Lucid Dream Exchange
Summer Edition
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FEATURING:

MULTIPLE ME'S - SIMULTANEOUS DREAMING
DREAMING OF REIKI HEALING
I AM THE WATER
DREAMSPEAK WITH LINDA MASTRANGELO
Lucid Dreams & Healing
CCPE Weekend

LUCID DREAMING

Gateway to the Inner Self
ROBERT WAGGONER

Featuring Robert Waggoner

Author of Lucid Dreaming: Gateway to the Inner Self
Co-editor of The Lucid Dream Exchange (DreamingLucid.com)
Past President of The International Association for the Study of Dreams

Additional Speakers:
Dr Nigel Hamilton: Signs & Symbols of Healing in Lucid Dreams
&
Mary Ziemer: Healing & Wholeness in Lucid Dreams

June 18th & 19th Sat. 11:30 - 4:45 & Sun. 11:30 - 3:30
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Writer, poet and painter, Linda Mastrangelo, lives a colorful lucid dreaming life. Read where Linda finds “the portal” to lucid dreaming....

Tell us about your early dream life.

It was awful! And I mean this with deep reverence because these experiences shaped who I am today. I spent most of my childhood in the hypnagogic or ‘borderland state.’ These experiences were amplified when my parents bought their first house when I was eight years old; an English Tudor built in the early 1900’s. Though I had my own room for the first time, I soon learned I was indeed “not alone.” Often at night, I would see, hear or feel energies or presences in the room. Other times I experienced a type of “stretching” as if my body was elongating or a part of me was trying to come out of my body like in an OBE. These encounters were terrifying because I had no reference or guidance to explain why they were happening. It wasn’t until years later that I discovered through researching my town that there was deep trauma not only tied to the house but the land itself and that I was picking up on the residual energies there. Though this time period was extremely isolating, I also have strong memories of benevolent beings in my room watching over me. It’s hard to explain but I felt that all through this frightening process I was being held in some way by wise teachers.

How did you learn of the idea of “hypnagogia” and “lucid dreaming?”

Sadly, this knowledge came a bit late in the game. Even though I continued having these experiences for many years, I never knew they had a name or a context. I read voraciously on esoteric subjects (yes, even as an eight year old!), but it wasn’t until I began studying dreams more seriously with Justina Lasley at IDS did it all fall into place. A whole new world opened up for me and I felt a deep validation for the first time in my life and more importantly a sense of community. I read specifically about lucid dreaming from LaBerge, Sparrow and Krippner’s research and had wise mentors like Justina, Kelly Bulkeley and Lee Irwin who not only normalized these experiences but instilled knowledge in me. For example, Dr. Irwin assured me that the stretching sensation was “normal” part of my spiritual practice in terms of ‘stretching my vantage point’ and he gave me exercises to empower myself and to learn how to let go. I actually “grew” eight feet while doing this ritual! I also came across the stretching phenomena in Barbara Tedlock’s book *The Woman in a Shaman’s Body.* There is a Paleolithic cave painting in Tanzania, East Africa of three female shamans depicting their bodies as elongated while conducting a ritual. I still experience this sensation often while sitting still, driving or during meditation. Another turning point was more personal. It was learning for the first time about the mystical vocation of my great aunt. According to my father, my Zia was a dream worker and healer in her village in the region of Puglia, Italy and people would come from all over to discuss their dreams and she in turn would give them practical and spiritual advice. I only learned about this anecdote a few years ago because of an assignment I was given concerning dreams of the elderly. I decided to interview my father and midway into our conversation he casually remarked, “Hey, your Zia used to interpret dreams, too.” I was flabbergasted. Yet it was *so right.* The trajectory of my life finally made sense to me. No one talked about it in my family before and I just thought I was a quirky kid with strange ideas.
What did you make of that? How did it touch you?

You could imagine my relief! I felt validated for the first time in my life. I also believed it was my mission to reach out to others who have had these experiences but were too afraid to talk about them. There’s a lot of stigma attached to dreams and the transpersonal and there need not be. There will always be a part of me that wonders what my childhood would have been like if I had this knowledge sooner about my ancestors. I am so grateful for the community at IDS. The support and encouragement from my mentors prompted me to continue my graduate education in psychotherapy and dream studies at John F. Kennedy University and become a member of IASD.

So from there, how did your lucid dreaming progress?

Once I was conscious of this state and supported by a dreaming community these experiences took off! My first ‘carefree’ lucid dream happened while I was dreaming of riding in a car with my sister. She was driving and I was annoyed because I wanted her to stop the car but she wouldn’t. It suddenly occurred to me that I was dreaming and I could do whatever I wanted! I felt this immediate lightness and rush of joy as I leaped out of the passenger seat. The first lucid character I encountered was Kermit the Frog (a childhood favorite!) who greeted me from the trunk of the car. I later tested my abilities in the dream by bounding miles from one place to another. I felt giddy and an immense freedom, like a child riding a bike for the first time.

Did the lucid dreams simply happen spontaneously, or did you use some technique to induce lucid awareness?

After the Kermit dream, I tried inducing lucid dreaming using the Stephen LaBerge technique of reality checking by looking at my hands before bedtime with no results so over time I organically constructed my own personal lucid techniques with the help of Fariba Bogzaran and her Lucid Dreaming class at JFKU. After much deduction, I noticed the best hypnagogic and lucid dreams happen after my husband Eric left for work at 6:00 in the morning and I had been up with him for about forty-five minutes to an hour. Also using Dr. Bogzaran’s breathing techniques helped tremendously in terms of relaxing and staying present. I also tracked my experiences to see if there were any more common threads to tie them all together. I noticed strong emotions were also a frequent theme for successful lucidity. If I am highly “charged” emotionally about the question then I usually get a response, however, once in lucidity, I try not to get too excited or I can come out of it very quickly.

At some point, you came to see hypnagogia as “gateways or wormholes into other states of consciousness.” How did this budding realization come about?

Surprisingly I found that in my pre-lucid state I often see some sort of portal in my periphery, usually to the right of me. During Dr. Bogzaran’s class I also learned about the importance of dream incubation. I tell myself repeatedly that I will become lucid by looking to the right for a portal. I even practice by moving my eyes physically to the right with great results.
Here is an excerpt from my dream journal describing the first successful attempt using this technique:

After some time, I was dreaming again. The space was a large shop run by four men who were selling strange objects (not sure what). It was my first day and I could sense this was going to be a fun job. The men were nerdy, ‘techie’ and creative types and I was the only woman. I considered my age—was I too old for this job? I wondered if I was regressing especially when I noted the immature behavior of these guys. But I had deep affection for them and I was having the time of my life. Really good feelings here. At one point one of the men jumps on top of the other sending us all on the floor with me at the bottom of the pile and we fly backwards about twenty feet! They are too busy fighting and they don’t notice me until they hear me laughing. I am laughing really hard and wonder if they think I’m crying.

I suddenly remember to be lucid and look to my right for a portal. Sure enough there it is! It is a window or opening of a tunnel and inside is an antique doll. As soon as I see it I am flying towards it and enter the space which is dark and misty. I am not really controlling where I am going because incubated before the dream to be an observer—just see what happens. It feels like I am on a rollercoaster as I make a turn in the air and rush downwards into an abyss. At the bottom I see a surface of bubbling liquid below. It reminds me of those bubbling witches’ cauldrons you see in movies with smoke on the top. I get frightened and will myself to not go there so that my body is just hovering over it. I feel danger so I look up for the light and I see it behind layers as if the sun was behind sheets of mist or webbing. I fly towards it but then realize I shouldn’t go too far into it and tell myself, “Don’t go into the light!” and I wake up. I have to giggle because my only pathetic frame of reference and advice came from the Poltergeist movie. I awake from the experience feeling elated! Perhaps I have found a way to elicit lucidity!

You write that “Over time I have witnessed extraordinary experiences especially in the lucid, hypnopompic and hypnagogic states....” Please tell us about some of these extraordinary lucid experiences.

One of the most extraordinary lucid dreaming experiences happened in all three states. Here is an excerpt from my dream journal:

This morning after waking, I practiced the technique and I was suddenly in the midst of a dream about joining a group of people who wanted to promote consciousness. I had left for a moment with a friend to get some refreshments at a snack bar. I had ordered hot apple cider to my delight and then looked up at the sky to the right. My whole perception changed. I knew I was dreaming but it was beyond that. It was a new state like my Imaginal Realm. I felt a burst of excitement as I waited expectantly to see what was about to emerge from behind a cloud. (Interestingly enough, I could feel my cat sleeping soundly next to me in the crook of my arm.) Suddenly, a black and white creature flew from behind the cloud and headed straight for me! It was like a creature from my art work as it had a moon face with smiling teeth and odd shaped bat like wings. I was afraid to move because I didn’t want this experience to stop from too much excitement. As the creature headed towards me it ‘disappeared’ and I saw ‘nothing’ however I realized with awe it had manifested in my room! I knew it was there because I could hear it flying around my head, like the sound of a flying machine clicking its gears and cogs right against my ears. I could also hear an ‘air pump sound’ as if it was from a science fiction movie. What was even more startling was the reaction of my cat. She jumped up and I could feel her head moving right to left as if she was watching (and reacting to!) the flying creature dart about the bedroom. I lay paralyzed, afraid to move an inch as the thing circled the room. After a few moments it ‘left’ and the noise died down. I opened my eyes and noticed the bottom half of my body was completely numb like a giant lump with no legs. It took really strong concentration to wiggle and feel my legs again. By that time, my cat went back to sleep and I was left in complete shock and wonder.

