SPECIAL EDITION: SPIRITUAL LUCID DREAMS
MORE SIMULTANEOUS DREAMING
A FLIGHT OF SOLITUDE
LUCID DREAMING AND SUPPLEMENTS
DREAMSPEAK WITH MARIA ISABEL PITA
Lucid Dreaming and the Art of Lucid Living

Four-Week Guided Online Workshop
With Robert Waggoner

September 10 - October 8, 2011

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

**Long-time lucid dreamer** and author, Robert Waggoner, invites you to join him in learning the essential practices of inducing lucid dreams, creating a stable dream environment, and exploring the potential of awakened consciousness for healing, self-understanding, creativity and spiritual exploration.

**In this four-week online exploration**, you will be guided through special practices to enhance your sleeping and waking awareness - an interweaving of ideas, we call “living lucidly”. Join us on this journey of integration, illumination and discovery!

**Online Workshop Features:**
- Instruction is via Internet-based video
- Four weeks of personal guidance from Robert Waggoner, as you work with the techniques and practices
- No set class times, instructional videos remain available throughout the course
- Practice in the comfort of your home, on your own schedule
- Easy-to-use course website
- All you need is a broadband Internet connection (such as DSL or cable)

"I very much liked the concept of the innovative 21st-century online school, with students all across the globe and from many cultures. You can do the course work at the best time for you. If you have problems or questions the course facilitators get back to you within half a day in most cases. There is a forum for discussions with fellow students and course facilitators." — Chris, Australia

"Initially I was apprehensive about learning online, now I prefer it to attending a conference or structured event. The video clips are short and to the point, making the format conducive to learning. The facilitators are attentive and answered my questions in a timely manner. I was very pleased with the entire program." — Pamela, USA, NE

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

To learn more and to enroll in the Lucid Dreaming and Lucid Living Workshop go to www.glidewing.com
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Statement of Purpose
The Lucid Dream Exchange is an independently published reader supported quarterly magazine that features lucid dreams and lucid dream-related articles. Our goal is to educate and inspire lucid dreamers through sharing lucid dreams, exploring lucid dream techniques, and discussing the implications of lucid dream activities.

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Submissions
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.*

Subscriptions
The print copy of LDE is $20.00 per year, ($45.00 for overseas) to cover printing and postage costs. Contact Robert at Dreambob@aol.com if you wish to purchase print copies. Or Subscribe through our website.
To receive LDE for free join our mail list at www.dreaminglucid.com

Next Deadline
Submission deadline for LDE 60 is November 15 2011
Publication date is December 2011

Next Editions Theme:
The Theme Is Tips and Techniques for Having Stable, Lengthy, Exciting Lucid Dreams – So send in your best tips and techniques, stories, lucid dreams and articles about being lucidly aware for the Winter 2011 issue of LDE.

LDE Website
www.dreaminglucid.com
AN INTERVIEW WITH MARIA ISABEL PITA
BY ROBERT WAGGONER

Author of historic fiction like Truth is the Soul of the Sun – A Biographical Novel of Hatshepsut-Maatkare,
Maria Isabel Pita, also lucid dreams. In this DreamSpeak interview, the LDE takes a look at the sensual and
metaphysical side of lucid dreaming.

From your blog, I see that you were born in Havana, Cuba, but left before you were one year old. Can you tell us
a bit about that?

My family left Cuba in 1961 before Castro sealed the borders. My father was involved in the resistance against the
totalitarian regime being imposed on Cubans and had to take refuge in the Brazilian Embassy. He would stand at the
wrought iron fence looking out while my mother walked by holding me in her arms so he could see us. When I was four
months old, she and I flew to Spain and for about four months we lived in Madrid in a school, Our Lady of Victories, run by
nuns belonging to the same denomination as the convent school my mother attended most of her life, Our Lady of
Lourdes. While we were there, the two young nuns who helped care for me—one of whom rocked me to sleep every
night—drowned in a boating accident. The story haunted me as a child; I felt bound to them in some mysterious way.
Dressed in long skirts and veils, they were helpless in the water. I was determined to somehow make up for their tragic
and senseless death by never being so helpless myself. It's interesting, since the ocean is such an archetypal symbol for
the unconscious. At the time, people were being very helpful toward Cuban refugees and the captain of a ship bound for
the U.S. gave my mother a free cabin we had all to ourselves. I arrived in Miami at the age of 8 months, but my father was
soon offered a job with U.S.A.I.D. so we moved to Fairfax, Virginia, where I lived until I was seventeen.

What prompted your interest in dreams and dreaming?

When I was 11 years old, my mother had a dream in which she saw a dear friend of hers, a brilliant male surgeon, lying in
a pool of blood. A bicycle had fallen from the sky and crushed his skull. At the end of this dream, on a large, luminous
white page, she saw a long poem written in English. It appeared before her so clearly, she was able to write it down when
she woke. The poem made reference to a tragic event that knowledge, time and love would transform into something
beautiful. Less than two years later—even though she had never shown the slightest inclination toward becoming a
writer—she published her first book of poems in Spanish. My mother, Juana Rosa Pita, is now considered one of Cuba's
most important poets in exile, has been translated into English and Italian, and students do their dissertation on her book,
Voyages of Penelope, in which Penelope's dreams constitute the real journey vs. Ulysses' waking adventures. (The little
we learn about Penelope in The Odyssey makes it clear she had a vivid dream life.)

Then, 15 years later, my mother was going through some boxes after a move and came across the poem in English
which started it all, and that night she dreamed with her surgeon friend. She dreamed she was standing at the railing of a
ship and he was leaning on the same railing facing her, suspended above the ocean. Smiling ruefully, he told her he
would no longer be able to be her friend, that she would have to be his friend now, and with that said, he plunged into the
water and was lost. That morning my mother received a call informing her that as her friend was leaving work the
previous night, he was attacked by two assailants who hit him on the head thirteen times with metal bars.
Thinking back, when do you first recall becoming lucidly aware in the dream state? Can you remember any of your first lucid dreams (please describe some and the approximate age at which they happened)?

I was 22 years old and living on the rebellious edge in Chicago. I dreamed I was walking through a parking lot and stopped to buy ice cream from a vendor. There was nothing and no one else around, which was odd. I gave him some money and he handed me my change. It was too much, I protested but he said, "Keep it." It dawned on me then that I was probably dreaming, because in real life no one gives you money, so I shrugged and slipped the $5 bill into the right pocket of my black jacket. I woke up and less than 20 minutes later, just after sunrise, I was leaning against the wall of some fast food restaurant, waiting for a friend to pick me up while staring despondently across a mostly empty parking lot. A kind looking black man paused beside me, asked me if I was hungry and offered to buy me some breakfast. He handed me his credit card; I was a social worker. I smiled and told him I was fine and he said, "Well, if you won't join me for breakfast, buy yourself something to eat." He slipped a bill into the right pocket of my jacket, the same jacket I had been wearing in the dream. When I pulled it out, I saw it was a $5 bill. I'll never forget that morning. I truly felt I was given a clear message—dreams can and do come true, believe it. That dream was a lifeline which helped pull me out of a major depression, a lifeline that never broke because it was woven of awe and hope.

Was there anything about those first lucid dreams that you found interesting, exciting or perplexing? (pick your own adjective!) How did you manage to become lucid?

Invariably, all the lucid dreams I had before I read your book I called Flying Dreams because that's the first thing I did when I became lucid, and the ability to fly was very often what triggered my lucidity. These dreams were intensely erotic even though all I did was fly. I would soar as high as I could, and then deliberately go into free fall. The exquisite intensity of the sexual arousal I experienced as I waited to make violent contact with the ground, with a building, with anything, is impossible to convey with words, and this from a woman who has written quite a few erotic romances! Upon becoming lucid, I experienced a rush of joy so intense I simply had to express it by taking off. I never felt perplexed, but during these early lucid dreams I barely scratched the surface of lucidity—I didn't realize I could do anything besides feel fantastic and invulnerable. These dreams were also akin to sightseeing tours, because I would fly over whole towns and cities and landscapes and see them in such vivid detail it made me want to cry when I woke up that I couldn't remember everything more clearly.

In some of your lucid dreams, you seem to have a strong kinesthetic feeling sense. You mention being touched in the lucid dream, and in some instances, feeling your body in the physical bed (a possible sign that you may be getting close to waking up!). What do you think about the sensation of touch in a lucid dream? Does it have an added dimension, since it occurs lucidly?

When you touch something, you know it's real, not merely your imagination. Touch also seems to serve the purpose of "anchoring" me in the dream. I've heard the physical body described as a denser (slowed down) version of our subtle / astral / energy body (I think it's detrimental to get bogged down by terminology.) When I sense my physical body lying in bed dreaming, I'm not at all surprised or worried about the fact that who I really am has the power to overflow physical boundaries. And both forms of Self, both states of my Being, are mysteriously part of, and subordinate to, my awareness of them—to consciousness itself. Robert Lanza states in his book, Biocentrism: "No dead universe ever existed outside of Mind.

'Nothingness' is a meaningless concept... The universe is simply the complete spatio-temporal logic of the self." I heartily agree, and nowhere does this feel more true than in a lucid dream, where you're inside yourself and yet also have the potential to be outside everywhere and anywhere you can think of or desire. I wrote in a poem: "We are all creators / in the Dreaming / not mere inmates / of a concrete prison." When I become lucid in a dream, it feels like being set free of the cells of my physical body, pun intended. It seems to me the "landscape" of the dream is Consciousness itself, which we share with everyone and everything, and that's why time and space don't really seem to exist and why we can interact with other beings, whether they're currently associated with physical bodies or not. The Mind's the limit!

Many lucid dreamers have noticed that the freedom of lucid dreaming allows for some highly sensual encounters. Have you noticed this in your own lucid dreaming?

Yes, indeed I have, and I believe it helped open a door in my psyche to dreams of other lifetimes where a traumatic event of a sexual nature occurred that was coloring certain emotional / thought-patterns in my current personality. These dreams were
The night before my grandmother passed away, I dreamed we were standing together in a beautiful garden and that the jeweled lizard pin she was wearing over her heart (she actually collected them) suddenly turned into a butterfly and flew away. When I woke up, I called my mother and told her Abuela was going to die soon. Then, three days after her death, I dreamed I was sitting in a waiting room of sorts, reminiscent of an airport, and my grandmother was seated across from me. She said, in Spanish, “So I'm dead, aren't I?” “Yes,” I told her, so happy to be seeing her again even if it was only in a dream. I also understood without thinking about it that I was there to help her. I got up, and when she leaned on my arm (as though she was still in her sick old body) I told her she didn't have to do that, that she could walk straight and tall again. I remember looking down at our clasped hands and distinctly knowing that what was happening between us was real. I told myself I would remember looking at our hands in the dream and know it hadn't been in a dream. In the end, a tall and attractive androgynous individual dressed in a white uniform walked into the building, golden hair curling around his/her smile. The messenger said loudly and cheerfully it was here to pick up the package. When I woke up I knew the “package” was my grandmother's soul.

