and dream scholar from Grant MacEwan College. For years, Gackenbach has been reporting the connection between video game play and lucid dreaming. Parents may gaffaw, but high-end gamers report many more lucid dreams than the public at large.

Why is this? Gackenbach has argued in the past (2006) that video game play increases “lucidity” because game play encourages absorption as well as enhanced reaction time, attention span, spatial skills, and problem solving skills (p.97). Both video games and lucid dreams are a kind of “virtual reality,” creating the perfect workshop for manipulating reality and honing certain kinds of cognitive skills.

**Consciousness and Multi-Media**

Recently, Gackenbach expanded her research claim. In the March 2009 volume of the journal *Dreaming*, she found evidence to support the hypothesis that not just video games, but the entire range of multimedia and electronica available today is correlated with more lucid dreams. The research suggests that with our highly saturated media landscape (video games, mp3 players, DVDs, computer/Internet) comes greater self-awareness in our dream lives. In particular, media that encourage “interactive” experiences and social connectivity show the highest lucidity stats for dreamers.

Gackenbach makes clear that this doesn’t mean that playing a Blood Elf in *World of Warcraft* and being glued to your iPhone is the path to greater lucidity. Always careful, she leaves open the possibility that there is a third factor accounting for this affect.

Granted, this research backs up countless gamers’ personal experiences that video games help them to make quick decisions in their dreaming and waking lives, developing a sense of personal empowerment while fostering strong bonds with their peers.

And this is also the best defense for kids when their mothers say, “Go play outside!”

**The Lucid Generation**

Judging by how many more media-assisted activities are available for youth today, perhaps we really are encouraging the most lucid generation in history. Of course, there’s more to lucid dreaming than self-awareness.

Armed with a socially-critical perspective, I think that Gackenbach’s video game research illustrates how our media-driven society encourages certain kinds of consciousness, with values such as self-reflection, volition, and knowing how you fit into the group. (This doesn’t critically reflect on Gackenbach’s interests, by the way, as she has also published many papers on other aspects of lucidity such as “witnessing” dreams in which the dreamer does not test how much dream control is possible).

Ultimately, we need to balance this kind of lucidity with other values, such as gratitude, selflessness and knowing when *not* to be in control. In my humble opinion, I think that lucid dreaming, over time, naturally encourages all these ways of being. Conscious growth is awkward at times, yet we eventually find the balance within ourselves.

But if not, there’s a meditation podcast on my iPhone I can listen to one more time….

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Gackenbach, J. (2009)

*Ryan Hurd is a dream researcher and writer at dreamstudies.org, and he doesn’t really have an iPhone. Yet.*
A surprising feature of lucid dreaming involves experiences of geometric figures, sacred symbols and unusually brilliant light in various intense colors. Generally, geometric figures, sacred symbols and brilliant light often come in response to the lucid dreamer seeking information from deeper levels of the dream or simply encountering deeper layers of the subconscious.

In the *Lucidity Letter*, Harry Hunt noted these unusual lucid dreaming experiences shared a common feature with long time meditators, writing, “….just as waking meditative practice eventually leads to the release of major alterations of consciousness, such as white light or luminosity experiences, so there were significant associations between degree of lucidity [in long term lucid dreamers] and archetypal/psychedelic dream content rarely seen in normative [lucid dream] samples—such as geometric/mandala patterns, encounters with archetypal figures, and various luminosity phenomena…” (June 1986, vol 5, #1)

Years ago my interest in this topic grew after I became lucidly aware while driving a car on a curvy, mountain road at night. Knowing that I slept in bed, I consciously let go of the dreamt steering wheel, and crashed the car, as I laughingly tumbled into a mountain stream. Lucidly looking up at the night sky and too lazy to fly on my own, I shouted, “Hey, pull me up Stars!”

Suddenly, I felt a hand grab my left wrist, as we rocketed into the night’s sky. Eventually, I saw that a young woman had hold of me. Deep in the darkness, she stopped, and did something incredible. She pointed her finger into the darkness and created a point of light. Then she dragged her finger across the darkness and made three lines emanate from that point of light. In effect, she created a three dimensional corner in the darkness. Intuitively, I knew she made it for ‘my’ benefit, as I suddenly felt more at home in this 3-D created ‘corner’ of empty space. Then we consciously conversed.

Before the above lucid dream, another lucid dream of intending to fly into outer space and visit the stars had affected me deeply. Just as I set out to fly, something bizarre happened. The stars began to rush together and make brilliantly lit golden symbols, then flee off to the right. Transfixed, I lucidly watched the stars merge to form an image like the Star of David, interlocking circles of three, and many other glowing shapes that seemed both inherently spiritual and meaningful. All the stars had turned into symbols.

Afterwards, I wondered if the constellations and stars in the sky only expressed ‘ideas’ (represented by those symbols) that circled around our tiny Earth. Hence, my peculiar response after being tossed in a mountain stream at night – “Hey, pull me up Stars!” – I’d let the awareness behind the apparent dream universe do the lifting.

Where does this response originate from? Could it be an Inner Self, Universal Mind, or collective unconscious? And why communicate with geometric figures, sacred symbols and brilliant light?

For example, healing and requests for healing while lucid dreaming, often become expressed as healing light. Sometimes the healing light comes shooting from the lucid dreamer’s hands onto the diseased area, or comes via an outside agency beaming healing light upon the dreamer. In my book, *Lucid Dreaming: Gateway to the Inner Self*, I recount Beverly D’Urso’s dream experience of geometric forms of intense lights in five colors, “as large as ocean liners,” hanging in the space above her. Allaying her child’s concern, she announces, “They came to heal me,” as she feels the light forms shooting her with energy. Later that day, visiting the hospital, the doctor announces that she no longer shows evidence of a uterine cyst and mass, discovered in an earlier visit. (pg 166)
In another case of light, I experienced seeing a hexagonal shape of greenish-brown light about four feet long, which I knew to be ‘precognitive’ information. Then suddenly, the light smashed into my right temple with a painfully pleasant sensation, and within microseconds, I had five precognitive dreams.

Waking, I jotted them down as quickly as I could, and only managed to recall three of the five. Months later, all three dream situations occurred within the space of twenty minutes. My rational world was spinning.

The curious thing for me, though, involved the hexagonal tube of light. Why a hexagon? Why this light? Does a hexagon shape with this type of light automatically denote precognitive information? Does some inner world of archetypal form, light and symbols exist, which all of us instinctively comprehend?

I began to wonder if geometric shapes of light exist as a communication system for deeper levels of the Mind. The shape, the size, the light, the color, hue and intensity, altogether create an alphabet of information at this profound level of Mind. Triangles mean one thing, pyramidal shapes another, conical shapes something else, and then add color in all of its brilliant nuance, and you have packets of information. At this level (which I assume stands closer to the Source of Dreaming, or the Inner Self), it may be that one encounters the clearest inner messages in their most basic expression.

In modern fiber optics, pulses of light convey information. Could it be that at our deepest levels, inner information is conveyed by pulses of light in various geometric forms and colors – that this is the language of the mind? If so, it suggests that current fiber optics are a fairly crude communication system and have the capacity to carry much greater information and energy.

Lucid dreaming has allowed me to see that the combination of geometry and light hold a key to connecting to the deeper layers of Self. Now, I intuitively sense that Hindu yantras, Buddhist mandalas, and other colorful geometric sacred imagery re-expresses what actually occurs at inner levels of communication. In a sense, these symbols have inherent communicative value, and awaken knowledge in us of the essence of our inner knowing.

Our deepest lucid dreams can scarcely be told, because they are filled with geometric, light filled shapes, which suggest an inner language that our lucid self feels drawn to, but fails to understand fully. Lucid dreaming has depth so profound that it leaves our most descriptive adjectives floundering in the shallows. Our most transformative lucid dreams may be the ones that cannot be expressed in simple words, but in the numinous quality of light bounded by geometry to express this sacred communication.

“Our most transformative lucid dreams may be the ones that cannot be expressed in simple words, but in the numinous quality of light bounded by geometry to express this sacred communication.”

Robert Waggoner
In the summer of 2007, I was struck by a dream experience in which a flower pattern emerged, that seemed to have a purifying effect. It wasn’t a normal dream, but I wouldn’t call it a lucid dream either, though I was fully aware of what was going on. It lacked the typical “aha-I’m-dreaming!” moment that I usually experience when becoming lucid; this dream felt hyperreal.

First, I will share the dream, and hopefully with the help of a few pictures, take you with me into the experience. Then I will discuss an event that precipitated the dream, which to me seems important and related to it. I will also share a bit on the after effects. Finally I’d briefly like to make a suggestion for further exploration.

Dreamreport
In the dream, everything around me was totally black, and above my head, when I looked up, I saw a geometrical form of light, that looked like circles that make a flower:

It was rather a wide form, so if I would stretch my arms all the way sidewards, my whole body would fit in it, like this:

Then it’s energy came down on me, like my body was some sort of container, and the light was poured into it. ‘Step by step’ it descended into my body, and the light became my body, and the darkness around it shaped it, just like an ambiguous figure:

I felt resistance when it entered, and when it reached my chest/heart, I felt a lot of fear and wanted to wake up, but the energy kind of drew me back in! And when I let go of my fear and surrendered to it, the light would go further down my body. There were clear distinctive steps, it felt like the light paused at levels of various organs:

Again at these levels I felt fear without reason, surrendered to it, and the light would descend further until my whole body was filled.
This whole experience might have taken only a few minutes, even though it had a timeless quality and feeling to it.

In my legs, the sensation wasn’t very strong. But when it got ‘through’ my feet, it felt tremendous! Like a filled balloon, under pressure, then it bursts ‘poof!’, and the energy starts flowing. That felt really ecstatic, arousing, magnetic, even orgasmic! I was screaming of fulfillment, and at my feet the energy made sounds of electricity. The soles of my feet were glowing like producing a beam of heat. It was very profound.

Comments

When I woke up, I did remember that I saw the figure or symbol above my head somewhere before, so I started Googling, and to my great surprise, the symbol is called ‘the Flower of Life’, or at least the fragment I saw is part of it and called the Seed of Life.

"The Flower of Life is a geometrical figure composed of multiple, evenly-spaced, overlapping circles, that are arranged so that they form a flowerlike pattern, with a sixfold symmetry like a hexagon. Indelibly etched on the walls of temple of the Osirion at Abydos, Egypt, it contains a vast Akashic system of information, including templates for the five Platonic Solids."

About a week before that dream, I was having a discussion with a friend about the nature of good and evil, and for some unclear reason, I hit a nerve, and I felt terribly angry.