What kind of questions did these extraordinary experiences create for you? Or how did they affect you?

This particular experience reminded me of the Samuel Taylor Coleridge poem:

What if you slept
And what if
In your sleep
You dreamed
And what if
In your dream
You went to heaven
And there plucked a strange and beautiful flower
And what if
When you awoke
You had that flower in you hand
Ah, what then?

Ah, what then, indeed! I had never had a dream figure follow me into waking state before. I was completely shaken and once again it opened my mind up to all these other possibilities. That our ‘reality’ is just one of many and that we are just scratching the surface. I began reading everything I could on lucid dreaming and researching more intently on the stages of sleep and brain frequencies and how ‘neural oscillations’ correlates with altered states of consciousness. I also became charmed with the oneironauts from the past like early 20th century Russian journalist and philosopher P.D. Ouspensky whose remarkable claim that “we have dreams continuously, both in sleep and in waking state” was later ‘proven’ to be true through scientific research and REM study. Another favorite is the 18th century scientist, philosopher and mystic, Emanuel Swedenborg who developed his own lucid dreaming methods and like Dante, regularly voyaged to heaven and hell communicating with beings that resided there. Rudolf Steiner advised that the best time for communicating with the dead was in the period between waking and sleep.

The creature dream also sparked my creativity. It was one of my illustrations come to life after all. I had this urge to reconstruct it so with the help of my husband, who is an animator, I recreated the dream exactly as I experienced it and titled it “The Flying Machine.” I think it turned out very well. I presented it in another class taught by Dr. Bogzaran called Dreams, Art and Inner Worlds and later submitted it to the...
Lucid Dream Exchange

IASD’s 2008 PsiberDreaming Conference with great reception.


I am once again amazed out how cosmically linked my waking and dreaming lives are. I can’t help but recall the potent lines of Hermes Trismegistus from the Emerald Tablet “As above, so below…” This has been my Magician’s mantra as I wake up to all the creative possibilities laid out before me. What I create can truly come to be. As a dreamer, artist and poet, this philosophy comes naturally to me. What I create in my mind I can put down on paper either with words or illustrations. I never thought about this act of creation linked to something magical or cosmic before and that both my art and dreams come from the same source.

Many people initially think of dreaming as just nocturnal fantasies. Does the act of lucid dreaming – by that, I mean the ability to act consciously and deliberately in the dream state – naturally lead lucid dreamers to accept that “other states of consciousness” exist and have some type of validity?

Absolutely! I often feel like Richard Dreyfuss’ character in the film Close Encounters of the Third Kind when he sees Devil’s Tower on television for the first time. This means something - but what? And I know I’m not alone in this. It’s like we all have this piece of the puzzle, but this vision set apart has no meaning but if we put our visions together, we would see the whole picture. It would all fall into place.

One of the more exciting discoveries was learning about parallel universes and M or string theory. I remember watching this science program intently on parallel universes with theoretical physicist, Michio Kaku. He tells us “The superstring theory can explain the mysterious quantum laws of sub-atomic physics by postulating that sub-atomic particles are really just resonances or vibrations of a tiny string. The universe is then a symphony of vibrating strings. An added bonus is that, as a string moves in time, it warps the fabric of space around it, producing black holes, wormholes, and other exotic solutions of Einstein’s equations…The simplest way to visualize a Kerr wormhole is to think of Alice’s Looking Glass. Anyone walking through the Looking Glass would be transported instantly into Wonderland, a world where animals talked in riddles and common sense wasn’t so common."

When Dr. Kaku described membranes, vibrations and wormholes, I almost fell out of my seat. I shouted to my husband “That’s it! This is what I’ve been experiencing!” It was so validating. Though he was explaining it theoretically I was actually experiencing this phenomenon in the dreamtime.

In one lucid dream I literally passed through an opaquely white membrane substance and into lucidity. The environment looked like a regular park you would see here on earth but clearly the law of physics was very different. I was in an open field surrounded by tall trees almost like a runway, and I had the sudden urge to fly. I ran quickly down the path and then felt myself take off into the sky; a feeling of blissful accomplishment and wonder came over me as I looked down at the spectators below me.

A few months later, I had another ‘membrane’ dream but this time it was a Wake-Initiated Lucid Dream where I went directly into lucidity and I could see people from behind that same milky membrane calling to me in excitement like old friends. But the more I “thought” too much about it (and earthbound physics) the substance changed and solidified into a wall and I couldn’t break through any more. I could still hear them but it was too late and I shifted into waking state.

Was this the parallel universe Dr Kaku was hypothesizing about?

Another powerfully lucid dream involved a vision of two cosmic spirals joining together in space. A disembodied voice then explained to me that this was the key to the universe.

Reading Fred Alan Wolf’s work bridging quantum physics and lucid dreaming also affirmed my belief that it is the Oneironaut working in conjunction with the Physicist that will open up new realms of possibilities.

Indigenous people have long maintained that in dreams and other altered states they sometimes interact with nature spirits, elementals and even the deceased. Have you had any lucid experiences where you woke with the sense that you too shared in those types of interactions?

That was the other discovery. What scientists are now “proving” with mathematical equations that describe how matter can move through space and time is what indigenous folks
One particular experience that stands out is one morning I
awoke to the most beautiful, almost ethereal music and real-
ized the vibrations and tones were coming from the redwood
trees in the forest right outside my window. I have also wit-
nessed what you call nature spirits or elemental beings what
might be considered dwarves and elves. One time I was
woken by someone calling my name and when I opened my
eyes I was shocked to see a woman dressed in white with a
giant reindeer or elk companion at the foot of my bed. I have
also witnessed ‘ghosts’ that have passed over or what would
be called the Hel realm or underworld. In this lucid state I am
practicing the healing arts where I am healing the dead with
the guidance of wise teachers. I often joke that I have whole
other life at night. I go to school, have a job and play.

How did these experiences affect your view of things?

That death is not the end of life but a continuum. In the book
Sleeping, Dreaming, and Dying is the account of an historic
dialogue between leading Western scientists and the Dalai
Lama on these three subjects. How empirical studies in sleep
and dream research of the West line up with the teachings of
the East. On the subject of dying, we learn that the Tibetans
view death as a natural state and envision the afterlife just like
a dream. This is clearly illustrated in the most famous text of
Padma Sambhava in the 8th century A.D. The Tibetan Book
of the Dead or the Bardo Thodol is an actual guide book to
prepare the dying for the afterlife. The Bardo Thodol teaches
that once awareness is freed from the body, it creates its own
reality as one would experience in a dream. This dream oc-
curs in various phases in ways both wonderful and terrifying.
By being conscious while dreaming they can practice releas-
ing attachment in hopes to be fully conscious in the clear light
state, that of dreamless sleep.

Does lucid dreaming open us up to the immensity of the
disregarded Mystery?

Clearly intention coupled with the imagination is very impor-
tant. I learned this information directly from two dreams. I
asked to lucidly interact with a spiritual guide or a spiritual les-
ton. That proved to work extraordinarily well. I would catego-
rize this dream as high frequency or “big” in its spiritual teach-
ings as I was shown how the importance of cultivating aware-
ness and the imagination can affect us when we die.

Here are two dream journal excerpts:

Creating the Blue Egg

In the dream, I am participating in the consciousness of the
afterlife in that I’m attending a family gathering. The landscape
feels like the Bronx in New York when I was a child. I am in a
small kitchen with Italian relatives who are here together to
celebrate a birthday, baptism or first communion party. I real-
ize these people are all dead yet they are here together recre-
ating what is familiar to them. Basically, what gave them com-
fort and pleasure in their old lives together. I realize that this is
all a creation of theirs and I wonder what more can we do in
terms of the imagination and growth.

Later, I am trying to convince a group of young people of this
by showing them I/we can create anything I/we want from our
imagination. They are listening to me because they see me as
some kind of witch or magician. I explain to them that it’s impor-
tant to start small so I tell them I am going to create a blue egg in my hand. I cup my hands together and imagine the feel of this egg. Its color, weight, size, texture. I tell them that it is really important to believe and concentrate on this. As I do this, I can feel the egg solidifying in my hands and realize that I must remain focused or it will go away. I am amazed myself that this is truly working and surly after we die our imagination plays an important role in how we perceive our surroundings. We can create anything we want so why not move out of our old comfort zones and belief systems so we can learn and grow and also have fun!

I awoke from both this dream with a feeling of elation that opened me up to the concept of my purpose and own original medicine, as well as the importance of the imagination. I have a kinship to the Magician energy, as she has visited me many times, in many forms, in both my dreaming and waking life. She has shown me the healing and evolutionary possibilities of the Mind as psychopomp between subtle worlds, bodies and states of consciousness. All we have to do is ask with our heart, bringing a clear intention and trust in our own unique abilities of being of service to others.

This wasn’t the first time I was introduced to the power of the imagination. In fact, I was actually shown the ‘imaginal realm’ itself in all its creative possibilities when I asked if my imagination was limited. I was then clearly given the answer in such a powerful and playful way which totally expanded and shifted my perception of what is possible.