After my father's funeral, I went to bed in the hotel room absolutely determined to dream with him, to become lucid in a dream and see him again. I found myself standing in a small town of sorts staring at the entrance to a theater, and at once I became lucid. I stared at that theater door, through which people were streaming out onto the street, thrilled by the possibility that my father might be one of them. I kept searching for his face in the crowd, and there he was! I ran over to him and we hugged but he looked a little groggy and confused. He said in the tone of voice he had always used when he was worried about me, “You have to be careful here, Maria” and even as I looked up at his face I saw it had changed, that I was hugging a man with a similar build and complexion to my father but it wasn't him anymore. Then all of a sudden he dropped dead at my feet as though shot through the heart. My father had been fond of detective novels and I thought, Oh please, this is too much! as my transcendent lucid dream suddenly seemed to be turning into a cheap thriller. But then I saw another man, a blond man in a dark suit, standing near the body and staring at me. I realized he was the one who had “shot” the imposter pretending to be my father, and he was smiling at me in a way that truly chilled me. I knew then I had to get away from there and I quickly flew up into the sky. I turned what was becoming a nightmare into one of the most intensely sexual lucid dreams I've ever had, where I hung upside down in midair and brought myself to a climax I enjoyed in real life as I woke up.

In this issue of the LDE, you relate an interesting story about a pair of lucid dreams that helped you overcome your fear of death. How does lucid dreaming assist with that? And what did the symbolism by the seashore mean for you?

Do you think these sensual encounters are naturally more likely in lucid dreams – they just come with the (Freudian) territory? Or does lucid dreaming’s relative freedom provide a safer or possibly more empowering environment for expression?

Freud and all other psychological schools are completely irrelevant when I'm lucid in a dream; that stuff just falls away like the stages of an old Apollo rocket. My heightened sensuality and sense of absolute well-being are indistinguishable from each other. In a lucid dream I seem to reside in my energy or soul body, which naturally translates into sexual arousal, is merely a dim echo, I suspect, of what it will feel like when, at the moment of death, we slip out of our fleshly garment and are, so to speak, completely naked again.

In the issue of the LDE, you relate an interesting story about a pair of lucid dreams that helped you overcome your fear of death. How does lucid dreaming assist with that? And what did the symbolism by the seashore mean for you?
I'm with my father somewhere and he looks the way he did before he died. Suddenly, I see him standing outside a door, then he vanishes. Following him outside, I gaze across a narrow street and distinctly see a brick wall with an opening in it the size of a door, an opening I recognize as the entrance to a conscious dream. I cross the street and come very close to stepping through it but something holds me back. I don't trust what I'll encounter if I follow the path I can't see from the end. I'm afraid the road will prove unpleasant or a dead end.

Such dreams have shown me that death is a part of life, not the end of it. The way I see it, sleep is so vital to our health because our souls are like whales or dolphins rising into the open, lighter space of dreams, and taking a deep breath of the energy which keeps our physical vessel charged and running properly before diving back into the womb of corporeal existence.

The symbolism by the seashore—white candles partially submerged in the ocean burning bright orange flames—seems a perfect way to express the ultimate paradox—how we are all one being/spirit and yet also unique individuals/souls.

In a previous lucid dream in LDE 59, you recount a lucid dream of seeing out a NYC friend you call ‘S’. In the lucid dream, there seems to be considerable symbolism of death (e.g., setting sun, deserted colorless building, etc.) and you later learn that S passes away soon after. But before you hear that news, you have a semi-lucid dream that mirrors the circumstance of her passing. What did you make of that? How did this help you deal with your friend’s passing?

I was reading my dream journal—trying to feel it was worthwhile to spend so much time and energy writing down all my dreams, lucid or not—when I came upon the dream you refer to which, at the time, made no sense to me at all. I was floored. I saw it clearly then for what it truly seemed to be—an astral message from my friend. So, yes, it’s definitely worth the effort to remember and to record your dreams, lucid or not. I feel so much better now, as though I was somehow actually with my friend when she “saw the light.” Her consciousness seemed to be hovering over her body, as in all NDE’s, and she wasn’t frightened; she was letting go of this life and it was her presence, but also a touch of elation it was necessary to receive this “briefing” because I’d gotten “stuck” in my progress. His eyes are so blue, his hair a dark blonde, and the whole time he talks we’re smiling at each other, both of us so happy I’m really seeing him. Then he walks out the door and stands waiting to one side for an elevator. I keep my eyes on him, both of us still smiling. But when he steps into the elevator instead of disappearing he walks back into the room.

“What are you surprised?” he asks. He keeps talking to me and as he does his appearance alters slightly—the same man in different stages of life, now older and less attractive but it’s still him, his eyes and his smile, and I almost like him better in his comfortable older persona.

Now I’m sitting in a car at night outside a building (where the above took place) and the sales girl from earlier in the dream appears and walks up to my open window. She’s very pretty above took place) and the sales girl from earlier in the dream gives you a sign / slap.‖ (In the dream these two separate words seems to mean the same thing.) I know he’s my guardian angel, that I’m dreaming, and I feel joy to be in his presence, but also a touch of chagrin it was necessary to receive this “briefing” because I’d gotten “stuck” in my progress. His eyes are so blue, his hair a dark blonde, and the whole time he talks we’re smiling at each other, both of us so happy I’m really seeing him. Then he walks out the door and stands waiting to one side for an elevator. I keep my eyes on him, both of us still smiling. But when he steps into the elevator instead of disappearing he walks back into the room. “What are you surprised?” he asks. He keeps talking to me and as he does his appearance alters slightly—the same man in different stages of life, now older and less attractive but it’s still him, his eyes and his smile, and I almost like him better in his comfortable older persona.

Preparing for this interview, scrolling through my electronic dream journal, I came upon the above dream, which I’d forgotten all about it. It seems obvious to me now that the dream characters were referring to you, Robert, and the spiritual path of lucid dreaming I would fully and wholeheartedly embark upon after reading your book, approximately three months later.

You mention that when writing books, you occasionally get into the ‘zone’ or a place of inspiration. What is that like? And does it remind you of lucid dreaming?

One night I dreamed a beautiful man stepped out of the darkness, his black, elegant clothes cut from the night itself. Smiling, he walked up to me, kissed me on the lips and said, “For a story.” Approximately three weeks later, I woke up one
morning, reached for the pad and pen I always keep by my bed quickly began writing the first few pages of a new novel I had not planned to write (Eternal Blood a paranormal romance.)

When I was deep in my fictional biography of Hatshepsut, I dreamed with a beautiful woman with a golden complexion who was wearing a long and light-colored sheathe dress such as an ancient Egyptian noblewoman might have worn. I was walking through a lovely town located high up in the clouds and it felt so nice there it alerted me to being conscious in a dream. As this woman approached me, I felt I knew her. She walked right up to me, her face level with mine, and pressed her mouth against mine for a long, wonderful moment. She told me I was doing very well but that I that I could do even better. She handed me a necklace, on which hung an irregularly shaped piece of silver in the center of which shone an amethyst (my birth stone) shaped like an eye. Her companion then took my hand and led me into a building on my left, at which point I began waking up.

In my dreams, a kiss seems to be a way of transmitting information and energy, as if they're one and the same thing.

As for the 'zone' I get into when I'm writing, it is very much like a lucid dream. When I sit down to write, a mysterious shift occurs in my consciousness and words flow out of me that are often as much a surprise to me as the images and events I encounter in dreams. I don't work from an outline. I begin with the seed of an idea, which is composed primarily of feelings, and let it germinate inside me until I feel it's time for it to begin branching out into sentences. The deeper into a book I get, the more the main characters assert themselves and say things I never actually thought of myself (at least not consciously) and soon I'm mainly following them around describing the action and how they feel about it. Things happen I don't expect or foresee, surprising and exciting me, just as in lucid dreams. That's what makes writing so entertaining and fulfilling, because it's also, when it truly comes from the heart, a mysteriously profound learning process.

Have any of your books included lucid dreaming as part of the plot? What happens?

In my paranormal erotic romance, Dreams of Anubis, the heart of the plot is the dreams the main character has that take place in ancient Egypt. In my novel of Hatshepsut, dreams mark important moments in her life. What's truly interesting is that while I was writing the book, I myself had a lucid dream in which the symbolism was completely ancient Egyptian. In the book, Hatshepsut's father had died recently, just as mine had in reality. I copied and pasted the dream from my journal into the novel without changing anything except the point of view, and substituting “house” for “palace”:

She was wandering through a palace filled with so much light the colorful paintings and furnishings were only luminous shadows, unless she concentrated on them and attempted to discern the objects they defined. Then she experienced a sensation like warm water rushing up through her head and realized she was dreaming. A surge of joy made her conscious of her closed eyelids where she lay asleep in bed and passionately she thought, No, I must not wake up! I will not wake up! She knew she was in the Palace of the Other World near her father’s tomb and the weight of sadness threatened to pull her back into her body. Determined not to give into the pressure, she walked to a window, open to a profusion of colors, and abruptly her father was beside her. She saw him clearly for an instant before he embraced her and became only a beloved darkness she could distinctly feel against her. He said, “Everything you do is so beautiful!” She laughed as he held onto her so tightly she began falling backwards. She ended up lying on the floor feeling only his arms around her as the High Priest of Amun’s voice said directly in her head, “Love is the light in the Fields of Re” and suddenly she found herself standing alone outside the palace in a night blacker than any she had ever known. There was no moon and she could see no stars beyond the palace’s silhouette looming to her right. She knew she had to walk around it but she feared encountering something. When she suddenly saw her cat, and its magically reflective eyes, waiting for her, it was easier to force herself to be brave and not to try and wake up. With a cat following just behind her, she began walking. Her courage received a further boost when a white dog-like creature emerged from the night on her left and trotted along beside her. Recognizing the animal of Seth, she rested her left hand gratefully on its head.

As this woman approached me, I felt I knew her. She walked right up to me, her face level with mine, and pressed her mouth against mine for a long, wonderful moment. She told me I was doing very well but that I that I could do even better. She handed me a necklace, on which hung an irregularly shaped piece of silver in the center of which shone an amethyst (my birth stone) shaped like an eye. Her companion then took my hand and led me into a building on my left, at which point I began waking up.

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In my paranormal erotic romance, Dreams of Anubis, the heart of the plot is the dreams the main character has that take place in ancient Egypt. In my novel of Hatshepsut, dreams mark important moments in her life. What's truly interesting is that while I was writing the book, I myself had a lucid dream in which the symbolism was completely ancient Egyptian. In the book, Hatshepsut's father had died recently, just as mine had in reality. I copied and pasted the dream from my journal into the novel without changing anything except the point of view, and substituting “house” for “palace”:
Do you feel that lucid dreaming may have been a feature of Egyptian spiritual practices? When I gazed at some of the ancient hieroglyphs in the temples at Dendera and Edfu, I saw instances of apparently sleeping men who appeared to be lucidly projecting. Do you ever run across this in your studies of Egyptology?