So I decided to have a look at it. I laid on my bed, turning my attention inwards. But when I looked at my anger, it got bigger and bigger and bigger! And my thoughts were like the biggest chaos, all my beliefs about good and evil that I possibly ever thought of were going around my mind like crazy. Each one of them was falling apart, until there was nothing left but me and my anger and the most powerful will to destruct.

Then I noticed obtrusive images were coming up from down below, of all kinds of ‘evil’ things I saw myself doing, factual and fictitious. This stopped, after I pictured the most horrible thing I could possibly imagine. I noticed all kinds of negative beliefs popping up because of what I pictured in my mind during my rage, it literally made me feel sick to my stomach. But it was quite easy to challenge them and make positive affirmations as some sort of antidote, and I could notice almost an immediate effect of these positive beliefs in my body as well. It took me a few days to feel completely better, but I felt better than ever. The process made me feel reborn. Another waking life event that might be linked, is the fact that I decided to undergo the second Reiki initiation. I feel this decision, consciously and/or unconsciously, might have speeded up any inner cleansing process.

On a personal level, it seems like the experience of the Flower of Life, is a reflection of what happened in waking perceived reality. Maybe in a way, it is the result of the transformed and assimilated/integrated repressed anger: my ‘destruction’ turned into ‘creation,’ just like the Seed of Life is associated with creation of life. The dream seems to have acted as a kind of purification, cleansing negative belief residues, which (I believe) are encoded at the cellular level in the body.

Afterwards it felt like I did not have to fight certain beliefs anymore. I am not anger-free of course, that seems impossible, but I feel I don’t have to fight anymore. I feel comfortable to truly know deep inside that feeling angry does not make me a bad person. I feel more compassionate towards it, and also towards others whom I’ve ever felt violated by. This experience helped me to learn to witness deep inner anger, without violating or acting out on myself or others.

Around the same time the dream occurred, I started to get interested in dream- and sleep yoga. Tenzin Wangyal Rinpoche wrote a book on it, called The Tibetan Yogas of Dream and Sleep. According to Bön buddhist tradition, there are three types of dreams in exercising dream yoga: normal samsaric dreams, clear dreams, and light dreams. Normal dreams come forth by karmic traces, and clear dreams by transpersonal karmic traces. Both can be either non-lucid or lucid.
My lucid healing dreams added another dimension to my quest for a cure. I had been going to doctors in western traditional and complementary medicine, naturopathic doctors, Chinese medicine practitioners, herbalists, and energy healers, with the hope to receive a diagnosis and a remedy for my red itchy spots on my neck, front and back. I had been suffering for about 4 years with a tenacious rash and in the process, a biopsy revealed nothing to label, the topical ointments did little to help the intense itching, and neither the med's nor herbs worked very well to get rid of the affliction. Energy practitioners helped me to explore many modalities, but I was unable to produce a cure.

I switched careers from management to a low stress job in June 1994, about a year and a half before my first lucid healing dream. I thought the rash was stress related and maybe it was, but why did it take so long to go away? I had explored my diet for allergies, looked at environmental factors as well as emotional and psychological possibilities, yet I couldn't understand why I was experiencing the horrible rash. On September 23 1995, I asked to have a healing of my four year old rash. I intended to dream lucidly with hope for an answer. The following is the dream.

I became lucid when I felt myself surrounded by energy and I could see only darkness. I felt curious and calm. I was conscious within my dream. I was told, "You can heal yourself." I saw a very bright ray of white light enter a spot above my right breast. I was told to "Visualize the light moving to all the red, itchy spots. Then send the light along with the rash out of your body to dissolve, dissipate and never return. It's up to you." It felt like a cosmic healing and I was aware of what was happening to me. I was not afraid.

I did as instructed. I woke up from the dream with my finger on the spot where the beam of pure white light entered my body. The pure light was unlike anything I'd ever seen before. It was a powerful dream.

I thought about the dream on and off for 6 months. I noticed an improvement. The rash seemed to be slowly disappearing.

On March 16, 1996, I had another lucid dream:

I was at the University of MN Clinic to see a doctor about the rash. The receptionist told me he had an emergency and had to leave. She asked if I'd like to reschedule. “No,” I said and started to walk away. A nurse ran over to me and asked if I'd like to see a brilliant young resident. The nurse said, "He is excellent at diagnosing. He will help you." I said, "Yes, I need help."

She led me to a candle lit room. It was conducive to meditating, so I did just that until the resident arrived. When he entered the room, his presence was HUGE and he had beautiful shiny black skin and iridescent green enlightening eyes. He looked into my eyes and told me what it was that ailed me. He told me also what was causing my red itchy spots. He spoke to me without words, like telepathy, and I understood him.

He told me of a treatment to try and that it would be a quick process. He told me I would heal completely within a month and it would never return. He told me telepathically with certainty. He was brilliant, I thought to myself. How lucky I was to have a chance meeting with him. A truly great healer, I said to myself.

I flew above my body. My back was exposed and I saw a strong white light beaming into the little hole created from my biopsy. The light spread to all the red itchy spots on my back, front and neck. The red spots dissipated and dissolved. I held the vision.

I thanked the resident and asked where the bright white light came from, however there was no reply. I thought about how wonderful it would be if my dream was real, perhaps just in another dimension. I believe that my dreamwork and other healing modalities helped to create a healing environment.

After four years of suffering, it seemed like another month was a reasonable amount of time for the rash to completely disappear. And it did disappear. My lucid dreams were not spontaneous healings, however I was rash free by May, 1996. What a relief! As of this writing, more than 13 years later, I'm still very grateful for my healing dreams of bright white light. My lucid dreams made a difference in my healing process. If I get an ailment, I will intend for a lucid healing dream as soon as I am able.

Health and Happiness to all, BJ
After experiencing several spontaneous lucid dreams and out-of-body (OOB) experiences beginning in 1972, I began deliberately exploring the phenomena after my older brother passed away at a young age. Determined to discover for myself whether consciousness survived outside of the physical body, in 1988 I began awakening in my dreams and projecting out-of-body on a frequent basis.

Among the hundreds of lucid dreams and OOBs I have since experienced, many contained geometric symbols, sacred geometry, and unusual experiences of light and color. I witnessed individual images of a cross shape composed of shimmering little multicolored lights; a vision that held only the color of a brilliant yellow with no shape; a triangular shape composed of “bubbles” of light in conjunction with lucidly reading a book on healing; circles of bright-colored mini-lights; purple circular symbols in lucid ceremonial dreams; and intricate lucid dreams and OOBs containing the proverbial white light, among many others.

But in 1989 and 1990, I experienced three lucid dreams that all contained similar symbols. In the first one, I was seeing someone hold a ball-shaped object with stunning mauve and star-like shimmering colors in it.

Then I was watching a tall, white-haired, white-robed man stepping out of a narrow space/hallway similar to my townhouse kitchen at the time. He was a thin man who was bald on top with white hair on the sides of his head, and was no-one I recognized from physical reality.

Ten days later, in a dream, I recorded seeing a strange, upside-down like bowl with a mauve-swirling circle on it. Six months after that, I again saw only the mauve ball of light. Then in September 1992, I had this lucid dream:

I became fully lucid while washing the dishes. The water was running and the wind was blowing outdoors (as it was in physical reality). I thought I heard a loud crash, but it stopped, and I didn't hear anything else. I was slightly scared, but I continued doing the dishes. Then I tried calling my sister on the telephone to let her know where I was. The setting was very vivid and in brilliant color.

Then I noticed in a wall mirror, an older, short, blondish/white-haired woman was reflected there. I turned around and she was standing in the room with me. She beckoned for me to follow her into an adjacent room. I did, as she pointed to a bright red door connected to the outdoors which had been torn partway off its hinges and was cracked near the bottom as if someone had kicked it in.

I wondered who had done this, and the woman pointed to a shadowy, grayish, small shape, and said, “She did.” Then she pointed out a small mauve/pinkish ball of light and said this was helping me.

Then the shadowy shape turned into a woman and I awoke.

Interestingly enough, I haven't encountered the mauve ball of light again, but I have had numerous encounters with the woman in this dream.

Could it be that the dream figures or the energy that they represent, when seen on a deeper level, are simply 'balls of light' and/or geometric shapes? After my experiences of watching the shadowy grayish shape transform into a woman, I have begun to wonder.
Soul Sight:
Projections of Consciousness and
Out of Body Epiphanies

In her riveting book, Barton vividly depicts her voyage of discovery through time and space. Her first spontaneous out-of-body experience so shattered her beliefs about reality that she began a thorough investigation that would ultimately lead her to leave her body virtually at will. Thirty years later she is finally prepared to reveal what she learned in her “trial by fire.”

Mary Barton has experienced and investigated out-of-body journeys since 1971. Her subsequent interest in the topic led her to become a staff member for Seth Network International (SNI), a former organization dedicated to the investigation of anomalous experiences in consciousness.

Barton was designated as a Pioneer of Consciousness with an exquisite story, in author Lynda Dahl’s Wizards of Consciousness. She has participated in many lucid dreaming experiments, most notably with author Linda Lane Magallon, author of Mutual Dreaming: When Two or More People Share the Same Dream, and members of the Fly-By-Night Club. Her work has appeared in Reality Check, The Global Seth Journal and in numerous other journals, newspapers, newsletters and magazines.

Barton is a former Product Manager for a publishing company, a former journalist and editor for two newspapers, a features editor and journalist for an industry magazine, a former Marketing Manager for a multi-million dollar company, and a contract employee for one of the world’s largest computer software companies. She received a B.S., and worked toward a master’s degree, from the University of Texas at El Paso, Texas in Computer Science.

At SNI, she worked with Rob Butts, co-creator of the Seth Books; Lynda Dahl, author of The Wizards of Consciousness; Susan M. Watkins, author of Speaking of Jane Roberts: Remembering the Author of the Seth Material; Norman Friedman, author of Bridging Science and Spirit: Common Elements in David Bohm’s Physics, the Perennial Philosophy and Seth; Sheri Perl, author of Healing From the Inside Out, and Nancy Ashley, author of Create Your Own Dreams: A Seth Workbook.

Published book or ebook now available at:
http://www.lulu.com/content/4599618
Publisher: Lulu.com
Over the years I’ve had a number of lucid dreams in which I’ve experienced consciousness training or conditioning sessions. I’ll share two of them here. The first serves as a lead in to the second, given that it appears that the same two guides showed up in each. In the second dream, sacred geometry plays a part, in the form of the dream entity that “mind melded” with me, as well as through the appearance of a geometric figure symbolizing the achievement of a new level and the completion of a transformational process.