The Imaginal Realm
I was in between two states of consciousness, dream and wak-
ing and found myself being presented with a third way. I was clearly not dreaming but lucid, feeling present in my body and acutely aware of my surroundings but still there was this third place, a tunnel I could travel into which the opening was moving star-like points of light. I decided to enter this place, it was so easy, and I soon realized it was the place of the imagina-
tion. Though this was my imagination the little self was anticip-
pating the experience as if it was on a mysterious journey. The space was brilliant in color and I could choose whatever I wished, my imagination, in all its possibilities, was endless. I could shift scenes very easily too and I noticed that while I did this, these imaginal creations had not solidified yet. In fact moving through them was like moving through a gelatinous substance. I write this because at one point, as my conscious-
ness shifted, there was a large, white furry leg belonging to a bird-like creature that stomped on the ‘ground’ and made the formations splat like colorful gelatinous candy. This image was repeated over and over and it felt like I was in a factory of the imagination!

The lesson was that we can create anything we want and it is so important to expand this awareness right here, right now and with an obvious sense of humor!

Have you ever felt that fear or doubts were holding you back from your own deeper explorations? Did you see that expressed in any lucid dreams?

Most of the time. Like, in my Void dream, I learned many things from this experience. One is that I didn’t set an intention as to where I wanted to go or what I wanted to accomplish and found myself in this strange almost comically hellish space without any context or guidance like some modern day Icarus. Looking back, I wonder why it never occurred to me to ask for help. In that place, instead of diving into the bubbling caul-
dron I hesitate a bit of fear and doubt creeping in and I’m liter-
ally suspended over it. This is a perfect example of how I felt in childhood. Having no context or guidance made my nighttime experiences even more terrifying. What if I got stuck in the Void forever?

Which leads me to the dark or shadow side to working with dreams. James Hillman writes “Human life cannot keep from flying….” which makes perfect sense when statistically the most common lucid dream experience is that of flight. However this need for flight carries with it great responsibility: The higher the branches, the deeper the roots. In other words, flight as a means of escapism or inflation has its consequences. I realize that this was also part of the learning process: The more specific I am with my intentions, the better. And that this practice should come naturally and organically. Forcing an incu-
bation question doesn’t work…it must come from the heart. My dream guides have been telling me this for years: To let go, to trust in my experiences and abilities and more importantly to ask, to ask and to ask again. I believe this is my life’s work.

In your writing, you noted that the totality of these extraor-
dinary hypnagogic, hypnompolic and lucid experiences “have not only shifted my worldview, but have intrinsically transformed me as if I were perpetually marinating in a cosmic chrysalis bath.”

By going deeper into the dream, I am acutely aware of each cell, each hair, each tiny vibration like an enfolding of a cosmic flower. There is so much energy and potential here! Everything is alive! And I am both participant and witness to a journey within a journey like Russian nesting dolls. These various lev-
els that vibrate at specific frequencies act as Dreamgates that not only alter consciousness but can transform the dreamer emotionally, spiritually and yes, promote evolution. In dreams, I am given ‘superpowers’ in the forms of telepathy, flight, mani-
festation, and heightening of the senses and in some cases those powers are carried over into the waking state. For example, I notice my hearing has become more acute and I can pick up on subtle frequencies that others cannot hear. Other times in lucidity I have been able to heal myself of ailments. I believe with practice humans can evolve in just one lifetime. Imagine the possibilities!

What advice would you give to those new to lucid dream-
ing, or considering lucid dreaming as part of their spiritual path?

Simply put, if you are passionate about dreams then lucid dreaming as a spiritual practice will work for you. One of my favorite bits of wisdom around this comes from Arnold Mindell “If your process fascinates you, you will become aware of the continuum of awareness, of the process which organizes exis-
tence. The process itself will fascinate you with its power, and this excitement creates discipline.” What it works for me is my love for dreams and the excitement of its potential.
And my tool of trade? My dream journal. For over twenty years I have mapped out my nightly journeys and everything in my life (and I mean everything) started to shift and evolve dramatically. I highly resonate with Dr. Bogzaran in that *Lucid Waking* is a way of life. I always had a feeling that we create our worlds according to how narrow or wide our perceptions are and how deeply this awareness affects our ways of being. To be lucid means to be fully *awake* in all areas of our lives including relationship to ourselves, other people and the environment. By practicing lucid waking, that being conscious in my dreams, I can therefore be more present in my waking life. The practice of lucid dreaming moves us outside of our comfort zones and opens us up to new possibilities, even new worlds. We can defy the laws of physics, heal ourselves and others and solve problems both big and small. It was the natural practice of our indigenous ancestors and I believe our gateway into the mysteries of life. What could be more vital, *more exhilarating* than that?

I also highly suggest finding a community of lucid dreamers and reading all you can on the subject. Sites like LDE, The Dream Studies Portal and IASD are invaluable resources.

*Any final comments?*

The lunatic, the lover, and the poet
Are of imagination all compact.

What lucid dreaming teaches us is the world is continually being created. We are *beings*, not these fixed, static roles. We can perform extraordinary acts of love and compassion. We have also been given the gift of the imagination to create worlds and expand consciousness. There have been many controversies regarding the importance of whether or not lucid dreaming is real and that there are other worlds or life after death. The issue here is not what is real but *what has been shared collectively* and even more importantly *what has been transformed by the experience*. Through my research what remains constant, regardless through what lens or belief system a person operates from, is that these dreams bring transformation in the form of courage, calm and even excitement in the face of the biggest mystery of them all, our own mortality. This tells me that we are much more than our small selves and our imagination can surely lift us out of our narrow perceptions from who we think we are towards who we could be. Lucid dreaming then becomes an evolutionary movement: The catalyst that forms the new human.
It is always interesting to see what dream mirrors reflect back to me. In this dream, I look basically like myself, except I don’t look like I have shaved in a few days and I’m slightly skinnier. This small difference in my appearance is enough to make me realize it is a dream.

The bathroom looks like a cross between my current bathroom and the one I had when I was a teenager. The sink has an oddity. Water fills the basin, but there is no faucet. I have the urge to make the water rise, but since there is no faucet I have to use my own powers to make this happen. I hold my hands over the water as though I am performing Reiki on the water. My hands feel energy as I use my intention to make the water rise. At first the water begins to rise very slowly, but it is enough to help solidify my lucidity. The energy in my hands becomes stronger. Spray from the water splashes lightly against the bottom of my hands. This energy fills me with exhilaration as the water reaches the top of the basin and starts to spill over the counter onto the floor. Now the water begins pouring onto the floor like a waterfall, quickly filling the room and the rest of the dream space.

The water reaches my waist level and I say aloud to the dream, “I am the water.” I repeat this once or twice and then dunk myself underneath the water. For a brief moment I have the feeling of breathlessness, but recalling my knowledge of this being a dream I realize that I can breathe underwater – or choose not to breathe at all. I start to move my body as though I am swimming. The water now feels like it is moving like a stream throughout the dream space. I think to myself again, “I am the water.” My body begins to transform into something more abstract. My legs no longer feel like legs. They feel something more like an aquatic plant, swaying with the movement of the water. The rest of my body begins a similar transformation. I don’t end up feeling as though I completely become water, but I am no longer fully human either. I am a hybrid of human and water. For a few more moments I feel myself move and flow with the water’s current. Then I lift myself out of the water and change the scene.

I am now on a beach by the ocean at night. It is pretty, though I was hoping that I would end up in a warm and sunny scene. I sit down on a beach chair alongside a few dream characters. Some stars are in the sky and I decide to move them. I take my pointer finger and move a couple of stars as though I was using a touch screen like on my phone. One of the stars moves by itself and I determine that it must be a satellite. It is not really cold, but I have a desire for warmth and decide to make the sun come out. I tell the dream to bring out the sun, but the dream does not comply with my request. There are some blobs in the sky, something like clouds. I use my pointer finger to converge them into a ball, and then I move that ball into the sky to ignite it into the sun. Though the ball ignites, it isn’t very bright. The sun looks as it would at sunset rather than bright and warm as I had hoped. It also immediately drops from the sky. Using my pointer finger once again I drag the sun back into the sky, but it drops quickly once again. After another couple of attempts I determine that the dream has other plans. I accept the dream’s decision and assume that it has other plans for me. It is time to wake up.

The second scene in the dream was understandable to me immediately. I recognized how I had been repeating an unhealthy pattern in my life. That is why the sun would not stay up. I kept doing the same thing with the same results. The touch-screen symbolism was related to my new cell phone, which had a clear connection to the pattern. The first scene took some time, and I am still contemplating the meaning. A good friend of mine began Reiki classes soon after this dream and I felt that the classes were very good for her. The Reiki turned out to be a very positive thing for my friend so was this part of the dream about my own healing or could it be that I was dreaming for my friend? There are many ways that I feel connected to this particular friend, so maybe healing for one of us helps to heal us both.
It is very natural for me to awaken into my dreaming world. I am one of those dreamers that feel comfortable on the boundary line of both waking and dreaming. As I grow older, both worlds begin to blend together, as if they are one in the same. I have days when I wonder if in my sleeping, I am most truly awake. Yes it can be complex and confusing, but I feel it is my soul’s way.

In the past eight months I have been training in Reiki. Even before I began my training, I was dreaming of the transference of energy from the universe through me, as if a hollow bone. I would find myself within another dimension, healing myself and others through Reiki, even before I was taught.