Definitely. The Temple of Hathor in Dendera (the ancient Egyptians referred to it as The Castle of the Menit and The House of Incarnation) was renowned for its dream hospital where the cause of a patient's physical illness or emotional malaise was diagnosed and treated by way of healing dreams. The Menit symbolized the female sexual organ. Hathor was the cosmic mother and wet-nurse, the House of Horus—the falcon-head god who symbolized the human soul. Mirrors were sacred to Hathor because she was the mirror of material substance an eternal Divine essence uses to experience (see) itself. The Menit was the medium by which the creative sensuality of the Goddess was transmitted; Hathor is often shown offering the Menit to pharaoh or his queen. The ancient Egyptians apparently understood that a spiritual healing energy could be channeled into the physical body most effectively through the magical opening found in dreams. While submerged in the dark depths of sleep, alive with colorful dreams like schools of fish (which often prove equally elusive when you try and catch them with your conscious mind upon waking) becoming lucid and addressing a specific task was rather like constructing canals to direct the life-giving River where it was most needed. To the ancient Egyptians, the Nille embodied the Divine life-force that regularly resurrected the dry "dead" earth.

Are there experiments that you would like to conduct in lucid dreams? Or something that you would want to achieve? Tell us about that.

Oh yes, of course! As a historical novelist, the possibility of traveling into the past and actually viscerally experiencing places like ancient Egypt is so exciting it's almost frightening. Once, after I became lucid in a dream, I asked to go to the pyramids in the time of Menkaure the Divine but I ended up in a fog of pure potential—its esoteric name being The Dragon's Breath and the name given to it by quantum physics being The Zero Point Field. I blame myself; I'm pretty sure it was doubting I could actually do it that made the realization of my request impossible. But just last week there was something I very much wanted to achieve. My husband was diagnosed with Deep Vein Thrombosis—his right foot and the lower part of his leg was swelling up, perhaps as the result of a blood clot. He was scheduled for an emergency ultrasound in the morning.

Treatment would have entailed spending several days in the hospital and then taking blood thinners for three months. That night when we went to bed, his leg was worse, growing more painful. Before falling asleep, I prayed to the Lords I've always felt watching over me. I asked them, with all my heart, to help me in my desire to have a lucid dream in which I could attempt to heal my husband's leg. There wasn't even a speck of doubt in my heart such a healing could be done (whether or not I myself was yet spiritually capable of it) and I fervently wanted the opportunity to try.

In a dream, my husband, Stinger, and I are in a grocery store shopping, but we walk out of the building without any bags or packages. I feel happy because we're together and because everything is good—I'm mentally clear, I know everything will be all right even though we have to drive straight to the doctor's office in the morning. It's night and the parking lot is mostly deserted. I feel so good I do a little skip and a jump and notice that gravity is very forgiving; I feel wonderfully light in the Indian dress Stinger bought me in Brazil I love more than any other dress I've ever owned. I think, If this was a dream, I could fly. I do a little run in a pretend dream take off and actually keep going, rising a little higher off the ground, not moving very fast but definitely defying gravity. I'm aware of a group of people exiting the store watching me and wonder what they must think about this flying lady. Pretty cool, huh? I look down at my husband, who has kept walking across the parking lot, and say calmly but urgently, "Take my hand! Take my hand! If you don't catch me, I'm just going to keep going." He reaches up and pulls me down. I land facing him and, looking directly into his eyes, I ask, "Is this a dream? Are we dreaming?" His expression is more skeptical than confused as he replies, "No, we're not." I'm inclined to believe him because even now I'm absolutely sure myself that all of this is really happening, that we're out in the waking world shopping and that I'm not lying in bed dreaming. But once the question is asked, I somehow know I am, in fact, dreaming. Now I point out to him, "But if this isn't a dream, why did you keep walking? The jeep is back there."

As we gravitate toward the eastern edge of the parking lot, I remember my intent and command, "Show me your leg." He raises his jean and I kneel before his right leg. Where the pocket of swelling was in reality there is a largish flap of skin raised to reveal an opening through which I can see into his leg. There's a distinct welling up of blood in there. It's like looking into a subterranean cave where the water (blood) is getting ready to rise up over the edge. The blood is a very dark red at the center and around the edges it's nearly black, and shining in that blackness are stars. I can't describe the awesome beauty of this blood welling straight out of a fathomless darkness shining with stars. I will never forget the sight. The clot (for that's what it must be) is definitely there and I'm raising my right hand (and perhaps also my left hand) in front of it intending a blue healing energy toward it. I don't see any blue, but what I do begin to see is a reflection of my mouth taking some of the blood into it, tipping it between my lips as I massage the clot, the bulk of it, with my mouth, somehow dissolving it in this manner. I know this somehow. After what seems a short time I sit back and tell him, "I could see in there." Crossing my legs, I assume a yoga prayer position directly in front of him. Raising my hands, I instruct him not to touch me as I separate my hands into Reiki position in order to enable healing energy to flow down between my palms into his leg. I sit there performing Reiki on his leg, and in the dream I'm there all night. In the end, however, we've been transported from the dark public parking lot to an intimate sunlit courtyard. The stone wall to the right of the door leading into the villa is hung with a beautiful tapestry-like painting I seem to recall depicts a golden-haired woman wearing an old-fashioned (Medieval?) dress and standing in a colorful garden.

I woke up suddenly and, after a moment, thought: I had a lucid dream in which I healed Stinger's leg! I hope I never forget the awe and happiness I experienced when I realized this. I said softly to him as he moved slightly in the bed next to me, "I just had a lucid dream in which I healed your leg!" He replied.
something to the effect of, “That's nice” and went back to sleep as I lay there remembering the dream, committing every detail to memory. I got up a short while later and looked at his leg where it was propped up on a pillow. In the dim morning light, when I pushed the blankets away to compare them, it looked exactly the same as his other leg. I could scarcely believe my eyes. I stroked the skin of both his lower legs, gazed at his both his ankles and feet, and whispered, “Stinger, look at your leg!” He lifted his head off the pillow and, after a moment, asked, “Did you do that?” I replied, “Yes!” with an elation I cannot describe. The improvement was 95% and by the time we got to the doctor’s office, there was no sign anything had ever been wrong with his leg at all. Whether or not it was merely a coincidence, there's no telling, but my husband, who is a scientist, admitted it was, all things considered, perfectly reasonable to conclude that I had, indeed, healed his leg in a lucid dream.

Do the seasons effect your dreaming, or effect your lucid dreaming? Do you see any pattern to lucid dreaming and the seasons?

I’ve noticed that I tend to have a lucid dream around the new moon and the full moon, and the dream I submitted for this issue occurred on Palm Sunday, in the Spring, which really makes me look forward to Christmas! And most memorably so far, exactly two months after my beloved dog, Merlin, passed away, on the full moon some time after midnight on Halloween (November 1st the Day of All Dead) I had this lucid dream:

I dreamed I woke up in bed, upon which the light of the full moon was shining. Then I saw Merlin. He was standing beside the bed looking up, the way he had in the last year of his life when he wanted to come up but felt he couldn’t manage the jump and was waiting for my help. I tried to ignore him because obviously he couldn’t really be there, but he was. He had been a mix of white and tan, with an adorable black mask around his eyes when he was a puppy, but now he was mostly a pure white. Yet he was clearly there, my little boy, so I reached down and lifted him onto the bed with me, watching in awe as he walked over to his usual spot. I knew my beloved pet couldn't possibly stay for long and a part of me was afraid to touch him, but of course I couldn’t resist. When I reached for him he rolled onto his back and I rubbed his belly just as I always had. I could truly feel him, the unmistakable shape and sensation of him.

“You’re such a good boy!” I cooed as I stroked him. “And you always will be!” Part of me feared this visit in a space between waking and sleeping—for that's where I knew I was—might only be an illusion sent by a demon that would bite me any second now if I kept petting it, but the rest of me felt otherwise; my heart knew better. I was so happy Merlin had come to see me! I continued caressing him, filled with wonder at how long he was staying. I dared to touch his head and to look straight into his eyes as I told him again and again what I had told him just before I left him in that terrible room at the vet—“I love you! I love you! I love you!” I was so close to him I could hear his breaths and they sounded like a dark, soft echo, “Love you... love you...” Content, I lay back against the pillows and woke gently. The room looked just as it had a moment ago, with moonlight shining full on my bed, the only difference being that Merlin was no longer there.

From that day forward, I knew in my heart that he was all right and though I still missed him terribly, I was no longer so intensely sad.

Any final comments?

The other day I was absentmindedly doing the dishes and intently recalling some of the things different “guides” have said to me in lucid dreams—characters I distinctly sensed were not merely thought forms—when I was suddenly struck by the mind-blowing realization it constitutes an ongoing message:

“Keep moving forward.”

“Don't care too much for definitions, it's the personal experience that matters.”

“For you all is God and riches. Don't confuse the gifts with the givers. What flows down from your Ka, receive.”

“You're very bright.”


He asks, “Do you want this to be hell or heaven?” I answer, “Heaven!” He says, “Me too... Why did you leave me for so long?”

“Miracles can happen.”

Lucid dreams are a truly effective means to, metaphorically speaking, cleanse the soul's lens in a way that the intellect, and all our good intentions, cannot do as effectively, or as quickly, in waking life. When I experience and confront issues in lucid dreams, a vital change occurs on all levels of my being that might otherwise take years, or an entire lifetime, perhaps even longer. "Normal" dreams can help, of course, but based on my personal experience, it's my theory lucid dreams have the power to give you a “charge” that helps effectively “burn” away negative habits, emotions and thought patterns. Lucid Dreaming is a uniquely individual spiritual path, yet it's also bringing me under the stimulating wing of a growing community, a movement really—a drive to expand the borders of consciousness and, ideally (invariably) transform any and all limiting socio-cultural perceptions and structures.

Maria, Thanks for being so gracious and telling us about your lucid dreaming life.

Next Issue’s Theme:
The Theme Is Tips and Techniques for Having Stable, Lengthy, Exciting Lucid Dreams – So send in your best tips and techniques, stories, lucid dreams and articles about being lucidly aware for the Winter 2011 issue of LDE.
Dear Lucy,

In response to your "Multiple Awareness in Simultaneous Dreaming" article:

I woke up this morning with the most wonderful sensation imaginable – I had awoken out of two dreams instead of the expected one.

When I told my friends at school, they automatically assumed that I meant a "dream within a dream" or had a "split-screen". I explained that I literally had two separate, completely independent dreams last night. There was a representation of myself in each dream, each with her own, unique consciousness, thoughts, and personality, and never once did any of the traits spill over into the other being. Each was in her own separate environment, being affected by two separate plot-lines, meeting entirely different actors. I existed temporarily as two different people in universes completely unknown to each other, if you will.

My dreams tend to affect me very physically. If I spend all night in my dream studying or running, I'll wake up tired or sore. As such, having "simultaneous dreams" should have completely drained me mentally, but it did not. Rather, I woke up better-rested than usual. Neither dream would have exhausted me by itself, so it seems the same of the whole. I also have had many lucid dreams, parasomnia, and sleepwalking experiences, but never simultaneous dreaming, nor had I ever heard of such a thing...The idea still enchants me hours later. (So much so that I discovered this site and responded.)