"Sword of Damocles"

EWK 4/9/07 Lucid to Super-Lucid “A group of friendly people bring me to a testing and training facility for Mindfulness. I lie down on a sort of mattress on the floor, with the instruction not to move. An attractive young woman (who reminds me of the actress Jeri Ryan) sits behind me on my left, a young man on my right. Objects begin dropping from above to test my reactions - and my control. They look really heavy, but when they hit me, they have little impact, but I jump and start anyway. As I learn to control my reactions, the test escalates, now involving much heavier objects dropped from a great height - at my face -- but caught by the man on my right just before impact. I have to trust him, and become indifferent to what will happen to me if he misses. I begin to do better. The woman enthusiastically guides me through the process - she sounds friendly and companionable. However, she tells me that my score for the first round falls just below passing, and then asks me, "How do you do?" I can barely speak - I feel profoundly non-attached. I request another round. More objects drop down on me, heavier, snatched away at the last instant. I have to trust the trainers - or not care what happens if they miss. I jump a little a few times, but then move into a deeply non-attached state, and do not move or react. I make it to a new level. I now see a huge concrete slab hanging above me - a "Sword of Damocles" - scraping my left cheek. The woman asks me again, "How do you do?" I can barely mumble, "Fine," this time. She lets me know that I’ve passed. But even after I get up, I feel profoundly non-attached. I look at myself in a mirror and see a small scrape on my left cheek. Also, although I can see clearly, my eyes look cloudy and pinkish, irritated. A result of the process?

In an area nearby I look at other mindfulness games to play. In one you simultaneously shoot two crossbows at two clock faces using your right and left hands. I also see something like virtual reality bowling. I ask the boy using the crossbows about the games purpose. "Does it evaluate right brain / left brain balance?" He says, "No" and tells me it has something to do with frontal lobe activation. I might like to try them out, but RWPR before I can." 

Comment: In this dream I underwent training into a particular meditation state, one that required that I free myself from fear, achieving a state of indifference towards the possibility of harm, through entering into the perspective of my Greater Self. In order to do so I first had to enter into a state of deep trust towards my guides. I should point out that although many lucid dreamers assume that nothing in a dream can harm them, that this remains just that – an assumption. Many people still believe that anything that occurs in a dream seems "all in their heads," entirely subjective and imaginary, and as a result, almost entirely harmless. Psi-dreaming research has shown that dreams do not occur all in ones head, but in an intersubjective space. And of course mind-body research has shown that what occurs in the mind can have an effect on the physical body, for good, or for ill.

As I see it, lucidity as a variable aspect of consciousness corresponds most closely with the increased freedom of choice that results from the overt awareness of previously unquestioned assumptions. When I become fully lucid, I overtly realize that "I dream this" also just seems an assumption.
And I also consciously realize that even if I do dream, that I really don't know what "dreaming" means. In this dream I did not transcend fear by assuming that nothing in the dream could harm me. To the contrary, given what I know about mind-body effects, and realizing all that I do not know about dreaming, I assumed that it could. Because I accepted the possibility of injury or even physical death in the dream, transcending my fears required that I connect/identify with a deeper aspect of Self, where fear does not exist. As a result, in this lucid dream I achieved the most extraordinary level of focus and onepointedness that I have so far experienced in either my waking or my dreaming life.

“Mind Meld”

EWK 5/13/07 Semi-Lucid. "... A young man and a woman - teachers? - want me to undergo some sort of treatment to enhance my abilities. I now have on a sort of dark forest green costume symbolizing the powers I have - the costume has webbing (meridians?) markings. (It reminds me of Spiderman’s costume, but in dark green rather than red.) I look large and strong. They take me to an entity that will explore my every thought and memory, purifying my psyche and activating my potentials. I sit in a chair and see the entity on the table in front of me. It looks like a glowing ball of white energy - about 6 inches in diameter. I communicate with it telepathically. When it activates and begins the process, a hundred or so white spikes extend from its surface, each about 3 inches long, turning it into a glowing multi-point three-dimensional white star shape, now about 1 foot across.

At the completion of this project, after the examination/purification, the entity will attach a trifold propeller like symbol onto the chest of my costume:

I comment to the entity that it certainly picked a positive appearance/image - a glowing white ball of energy - very much like an image I use in my meditations. After the analysis, on a data sheet on the table I see information about me. I notice it has the wrong phone number - 535-3067. Actually, I tell it, 535-7067 (Incorrect dream memory. My phone number in WPR actually differs for two digits). I tell the entity that it has some of the numbers reversed. At first it denies this, but it finally concedes the point. I wonder though, if it could make an error about my telephone number, what other errors or misperceptions might it have made in reading my psyche? The young man and woman return. RWPR.
Comment: In this dream I identified the man and woman as the two teachers/guides that helped me in the "Sword of Damocles" dream. This dream also has one interesting similarity with Suzanne Wiltink’s transformative “Dreaming the Flower of Life” experience, which she reports on in this issue of LDE. In Suzanne’s dream, she experienced an intense interaction/purification with an energy field in the form of a “Seed of Life”, the center section of a larger sacred geometric figure called the “Flower of Life” (http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Flower_of_Life.) This symbol has appeared on temples in a number of cultures for millennia. One can accurately create this symbol – or any of its derivatives, using only a compass, as it consists of an interlocking pattern of intersecting circles. The symbol that I saw in my interaction/purification dream derives from the “Flower of Life” as well, but of an even smaller part. Perhaps one might call it “The Seed of the Seed of Life.” Made up from four intersecting circles – to me it represents the balanced integration of three different aspects of Self, three circles for three aspects, with the fourth outer circle symbolizing unification as well as integration.

Discussion: What kinds of effects might initiation and training dreams have upon those who have experienced them? In his book The Psychobiology of Gene Expression (2002), Dr. Ernest Rossi proposed that: “. . . dreaming is a complex adaptive system integrating behavioral state-related gene expression with activity-dependent gene expression in the . . . self-reflection and the co-creation of consciousness and choice.” Earlier research has shown that dreaming has psychophysiological effects, as well as psychotherapeutic effects that can promote self-healing. Some lucid dreamers, such as Paul Tholey, have reported that lucid dreams make a useful venue for practicing difficult athletic skills, and that doing so can effectively improve athletic performance in the physical world as well. Apparently, training and transformational dreams can have more than short term psychological effects, but may have long term effects on us on levels ranging from the physiological to the epigenetic. Initiatory or transformative dreams may do more than symbolically reflect changes in our waking lives, but may in themselves cause significant changes in the people who experience them.

Wanted

The pattern on the left is called

“Sri Yantra.”

A yantra is a geometric pattern said to be a powerful tool in reaching higher levels of consciousness.

Have you seen similar symbols in your lucid dreams? If so, we at LDE would love to hear about it.

Drop us a line!

www.dreaminglucid.com
Generally, I have considered many of my lucid dreams to be more like OBEs because I often become aware that an experience is about to happen while I am still aware of my physical body. I have a real sense of coming out of my body and then leaving. When this first started happening, I would hear a loud, rushing noise, or I would feel a strong tingling in the back of my head as I felt myself move out of my body. Sometimes, the strangeness and excitement of it would wake me before I could leave, but most times I could continue exiting. The first few times it happened, I would feel like a balloon that fell gently out of my body and bounced and floated around the floor next to my bed. Later, I would slowly roll out and float just above my body, sometimes move around the room, then leave through a window, wall or the roof. Other times, I would leave my body quickly and immediately shoot out of the room, flying through the sky or into outer space. On this particular night, I experienced a different type of exit.

My husband and I stayed up very late that night, probably until 2 a.m., and we were very tired, from the late night and a tough work week. After sleeping for a short while, his snoring woke me, and I decided to sleep with my head at the foot of the bed and to turn on the fan to drown it out.

As I slept on my back, I became aware while still in my body. I lifted my “non-physical” head, as though I was lifting my head above water to see what was above the surface. I felt a light golden glow. For some reason, what I saw did not surprise me at all. I saw what I thought at the time was a witch doctor, kneeling at the side of my bed, doing some sort of healing work on my abdomen.

He was wearing what you might expect a Native American Indian medicine man to be wearing: short pants made of crude leather, long dark hair that had several thin beaded braids, a thin white beaded band just above his left bicep, and something around his neck. I saw symbols float out of the area where he worked. They were light colored and reminded me of line drawings, or pictographs. I did not know what they meant, but curiously watched them as they seemed to pause in front of my view to be noticed before floating off. They seemed to have a personality of their own. There were maybe four to six symbols, and one of them reminded me of the Christian “sign of the fish.”

When I lifted my head and saw him, he noticed me too and calmly looked over at me. His expression did not change, and I noticed his large dark-brown eyes. His being there seemed perfectly natural to both of us. (Perhaps I had an appointment.) I asked him if he would also work on my husband, as he was very tired and could use his help. He turned back to his work, and I seemed to sink back below the surface and back into a deep sleep.

The next day, my husband and I decided to go for a walk at a nearby park and take the two-mile trail around the lake. As we walked, we held hands, enjoying the bright blue sky, the cool breeze, the tall trees swaying and rustling in the wind. I felt really good, so alive and refreshed. Then my husband commented on how great he felt, healthier and more energetic than usual. I was surprised that he felt the same way and that he commented on it at the very moment I was thinking it. I told him I felt the same, and we agreed that it was odd to feel so good after such a late night. I suddenly remembered the lucid experience and excitedly told him what happened. After a few more exchanges, we continued our walk in amazed and contented silence. The day seemed to be even more beautiful, as we shared a wonderfully connected moment, with each other and with a remarkable, unexplainable universe.
Dreams of Light and Sacred Symbols

(sleeping in Kyoto, Japan)
The Celestial Library

I’m walking outside of a large building, when an entourage appears from my left in two old cars. A group of Indian mystics or fakirs emerge. People congregate around them, as they do a chant with music.

“Now may the spirit of Jocelyn emerge!” they sing, and then, “Now may the spirit of Sawa emerge!” (My phonetic interpretation of what I heard.) I believe that they must be calling forth unconscious or channeled information. I see their dog run into the crowd.

As I walk away, it strikes me, “This is a dream, isn’t it?” I float, then fly easily through the wall of a white building and into an extremely large library with rows and rows of books in wooden stacks with nice tables. I enjoy shooting through the air, and even tip some guy’s skull cap. I feel energized.

Then I fly up to the highest level and realize how truly large this library is. Up here, I see there seems to be a circle level of marble or porcelain figures (all life size). Almost like a museum with a full arrangement of the Greek/Roman gods (though I do not see specific gods, like Poseidon).