In these dreams, I would awaken and watch an array of colorful energies illuminate the atmosphere. I would feel an energetic pull and gracefully I would float into the colorful field of light. As I lay in bed sleeping, there was an extension of me sitting between my physical body and my Reiki body, and it always took me a few moments to settle into what was currently unfolding before my eyes. Once calm and without thought, I watched myself receive particles of energy in colorful forms of gold, yellow, and orange. When I was filled with radiant light I was guided, by an unknown peaceful force, to sit in a comfortable position within the atmosphere beyond the physical plane. Without any resistance from myself, and without any feelings of controlling or creating the dream, I let the energetic force show me how to hold my hands together for prayer. Placed against my chest, my hands pressed against each other, I could feel my heart beating lightly. I heard a voice say “let go” and as I turned to look downward at my sleeping self, I was lifted higher out into the brightness of a place where time no longer existed. Within seconds after, I would be floating with radiant light sparking brightly around me and through me. Peace blanketed my body.

When I woke up into my physical life with the morning light, I felt a calmness that I could not ever pinpoint feeling before, and I floated through my day and the rest of the week.

After I was trained in Reiki I experienced the following dream:

I awoken into the dream, watching as I left my physical body sleeping and I floated up out of my house and out into the night sky. I floated for what felt like hours (to my physical self) out into the galactic atmosphere. I enjoyed the floating; however, it was an odd sensation this time knowing I was in my dream state. Why am I just floating, I wondered? Soon after that thought, I was twirling into an energetic field of white light. I tumbled down onto the floor of an unfamiliar house, landing in the bedroom of a person who was ill. As I stood up I noticed that a silhouette of the ill person’s soul lay before me. I felt a pull, within the depths of my soul, to place my hands on the parts of this person’s body that needed the most healing. As I did what I felt I should do, I did wonder to myself for a split second, how I knew what parts of this person’s body held any illness. I struggled for a moment to find the answer within my mind, and then it dawned on me… “Ohh right, I am helping to heal.” And then as if a light bulb went on, “Ahhh I can heal in my dreams! In this beautiful place I can use Reiki to heal the wounded.” Quickly I began shifting away from my own thoughts to focus on the healing. Just like in the physical realm when doing Reiki, I moved slowly down the body as the warmth of the universal energy guided me.

I woke up again with the most amazing feeling from this dream. Thoughts were twirling though my mind as I began to pull out the pieces of my dream and bring light to them. I was happy I was able to help heal someone, and wondered how they may be feeling this morning.
The most amazing dream I experienced was the one I had about a month before my first Reiki training.

I was walking through the forest on a wide path. Merlin is one of my spiritual teachers and he greeted me on this path. I hugged him hello and stepped back. He mentioned to me that he was not going to stay this evening but there was something that he needed to show me. He asked me to take another step back. “Meredith, when I leave I want you to look all around you. There are four stones you need to find. They are all right here in the present moment, but if you take a minute to look around, you will find they will appear for you.”

“What are they for?” I asked.

“That is for you to figure out on your own. Do what you will with them… and until next time.”

He bowed to me, and then tipped his hat. He dematerialized as quickly as he appeared before me. I began to look around. I put down my stuff and told my Self I was ready to see. I drifted around in a circle and I recalled someone saying “Here you go.” I looked up and turned to my right. My eyes widen and to my amazement four golden brown stones floated in front of me. Each stone had a symbol that I was unable to comprehend.

“What do they say?” I asked out loud. “What numbers, letters, symbols are they? What do they mean?” I jumped up and tried to grab them but they floated away from my reach. Trying not to feel frustrated I took a moment to calm down. The dream began to shift scenes and every time my surroundings changed I would hear someone say “Here you go!” I would hold out my hand, yet in the instant that I tried to touch them the symbolic stones would float up higher into the air above me. I needed to decipher the symbols on the stones, which were not mine just yet, but they would be soon enough. I became frustrated and finally yelled out, “If this is going to be a difficult and puzzling dream then you might as well wake me up. I need to be given more time to figure out how to trick the stones into letting me grab them.”

I woke up.

After my first training in Reiki I met up with a friend that was a Reiki Master, who offered to let me practice Reiki on her. She handed me a book called ‘Reiki Shamanism: A Guide to Out-of-Body Healing’ by Jim PathFinder Ewing. I had not read anything on Reiki, as my dream guides told me I would find out what I needed to know and learn as I was meant to from my teacher, other Reiki healers, and from my dreams. My friend said she thought I should read this book because it was filled with information to help guide and put Reiki into perspective. I thanked her and felt slightly afraid to read it; I did not want to take on more information outside of what my dream guides had mentioned to me. I also had learned that Reiki was to be taught by being handed down through word of mouth. I could not help but wonder, if I read this book would something that felt so naturally magical change for me?!

To my surprise that evening I heard one of my spirit guides telling me to pick up the book and read it. As I usually listen when given any guidance (that resonates with me), I opened the book and began reading. To my surprise, the four stones with the unknown symbols from my dream were pictured in the book! And what was even more amazing is that the author and Reiki Master, Jim PathFinder Ewing, called these particular symbols Pathfinder, and he had dreamt of these 4 symbols ten years earlier! I began to experience a pleasant shock, I dreamt these same symbols as he did, maybe not in the same way but these symbols were foreign to me in waking reality before this particular dream.

Reiki is a source for alternative healing within your body, mind & soul. It is a healing modality where transference of energy passes through the practitioner from the universal energy source. It is a beautiful and calming way to cleanse and move old energies out of your body to make room for new energies. I am finding out that as I combine Reiki and lucid dreaming, it is bringing me and moving the energy a step further, a step deeper into the depths of a beautiful and radiant healing process.
A favourite topic of mine – simultaneous dreaming – despite there being very little information on the subject. I first experienced the phenomenon in 1988, when I had two dreams, (plus the sensation of being in my bed) happen at once. My awareness was fully focused and I was participating in both dream scenes, at the exact same time, with no difficulty whatsoever in maintaining continuity of both lines of dreaming. There was no switching focus from one dream and then to the other. Dreaming twice at once was effortless.¹

However, when it happened to me, I had not only never experienced anything like it before, I had never even heard of anything like it before. Fortunately, sometime later, I came across the very thing mentioned in a Seth book², by Jane Roberts. Robert’s husband, Rob Butts, had experienced two dreams at the same time, (while being fully focused in each, simultaneously). He questioned Seth about it.

Briefly, Seth, the “energy essence personality” channeled by Jane Roberts, explained that it was an indication of an expansion of consciousness, of a beginning “in a rudimentary fashion” to open up unused areas of the brain. Without this “opening up” he would not have even been aware of his simultaneous dreams.

With the growing interest and ability of people everywhere to lucid dream, to attain “another” state of awareness, it is really no surprise that some people will experience simultaneous dreaming, as mankind’s consciousness evolves.

In Roberts’ The Nature of the Psyche, Seth stated:

”Many people are aware of double or triple dreams, when they seem to have two or three simultaneous dreams. . . . Such dreams are representative of the great creativity of consciousness, and hint at its ability to carry on more than one line of experience at one time without losing track of itself. . .

”In double dreams and triple dreams consciousness shows its transparent, simultaneous nature. Several lines of dream experience can be encountered at the same time, each complete in itself, but when the dreamer wakes to the fact, the experience cannot be neurologically translated; so one dream usually predominates, with the others more like ghost images.”³

The next time I had simultaneous dreams, it was a little different than just dreaming twice at once. From my journal:

April 28 1989
[I can't remember the content of my dreams specifically, but I remember seeing and receding from three separate scenes and then coming into my body and waking. I feel I must have come back to my body after experiencing three simultaneous dreams at a more conscious level. I was three separate points of consciousness, then I (all three “me's”) merged into one and lowered into my body:]

I can see three scenes beyond three doorways that hang in a black void. The scenes/doorways seem to be receding into the distance, from my "main" point of view. (I don't seem to have a body, I am a point of consciousness.) Yet at the very same instant I am also three bodiless points of consciousness, each feeling wholly and completely "me", moving away from each of the three doorways. The three me's merge into one at the "point" that was/is my main point of view (I guess that means there were really four me's in total.) Then the now "one me" point of consciousness lowers into my sleeping body into my forehead area. I feel myself "filling out" my physical body as I open my eyes, now fully wakened into physical reality.
This dream (or whatever it was) was not like previous dreams in which I have seen a probable or, "parallel universe" version of myself. Although in those dreams I recognize other Lucy's as probable me's, they are separate consciousneses - I am not aware of what they are thinking. But in the case of the multiple me's in simultaneous awareness, I (the I that I know intimately as my ego self) was aware of each of the me's as being the same ego-self, yet as three separate (bodiless) points of awareness.

Since then, I have heard from a few people who have experienced simultaneous dreaming, but the numbers are very low – I can count them on one hand. So, I was absolutely delighted when I received a letter from Kerry Morgan, an author who had experienced simultaneous dreams - eerily similar to mine of above. Following is her description, in her own words:

Hi There!