As for the individual plots of the dreams, they were very similar to what I usually have and not very impressive in themselves. In one, I was a member of a traveling desert caravan, protecting silk merchants from a myriad of bandits and geographic obstacles. The two merchants who hired me were brothers and had been in the family business since their youth. They were not going to disclose where they received their stock as that was a "trade secret". I did not trust their story entirely, but I had been out of work for quite some time and hesitantly took the escort job as it paid very well. Just for security, my concerned fictitious friend, Denver, agreed to come with me. In the other, I was lost in a forest with little idea who I was or where I came from. Night was fast approaching, so the rabbits led me to a hidden cave for shelter just before a storm broke out. A tornado broke through the forest, haphazardly flattening its undecided path, leaving the cave untouched. The cave walls were covered in some glimmering substance, and I collected jewels from within the caverns inside.

Some of them had underground rivers which I made a mental note of their locations so I could someday return to explore where they flow to. Two very separate dreams and worlds accompanied by their unique consciousness with their own circumstances. I cannot stress the utter charm the idea holds for me and lament that this is most likely the first and last time I will ever experience the cliché "being in two places at once".

I sincerely hope this experience provides more precedent for those wishing to better understand this captivating phenomena.
I have been Lucid Dreaming for most of my life and in recent years with some research and understanding made significant advances in the nature of my dreams. The first of these came with the letting go and accepting of fears that were holding me back, these fears caused by the intensity of the feelings and images within the dream and the unknown lurking behind these dreams. The second big leap came after reading a book “Advanced Lucid Dreaming” by “Thomas Yuschak” and experimenting with some of the supplements listed in this work. There are two advances attributed to the supplements for me and they are ease of dream entry without losing awareness and greatly extended dream time. The three dreams that I have submitted contain a mixture of Out of Body Experiences, Lucid Dreaming and False Awakenings and have all been after taking supplements.

Dream 1 “Blue Light” 9-July-2011
2x5-HTP @ bedtime 10:00 pm
2x galantamine + choline @ 2:30am
Dream time / approx 2 hours
• Dream entry – OBE/WILD
• First time on supplements and a very intense body exit

Last night I had a dream storm. There were three periods of dreaming with total time of around 2 hours. The first set was a top 5 experience and of a new nature for me and this is what I have described below.

Before bed I dwelled on the concept of energy as light and decided I wanted “blue light or energy to come to me in a dream”. I relaxed and drifted into the awareness that the supplements seem to bring on and then went into a set of OBE type body feelings (you feel your energy body being floating out in bits and at times parts get stuck and the feeling is of the stuck bits being plucked out to join arm and legs) In time I got out of my body and found I was still in my room and sitting up in bed. My room looked about the same but the colour was different and there was one door to many that’s all. The dream went for a long time but the bit of major interest is how the blue light appeared as two beams of focused but vibrating light. These beams were not much more in diameter than the size of my hands and they snaked across the room just above the floor. They then entered my hands and flooded my body. The first time this happened it was spontaneous and I then called for the light again and experienced the light and feeling of having my body flooded with energy 4 separate times. I had no fear and the feelings are very hard to describe, the light enters you and floods your body (energy/dream body) and becomes a part of you or you become part of it. The light makes you tingle and vibrate and a peaceful warm feeling overtakes your body.

I was fully aware and able to know who I was as in bring external thoughts in, as a check I said my name, what I do and had the thoughts that this experience is so intense that I hope I am the same afterwards. Happily I am but maybe a little changed for the better once more.

Dream 2 “Long way from here” 29-July-2011
2x5-HTP @ bedtime 10:00 pm
2x galantamine + choline @ 3:00am
Dream time / approx 1:30

Let my head drift away and random fantasy images mixed with geometric Hypnagogic imagery. Mainly random stuff but a little like flat filled panels of patterns. I became aware in my room and decided to leave so started flying in the room and then moving outside. I went through windows, then walls and then it was all just pure feelings and kept going a very long way and very fast. I still had the feeling of moving through walls or spaces with entry and exit feelings and an instant of time between them. Never before had I been so far or so fast and I kept willing myself further and faster. After what felt like a long time I encountered some slight resistance and slowed up at this and then came awareness of a dream space.

I was in fluid of some kind but felt ok, the walls were light green and the lighting was dim. Two beings appeared and I tried to ask where I was, what this place was and why I was here but got no real answer. They did explain that I was a long way from my home and that they knew what I am and they are friendly. I could go into their tank walls and this surprises them so I do so. The walls are very thick and I am able to wander around inside the walls and locate them by some sounds they are making so I go back into their tank again. We are talking but I don’t think we are using words just thoughts. I ask to be shown
what I am to them and they ask me for a sample of fingernail but I get a bit of toenail instead and put it in a machine. This hurt as I broke a bit off but healed as I watched. I was aware that I had cut my fingernails that day and so chose to use a sample of toenail instead) The sample in the machine starts to grow a head.

They then plug some cables into me and the head grows and takes on my shape and looks like me. I am not concerned about this and interested and just watch. Another lady appears and she is a little older that the other two and is “cold” so I try to put some energy to her to warm her and she is happy with this. I tell her that I have taken some tablets to help with dreaming tonight and she tells me not to take them less than 4 days apart. I get vague feelings to return to my body and do so with ease.

Dream 3 “attempt at shared dreaming” 7-August-2011
2x5-HTP @ bedtime - 10:00 pm
2x galantamine + choline @ 3:30am
Dream time / 1 hour +
- Dream entry – OBE/WILD
- Gentle entry with some sense of SP but felt back arch and enjoyed feeling as it was beginnings of dream body.
- Intent was to take my partner on an introduction to the dream world. At her place and not mine so a different room that normal

I got Out of Body and drifted up to ceiling in the bedroom at Marian’s place and it was this room that appeared at the onset. I exited body, exited room and then felt a hand on my shoulder and it was Marian. I asked her how she felt and she said she was ok and then told her to not be scared and also not to get too excited. We are now above her house and I looked around and seen a child playing in a house yard with a bright bush in flower in the yard. It was night time and the bush stood out quite plainly as it was multi coloured. Went over by intent “I want to be there and drifted over” and floated down to the ground. There were now two children playing and a lady watching. I went over to her and she looked at me and said “are you a watcher” I replied “no just in a dream and looking around” she told me she was the same and does this a lot with her children. I then looked at the children and we all made a circle and swing around a couple of times. I remember thinking this is a little like a magic circle and will not do this for long. (What would have happened if I held this thought and carried on?) Marian was still with me at this stage and holding my hand. I then broke after two rounds and seen a man behind the hedge, went to him and he was the father of the children so we chatted but I have no recall on words.

I then took Marian into the air, looked around and next I was back in bed. We started to discuss the dream and she said that she though the lady was a relation from a long time ago in her families past. We chatted and I was thinking the scene was not quite right and knew I was experiencing a false awakening. Comfortable with this and I left her on the bed and drifted up and away again. (No recall if I went OBE or the scene changed to a night sky when I decided to leave and I was in a dreamscape).

Flew up and a long snaking row of suspended people appeared in the sky, the row was endless and I mingled for a bit just looking. There were people watching so I approached and asked what this was all about. The reply was they were all in purgatory’ (I had seen this word today in the re-reading of Robert Waggoner – Lucid Dreaming). I was told I was not one of them and to look around if I wanted. I asked how do you keep them all in order and they said with the dogs. I asked to see the dogs and was taken to a building and followed up a mix of construction framing and small doors and tight passages. It was getting more enclosed and I was starting to get a little uncomfortable and so tested to see if I could go through the structures and could so was ok with the confinement. We got to a small room and two dogs were there. I could not see the bodies but the heads were seal like with short hair, wide smiles and a lot of teeth. I said thank you and could I see your real forms and they got taller, thinner and friendly looking. After this there were some warnings that they were away soon so I had better go, I went through the ceiling and was on a spongy roof. It was cool to bounce around a bit and I seen two bulges forming and moved back a little. Rockets took off from the bumps and I watched this as it happened twice.

Couldn’t think of what else to do so back to body and woke up

Summary
I have taken supplements only 3 times and had a similar experience each time. This is to have an OBE at onset and in one instance stay in that state, in the second it was to go OBE and then leave my room and into a LD and in the third instance to have a mixture. An OBE then a false awakening followed by flying into a LD

In the attempt at shared dreaming my partner also took same supplements and had a slightly vivid dream. She has not had a Lucid Dream but is gaining more dream recall as she becomes more aware of her dreams.

My girlfriend was beside me in the bed and said that I had gone to sleep long before she did and has no recollection of the dream but did hear me speaking a few words so was awake at the time of my dream and so the presence in my dream was of my making.

It is interesting that taking the supplements with no effect to my partner may indicate that the supplements do not cause hallucinations and require experience to use to advantage as they don’t just produce a LD or OBE.

In the dream “Long way from here” I was able to take external thoughts into the dream space as I had cut my fingernails that day and so chose to take a sample of toe nail instead. I also discussed the use of supplements to help with the trip with a dream character. The supplements seem to help with bringing on the release to a dream body and in the first instance the change was very intense and bordering on violent with wrenching feelings. This process has gotten smoother and almost enjoyable with more experience.

In all cases I maintain full consciousness and awareness from waking to being fully immersed in the dream.

There has also been a dramatic increase in dream time with these experiences lasting from 1h30m to around 2 hours.
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The International Association for the Study of Dreams
1672 University Avenue Berkeley CA 94703
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I’m dreaming and not lucid and I’m rushing toward a brick wall and can’t stop.

She is aware at some level of her actions, yet she operates on autopilot. She sees the devastation ahead and feels powerless to stop herself from self destruction. The brick wall…the symbolic barrier that we are unable to penetrate.

I realize that I’m dreaming and just before impact, become lucid and fly straight up so I am flying up the length of the wall.

Fear of annihilation creates a sudden inner awareness. She narrowly escapes self-inflicted damage.

As I crest over the wall, there is a road…the road I always end up on when I go lucid.

The open road appears as freedom, and yet it is the also the same road she has traveled before. Upon narrowly avoiding her own obliteration she responds by going down a familiar and safe path.

The road is paved but it is lined with trees, it is always in the fall and the leaves are beautiful.

Following her near-death experience she sees the beauty around her. There are colors, shadows and light. A sense of bliss comes over her.

I fly high above them, looking down…I never ever see a car on this road…it’s just me.

For a time she enjoys the solitude. Her flight from above gives her the opportunity to take a deep breath. There is no concern about where others may be going since she’s on her own. Her perspective is as an observer of her own path.

I sometimes swoop down and fly close to the trees or even down at the level that a car would but all I see is the road and the trees.

She begins to feel the pull of once-again interacting with her environment. Though the road and trees remain open and beautiful, she notices that the scenery isn’t changing. It simply continues on like this into infinity.

When I see this it is important to me how I feel…I feel like I’m free and at peace and that things will be ok.

This path rejuvenates and heals her. It is a trip away from the people, work and obligations of life. The flight fills her lungs with fresh air.

Then, after a bit, I start to feel all alone and try to get somewhere where I won’t be alone and when I do that, I wake up.