I return to the floor and think about what to do in this lucid dream. For a moment, I wonder, “Do they have my book on lucid dreams here?” But then think what a waste of time it would be to look for it. Instead, I suddenly have an idea. I turn my head upward and begin to shout out my request to the awareness behind the dream.

Surprisingly, in response, at this point the flat domed ceiling begins to change color from a golden yellow color to a ceiling infused with a sparkling purple-reddish light, that appears to have thin silver toned lines running horizontally through it. The ceiling seems to radiate this light!

Then on it, symbols emerge which exude an even deeper purple tone and sparkle. The lower one shows two elongated interlocking pyramidal triangles (similar to the Star of David only more elongated), the middle symbol appears flower-like, as if emerging petals coming from a central source, and the top symbol appears square-like, similar to a mandala type shape. Oddly, now, two marble-like statues appear directly in front of me. The front one seemed a classical marble 'man,' and the one behind it, held a spear in his right hand (a bit hard to see the details of the second figure since it stood directly behind the first). I get the sense that the first represents a ‘wise man’ and the second, ‘the messenger of the gods.’

The vibrant colors seem mesmerizing and glowing, pulsating with energy. I look again at the light-filled ceiling with symbols, and begin to lose the dream.

Note: Later I read that “sawa” is a Japanese word meaning marsh or glen. However, I cannot say if I have the word, or it’s spelling correct.

Sara Enini
Energy

I had this dream in the morning when I liked to sleep a bit more than normal. In my dream, I was in a room, not very big, full of women sitting around. They were all smartly dressed; long dresses, mostly colored blue or green, with some hats or masks on their heads. There were two guys in the center, one of them I knew immediately because I was in his course (class) last evening.

He was using his hands to make a ball of light and I saw the bright light from him reflecting on the wall. The light came from his arms to his hands as energy; very bright light. I did not show much interest although what he was doing was a very extraordinary thing. I saw myself sitting in the bed in the same room when another man came near to speak to me and I again was disinterested. After that I felt that this kind of energy was everywhere, also in my bedroom where I was sleeping; and was easily collected in a ball of light.
I felt this energy, and I became a flow of energy in resonance with the energy in my room. I was no more a person but only energy – I felt this energy in every particle of my body. I fell in the state of sleep-paralysis. I wanted to shout out but I was not able to make any sound. After that, I felt that someone was pulling from me this energy and I became scared because I did not have more control of the energy. I wanted to wake up but it was not possible. At that point I wanted to make the sign of the cross with my hands but I could not move them; only the fingers; with them I made the letter "U" and my mind called the name of “Jesus.” After that I woke up immediately.

Lucy Gillis

A Selection of Lucids with Light, Sacred Symbols, and Geometry

Hematite Star

. . . I have been giving directions to a man when I look down and see - as well as feel with my bare feet - a pattern in the stone floor. There is a large circle and inside it, a star pattern made with small hematite stones. Then the “story” (for it feels like I am in a story) changes with each of my changing thoughts. I notice this as it happens. When I think of something specific or feel my train of thought alter, the story, not necessarily the scene, changes. All at once I think, “That's enough,” and I decide to back out of the story and just let it proceed without me. I then say to the man, “Thank you for participating in my dream” . . . . .

Symbols Transforming in the Sky

. . . It is night and I am on a cliff, overlooking a shoreline. I have been speaking with a man who stands with me. Then I notice a pattern of small figures (numbers, symbols, etc.) in the night sky slowly approaching us. The overall pattern is shaped somewhat like the Star of David. I mention this to the man. I know the Star of David is especially meaningful to him. At this point I know I am dreaming and I say to him, “It's a dream.” Then I hear voices singing, “Voices! Voices!” I chant along with the voices for a moment. I look intently at the symbols in order to see exactly what they are. The pattern is changing. The figures are in different colours; one is a large red spiral. A noise in the (waking life) house wakes me. I am unable to re-renter the dream.

Ring of Fire

. . . Lucid, I float to my window and decide to penetrate through the glass into the night sky. I pass through with ease and look up at the moon. It changes, becoming a disk with a ring around it. Then the ring is made of fire, burning off; sparks radiating from it. Then all I see are sparks pouring out from a single point in the night sky. I decide to fly to it (meanwhile I have been flying upwards wondering if I will go into outer space, my flight seems so easy). I approach the “fireworks” with caution, but as I get closer, the sparks are almost all burnt out and in their place is a glass display case, hanging in the night sky. As I get closer, I see it is a full of souvenirs and mementos of Canada.....

Movement of Light

. . . Lucid, I penetrate through a glass and aluminum door to get outside. It is dark in the dream and my flying is not easy; I float more than fly. I duck under trees, to get to an open field. It is now daylight and bright but it’s not sunny. I am standing half way up a long driveway, a lake is beyond it. All of a sudden I’m delighted to remember one of my lucid dream goals – to talk to my Higher/Inner Self. As soon as I call for her I see a bright patch of light glowing on the lake. I keep calling for her while watching the light-patch move and slide up the driveway. As it gets closer to me I watch as it transforms into a crest, like a coat of arms. There are four objects/symbols outside each "corner." . . . Unfortunately, the detail of the symbols are forgotten when I wake.

Revealing the Eye of Horus

. . . (Lucid) Walking down a wide sloping ramp to a foyer, stairs curving upwards on either side, I see that the carpeting is loose. I pull it up and discover a huge wadjet symbol staring up at me. (The wadjet in Ancient Egyptian hieroglyphics is also called the Eye of Horus.)
Light Pulse

I am in a place that is “closing business for the day.” A dark-haired woman has me lying on a table and is sewing bits of my body together on my right side. The wire or thread she uses is black. She is going to contact “my grandmother” and maybe “my grandfather” (a reference to ancestral knowledge?). After “sewing me,” she then places her left hand on my head and her right hand grasps my foot. Her palm is on my arch. I hear a loud noise, and though my eyes are closed, I see a bright flash of white light and feel a pulse of energy surge through my body. I feel my body full of this light. I feel charged, energized, and slightly nervous, as this energy is of a particular spiritual or esoteric nature, though I am not certain of what that means exactly. I feel that I am going to channel; to open up to other sources of beings or information. I feel more nervous, unused to this energy. Even though I am scared, I know that the power and the energy in my body are my own. I know I can wake but I’m determined to stick with it and try to remain calm. Several more seconds pass then I am fully awake.

I am a Vector

. . . Lucid, I'm in a black space, flying a lot, doing a lot of gymnastics in this space, trying to create some visuals but it's not working, all I feel is motion and I “experience/become” arbitrary numbers; some are vector-like: 50 miles, 0 degrees, 45 miles at 100 degrees, etc. Then I become a vector, flying up and down in a sinusoidal pattern. When I “turn” or focus my attention 90 degrees away from the direction of motion, I stop and become like a point on the wave, yet motionless. In order to move “forward” I have to turn my attention back to the original direction of motion. . . .(Note: a vector is usually represented by an arrow (→) and depicts magnitude and direction.)

Robert Waggoner
Joy from the Heart Sutra

Note: The night before this, I had an interesting dream of flipping through the pages of a book in a strange script, which looked similar to Sanskrit. I wondered, “What is this?” The familiar Voice told me, “The Heart Sutra.” Finally, I came to the English translation pages at the end, and then woke up. So the next day, I decided to check out the Heart Sutra and begin reading it – something that I have never done.

Things seem a bit too dreamy, and I become consciously aware. Running down a trail covered with old snow in the night, I spontaneously begin to shout out, “Emptiness is Form; Form is Emptiness!” I repeat this quote from the Heart Sutra over and over, as if announcing a great truth to the world. Later though, I wonder if at some point, I change what I am saying to “All is Form; All is Emptiness!”

I get to a blacktop road and turn left. I notice an interesting aspect to the quality of light. For example, in a tree, outlined against the night’s darkness, small orbs of dim white-green-yellowish light hang. Elsewhere, I notice this strange light. I have the sense that this light is aware and watching me.

I decide to do something, so I put my left arm up and yell, “Pull me up Stars!” I wait, but no hands grab me to pull me up (as once had happened in a lucid dream from long ago). I yell again, but intuitively realize that no response will be forthcoming.

Ahead, I can see the road comes to a gate or end point. Getting closer, I look past the gate and see a wooden desk there. The desk has a circular carving of a face in the middle section. The face reminds me of a totem pole type face, almost cartoonish or clownish. On the other side of the desk, however, I can see the top row of a half circle theater type seating, like you might find in a church or lecture hall. The whole hall seems decorated with bright ribbons. I wonder about the dream leading me to this.

Post-note: When I read "Emptiness is Form; Form is Emptiness," it reminded me of my attempt to go 'beyond' lucid dreaming years earlier, and the spontaneous experiences of light that ensued. You can read about going 'beyond' lucid dreaming (beyond form, beyond self) in my new book, Lucid Dreaming: Gateway to the Inner Self.
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The Shape of a Dream

By David L. Kahn © 2009

While contemplating a recent lucid dream, I began to think about the space that I had occupied in the dream. In the first scene of this dream, I am standing in a room looking directly at my karate instructor. The room I stand in is rectangular, with the length in front and behind me and the width to my sides. I definitely can describe the three dimensions of height, width and depth. I have no thought as to what may be outside of this room. The scene changes when I speak to my karate instructor. I can tell that he is part of the dream and not in any way real because he just stands there and doesn't say anything. There is also something about him that reminds me of myself. I ask him, "What do you represent?" He gives me a very brief answer, which I neither recall nor could make sense of at the time. The scene, however, completely changes.

In the new dream scene, I stand on something like a covered dock by a lake. My karate instructor is still there, along with another person who I have no specific recollection of, and a young boy of perhaps 6 or 7 years old. I know the boy's name to be Danny, and he is the son of my karate instructor (who in waking life does not have any children). I am quite aware of the scenery in front of me and to my left. The dock goes in both directions, as does the lake. There may be boats in the lake towards the left. It is sunny. My focus ends up on the boy, who is playing on the dock in front of me. The outside scenery stays stable even though my immediate focus has changed - again not so different than may be the case were I actually standing on a dock watching a child. I ask my karate instructor, who is to my left, if Danny also lives in the waking world or if he only exists here. He responds, "Just here," and the dream ends.

In the second scene, I would describe my area of perception as fan-shaped. Within that fan-shaped area, I can see a lot of detail. I can see the spaces between the boards on which I walk. I can see the covered area is about 8 feet tall. Even my peripheral vision in this direction works, as I am aware of trees on opposite side of the lake. I have no perception of what is to the right, or behind me on the right side. It is as though there is a fan-shaped area of non-perception in that direction. I am still lucid, and when in the immediate vicinity within this dream shaped like? Of course in dreams, and perhaps even more I to look to the right I am sure that something would appear, but I don't think to do so.