Oh goodness I am quite excited about the site (LDE) and your article (Multiple Awareness in Simultaneous Dreaming) even though it is a few years old. I JUST had a dream that you described where as you are awakening you are aware of other consciousness "me's" and it melds into one, but you are absolutely sure there were three separate situations going on. I even heard myself talking in all three except it was hard to distinguish what was happening. I wrote a small description about it, but I am working on remembering more. (I've put it below.) But the thing that was the most incredible to me was that I was in all three different places at the exact same time; it was like looking at myself in three different universes being exactly myself. They weren't crazy dreams like flying or anything, but I was explaining something in each dream. In one it looked like a dark school or college maybe a hospital (I teach karate but do not attend school anymore) another was like, I want to say, the 1800's (okay I guess that's a little off, lol!) but I was getting ready for mundane things. It was realistic is what I'm saying and I think I was explaining how to set up a camp - but nothing was modern like the other one - and the third is a little fuzzy but I was talking out of it. It was so strange to feel/ hear/ be saying three separate sentences and three different subjects - as I was waking up - it was like looking at three TV's with me coming out of them, floating back into one me. I didn't know what to make of it or what it meant or anything like that! It's hard to explain but here below is what I wrote about it:

Dreams:

I've thought about them a lot. I love it when I remember one. But I've always thought of dreams as happening one at a time. It never once occurred to me, in all my time spent thinking about and interpreting dreams, that more than one can occur at a time.

But now I've experienced it. I know for a fact, because of the way I exited the dreams, that there were in fact three happening at one time. I was a different "me" in each dream scenario, but me none-the-less; three different consciousnesses drifting backwards nice and slow and comfortable "back" into one consciousness. I watched it, experienced it happen in a lucid, awake state.

It was the coolest thing ever. Picture the pop up clouds that show the words in a comic book, but much more foggy on the sides. I was talking as I flew backwards, ending whatever sentence I had been saying, so I don't remember any specific words, just that I was talking in each dream. As a "me."

It was like gliding out of three stories which were inside fog banks. Each separate. I believe just different scenarios of this world happening spontaneously. I know because I saw the dream worlds as well as heard and felt myself speaking different sentences about different things all at the same time.

I wonder who else has experienced that and what it means? Am I being new here? Lol!

I'd love to hear your thoughts!

Kerry Morgan  krymrgn@gmail.com

And we at LDE would love to hear from anyone else who has experienced simultaneous dreaming. Drop us a line and tell us all about it!

1 See “Multiple Awareness in Simultaneous Dreaming” by Lucy Gillis: http://www.dreaminglucid.com/articlemultipleaw.html
THE FAR-EST OUT ADVENTURES OF KID LUCID

O.K. LET'S WRAP THIS PRESENT STORY LINE UP, SHALL WE?

CRONE WORT AND HER SISTER, MUGG, HAVE CAPTURED KID LUCID ON THE 1ST FULL MOON AFTER THE SPRING EQUINOX. (VERY AUSPICIOUS!) AND HAVE HIM HOG TIED WHILE THEY READ INCANTATIONS OUT OF THE BLANK BOOK!

BLANKETY BLANK BLANK BUH-BLANK BLANK BLANKETY!!!

WHAT IS THIS... SLEEP PARALYSIS???

WHY YOU ASK? WELL, THEY HOPE TO LURE A DREAMON (A DREAM DEMON) INTO OUR REALM TO RULE OVER OUR DREAMENSION, OF COURSE.

AND THEN WE'LL BE HIS FAVORED ONES!!!

OH YES!

IN THE MEANTIME, MIGHTY MEANT ORE (SOUNDS LIKE MENTOR) CAN ONLY WATCH AND MAKE OCCASIONAL MUSTY MUSINGS BECAUSE OF HIS OATH OF DETACHMENT!

KID LUCID IS AS A DOOR BETWEEN WORLDS!!!
BUT!!! KID FREES HIMSELF JUST IN TIME AND RUNS LIKE THE DICKENS!

HEY! WAIT A MINUTE!

THIS IS JUST LIKE A NIGHTMARE ISN'T IT? I SHOULD JUST...

TURN AND FACE MY DEMONS ISN'T THAT WHAT THEY...

SA - AY....?

ULP!
Kid Lucid

What just happened there?

Simple. Upon turning and facing his demon, they BOTH transformed and instead of DEMON being unleashed into our world, KID got deeper into THAT world. After all, a door swings both ways, you know.

I see. Well that all sounds suspiciously musty!

At least we can finally return the book to the library at HYPOGODGIA!

But who's going to pay the fine?

oh geez. Gotta fly people.

I think I hear a dream calling.....

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A recent lucid dream had a huge impact on my view and understanding of this world. I hope sharing it could become an eye-opener for all fellow lucid dreamers on this great website.

The trigger of my lucid dream was a very unusual one. It was a beautiful naked woman that walked by me. Her very sexy body and face stunned me together with the realisation that I was fast asleep in my bed and that I was going to have yet another lucid dreaming experience. I approached the woman and was thrilled to find out she was very giving and enjoyed my hugging her and caressing her perfect breasts. I was about to have a really good fun, but I got this urge to look at the palms of my hands. It's a kind of a ritual to look at my palms every time when I realise I'm having a lucid dream experience. It seems I get a stronger will power in my dream when I look at my hands. After I finished I wanted to continue having fun with the naked woman, but there was something inexplicable that made me feel apprehensive…

Hardly had I felt it when an opening ripped off the fibre of space and through it with lightening speed burst in an entity, which I happened to identify (don’t ask me how) as an agent or a scout from another dimension. It was about 30cm (1 foot) long shaped like a rugby ball with bright luminescent yellow stripes and a long slim tail. It aimed at me, but for my great surprise my reaction was lightening fast. I hit it with my right index finger and cast it back into the opening.

The opening closed as fast as it appeared. I looked around but could not see the naked woman. She had gone too, but I wasn't interested in her anymore as I thought she showed up not only to trigger my lucid dream, but also to lure me, to distract me, to test my readiness.

After so many years of having lucid dreams and being coached and trained in there, I was sure there was more to come...

In past dreams I’d invent what I called weapons and use them to shield myself from the world around every time when I encountered an entity that I consider as a threat. In that particular dream, even though I was attacked, I didn’t feel like using one of my weapons. Instead, I came up with something I could never imagine in the wildest of my lucid dreams. Suddenly, without any forewarning, I pronounced a word of that language God spoke in my lucid dream I named God and I and published in this great website. I described God's language as zillion different languages spoken at once. In that dream I realised the articulated words were not meant to bring any meaning normally words deliver, because they weren’t just words of a language.

When I heard God’s language for the first time, coming as sound and light out of all the openings of my own body, I was able to comprehend the entire Creation, because in the words were compressed, as it
Lucid Dreaming: Gateway to the Inner Self
By Robert Waggoner

★★★★★

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

★★★★★ Intelligent and forward thinking, November 6, 2008 - Created with the high level of intelligence and pioneering quality that I'm sure many lucid dreamers have been waiting for, this remarkable book may serve as a point of reference for those eager to pursue the unknown that patiently lies in waiting just beyond our mundane awareness. ...Thank you Robert. Looking forward with great anticipation to further stimulating books from you in the future!
were, all properties of time - past, present and future, all thoughts, all emotions, all infinite possibilities and endless details that create the sensation of clarity and convey knowledge in this world. At the time I thought God’s language was the sound delivering the ultimate knowledge. In a few lucid dreams later on, however, when I heard God’s language again and especially when I pronounced one word of it followed by a few sentences, I realised what the language was all about…

The language did contain the compressed properties of the entire universe. It indeed delivered the ultimate knowledge, but for different reasons. It was more than the mere sound and light of the Creation. All innumerable words were the building blocks of the Creation. Each word alone was a whole world. When I spoke the language I felt its immense power. I could create anything and everything and shape it into a perfect world - meaningful and architecturally designed to appear complete and wonderful.

The language and the words on their own were no more than distant echoes, like the Cosmic Radio Noise that scientists believe is the echo permeating the cosmos after the Big Bang. Speaking that language was a different story. It could shape in words my will and deliver a real world with myriad and perfect details arranged in a way only God can attain.

When I was over and done with my enunciation, everything around me began to expand - not so in size but in meaning and insight. I had the premonition something extraordinary was going to happen. Although the world around me remained coherent, it split in three infused in one-another realms or plain of existence, if you will.

The first realm was the obvious world with its clarity, familiar design and accommodating essence. I called it the Creation. Although it looked the same old world, it didn’t look very convincing to me. I had this urge to find out how this world came into existence. No sooner had I wished to know how the Creation was built than I flew up in the air so high that I couldn’t see any ground below. The flight was awesome. Clouds were like pit stops where I could rest for a while and even had a cup of tee. I was definitely guided and soon I got the audacity to voice out my inquiry. Almost instantly I was whooshed out of the world so seamlessly that I thought someone just took me out of a film shown on some kind of a gargantuan screen and then turned it off. Then THEY spoke to me in the usual manner – no words, just notions directly inserted in my mind. I was shown four particular aspects or features, which numbed my mind. These features illustrated the way the three dimensions of space and time established the outward appearance of the Creation.

I wish I could pass on the notions and images THEY instilled in my mind the same way THEY did it. Alas, I could not. What I’m going to write next is my verbal interpretation of what I truly experienced (saw and heard).
entirety of your relationships. You limit your otherwise infinite forward motion because you divert it to enjoy your interactions and relationships. The dimension of length of your world therefore is confined within the frame of your relationships. Within the Creation, your relationships are nothing more than the dimension of width — the intersections crossing the line of your life and drawing the boundaries of your world. The dimension of width you realise as the history of existence in terms of your emotions. Your emotions shape the Creation.”