Solitude restores us to health, but ultimately we need the intersecting of other roads to lead us to new places. And so the cycle continues. Awake, asleep, unaware, lucid. Searching, mistakes, corrections, restoring to health.
WE INTERRUPT OUR REGULARLY SCHEDULED LUCID KID-VENTURES TO BRING YOU THIS ACTUAL TRUE LIFE DREAM....

I GUESS YOU COULD SAY THAT IT WAS A "LUCID" DREAM IN A VERY STRICT AND LITERAL SENSE... BECAUSE I DREAM ABOUT THE WORD LUCI.... OH WELL, PERHAPS YOU SHOULD JUST READ ON AND SEE FOR YOURSELF...

I SEE A BOOK.

ON THE PAGE IS A DRAWING OF A FACE IN PROFILE!

WHEN I LOOK CLOSER AT THE CARTOON FIGURE, I SEE THAT THE FRONT FEATURES OF THE FACE ARE FORMED BY THE WORD LUCID.

EVEN THOUGH I AM NOT AWARE THAT I AM DREAMING, I STILL REALIZE THAT THE WORD LUCID IN CONECTION WITH A CARTOON IS BIG FOR ME. SO I TRY TO GET THE ATTENTION OF A NEAR BY DREAM CHARACTER...
But by the time we turn to look, all that is left is a face which now just looks like a regular cartoon face. (Albeit a cartoon face somewhat akin to my cartoon creation Kid Lucid!)

Contest!!! - Be the first to guess the correct interpretation of my dream and I will illustrate a Lucid of yours for a future issue.

But hurry! Limited time offer! Entries must be received by midnite 11/1/11 so be sure to react now!!!

Send your entries to: almo@cape.com

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For more adventures—visit the Kid Lucid website: http://kidlucid.com
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!
I am sitting with your editor, Robert Waggoner, in a London pub sharing my theories on the great frontier of the unconscious and I can't help but to feel that most of the room would put our conversation in the toy box along with the rest of the children's play things at bed time. This is not so much a reflection of our lack of credibility as scientists so much as it is an effect of the paradoxical nature of the system we are trying to measure, the dream. Lucid dreaming, to the great inexperienced, frequently sounds like nothing more than some jumped up magic trick rarely breaching comments like "yes but it's just a dream, it's not real?!"

Notice how I offer a little ambiguity in my punctuation (?) which reflects that underlying doubt in the conviction of the statement, for who are any of us to say what is real and what is not?

However, lest the risk of our existence falling into subjective chaos, we must learn to measure our reality with adherence to certain principles and evaluate them impartial to our own perspectives. The term currently employed to describe this kind of empirical evaluation is model based reality.

With the advent of encephalographic measuring technology lucid dreaming is currently moving into a new paradigm of evaluation. Though we cannot yet measure the exact experiences of the dreamer we can reflect the underlying neurological processes and this can yield great insight into the brain-mind process.

As an amateur neurobiologist myself, I take an avid interest in the mechanics of lucid dreaming and would like to take a moment here to offer some insight into the cerebral conundrum.

It is no coincidence that waking and dreaming occur in a rhythmic fashion as they are ultimately harnessed by the ebb and flowing tides of our brain chemistry. Nature, it would seem, is not without her sense of coincidence as, much like the sea, the shores of our brain are in a continuous battle for state dominance.

Brain activity toggles between 3 main states - waking, sleeping and dreaming and these in turn are governed by the presence of noradrenaline and serotonin or acetylcholine. The former two are known collectively as the aminergic system and the latter as the cholinergic. The aminergic system acts as a REM off switch and the cholinergic as a REM on switch which in turn triggers dreaming. Needless to say dreaming does occur in certain forms during nREM sleep but we are more concerned with REM activity for lucid dreaming.

Like an army mounting its assault, the aminergic system fires throughout the day, gradually depreciating its munitions until finally it is depleted. Meanwhile the cholinergic system has been readying itself for a counter strike and proceeds to take stage for a brief assault while the aminergic system reloads. During these brief periods of cholinergic dominance we dream.

A closer examination of these neurotransmitter systems reveals a very interesting context in our intellectual process. One system, the aminergic, is responsible for our ability to focus and process information in a linear logic fashion. The other system, the cholinergic, heightens our alert response making us highly prone to distraction, the guise of the lucid dreamer.

Continued on page 18
It is therefore no coincidence that we struggle to achieve lucidity, let alone maintain it so how does lucid dreaming actually work at this level?

A question I have pondered for years and here is my theory - the key to lucid dreaming is to force the two systems against their natural gradient to create a hybrid state of consciousness allowing for both REM and focused awareness to exist simultaneously. We do this by observing the natural tides of activity and then hijacking them to force the opposing agenda into play. The mathematics are crude but I would estimate about 80% cholinergic vs. 20% aminergic activity would yield a dreaming brain with sufficient concentration to become self-aware and hold focus. Any higher than 20% and I expect a waking response would ensue.

Looking at lucid inductions we can see this process in action. Regardless of the precise details of the method used it will loosely involve hijacking an intense REM cycle and using mental focus to attain lucidity. By actually trying to hold mental focus we are in effect forcing the top down action of the brain to release the chemical constituents of concentration – adrenaline and serotonin.

Even witchcraft has method but if we only preach the madness then that’s all the people will ever know so as we enter this new paradigm of understanding of consciousness let us not stand and shout from the side lines but instead offer mutual support for both Western and Eastern views alike and offer this science the platform it needs to be seen on to one day become as relevant as the probes we send into outer space as sure the journey to inner space holds no less relevance.

See Rory MacSweeney's website www.wakeupinyourdreams.com  Rory is also asking for lucid dreamers to do this experiment: Can you please test the following and return a simple yes or no to me - In the out of body/lucid dream reality try to feel your pulse on both wrists and let me know if you can feel it or not? Send answer direct to me and do not discuss results with anyone though you may suggest they try it and send results to me if possible at info@wakeupinyourdreams.com

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**A Note from C4Chaos**

To my fellow Oneironaut(s),

I discovered your website after watching (on Youtube) Robert Waggoner's presentation at the Society for Scientific Exploration (SSE). I've been a long-time practitioner of lucid dreaming ever since I've read Stephen LaBerge's book, *Exploring the World of Lucid Dreaming*. I've had several lucid dreaming experiences, both induced and spontaneous. However, I had no experience of a "shared" lucid dream (yet).

Incidentally, I also practice vipassana meditation and to my surprise I discovered that I could use my vipassana meditation session as a springboard for a lucid dream exploration. I'm quite aware that there's really nothing new about this. Tibetan Buddhists have been doing this for hundreds of years. However, the meditation technique I was doing is not the prescribed techniques used by the Tibetans (e.g. dream yoga, visualizations, etc.). I was simply practicing the vipassana technique (based on Theravada Buddhism which doesn't specifically address the dreaming experience) but still the result is similar: which is awakening within the dream. I wrote about this on my blog and I'd like to share it with you. This is not in article form, but if you find value or you're interested to know more, just let me know.

Here's the link:


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GS, Talking to Grandma

I've had many lucid dreams before... my first one probably being when I was 7 or 8. I remember walking around and telling people in my dream that I was dreaming. Now I'm 27 and try to remember to ask more probing questions in dreams. I never seem to find logical or clear answers though. Last night I was lucid dreaming and manifesting people I wanted to talk to. I manifested my old boss and told her how much I hated her and how she was a "itch. I obviously knew I wouldn't get in trouble so I was just going to town!

I don't think I meant to manifest my deceased grandma, but I turned and there she was standing against a railing. I was very excited to see her! I remember it being very white behind her and it made me think I might be dead, or have gone too far into my dreaming that I might not be able to wake up. I asked her if I was 'too far in' and she really didn't answer me, but I realized it was a 'no.' I'm a slight hypochondriac, and also asked a question in reference to if I'll live a long life or if I'm in good health...and she didn't directly answer me, but from what I remember her 'answer' seemed positive and she said something along the lines of me being surprised.

I gave her a big hug and told her how glad I was to see her, and before the dream was over if there was something she could tell me that only me or my mom would know- so that I knew it was really her and not a figment of my imagination...and I think I remembered what she said wrong, but I recall something about pickled chicken (?) or something like that. I asked my mom when I woke up and my mom couldn't really think of what it could be. Even with a silly answer like that to confirm it was her, I still think it was my real grandma visiting me in my dream, not just a figment of my imagination.

A. Dreamer, July 9, 2011, Flying and Seeking

I wake up and then go back into a dream. I quickly become lucid. I leave the room I am in but have to unpeel one of my fingers from the doorknob after I get out. I do it carefully so I won't wake up. Then I decide to fly. I want to soar but don't get all that high. I fly feet first, while floating on my back. Then I turn around and go head first for a while. I pass some trees and see the branches and leaves, some trees with and some without leaves. Sometimes I hear music when I fly. Eventually I spin circles in the air, lying on my back and think how I haven't exactly done that in a dream before.

I end up in some buildings, I fly through attics where odd things are stored and through outdoor bazaar-like places. I pick up some sort of metallic shell, shaped like a bird. It feels hard in my hand. I think how it would be fun later to experiment with ‘bringing it back’, noting the moment it disappears – that is if I can hold onto it until the end of the dream.

I come down in an area of lawns and trees, like a college campus. The day seems to be sunny. I want to create wind. I do so and feel the gentle breeze on my face and see the swaying branches and leaves. Next I get the idea to seek “God” or “the Highest” but am skeptical of anything convincing happening. I lift off, fly a little, breaking through walls as I lose the visuals. I feel a bit uneasy. Nothing much happens. I think perhaps I am afraid of being overwhelmed.
Then I am in a room with a woman who tells me I should read a book by a certain author. I have heard of the author, but not that particular book. She tells me I am afraid of what will happen if I experience the Divine, afraid of how it will change my life. She hands me the cover of the book she recommended. It has a sky blue background with some people on it. I take it and look at it. The metallic shell is long gone. I try to read the title so I can memorize it, but the print is already missing. There is just the blue and white of the cover design. I wonder how long I can hold onto the fading cover. I wander on through more scenes, finally losing my lucidity....

Hunter Gsoell, March 13th, 2011
"Ecstatic Alignment with The Source and Past-Life Recollections"

I am seated in an auditorium style college setting surrounded on three sides by a bustling shopping mall with the blackboard and professor at the back wall. Class hasn't started and there are students and shoppers milling about when I notice my mother is seated up and to my left. I turn to remark on the strangeness of her presence when I realize she couldn't possibly be here as she is currently in Minnesota and I am asleep in my bed in Olympia.

I feel comfortable at this time telling mom how beautiful she is and that I love her so much. The figure responds abruptly: "That's sweet, but I'm not your mother." I inquire as to the identity of this imposter in response to which there is some unintelligible muttering and strange blackness oozing from their mouth which ends in: "I'm dead anyways, so it's not of great importance to you now." By this time I have reached full lucidity. Remembering an intention set some time ago I stand upon the desk I am seated at and shout: "Source" at which time the whole auditorium turns to face me. "Source," I continue now with my audience's undivided attention, "Source; I love you and all is one with the divine, ecstatic, and eternal motion of the universe." At this time everyone begins to clap, cheer, dance and undulate. The scene resembles the underground ecstatic dance scene in The Matrix series just before the final battle. I attempt to regulate my emotions by focusing on the fact of my lucidity but am quickly caught up in the joy and false awaken abruptly. Now I am enclosed in absolute darkness but have the distinct feeling of my feet dancing below me. I recognize this dance as that of the Kashmiri Shaivite Sage dancing the Spanda, or pure potential energy of the universe. I know the sensation as it is a realm of mysticism I spent two years studying, but in this moment have the distinct and compelling sensation that I am this sage, in 12th century Kashmir, experiencing the divine motion.