The expression of the dream, in my experiences, seems to shape the dream space. Within lucid dreams, I have noticed changes in the dream space as a result of questions - either to a dream character or to the dream itself. What I am pondering now is; does the shape of dream space have meaning?

Considering first the waking world, there are many different ways in which we could describe the space that we occupy. In a two dimensional example, you might look at a map and point to the city, state, or country in which you reside. In a three dimensional example, you are aware of approximately where you stand on the spherical planet in which we live. You could take either example and reduce it down even smaller, such as to your neighborhood, home, room which you occupy, or chair in which you sit. You could also expand beyond the planet to consider where you are within the solar system, galaxy, or universe. Even beyond that you could consider where you are in a multi-verse in which there are many different dimensions, as well as the time in which you occupy any given space. So, as you can see, even in the waking world we most likely are often unaware of the space we occupy much beyond a very small region.

The idea of mapping a dream becomes more complex due to the fact that dreams are not subject to the same laws of physics, space, or linear time, but the idea is really not so different than understanding where you are in physical reality. Some years ago I purchased a house that had been built by a man from China, who was very particular about Feng Shui. Not only did every room in the house have a specific design and purpose, but the lot in which the house was built was, to him, the most perfect in that area of town. He described the area as being like a big wok, and this house was built right in the center. Like the concept of Feng Shui, do dreams have "spaces" that attract more energy than others?

To try and map a dream, you almost need to think on a "neighborhood" level, such as the neighborhood in which I had purchased my house. What is the space
in lucid dreams, areas can be "added" by looking in a new direction. For example, you may be unaware of anything at all behind you - that is until you look.

Then suddenly there is an entire world in that direction - maybe what you expected, maybe not. There are times, however, when I am aware of what is behind me without looking. It is much like how as I sit and type up this article, I know what is behind me without looking. This is based on a mental image from memory. Sometimes in dreams we also have memory, even though we can't recall in waking life when we may have been inside of that particular dream scene.

But even the idea of sometimes knowing what's out there and sometimes not knowing isn't so different from waking life. If you are in an airplane, you may not know what the scenery below looks like until you look out the window. In the same airplane, you may know what it looks like directly behind you based on memory from when you walked to your seat, or even from memories of what airplanes in general look like - thus your mind can fill in the blanks.

As is often the case when contemplating lucid dreams, this line of thought seemed to have no end - that is, at least, until I had another dream. In this dream I walk into something like a movie theater. There is a very large screen in front of me, though it is not actually a movie screen. It is more like a plasma or LCD screen, but on a super-large scale. I ask someone working there if there is more going on outside beyond what we see on the rectangular screen. The man says yes, but we are seeing what we need to see. I know this to be true. My daughter is with me now, and we plan to go to an electronics store to buy a home-sized screen such as this. The scene now changes and I am in a college classroom, though it is being taught by my karate instructor. Our assignment at the moment is to write down the meaning of what we see on the rectangular screen. I write the following...

What I see on the screen is my perspective of what I am seeing. It is all perspective. And it is synchronicity.

Upon awakening from this dream, my thoughts were that this concept is similar to video games. In a video game, you may only see a small portion of the entire game on the screen at any given time.

Sometimes you scroll and see another - what is essentially the same scene - continue, and at other times you may complete a level at which times an entirely new screen comes up.

It all depends on the game you are playing, and the choices that you make within that game. And, of course, the number of games is unlimited.

So often when we consider shapes and objects we think of things that are outside of ourselves ranging from the microscopic to massive celestial objects. We don't as often consider the shapes of those things that we are contained within. Is space simply the level of our aware perspective? Or is space an expression of our aware perspective?
Lucid dreaming means being aware that you are dreaming while you are still asleep. A dream that is only clear or real-seeming doesn't qualify. It's the degree of recognition of your state of consciousness that is the deciding factor. You can become aware that you dream in a brightly-lit scene or you can be awake in the dark. Or anything in between. Much of the confusion about lucid dreaming comes from reading or hearing about the experiences of a few dreamers and presuming that they apply to every lucid dreamer. They don't. Each dreamer has his own strengths and weaknesses, personality traits and set of goals and motivations. Each dreamer selects his own attitudes and activities.

The idea that lucid dreaming equals dream control is incorrect. You don't have to force or man-handle a lucid dream if you don't want to. If you prefer a passive approach, then once you become lucid, you can simply observe or go along with the story in progress. If you wish to become active, then you can choose to act as a well-mannered guest, not a jerk. Ask the dream and your dream characters for permission. Thank them for their assistance. Offer to help them. Create an approach that fits you and your values. Most of your initial in-dream time will be spent learning to manage yourself. You need self-discipline so you can stabilize and maintain the dream, rather than wake up, drop into non-lucidity or have the dream collapse into nothingness. The opportunity to learn self-control, rather than control over others, is built into the very fabric of lucid dreaming. It's your choice to take advantage of this natural potential or not. Being a lucid dreamer does not mean you stop having non-lucid dreams. Because the induction of lucidity is an invitation for the dream to become more active and available in general, induction is likely to produce more non-lucid dream recall than ever before. You can still have non-lucid dreams and glean their benefits, if you so choose. Awareness means you are given a choice. Choose wisely.

Some Objections to Lucid Dreaming and Rebuttals

1. **Being deliberately active in and controlling dreams interrupts their natural function.**

What is their natural function? There's no agreement among professionals. You need to define that purpose in order to determine whether a dream fulfills it or not.

2. **A dream that arises spontaneously has a "density of meaning" and should be left alone so that this meaning is not damaged.**

Then don't try to interpret the dream. Symbolic interpretation modifies the initial dream report. It changes the dream so that it is no longer to be taken literally, as is. You are actually closer to the original meaning in a lucid dream because you are there, observing and participating in its emergence first-hand. If you wish, you can interpret the dream as it happens. Even better, you have an unparalleled opportunity to ask the dream if you interpreted it correctly, and get on-the-spot feedback.

3. **Asking questions while you are lucid is not a valid way to interpret your dream because you are controlling both the question and the response.**

You don't have control over everything in a lucid dream. You can find this out rather quickly by trying to do something that isn't simple and easy. Sooner or later, your will power will hit the limits of dream tolerance. For instance, telling characters that they are "just a dream" can produce some very independent responses, including arguments! If you aren't being surprised by the lucid dream, you're probably in the mind equivalent of a hermit's cave. You just need to get out more.
4. You lose the "Aha!" or "Eureka!" experience that can occur when an interpretation suddenly makes sense in waking life. Or, you lose the sense of energy and aliveness that happens when you feel a solution to a problem.

The same can occur in a lucid dream. In fact, an in-dream interpretation is even less likely to be a dull thinking exercise because of the resiliency and responsiveness of the dream in progress.

5. Non-lucid dreams are a readout from the unconscious. The unconscious is a storehouse of valuable information; it has a broader perspective and knows more than the conscious mind knows.

This characterizes the unconscious as an omniscient deity and turns the dream into a message from the perfect voice of god. However, laboratory and field research confirm that dreams can contain information from many sources, not just the superconscious. On the personal front, the dream can provide subconscious, subliminal and conscious information. And, when it provides information related to the waking state, a dream can be just plain wrong.

6. A lucid dream is another chance for the ego to stifle the creative subconscious.

It can be an excellent opportunity to get to know the subconscious first-hand. Your choice.

7. A non-lucid dream provides psychological development and healing.

When a nightmare or unresolved anxiety dream fail to meet this criteria, healing and development can only come by using therapeutic means after waking. In contrast, researcher Paul Tholey has shown that awareness in dreaming gives you the opportunity to fully experience and potentially resolve long-standing psychological problems while they are being presented. For this purpose, the lucid dream becomes a virtual simulation or practice arena for improved waking thought and behavior.

8. Lucid dreaming is a way to run away from problems. Avoiding fears and difficult situations means that fear goes underground and undermines our sense of self. It is only by going into our fear that we can get through it.

Sometimes running away is the wisest choice! Distancing yourself from personal involvement in drama and trauma can give you a chance to catch your breath, think clearly about your problem and plan ways to resolve it. Then you can come back to face your fears with a greater sense of strength and clarity. But you do not have to do violence to the dream scene or your dream characters. You can develop a healthy relationship instead. Decent behavior, like communication, cooperation and collaboration is the key. Perhaps you might work out the problem together.

9. If the dreamer uses lucidity to find magical solutions to her problems, there is little motivation for real change. Soul work is suffering through the painful process of self examination, for working through and dismantling the defenses that have been erected to distance us from our wounds and from our true selves. There's a continual fight between the forces of evil and good, destruction and salvation, dark and light. Resolution and healing require transformation that comes from legitimately suffering the conflicts and paradoxes in our lives.

From a medical standpoint, continual suffering, on purpose, is the sort of stress that can produce mental and physical illness. From a psychological standpoint, it is taking on the role of victim and masochist. From a theological standpoint, it is the sin of sloth. However you perceive it, joy and happiness have a legitimate right to be included in the definition of "true" self. All work and no play is not an effective recipe for a healthy mind, body or soul.

10. The emphasis on flying in lucid dreaming is misplaced. Humans cannot fly, are not meant to fly. Metaphorically, to fly is to be ungrounded, to be high, to escape from the reality and complexity of life, to flee from others, the environment, and one's deepest self.

The person who made this statement was presenting a paper on the West Coast. She lives on the East Coast. She didn't travel across the North American continent by hitchhiking.
Recently, two emails were sent to LDE that reminded me of an article I wrote several years ago that appears in Dr. Jorge Conesa-Sevilla’s book *Wrestling With Ghosts: A Personal and Scientific Account*:

**Out of Phase Dual Awareness?**

By Lucy Gillis

(Reprinted (with slight editing) with Permission)

I had an idea occur to me when I read of a sleep paralysis incident experienced by Jorge Conesa. During an e-mail discussion, Jorge wrote:

"I induced an SP and accidentally an OBE three nights ago. I panicked seeing my own body and did not know how to get back. So I approached my sleeping body and began chewing on and biting my own toes so I would wake up. This did not work. So instead, I did my "roll up" trick and woke up with a jolt!"

It struck me funny, and I burst out laughing at the thought of being OBE, hunched over your own physical body and gnawing on your own feet! But then, that image of a hunched figure bent over a sleeping body led me to recall some of the classical nightmare descriptions, such as an incubus crouched on a sleeper's chest, the familiar image often used when describing effects of sleep paralysis.