“The intersections of your life are utterly dependent on what your mind feels as important or unimportant. It does not take much time to realise what is important and unimportant for you but you could not find out why you liked this and disliked that, because there is no answer to any question starting with ‘why’. The question ‘why’ is infinity itself. The more you ask the further the Creation expands and the harder for you it becomes to take hold of it.”

“Your preferences are independent of your free will. Free will is just the conformity with your preferences. Your independent preferences are like pillars on the intersections of your lifeline and relationships. You can see them from afar, like billboards on the road, so that you can make up your mind when you reach the intersection. There are intersections because there are preferences and vice versa. The pillars of preferences expand your ability in three dimensions. The third one — the dimension of height — you realise as the history of existence in terms of your free will.”

“You saw a moment ago how the whole world vanished in a fraction of a second. It happened so because Time stopped. Time is a tool that allows you to differentiate. Without it there is no mind and you cannot go forwards, divide, subtract, assume, imagine, comprehend, see, feel, realise, interact, prefer, choose and shape the Creation. Time is a strictly individual tool. It completely matches your ability thus coinciding with the dimension of length in the world you belong to. Once your ability is exhausted time stops and the world vanishes. Then your mind is no more, all dimensions instantly vanish, your body perishes and the Creation contracts into itself. This is the annihilation of the four dimensional world.”

After THEY finished talking, I stared at the abysmal nothingness surrounding me. I had no feel of my body or mind. I was something I could never describe. The void around me was unsettling. Somehow I knew I was shifted to the second of the three realms I detected before THEY appeared.

The second realm, for whatever reason, I called the Indefinite. In contrast to the comfort and familiar details of the Creation, the Indefinite had no obvious attributes and it was hard to refer to. Initially, I thought it was the void — the great unknown awaiting us after we die. I felt some inexplicable, uncontrollable and irresistible attraction to it mixed with a paralysing fear, which originated from the assumption it was the place where we all go when we die. In past lucid dreaming experiences I’ve learnt how to face any fear, absorb and dissolve it by focusing on its illusionary essence. So I managed to focus on the Indefinite and soon began to comprehend its true nature...

At first, the Indefinite was rather hard to hold on to as I could not apply any image to it. It seemed void and pitch-dark. I had no means to envisage myself in the Indefinite because I somehow knew my body and mind were not compatible with it. The chilling feel of Death hit me and I had to exert all my power to detach myself from my mind, thoughts and emotions. The thought of Death, though, was pushing through my emotions seeking the darkest of them all. I had to stop it before it found it and drove me insane. I was ready to use one of my weapons, but for some reason I felt no threat. Instead, I terminated the access to my emotions and concentrated hard onto the Indefinite. Slowly, I began to see or detect the presence of something vast and infinite...

Suddenly, THEY spoke to me again. THEY told me in the Indefinite rest in a state of readiness the endless details of the entire Creation and all its infinite opportunities. THEY also told me that I had to let go of my body and mind if I desired to explore the Indefinite. Death, THEY said, was my mentor who’d show me how to transcend my body and that all those years I thought I battled against many different enemies in reality I battled Death with all my vigour, power and ingenuity I could muster. I did that because I was ignorant and also afraid to let go of my body — the familiar world I knew and trusted.

All endless details and the ensuing infinite opportunities I saw in the Indefinite, THEY continued, weren’t solid things independent of me. Each and everyone would urge me to discover them by giving them names. Then I realised the words of God’s language, which came out of my mouth a moment earlier, were meant to do exactly that — to give names to the details of the world and thus create it.

The Indefinite wasn’t void! It wasn’t another world either! It was the place where all endless possibilities waited to be thought and imagined. Hardly had I thought of or imagined
something when I immediately knew its name. It instantly became a possibility, emerged out of nowhere and presented itself as something that has always been there but I just discovered.

The *Indefinite* provided me with infinite possibilities to discover and expand the world. It turned me into the Creator and also gave me the confidence to push further and further away the boundaries of the world. The greater my ability to speak God’s language became the more things I could create in an instant and less intimidating and more magnetising the *Indefinite* seemed.

The third realm I called the *Incomprehensible*. A blinding-white light emanated in all directions obliterating all notions and knowledge. There was no way I can refer to it or make anyone, even myself, understand it. The only way I could refer to it was by calling it God for no other reason but because I felt it was everywhere, in each and every one of us. It was also the reason for being absolutely convinced I was more than a body with a mind, emotions and self-awareness. I felt its presence in my heart and instantaneously gave it another name - Holy Spirit. I know it sounds old-fashioned nowadays and even nonsensical, but that is the only name I could use to put to a rest for a while my frustration of not being able to describe it.

The *Creation* is an elaborate display, THEY said, that comes from within us but is perceived as being out there independent and solid. It’s enormously powerful (think Big Bang!) and mounts up its energy using the pool of raw emotion, the same pool we use to become sentient beings. My fighting only assured my entrapment in the *Creation* and enforced on me its illusion. I was a great warrior, THEY reassured me, but I fought no enemy. I fought against myself, who was the unity of three: body or the *Creation*; possibility or the *Indefinite*; spirit or the *Incomprehensible*.

Thanks to lucid dream experiences like this one, I’m no longer terrified by the *Indefinite* and the *Incomprehensible*. It hasn’t been easy to come to this point. It took me literally over forty years. In many of my past dreams the contact with the *Indefinite* and it’s endless details -- hidden, undetectable but tangible -- brought the illusion there were some entities out there (we call THEY, aliens, or whatever), powerful and potent as they would be if were to have in their disposition all the possibilities and knowledge in the universe.

In the past, I was petrified and often was thrown out of my mind when I came into contact with the *Indefinite*, but it was nothing when I compare it with my contacts with the *Incomprehensible*. Its selfness, total absence of attributes and self awareness was a tremendous shock that can only be compared with the horror of insanity.

After that dream I’m certain of one thing. There are no THEY out there in the realm of dreams or anywhere else. There’s no God either. Everything is inside of us. Everything is part and parcel of our own essence like those three infused in one-another realms.

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**New Online Lucid Dreaming Forum**

A new lucid dreaming forum has been launched by World-of-Lucid-Dreaming.com, a website hosted by long-time lucid dreamer Rebecca Turner and containing numerous free articles on the art of lucid dreaming.

The forum is targeted at beginners looking for feedback and clarification of techniques, as well as pro lucid dreamers looking to share their experiences and pick up new challenges and ideas for guided dreams. The forum categories include Lucid Dreaming Techniques, Lucid Dream Aids, Dream Control Skills, Paranormal Activity, Sleep Disorders, Dream Interpretation, and Share Your Lucid Dreams.

Rebecca and her team of moderators have cultivated a friendly atmosphere of "help and be helped" and they welcome beginners and pros alike to join their online community. Registration is free and new members can sign up to the World of Lucid Dreaming Forum at: http://www.world-of-lucid-dreaming.com/forum/
A year ago I began keeping a dream journal because I wanted to make contact with an old lover who re-sparked my interest in dreams analysis, astral plane contact and lucid dream manipulation. When he and I were together, he could tell me what I was thinking if I concentrated hard enough on a word.

When my lover and I split up and were off speaking terms, I was desperate at first to make contact. When I began logging my dreams, a close friend in my home town of New York would read my journal everyday and he began to realize that he and I were having dreams about similar images and scenarios, night after night. We eventually started going to bed from 3,000 miles apart with the intention of making contact. Though we never became consciously aware within the dream state with one another, we were able to report back with dead on accuracy regarding themes and characters. At a certain point, my friend in New York was able to report back to me about past events that had taken place in my life, without he ever having any prior knowledge of these events.

A few weeks ago I had a lucid dream about the ex lover whom I mentioned above:

The first thing I remember was seeing his face, and upon seeing his face, I very calmly said to myself, “This is a dream. Don't try to control it. Don't become too excited that you are dreaming right now, and let the dream happen to you.”

In the past, when I have become too excited of my lucid state, I have sometimes burst out of my body, usually uncontrollably thus waking myself, though, in more recent times have I been able to control my flight with thought and discipline.

This is the first time I have ever become lucid without first remembering one of the triggers that I usually use to jog my memory of the dream. I think seeing his face in a way was its own trigger, being that I went to bed with the intention of making contact with this person. The last thought in my mind was to try to fly away. For the first time, I had also arrived exactly where I wanted to be, instead of arriving in the lucid state and then trying to fly to my intended destination.

Careful not to wake myself, I wanted to look at him for as long as I could. My ex and I locked eyes and it was then that I realized that I was laying in the back of a moving vehicle while he stood crouched in the window looking down at me with a confident glare and hair flowing in the wind. It was as if he were in a vehicle higher off the ground than mine, like a truck, rolling in the opposite direction.

I remembered then that my goal that night was to see his face, and as I looked deeper into his eyes, I wondered if we were really making contact, or if this was just a fantasy in my head. In a way, it didn’t even matter if he were real or not. The fact that my intention brought me to this sight was beautiful in itself.

When I woke up from this dream, as happy as I was, I just as quickly grew bitter. I realized then that I had no way of knowing if I had really made contact or if my desire to make contact just manifested his presence in a lucid state.