I awaken again shortly thereafter as a teenage boy in Spain. I am running to a dream journal at the end of a porch and recognize the marble floor before me, illuminated by sunlight entering off of a veranda. I watch my feet as I run and feel a deep love blossoming in my heart. The sensation is of a deep, heartfelt, and stunning all-embracing amour that I have had the pleasure to experience only a handful of times in my waking life.

Finally I awaken at my friend's home, and staring out her window overlooking the lake and trees outside am caught in a blissful afterglow and meditation that goes on for some hours.

John Galleher, 7/29/2011 Lucid Message

I dreamed I was in my friend Michael's home. There was flooding and water was starting to warp the wood of his floor. I woke up here and then followed the sound current back into dreaming.
Now I was jogging down a road and I came to a drawbridge over a river. The bridge was in the up position so I couldn't cross. I decided to jump over the rail and then swim across the river.

I dove deep underwater and the water seemed so clear that I felt like I could breathe it. I took a deep breath and became lucid. I floated to the surface and easily swam to the far side.

I stood on the shore and called for my dream guide, the Goddess. I saw a young woman approaching. She was wearing a black and white print dress and seemed to be of Hispanic heritage.

I asked her if she was the Goddess and she said “Yes”. I then asked her name and she said "Selena". She handed me a piece of paper with writing on it.

It said "My family has a history of depression that started when a young man fell out of a boat and drowned". The note didn't make any sense to me and as I struggled to figure it out I lost my lucidity.

Note: The next morning I went to visit my friend Michael to tell him my dreams. His eyes opened wide as I recounted the story. First, he said that the previous night his roof had leaked and he had to put plastic over his wooden floor to keep the wood from warping.

Then he said that he and his father had a difficult relationship because of his father's depression. His father told him that it started when his father was young and that his best friend had gone out in a boat and drowned.

Maria Isabel Pita,  April 17, 2011,  The Other Side
(Full Moon, Palm Sunday)

I find myself inside and outside at once—a building with glass walls and ceilings, or something like that which makes it feel open even though it's enclosed—which leads out onto the broad walkways of a lovely city with low “clean” modern buildings stretching on either side for as far as I can see. I really can't remember any details but the overall atmosphere is relaxed, pleasant, the colors cool and yet warm, the sky seeming part of the architecture, which is white, airy; everywhere there's a seamless union of outer and inner. It's a totally lovely, serene place and I'm very happy to be there because I'm lucid. I take a quiet pride in my lucidity, not really surprised by it and knowing that in the future I'll be lucid much more often.

All this is happening in the company of a tall man, the first dream character I encountered, whom I promptly address with the question, “Who are you?” The conversation proceeded something like this (although the exact words elude me now, and as I don't remember his lips moving, it appears to have been telepathic) as he replies, “A friend of your father's.” I am delighted (my father passed away 4 years ago) and as I study his face (strong and distinguished and rather foreign looking yet also a bit blurry) I say, “Yes, I think I remember you. You visited Papi just before he died. Didn't you?” He replies, “Yes” then begins telling me things about Papi I can't recall now, but it is all good and I'm very happy. My guide (because that's what he feels like now) is walking on my left and every time I look up at his face (a luminous white yet not at all ghostly) it looks more and more like Papi's face with his distinct, wonderful smile.

As we keep walking north, the sight of a clear blue sky over a white wall prompts me to ask my companion, “Would you mind if I went flying for a while? I really love to fly when I'm dreaming.” Even as I speak, I wonder if he'll be surprised or even offended by the fact that his world is a dream to me. But he just smiles and says, “There are some statues by the sea I'd like to show you first.” I exclaim, “Oh, yes!” as I picture beautiful smooth white reclining male and female figures caressed by bright blue water. But I feel people behind us now and a man abruptly squeezes my left hip, insinuating himself closer to me, and his companion edges tentatively nearer on my right. Immediately, I experience sexual arousal. I'm tempted to succumb to the pleasure already rising and intensifying effortlessly, magically inside me (as in all lucid dreams) but I don't want to wake up. The man bite-kisses me in a delicious way, moving up my body, and I see him make a gesture with his head toward his friend to work on my other side. Taking it slow, controlling the exquisite power of the sensation, I ascend with them onto a dance floor that becomes a spacious yet intimate light-filled room in some building. I somehow manage to control the intensity of my arousal, which I know from experience is a wave that can sweep me away on its irresistible current so I crash on the shore of my bed, awake. I detach myself enough from my partner's embrace to look at his face and ask him, “Are you a lucid dreamer too?” He answers, “Yes” and explains—indicating a timer on his right wrist he's wearing like a watch—that it's over. It takes me a moment to understand he means he was executed. It seems he was on death-row and the “switch” was just pulled a few moments ago. And here he is! His complexion, I notice now, is an odd color, orange-brown with a sickly tinge to it, and his face has a narrow, not very healthy appearance. “Then you're not a lucid dreamer,” I tell him, “you're dead.” I say this in an almost matter-of-fact tone, simply because it's true. Then, concerned I'll upset him, I add,
extending my right hand to shake his, “Welcome to the Other Side!”

My “guide” reappears on my left, standing out from the crowd and not just because he’s tall—he possesses a presence none of the other people in the room do—and I think he’s dressed in white. I know he’s there to take me to the statues by the sea and as he turns away I follow him eagerly. As I do so, I take note of the gold and green embroidered couch I pass on the way to the steps, which descend to the right. I’m still feeling very lucid. Throughout the dream I’ve been periodically glancing at my hands and saying out loud, “I’m dreaming” in a relaxed fashion; not urgently or insecurely. At the bottom of the steps, I pause to look back at a rather dumpy middle-aged man and woman descending after me. I remark to my guide that they seem to be following me. At this point my lucidity begins fading (I realize now because I began focusing too much on miscellaneous dream characters instead of concentrating on fulfilling my own agenda.) As my guide stops somewhere to take care of some issue, I proceed farther along the interior space toward a half enclosed area where people are walking west toward the sea, or so I assume. Waking abruptly, I really regretted not making it to the ocean with my guide to see what he had to show me. But in another lucid dream a few weeks later, I finally found myself by the sea...

Awareness of being lucid in a dream, and of a cold glossy bluish stone floor against my bare soles, occurs simultaneously. I cry, “My Lords!” exultantly. The atmosphere is neither sunny nor dark, but reminiscent of a perpetual luminous twilight. The floor is outside and then, to my left, I discern a movement which coalesces into waves. I’m thrilled to find myself beside the ocean, which I further distinguish by the white froth of its cresting waves, almost the same muted blue as the sky above it so the water appears almost to be flowing from it. Then I witness a marvelous sight—dozens, if not hundreds, of white candles rising half out of the water burning bright orange flames. I will never forget the sight. It seems a perfect way to express the ultimate paradox—how we are all one being/spirit and yet also unique individuals/souls. Because of this dream and all the many other lucid dreams I’ve had (at least three a month) I no longer fear death, on the contrary!

Ally, Flying with Hooves like Pegasus

I have a lot of lucid dreams. Last night however was somewhat different. In the past I have had flying dreams...trying to use my body like an earth worm to achieve flight. Last night I knew I was dreaming as soon as the flight part started....this time my worm type movements were replaced by watching my feet....which were hooves running...pounding very fast. I could hear the running of four feet not the usual two.

The next sensation was of my shoulders moving rhythmically. At that point my feet lifted off the ground and I realized I was Pegasus...I could hear my wings slowly rhythmically beating....I truly knew at that moment I was flying...but not just that...I was dreaming and could control my flight. I let the dream move through several phases and scenarios....enjoying the flight each time it happened in the dream sequence. By the end I was tiring, and ready for the alarm. When it did go off I was wide awake and ready for the day...feeling wonderful...hoping tonight to take a slow wonderful flight.

Jose Sanchez, Flying to Another Dimension?

I was being pulled down to the ocean by this ugly looking body minutes had passed by and I felt I was not drowning...Suddenly I realized I was not trying to breath, underwater. Then when realizing this, I took a deep breath, realizing I was dreaming. This is when I became Lucid. All my fears of dying disappeared. I started swimming, what I did next was that I grabbed the body and squeezed it into a small pile and threw it away.

I then switched into another scene where I was in my hometown. I wanted to fly and I tried flapping my arms but my body was heavy after trying a few times I flew into a tree. I saw something catch my attention in the sky - it was like a hole, swirling. I wanted to go to it but then again I couldn’t. I knew this would take me into another world. This was a very long lucid dream and I switched scenery like five times, though remaining lucid throughout.

My intention was to keep my thought in being aware that I was dreaming. I said to myself I wanted to see the sun and the planets, but then the sun appeared in my house’s front patio. I felt its warmth, but then the sun changed and went inside this box, which was weird, so it kept me thinking this was a dream.

Then in the dream I saw a dog and I told myself if this is a dream, something weird will happen, I hugged the dog, but then instantly I saw another one exactly the same walk by while the one I was hugging was trying to bite me. From here I LAUNCHED myself lucidly into the sky, but the electrical wires in the street, shocked me. I had this happen to me before in other lucid dreams so I said to myself this will not stop me I will keep on going, so as fast I thought of this I passed by the wires to continue on flying. I flew above my town and I saw a waterfall. I was having this really awesome experience which was very vivid. I felt something inside of me spark and again thought I hope nobody sees me flying. I kept on flying to the outskirts of the town where I was being guided by someone, then I was floating in this one place out in the hills, where I was concentrating in being, ready to be launched off. Now, some angelical voice was telling me...
what to do, I was seated like in this baby carriage, I even put seat belt on jajaj.. Then the countdown from 2 started: two, one.. I knew I was going to be flying off to that swirling hole... I was excited! I wanted to see this other dimension, but as I was moving very fast through space, I suddenly, woke up. My body was like an object lying in the bed. It felt very empty, but then I slowly felt this weird sensation I was getting back to my body.

Vincent,  Shooting Balls of Light
I am a teenager and I don’t remember the date and time of my lucid dream but it began like this. I was at a harbor in the day time and was dreaming about balls of light shooting out of my palys, like I had magic powers. The setting was a harbor and there were lots of people and I began to ask how I was doing this in my dream -- then I realized that it was a dream. I then voluntarily began creating balls of light and I began testing it on a stack of beer bottles and shooting the light at the bottles. I first began saying random words to cast spells, but then I realized it didn’t work and the light only came when I thought about it. It wasn’t easy to control how much light came out but it was very fun indeed.

Jennifer Albright,  My First Lucid Dream – Meeting My Deceased Brother
This dream happened when I was about 13 years old and was my first remembered lucid dream. I have often told the story of this dream to friends and family but never fully realized just how meaningful it was until I started reading and learning about lucid dreaming.