And then I began to wonder...

What if, on some occasions, the dreamer himself is the one actively producing the sensations felt during sleep paralysis?

Suppose the dreamer doesn't recall being out-of-body. According to one theory, we leave our bodies every night when we sleep. We simply don't remember that we do so. Just like we all dream every night, but not everyone remembers their dreams. (For those who don't believe that we "go" anywhere in our sleep, instead of the phrase "leave our bodies," substitute "withdraw attention from the outer physical environment as our senses become cut off or reduced as we enter the sleep cycle."

Add to this the fact that time does not usually operate in the dream state as it does in waking reality. We can experience the past as well as the future; in some dreams, hours or days can be felt to pass when in fact only moments have gone by. What if, besides this time distortion, there can sometimes also be a time lag? What if our bodies experience sensations that may have had their origin only seconds before, but the cause of those sensations (the dream experience) is forgotten, not remembered at all on a waking consciousness level in much the same way that sleepwalkers have no memory of their sleepwalking?

Could this be a kind of dual awareness, but not a strictly simultaneous one? Could sensations being produced during the dream scene be physically felt after the scene is over? In other words, could the production of sensations and the feeling of sensations be experienced out of synch, or out-of-phase?

When we awaken, feelings and emotions are often more easily recalled than visual images. I'm sure we've all, on occasion, awakened from a dream with a lingering feeling, perhaps anxiety, or happiness, yet we couldn't recall what the specific dream was about.

What if, in the out of body state, we encounter difficulties getting back into the physical body? (Or, if not "out of body" we encounter difficulties in waking up and we hallucinate a dream version of our waking body.) What if we do like Jorge and attempt to get back in (or wake up) by alerting the physical body, trying to stir it to wakefulness? Could some of the sensations felt during sleep paralysis be an "echo" of this activity when the mind switches from dreaming consciousness to waking?
If we tend not to remember our dreams when we wake, or not recall out-of-body excursions, but we have a lasting feeling of anxiety or panic (from trying to get back in the body or wake up), perhaps the mind produces a distorted version of what is happening, trying to translate the sensations into something familiar, as best it can.

Could we ourselves be the "demon" sitting on our own chests, trying to get back into our bodies, when in fact it is the mind trying to translate the dream experience of our own attempts to return to waking reality?

(End of article.)

The first email I received was from Javier Rodriguez. (You can read his entire dream report in the "In Your Dreams!" section of LDE.) Toward the end he writes:

. . . “I tried to gently open my eyes, but they didn't open. I decided to put more of an effort into it, then I woke myself up. The feeling of making yourself wake up is a weird feeling that I can still remember, but it's hard to explain. It sort of gives you a small headache and your eyes seem to hurt like somebody is poking your eyes. . . . I woke up, and immediately I went into a state of paralysis. I was frightened since it had been some time since this had happened. I used to experience it regularly about two months ago. I decided to stay calm because trying to move made my body feel like something was poking me. That was not a pleasant lucid dream, but that is when I realized that sleep paralysis was actually normal, and not a thing of the devil. I know this because I searched, and I came upon this [LDE] website!”

It was the last paragraph that Javier wrote that reminded me of my theory of what I called an “Out-of-Phase Dual Awareness.” The act of trying to wake himself up, produced painful feelings in his body: “The feeling of making yourself wake up is a weird feeling that I can still remember, but it's hard to explain. It sort of gives you a small headache and your eyes seem to hurt like somebody is poking your eyes.”

He also observed that trying to move created more problems: “I decided to stay calm because trying to move made my body feel like something was poking me.”

Essentially, he sensed that his own attempts at trying to wake up (or move) created unpleasant sensations that appeared to originate from outside himself.

Within a few days I received another email, this one, from Dustin Smith, somewhat resembling Jorge’s experience:

“My name is Dustin Lee Smith and I have lucid dreams several nights a week and I would like to tell you of one of the many I cannot forget. One day after school I was tired and while I was doing my homework I fell asleep on my bed, sitting up with my back against the wall. During my nap I had a few dreams I cannot remember, but toward the end of my nap I felt as if I had suddenly awakened. The next thing I knew I felt something grab and pull my hair from above me. The thing then started dragging me up the wall by my hair and all I could feel was overwhelming fear! Then in the blink of an eye (literally) the strangest and most unbelievable thing happened. I blinked my eyes and kept them shut for only a second or two and when I opened them I was no longer being pulled up the wall! I was now standing on the wall as if it was the floor and, as I looked down, to my surprise I held a handful of hair! I was outside of my body and I was pulling myself up the wall. I was no longer afraid, but then I awakened from the shock of realizing what had happened.”

In this case, it would seem that Dustin became aware that it was he himself who had provoked his sensations/experiences of being dragged by the hair.

Interestingly, of the three examples, Jorge remembers his attempt at getting back into his body, Javier recognized that unpleasant sensations occurred when he attempted to move or wake up, and Dustin was surprised to discover "evidence" that in the dreamstate, he had seemingly dragged his own (dream) body.

In light of these experiences reported by Jorge, Javier, and Dustin, I ask again, could we ourselves, be our own "demons" simply trying to wake up or get back into our bodies?
Participate in a Study on Familial Sleep Paralysis

Wanted: Patients that suffer from frequent episodes of sleep paralysis

Sleep paralysis occurs upon awakening or just after falling asleep when the patient is awake but unable to move. These experiences are often scary and can also involve unusual feelings. For some patients, these episodes occur frequently and appear to run in families. Adult subjects (at least 18 years of age) who experience sleep paralysis on a frequent basis (at least once/year) AND have other family members who also experience sleep paralysis frequently. Taking part in this research study would involve a medical history and a saliva collection.

Contact: Dr. Mark Wu,* at marknwu@gmail.com
(*Formerly at the University of Pennsylvania's Health System now at John Hopkins)

http://www.uphs.upenn.edu/sleepmed/SleepClinicalTrials.html

Dr. Jorge Conesa’s website:
http://www.geocities.com/jorgeconesa/Paralysis/sleepnew.html

Dreaming the Flower of Life
Continued from page 13

In light dreams, there is awareness, but no distinction between subject-object. These dreams take place in non-dualistic awareness. I wondered about the nature of my dream experience, and whether it could be an example of a light dream. Still a lot left to dwell upon.

Suggestion for further exploration

Given the positive, transformative effect that this geometric symbol has accounted for in my experience, it seems like an obvious and interesting step to invite you to dream (part of) the Flower of Life too. This can, for example, be done by meditation or visualisation on the symbol. As this dream report, you could visualize the symbol or draw it with your hand in the air as a light figure above your head, then let the light enter your crown, and descend step by step into your body, until you are completely filled with light. Or maybe there is part of your body, you feel needs cleansing or healing, and you can visualize the symbol at this specific part in your body. Notice any feelings, thoughts, beliefs that might come up while doing so, try to allow the light to be there and see what happens. Alternatively, before going to sleep, you can set your intention to dream on the Flower of Life. Happy dreaming!

If you have any comments, questions or experiences you’d like to share, you’re welcome to mail me at: s.wiltink@tomaatnet.nl
**In Your Dreams!**

**Elena, April 15, 2009**

**Testing My Lucidity**

For the previous few days I had been reading the book by R. Waggoner, *Lucid Dreaming: Gateway to the Inner Self*, and decided that I wanted to become lucid.

In a dream I see a dream figure, a young man, who I describe as a con-type, who suggests I check on how lucid I am and offers to play a game with me to see whether I can remember this dream while being in this state.

We play some sort of a memory game. It is so easy to remember, that I decide not to wake up to record it, but instead to rely on my memory and to see what happens next. The young man does not give me time to concentrate to remember the last game and starts a new game immediately. He says,"You are not gonna remember it anyway." The second game I remember.

I am driving in a posh car with the car's top off. I am coming to an entrance of a huge mansion with a large wrought iron gate, behind which a long driveway can be seen. At the beginning of this driveway I see the con-man, dressed as a valet or like a bell boy at a hotel, in a round red hat and red uniform. I know that this is a dream and he is my tester. He says that I need to pay for the parking. I pay some money and go further down the driveway when he says, "You'll see. You're gonna forget that you've paid already and I will make you pay again."

While I am driving the next 100 yards or so, with my peripheral sight I see that he is running very fast along the driveway. He comes to the next station before me, then stops me again and says that I have to pay. He is looking at me, smiling, checking to see if I remember him. I reply that I remember everything and he's not gonna trick me this time.

I am laughing that I could win this dream memory game. I wake up still laughing.

**Steve Anderson, Spring 2009**

**Guru Babies**

I'm out on a grassy hill somewhere, and there are a couple of people nearby. I am hiding from them, not sure if they are safe. I realize I'm dreaming. (Not sure what triggered the realization.) I start flying around, near the woman. I fly over to the man, who I feel might be threatening, and I grab him by the neck (as if to strangle him) and carry him up with me – he starts suffering. I realize that that doesn't feel good even though this is all a dream, so I bring him into a hug instead. That feels good.

I put him down, and start to explore. I notice a meditation mat with a presence on it, and realize I can ask for guidance. There are two babies on the mat - one normal, and one grotesque with a dozen or so fetal heads emerging from its neck. I ask “What are you here to tell me?” They say, “Two things. Make a funny face.” I try a couple of funny faces, figuring that it's like payment. But then I start to wake up, so I don't get anything else from them.

The awakening was false, though – I just had all the frustration of trying to write in my dream journal (on my computer) in a dream. Couldn't get the date right, it kept saying things like "Oct Apr 56." But I was very aware of what the date actually was, and what I was doing presently in my life.

Yay for trickster gurus!

**Sylvia Wilson, Spring 2009**

**A New Sun Coming Up**

I have had maybe four lucid dreams since I had the first one that threw me for a loop. I was so profoundly touched by the experience that I was determined to acquire the skill. I believe lucid dreaming and out of body experiences (I’m not sure of the difference) have tremendous potential for transformation.
I’ve tried every little trick in the book, sometimes I have lots of vibration but when I try to coax myself out of body it just stops. I know, I know - you are saying this is out of body and not lucid dreaming.