Just a few days ago, while driving to work in a city of 10 million plus people, I realized I was going to be late to work. I am NEVER late to work. I put my head down to send a message to my boss to let him know that I would be a few minutes late. And just like a ton of bricks hit me, in my mind’s eye, I had a vision of my ex sitting in his company truck. Confused as to why I would have this thought, I picked up my head, and I saw a convoy of trucks that did in fact belong to his company, heading in the other direction. I thought, "I wonder if I just now had that thought because he was on one of those trucks..."

And then I thought of the dream I had about passing him on the road. But still, this wasn’t a complete validation. This wasn't enough. It was cool, but still, not enough. I had no way of knowing if I had just passed him. Later that day, I took a nap, and I had a dream that I received an email from my ex.

I then woke up and I did have an email from him. It said, “As time passes, don’t forget to wave.” He did drive by me in the truck. My two dreams and vision were both validated in that statement.
SAVE THE DATE!

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SAILING ON THE SEA OF DREAMS
29th Annual Conference for the International Association for the Study of Dreams

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Dreams in a Changing World
Marymount College
Rancho Palos Verdes, California

New York State IASD Regional
Saturday, October 1, 2011
7:45 a.m. - 5 p.m.
Dreaming: The Doorway to Spiritual and Religious Insight
Daemen College
Amherst, New York

IASD’s 9th Annual PsiberDreaming
Online Conference
Two Weeks Online at www.asdreams.org
Perspectives on Lucid Dreaming
Sunday, September 25 - Sunday, October 9

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March 2012
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Lee Watson  
29th March, 2011  Lucid Nightmare?

I've been awake since 5 a.m., I'd only been asleep about an hour and half. I was dreaming that I was 'floating' round an old, dark house. I had only been dreaming for a short time before I became lucid. As I was trying to control where I wanted to go, I realized that I was fighting an invisible force, so I fought and snapped control of the dream....as this happened I heard a very clear voice, "So, you can control your dreams!" said a wizened, but gruff voice. "Well control THIS!!" the voice said. I became suddenly aware that I was in distress and felt I was being violently strangled!! I immediately tried to wake myself shouting "help!" but nothing came out. I tried twice again and eventually awoke a few seconds later. The horrifying thing was the dream had physical manifestation in the fact my neck and throat actually felt like I'd been strangled!! I regularly have lucid dreams and a nightmare is extremely rare for me, but this has left me a bit shaken!

Patrick Boyle  
3/18/11  Multiple Dreams Under Review

This dream felt like it came from a place outside the normal dream environment and has to do with the meta-dream state, i.e. seeing the structure of how dreams are composed. I have had a few of these in the past but this one is the most literal to date because in this dream I am overhearing some people talking about how they can manipulate my dream. I have not included the whole dream here but just the parts relevant to this discussion.

The setting here is that I have had a particular dream during the night several times prior to this dream (contents very vague now to my waking mind). Each time I had the dream, the narrative and other elements would change slightly but the characters and the basic theme stayed the same. I had the sense of dreaming over and over to try and find the "right" version (as if there could be a "right version" of a dream).

Finally I find myself outside of the dream in what feels like a big area of open nothingness. I can see my other dreams as if they are objects floating in space in front of me, like they are contained within this bigger place. Around them and around me is darkness. But this darkness is not frightening at all, just a fact of being outside of the dream space. Then I see a group of men sitting at a table. They are also outside the dream space kind of near to where the dreams are, between me and my dreams.

...I am overhearing a conversation between three or four men. They are sitting on chairs, crowded around a small, wooden table. Their ages I would perceive as middle-aged or older and they wear clothing that is maybe seventeenth-century with long vests and baggy short pants. In a way they remind me of elves or fairies in that their clothing is so odd and they don't seem human.

They are talking about my previous dreams of the night and they are totally ignoring me standing several feet away. I get the impression my presence is not needed or wanted in the discussion and that I am, in fact, irrelevant to it. I would also say that I am not supposed be overhearing this conversation and that is one of the things that went wrong. I got outside the dream into their realm and this is not good. I, the dreamer, should not be made to or allowed to realize certain things. The dreams had not gone well on this night. In this sense they are like directors of a play in which the rehearsals are not going well and they are blaming each other. Also, I may not have been acting according to script. Perhaps I became too lucid and started changing things. There are means they have to make sure I don't remember certain dreams or to manipulate the dream so that certain realizations do not come to the fore in my waking consciousness.

One way of manipulating the dream is changing the narrative, to introduce fear perhaps where none would otherwise be present. I get the feeling about these men that they are trying to limit the expansion of my conscious awareness. They are, in a way, like censors of the dream realm. Their mission is the keep me (and others maybe) in the dark about the true potentials of this realm. At the same time, however, they are creating or controlling the dream experience. The fine line here is to not let things get past a certain level. It is not clear whether this is for my own good or because of some agenda of their own. But, overall, I resent their attempts to keep me in the dark, so to speak. I feel that I should be able to set my own level of awareness and not let them dictate what I perceive or recall from my night experiences. But, within this night experience, I am too shocked at finding myself overhearing this conversation to take much action. In a way I am just trying to keep a low profile in case they really don't know I am listening. End.
Nicole Dome  Visiting the Scene of an Accident

I had a dream in the summer of 2010 where I was "communicating with" a male friend who was informing me that he was on his way to the "site of a car accident" to talk with the family involved in the crash. I thought this to be strange because the accident had taken place either earlier that day, or even as far back as the day before. It made no sense as to why those "involved" would still be at the scene of the accident days or even hours later.

I felt like the way the air appears to be fluid just above the heated asphalt. My body felt this way as I "hovered" about 10 - 12 feet in the air. From this bird's eye view, I observed my male friend standing in the road, near a curb in front of a house where he was talking with two or three people, two of them were for sure women. The other was grey and smoky and just a "fluid" form. They were talking about the accident, but what was strange, was that neither of the parties, the women, nor my friend, seemed upset. No one seemed to be hurt, but they all had a serious "concerned" overtone to their conversation.

A few days later, I received an email from a close friend who at the time, was living 3,000 miles away from me. What happened in waking reality seems to have corresponded with what I saw in the dream state. This is the email I received:

"About 45 seconds after my dad left the house, he hit a parked car on our road and flipped his car on its side. I didn't find out about it until 4 hours later when I was called from the ER. I went back to the scene of the accident, and randomly ran into the family in the front of the house, also the scene of the accident. The three women were an absolute inspiration. They weren't even worried about their car, they only cared about the condition of my father."

Liam Kennedy  Pyramids under the Ocean

I had this lucid dream a few years ago:

I was staring out across a vast ocean - it was a fine day and the water was completely calm. Then I realized it was totally translucent and the ocean floor was made of bricks- the water was only about 2.5m deep. I realized I was dreaming! Also the bricks were laid out like pyramids, without the tops. Each pyramid stuck out of the water and formed a flat platform about 1m sq. They were arranged 20m apart as far as I could see. I think I may have been standing on a larger platform made of bricks. It was so vivid - I was completely alone there and astonished at how objectively real it felt.

Rafael Rodriguez  16/04/2011

My First Encounter with Another Lucid Dreamer?

The recollections of this dream are a bit sketchy, perhaps because it involved a false awakening. The only thing I remember is that when I became lucid I questioned the first dream figure I came across. This is something I have tried of late and found frustrating as dream figures either refuse to answer me or ignore me completely. This dream figure was a man probably in his late 50's who wore a thick moustache and looked middle eastern. I started to ask him questions but he looked confused and a bit groggy. He told me in halting English that he didn't quite understand what I was asking. Then I thought that probably he was another dreamer that hadn't quite waken up in the dream yet, so I tried to wake him up. Then I couldn't hold the dream any longer and woke up.

I was quite excited and went over the details of the dream and looked for paper and pen to write it down thinking of submitting it to LDE. Then I realized that I was still dreaming and I thought with regret that I may forget the details of the first dream when I woke up from the second dream. I don't know if it was a self fulfilling prophecy as in the morning the memories of the first dream were quite sketchy.

Judy B  Meeting My Dog, Luka

Before going to sleep I begin reading "Lucid Dreaming, Gateway to the Inner Self" by Robert Waggoner, for the first time. I read about his early experience of looking at his hands during a dream to signal his awareness he is dreaming. Getting sleepy, I do the same thing; I look at my hands and tell myself over and over, "When I see my hands in a dream, I'll know I'm dreaming."

I go to sleep and dream I'm in a house with a dog and a person. The person tells me the dog is Luka, my German Shepherd who died years ago. This dog looks nothing like Luka but when I look into her eyes, I know it's her. We're happy to see each other and as I reach out to pet her, I see my hands and immediately know I'm dreaming. I'm excited to know I'm lucid dreaming but remember I need to stay calm to stay in the dream. The dream starts to slip away but I manage to stay in it a while longer by looking back at my hands. Then the dream fades and I seem to be flying through or being projected through the night sky. It's all black except for the stars and as I get closer and closer and focus consciously on the stars, they become clearer and clearer. I know now that I'm not dreaming. I open my eyes, very happy to know I consciously created a lucid dream experience.
Maria Isabel P  
March 27, 2011-The Mysterious Powers of Love

Note: My second lucid attempt to find the "magical door" to my best friend's apartment with the desire of attempting to focus healing energy on the wound in her leg caused by a recent fall and seriously aggravated by her diabetes.