The dream began with me lying in bed in a small room that I immediately recognized as the convent where I had participated in a religious retreat the previous weekend. I realized at this point that I was in a dream because the room looked slightly different. The retreat had made me very uncomfortable as I have never been a particularly religious person and I immediately felt uncomfortable in this setting in my dream. I sat up in the bed and a little boy came into the room and walked over to me. This little boy brought an immediate sense of comfort with him and I immediately recognized him as my brother, Mitchell, whom I had never met because he died as a baby before I was even born.

He motioned for me to follow him and so we walked out into the hallway. He began swimming through the air, moving his arms and legs in the same way you would if you were swimming in water. I immediately got the impression that he expected me to do the same, so I tried and found myself instantly successful. We continued "swimming" down the hallway. This whole time Mitchell kept repeating, "You have to swim through everything." At this point, what looked like sand started pouring out of the walls and filling the hallway, making it hard for me to continue swimming. I kept hearing Mitchell repeating "You have to swim through everything." The sand obscured my vision of Mitchell as I struggled to keep swimming. At this point, I woke up.

Volande Vede,
Lucid Dream Reflected in Waking Reality
In 2010 I dreamed that I was sitting at a wooden counter in some kind of a business with a glass storefront. There was a post to my left, running from the counter to the ceiling. A female and a male, unknown to me, were at the counter, talking about yoga. I looked down at the counter and saw a dollar bill there, but it had Lincoln’s face on it...an impossibility. Instantly I realized that this was a dream, and I became lucid. I looked over to the glass storefront, and saw that it was raining. Cars were slowly going by on the street just outside. I had a thought that I’d really like it not to be raining, and the rain stopped. A car went by slowly, and I stared at the lights reflecting off of the wet pavement. I woke up and wrote notes in my dream journal describing this lucid dream.

In July 2011, in real life, I was sitting in a Kava bar, talking to someone I’d just met, and he mentioned lucid dreaming. That made me remember the dream described above, and I realized that I was now IN, I was now actually experiencing what happened in that lucid dream from last year. There was a female behind the counter; a male at the counter (the person who mentioned dreaming); the counter was wooden; there was a post to my left that ran to the ceiling; there was a glass storefront; and it was raining outside, with cars going by slowly.

Astonished, I recounted the lucid dream to the person I was talking to, and told him that in that dream it had stopped raining outside when I wanted it to. Just as I said that, it actually stopped raining outside. I watched a car go by, and saw the lights reflecting off of the wet pavement.

I feel very fortunate to have had someone else witness the rain stopping outside just at the moment I described that happening in the dream, because otherwise I would question my senses! This is very uncharted territory for me. It appears to be in the nature of a precognitive lucid dream? Any similar experiences or insight into how this happens would be very welcome, thanks.

A. Dreamer, Feb 28, 2011, Flying and Swimming
I am downtown waiting for an appointment. I have this feeling of unreality. I soon realize I am dreaming since a few minutes ago, I recall I was trying to fall asleep. I jump up and start to fly. I fly over parts of town but can
In Your Dreams!

only vaguely see the scenery. I turn over and float on my back for a while.

While floating, I feel myself on my bed in a kind of dual consciousness. Eventually I turn on my stomach and fly in the more usual way, head first with my arms in front of me. After awhile, I start to make swimming motions, wondering if the act of swimming will cause water to materialize. It does indeed. I am in a body of water. There is some metal structure in the middle. I swim, then come to rapids. I turn around and find I am now in a river. As I swim, I find myself waking up….

I realize it is a false awakening so get out of bed. I go to the front door which is totally unlike my front door. I see my cats. One has gone out and the other is by the door. I tell myself it does not matter if they are out at night since it is a dream. I think I'll explore the house next door but it is very different from waking life – small, dark and marginal at best. I see a more interesting house but wake up before I can go in….

Jose, Weird Lucid Dream

This was a very weird lucid dream, I was suddenly speaking a different language, but I noticed it wasn’t me in my body (space). I looked down the hall-way from my living room house and I saw an apparition of someone, I didn’t pay attention, but then I told it to appear. Then I felt this presence that was taking care of me. I was not so lucid but when this person (if you can call it that) started talking to me I knew I was very lucid, my mind or my presence felt very weird - it felt expanded within the dream.

This person appeared in the form of a tall skinny lady, with big rounded eyes, big pupils, who talked to me. It said to me that I was somewhere that was very far. She then became a ‘he’ and said it had helped me come back - that I had been there for a very long time. I knew It had been just a thought but I was lucid. I knew that in real life this thought had expanded in time. She also said I should be more careful with the people I would meet or run into, in this new place. It explained to me that people out there are good and bad, as here on earth and that even good people sometimes have bad intentions, and that I shouldn’t trust anyone.

I surely felt comfortable with her or him, and I wanted her to feel my gratitude as a sign of my appreciation. I then touched her knee with my hand but then, again, she told me I shouldn’t do that because I was transmitting my thoughts, feelings and energy. I kind of understood that I should just observe and not stand in anyone’s way. It told me to stay focused so that I would not go into the next dream. I kind of shifted the dream but I was still lucid. I then saw snakes coming from the kitchen door, into the living room where I was sitting down in the sofa with this person. When I saw the snakes I jumped to the sofa. I thought It was kind of a test to see if would change mood. I did get anxious the snakes were passing by my feet, though I did kind of ignore them, but then I closed my eyes and tried to stay focus. I was trying not to be scared. Suddenly when I had my eyes closed, the man or woman threw a snake onto my lap, I felt it go down but remembered not to panic. I didn’t change my dream. I remained there; I thought that probably the fear was going to shift or wake me up. But it didn’t.

Then I asked him what would happen if I grabbed a snake. It told me It could sometimes be as dangerous as in real life, that I should be careful because things in that world were not what they appeared. I then switched my dream a little by still remaining in the living room. I could swear that I had woken up and that I was remembering that dream that I had…. I then went to another dream but lost lucidity.

Jose, Weird Lucid Dream

This was a very weird lucid dream, I was suddenly speaking a different language, but I noticed it wasn’t me in my body (space). I looked down the hall-way from my living room house and I saw an apparition of someone, I didn’t pay attention, but then I told it to appear. Then I felt this presence that was taking care of me. I was not so lucid but when this person (if you can call it that) started talking to me I knew I was very lucid, my mind or my presence felt very weird - it felt expanded within the dream.

This person appeared in the form of a tall skinny lady, with big rounded eyes, big pupils, who talked to me. It said to me that I was somewhere that was very far. She then became a ‘he’ and said it had helped me come back - that I had been there for a very long time. I knew It had been just a thought but I was lucid. I knew that in real life this thought had expanded in time. She also said I should be more careful with the people I would meet or run into, in this new place. It explained to me that people out there are good and bad, as here on earth and that even good people sometimes have bad intentions, and that I shouldn’t trust anyone.

I surely felt comfortable with her or him, and I wanted her to feel my gratitude as a sign of my appreciation. I then touched her knee with my hand but then, again, she told me I shouldn’t do that because I was transmitting my thoughts, feelings and energy. I kind of understood that I should just observe and not stand in anyone’s way. It told me to stay focused so that I would not go into the next dream. I kind of shifted the dream but I was still lucid. I then saw snakes coming from the kitchen door, into the living room where I was sitting down in the sofa with this person. When I saw the snakes I jumped to the sofa. I thought It was kind of a test to see if would change mood. I did get anxious the snakes were passing by my feet, though I did kind of ignore them, but then I closed my eyes and tried to stay focus. I was trying not to be scared. Suddenly when I had my eyes closed, the man or woman threw a snake onto my lap, I felt it go down but remembered not to panic. I didn’t change my dream. I remained there; I thought that probably the fear was going to shift or wake me up. But it didn’t.

Then I asked him what would happen if I grabbed a snake. It told me It could sometimes be as dangerous as in real life, that I should be careful because things in that world were not what they appeared. I then switched my dream a little by still remaining in the living room. I could swear that I had woken up and that I was remembering that dream that I had…. I then went to another dream but lost lucidity.

Gina, 08/03/11

To Infinite and Beyond…or So I Hoped

I awoke at 1:30am. Unable to return to sleep at about 3am, I began inducing a relaxation technique where I begin at my toes and work my way up, breathing deep, tensing and relaxing. That gave way to concentrating my inner vision on my third eye and silently chanting ‘Ohm’ while my deep breathing continued. That gave way to concentrating my inner vision on my third eye and silently chanting ‘Ohm’ while my deep breathing continued. I still felt fairly awake, thus I was surprised to all of a sudden ‘see’ a short, winged, smiling man jump from above to greet me as my eyes lit upon him.

I asked his name. My request was met with mirth-like silence. I was then approached by another angelic be-
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ing, this time a girl of about six years whose hair was
shiny white, as white as her skin. She hugged me and
beamed up at me. I hugged her back. Slowly I looked
around me, attempting to observe as much as my sur-
rroundings in as much detail as possible. This triggered
remembering my task. "To Infinite and Beyond!", I excit-
edly exclaimed twice. My hands drew the Infinite symbol
in the air both times. As I was on my feet, in a room, the
second time I said this I felt myself slipping...somewhere.
Alas, it was back into a 'normal' dream.

I am so elated of this experience, for it has been a while
since I've gone lucid, but I sense it is an invitation for
more of these experiences.

Mark Van Schuyver, 8/1/2011, Walking on Water

I wake up. I see the time projected on my ceiling. It is a
little after 4:00 AM. I go to the bathroom. I have good
recall of several non-lucid dreams. I decide to use the
MILD technique. Lying on my back, I reflect on one of
my previous non-lucid dream with the thought of return-
ing to the dream in a lucid state. With my eyes closed I
see swirls of purple. The swirling purple is like a cloud
and the color is very vivid and rich. After a short time I
am walking along and I realize that I am dreaming. I am
elated. A woman is walking near me. I say "hey I am
dreaming! This is a dream!" She looks irritated and says
something like good for you in a sarcastic voice. I tell her
to have a nice day. She walks on.

I am in a building. I repeat "I am dreaming. This is a
dream," out loud every few seconds. I decide to pass
through a wall. I get stuck in the wall. Then I will myself
to finish passing through. I get through the wall. I decide
to look for a particular woman as I had planned to do in
physical reality (preparing or programming my mind for
the dream).

I see a woman on a table with a man standing by her.
There are two or three other young women standing
about. I think that this woman is having a baby or some-
thing. The scene does not appeal. I pass by.

I see a room with several young women. I say, "Is any-
one here not a dream figure?" One woman responds
emphatically, "None of us are dream figures!" But they
are distant. Hard to talk with or maybe not interested in
talking.