I have been on a fast to stop global warming. It’s called fasting for our future. And I’m on the 8th day. Now I know that fasting is an OB technique, but I don’t know how many folks out there have given it a try. Anyhow, I’ve been trying for about 4 years with every trick in the book for lucid dreaming or OB, I didn’t care which one, but last night, on the 8th day of a fast, I had this thing that happened...here ‘tis:

I was having this murky little dream; semi awake; conscious that it was murky. I was entering a dark garage and about that time these very gentle vibrations started. That’s when a voice in my head said, “Ok, Sylvia, you can do this” ...then I got lighter and lighter and I knew I was getting out of body and suddenly...PING! I was flying headfirst through the sky. I could feel the wind on my face and I could see the cloud bank of a new sun coming up. I was totally taken by the beautiful sunrise. Then I noticed my flying technique. I got curious. I noticed that while at first I was flying headfirst, now I was flying like I was in a wonderful lounge chair with the foot prop up. I even had an invisible support on my back!! It was wonderful. Then it started getting murky and I woke up. This dream happened at about 5:00 in the morning. My first in four years. And I think the hunger fast was a key.

KM Goff, March 15, 2009

**I Am a Sci-Fi Nerd Even While Dreaming**

I'm not sure at what point I become lucid or what triggered my response, but it could have been the simple act of looking in the mirror while dreaming. I realized that I could look in the mirror and alter my appearance just by speaking a command. I made my eyes go all black like the creepy people in the X-Files. Then I changed my eyes to a glowing all-blue. When I saw that I looked like the Fremen characters as portrayed in the Dune movies, I said in a dramatic, raspy voice, "The spice must flow!" while giggling at my reflection.

None of this cosmic enlightenment dreaming for me. No, my sci-fi geek nature had to be let loose in a lucid dream!

Steve Parker, April 23, 2009

**Amazing Flight**

Between 3:00 and 4:00 a.m. I have a wonderful lucid dream. It is daytime and I am looking down a steep mountain. The sun is shining and below me are beautiful green fields, separated by old stone walls. I realize I am dreaming. Now I am lucid. The scenery has not changed. Looking down the mountain I decide to run and dive into the air.

I am now airborne. I am flying down the mountain at a high rate of speed. It feels wonderful. In the distance is the ocean. My flight is fast and controlled like a jet. The green fields are beautiful and the ocean shimmers in the distance. I stay low to the ground enjoying the sensation of flight. As I reach the ocean I veer upwards. My vertical flight takes me very high. The fields are very far below. I say, "Clarity up." What is already a very vivid lucid dream becomes even more vivid. The green fields shine like emeralds.

I now make a conscious effort to fly to the stars. I fly upwards at great speed. The vertical flight stops and I find myself hovering amongst wispy white clouds. The earth below me has disappeared. I am unable to fly any higher. I really wanted to reach the stars but was unable to go any higher. I now drift into a dream. I am telling people in my dream about my lucid flying and trying to reach the stars. Then suddenly I wake up. It was a great lucid experience and the flight was amazing. The location was beautiful and the experience of flight incredible. Perhaps next time I will be able to reach space.

Godscell, April 17, 2007

**Dual Consciousness: From Dream to OBE**

I'm dreaming I've married Jeremy, a man whom I was engaged to 18 or 19 years ago. Usually this is something of a nightmare but this time it's okay.

Part way through the dream I develop a split consciousness. I'm simultaneously aware of myself being out of body next to my bed and also of myself in the ongoing dream. In my out of body state I'm engaged in a yoga pose (bird pose) Finding the out of body experience more compelling than the dream, I transfer consciousness to that particular aspect.
I'm having fun balancing on my arms in the absence of gravity. I start to wobble my arms to simulate difficulty, just mucking around, when suddenly the ex-boyfriend from the dream flops an arm down from my bed (where my body is lying) and gives my head an affectionate rub. I'm instantly back in body from the surprise of it.

Thomas, January 4, 2009

The Right Choice

I woke up around 8:30-35 a.m. and drank some water, chatted briefly with my partner and felt a stomach ache coming upon me. I went back to bed to recover and fell back to sleep. I was in the apartment chatting with Vincent and I knew that it was a dream. As we were talking about moving away from this overcrowded city (NYC) the background just kind of disintegrated and we were in a new location; a "fixer up" in a rural area. I could see water through the dirty windows. I could also see an old tall weathered looking white man. Looked like a fisherman. He had a little dog walking with him. I thought to myself, "Wow, if only it was this easy to get a new home!" Then out of nowhere my brother appeared. He was either visiting or moving in. He was troubled about some gossip or rumours that were being spoken about him. Either it was being said by his ex, or someone was telling it to her. I saw an image of her face floating before me. My brother then told Vincent and myself that he would counter this negativity with light and love.

I woke up around 9:00 a.m. tripping out that I had that experience. But then around 11:30 a.m. I talk with my brother and he says, "Guess who contacted me?" and I tell him his ex. He confirms, then I tell him what I dreamt about and he confirms that his ex was hearing gossip and malicious rumours about him from her best friend and that she was getting in contact with him (furious). I told him to close the door on the situation; that he fought it with light and love in my dream and won. He then asked me if I trusted him to make the right choice. I told him that he had already made the right choice.

Angela Viera, March 22, 2009

Information Jumps Like Static Electricity

I first remember dreaming that I was having a conversation with a young man about how information is passed to a person from a source other than another person, through a format other than speech. He said, "Information jumps like static electricity." He then showed me a picture of lightening sprawled across a night sky. It was not a photo. One moment I was talking with him in a room, and the next moment I was looking at a night sky.

He said that the conduits, or channels, for information-transfer look like lightening. I understood that these conduits exist, though they are not seen. I thought in the dream that the lightening in the photo also resembled veins in the human body.

I then became aware that I was dreaming and thought that the young man had given me important information that I should remember. As soon as I realized this, the dream ended, and the night sky faded away. I kept repeating the phrases, "Information jumps like static electricity," "It looks like lightening." I didn't sleep well, because I didn't want to forget the message.

Randy, Spring 2009

Sleep Paralysis and a Lucid Dream

My very first encounter with sleep paralysis was several months ago. I awoke from a dream and could feel amazing vibrations going through my whole body. It was if I was a human vibrator or something. It wasn't sensual, just amazing. I lay and above me were these purple, silver swirling colors. It was out-of-this-world amazing!! I cannot give words to describe it. I'm sure what I was really seeing was hypnogogic imagery.

Some say SP is scary and some say no. I say I've been in full SP and was unaware of the fact until mentioning it to an experienced lucid dreamer. I laid still for about an hour and a half and felt numbness slowly creep from my feet to my hips, from my fingers to my elbows. I didn't feel it spread to my chest or head but when I attempted to move I could not. I struggled fruitlessly and finally got up from my floor. I was really weak and fell all over the place; it was really funny.

That was my SP experience, totally un-scary!

Below is my first "extended" lucid dream: (what I accomplished: calling up dream characters, changing location at will).
April 14, 2009
My Fourth Lucid Dream

I'm talking to myself within my head while laying in bed to go to sleep. I'm thinking about how it's possible to be lucid, awake, and not remember being lucid. I fall back to sleep and reenter a dream that I was recalling as I fell to sleep.

Now dreaming: I come home and my mom and my mom has moved my bedroom around. My sister has moved back home and we're sharing a room. Mom has given her my bed, I demand it back. I'm very upset. Now I'm in a completely different room in some house. This room is totally pink. The paint, carpet, rugs, bedspread, lamps, everything, is pink. My sister is laid up in the bed with a pink sleep mask on her forehead. She looks sick. I say it would be funny if she was a boy. She says 'I know, our aunt just said that.' I go into the bathroom connected to the bedroom. It's very dark in here. My mouth feels sore and swollen, I check it out in the mirror. It's very swollen and tastes bloody. While I watch, my location changes.

Now I'm in the Den in my house and looking in that mirror. I stick my tongue out and make it stretch longer and longer and fold it into impossible shapes. At this point I realize I'm dreaming. I say, 'Wait a minute! This isn't possible, what if I'm dreaming?' I do a reality check and the familiar feeling of expanding excitement consumes me. I'm happy that my lucid dream didn't start with a false awakening like usual. I appear in my bed, everything around me is hazy white. I rub my hands together and wish myself from it and reappear in the den.

My mom and sister are here. I explain to them I'm dreaming, and try to read written text with my sister. She doesn't get it. I'm not going to waste my dream on this. I decide to see if I can conjure up characters and run to my room screaming for my dream husband (Aiden). He isn't here. I'm disappointed. My location suddenly changes and I'm in a park. It's sunny and warm out here.

I look to my left and there's this black pick-up truck. Aiden is sitting in the driver's seat. I'm so happy to see him, I run to him and now I'm in the truck straddling him. We're having something like sex but we're both wearing clothes. I laugh because he's going to mess in his pants. It's absolutely wonderful. Suddenly a force is pulling me away and I tell him to remember that he's my dream husband, he looks confused. I wish myself to my bedroom because there's something else I want to do. I decide not to stand in a blank space. I can't think of anything to do, I'm bored. I decide to give up my lucidity. At this point I return to non-lucid dreaming.

S.D. Ather, May 4, 2009
Out of Body Exploring

I sat up in bed and thought to myself, "I need to go to the bathroom," it was 4:04 a.m. Before I stood up to go to the bathroom I looked to my right and saw myself lying asleep on my bed.

When I saw myself I knew I was asleep. I had no idea I was sleeping before seeing myself, because it felt so real. I was actually amazed that I was indeed asleep.

When I realized I was in complete control I decided to try some things that had been asked of me about my prior lucid dreams.

I got up and floated to the wall next to the window in my room. I was going to try and pass through the wall. When I attempted this my face passed through the wall, but I could not come out the other side. (The other side is bricked and may have hindered my attempt - subconsciously.) I went to the window next to where I was at and tried to pass through. I made it through this time with ease.

I was outside my house and everything was exactly as it is in real life. I decided to go ahead and try to fly. At first I was struggling a bit, but after a few attempts I was able to soar to incredible heights. I got so high in the sky that I could see the landscape of the Eastern U.S. I decided to try and visit a place in another state where I used to live. I was unsuccessful due to it being night in my dream and also not knowing exactly where to go.

I flew back to my home and entered through the roof. I went through the roof, the attic, the insulation in the attic and walls, and into my living room. I sat on my couch for a moment to catch up with what I was going to do, since I knew I didn't have much time in my dream state - which turned out to be wrong, I believe. I went over to my back door and floated through, then went into the back yard. I floated over to my pool and dipped my feet and legs in, up to my knees. I could feel the sensation as if it were 100% real, amazing.

I flew over to my parent’s house and went into my mom's room to wake her and get her to see what I was doing. I found her asleep in her bed. I put my hand on her shoulder and attempted to wake her up,
but I couldn't move her. I looked at her alarm clock and it read "4:17 a.m."

When I touched her shoulder I got an incredible feeling from my hand and up my arm. I don't know how to explain the feeling, other than it was a great feeling.