In the midst of some complicated normal dream, I'm in a car that's taking me too far from where I desire to proceed on foot. I tell the person driving, “Stop! Just stop here!” and she finally does, a few blocks farther away than I would have liked. I promptly get out and decide I'll jog to my destination. The idea appeals to me and I feel so good I pick up my pace, almost feeling I can actually fly, as in a dream. That's when I become lucid, and what a sweet sense of victory I experience! I did it! I become airborne, soaring over city streets and homes. To the west the sun is a brilliant red presence between dark tree branches.

As I fly, I practice the “deepening” technique (I've been reading about) by touching my body all over as I eagerly strip off items of clothing, exposing as much of my sensitive skin as possible. At the same time, I address the dream and say something to the effect: “If it's possible for me to reach S., show me the door to her bedroom.” I can see my breasts and marvel at the distinct sense of touch I'm experiencing.

I decide to head straight toward the crimson sun as it slowly sinks, thinking perhaps it's the doorway I seek, and I assume a “Superman" position to fly faster as it eludes me. Abruptly, I end up in total darkness, but I'm having none of that. I command more light and at once the interior of a building forms around me. I “alight” in a rather institutional looking corridor. I proceed down the broad sterile hallway looking for that damn elusive door. As I pass a room on my left, inside it I glimpse an open door leading into a small dark space, a secretive looking closet of sorts. Aha! I'll bet that's it, I "think" and run into it, only to end up somewhere else in the sterile colorless building, which seems deserted. I'm calling out loudly for “the door," proceeding with vigorous confidence down the empty hallway, not phased by the creepy atmosphere of abandonment, which would certainly have frightened me in “real" life and prevented me from walking deeper into the place; it had a subterranean feel to it, morgue-like. Then suddenly, from a dark open space at the end, a little girl (if I have to guess, I would say she was between three and five-years-old) appears walking toward me. She's wearing a sky-blue dress and has dark hair (like S.) I barely have time to see her and consider addressing her before the lucid dream swiftly begins dissolving as I enter a room in a big city, walking behind the police, where the body of a woman who died suddenly is lying. As they turn her over, her open eyes meet mine. I look around but no one else seems to realize her dead body is still communicating. She tells me I'm the only one who sees her.

Note: Approximately three days later, my friend passed away, officially from “diabetes related complications”, meaning she probably became light-headed and confused and passed out, which she did occasionally. She lived alone in New York City and when the police entered her apartment they found her body in the bathtub. A few days after she died but BEFORE I found out, I had the following semi-lucid dream:

I put my hair up and step into a bathtub. I realize I've forgotten to remove my shoes when I see dirt mingling copiously with the water and sullying the tub. I kick off my shoes and set them outside the tub but now I'm wearing slippers which have already gotten wet; they're pretty much useless now. I'm wearing a thin, flesh-colored robe and I'm aware of the fact it's very strange I'm in the shower but still dressed. Then abruptly I'm seeing everything from lower down in the tub, lucidly watching numerous and varied items flowing swiftly toward the drain. I'm conscious of the fact that unless I make an effort to stop them, they will all be sucked down by the force of the current and disappear forever. I let things go, one after the other, but then decide (as I focus on them) I should probably try and save what looks to be a jump drive, a phone, a letter, and a box of cleansers or medicines, everything else is expendable. I wonder at my detached attitude, at the fact that I don't care everything I own, everything that defines me, is flowing away. Someone, a young and robustly healthy looking young woman, steps into the bathroom just as I see a luminous golden glow forming on the eastern shower wall. She says to me, “Good job.”

Elaine H

Note: Before July 14, 2009 I would describe myself as having rarely remembered dream content nor did I give much thought to matters of what I term metaphysics. At that time, I randomly acquired a book about dreams - written in the late 1800's. Within a few weeks of reading this, I had what I believe to be my first lucid dream.

SNOW (7/14/09)
I am moving around a house that I am unfamiliar with. I am
In Your Dreams!

aware that the people in the rooms cannot see me. I am simply curious - and look all around, inside and outside. Then, all of a sudden, it starts to snow. In my dream, I find this to be unusual and out of place. I then realize I am travelling in a car (although it is only an awareness, I see no car). I then become aware of my exact location (a place I have not visited for many years) and I realize there has been a car accident and someone has died. This is only an awareness - I did not see the accident. Then I see someone stand up (with their back to me) dressed in the brightest blue clothing I have ever seen. I feel like an emotionless observer.

At that point I wake up and recall this dream vividly to my daughter. I live in Hawaii and the dream took place in New Mexico. Upon checking the on-line newspaper I find that someone did indeed die that night at that location in a car accident. I did not know any of the persons involved. Thank you for the opportunity to share.

Lindsay 2010 Lucid Food Feast

The first thing I remember is being at a circus or carnival or something and it all seemed so real. But when I saw my 8th grade history teacher floating and eating cotton candy I realized I was dreaming. Then all of the sudden I was racing my friend on hoverboards around a mountain. I said to my friend, "This is boring let's get some food" so we jumped off our hoverboards into ice cream and ate and ate but were never full. Then just as I was jumping off a huge ice cream sandwich, my cat knocked something over and I flinched and woke up.

Josh Melvin 3/13/11 The Mirror and Attic

I'm going to tell you folks about an interesting lucid dream I had about a week ago. These lucid dreams that I've been having lately are related to my current state of self discovery and wanting to know more about the inner self. Though I have been trying to get in a meditation routine, I've failed, but I have been trying to go to bed focused and thinking ahead, so that I can take control in the dream.

This particular lucid dream was unlike any lucid dream that I had ever had and was a two part lucid dream where I ended up in the same room, but I only remember in good detail how I got there the second time around.

There I am, all of a sudden lucid in a living room of a house. I take a few moments to realize that I am in a dream, but also try and take in my surroundings. This state of lucidity was different than what I'm previously used too, and had felt like I was on the verge of waking up because I was in total control and had a heightened sense of awareness and I had a goal; find out the mysteries of my subconscious. So I start off walking around this unfamiliar house, but also I know that I am looking for answers so I'm just trying to find something that is a sign to go here or there.

As I'm walking around the house I notice there really isn't anything on the main floor of this house, i.e. furniture, paintings, pictures, etc. But I do all of sudden see this large mirror on the right side of this hallway and I'm thinking to myself, do I really want to look in the mirror just in case it's not me and something that will weird me out and make me wake up. I just decide to face the facts and so I step in front of the mirror, it is actually a very clear and concise reflection of myself. At this moment before I look at myself in the mirror and as I see myself in the mirror I have a really intense feeling overwhelm me, like I was having an OBE or something and it really set the tone for what was about to happen.

As I realize that it is a very clear image of myself that odd feeling of self realization overwhelms me, then the background of my reflection gets white noise like on a TV then all of sudden I am sucked into the mirror doing a front flip. Very bizarre feeling as I pass through this mirror, something I've never experienced before in a state of dreaming. So, I'm trying to keep it together and still focused as I pass through the mirror. When I make it to the other side I find myself in this small low lit room with a staircase to an attic hatch. I know that I'm on the right track at this point, because whatever lies on the other side of the hatch is just the start of my self discovery. So, I make my way up the stairs to the hatch, take a deep breath and I bust open this hatch to the attic.

As I enter the room I realize there is some light coming through a small window to my right and there is an old style wooden framed bed in the left corner of the room. When I look at the bed, there is a young girl about 4 years old and who I think was her mother, a young woman in her mid 20's just sitting on the bed cross legged. So, before I say anything to them I'm thinking
In Your Dreams!

to myself, "Do I know these people?" and I take a moment to focus on their faces to see if I know them. But, I don't know them. I wave to them and the woman waves back to me. I try to ask her why we are here in this room, but it comes out all garbled and I think I could hear my garble in my bedroom while I was sleeping because I am on the verge of waking up. So, I attempt another question: "Who are you?", and it again comes out a little better but still garbled with this time me actually hearing myself in my bedroom trying to talk in this lucid dream. I take a brief moment before I awake to absorb the details of the attic and the girl and woman, then I was awake.

Note: So, this is a very different type of lucid dream I have ever had. Lately I have been trying to take control of my dreams and find out what resides in the inner consciousness. So, that's probably why I had such a dream. The feeling of awareness was intense and ever changing as I got sucked into the mirror and when I saw that attic I knew I was about to encounter a fact or a clue or some sort. Maybe the attic represents my sub conscious and possibly the girl and the woman may have been a daughter and a wife from a past life. I'm not sure, but I do know this is the beginning of some more inner discovery as I motion through the unknown of the ever changing reality that is my lucid dreams.

The next issue focuses on spiritual lucid dreams, so please send in your examples.

Do you have a lucid dream to share?

Next Deadline

August 15, 2011

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

"Submissions are printed at the discretion of the LDE editors."
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Michael Frank
https://sites.google.com/site/michaelfrankphotographs/

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

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

Lucidity Institute  www.lucidity.com

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

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

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

Mary Ziener
www.luciddreamalchemy.com

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

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

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

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

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

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

Dreams and Beyond: A Lucid Dreaming & OBE Forum
http://dreamsandbeyond.info.tm/forums.php

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

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

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

The Conscious Dreamer
Sirley Marques Bonham
www.theconsciousdreamer.org

Al Moniz  http://www.kidlucid.com
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