I am in a large building, similar to a mall. I see my
mother sitting on a couch. I hug her and kiss her cheek.
She is glad to see me. I decide to give her a message. I
say I have a "one word" message for you. She wants to
give me a message too but I talk over her. I insist on giv-
ing my message first. She asks why. I say because this
is a way for me to test to see if we are really in communi-
cation or if this is just a dream. She stops talking and I
say the word I have in mind. "Dragon." I think that she
hears me. My thought is to call her soon in physical real-
ity (PR) to see if she says the word. [I called her the fol-
lowing day and asked her if she dreamed of me on this
night and she said no]

I am standing with some people. I levitate a few inches
off of the ground as I stand by them. I am thinking about
how cool it is to be able to float in the air like this. I de-
cide to find the woman that I planned to look for in physi-
cal reality preparation. I see a woman walking down a
stair case and I think it might be her. Others are around.
I follow the woman. Her body morphs in shape as she
walks. I decide to hurry to catch up with her. When I get
to the bottom of the stairs she is gone. I see three or four
small children. I smile and say hello to the children. I
walk past.

I "wake up." I hear music. I get out of bed. I see a tele-
phone with a clock on it. It has fallen over (I do not have
such a device near my bed in physical reality. And other
things on the dresser are not in my PR). I set the phone/
clock thing on its base. The music stops. I get back in
bed. I am certain that I am awake. I hear the music
again. It might be classical music. The sound is not clear, like a radio station that is fuzzy. I am still sure that I am awake. I decide to do a PR check anyway. I push my finger against my hand and with difficulty it passes through! I realize that I am still dreaming!

I get up. Someone is in the room with me. An older woman. I float a few inches off of the floor and enjoy the feeling. I am in my nightshirt only. I am naked below the waist. I am a little bit embarrassed. . .

Everything is blank. Exactly as if I were in my bed with my eyes closed. I hear music playing. I decide that maybe I am still dreaming and I am in the dark in-between space so many write about. I wait and soon a scene materializes.

Now I am inside a building. It is very large. I see geometric structures here and there. I decide to fly but I do not lift off.

I “wake up” again. I am in my bed. I hear the conversation that was going on before I woke up and I think that I am probably still dreaming. Now I am standing. Now I am certain that I am awake and no longer dreaming. I decide to test anyway. I try to push my right forefinger through my left hand. At first it does not penetrate. Just as I am about to stop the test I see an image. It is like a flat piece of paper in the shape of my forefinger that penetrates my hand. The paper might have some writing on it. I think, ‘this is not right. I must still be dreaming.’ Then my finger actually penetrates my hand and I am sure that I am still dreaming. Amazing!

I am standing by a flat surface of some kind. It is a hard surface maybe wood or wood composite. I push my forefinger downward through it. It resists some and then I feel my finger penetrate to about the first joint. The feeling is very realistic. I then decide to penetrate the surface using all four fingers of my right hand. I do so and all four of my fingers penetrate the hard surface with the same effect and the same feeling.

I am standing somewhere. I put my finger through my hand. I marvel that I am still dreaming. It seems amazing that I am still lucid after so many scenes and a couple of false awakenings. I keep telling myself this is a dream. “I am dreaming.”

I am in a house with a man and his wife, another couple, and a gay couple. I see the gay couple kiss. I am uneasy about that but remain calm. I walk away from them and into the kitchen. There is also a boy in the house. I think he is the son of one of the couples. He has brown hair. He looks to be about 10 years old.

They are cooking dinner. I am invited to stay. I think that eating food in a dream would be a waste of time. I look around for things to do. I decide to throw knives. I look down and see that I have several small throwing knives in my hand (the same little throwing knives that I own in physical reality). I decide to throw a knife into the wall (or fireplace?). I feel that it can do no harm to property as this is a dream. I throw one and it clatters off the wall and bounces around and the flat of the blade hits my leg. I pick it up. I throw it again willing it to stick and it does. I think, this is my dream and I can control exactly where each knife will land.

The boy comes over. I boast, “Each knife will stick and it will stick exactly where I say it will stick.” I start to throw but the knife in my right hand has changed into another type of throwing knife. It has become a type of knife that I know is weighted differently and that I know that I cannot throw very well. I look again and the knife has morphed into another type of knife different from any I have ever thrown. I throw it anyway and it sticks. I throw several knives and they all stick into the wall but not exactly where I want them too. The boy gets under my arm, in my way. I tell him to move. He is blocking my throwing arm. He moves to my left. I throw more.

I “wake up.” At first I am sure that I am really awake this time. But I listen and I hear the same conversation that I was hearing in the room right before “waking up.” I conclude that I must still be dreaming. I push my finger through my hand and confirm that I am STILL dreaming! Amazing.

I am at a swimming pool. A child is swimming. I walk toward the child. I look down. I am walking on water! I think this isn’t right. Only Jesus can walk on water. I feel a little embarrassed, I feel like a show off, but I keep walking. I see the water ripple with my steps. I feel the water on my feet. I walk away from the boy, across the pool looking down at each step marveling that I can walk on water. . .

I wake up in physical reality. My clock projects the time on the ceiling. I say 6:04 AM. I do a PR check to see if I am still dreaming or not. I am not. I realize that I have been having a lucid dream (dreams?) for almost two hours. I go to my computer and enter this into my dream journal. This is the only long lucid dream that I have ever had. It is the sixth lucid dream that I have had in the last six weeks since I have been attempting.
This time, things took a new turn for me. From sleep or transition to traditional dream form, but at times, they have become more detailed and hyper-realistic type of dream now commonly referred to as 'lucid' goes back to early childhood when I was subject to a particularly intense and memorable sequence of what I would call 'dual consciousness dreams' - characterized by a sensation of floating above my infant body, but with a sense of alternating modes of 'mature' and 'childlike' consciousness.

However, recently (November 2010) I had an a lucid dream that stood out far more than any other. I wrote it down in as much detail as I could immediately after, and have spent months trying to reflect on it and explicate every nuance of meaning.

I was having a normal form of dream. It was a sunny afternoon, I and my wife were shopping in a generic urban setting....[note: this has been edited for the sake of brevity]

At some point amidst this park environment, I felt a strong tingling, mostly along my arms and upper body. Just then it struck me so absolutely clearly. "This is too vivid, exotic, strange. It can't be real" I looked into the face of a woman in front of me. She appeared to be of native African origins, wearing a full length robe or dress with orange and brown patterns and was holding what seemed to be a clay or porcelain jar. When I looked into her face, I had the distinct impression that she was some kind of automated character, a role player, actress, projection, but with no individual selfhood. "All appearance, no substance" was my instinctive impression. Or else, maybe the analogy of a sleep walker, or hypnotized or entranced subject could apply.

The instant that I concluded that "this can't be real," the entire populace of the park simply disappeared. The woman I was looking at seemed to fade away, and I quickly recognized that no one else was there. And the quality of the experience changed again. When I found myself alone, I thought "This is a lucid dream, and I can make of it whatever I choose to." I have had a number of previous lucid dreams over the years, and sometimes found myself in similar circumstances. At times, they have become more detailed and hyper-realistic or surreal, at other times, quickly dissipated before awakening from sleep or transition to traditional dream form. But at this time, things took a new turn for me.

I calmly surveyed my environment. The previous exotic park was now empty, and had become a rather barren dirt surface with some rocky hills in the distance. I tried to will a new scene. I said/thought that "I want to see a beautiful pastoral environment. Blue lake, green fields, mountains with trees." I tried really hard to concentrate, visualize, will the creation of this scene. In the past I've had mixed success at this kind of intentional exercise of will. Often there would be an initial manifestation generally like I intended, but it would shift or morph in unexpected ways. And sometimes the lucidity would be more passive than active, without much creative control.

This time, I felt very focused, cognizant, poised. However, the more I concentrated and willed, the more the scene shifted in another way. Instead of vivid brightness, the sky became more and more pale. It changed from bright blue, to light blue and then settled as a hazy gray. The sun went from bright yellow to just a source of mild illumination underneath the gray sky. The immediate foreground became only a bleak outline of a desolate mountain range. I recognized that things were progressively changing, but not in the way I was willing, and that I could not do anything about it.

This is when the experience seriously became unique and profound.

Instead of directing my consciousness on trying to will or create an environment/world, I just became observant and waited to see what would happen. Once the locale settled into that dominant hazy gray texture, I started to become introspective and a powerful feeling dominated my consciousness. I recognized that "this is my inner world." Rather than direct attention towards the 'out there' world, I realized that I was observing/awakening to/participating in some form of deeper consciousness. It was clearly something very different than familiar waking or dreaming states, but in some way was more authentic and enduring. I think the relatively sudden reduction in detailed dream content from a complex, multi-layered bright exotic, detailed dreamscape to a stark, almost void minimalistic artifice of an environmental 'set' triggered the recognition that the deeper level is the foundation upon which the more familiar domains of dream are built upon.

The most profound element of this experience was the transcendent state of consciousness that accompanied the recognition of 'my inner world.' The most amazing sense of peace and tranquility dominated my being. My consciousness felt like it was above/encompassing/beyond what I was experiencing. As if 'my inner world' was a dome without visible boundaries, but with the center everywhere. And the sense of peace felt like it was penetrating untold layers of selfhood. At the time of this
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dream, I was enduring months of severe anxiety and worry while waiting for scheduling for potentially critical medical tests. And when I was in the depths of the peace of this dream I managed to will myself to remember about my ‘waking existence.’ The most impactful memory of everything was when I thought to myself that “I wish I could wake up with this state/feeling/sense of peace and tranquility, because even the worst problems won’t penetrate this serenity and sense of enduring deep consciousness.”

I could go much further with philosophical theory, psychological analysis, anecdotal supplementation and so on, but I really just wanted to share the dream as it felt and unfolded for me….

Almost six months later (April 2011) I was waiting in line for the local library book sale. This was just a few days after my medical tests but before I knew the results (which were problem free I happily add). To pass some time I took out my Ipod Touch and randomly flipped through the playlists. The first song to come up was “Renaissance Fair” by the Byrds from their Younger Than Yesterday album. I hadn’t listened to that song or album in decades, but my Ipod is filled with music I enjoyed when young and is neat to listen to again on occasion. The lyrics to that song are amazingly similar to the scene/setting of the park environment of my dream. Not literally exact of course, but uncannily close, especially factoring in the tonality, imagery and feel of the song.

Could a song I hadn't heard in thirty plus years have subconsciously provided imaginative material for re-shaping from my deeper levels of consciousness? Was the dream imagery actually intended to follow an 'archetypal representation' that was the source of both my dream and the song, and other similar thematic expressions? Was it extracted from an archetypal realm as an extra intuitive aid for me to remember because I was familiar with the song, and then ‘coincidentally’ reaffirmed through the seemingly random playlist selection? A synchronistic and timely indicator that there was something substantive about the feeling that this specific dream was felt to have a transcendent quality - just between my medical tests and the results? A lot of potential lines of speculation, but even if just a curiosity, still personally important and directly connected to a dream six months earlier.

Thank you for letting me ramble on about this dream experience.
The Lucid Dream Exchange  www.dreaminglucid.com

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

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

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

Lucidity Institute  www.lucidity.com

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

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

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

Mary Ziemen
www.luciddreamalchemy.com

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The D.R.E.A.M.S. Foundation
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http://www.LucidDreamExplorers.com

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http://florence.ghibellini.free.fr/

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www.lucidart.org

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

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www.dream-tokens.com

David L. Kahn
http://www.dreamingtrue.com/

Lucidipedia
www.lucidipedia.com

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

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

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