I flew back to my house and floated around and above the house and around my neighbourhood with no real plans of where to go or what to do. I knew that I had been out for a while and decided to go back into my room and look at my body asleep, since I had never seen myself asleep before in one of my dreams.

I sat at the foot of my bed, where I originally found out I was dreaming and laid back down into my body. When I was almost all the way back in I felt a large jolt, like my entire body was shocked for a split second. I immediately woke up and looked at the clock, it was 4:30 a.m. exactly.

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**Godscell, October 2, 2006**

**Dream and OBE Overlap**

We stayed at B and D's house. Their new baby, C, cried in the wee hours of the morning, waking us briefly. It had a kind of rhythm napping effect. This is really weird and I'm a bit unclear about it. I was dreaming a dream that kind of kept going while I was also simultaneously aware of an OBE occurring. One really felt superimposed over the other but there was also a separate awareness.

The dream part was that a shop was attached to the house and I'd just stepped from the house into the shop and was looking at clothes and shoes. I tried to see the sizes of the shoes but they wouldn't quite solidify into readable numbers. A woman came through the shop towards the house declaring her intent to read my dream diary. I ignored her, unperturbed, possibly remembering that I'd left my dream diary at home anyway.

While that was happening, I became aware of sitting in the bed with G, my husband. He was also fully aware. We could see into his brother's bedroom (though he and his wife were sleeping on an upper floor). D was feeding the baby. I realized she was naked, so I mentally closed the door to respect her privacy. G asked me what I had seen and I explained she was naked. He just said, "Oh."

In the morning G had no recollection of any out of body communications.

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**John Galleher, Spring 2009**

**Calling on the Goddess**

In my dream I was attending a meeting of local spiritual seekers. D.W. was sitting next to me and complaining about how hard her life was. I said to her "Even Capricorns need a vacation." As I said this I realized that I was on vacation in Mexico at the present time and that I must be dreaming.

I looked at my hands to strengthen my lucidity, then walked out of the building where the meeting was being held.

I was excited to be lucid and said to myself "I'm going to ...(many possibilities passed through my mind until I finally said)...I'm going to call on my spirit guide."

I called on my guide, the Goddess, and a tall woman with short red/brown hair walked around the corner building and approached me. She was smiling. I got down on my knees and said "What can I do to serve you?"

She put her hand on top of my head and said "Please me." I knew that she meant for me to follow the guidance she has given me over the years. I wasn't going to get any further guidance until I followed her previous advice, but at least she came to me.

She walked away and I decided to go flying. I ran down a hill and lifted off. As I flew I saw a squirrel climbing a nearby tree. I flew over and said, "I bet you didn't expect to see me up here."

Then I heard music playing and looked down to see two musicians below me. One was playing guitar and the other sax. I flew down just above their heads and said to them, "How would you like me to be part of your act?"

The guitar player looked up and said, "I don't see any wires or strings holding him up." The sax player then tried to grab my feet, but I decided I might not be able to fly with him so I flew away and the dream faded.

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**Steve Parker, March 14, 2009**

**Tagging Along**

It is between 5:00 a.m. and 5:30 a.m. I am dreaming of being in my house. The house is very different. It is very open and I am floating around on the
second level. I look below me and see my dog L.D. I then realize I am dreaming. I become lucid and start floating around this very different house. To my right is L.D. She is looking at me and wants to jump over to me. L.D. is on a landing several feet away. While I am floating I motion for her to jump over to me. She looks at me and then jumps. It is a long way down so I hope to catch her. She lands on my lap and I have to grab her. L.D. is now sitting on me. I then float all over the house. L.D. is enjoying the ride. It is very casual and relaxing. I then see a clock. It says 4:27 a.m. I wake up shortly after this and see the real time is around 5:30 a.m. The visuals were clear and the house was quite interesting. A very large open concept house. My pets seem to enjoy tagging along in my lucid dreams.

Jeff, September 17, 2008
Most Profound LD/OBE to Date

Hello, this is my first submission to the LDE and I would like to share my most important and profound LD/OBE to this date.

At about 9:30 I laid down for sleep on my left side with the intent of becoming lucid at some point in the early morning hours.

I'm guessing it was around 3:00 a.m. when I became aware with the strong sensation that my legs were floating. At this point I kept a calm mental state and focused my mind away from by body. As well, I made a mental request for external assistance (exactly to who I cannot say) because my dream body seemed to be stuck at the head.

The next moment I was standing in my bedroom and could feel the floor with my feet. Everything felt solid but my awareness was quite hazy. I stumbled around a bit as I tested the solidity of my dresser and bedroom door. This quickly ended when my next conscious moment was back in bed.

At this time I seemed to just "pop" out of the back of my body like a rubber band. Now my awareness was much more clear. Standing beside my bed, I tried to see myself laying there but saw only a pile of crumpled sheets. However, my wife got up out of bed and announced that she was "going to sleep in the other room." This was strange because for comfort reasons. I made my way toward the door intending to press through it and go outside but was distracted by two co-workers in my bedroom who did not seem to notice me. This was very random and unexpected. At this point I awoke, wrote in my dream journal and fell back to sleep.

Later, after some regular dreaming and a false awakening I found myself driving a truck on a dark road. I came upon an intersection and just rolled through it. I briefly worried about the possibility of a ticket when, suddenly, that wonderful ah-ha moment came and I realized that I was dreaming and did not need to worry.

I purposely wrecked the truck into a fence and flew out of the windshield into a cloudy, dark dream sky. I was happily flying around when the scenery changed to a clear under water setting. A small fish was swimming before me and I laughed out loud as I unsuccessfully tried to grasp it with my dream hands.

The next part of all this turned very weird. I briefly had a split awareness of myself flying in my bedroom window from the perspectives of my bed and my active dream body simultaneously. After this I moved to my bedroom door and it opened for me as I approached it.

Still high on my lucidity, I went through the door. As often happens in lucid dreams, I entered an unknown and unexpected location. It was a living room unlike mine with a tall, slanted ceiling. The colors became very vivid as I headed off to explore a hallway in one corner of the room. This was the moment I got the shock of a lifetime.

I was suddenly stopped dead in my tracks when I ran into my "wife." She was right in my face and steadily pushing me backwards, my hands shot up to hold her back. I could feel her solid upper arms and weight as she silently advanced on me. Her eyes seemed empty but angry. There was a man behind her in a white outfit loudly chanting in some strange language or mumbo jumbo. He seemed very intense as I caught many of his distinguishing features: thick white hair, moustache, goatee and a gold neck chain. He seemed to get more loud and intense the more that I resisted. He then switched places with my wife and was right in my face yelling at me in gibberish. At this point I felt I was under attack. I immaturely screamed for him to "F*#@ OFF!" as I punched at his face. My fist went right through him as he kept up his verbal assault.

I was unmoved by this and fully intended to continue my interrupted lucid dream when I was pulled straight backwards toward the way I had come. Still looking at him I noticed that his expression had changed and he then looked to be self satisfied and
mischievous. He then spoke in English and said something like, "You'll see." I woke up shocked and amazed.

The next morning I explained all of this to my wife and she joked and teased me about what her zombie self might have been angry about. All the while I had a feeling that I should know who this man was. This feeling persisted for a couple of weeks as I repeatedly questioned my wife while I described this man in detail to her, hoping that she would know this person. Intrigued, she dug into some old family albums and pulled out a photograph of this man I had encountered in my lucid dream.

He looked just as I had experienced him apart from the white hair and outfit. It turns out that this was an old friend of my wife's family who had deceased in the early '90s. Before his death he had flown in from Poland to look after my wife who was newly divorced and in need of emotional support.

This was all a major shock to me as I had never heard of or seen this man...ever. I had absolutely zero awareness of this person as he had never been discussed in my presence. My wife and her family can all attest to this.

From this subjective experience I was able to confirm objective (earth shattering!) information outside of any previously experienced sensory inputs. This was a life changing turning point for me as well as personal proof that life is broad and mysterious. I have taken Lucid Dreaming to be a very important part of my life ever since.

Julia, Spring 2009
Everything is Melting and Running

I was dreaming that I was driving a truck (in real life I do not drive a truck) when everything started melting and running. I thought to myself this dream is getting really weird. Then I became semi lucid, but I thought maybe this is not a dream maybe I'm having an acid flashback. I never believed in acid flashbacks, but look at this. All the while I'm watching the colors and scene outside my window drip and run. Then I think maybe it's not an acid flashback or a dream but someone gave me acid at that last truck stop. Then I woke up and wrote down the dream when I had a fourth thought maybe it's not a dream, an acid flashback or an acid trip, but I'm going crazy. I had a hard time determining when I was asleep or awake and when I was dreaming or not. It was disorienting for quite a while.

Javier Rodriguez, April 23, 2009
Scary Lucid Dream – The Strange Man

I had a really uncomfortable lucid dream. I like falling asleep thinking about positive things in my life. I don't remember what I was thinking exactly, but I know it was something positive. I fell asleep, but the weird thing was that in my mind, I felt like I was still awake. I began dreaming that me and my family were all in a crowded van... Suddenly, I saw a car approaching us as if it were going to crash into us. I was able to see into the car, and there was a mysterious man. I did not see his identity since it was all black and it looked like a shadow.

Next thing I remember consciously thinking, "Who is this man? I do not know this man. I don't want to dream (or think, because I was not sure at this point if it was a dream or not) this man anymore." I've had many lucid dreams before, but for the first time I was able to control my dream, and I changed the whole scene. I thought, "I want to think of something nice, so I'll think about computers."

I was in a room, like a class room with an old type of computer, but then I was able to see outside of the classroom and that same man was approaching me. I thought the same exact thing as I did before, "Who is this man? I do not want to think of this man anymore." As I began realizing that I was dreaming, I thought to myself, "Ok. If I'm only thinking, then I'll be able to easily open my eyes, but if I'm dreaming then my eyes will not open quickly and I must put some force into it."

I woke up, and immediately I went into a state of paralysis. I was frightened since it had been some time since this had happened. I decided to put more effort into it, and then I woke myself up. The feeling of making yourself wake up is a weird feeling that I can still remember, but it's hard to explain. It sort of gives you a small headache and your eyes seem to hurt like somebody is poking your eyes, but while your eyes are closed because it does not burn.

I woke up, and immediately I went into a state of paralysis. I was frightened since it had been some time since this had happened. I used to get experiences of paralysis regularly about two months ago. I decided to stay calm because moving a lot made my body feel like something was poking me. That was not a pleasant lucid dream, but that is when I realized that sleep paralysis was actually normal, and not a thing of the devil. I know this because I searched, and I came upon this (LDE) website!
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